**Female Sexual Response**

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**Female Sexual Response: Subject 326**

**The Study**  
When I was a college student, every undergraduate Psychology major had to volunteer to be a subject in a research project for a graduate student or one of the professors who was trying to publish his findings in some academic journal. It was a requirement for graduation.  
  
As I was nearing the middle of my senior year, I realized that I was low on research credits, and I was also low on funds. I frantically scanned the research postings, looking for something that would be easy and not very time consuming. I was juggling two jobs and a full course load. I didn't have a lot of extra time to spare. The descriptions didn't tell you very much, they didn't want their subjects to be tainted with prior knowledge or bias that would skew the results. But one study captured my attention.  
  
"Female Sexual Response"  
  
100 credits and $500 for participation in a month long study. Subjects will be given a medical exam, and be required to wear monitoring equipment every day for one hour and come to weekly appointments lasting 1 hour each. Phone interview required for qualification.  
  
I scanned the rest of the studies, but I kept going back to the Female Sexual Response study. I could feel the dampness in my panties as I reread the description. It sounded interesting, and very exciting. I took one of the cards and put it in my backpack as I walked home to my dorm room. It would all be anonymous. All of these studies were always anonymous.  
  
I called the number and answered a few questions to see if I qualified. Was I sexually active, did I have normal cycles, my height and weight. With excitement, and some fear, I qualified and an appointment for the medical exam was made for the next day.   
  
I couldn't think straight as I anxiously awaited 3:00. It would probably be just a regular ob/gyn exam. They would strap some heart monitors on me and...   
  
And what? My heart raced as I thought of all the possibilities.

**The Exam**  
I arrived and was handed a clipboard by the receptionist with pages I needed to fill out. I was the only one in the waiting area and I took a seat closest to the door, in case I wanted to make a fast escape. They were normal questions that a doctor asks before the first appointment. Family history, any medical problems, etc. I turned the sheet over and noticed the questions were more detailed. It was a good thing they didn't ask for my name. Do you masturbate. Yes. How often? Daily. Have you ever experienced mutlitple orgasms? Yes. How many orgasms have you had today? Two. Have you ever had an orgasm with a partner? Yes. Are your orgasms strongest when you masturbate or when you are with a partner? Masturbate. Do you know the location of your g-spot? Yes. Which of the following do you fantasize about when masturbating?  
  
Another girl walked in just then and I looked up briefly. She was handed a clipboard and sat down in the corner. I thought I recognized her, but I wasn't sure. She was tall and thin and was wearing a tight white tank top and jeans. I didn't get a good look at her face because I quickly looked down when she sat down to concentrate on my questionnaire.  
  
What do I fantasize about when I'm masturbating? Wow, I realized I had to check almost everything on the list. Bondage, lesbians, group sex, voyeurism, exhibitionism, rape, almost everything else. How old were you when you experienced your first orgasm? Twelve. Do you enjoy pornographic movies? Yes. I squirmed in my seat as I filled out the rest of the paperwork. Just thinking about it was getting me aroused. I looked up, embarrassed. I noticed the other girl was still filling out the standard medical questions on the first page. She had no idea what was coming. She flipped over the page and I watched her out of the corner of my eye as her eyes scanned through the questions. I noticed her nipples were now hard and straining against her top. It excited me to know that she was excited as well. She reached up and discreetly brushed her hand against her nipple, getting them harder. I wanted to touch my own but wasn't as brave.  
  
I finished filling the rest of the paperwork and walked towards the receptionist. She smiled at me, "No. You keep your paperwork. It's all confidential. Give it to the doctor when you go in for your exam." She handed me a card with a number on it. We'll call you when it's your turn. I returned to my seat and I could feel the eyes of the other girl watching me as I returned to my seat. I wondered if she could see my hard nipples through my shirt, and as I sat down, with dismay I realized she could.  
  
Just then another girl entered the room from a different door. She was dressed in a hospital gown and she looked like she had been running on a treadmill. Her face was covered in a slight sheen and she was breathing heavily. Her hair had a wild unkempt look and she bit her lip as she walked unsteadily into the room and she quickly sat down in the nearest seat. She wrapped the gown around her tightly and crossed her arms in front of her but she was restless. She would sit still for a few moments, and then squirm in her seat. She looked up and when we made eye contact, I was a little taken aback by the look in her eyes. There was a hunger or a desperation mixed with something else. Despair. I considered leaving but then they called my number.  
  
I slowly rose and walked towards the pretty nurse, afraid to make eye contact as she took the clipboard from me.  
  
She silently led me down a hall into a room that looked like a doctor's exam room. She handed me a gown and told me to disrobe. She left and I stood there, my heart racing, wondering if I should back out now. But I knew I would regret it if I did. I would lie awake at night, wondering about all the exciting things they would have done to me as I quietly fingered myself next to my sleeping roommate. I undressed. As I slid my panties off, I noticed how wet they were. I quickly put on the robe and looked around the room to see if I could find some Kleenex or paper towels to wipe away the proof of my excitement. There was a knock on the door.  
  
"Uh, come in?" I said tentatively.  
  
Two young women entered the room, dressed in white lab coats and carrying clipboards. They were beautiful. Too beautiful. Would they be doing things to me?  
  
"Hi #326. Thank you for participating in this study. Please come with us. I glanced at my clothes that were neatly folded on a chair. They saw my hesitation and told me to leave everything there, explaining something to me about outside bias based on the clothes I had chosen to wear, etc.  
  
I clutched the gown tightly around me and I was led into a larger room that looked like another exam room, but it had a lot more monitors and machines. Things were beeping and wires were trailing along the ground.   
  
"The doctor will be in momentarily, but first we'll be doing an initial medical exam," one of them said, instructing me to get on the table.   
  
They checked my blood pressure, my reflexes. They verified my height and my weight. I started to relax a bit.  
  
"We're going to do a breast exam now. If you can take off your robe and lie back on the table here."  
  
I lay back and stared up at the ceiling as I lay exposed. I could feel my nipples automatically harden. She got a bottle from a table and squirted some warm clear gel onto my breasts and started to rub it in, startling me. "This will help once the monitors are put in place," she explained, although I had no idea what she was talking about. She started on the edges of my breast, moving in ever smaller circles towards the center.  
  
"Do you do self breast exams?"  
  
"Yes," I whispered as she pinched my nipple, sending a shock through my core.  
  
She moved on to the other breast, expertly rubbing in small circles as I tried to keep my breathing even. The breast exams I'd had were nothing like this. Those were clinical and cold. The anticipation of what would happen later sent a tingle through me with every touch. When she reached the middle of my breast, she paused and I drew my breath in, trying to prepare myself for that delicious pinch. As I felt the bolt of lightning course through her fingers into my nipple, I let my breath out, slowly trying to relax. Trying to stop the wetness that was increasing between my thighs.  
  
"Okay, everything looks normal." She smiled at me. I could only nod.  
  
They started hooking me up to all the machines. Monitors that would check my heart rate, brain wave activity, my oxygen levels and my breathing. They asked me to move down further on the table and put my feet in the stirrups. The monitors showed that my heart rate increased as I lay prone and open. This would be it. Something was going to happen to me down there. Where my secret petals flowered.  
  
"We're going to do a routine pap smear now." They inserted a speculum inside me and stretched me open. I felt an uncomfortable ache as they gathered samples from my cervix and placed them in a vial. The monitor showed that my heart rate was slowing down as my initial excitement faded. This was very clinical. I started to relax, although the speculum was still holding me open for all of them to see.  
  
The door opened and a young man walked in. A beautiful, handsome man. Too handsome. "How are you? I'm Dr. Matthias," he said as he picked up the forms I had filled out. I could see his eyes move back and forth as he read the answers I had filled out. This stranger was reading about my sexual habits. About my fantasies. It was unnerving, and yet, so very exhilarating.  
  
"The orgasms you had today, were they through intercourse, oral manipulation or masturbation?"  
  
I swallowed. "Masturbation," I said softly. Mortified.  
  
"By what method?"  
  
"Excuse me?"  
  
"Vibrator? Manual stimulation?"  
  
"Vibrator."  
  
An assistant jotted some notes down as he glanced up to look between my legs. "Check the pH on that fluid. We need to know if she's ovulating or if that's arousal fluid." I felt myself blush. A hand slipped between my legs as she swabbed the opening of my vagina.  
  
"It's arousal fluid," she said. I closed my eyes, fully embarrassed.  
  
"Okay, let's have a look here." The doctor pulled up a stool and put his face between my thighs. He started touching me with his gloved hands, as if I was a speciman. Which I was, really. "Outer labia are normal. Inner labia, normal pink and moist with an average amount of arousal fluid. Internal shows no evidence of injury." He removed the speculum, leaving me feeling empty. "Caliper please." The assistant handed him one of the tools from the table.  
  
"Clitoris is normal, currently measuring 55." He ran a finger up and down my clitoris, making me gasp. I wasn't expecting that. He rubbed it a few more times and I had a hard time just lying there. My breathing was coming in quick little gasps. He finally stopped. "After 10 seconds of manual stimulation, it is now measuring 58 and has emerged from the clitoral hood." The assistant wrote all of this down.  
  
"Subject 326?" Was he talking to me? I looked down to see his face between my thighs. "At various times, I will ask you to rate your state of arousal. A 10 means you are in the middle of an orgasm, and 1 means you're not aroused at all. Do you understand the ratings?" I slowly nodded and put my head back down. Middle of an orgasm? Would I be manipulated into having an orgasm here? In front of everyone?  
  
"What is your state of arousal at the moment?"  
  
I had to think. "Four" I managed to get out.  
  
"Okay, let's start." They brought down a monitor in front of my head. Words appeared on the screen. "You will see a series of images. Your monitors will check your state of arousal. It is important that you not move at all until this portion of the study is completed."  
  
One after another, I was shown images of sex. There were scenes of intimacy, and brutality, and close-ups of women and men in the middle of their orgasms, their faces grimaced in pleasure. Images of every kind of sex and every position. I could feel the familiar itch rising inside me as I watched these scenes unfold in front of me. If I had been alone, I would have touched myself, thrusting my hips into my hand for some relief. But I couldn't. They were watching me. Then the images stopped and the monitor retracted back towards the ceiling.  
  
"What is your state of arousal?"  
  
"Five."  
  
"Clitoris is now measuring 62."  
  
"Okay, turn on the visual monitor please."  
  
I turned to see a different television screen next to the table light up with the image of my pussy, dripping wet and filling the whole screen. I couldn't look at it.  
  
"Subject 326, it is very important that you lie very still during the rest of the exam. Otherwise we won't be able to get the proper measurements that we need. If you feel at any point that you are unable to lie still, we can offer you restraints. Otherwise, we won't be able to continue."  
  
An assistant smiled down at me. "Are you comfortable?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"Okay, let's start with the breast stimulation."  
  
Two suction cups were placed on my nipples and I was curious to see what would happen.  
  
"Subject is ready doctor."  
  
"Okay, 3, 2, 1," he counted down.  
  
The suction devices started licking and slurping away at my nipples, they felt like two hot mouths eagerly sucking and bringing me to the edge. It took everything I had to not cry out. Then suddenly, they stopped.  
  
"Would you like the restraints? Remember you can't move. We need to gather at least five minutes of data."  
  
I nodded, my breath escaping in heavy gasps. It was so hard to keep control of myself. Not being able to move or cry out was torture. They wrapped soft straps around my thighs, around my belly, my arms and my ankles.   
  
"Subject was restrained at 2.35 seconds." An assistant jotted this down. "Shall we continue?"  
  
I nodded and held my breath, waiting for the pleasure to begin again. "3, 2, 1."  
  
The expert mouths began sucking and licking again. A mechanical tongue twirled around my nipples in slow then fast circles. I was breathing in fast and shallow bursts, not wanting to moan or cry out. The mouths just went on forever, swirling and sucking. I wanted to rub my clitoris or push the mouths away, but the restraints were holding me down. Then finally they stopped.  
  
I could hear my heavy breathing, and all the monitors were bleeping like mad.  
  
"Subject 326, what is your state of arousal?"  
  
"Six?" I said, softly.  
  
"Clitoris is now measuring at 67."  
  
"Very good. Okay, let's move on."  
  
I lay there, taking in deep breaths, willing the machines to slow down their beeping. They were taunting me, letting me know how excited I was to be touched like that in front of strangers.  
  
"Subject 326, I'm going to insert something into your vagina now. It won't hurt, although it may be a little uncomfortable at first. Remember we need at least five minutes of data." I felt something slide inside me, and then it began to fill me. Was it getting larger?  
  
"Subject is ready, doctor."  
  
"Okay, 3,2,1."  
  
Whatever was inside me started fucking me. It pistoned in and out rhythmically. I wanted to move with it's rhythm, meeting it's thrusts but the restraints prevented me. I could just lay there as I was fucked. The rhythm increased, and then I felt it. Something inside me was stimulating my g-spot and I couldn't help crying out. It was bringing me closer, oh so much closer, but I needed something on my clitoris to take me over the edge. Or my breasts. I just lay there, taking it. My hands gripping the sides of the table, unable to contain the moans that escaped my lips. It went on forever. And then it stopped. They removed whatever had been inside me and I felt disappointed and somewhat relieved.  
  
"What is your state of arousal?"  
  
"Seven or eight." I gasped.  
  
A hand brushed against my clitoris, making me jump.  
  
"Clitoris is now measuring 73."  
  
"And add that subject started vocalizing at 2 minutes, 42 seconds." I cringed.  
  
"Now for the clitoral stimulation." The monitors bleeped excitedly.  
  
"Subject 326, it is imperative that you not reach orgasm during this next part of the study." He handed me a black cylinder with a red button at the end. "When you feel that you are about to achieve climax, you need to stop by pushing this button. Do you understand?"  
  
I nodded as something made out of a thick piece of rubber was placed on top of my pubic bone. Expert hands rubbed and molded it and I felt something spread my lips and rest just on top of my clitoris.   
  
"Subject is ready."  
  
I held my breath, anxious for what was to come.  
  
"Okay, 3, 2, 1."  
  
A vibration started, slowly at first. Then it circled around and concentrated on my little bud. Then the whole pad started vibrating. It alternated like this, the vibrations increasing with every circle. Then, it felt like a million tongues were lapping at my clitoris. I gasped and cried out as the tongues teased and sucked my clitoris into their eager mechanical mouths. I wanted to push it away but I couldn't. I closed my eyes, gripping the button as I came closer and closer, unable to stop the moans that escaped my lips. Then I had to push the button. It was too much.  
  
"Subject stopped at 1:48."  
  
I was practically hyperventilating.  
  
"What is your state of arousal?"  
  
"Nine," I hissed.  
  
"When your arousal is back to an eight. You may continue. But please stop before you reach your orgasm. Otherwise you will be disqualified."  
  
Continue? They wanted me to continue? I looked at their faces. They were all watching me. Taking notes, and watching me. Waiting for me to tease myself until what? Would they let me reach my climax? Would I want to come? In front of all of them? My mind was screaming no. The monitors and my body were all saying yes, yes, yes! I took a few more deep breaths as the monitors slowed down. I felt myself come down and I wanted to push the button to start it again, but I was scared of letting go in front of them. Exposing myself in front of them. But I knew I wanted to feel that delicious release.  
  
I took a deep breath and pressed the button, as the hum started again. I could feel myself going higher and higher and I closed my eyes. Just allowing myself to feel it. I could feel the familiar waves coming closer. I wanted it to come closer. I wanted to touch it. Feel it wash over me. I pressed the button again. And it stopped. I kept my eyes closed as my breaths came in quick gasps.  
  
"Subject stopped at :58 seconds."  
  
I knew they were all watching me. I knew they were all waiting for me. I kept my eyes closed, trying to pretend they weren't there. I listened to the beeps, coming slower and slower as I tried to relax. I took a deep breath and pressed the button again.  
  
I let out a long deep moan that surprised me as the assault started again. The wonderful delicious attack on my clitoris. I could only hear the low animal cries that came from the center of my being. I couldn't handle this. I stopped.  
  
"Subject stopped at :32"  
  
I wasn't sure I could continue. I was so close. Just a few more seconds and I would be there. I tried to slow down my breathing. Just one slight touch and I would be coming. I wanted to come, I needed to come, but I wasn't sure I'd be able to press the button in time before I was overcome by the pleasure. And I wasn't sure I wanted them to witness such a desperate loss of control.  
  
I opened my eyes and opened my mouth to say something, but I didn't know what to say. They all looked down at me, waiting for me.  
  
"Would you say that an orgasm is inevitable at this time?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"Would you be able to attempt it just one more time?"  
  
I hesitated.  
  
"At this point, we haven't collected enough pre-orgasmic data. If you can't continue, our session will end here and you won't be able to take part in the rest of the study. And I'm afraid you won't receive the credits or the payment."  
  
"I... I think I can go one more time."

They all smiled at me, as they waited for me to continue.  
  
I took a deep breath and pressed the button. It was right there. It was so close I could almost taste it's sweet nectar. The mechanical tongue swirled my sensitive clitoris. I had to stop.  
  
"Subject stopped at :08"  
  
"Okay, let's let her rest before we continue. Let us know when your arousal is back to a seven or an eight."  
  
I closed my eyes, gripping the table as the button was taken from me. I could feel my clitoris pulsating in time to the beep of the heart monitor. They left the clitoral stimulator on me, which was a good thing. I would have climaxed just by them removing it. I needed a release so badly it hurt. I wanted to reach my hands and caress my nipples, but I reminded myself, I needed to come down. I took even deep breaths, trying to think of something else.  
  
"Okay, I'm at an eight."  
  
"Wonderful. Okay, this is the final part of your exam today."  
  
They placed the breast stimulator back on my nipples, and they reinserted the phallus in my vagina. My body reacted to the anticipation of what I was about to feel. I knew I would finally be taken over the edge. In front of these strangers, as they watched me. I would be manipulated to come as they watched my face contort, listened to the sounds I made and jotted notes in their notebooks. They removed my restraints.  
  
"For the next ten minutes, you are free to move in any way you like. Everything will be on and cannot turn off until the end of the ten minutes. The monitors will all gather the information we need at this point."   
  
Ten minutes? Would I be able to handle ten minutes? I only needed ten seconds.  
  
"Subject is ready."  
  
"3, 2, 1."  
  
It felt like there were a hundred mouths on me. All sucking and licking at my most sensitive parts. I was so close already, I could feel it. But I couldn't let myself release. I knew they were watching me. Waiting for it. The vibrations increased as the mechanical mouths carried me to the precipice and I teetered on the edge, trying to hold back. And then I let myself fall. I cried out as I arched my back, feeling myself as I flew through the air, the machines fucking and sucking me in earnest. I rode wave after wave of my orgasm, which didn't want to stop. It continued on and on, taking me higher than I thought possible.  
  
"Subject has reached orgasm," I heard someone say. "Time 2:13"  
  
I slowly came back to earth and noticed the vibrations had slowed. My sensitive nipples weren't being sucked anymore. The pistoning had stopped. I took a breath. And then it started again. My nipples were sucked into eager mouths, the oral assault on my clitoris began again as my g-spot was being rubbed. I was fucked again and again. It was too much. I cried out and I knew I would be having another orgasm.  
  
I climaxed again. "Subject has reached orgasm number 2. Time 3:01"  
  
I came again and again. Four, five, six. I could hear them announcing my orgasms one after another. My body was on fire. I couldn't handle it anymore. I needed it to stop, and yet I wanted it to continue. Forever.  
  
And then it finally slowed down and stopped as I lay there. Covered in sweat. I was afraid to open my eyes. My breaths were shallow and I started crying as they slowly removed everything and I felt even more exposed. More vulnerable.  
  
"Clitoris is measuring 82." I lay there just listening to my breathing, steadily slowing.  
  
"Subject 326?"  
  
I opened my eyes, but I was still unable to meet their eyes.  
  
"Please put on your gown and come with me." I knew I was being led back out into the waiting room. I knew everyone there would be staring at me. I hoped that girl was gone, but I knew she was still there, waiting her turn. From the distance I thought I heard moaning, or it may have just been a door opening. They told me to wait until they came for me to get fitted for the home monitoring device.  
  
I nodded. I sat down in the first chair I saw, my legs were shaking. My clitoris was still pulsating and I knew that it wouldn't take much for me to have another orgasm. I could probably have one right here in about two seconds. I squeezed my legs together, completely understanding the look of hunger in the girl I'd seen when I was waiting for my turn. The girl in the white tank top was staring at me, her clipboard on the chair next to her. Every now and then I saw her hand slowly raise up and I knew she was rubbing her nipples again. Another girl was in the room now and I could tell that she was filling out the questions on the first page, completely oblivious to what was going to happen to her.  
  
The door opened and my heart jumped. "Subject 327?"  
  
What number was I? I saw the girl in the white tank top get up and follow her out of the room. I was surprised how aroused I felt, knowing that I knew what would be happening to her and she didn't.  
  
The other door opened and my number was called. With relief, I noted it wasn't one of the two assistants that had witnessed my degradation, but it was the first nurse who had waited outside while I disrobed. At least she hadn't witnessed my humiliation, but I knew she was aware of what I had gone through. I wondered if she had watched, or if she had gone through it herself. I got up slowly and followed her, feeling my juices trickling down my leg and followed her into the exam room where my clothes were still neatly folded. I could hear faint screaming coming from down the hall and I got wet, thinking of the other girl, experiencing mind blowing pleasure, the same pleasure I had just experienced. What was being done to her right now, I wondered. I blushed as I realized everyone had probably heard my screams.  
  
"Thank you for participating in our study." I just nodded. "I'm going to explain how the rest of the study will work." She opened a box.  
  
"Your monitor is custom made to fit you. They have an advanced microchip inserted which has been programmed with the data that has been collected earlier. They consist of a bra with a front closure and underwear," she held up the bra, demonstrating how the hook in the front worked and I recognized the same suction cups that would surround my nipples. The rubber panty looked normal until she showed me the inside, which had a large flexible phallus.  
  
"When you put it on, make sure the phallus is inserted into your vagina, and the clitoral stimulators are flush against your vulva. You are required to wear this for a minimum of one hour each day, but you can wear it for more if you want. In fact, the more you wear it, the more data we can gather. Internal sensors will verify that you have complied. On day 7, do not wear it until 30 minutes before your appointment. You are required to come back with your monitor on so we can gather the data collected. You are to abstain from sexual activity for the first week. No intercourse, no masturbation allowed. If you do not follow all of the directions, you will be considered an incomplete subject and you won't receive your credits or compensation. Any questions?  
  
I wanted to ask how the device would know but I just shook my head.  
  
"In case you were wondering, the microchip will instantly register any differences in pH, or blood flow to the clitoral region, or even microscopic tissue damage that occurs during intercourse and masturbation. Your earlier session recorded your pre-orgasmic and post-orgasmic levels so it will pick it up."  
  
I nodded. Confused, but I wasn't going to attempt to speak.  
  
"Okay, let's make sure it fits." She lifted the gown off my shoulders and let it drop to the floor, grazing my nipples as it fell. I wasn't expecting this. I thought perhaps she would leave the box with me and I would be able to put it on at home. But she slipped my arms through the straps and clasped it in the front.   
  
I gasped as she inserted her fingers into the cups and started rubbing her fingers over both of my nipples as I stood there helplessly. "The nipples have to be fully erect in order to fit properly in the suction cups," she explained as she continued fondling my nipples. I couldn't help it as a moan escaped my lips and more of my fluid dripped down my leg. "Maybe a little gel will help," she said. She unclasped the bra leaving it hanging open and got out a bottle squeezing some more of the clear gel onto her fingers before attacking my nipples again. It was too much. They were already sensitive and I couldn't imagine they weren't hard enough now. She pinched them and I let out a cry which I hoped sounded like pain, but we both knew it was more from pleasure. I closed my eyes, willing my nipples to harden so she would stop this assault. I allowed myself to give in to the pleasure. I held out my hand to steady myself, reaching blindly for the exam table, but grazing fabric instead.  
  
"Would you like to lie down?" she asked me. I opened my eyes, embarrassed as I realized that I had probably touched her breasts. "Sometimes it helps the subjects to relax."  
  
I nodded and lay down on the table. She squirted more of the lubricating gel on my exposed breasts and continued fondling them. I closed my eyes and just gave in to the feeling, allowing the moans to come freely. I really couldn't imagine that they weren't hard enough yet. "There we go," she said, "It helps to give in to it." I allowed myself to feel the pleasure, not caring that I was in an exam room being fondled by a stranger, a beautiful stranger who had great hands. I didn't even realize that I had reached my hand between my legs and was rubbing my clitoris, until she firmly removed my hand.   
  
"No masturbation, remember?" I flushed from embarrassment. Would I have openly masturbated in front of her if she had allowed it? I hadn't even realized that I had reached down to touch myself.  
  
"We're going to have to try something else," she said as she wiped the gel from my breasts. "Just close your eyes and relax."  
  
I obeyed. I closed my eyes and I felt her hands on my breasts. Suddenly it felt like there was an actual mouth on my nipple. My eyes shot open and there she was, licking and sucking my nipple. I groaned with pleasure as she expertly nibbled, her tongue swirling and teasing. I raised my hips and gripped the table with my hands as my moans got louder. "Please, stop," I whispered, knowing that I didn't want her to stop. She moved to the other nipple as her hands continued assaulting the other wet nipple. She was torturing me as I writhed under her expert mouth.  
  
"Good," she said. "Now they're ready." She clasped the bra, enclosing my breasts and fitting my sensitive nipples inside the suction cups. Strangely, I felt more disappointed than embarrassed as I lay there breathless.  
  
"Let's see if the panty fits," she said. As I lay there, she raised one of my legs and fit my foot through one hole, then the other. "Raise your hips," she commanded and she raised the panty up. The phallus poked my clitoris and I gasped. It was still very sensitive and after the assault on my breasts, even more so.  
  
"You want to make sure you're fully lubricated." She reached a hand down and caressed my open lips as I arched my back, a moan escaping my lips. "We obviously don't have a problem with that." She smiled and I looked away.  
  
She instructed me to get off the table and stand up so she could fit the phallus in my vagina. It slipped in easily and I was disappointed that I could hardly feel it. She adjusted it around and I felt something slip into place over my clitoris. "You want to make sure it pops in for maximum clitoral stimulation," she explained. "Is it comfortable?" she asked.   
  
I nodded. "Okay, I'm going to turn it on now. After today, it will turn on automatically once it detects the right level of body temperature. That's why it's so important that your nipples are fully erect so the sensors in the bra can pick it up."  
  
I nodded again.  
  
"Perhaps you should lie back down," she said and I obeyed, not knowing what was going to happen. But I had my suspicions when I saw the glint in her eyes as she smiled. "Just enjoy it."  
  
I lay back down on the table and suddenly, it came to life and it was just like earlier. The suction cups expertly licked and sucked my nipples, the phallus enlarged and stretched me beyond what I had ever experienced and began a rhythmic fucking, lovingly caressing my g-spot over and over. And there was a constant vibration over my clitoris. I cried out as I was being assaulted again. I saw some movement and saw that she was standing close with one hand under her shirt as she watched me. She slid her other hand inside her skirt and by the movement of her hand, I knew she was pleasuring herself. The sight of her pushed me over the edge. I screamed out and held onto the table so I wouldn't fall off as my orgasm overtook me. I arched my back, wanting more, wanting to feel more if that was even possible.  
  
I felt a hand on my leg and I looked at her and noticed she had stripped out of her clothes. She had squirted some of the lubricating gel onto her breasts which gleamed and she openly fondled herself as my second orgams overtook me. Then three, four, five. She had her fingers inside her, pushing her towards her own peak.  
  
Then it slowly came to a stop, the vibrations slowed, the fucking stopped, leaving me panting on the table. I closed my eyes and wept as I lay there, unable to move.  
  
"I have some questions to ask you," she said.  
  
I opened my eyes and saw she was fully dressed. Had I imagined it? Was I going crazy?  
  
"How many orgasms did you have?"  
  
"I don't-- I don't know."  
  
"If you had to guess," she said, holding her clipboard and waiting professionally for my answer.  
  
"I think-- I think-- um... eight?"  
  
"Did you feel any pain at all?"  
  
I shook my head. From down the hall I could hear screaming. "Please, make it stop!" I heard.  
  
"What were you fantasizing about most while you were experiencing this?"  
  
I blushed. I couldn't answer that. But I couldn't think of a lie. I couldn't even think straight to say nothing, which is what I should have said.  
  
"You," I whispered, as the screaming continued down the hall.  
  
"Could you be more specific?" she asked.  
  
"You were masturbating while you were watching me," I replied quietly, unable to look at her.  
  
"And how was I masturbating?" she probed.  
  
"You were naked and you were fondling your breasts while you were playing with yourself," I whispered. She wrote all of this down on her clipboard.  
  
"Okay, do you have any questions before you go?" she asked.  
  
I shook my head, as the screaming increased in speed and volume. "Ahhhh!!!! No!!!! Please!!!!" Then I heard rhythmic grunts that increased in tempo, I knew someone was close. A loud scream pierced the air, followed by whimpering. I knew how she felt.  
  
She smiled warmly at me and said I could take my time getting dressed now. "See you next week!" she said as she walked out. I lay there, unable to move. I was sore everywhere. I slowly sat up and swung my legs over the side of the table. I unclasped the bra but my nipples were stuck to the suction cups. I had to work them free. I dropped it into the box. I removed the panties which were slick from my juices and added them to the box. I could smell my sex everywhere. I reached for my clothes and slowly got dressed. My legs were so shaky, I wasn't sure I would be able to walk.  
  
I debated whether I should quit. But I knew I was in too deep now. As I opened the door, I walked out and almost bumped into the girl who had been wearing the white tank top being escorted by the nurse who had just left me. The girl had her gown wrapped tightly around her, as if it could somehow protect her secret. "Please contact us if you have any questions," she said warmly as we passed. The other girl didn't look up, and I knew she was the one who I had heard earlier.  
  
**Week 1**  
I left and walked out in the open. I felt like I was a completely different person. I carried my box, my treasure, looking forward to trying it in the privacy of my dorm room. I took the elevator upstairs, still unable to meet anyone's eyes. I entered my empty room, relieved that my roommate was gone. I opened the box and took out the monitor. I almost put it on right then and there, but we had been instructed to start wearing it tomorrow.  
  
When it was finally time, I had to wait until after work. I came back to my room, knowing my roommate wouldn't be there. I first put on the bra, positioning the suction cups onto my nipples, making sure they were hard enough. I stripped off the rest of my clothes and put on the panties. The phallus fit inside me perfectly. I pressed the front, making sure the clitoral stimulators were on the right spot. And then I waited. Nothing. I looked inside the box to see how I turn this thing on. There was a small piece of paper.  
  
"The monitor will turn on and off automatically, depending on your heart rate, level of arousal fluid detected and the measurement of your clitoris." Oh yes, I remembered now. She had said it would turn on automatically. So I had to wear it and wait. I walked around a little. Still nothing. I heard a key enter the door and realized my roommate was home. I hurriedly put on my robe and sat down on my bed, pretending I had been reading a book.  
  
Suddenly, it came to life. Slowly at first.  
  
"Hey," she said as she entered.  
  
"Hi," I answered.  
  
It started sucking my nipples, a mechanical tongue swirling deliciously, carrying me higher. I realized that I was breathing erratically. My roommate was too busy to notice. She picked up the phone and called her boyfriend. I was now stuck here with her for probably another hour or two while she talked -- their conversations never lasted shorter than that. The phallus came to life and it was fucking me, gently. I heard myself grunt with each thrust. And then it started it's assault on my g-spot as the vibrations on my clitoris started. I was terrified that I would have an orgasm right there in front of my roommate. I wasn't sure I'd be able to stop from crying out. I could walk out into the hallway, go into the bathroom. But then I'd be stuck there for an hour, my whimpers echoing through the stalls. I couldn't take this thing off for one hour and I was just wearing my robe. I had to sit here on my bed while my body betrayed me.  
  
Everything moved faster and faster. My head was swirling. I wanted to push all of these people away. All of the tongues and fingers that were bringing me such pleasure, but I couldn't. I moved closer and closer to the edge. Just as I was about to reach the pinnacle, it stopped. I lay there, panting. I couldn't move. I was afraid to move. I was afraid that if I did, it would start again. I looked at the clock. It had only been 15 minutes since I'd put this on. I had to endure another 45 minutes. I could hear my roommate talking softly on the phone, deep in conversation. She hadn't noticed me. I realized that having her in the room was exciting me. Knowing that I couldn't cry out, or grind my hips, I was actually enjoying it more as I fought to control my animal urges.  
  
I shifted slightly. Nothing happened. I propped up my pillow. Nothing happened. I started to calm down. My arousal level was now at an eight. An orgasm was no longer imminent.  
  
"I love you, bye." My roommate hung up her phone, just as it started up again.  
  
No! my brain screamed.  
  
My roommate sat at her desk and opened her backpack, preparing to do some homework, oblivious to the sweet torture that I was enduring. I bit my lip to stop from crying out. It felt so good. Too good. It was too much. Once again, I was brought to the edge, teetering. Waiting for that delicious moment when I would be taken over. And then it stopped.  
  
I slowly realized what was happening. It would do this for the next hour. Starting and stopping as it detected an imminent climax. Taking me so close and then pulling me back. Teasing me over and over. And then I remembered what the nurse had said. No masturbation for a week. Would I be allowed to come at the end of this torturous hour? And then it started again. I couldn't handle it anymore. I wanted to stop right then and there. Screw the research. But then I wouldn't be able to collect on the $500. That would mean that I had endured a humiliating hour having multiple orgasms in front of strangers for nothing. As I remembered the mind blowing orgasms I'd had earlier, I almost came. But this damn thing wouldn't let me. It stopped again. I lost count how many times it started and stopped, until finally, my orgasm was inevitable. Just a slight movement and I would be there.

Female Sexual Response: Subject 326

by[kianareeves](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=63955&page=submissions)©

I realized my roommate was watching me. "Are you all right?"  
  
"Fine," I managed to say. "I'm fine."  
  
She gave me a strange look before returning to her homework.  
  
My orgasm retreated and I sat there, waiting for it. My clitoris was throbbing. I was so close. But it wouldn't turn on again. I kept the suit on for a few more hours. Hoping it would turn on again, finally pushing me over to the point of no return. I kept it on even after my roommate left. But, it was going to deny me. Finally, I just had to take it off and I couldn't masturbate to relieve myself. I put everything back in the box and turned off the light and went to bed. It took everything I had not to touch myself. I ground my hips into my pillow but it wasn't enough. I cried until I fell asleep.  
  
The next day, I was going to make sure that I would be alone when I wore the monitor. I checked my roommates schedule and I had a good three hour stretch in the morning when I would be alone. I knew I wouldn't be going to my classes that day.  
  
I took the monitor out of the box and first put on the panties. I tweaked my nipples a little before putting on the bra. I was sure that today it wouldn't deny me. I was already so close. Even if it tried to deny me, I was sure that I would be able to trick it somehow by keeping my breathing slow. And without my roommate around, I would be able to thrust and grind my hips, helping it along.  
  
I lay there in bed, waiting for it to turn on. I thought about that girl in the tank top who had so innoceently brushed her nipple while filling out the questionnaire. How many orgasms had she had? As I pictured what she looked like in the middle of an orgasm, it came to life. Slowly at first. I savored it this time. Letting it mouth my nipples, as the mechanical tongue swirled and sucked it. Then the familiar pistoning began. It was different today. More urgent. I found myself grunting with every thrust as it violently fucked me. It would have been painful had it not been for the delicious thrumming on my clitoris. I lay there, moaning and waiting. I turned over on my belly propped up on a pillow, fantasizing that I was being fucked from behind. The vibrations on my clitoris became more intense in this position as I thrust my hips into the pillow. I was getting close. My cries became louder as I muffled them into my comforter. It felt so good. I was almost there. Higher and higher. I was going to come.  
  
And then it stopped. I cursed into my pillow. I ground my hips into the pillow but the hard rubber prevented any feeling from penetrating onto my clitoris.  
  
I couldn't wait to take this thing off me now. It was driving me crazy. I looked at the clock. I had 45 more minutes to go. I stood up. Maybe it would be less intense if I walked around. I was going to go insane. The device started up again and I realized it wasn't as intense when I stood up. I tried walking. Whoa. That was too much. That felt too good. I stood still and held onto my desk for support as I was being fondled and molested. I knew that if I thought about something else, my need to orgasm wouldn't be as intense. I could will myself not to get as aroused. But my body betrayed me. I bent over my desk, and cried out in insane pleasure as my breasts pressed down into the hard wood. The sucking feeling increased and I had to get up.  
  
After being taken to the edge and teased back again for the next hour, I finally had to take it off. I wanted to take a shower, clean my body of all of these feelings. I put on my robe and walked to the communal shower. At this time of day, no one would be in there. Almost everyone was in class. I entered the bathroom, and heard the sound of a shower running. I didn't know who it was. I stepped into the shower and turned the water on and tried to ignore what my body was saying. Then I heard moaning. Yes, someone was moaning in the shower. I recognized the familiar aching sound of pleasure. I squeezed my legs together. I didn't care about the study anymore. How would they know if I had masturbated? I leaned against the wall as I rubbed my nipples. It wouldn't take long. I needed this so badly. I heard another loud moan and realized that it had come from my lips. I noticed that the other shower wasn't running anymore. I hoped the bathroom was empty. I heard something drop, and realized that I wasn't alone. I stayed in the shower for as long as possible, until I knew for sure that whoever had been in there would be gone.  
  
When I thought it was safe, I turned off the water and realized that I had forgotten my towel. I would just have to step into my robe, dripping wet and dry off in my room. I opened the curtain and stepped across to the hooks and grabbed my robe. And I saw her. The girl in the tank top from the study. She was the one who had been in the shower. I didn't even know she lived in my dorm. She had probably heard the moan. She recognized me and then sheepishly looked away. I quickly put on my robe and headed towards the door.  
  
In the safety of my room, I sat on my bed. This was going to be the longest week of my life. How was I going to be able to do this for another five days? That night, my roommate never came home. She spent half the time at her boyfriend's apartment. I lay awake at night, tortured. Wanting to bring out my favorite vibrator, but knowing I couldn't. The sensors seemed pretty sophisticated. I wasn't sure how it worked but I didn't want to risk being disqualified. I wasn't sure how I would be able to prevent the microscopic tissue damage that it would undoubtedly detect. The vibrator was definitely out of the question, I knew I would damage something if I brought it out since I knew I wouldn't be able to stop. It was like a drug. I knew I wouldn't be able to have just one. I wouldn't be able to stop until I had fully satiated myself, five, sometimes eight or nine orgasms later. And I couldn't stop thinking about that girl in the tanktop. Had she heard my moaning? I couldn't help picturing herself pleasuring herself in the shower. Was she breaking the rules or was she just as frustrated as I was? I finally went to sleep dreaming of her watching me come.  
  
In the morning, I knew I had to go to class. Then I had to go to work. Then I had to meet my study group that night. When would I have time to wear the monitor? I looked at the clock. I would have to wear it to class. It took 30 minutes to walk to campus, if I put it on now, I would fulfill the one hour requirement walking to class, and then I would be able to take it off right before class started. I put it on and got dressed over it. It hadn't turned on yet. Maybe it wouldn't turn on until I had reached a certain level of arousal. I grabbed my backpack and tried to think about anything that wouldn't set me off. As I rode down in the elevator, I was happy that it hadn't turned on yet. Already 15 minutes had passed.  
  
I started walking, and still nothing, although the phallus inside me was starting to excite me a little. And then without warning, it started. I cursed under my breath. I had to slow down my pace as I walked. At one point, I actually had to stop under a tree and hold onto the trunk as I was being fucked, out here in the open with people walking by. I looked around but it didn't seem like anyone was watching me. The torture on my nipples was driving me insane as the phallus pumped inside me, almost angrily. Harder and faster while the wet tongues attacked my clitoris. I was so close. So close. And then it stopped. I took a few breaths and kept walking. As I took a step, the clitoral stimulators rubbed against my clitoris and I came. As it hit me, I turned around to hold onto the tree for support. I stood there clutching the tree as wave after wave crashed over me. It was so delicious. I knew if someone was watching me, they would come up to me, ask me if I was allright. But I didn't care. I had figured out a way to trick the monitor. I had four more orgasms walking to class that day, although it took me an hour to get there.  
  
**Weekly Exam #1**  
Finally on day 7, I knew I had to go back. I wasn't able to achieve any more orgasms that week. It was almost as if the sensors had sensed that it had taken me too close and it was holding back on me. Thirty minutes before the appointment, I was to put on the monitor and wear it to the lab. I wasn't sure how I felt about going back. A part of me dreaded it, and another part of me was excited, curious about what might happen.  
  
I put on the monitor and it immediately sprang to life. I arrived at the lab in a state of high arousal. It had taken me almost to the edge, but not as intensely as the previous days. My orgasm wasn't imminent, but it was close. I entered the waiting room and was surprised to see a room full of girls. I sat down in one of the only empty chairs. I had more questionnaires to fill out. Did I achieve orgasm while wearing the monitor? Yes. Was I alone when I had an orgasm? No. Did you enjoy wearing the monitor? Hmm. That was a tough one. I decided to answer Yes.   
  
As I was answering the questions, the vibrating started again. I sat there silently, as it became more and more intense. I heard moaning and looked up. A girl across from me was moving her hips back and forth in her chair. I realized she was having an orgasm. In front of all of us. A thrill went through me. When I had reached an orgasm in public, no one knew what was happening. But we all watched her, knowing what was happening to her. The vibrating on my clitoris intensified and a moan escaped my lips. I knew there were eyes on me. And then it stopped. I was relieved. Maybe it wouldn't happen to me.  
  
"Number 320?"  
  
The girl who had just had an orgasm stood up and with shaky steps walked out. I looked back down at my questionnaire and tried to answer a few more questions when the sucking started at my nipples.  
  
Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the girl next to me grip her chair with her hands. She threw her head back and I knew. She was coming. She didn't cry out or moan, but her breathing came out in short little gasps.  
  
"Number 321?"  
  
No one moved.  
  
"Number 321?"  
  
Slowly, the girl next to me got up and walked out. A few more girls walked in and sat down. I looked up and briefly caught the eye of the girl who had been wearing the tank top and we both looked away, embarrassed.  
  
The tongues started lapping away at my clitoris as the pounding intensified. What number was I? I think I was 326.  
  
Another girl cried out as she took in quick little breaths, clutching her clipboard to her chest. I couldn't help watching. I noticed we were all watching. It seemed to intensify the fucking I was receiving. I was getting closer. So much closer. I was taking little short breaths. Would this be it? Would this be the one? And then it stopped.  
  
"Number 322?"  
  
Three more girls had their orgasms and left. And three more times I was taken to the edge and left stranded.  
  
And then I knew, I was next.  
  
I waited for it to come. I wanted it. Yet, I dreaded it. The fucking started as a mechanical finger swirled around my g-spot. There were more mouths on my breasts and my clitoris. Sucking, pulling. Biting. I cried out. It was actually biting me now. I knew every eye was on me. It was getting faster. I gripped the chair, determined not to cry out or move my hips. Determined not to show them how good this felt. I knew they were all watching me. Their eyes were all intently looking at my face, waiting for the moment to come. Waiting for me to reach my peak. I tried to hold it off. I tried. But then it all came crashing down. I found myself moving with the waves. I heard myself crying out. For a moment I didn't care as the pleasure flowed over me like water. And then I came back to earth. I knew they were all watching me. I couldn't look up.  
  
"Number 326?"  
  
Slowly I got up and walked out. I was led to the examination room. I wasn't prepared for what I saw. There were around twenty doctors sitting around the exam table with their clipboards. Dr. Mattias asked me to disrobe in front of all of them. And I complied, turning my back to them. They asked me to take the monitor off and lay back on the table. I did, handing it to one of the assistants and she plugged in the data on a computer screen.  
  
"She wore it for an average of 1.74 hours per day. She achieved 5 orgasms while wearing it. All on day 3."  
  
"And how did you like it?" Dr. Mattias asked me.  
  
"Excuse me?"  
  
"You wrote down that you enjoy wearing it?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"Can you tell us why?"  
  
I blushed. "It makes the orgasms more intense."  
  
"Tell us how you achieved orgasm on day 3."  
  
I was mortified. Talking about this in front of all of them. "I was walking."  
  
The doctors all murmured and jotted down notes on their clipboards.  
  
"Did the monitor let you achieve orgasm after that?"  
  
I shook my head.  
  
"The sensors recalibrated itself properly then."  
  
"Were you in public when you achieved orgasm?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Was it more exciting for you being in public?"  
  
"Yes," I whispered.  
  
"Did it excite you seeing the other girls orgasm in the waiting room?"  
  
"Yes," I whispered.  
  
"Do you like it when people watch you orgasm?"  
  
I hesitated. I couldn't answer so I just nodded, lowering my head in shame.  
  
"Okay, let's see how much your numbers have changed this past week." They strapped on the breast and clitoris stimulators and inserted the phallus as I looked up, I saw that they were all watching me, intensely.   
  
"It'll be the same as before, except we'll need to gather 15 minutes of data."  
  
I wasn't sure I'd be able to handle 15 minutes. 10 minutes had been torturous. I was already sensitive from the orgasm I'd received in the lobby so I knew it wouldn't take me long.  
  
"Subject is ready." The doctor nodded and counted down as they all waited quietly, waiting for me to put on a show.  
  
The first one came quickly in short bursts.  
  
"Subject has achieved orgasm number 1. Time 1:27."  
  
I tried to catch my breath as I waited for the next one.  
  
"Subject has reached orgasm number 2. Time 2:15."  
  
They came one on top of another. The sweet torture wouldn't end. It wouldn't stop. I opened my eyes and I saw all of them, they were all masturbating while I lay here. Their breasts were exposed, some of the women were kneeling in front of the men, their heads bobbing up and down, one women was completely naked, another woman suckling her breasts while a man had his head between her legs. A woman was bent over a chair as she was being fucked from behind. Their moans commingled with mine.  
  
Finally, it stopped and I was told to get dressed and go home until next week. I looked over and saw everyone was dressed, they were all jotting notes or talking quietly to their neighbor. I was going crazy, I thought. That's when I noticed the video camera. They were taping me. More people would be watching, witnessing my degradation.  
  
I couldn't get out of there fast enough. My legs felt weak and I was breathless. But now I knew I had to have more. I needed it. I was now addicted.

**Female Sexual Response: Subject 334**

I was mad at my roommate Kinsey. But then I wasn't. I was so confused. I don't know how I let her talk me into doing this. She was the one who saw the notice first. She didn't want to do it by herself, she was too chicken. And I find it hard to believe that I agreed to do it for something as stupid as vacuuming. She said she would vacuum our dorm room for the entire month if I went with her. Vacuuming! How could I be so stupid?  
  
It seemed like an easy $500, but nothing was worth that. The humiliation, the shame, the embarrassment, the pleasure. The intense, overwhelming pleasure. But for some reason, I didn't drop out of the study. For some unknown reason, I decided to wear the home monitoring device for the second week. I had been forced into having orgasm after orgasm in front of complete strangers, I had let a woman fondle and then suck my nipples, I had been teased and tormented until I cried, and yet I still continued the study. I had it figured out by now. As long as I only wore the device when I knew Kinsey was in class or at work, I could bear it. I could bear the frustration of not being allowed to orgasm because I knew at the end of the week, I would get to experience it again. They would hook me up to that thing and I would be experiencing nirvana in its purest form. I was good at blocking things out, and as I lay there, naked and exposed, I could block out the doctors and the nurses as they watched me orgasm again and again until I was begging for them to stop.  
  
But I was still mad at Kinsey because she always wore her device when I was there. She forced me to listen to her while she moaned and cursed, instructing it where to lick and kiss and suck, as if it could hear her. I would always leave, sometimes for hours but when I came back, she would still be wearing it. By then she wouldn't even notice me in the room. I would put on my headphones and try to ignore her. But I couldn't ignore the smell. Her smell. She was a true exhibitionist, I found out. She was the only one who walked around the showers naked. She even brushed her teeth naked. We've had full political discussions while she was naked as I tried to keep my gaze above the neck. She was beautiful. If I had her body, I would flaunt it too. If she was taller, she easily could've been one of those Sports Illustrated swimsuit models, although her breasts were probably too large. But after this week, I didn't want to talk to her. Or look at her. At all.  
  
But she always wanted to talk about it. When we came back from that first exam, I couldn't tell if she was more in love with Dr. Matthias, or the nurse who had fitted her device, or if she was actually in love with the machine. "Wasn't that amazing?" she gushed. "That was sexiest experience of my life!" But I didn't want to talk about it. "Did the nurse use her mouth on you?" I told her I didn't want to talk about it. "Did you think you were going to die when you came in front of all the other girls in the waiting room?" Silence. "Could you hear me screaming down the hall? Because I could totally hear you." Mortification.  
  
We were both freshman psychology majors. It was a requirement that all psych majors participate as a subject in a certain number of research studies to graduate. I knew I should have chosen one of the studies where you watch a short movie and then you have to list 50 round objects that you saw, or do some simple geometric puzzles while heavy metal music blared in the background. That would have been easy. But somehow I let her talk me into doing the Female Sexual Response study with her.  
  
As I left the lab after the second appointment where I was forced to have 10 orgasms in front of about 20 doctors, I was handed a sheet with instructions for this next week but I just stuffed it into my backpack as I walked back to the dorm. It wasn't until later that night that I saw it and decided to read it. Immediately, my heart started racing.  
  
This week, please wear your device in a public setting where there are other people within 20 feet. Your device will be able to pick up ambient heat that other people will emit. For example, you cannot be in your car sitting in traffic, or at a park where people are too far away. You can wear the device at your home as long as there is someone else there. You must wear your device for at least one hour at 3 of the following: restaurant or cafeteria, class, a store or work. Please log the location you have chosen for each day. As usual, wear your device for your next appointment and put it on 30 minutes before your scheduled time. Thank you again for your participation.  
  
Oh, crap. If only I had a boyfriend. I could wear it in front of him and be done with it, but that was one of the qualifiers. You couldn't be in a relationship if you were going to participate in this study.   
  
The next day I left early without the device and went to class. I was gone pretty much the whole day. When I got home, Kinsey was just taking her device off. I heard a pop as her nipples came loose from the suction cup inside the bra. "Have you done it yet?" she asked. Her body was covered in sweat.   
  
"No," I answered.   
  
"It's wild! It actually--"  
  
"I don't want to talk about it," I cut her off.  
  
She just smiled. "Where are you going to wear yours? Are you going to stay here?" She seemed really excited about that.  
  
"No, I'm going to the movies," I answered without looking at her. It seemed safe to wear it there. It would be dark, I could sit in the back row and not be noticed.  
  
She laughed. "Have fun! Make sure it's a loud one."  
  
I took the box and took it to the bathroom with me so she wouldn't see me put it on. I was very modest, although I've been told that I'm pretty and have a great body. I always thought I was pretty average-looking but Kinsey always commented on how great my hair was, or how pretty my eyes were. She even once told me how much she liked my breasts, especially how perky they were. At the time I just brushed it off, but after these past few weeks, I really think she had a thing for me, which made me very uncomfortable. I scoffed at her comment to me. Make sure it's a loud one. Ha! I was proud of my self control. At the weekly appointment when everyone was orgasming in the lobby, all the other girls were moaning, but I just sat there quietly. I was proud that I was able to climax without making a noise, although I couldn't keep quiet while I was in the exam room as Kinsey had joyfully pointed out to me.   
  
I put the device on in the bathroom stall, making sure my nipples were hard enough and that the phallus fit snugly in my pussy and the clitoral stimulator was in the right place. I was already wet, but I ignored it. I would do this, and I would not let it frustrate me like last week. This thing wasn't going to beat me. I wouldn't let it.  
  
As I walked towards the movie theater, it turned on. Slowly at first. Walking was difficult but I managed as the phallus fucked me and the mechanical mouths were licking and sucking my nipples. The vibrations on my clit and my g-spot were slow and deep at this point, which were leading me where I didn't want to go, but I knew I didn't have a choice. I started conjugating French verbs in my head to keep my mind off the delightful ministrations that were happening under my clothes.  
  
The sidewalk was crowded and I kept getting bumped by someone. Everytime someone bumped me, a jolt of electricity went through me, concentrating on my clitoris. Someone from my dorm stopped to talk for a little bit, but I have no idea what I said back. But he didn't look at me funny so I think I fooled him. By the time I arrived at the theater, I was at a high state of arousal. Probably an 8, but nowhere near an orgasm. I kept waiting for it to turn off, but it just kept going. It would slow down, always at a moment when I wanted more pressure, or faster fucking, or more vibration. Like it knew what my body wanted and it was going to deny me.  
  
I bought my ticket and entered the crowded theater. I was counting on an emptier theater, especially since it was in the middle of the afternoon, but almost every row was filled up. I took a seat on the right side in an aisle seat towards the back while I was being fucked and sucked and licked, almost to a point of no return. But I realized that everyone on the other side of the aisle could see me, so I moved over two seats, hoping to blend in to the dark velveteen seats. I knew I was breathing erratically and suddenly I felt like I was too hot, but I didn't want to take off my jacket. I sat still, trying not to move because any slight movement would bring a tongue or a finger closer to a pleasure point. It was quiet in the theater, and not as dark as I would have liked. People were whispering to each other, eating their popcorn and drinking their sodas while I sat there, tortured.  
  
The lights dimmed and the previews started as I was taken closer and closer to the edge. I was breathing quickly now, taking short little gasps. I closed my eyes, concentrating on my breathing. When was it going to shut off? It would shut off soon, I knew it would. This was always the point when it shut off. Wait, it was taking me farther now. Even if it did stop, I wasn't sure I would. I started to panic. It felt so delicious. Oh, so delicious. And then everything stopped, just as the preview came to an end. It was quiet in the theater. Too quiet. I could only hear my heavy breathing. I was certain everyone could hear it. It took everything I had not to make a sound. I slowly eased my grip on the armrest as I felt my orgasm back off, relieved and yet tormented at the same time.  
  
Someone sat down next to me and I looked to see if they were looking at me with a weird or concerned look, but he just smiled and sat down. Shit. I recognized him from my dorm, and he was really cute. I cringed. I'd seen him at a party a few weeks ago, instantly feeling attracted to him, but I was too shy to talk to him. And now he was sitting right next to me. I thought about getting up and leaving, but then it started again. Hard. I felt like I was being punished somehow. "How dare you feel attracted to him?" it seemed to be saying as it pounded into my wet pussy, over and over again. "He can't fuck you as good as this." I slunk lower into my seat, hot and ashamed as it started biting my nipples and my clit as it tortured my g-spot. "I'm sorry," I thought to myself. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry." But it was still punishing me as it continued fucking me, relentlessly dragging me higher and higher. I closed my eyes as I felt the inevitable come closer. I could see the cliff rising above me, but I was no longer holding back now. I was running towards it. I wanted to fly off the edge and soar above myself. But just as I reached it, it held me back as I tried desperately to free myself and jump.  
  
No! I was so close! Both times, it had taken me just a millimeter to the point of no return. It was testing me. Seeing how close I could get without release. The movie started with soft piano music playing. At least I thought it was piano music. Images flashed before me on the screen. Blues, and greens, and then yellows back to blues and grays. I couldn't make anything out. It was just an abstract movement to me as I just sat there and stared.  
  
Then it started again. It was softer this time, slower. Almost remorseful. It apologetically swirled magical tongues up and down my wet slit, circling my clitoris lovingly. Mouths sucked my nipples, softly. Tenderly. By the time the gentle fucking started, the images on the screen had started to take shape for me. There were trees, and sky. A little house by the water. Two people were sitting in a boat, talking, laughing, kissing. Then slowly, so slowly that I didn't realize it had started, it started rubbing my g-spot. I started to get confused about the characters in the movie, the images started to blur again, and then I realized that I was being led closer to the edge. This time it was enticing me to follow, and I did, willingly.  
  
I was no longer watching the movie now. I concentrated on the caresses on my nipples, my clitoris, my g-spot. I freely followed wherever it wanted me to go, letting it take control. I was climbing higher and higher, but so slowly, that I didn't even realize how far I'd gone until it was almost too late. I watched the colors on the screen go by, I listened to the sounds of voices, although I didn't understand what they were saying. All I could hear was it coaxing me higher, leading me farther, encouraging me to let go. But I couldn't. I couldn't let go. I couldn't moan or cry out or scream. I couldn't even move. I was a prisoner now. It had tricked me into presenting my wrists and then it had tied me up. I hadn't even struggled as it seduced me to lie on the bed. And now as it was torturing me, forcing me to reveal all my secrets, I wasn't sure I could hold out. I was taking short little gasps, concentrating on the feeling of my breath against my lips as I breathed in and out, trying to ignore the sweet torture.   
  
But it was unyielding. It wouldn't stop. It knew me. It knew how long I could hold out. It knew how much I needed before I would surrender. The mouths were eagerly lapping up everything it could, my hard nipples, first the left and the right, then the left and right, faster and faster until it was licking both at the same time. The phallus was fucking me hard, knowing how fast and deep I liked it, needed it. Oh, how I needed it. The tongues were swirling on my clitoris, moving in expert circles around my secret pearl, coaxing it out to play. I didn't think I'd be able to hold out much longer before giving it what it asked of me. I didn't want to surrender. Not here, not like this, but I knew I was weak. And it knew I was weak. Finally, I gave up. I let it all go. My orgasm hit and I felt the ground shake. Over and over it rocked me, drowning me, but I didn't care. I had finally arrived, I had finished the race.  
  
But there was more. It knew exactly what to do as it took me to a second peak, and a third, fourth, fifth, rising higher and higher with each one. As I slowly came down, I came to my senses. It was loud. There was an explosion on the screen, and sirens and people yelling and screaming. Running. Now I knew what Kinsey had been trying to tell me. I looked around and no one was looking at me, pointing, laughing. I glanced to my left and the cute guy was looking at me, concern on his face.  
  
"Are you allright?"  
  
I smiled, tentatively. "I'm fine. I don't like movies like this," I whispered.  
  
He looked away, satisfied with my answer.  
  
I wanted to get up and leave, but he was blocking my way to the aisle. And I was too sensitive to move, and I was scared it would turn back on right when I was in front of him. I no longer had any confidence in my self control. What if I sat in his lap, grinding myself to an orgasm right there? No, it would be better if I stayed in my seat. I glanced at my watch. Wow, almost two hours had gone by. The movie was almost over. And then it ended. By the time the credits rolled, my breathing had returned to normal, but I was covered in a slight sheen of sweat. The cute boy got up and walked out and I noticed he was by himself. As the lights came back on, I knew I had to finally leave. I hoped my legs would be able to support me as I walked back to my dorm.  
  
At first I thought it was just a fluke. It would certainly recalibrate itself and not allow me to orgasm anymore. But everyday I wore the device, it was the same. It would tease me for awhile and then take me to places I didn't think existed in my small world. I wore it to the cafeteria, I wore it to class, I wore it to work. And each time, I was able to control myself more. I was proud of the fact that I could now climax without anyone seeming to take notice.   
  
Kinsey had named hers Veronica. And she loved to wear it when I was in the room with her. The first time I saw her take it out of the box, it was late. I thought she had already worn hers that day, but I guess I was wrong. I got up to leave.  
  
"No, please stay," she begged me.  
  
"Why don't you take it to the lounge? Or the cafeteria - it's still open for another hour."  
  
"No, please. This is the only time I have today. Please."  
  
"Fine," I said and took out my headphones and a book. But I couldn't completely ignore her. She lay prone on her bed, her hips gyrating and grinding. I was ashamed of the wetness that seeped onto my panties as I watched her out of the corner of my eye. Pretty soon, I couldn't concentrate on my book anymore. Her face was so obvious, her hands were pressed down on her breasts, and I knew how that intensified the sucking on her nipples. Every orgasm rocked her hard and I envied her freedom, her lack of inhibitions. After the second orgasm, I could hear her screaming and cursing through my headphones and I cringed, knowing that everyone in the dorms could hear her too. I hoped no one knew I was in the room with her, otherwise they would be thinking we were doing things together.  
  
She wore it three more times with me in the room that week. Each time, it didn't get easier for me. Each time, I wanted to bring it out and fly with her as we each climaxed side by side. But I couldn't. It was normal for me to come in front of strangers or acquaintances now, but I couldn't in front of Kinsey. That would leave me too exposed.  
  
Day 6 had been a busy day and I had left in the morning, not returning to my room until after 10:00 pm. I had to hurry and put on the device to log my one hour. I put on a loose t-shirt and baggy sweats over it. Just as Kinsey walked in, I said bye and left before she could ask any questions. I took a book with me and walked down to the lounge, but it was empty. As I turned to leave, I saw him. The cute boy from the movies was sitting in a chair in the corner near the fireplace. He looked up and smiled and waved me over. I had no choice but to walk up to him as the fucking started.  
  
"So, you survived the movie, huh?"  
  
I smiled as my nipples were being licked and sucked, expertly bringing me there. He introduced himself as I sat down in a chair next to him. His name was Logan and he was from Oregon. He was undeclared but thinking about biology or chemistry. And then I couldn't hear him anymore. I could only feel the hum on my clitoris as it got louder and louder as I was being fucked harder and harder, taking me to nirvana, and then pulling me back. Taking me closer and then pulling me back. I saw his lips move and smile that gorgeous smile. I think I nodded and spoke at the appropriate times. At least I think I did. He seemed happy with my answers. And then he closed his book and got up. I think he said he hoped to see me around. I smiled back. At least I think I smiled.  
  
I sat there, unable to move. Unable to think about anything except how much I loved being fucked by this thing. No one would be able to fuck me as hard or as good. Not even what's-his-name. What was his name again? Logan? Oh, yes. Logan. That feels so good. Yes, right there, Logan. Yes. Yes! YES!!! YYEEESSSSSSS!!!!!! As I came, all I could think about was Logan. Not the Logan I had just met, but the Logan that was fucking me just the way I liked it. Just the way I needed it. I was alone so I moved my hips back and forth in the chair, enjoying every last syrupy drop.  
  
Crap, I was alone. I needed to find someone within 20 feet. I couldn't walk around hoping to run into someone, following them until I climaxed. I had no choice but to go back to my room. I looked at my clock. I only had 30 minutes left. I could endure 30 minutes of utter humiliation. Maybe Kinsey wouldn't suspect anything. I could be quiet.

I walked in the room to see Kinsey wearing Veronica and on all fours, humping the air as she arched her back, crying in ecstasy. At first, I panicked. Was someone here in the room? I looked around, but saw that she was alone.   
  
She looked over and smiled at me. "Hey," she said as if this was totally normal for her. And I hate to say it, but it was totally normal for her.  
  
"You're supposed to wear it with someone in the room," I said, just as Logan started caressing my nipples with his tongue. Both tongues.  
  
"I know," she said. "I've already logged my one hour today."  
  
"Oh," I said just as Logan started slowly fucking me. Slow and hard he thrust into me, almost making me lose my balance as I walked to my bed and lay down, propped up on my pillows.  
  
I watched as Veronica made Kinsey climax two more times while Logan was teasing me, taunting me. Just as I reached out to touch him, he would run away and hide. Laughing. Over and over again until I was frustrated, squirming on my bed and squeezing my legs together, hoping it would be enough to push me over. Kinsey took off her device and put on her bathrobe. She got her shower caddy and was about to leave. But she couldn't leave. She had to stay in the room with me!  
  
"No!" I cried.  
  
She turned to look at me, puzzled. "What?"  
  
"You can't leave," I panted.   
  
And then I saw her smile as she understood. "You're wearing it aren't you?" I nodded just as I came. I couldn't hold it in, I moaned as I involuntarily arched my back. My hips bucked in the air, trying to meet a phantom lover halfway. I cried out in humiliation and in pleasure. Oh, that sweet sweet pleasure.  
  
Kinsey stood there, watching me. Her robe had fallen open and she was circling her nipple. "That was so hot!" she said. "How much longer do you have to wear it?"  
  
I gasped for air as I looked at the clock. "Ten more minutes."  
  
She seemed disappointed. "Well, okay then," she set her caddy down and sat on her bed, cross-legged, watching me, her robe completely open. Not only was she fully exposed, her wet slit, her hardened red clitoris and the small patch of hair, but I could smell her. I could smell sex everywhere. "Let's get the show started," she smiled.  
  
I turned my head away from her as Logan started fucking again. He was urgent, almost like he wanted to hurt me. But that's what I wanted. And he knew it.  
  
"What is it doing?" she asked.  
  
I ignored her as Logan started pinching and sucking my nipples. Alternating. Then simultaneously, he was sucking and licking my clitoris, softly humming and vibrating while stroking my g-spot. Over and over again, faster, harder. This was it, I would have to orgasm in front of Kinsey again as she watched, eagerly anticipating it. I reluctantly followed, higher and farther than I really wanted to go. And right before I broke through, he stopped. Leaving me gasping for air, panting and moaning loudly into my clenched fist. "No!" I heard myself scream.  
  
And then he started again, dragging me along with him. Right as I reached the top, he stopped again. I gasped for air as I screamed in frustration.  
  
He took me a few steps closer before violently pulling me back. And then without warning, he pressed hard on my clitoris and pushed me over. I screamed out, not caring who could hear me. I rode it as far as Logan wanted to take me, I didn't care where he was going. As I rode the crest, I didn't think it would be possible for me to go any higher, but I did. With each orgasm, I could hear myself crying out, I could feel myself violently thrashing on my bed, possessed. Logan pushed me to new heights and then slowly, gently, he carried me back, lovingly showering me with kisses on my nipples and my wet slit, knowing to stay away from my sensitive clitoris. I started crying as I tried to catch my breath.  
  
"Wow," I heard Kinsey whisper. I didn't bother answering her. I crawled under my blanket and took off the device under the covers. I rolled over and cried until I fell asleep. I hate him, I thought. But I knew that wasn't the truth. I loved him. And I hated myself for that.  
  
Weekly Exam: End of Week 2 I avoided Kinsey all the next day. But I knew I would probably see her at the weekly appointment at the lab. I brought Logan with me and put him on in a bathroom close to the lab and sat under a tree for 30 minutes as he teased me, licking and sucking and fucking me, bringing me close, but not close enough. When it was time, I gathered my stuff and slowly walked to the lab with dread. I didn't mind seeing the doctors or the nurses or the other girls. I just didn't want to see Kinsey.  
  
I walked into the waiting room and was handed a clipboard. I sat among the other girls and tried not to make eye contact as I answered the questions. There were about 20 of us sitting there, uncomfortably trying to make this all appear normal, as if we were at the dentist's office or something. Did you achieve orgasm everyday? Yes. On what day did you achieve the most powerful orgasm? I hesitated. I finally wrote Day 6. Did you know the person/people in the room? Yes. If yes, what is your relationship with them? Roommate. Did they know you had achieved an orgasm? Yes.  
  
I answered the other questions and realized it was really quiet in the room. No one was moaning or sighing in pleasure. In fact, Logan wasn't fucking me or licking me anymore. The girls who had finished their questionnaires were looking around and I know they were all thinking the same thing. A few minutes later, a door opened.  
  
"If you can all follow me, please."  
  
We all slowly got up. This was different. I was nervous. What was going on?  
  
We were all led into a large room with chairs arranged in a circle. The same doctors and nurses were sitting down in chairs behind the circle. We were told to stand along the far wall and disrobe, except for the device.  
  
"The nurses are going to go around to make sure that the device is fitting properly before we begin," Dr. Matthias announced.  
  
I watched one of the attractive nurses approach a girl standing next to me. She was blond with freckles. She seemed like the kind of girl who would have a nice smile, but she wasn't smiling. She looked like she would be the shy modest type, like me. She had a look of fear in her eyes. The nurse reached into her top and started caressing her nipples, much like the first day. Then she unclasped the bra in the front, and squirted some clear gel on her fingers before manipulating her nipples. "Your nipples aren't fully erect," she explained. The girl was blushing deeply as the nurse pinched and rubbed her nipples. I heard a moan from my left and I saw that another nurse was using her mouth on another girl's nipples. I looked back and saw that the nurse on my right was clasping the blond girl's bra, satisfied with the hardness of her nipples. She slipped her hand inside the girls panties in the front. The girl gasped. "You have sufficient lubrication, but the clitoral stimulator isn't fitting properly either. She moved her fingers around on the inside as the girl bit her lip, a small moan escaping. With a few more adjustments, the nurse seemed satisfied and turned her attentions to me.  
  
She just immediately unclasped my bra and started rubbing and pinching my nipples. Please get hard, I begged them. Please, please please. I didn't want her to use her mouth. She lowered her hands to look at them. I could tell she wasn't happy with their slow response. She bent her head down and took my right nipple into her mouth. I cried out, in shock and pleasure. But she didn't even try the gel, I thought. I looked up, not wanting to watch her tongue circle my nipple while her hand pulled and pinched my other nipple. I saw Kinsey sitting in one of the chairs in the circle, watching me. I watched other girls sit down, their devices apparently properly adjusted. Soon, there were only a few of us left standing. She moved her mouth to my other nipple, biting and sucking it with her expert mouth. I just stood there, horrified that I was standing in front of not just the doctors, but all the other girls, my breasts completely exposed. Well, except the one that was in the nurse's mouth. Pretty soon, I was the only one left standing. I closed my eyes, trying to shut it all out, knowing they were all watching me, waiting for me to get ready.  
  
Soft moans escaped my lips and I hoped that the nurse was the only one who could hear them. Finally she stopped. She was satisfied and clasped my bra, fitting each of my wet nipples into the suction cups. As everyone watched, she reached her hand inside the front of my panties and she rubbed my clitoris with the tip of her finger. I bit my lip, just as the other girl had. Her finger slipped lower, gathering some of my fluid and rubbed it onto my clitoris a little bit more. Then she pressed the stimulator onto my clit and pushed it into place until I felt a pop as it slid into place. I slowly made my way to the circle and sat down in the only empty seat, next to Kinsey. She smiled at me as I sat down, but I refused to look at her.  
  
"Ok, shall we begin?" Dr. Matthias asked. Without waiting for us to answer, he just started right in. "Each device is perfectly in tune to your rhythms now. It knows when orgasm is inevitable, and is programmed to stop just a millisecond before climax. It can also read when you want more pressure, or lighter pressure, or faster movements or slower movements."  
  
Yes! I thought. Logan did know all that!  
  
"It has been programmed to bring you all to an arousal level of an 8 today and hold you there. Some of your devices are turned off right now, others are still going because it can sense when you've slipped to a 7 or if it has moved you up to a 9."  
  
I looked around at the other girls and I could immediately tell whose devices were on, and whose weren't. I wondered if I was that obvious when Logan fucked me.   
  
"This week, we wanted to test the theory of exhibitionism and voyeurism. Judging by some of your answers on your questionnaire, some of you enjoy it, others do not. It is all completely normal."  
  
Logan started lapping away at my pussy and kissing and licking both nipples. I must have slipped to a 7, I thought as I tried to keep a poker face.  
  
"Right now, we are going to play some games to test your mental acuity while in a high state of arousal. We're going to go clockwise around the room and start with colors. Starting with you." He pointed to the blond girl who had been standing next to me, the one with the freckles.  
  
"Um... pink?" she said.  
  
"Blue," said the next one. And on down the line. After colors, we moved to countries, musical instruments, food, animals.  
  
Logan continued fucking me deliciously, tenderly. It really didn't seem like I was at an 8 anymore. This was feeling dangerously close to a 9, a very high nine. It was close to my turn to say something, but I couldn't remember the category. None of it was making any sense. I tried to ignore what was happening to my body and concentrated on the words going around.  
  
"Butter"  
  
"Table"  
  
"Lights"  
  
I was so confused. And I was so close.  
  
"Soap"  
  
What was the category? I was gasping, willing myself not to moan. I felt Kinsey's naked leg rub against me and I pulled away, squeezing my legs together which only intensified the fucking and the rubbing and vibrating.  
  
"334?" All of their eyes were on me. It was my turn and I had no idea what I was supposed to say.  
  
I opened my mouth, but only a low moan came out.  
  
I was going to come. I knew it, I couldn't hold back any longer. They were all watching me. From across the room, I heard someone cry out, "No!" and their eyes turned to watch a girl throw her head back, panting and moaning as she climaxed. Then to my right, another girl climaxed, her moans sounding like a baby kitten mewing.  
  
"334? It's your turn," Dr. Matthias prompted. Everyone turned back to look at me.  
  
I shook my head. Another moan escaped as I tried to ask what the category was. They were watching me and Logan was being cruel, oh so cruel. He was teasing me, slowing right before I peaked, then increasing with angry persistence, then slowing again as they all watched me. He was taking me higher than I thought possible. I was moaning loudly with each quick gasp of air, and I didn't care. He paused for a brief moment and I felt my clitoris quiver before he sent me crashing over the waves. I was tossed around, rolling around in complete bliss. I cried out with each spasm, thrusting my hips obscenely, but I didn't care. It felt so good. Too good.  
  
It was quiet except for the sounds of some of the other girls as they came. To my left, Kinsey grabbed my leg and squeezed hard as her breath came out in a hiss. "Yes, yes, yes, yes..." she cried over and over again. I was embarrassed by her intimate touch.  
  
Dr. Matthias ignored her orgasm as he looked directly into my eyes. "When you're ready, name something you find in a kitchen."  
  
I knew the category, but I still couldn't think of anything to say. Kitchen. What do you find in a kitchen? Logan was making it hard for me to concentrate. I couldn't think. What was a kitchen? Kitchen. The word sounded foreign to me. I could only repeat the word in my head as Logan continued molesting me. It wasn't a gentle and slow fuck like the first one. This time it was urgent, fucking me hard, raking against my g-spot each time. My nipples were being pinched, and ow! he was actually biting them, then sucking them. Alternating between pleasure and pain. The vibrations started on my clitoris, fast. He wasn't easing into it this time. I cried out again as another wave hit me. As Logan continued attacking my clitoris and rubbing my g-spot while kissing and sucking my nipples, I heard Kinsey say, "whisk" and they moved on down the line as orgasm after orgasm hit me.  
  
I think I missed every category after that. Some of the other girls did too. We all sat in the circle, watching each other, listening to each other as we let our desires out in the open.   
  
Finally, Dr. Matthias said that they would be observing all of us for the final ten minutes. We could get up and walk around if we wanted, we didn't have to stay in our chairs. "But after you achieve orgasm, please raise your hand in case we've missed the tally," he said. We all just sat there. I was pretty close to another one. It wouldn't be long. Kinsey got up and moved her chair closer to the center and straddled it, facing back towards me. She was watching me, her eyes intently trying to hold my gaze as her hips moved back and forth. She pressed her chest into the back of the chair and she cried out. I closed my eyes. I didn't want to see her. But I could still see her in my mind. I opened them again and she was still staring at me, her hips moving faster and faster. She finally let out a loud moan as her hips furiously humped her chair. I sat there helplessly as it built up inside me. The pressure was going to explode. I was going to explode. And then I did. Kinsey's eyes were still locked on mine and she raised her hand. She was smiling at me. I raised my hand as well but I looked away.   
  
Across the room, I saw other girls straddling their chairs. Some were standing and walking around, stopping to have their orgasms, holding onto the wall or a chair for support as they humped the air, raising their hand afterwards. Logan fucked me harder, sending me over again. I raised my hand and noticed Kinsey's hand go up. She was still watching me, intently. The doctors and nurses were watching us, taking notes on their clipboards. The nurse who had sucked my nipples earlier caught my eye and she smiled at me, her own nipples standing erect under her shirt. And it still didn't stop. The next orgasm blended into the previous one, or maybe it was just a really long orgasm. Was it ever going to stop? It had to stop. I couldn't take it anymore. I closed my eyes as I came again, crying out loudly, my moans drowned out by the other girls who were all in various stages of arousal and orgasm and brief recovery before starting the cycle all over again. I raised my hand as tears flowed down my face. It was too much. I wanted to die. I put my head in my hands and wept as Logan softly caressed me. It's over, he seemed to be saying. It's all over. You're done. It's okay.  
  
Kinsey told me other girls were crying too, so I shouldn't feel bad. I don't remember much about what happened afterwards. We were all taken one by one to another room where they took off our devices and plugged it into a computer to download the data. I left that day, never wanting to go back. But I knew I would. I knew if I didn't, I'd never get fucked by Logan again. And I needed him. I was addicted to him. And I knew that I wanted to experience it with Kinsey again, when we were alone with Logan and Veronica.

**Female Sexual Response: Subject 337**

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.

**Female Sexual Response: Subject 341**

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.