**Fertility Clinic**

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**The Western Avenue Fertility Clinic:**  
  
**PT 1: THE INTERN**  
  
Moving around the examination room naked to keep from shivering, I studied the anatomical illustrations on the wall. "Ms Warbler," Nurse Rhonda Chafer, a tall, broad shouldered woman in scrubs filled the doorway, "Doctor, will be with you presently." When I pointed to the bundle of clothes in her hands, she assured me, "your clothes will be returned at the end of your tour of the facility."  
  
Clothes removed for a perfunctory examination by the nurse, I now awaited Dr Velour, the operator of a fertility clinic. I had applied for an internship to complete coursework for my degree in Industrial Psychology.  
  
The hard - boiled female nurse arms cradling the bundle of my underwear, pull-over sweater, jeans and shoes apologized for leaving me, "in an unclothed condition." She took a breath. "Ms Warbler, unfortunately, we're short on those disposable hospital gowns at the moment. They're reserved for patients. Try to make yourself," she paused with as smirk, "as comfortable as possible."  
  
I chuckled, "I was sent here as a prospective intern for my college research paper in Industrial Psychology and end up politely plucked of my plumage and palpitating," I made light of my situation.  
  
Once Nurse Chafer left the room, I studied the images on the wall which depicted a naked blond woman, smiling as she rubbed her belly through various stages of pregnancy designed to demonstrate the expanding belly and burgeoning breasts.  
  
Instinctively, I turned around. A short woman youngish for a doctor, Eda Velour, smiling pleasantly, arms crossed over her lab coat, stood silently by observing me. "That's what we do here. We make women who can't or won't manage it the natural way for some reason or another, pregnant. Their reasons would make a fascinating study for your project. Wouldn't it?"  
  
In my initial interview with Dr Velour before the physical, I had been advised, "The clinic has certain privacy and proprietary concerns," Dr Velour aggressively leaned forward to forcefully assert, "primarily to protect our clientele, but also to protect the business. Virile men, mostly young, college age, many just boys your age -- possibly you've seen them about the campus, come here to donate sperm; nubile women come here to be impregnated. You would have to sign a confidentiality agreement, like every employee. In your case, you must surrender editorial control over the contents of your paper."  
  
Beginning her examination, Dr Velour read from her electronic notebook. "Amy Warbler, age 22, Female, Heterosexual, in a relationship, sex 3 -- 4 times a week," Dr Velour looked up, paused to shoot me an evil smile and snickered, "lucky girl. Birth control, preferred position woman on top," the Doctor raised her penciled -- in eyebrows noting, "position resolved by wrestling? You may take advantage of our gymnasium to limber up."  
  
Gymnasium? I wondered. Where does Dr Velour hide it? From the street, the clinic appeared to be located in a simple store front.  
  
"Yes," Dr Velour commented, "A hearty work out would do you good before you engage in your next round of the battle of the sexes with your partner."  
  
"Good exercise, indeed!" I declared. The enthusiasm of my response drew a delayed reaction of momentary shock and amusement when I added, "Jerry likes a stiff challenge."  
  
"You're here to study Industrial Psychology up close in a people intensive industry," Dr Velour, belatedly reacting to my double -- entend with a strained smile, noted.  
  
"Like you said," I replied with a chuckle, "this business produces people. The women pay to get pregnant. Understanding their motivations could be an important factor in recruiting new business."  
  
"Indeed," Dr Velour agreed. "Can I ask what interested you in performing your internship requirement through the Western Avenue Fertility Clinic?"  
  
"Your Facility," I advised her, "is strategically located between my off -- campus apartment and the campus and within walking distance of both."  
  
"Indeed, the role of convenience in making choices, even in the weighty matters of life, boils down to the old saw: location, location, location." Dr Velour shot me a pleasant smile. "Ok, Nurse Chafer took all the lab work and took your vitals," Dr Velour, looking down at her electronic notepad, reminded me, "Now, let's get to work. My style of internal examination is different from those you might have experienced." After a pause, Dr Velour ordered, "Turn around, feet apart, bend at the waist. Nurse lubricated your anal cavity to take a rectal temperature. Just to make things go smoothly," Dr Velour, a glistening smile sprouting, paused, "I'm going to do it again."  
  
I sighed as I steeled myself to send my mind somewhere else. "Despite powerful hands," I, turning my back to the Doctor, recounted, "Nurse Chafer administered a gentle massage with considerable patience." I took a deep breath as my bare feet were gently pushed further apart by a gentle nudge from Dr Velour's sneakers.  
  
I grunted as Dr Velour announced that "I am conducting a bimanual internal examination of the anal and vaginal cavities." Reflexively, I gasped as I bucked up against her penetrating thumb and fingers.  
  
"I'm going to," Dr Velour, leaning over me, implanting her breasts into my back, advised, "palpate your lower abdomen for signs of ovarian, renal or intestinal abnormalities."  
  
Hmm, my mind brought me to rolling on the floor with Jerry. When emerging on top, Jerry held me face down for doggy style penetration. Jerry's hands would reach across my belly. "I'm feeling for my cock," he'd whisper, "to jerk myself off inside you."  
  
Much like Jerry making love, Dr Velour, examining me, sent nimble fingers across my pubis. Both hands met inside me long enough to vigorously tease my clit. My breathing became rapid. I ground my butt against her intruding fingers while I softly murmured, "fuck -- me."  
  
I tended to me much louder while I pumped Jerry for his man sap.  
  
"There," Dr Velour retracted her fingers slowly softly caressing my clit and vaginal lips on the way out, out, "that didn't hurt a bit. If you're ready for your tour, I'll have the nurse escort you to the employee showers."  
  
"Clothes?" I reminded Dr Velour by holding my hands away from my hips to display my bare body.  
  
Promised that "Nurse should see to clothing," I waited for what seemed to be an eternity until the nurse tapped on the door and entered.  
  
"Ready?" When I requested my clothing, Nurse Chafer touched her notebook and a hidden door behind one of the anatomical charts opened. Though a passageway, we found ourselves upon a steel grated catwalk illuminated by light bulbs dangling from a wire. "First showers," the nurse, pointing to the catwalk, ordered, "shall we go?" Noting my surprise, the nurse added, "Back stage."  
  
I sighed when my bare feet touched the steel grid. The nurse chuckling, pointing to either end of the building, "This is called the walk of shame. It connects the lockers with the showers. The fertility clinic is a sterile environment. Employees shower with an antibacterial soap before and after work and in migrating between different zones."  
  
Biting my lip, I wondered what had propelled my bare feet forward onto the cold steel grid of the catwalk? Momentarily pausing to look over the rail, I was shocked to see immediately below me the overheat lighting structure for a swimming pool and gym. I looked at my escort in confusion. The clinic's frontage on Western Avenue gave no clue of such an extensive underground operation. Was this an athletic club or a fertility clinic?  
  
Nurse Chafer, placing a heavy hand on my shoulder and peering over the rail, noted, "one of the perks offered to the sperm donors, free gymnasium. Some employees use it in their free time. Males exercise with an athletic supporter; swim nude. Females are issued a two -- piece."  
  
"And genetic male employees who identify as female," I prodded. "Must trans -- men wear the jock strap in the gym and swim nude?"  
  
"The issue of trans -- men in the gym has yet to arise," came the curt reply. "Any second thoughts?" the Nurse asked with an evil grin.  
  
I sighed. "Going forward isn't solely a question of having already pliantly complied this far. I need this internship to graduate. The incentive of a paycheck is sufficient to endure," I grimaced, "unusual conditions."  
  
A bright light, reflecting off glistening tiled walls, shining at the end of the catwalk, marked the showers. "With pressure from local human rights commission upon all employers to provide equality for trans -- men," Nurse Chafer explained as we proceeded to the shower, "we don't provide separate lockers or showers for employees reporting in. New employees can be eh -- uneasy in the beginning. It wears off."  
  
Chuckling at her "interesting choice of words," I suggested, "Guys standing there, drooling at girls; girls throwing globules of soap at them like the silliness in junior high school gym classes."  
  
"Some older employees have had more difficulty adjusting," Nurse Chafer positioned me under a spigot, instructing "Stand there." Moving out of the way, the nurse added, "but in this business, we're looking at naked males getting jerked off by a machine and nude females getting eh-stimulated -- eh pre - insemination all day long. Otherwise," the nurse added as soapy water rained down on me, "functional nudity for the co -- ed shower seems ordinary enough."  
  
As I toweled off, the nurse handed me a two piece and white athletic socks and sneakers. Holding up top and bottom in front of me and stretching the thong, I remarked, "less than one pass of the shuttle didn't leave much fabric."  
  
While I stepped into the thong, the nurse commented, "One size fits all! You'll find the material is very pliable. It expands," she explained while I took a breath to pull the top over my boobs, "to fit most figures."  
  
From the employee showers, I was led into the donor's showers where the nurse waived to Alison, a barefoot woman in a skin - tight pastel bikini before we passed down a ramp into the gym. As we passed under the level of the gym's overhead lights, I went blind for a second.  
  
"You'll get used to it," Nurse Chafer smiled. At the white tiled, gym level we came past three offices. At the first office, the door was closed and the blinds over glass window in the door and the wall was shuttered. The nurse noted, "Dr Velour's and Dr Stroker's private office." A smaller office's door was open. "This would be your office. You keep your notes and prepare your paper here. Nothing leaves the building."  
  
In the next office, blond haired Greta, the manager of the gym, rose, muscular thighs flexed, to greet us. "Nurse Chafer, is this our new intern?"  
  
Strong arms gripping me, Greta explained, "the gym is a perk for our hearty stallions for a time left unbridled to work off frustration. Employees may workout in their spare time."  
  
"Do many employees take advantage of the gym?" I asked.  
  
"Out of two dozen regular employees," Greta advised, "only two or three -- mostly men participate in off -- duty gymnastic exercise and swimming. What keeps more men on staff away, surprisingly is the nudity. Like patient and donors, to enter the pool, male staff must have body hair depilated. Female patients and employees are welcome but only an occasional woman other than myself or Dr Velour takes advantage."  
  
"Naturally, I suppose. While I'm on the cleaning crew, I suppose I will be working down here, occasionally," I responded.  
  
"You will be given an hour to record your observations," Greta noted, "and to go over your findings with me or Dr Velour." Holding her arm out toward the gym, "Shall we tour our state of the art gym?"  
  
After a tour of the nicely shined exercise machinery, Greta, taking a few minutes to work dead lifting weights, questioned me, "How much iron do you suppose you can pump?"  
  
Transfixed by her powerful deltoids and biceps, I, when prompted, replied, "I never tested myself."  
  
"On janitorial staff, you'll have to lift some heavy weights," Greta, spoke without hesitating between reps, "Spend some time working out here. Now, nothing like the pool." Greta stripped off her running shorts and cotton T shirt, revealing a firm body, not an ounce of fat. "Join me," she invited.  
  
Nurse Chafer nodded to me to join Greta in the pool. Her glance, searing through the two piece, told me to swim nude. I managed two or three laps. I was standing on the deck covered in a towel shivering with my arms crossed, when Greta triumphantly raised her arms.  
  
Leaping out of the pool, Greta did some cartwheels on the deck. Wishing me well with a hug on my project here, Greta assured me, "We'll have some fun together." Palpitating my boobs, Greta whispered, "We'll harden your boobs, firm up that jelly belly and," with a playful whack on the butt, Greta declared, "tighten those muscles of that fleshy derriere!"  
  
Back in the shower, rinsing off, I was reminded by Nurse Chafer that in a sterile facility, a shower was required to move between different sections. As I toweled off, I accused Nurse Chafer of "just enjoying watching me naked."  
  
"I'm a nurse," Nurse Chafer retorted, "that's my privilege." Throwing me a smock, a thong, loose pantaloons, booties and hood—all a subdued light grey, Chafer noted, "it's a unisex cleaners' uniform."  
  
Informed me that the pants were optional, I tossed the pants back. "Jerry and I may wrestle for top position, but still Jerry prefers me to be 100% female. He wears the pants—because I say so."  
  
Reflectively, the nurse observed, "Your choice. Employees have a legal right to decide to determine a gender identity."  
  
"I've wondered how that works. Suppose a trans -- man wants to be impregnated," I, throwing the grey smock over my head, asked, "or a FTM, female -- to -- male wants to donate sperm?"  
  
With a chuckle, the nurse paused to contemplate before formulating her response, "I leave it to the doctors to decide how to deal with the situation in which legal requirements come up against biological impossibility. Perhaps," the nurse's voice turned cheery, "you may play an important role: providing assistance -- eh coming with resolutions -- eh in rummaging through such -- er novel questions."  
  
From the employee showers, I was once again in the donor's showers where the nurse waived to Alison, a barefoot woman in that pastel bikini before we passed into male treatment rooms.  
  
"Generally," the nurse explained, "cleaning in the AM begins here at 5AM. Males are depositing bodily secretions into the treatment rooms from 6AM onward. To prevent spread of disease, each room must be antiseptically cleaned before we open at 6 am and after each use." Escorting me behind the treatment rooms to an observation booth, the nurse suggested, "Let`s, take a peek. Shall we?"  
  
A flick of a switch rendered the wall transparent. On the other side of the wall a male was laying face down on a workout bench, muscles tensed, butt burnished red, legs spread across the bench, a darkened face shield enshrouded his head.  
  
"It's very different from the classical sperm donation clinic," the nurse observed, "y'know the places where guys came in to jerk themselves off to pornographic pictures. Here the conditions replicate not only the mechanics of intercourse but also create the warmth of intimacy."  
  
"How do you replicate the physical conditions of intercourse?" I asked.  
  
"The male is comfortably placed, in sexual position," Nurse Chafer explained, "of choice. Here the male is lying face down; his genitalia is inserted in a sleeve, a thin pouch which is plugged," the nurse lifted her eyebrows and smiled in self - conceit, "into device which simulates the moist warmth and viscosity of a woman's orifice. The machine`s pulsations draw sympathetic responses in the male organs precipitating male orgasm yielding ejaculate."  
  
"And the opaque blinder?" I questioned, "aren't men very visual in arousal?"  
  
"What you call `the blinder' is really a screen which creates a virtual reality either from stock footage or from an original production."  
  
"Original production," I laughed, "are you telling me, the facility produces porn?"  
  
"Oh, no," the nurse shook her head, "I suppose we could, but our original productions are custom made for the particular donor. The gentleman, ordering an individualized virtual encounter, visualizes his significant other in a fantasy that the clinic has filmed. Shall we move on?"  
  
Back in the male shower, Alison, the tall thin shower girl in a pastel bikini, was at the cabinet in the corner stowing towels and soaps. The nurse announced our presence, "Still quiet, Alison."  
  
"Mid -- day shift is the slowest," Alison advised, "most of the guys come before 9AM or after 6PM to drop their wad, shower, or use the gym."  
  
"I guess," I interjected, "you enjoy the quiet."  
  
"Older female employees might prefer the mid -- day shift if they have to work the men's shower, but there are some advantages to working the busy hours; the cups and front panel can get weighted down..." A frosty glance from Nurse Chafer cut off the response.  
  
"The day goes faster when you're busy," the Nurse concluded the discussion, "So much to learn," the Nurse declared in a cheery voice, "Let's move into the male locker."  
  
In the donor's locker, a naked man was carefully hanging his clothes in an open locker. Greeting the nurse, Hal claimed to be waiting for an attendant to release him.  
  
Release? I wondered. Is he being confined? My eyes widened when he smiled and turned to face us. I could not help staring at his masculine genitalia ensconced in a wire cage.  
  
"Are you here for a donation?" the nurse asked, "or just a workout and a shower?" Before answering, the man glanced at me. "Oh, I'm sorry. I've forgotten to introduce Amy. She'll be joining us. You'll be seeing here when you report in for your early morning work -- out or donation."  
  
"Day -- off, just a few hours in the gym and a workout in the gym." The man responded.  
  
Nodding approvingly as she pressed a button on her notebook to open the device, the nurse quipped, "just some time dangling with loose change."  
  
When the comment drew a smile, her inquiry after the relative comfort of the bird cage by comparison to the iron cup drew an explanation of difficulties positioning. "You have to be careful," Hall remarked, patting his belly, "lying on your belly, but Macy says the cage force me to consider her needs."  
  
"Speaking of her needs, have you considered bringing Macy to the clinic on a couples` day?" the nurse called out to man as he turned to proceed to the showers.  
  
"Hmm, Macy," facing us, Hal expressed concern, "is ah—afraid of intruding on my man -- space ..."  
  
"And not the electric shock," the nurse chided Hal, "the magnet attraction of finding yourselves naked together."  
  
"We're saving for a house," Hal explained, "To attain the high sperm count the clinic pays for, certain sacrifices, eh -- restrictions are required; to maintain physique, the exercise regimen."  
  
When Hal vanished into the mists of the shower, I asked, "Are donors encouraged to bring spouses along?"  
  
"The Facility gives away little for free," the nurse explained, "there's an expectation that something productive can be developed. Exactly what form that takes, you may learn. Next step, we return you to the examination room to talk to Dr Velour and to prepare you to leave."  
  
Once again, we were in a passageway. The nurse stopped at a consultation room and switched a command which rendered the wall transparent. "Dr Velour is conducting a monitoring interview of donor.  
  
Inside the room a naked, young man stood next to an examining table. Dr Velour, pushing the patient's head to the side while fondling the patient's testicles, ordered the man to cough.  
  
"Mr Hauser," Dr Velour addressed the donor, "you're a young heterosexual man, married with a child, could you explain why you want to `bind up your loins' into a cock and ball jam? I grant you release from the muzzle only when release of the pent - up tension will produce a maximum yield?"

"Duh, the money?" Mr Hauser replied.  
  
A shocked look appeared on Dr Velour's face. Mystified by Dr Velour's reaction, I turned to the nurse with a perplexed look. With a self -- satisfied smile, Nurse Chafer, leaning on my shoulder, whispered in my ear, "Dr Hauser is so intelligent that she can underestimate the subject -- eh patient."  
  
In the examining room, handing the patient a condom, Dr Velour ordered, "Turn around, spread your legs, bend over." Playfully slapping the patient on the butt, Dr Velour added, "I need a sperm sample. Pull those cheeks apart." Pausing to pull on latex gloves and dipping the fingertips in goo, Velour promised, "This shouldn't hurt a bit."  
  
The patient grunted as Dr Velour explained, "Your contract requires chastity. You may engage in sex only when I permit it." Dr Velour paused for emphasis. "With your genitals -- your cock and balls," her voice was deliberately elevated at the vulgar word, "in a chastity device, you obtain release two or three times a week -- here." Leaning forward, Dr Velour fired a question, "How does your wife feel about a husband functionally neutered?"  
  
Dr Velour could not conceal her shock at the curt response: "Birth control," Mr Hauser replied.  
  
Led further down the companionway, Nurse Chafer confided at low breath, "The sperm sample is taken by manual manipulation of the prostate which forces a male to ejaculate. The procedure is painless. It might even prove pleasurable, but many men object to that type of physical contact."  
  
"Why then is it necessary, if you have all these machines to tap man sap?" I asked.  
  
"It's part of control," Nurse Chafer snickered.  
  
Entering the examination room where the tour began, Nurse Chafer collected the cleaner`s uniform leaving me naked. "Dr Velour wants to speak with you before you leave. Doc's a little busy with screening at the moment. She'll be with you presently." Pausing at the door, Nurse Chafe, snorted, "Still a - game?"  
  
"This should prove to be an interesting experience," I replied.

**Ch 2 Only A Game**  
  
"Somehow," my husband Jerry teased me as I rolled away from him to get out of bed at 3AM, "it's appropriate that you begin your internship in a fertility clinic on Valentine's Day. Care to sneak me in there to try out my equipment?"  
  
Bare body, freed from the covers, meeting the cold winter air, I might have liked to have allowed Jerry's strong hands to pull me back into bed, but I couldn't be late on my first day. "You needn't worry about your desirability as a sperm donor. You need to worry about your jealous sperm donee."  
  
I smirked. Much as we could use extra money to buy the house, Jerry enjoyed spontaneity in bed. So, did I. Could he submit to the clinic's rules? To be admitted to the program, male Donors were locked down in a "cock block," a chastity device between donations. During my interview, Dr Velour's dark eyes penetrated my bare body when she told me, "It maximizes the yield."  
  
I shook off Jerry's hands to start marching for the shower, dismissing his attentions with the remark, "You already got your Valentine."  
  
Laughing, Jerry called after me, "if you have to shower before starting work, why do you need to shower off before you go?"  
  
"Because sometime in the middle of the night I found myself on my belly, naked, bucking up to you to draw you in deeper," I teased him. "I don't remember exactly how it started .."  
  
My voice trailed off as I turned to throw him a devilish smile.  
  
I had been in a state between sleep and consciousness when Jerry tugged at the elastic of my panties. In my zombie -- like state, I lifted my butt for him to pull them off and like an automaton mechanically rolled on my hip to kneel and hold my hands up. I felt a delightful tingle as Jerry lifted his T shirt over my head.  
  
"You had your fun," I teased Jerry, "but now it's morning and you need to respect me while I shower you off." I gritted my teeth; my voice betrayed my uneasiness, "It's not like I'm looking forward to starting this internship, but it's paid and I get a check ..."  
  
"There's a check?" Jerry replied, "The work may be grimy -- cleaning a fertility clinic -- but the money will be clean. And since you shower entering and leaving the clinic, the dirt will be Rub -- A -- Dub -- Dub-ed away."  
  
I sighed. "I had to sign confidentiality agreements, promising not to talk about my work or the people I meet, to wear only the clothing issued by the facility on duty, to be submit to physical inspection of my person, to consent to physical contact with persons of the same or opposite sex if required, to be a subject of psychological testing and experimentation." I paused to exhale.  
  
"You're dressed to turn a trick," Jerry baited me, "but you don't intend to put out."  
  
Playfully slapping Jerry, I revealed my reservations. "Dr Velour, the owner of the facility, is a little weird. I think she enjoys conversing with nude women. When I was hired, she conducted my interview as part of my physical exam, no hospital gown. After a tour of the facility, I was left naked during a briefing on her expectations. I gulped before I exclaimed, "Why need I worry about getting through the first day?"  
  
"Get through it the way I would get through a short arm exam when I was in the Corps," Jerry advised, "make a game of it."  
  
"A game?" I said as I strode, deliberately swinging my hips to tease Jerry, toward the shower.  
  
When I arrived at the Western Avenue Fertility Clinic to begin my first shift at 4:30 AM, I was surprised to find the oversized closet that housed the locker room already abuzz. Although I, forewarned that I must undress and shower to enter the facility, had my auburn hair cut short, I was unprepared for the scene of women packed into the right side of the locker room. I was barely able to hear the security officer's directions over the din of high -- pitched voices cackling. The dozen or so women, mostly 40ish or older, crammed in together, were busy undressing and stowing their clothes in lockers on their side of the room.  
  
Eek! I almost freaked out. I was a college intern in a fertility clinic. These women, paunches hanging, most of them twice my age, wouldn't their appearance discourage nubile young women from inseminating themselves? The ladies faced their lockers chatting among themselves oblivious to the naked men, on the other side of the room idly standing by. Game, I sighed, the game calls.  
  
Pushing my way through the bodies packed together, I nearly passed out from the bouquet of perfumes rising from half naked bodies before I reached my assigned locker. "The new girl?" asked the bare -- chested lady to my right. "I'm `Rory, short for Aurora and that slut, she's," Rory pointed to the lady on my left who was bending over to remove her panties, "Astra short for Astarte."  
  
Forcing a smile, I tried not to stare at her shaven pubis.  
  
Smiling back at me, Astra explained, "My parents were into mythology. Astarte is the goddess of love. Appropriate for St Valentine's Day?" She paused. "As the daughter of the moon goddess, Astarte was granted the crescent moon for her symbol."  
  
"So," Rory exclaimed, "reporting in this early, you're caught between night and day." When I looked over my shoulder at the naked men, Rory assured me, "Oh, they're not in cock -- blockers but still harmless."  
  
Shaking her head, Astra interjected, "It's the law. We have to live with."  
  
"During my time in school," I replied as I removed my top, "we needed accustom ourselves to undressing in front of drooling guys."  
  
"Ah, equality reigns," Rory sighed, "Allow me," Rory requested permission to unhook my bra, "Gender equality means the employer doesn't have to pay for separate locker rooms for men and women."  
  
"But, we can't fault our employer on that score," Astra interjected as she swept the unhooked bra off my shoulders and flung it in my locker, "You'll see Dr Velour in here, bare to the bone, prancing to the showers before she does her rounds."  
  
"And you can feel her beady black eyes upon you whenever she's around," griped Rory.  
  
"If you can't exclude men from the ladies' locker," I chuckled hobbled on one foot to remove my sneakers, "There is the hope real men might control the occasional perv."  
  
Raising her penciled eyebrows, Rory snickered, "Not to worry. These guys are more embarrassed than we are. We count on them remaining hypnotized by our beauty," she wiggled her body, "while we get ready for the herd to race, like cattle on the trail, for the shower."  
  
"Judging by swollen schlongs," I looked over my shoulder as I planted a hand on Rory's bare shoulder for balance to step out of my dungarees, "I might think not."  
  
"Actually, judging by their bulging eyes, we count on that," Rory snickered. Placing a hand on my bare shoulder, leaning into me to whisper, "We put a show in the shower for the guys. Just play along. It's fun to watch them react. Are you a-game?"  
  
"A -- game! Rub -- A -- Dub -- Dub! Slinging soap in the shower," I nervously quipped, "should be good clean fun."  
  
"Huh!" Rory snorted, "just clean fun. Yeah."  
  
"Hurry, along," urged Astra, standing behind me, "the cleaning uniform, large frock and trousers, is the same for both—eh all sexes. We like to get the pants so that the guys are left in frocks sans culottes."  
  
"Think of it," Rory smiled, "it's the race for the pants in the battle of the sexes."  
  
Then Rory and Astra grabbed each of my arms. Out of the locker stepping onto the cold steel of the catwalk, I felt that same tingle that I felt earlier with Jerry. There's a certain excitement in racing naked stampeding like cattle. Could it be the exaltation of freedom, violating social norms? I wondered.  
  
On the passageway I melded into a herd of bare breasts bobbing and bare bubbly butts bouncing which bolted across the cold steel bridge toward the bright light radiating off the tiles of the shower.  
  
At the entrance to the shower, a tall thin girl named Doulchia in a two -- piece reduced the stampeding cows to a line of contented calves, awaiting assignment to a spigot. "My task," Doulchia rang out an order in singsong as she arranged a line along the railing, "it is decreed, to corral the bare ass, make them pay heed."  
  
Running with the pack had an advantage. I didn't think. I didn't look at the others in the horde. Now, on edge, I nervously looked at the other women. All pubis were hairless.  
  
I restrained myself from shrieking when Rory grabbed my attention by gently rubbing my back. "Good," Rory told me, "you cut your hair short. It dries faster. Consider clipping your muff."  
  
Aghast, I struggled to thank her.  
  
Sorting out the dozens of naked women for use of a few showerheads, Doulchia rang out her rhyme, "The shower managed skillfully // for maximum efficiency // in planning activity // for rub -- a -- dub -- dub with dignity // three heads fitted // under the same spigot."  
  
As I came up to Doulchia, Rory chided her, "putting your bottom in a thong took away two panels for .."  
  
"I lost two pockets," Doulchia cracked in a lyrical voice, "but I still have the sockets // to stow your deposits."  
  
I looked from Rory to Astra for a clue. "Ugh," Rory grunted, "Nurses and aides get first choice on the best customers anyway."  
  
I was pleased that Doulcia, the tall thin girl in charge of the shower, placed me under a spigot with my locker -- mates, Rory and Astra. Pointing to a spigot, Doulchia intoned, "Rub -- a -- dub -- dub // watch for the hubbub // three for a scrub."  
  
Three of us found ourselves under a spigot. "Hands up," Rory roared an order. Up to the mindless game of splashing around, I mechanically complied. As Rory lathered under my arms down my sides to my butt, she whispered, "We need to move quickly. We're caught between night and day. You have to handle Astra."  
  
Back turned to me, Astra raised her arms. Her shaven armpits had little nubbies where hair follicles had been removed. As I worked down her soft flesh, a sudden tingle up my spine inspired the remark, "electrostatic," I exclaimed, "yet so different from touching a man."  
  
I know what happened even though I can't explain why. My body took charge. I had never intended to have found my fingers roaming from the pillowy underside of her breasts down her stomach to the smooth flesh of her mound. In response, Astra, leaning backwards into my breasts, engaged me.  
  
"Reverse," Rory abruptly ordered. We jumped in unison to about face. Snickering at the men, Rory muttered, "just watch the bouncing boobs."  
  
I tended to Rory as Astra caressed my breasts with a slick soapy fluid. Expanding circular motions probing downward from my nipples brought her fingers across my belly and lower abdomen to my vaginal lips. I moistened the ruby red rim of my mouth with my tongue. I had never been disloyal to Jerry from the time I met him. Why were my own greedy fingers probing Rory's vagina pulling her back into me? Was it just a game? I was close to cumming when Rory ordered, "Enough Rub -- a -- dub -- dub. Show's over. Quick rinse off."  
  
With the sting of a swat on my wet butt, Rory assured me, "It's only a show." Invited to look over at the guys, I laughed. Their eyes transfixed, the guys stood by, schlongs effervescing. "Works all the time," Rory quipped as we passed by the guys to towel off, "Game set and match!"  
  
Claiming the cleaning uniform's pants, Astra chanted, "We get the pants," Astra laughed, "and the guys get the lacy underpants."  
  
Descending the long staircase into the sub -- surface gym, Rory advised, "we usually don't have much in the gym besides spraying disinfectant, wiping down the equipment and mopping the floor."  
  
"Oops," Astra interjected, "not to forget cleaning Dr Velour's office."  
  
As we wiped down the exercise equipment, Astra explained, "we usually don't find anything gross. Guys, whether employees or donors, must wear an athletic supporter in the gym. That should be sufficient to sop up any emissions."  
  
"Laundry," Rory smirked peering into a circular clothing bin and waiving off the stink, "has to deal with any ugh,"—her face contorted—"man goo."  
  
Looking toward the pool with a look of disgust, Rory commented, "The guys swim nude in the pool. Fortunately, the guys in maintenance have to clean the slime over there."  
  
Returning to street level to pass through to clean the treatment rooms, we were required to strip and shower. "You may bemoan // Subject to inspection // at change of zone // More Rub -- a -- dub -- dub // for your protection // crammed into the tub // to prevent infection.."  
  
Standing naked, shivering, arms criss -- crossed over my breasts, I waited with Rory and Astra for assignment to a spigot. Ready to assign us to a spigot, Doulchia, pointing to a spigot, exclaimed, "to scrub, bacteria insidious, a good rub -- a -- dub -- dub, fastidious."  
  
Rory held her palms out as if in question. To the unvoiced inquiry, Doulchia simply shook her head. A brazen look on her face, disbelief creeping into her voice, Rory pleaded, "nothin` on Valentine's Day?" Looking toward me, Doulchia nodded. Rory protested, "She's just got over the shock of a little rub -- a -- dub."  
  
"Damn!" Astra complained, "early bird men, cock unblocked, dangling free, are good tippers."  
  
Doulchia laughed, "Don't huff// some guys get a rush // from a muff // that is plush."  
  
After a quick shower, we donned frocks and thongs to enter the male treatment rooms. The room selected to begin looked like a normal medical treatment room, except Rory explained it had a hitching post, a simple pillar, 5' feet high by 2' feet wide in the center of the tiled floor instead of an examination table. "Fire plug shaped, the device simulates a man crunching a female against the wall. This is the Customer's prime choice of fantasy," Rory commented.  
  
"Each room is equipped with a visor. Unlike the old -- fashioned fertility clinics," Rory explained, "we don't hand out girly pictures. This shield," Rory held the visor, darkened like sunglasses as she wiped it with disinfectant, "draws the guy into the experience. It presents him with a vivid virtual sexual encounter."  
  
"Dr Velour designed the device and scripted the fantasies herself," Astra interjected. "It's set for the introduction."  
  
"When the subject dons the visor, he's drawn into a different reality. His imagination overrides the intellect. The fantasy becomes a reality in his mind. Here try it out," Rory offered it to me. "We'll start cleaning up the room."  
  
As Rory nodded to Astra to begin spritzing the room with disinfectant, I hesitantly held the visor in my hands, undecided whether to put it on.  
  
Turning to me, Astra noted, "It's just like a video game, with the plus that you'll explore Dr Velour's vision, a female spin on a male fantasy."  
  
I looked around the room. A pungent odor of disinfectant rose as Rory began to hum a gentle tune as pushed the mopped across the white tiled floor and Astra wiped down the table and cabinets.  
  
"For the cause of research," I sighed as I tentatively donned the visor holding my hands at its edges ready to flip it off my head. The sounds of chatting passersby in the corridor faded away, along with Rory's sweet singsong and the swoosh of her mop and the pungent odor of an ammonia -- based disinfectant.  
  
Veiled in the shield, I found myself alone in the examining room. On the visor I envisioned Doulchia. Her two -- piece gone, a ghostly counterpart of Doulchia appeared in my vision clad in a starched white nurse's uniform enter the room with a tall carrot red topped naked male subject, thick red hair hung from almost every inch of the subject's body, except his freckled lower abdomen and butt. His schlong hung prominently against a fur free crotch and nuts.  
  
After securing the subject's feet to the floor in front of the post, then, donning gloves, Doulchia's ethereal presence reached into hitching post and pulled out a sleeve and secured the man's schlong. "A guy's imagination won't suffice," The specter of Doulchia's phantom explained, "to reach a level of excitation // requires a device // to provide physical stimulation."  
  
His schlong secured, Doulchia's spiritual presence, locking the red-haired man's arms around the pillar, noted "the pillar is a soft and rubbery // delightful to his touch // a cozy 91 degree, // tempting so much // drawing him into her clutch."  
  
The image in the visor of the subject hitched to the post faded away into swirls of green, yellow and red colors which settled into the apparition of a figure, a man perhaps, in an embrace with a fire-plug shaped pillar. Doulchia's voice as the swirling colors warmed from green to yellow and yellow to red and red to a deep crimson. "Thermographic images dazzle," Doulchia's illusion continued her lecture, "by the intensification // of the subject's arousal // with increasing stimulation."  
  
When the colors dissolved, the subject was gone. In front of me appeared Astra soft pale body bare but for a micro thong damming her love canal. The extra fat disappeared from her belly; her small breasts floated like globules on her chest; her nipples erect. To her right stood Rory, pendulous boobs, nude, her crotch hairless. On her left, were two males one with his genitalia wrapped up in the cock block; the other hanging free.  
  
"But Rory and Astra shouldn't be here," I protested, "They're supposed to be cleaning."  
  
The apparition of Doulchia re-appeared in her nurse's uniform between Rory and Astra on her right and the men on her left. "Your co-workers about their task// Stand in contrast // to your fantasy // here we broadcast// only what you fancy."  
  
"What now?" I asked.  
  
Dulchia's phantasm smiled, "Sing a sweet song // for the pair you select // to entertain // playing ping pong // on the subject's brain."  
  
"Huh?" I was taken by surprise.  
  
The image of Doulchia chanted a clarification, "In your vision // time for a decision // a pair to cuddle // two by two division // your preference for a couple?"  
  
The question hung. I chose Rory and Astra—or the images of them to entertain the Red-haired subject.  
  
Doulchia' doppelganger responded, "Your choice curious // hardly mysterious // ready for a bi -- experience."  
  
In the visor, Rory and Astra moved toward each other lips puckered to kiss. My vision was suddenly cut off. I felt a hand under my frock massaging my back as the visor was lifted. Rory holding a mop and Astra with a bucket told me that it was time to move-on. The room was needed for use a subject. "Unless ..." Astra started, but was cut -- off by Rory, shaking her head, reminded, "She's new. We need to clean the public areas."  
  
Back in the shower, we were rinsing off to Doulche's ditty, "Moving between section // Rub -- A -- dub for prevention // of spreading germs and infections."  
  
Under her breath, Rory, throwing me a glance, grumbled, "Looks like Doulche grew a cup size." Rory, glancing in my direction, silenced Astra, "Ain't worth the risk."  
  
I was standing under the assigned shower head with Astra and Rory when Dr Velour walked in naked from the steel catwalk. Assigned to a spigot, she leaned forward tongue sticking out like a young girl to lap the falling droplets as the spray pelted her taut breasts. She hid cup "D" well under her clothes. Her hands lathered soap along the pleasing curve from her firm breasts to her hips down her shaven mound into her vaginal lips. By comparison to Astra and Rory, Dr Velour, without an ounce of fat on her body, was in tip top shape.  
  
Nudged by Rory, I broke my focus on Dr Velour's body. With a nod, I was moving quietly along with Astra toward retrieving smocks and sneakers when Dr Velour, crunching her eyes, grabbed me. "Amy, get me a towel; ugh soap in the eyes."  
  
Rory looked over her shoulder as she and Astra, hips swing bare rotundas as they retreated from the showers, received the frock and sneakers to begin cleaning the public areas of the building.

Staunching her eyes with the moistened towel as water continued to cascade down upon her body, Dr Velour remarked, "soap in the eyes stings but is more annoying than painful." Opening her eyes and blinking, Dr Velour sighed "I'd like to speak with you. Join me in the pool -- unless you want to return to the cleaning crew for the remainder of your shift."  
  
After toweling down, I stood before Doulchia with Dr Velour. Dr Velour in a friendly tone requested, "Down to the pool for a dip before my rounds for the day."  
  
"The usual?" questioned Doulchia, "wearing sneakers // it's suitable // natural features // on display for an eyeful."  
  
I was stunned staring at the sneakers thrust into my hand. Of course, I had run naked with the herd of employees at 4:30 AM, but I would be exposed now entering public areas, subject to public view. I gulped. It was a game.  
  
Slipping the sneakers on, Dr Velour smiled at me, "nothing like giving the guys released from the cock block, a little tease. Walk with confidence like you're covered from head to toe. But if you prefer, I'll have Doulchia issue you a two -- piece."  
  
With a smile, Doulchia intoned, "A clever deception // projecting confidence //your nakedness // passes undetected."  
  
"Hmm," Dr Velour reflected focusing on Doulchia's padded bra, "Doulchia, I wonder how much confidence you could afford." For a full minute Dr Velour held Doulchia's gaze, before Doulchia looked away. With a pained smile, Dr Velour invited me to join her.  
  
As Dr Velour and I walked down the ramp into the sub surface gym, naked men glanced in my direction, but passed on to get into the gym. Watching the men pass, I asked, "All morning, the girls—my co -- workers—have been hinting about extra money available here. Prostitution?"  
  
"I'd never tolerate prostitution," Dr Velour stopped on the ramp. I halted with her. She bid a few males passing us a good morning as we paused together on the walkway.  
  
"Most admirable," I considered my words carefully, "but I do notice that Doulchia's cup size has increased ponderously."  
  
Placing a hand on my bare shoulder, Dr Velour continued to speak, "Your first lesson in management psychology: To be the owner, to manage the enterprise, one must see things differently."  
  
"Differently?" I asked.  
  
"I would not tolerate any employee who prostituted him or herself," Dr Velour told me, "less so less out of concern for law or ethics."  
  
"What then," I prodded Dr Velour, "is your concern in preventing prostitution?"  
  
"I own the facility." Dr Velour's dark eyes locked with mine; her tone was stern. "I pay for the client's output; what a client produces belongs to me. An employee who engaged in intercourse would be stealing. Correct?"  
  
"But I saw the cups Doulchia's bra stuffed. I heard my co -- workers begging to eh—assist a customer," I protested.  
  
"I allow nurses, aides and even others," Dr Velour explained, "to assist in drawing the product, no different from milking a cow. That's what rings the cash register. And you draw a paycheck for your internship learning Industrial Psychology. Are you a-game?"