**G-spot or Not?**

by GinaB33

A note to my readers: This story is based on fact. If you doubt that, Google ‘G-Spot’ and read the results of actual studies—not the many fluff sites. The results of the combined studies will blow your mind. The conclusion of those studies is that the ‘G-Spot’ is a myth and doesn’t exist. Surprised? Yeah, so was I, since I know better.

As a senior at The University of Texas, my major was Psychology, more specifically, The Psychology of Human Sexuality. It may sound weird, but even though I grew up with a schizophrenic mother and big sister, I wasn’t the least bit interested in ‘abnormal psychology’. I simply had no interest in the study of sick people.

I even convinced the Dean of the Psychology department to allow me to forego many of the prerequisites dealing with Abnormal Psychology in favor of classes such as The Psychology of Women, and The Psychology of Human Sexual Behavior. Those were both new additions to the curriculum, and they were having trouble filling those classes, so he readily agreed.

After all, I was a ‘behaviorist’ by nature. I cared much less about what caused us to act in a certain manner, than what it takes to change our behavior, eliminating bad behavior, and creating new patterns of behavior. Needless to say, I was a HUGE fan of B.F. Skinner and Pavlov, Classical Conditioning and Behavior Modification.

It wasn’t until my senior year that my focus evolved in a totally different direction. During one of my classes in Female Sexuality, my professor totally dismissed the possibility of females having a ‘G-Spot’. He cited study after study denouncing the existence of a G-Spot, some of them involving MRI exams and other methods of detecting deviances in the physiology of the female vagina. I knew from personal experience they were wrong. Little did I know, proving it would become my life’s work.

When writing my thesis, I knew going in the major problem with it. It was based on purely anecdotal evidence. I knew I had a G-Spot. One of my most productive masturbation techniques involved inserting two fingers into my vagina and massaging my G-Spot. It was easy to find, pronounced, and it had a very unique texture when compared to the smooth, slick texture of the other parts of my vagina.

So, why couldn’t scientist find it, especially when some of them had examined thousands of women?

It took a very long time for me to develop my hypothesis. I tested it on myself. I knew that finding my G-Spot was easy during masturbation, and how wonderful it felt to massage it. What I didn’t know was if it was so pronounced all the time, or only during heightened sexual arousal.

That’s the thing none of the studies controlled for, so that’s what I needed to find out.

At first, I knew I’d be my own best subject, even though anything I uncovered would be purely anecdotal. I didn’t care. I had to start somewhere.

I had to wait until I was not even close to being turned on. With plenty of lube at the ready, I worked first one and then another finger inside my vagina.

I worked quickly to feel the inside of my vagina, especially the upper front wall, which was where I’d always found my G-Spot. Sure enough, either it wasn’t there, or I couldn’t find it.

Conversely, after masturbating myself to full arousal, I could not only find it, but massaging it brought me to orgasm quickly.

After just over thirty days of conducting the experiment during every stage of ovulation, including menstruation, my findings were consistent. When I was sufficiently aroused, I found my G-Spot easily. When I wasn’t aroused first, I couldn’t find it at all. I was convinced.

When I presented my seven page report to Dr. Cannon, the Dean of the Psychology Department, I sat across his desk holding my breath while he read it.

Finally, he lowered his chin, looking at me over his reading glasses. “You know, young lady, this doesn’t prove anything. It’s a study of one—totally anecdotal, and therefore unreliable. You’re refuting the findings of some of the most famous and notable Sexologists and Gynecologists in the world.”

I lowered my eyes, “Yes, Sir. I understand.”

“Still” he continued, “It’s not totally without merit ... not as a conclusion, but merely as an interesting hypothesis.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

Finally, he said, “I’ll tell you what: I’m going to take this to our Board of Directors and see what they think. If they don’t laugh me out of their office, you’d better be prepared to sit in front of them and further explain your findings. Do you understand?”

I stood up, “Yes, Sir. I won’t let you down, Sir. I really appreciate—

“Don’t thank me yet.”

“Yes, Sir.”

I was sitting in a wooden chair several feet in front of a long table. On the other side, sitting in padded, and I assumed comfortable, office chairs was the university Board of Directors, three females, and two males.

“So, Miss Grady, you have our attention. Please tell us more.”

I was shaking like a leaf. I cleared my throat and then spoke, thankful that sound actually came out of my mouth. “Well, the preponderance of the conclusions of the many studies suggests the possibility that the clitoris is much more ... involved than previously believed. It’s thought that it’s the tentacles of the clitoris extending around the flesh of the labia that causes it to be so sensitive during stimulation. Further, many believe the clitoris has more tentacles with highly sensitive nerve endings that extend inward toward the inside front wall of the vagina. It makes sense that, like the external tentacles, the internal tentacles would be more pronounced and sensitive during sexual arousal. I believe it’s those internal tentacles which can be felt and stimulated during arousal ... the G-Spot. Further, I believe the mistake most of the researchers made was examining females who weren’t in a sexually aroused state.”

The female board member on the far left took off her glasses and stared at me hard, “That’s a fascinating hypothesis, but how do you propose to support it with facts?”

“I ... I’m not sure ... yet.”

One of the male board members spoke up, “I’m not convinced, but I am intrigued. If you can validate your hypothesis with empirical evidence, you can single handedly rewrite the medical journals.”

Another of the female panelist piped in, “That’s a tall order for an undergrad. Are you sure you’re up to it?”

“Not on my own.” I admitted, “I’ll need help.”

Dr. Devon, the president of the board spoke up, “Thank you Miss Grady. Please excuse us while we discuss the matter. You can wait outside until we call for you.”

Holy Shit! They were actually going to consider helping me with a formal study. When I got out of the meeting room, I headed straight for the bathroom. I was going to either pee or throw up or both. I wasn’t sure.

It was almost thirty minutes before they called me back in. Dr. Devon was the only one to speak, “Miss Grady, in the interest of full disclosure, we’re divided in our conclusion. Fortunately for you, the majority of us wish to see you explore your hypothesis. We’re prepared to give you a small grant.”

“Thank you, Ma’am—all of you.”

“Now” she continued, “You’re too close to Dr. Cannon, so we’re going to appoint a third party—a friend of the University. He’s a physiologist and we’re sure you’ll get along famously with him. It will be up to him to approve every expenditure, and he’ll report to us weekly. I feel the need to warn you; he’s a traditionalist. He will be difficult for you to convince. So, if you manage to convince him, you’ll be well on your way to convincing us. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Ma’am. Thank you, Ma’am ... all of you, thank you.”

It was two days later when I met Dr. V. Geote. We were sitting in the small office the Psychology Department had made available to us. He wasn’t a bad looking guy—or at least he had the potential to be rather handsome. The problem was; he was in full ‘professor’ mode, long hair, pony tail, scruffy mustache and beard, and dreary clothes, shirt and pants that had never met an iron, and a tie that showed the remnants of his last meal—at least I hoped it was his LAST meal.

“Miss Grady-”

“Gina, please.”

He showed me a smile, “Gina it is then. Now, you need to know going in that I don’t believe one word of your report, and therefore, I totally denounce your hypothesis. However, I am a scientist, and as such, I must often ignore my own biases and deal with a particular subject objectively. I will give this project no less than my best effort and be open-minded enough to allow the facts and results to dictate how we proceed and our final conclusions. One last thing: When I say I don’t believe one word of your report, I don’t mean to imply that you are lying. I believe you are simply mistaken.”

Wow! When Mrs. Devon said he was a ‘traditionalist’, that was a huge understatement.

“That’s all I can ask. The Board warned me that you’d be a tough sell, but they also told me that, if I manage to convince you, they will defer to your judgment. Now, may I ask you a personal question?”

“Of course you can ask. I’ll decide whether to answer it after I hear the question.”

I chuckled, “Fair enough. My question is this: On how many females have you searched for a G-Spot?”

He stared at me hard, “Miss Gra—Gina, why the hell would I search for something I firmly believe doesn’t exist?”

I felt like I needed to appeal to his scientific side, and I only knew one way to do that. “I understand. What if you kept the open mind you spoke of earlier enough to not only search for an abnormality inside a vagina, but upon finding it, would concede that it is at least possible that it is indeed what is referred to as a G-Spot?”

“Are you suggesting ... what I think you are?”

Letting a giggle slip out probably wasn’t wise of me, but it just slipped out, “Yes, that’s exactly what I’m suggesting. I just happen to know where one is. You are a doctor, after all, so I don’t see the big deal, and it’s the best way I know to show you why I’m going to all this trouble.”

He considered my proposal for several moments, “I would insist on another doctor being present, preferably a gynecologist.”

“That’s even better. I can prove my point to a physiologist and a gynecologist at the same time.”

Three days later, Dr. Geote met me at the office of Dr. Karen Posner, a gynecologist. My examination was awkward from the start. When I removed my skirt and panties and put my feet into the stirrups on her examination table, Dr. Posner insisted on covering my lower body with a towel.

I rolled my eyes at the whole thing and shook my head. They were both so concerned about ‘appearances’ and ‘protocol’, they were sucking all the life out of the room. No wonder previous experiments had failed to find anything! How could anyone get aroused in such a sterile environment? Still, I knew bitching at them about it would be futile. I needed to choose my words carefully AND professionally.

It didn’t stop there. Both Dr. Posner and Dr. Geote immediately began pulling on latex gloves. “This isn’t going to work.” I told them. “In the first place, I need access to my genitals in order to sexually stimulate myself. That is the point of all this. And secondly, you can’t wear gloves. I need you to be able to feel the texture inside my vagina, and gloves will hinder that.”

The two doctors looked at each other for some time. And then Dr. Geote shrugged, “She’s right. If we don’t do it her way, she’ll be able to claim that we didn’t find anything because we did it all wrong.” And he began pulling off his latex gloves. Dr. Posner followed suit, and both of them turned to the sink and began washing their hands with sterilizing soap.

I used that time to toss the towel aside and begin stimulating myself. When they were ready, I wasn’t. I was just starting to rub my clitoris, inserting two fingers inside myself now and then to see if my G-Spot was starting to swell. But I knew it would take me at least a few more minutes to achieve sufficient stimulation.

To their credit, they just leaned against the counter and observed what I was doing. I closed my eyes and called up one of my favorite fantasies, being the only waitress at an all male party—naked, of course.

When I opened my eyes at one point, I almost laughed. Both Dr. Geote and Dr. Posner were still leaning against the sink, but they looked as uncomfortable as a first year law student about to argue a case before the Supreme Court.

I guess I couldn’t really blame them. After all, they were professionals. They were accustomed to being in charge, and beyond that, they were used to keeping things ‘clinical’. But now, they found themselves standing idly by while a young college girl was masturbating openly in front of them.

Just to tease Dr. Geote, I looked over at him and showed him a smile and a wink. That seemed to make him even more uncomfortable. He cleared his throat in a way that showed his disapproval.

When I was ready, I kept rubbing my clit while telling them in a somewhat raspy voice, “Okay, it’s time. Just remember, crook your fingers and feel along the upper portion of the front wall.

Dr. Posner went first, easing two fingers inside me. It only took her a couple of seconds to locate my G-Spot and briefly stimulate it with her fingers. When she withdrew her fingers, she didn’t say anything or show any sign of her findings.

Dr. Geote took her place and duplicated her actions; however, unlike Dr. Posner who was obviously used to having her fingers inside another woman’s vagina, he seemed totally detached. He was looking away and reaching into me like he was sticking his fingers into a sink drain and searching for a lost ring.

He too found my G-Spot quickly, and like Dr. Posner, he massaged it for a few seconds before withdrawing and stepping away.

While both doctors were washing up again, I got dressed and waited on their findings. And then Dr. Posner asked me to step out of the room. “Don’t go far. We’ll call you back in after we’ve had a minute to confer.”

They only left me standing in the hallway for a couple of minutes. Back inside the exam room, Dr. Geote spoke, “Well, Gina, you’ve made your point. We both felt something, and it was just as you described it. However, we’re not prepared to say it was indeed a ‘G-Spot’, or other type of erogenous structure.”

That made me giggle, “I guess you’ll just have to trust your subject on whether it’s an ‘erogenous structure’. And then I looked at Dr. Posner, “I suspect by tomorrow, you’ll be able to confirm that it’s very much an ‘erogenous structure’, if, that is, you’re going to take my advice and reconstruct this experiment on yourself.”

She got huffy, “That, young lady, is not and will never be any of your business.”

It was Wednesday of the following week when I got to meet with Dr. Geote again. This was to be a discussion about the nuts and bolts of setting up an experiment. Neither of us felt the need to argue that it needed to be a double blind experiment. That was a given.

I told him, “On the subject’s side, I don’t see any problem. We’ll simply tell them it’s a study of female masturbation—which isn’t a total lie.”

“Why can’t we do the same with those we recruit as lab assistants?”

I thought about it for several moments, “We can, if we disguise the focus by having them report on several aspects of the changes in appearance and feel of all aspects of the genitalia.”

“Then that part is settled.” He said, turning to a fresh page on his notepad.

I went on to the next topic. “Now, I think we should put our assistants in white lab coats and insist they all dress the same; beige or tan slacks, white blouses, hair up, and we should hang stethoscopes around their necks.”

Dr. Geote chuckled, “Careful, you’re starting to sound a lot like Stanley Milgram.”

Of course, he was referring to the infamous nineteen sixty-one psychological study at Yale University that went terribly wrong, resulting in long term psychological damage to the subjects, several even committing suicide. Milgram had gone out of his way to make his assistants appear to be professionals and ‘authority figures’ to intimidate his subjects to some degree.

I let his comment slide by. “One last thing: I think it’s going to be important to give the subjects as much privacy as possible during the masturbation stage.”

Dr. Geote nodded, “They can summon the lab assistant in with a buzzer when they feel they are sufficiently stimulated.”

I agreed, “Perfect.”

In the interest of ‘critical thinking’, the objective being ‘controlling’ for as many variables as possible, more topics needed to be addressed.

We’d already controlled for the appearance of the lab assistants, so we moved on to other things. First up was controlling for variances in the menstrual cycle of the subjects. We finally agreed on the second week following the end of menstruation. Actually, WHEN was not as important as making sure all of the subjects were at approximately the same stage in their cycle.

We decided on written rather than verbal instructions to the lab assistants, and written rather than verbal questionnaires for the potential subjects to complete.

We also agreed that we’d prefer to deal with only subjects who’d been at least somewhat sexually active prior to the experiment. We felt those would be better able to relax and would be less intimidated by the whole thing.

I suggested we purchase a good supply of sheets and pillow cases for the rented gynecological exam table. Lying on cold paper was something that had been difficult for even me to overcome in Dr. Posner’s exam room. Of course, that meant we’d need access to laundry facilities.

Dr. Geote suggested we pay our assistants twenty dollars per hour, and our chosen subjects fifty dollars for their participation. Wow! After adding that up in my head, I realized we were talking about major money, especially if we wanted a large pool of subjects, which we most certainly did.

“Let me worry about that.” Dr. Geote assured me.

His response made me believe my little demonstration in Dr. Posner’s office had intrigued him more than he’d let on.

Lastly, we needed to state our expectations for what percentage would constitute ‘significant’ results. I believed anything above thirty percent positive would be significant, “After all, we are talking about college girls here, not married women. I assume the percentages would be higher if we were sampling married women who are more comfortable with sex.”

Dr. Geote was less difficult, “In my opinion, twenty percent would be significant enough to at least require further study, if the sample is large enough.”

I had to chuckle, “Doctor, if it’s only twenty percent positive, I’ll be greatly disappointed. I believe in my heart of hearts that it will be over fifty percent.”

He took of his glasses and placed them on the desk, and then he showed me a stern look, “Gina, you’re a believer, otherwise we wouldn’t be here. However, as a scientist, I must caution you against setting yourself up for disappointment. Let’s just see how it goes.”

“Yes, Sir.”

After two months, hiring 3 lab assistants, and performing the experiment on ninety-two subjects—mostly dorm dwellers, we were ready to prepare our final report to the Board of Directors.

We had fifty-four positive outcomes, just over fifty-eight percent. Dr. Geote was flabbergasted.

The Board was presented with copies of our final report, and two weeks later, Dr. Geote and myself were summoned to report to the Board.

They had some questions, the most notable of which was, “Are there any major changes you’d make, if you had it to do over again?”

“Yes, Ma’am.” I told her, “First, I would want all of the subjects to be married women. And secondly, I’d include in the instructions to the lab assistants that, if they didn’t feel a noticeable structure, they should press more firmly into the vaginal wall, as I believe the G-Spot in some women is farther beneath the wall of the vagina and therefore more difficult to find.”

Dr. Devon congratulated both of us, and specifically me. It was, after all, my project. “Miss Grady, I hope you will consider furthering your education at our university. If so, we’re prepared to offer you a full ride scholarship, and furthermore, we’re prepared to fund another study—this one, off campus and concentrating on married subjects. Right off the top of your head, do you have a gut feeling about how that study might vary from this one?”

Dr. Geote, looked at me. He already knew my answer, “Yes, Ma’am. I believe the percentage of positive results will go up substantially.”

“Oh?” Dr. Devon raised her eyebrows, “And why is that?”

“In my opinion, the physiology won’t differ at all, but I believe the subject’s level of comfort with sexual situations will result in their being more relaxed, and therefore achieving higher levels of sexual arousal. Therefore, I believe a higher number of them will exhibit discernable results.”

Back in our office, Dr. Geote told me in a sincere voice, “Congratulations, Gina. I never would have believed it; but you’ve made me a believer.”

“Thank you, Doctor. That means a lot, coming from you. Now, I think a celebration is in order.”

He chuckled, “Sorry, I didn’t think to have a bottle of Champagne at the ready.”

“Well, you could always take me out to dinner.”

“I uh ... I don’t think that would be appropriate. I’m your ... and you’re my ... we should keep our relationship professional.”

“I understand.” I told him as I got up and began meandering mindlessly around the office. When I was behind him, I said, “In the first place, we no longer have a professional relationship. That ended when our study did.” And then I leaned over and purred into his ear, “And in the second place, it would just be dinner. I wasn’t inviting you to search for my G-Spot AGAIN!” And then I walked back around the desk, “And besides, it’s obvious you don’t have a wife or girlfriend, so I’m guessing you don’t have any big plans for dinner tonight.”

When we met at the restaurant, I was dressed rather conservatively—not unlike how I dressed for school. He looked the same, except that his tie showed no signs of being previously used as a napkin.

Once we were seated and enjoying a glass of wine, he asked me, “How did you know ... that I don’t have a girlfriend, I mean?”

I showed him a scolding look, “No wife or girlfriend would let you out of the house dressed like that.”

“What’s wrong with the way I’m dressed?”

“Doctor ... oh hell, what is your first name anyway?”

He sighed heavily, “Vincent”.

I slid out of the booth and offered him my hand. When he was standing, I said, “C’mon, Vinny.” And I began leading him toward the back of the restaurant.

“I huh, I don’t really like ... I’m not fond of ... never mind.”

I was afraid if I led him into the Ladies room, someone might call the manager—or worse, the police. So I pushed my way into the Men’s room and pulled him in behind me. Fortunately, the Men’s room was unoccupied.

And then I stood ‘Vinny’ in front of the large mirror above the sinks and slid up behind him and slightly to one side, “Tell me what you see. Describe your appearance to me.”

When he hesitated I said, “Vinny, you’re a scientist. You’re trained to observe and report, so forget that it’s you you’re looking at. Just observe and report.”

“Okay, okay, I’m a slob. I admit it. It’s just that my job ... it doesn’t ... oh hell, why do you care anyway?”

“Vinny, I don’t go out with slobs. I do have my standards.”

His whole body stiffened, “Go out? But I’m a ... you’re a ... oh hell, Gina, are you trying to seduce me?”

That made me laugh out loud, “Seduce you? I don’t think so. I might though, after we get you cleaned up and looking presentable. After all, it’s not like we’re strangers. We’ve been working together for months ... and you’ve already had your fingers inside my pussy.”

The instant I said THAT word, the blood drained from his face. And then a few seconds later, it was replaced with ten times as much blood. His face and neck turned a precious shade of red.

“Vincent!” I said in a scolding voice, “We’re not in the office or the lab. We don’t have to keep things so ‘clinical’. I have a pussy, and you’ve had your fingers inside it.”

He acted exasperated, “That was ... oh, never mind.”

All of a sudden, the door opened. The teenage boy stopped in his tracks when he saw me.

I giggled, “Sorry, we were just leaving.” And I urged Vinny toward the door.

When we got back to our table, I told Vinny, “You look like you could use something a little stronger than wine.” And I waved over our waiter. Before our waiter got to us, I ask Vinny, “Any preferences?”

He just shook his head, so I told the waiter when he got to our table, “Two double Scotch on the rocks please.”

Vinny protested, “We’re both driving.”

I rolled my eyes, “We haven’t even ordered our food yet. We’ll be fine by the time we’re ready to leave. And besides, you’re going to need it for the rest of our conversation.”

He glanced up at the ceiling and then back to me, “What conversation do we need to have?”

I giggled, “It can wait until we’ve had our drinks.”

Dr. Geote and I didn’t talk at all until after our Scotch had been delivered and we’d consumed about half of them. And then I looked right at him and said, “There’s nothing more I can do on my project until next semester, so I need a new project to keep me busy.”

He looked somewhat relieved, obviously thinking I was referring to something school related. “Oh? What kind of project are you considering?”

I giggled and showed him a devilish grin, “I’m way past the ‘considering’ stage. I’ve already decided on one.”

“Well?”

Staring him right in the eyes, I said, “My new project is YOU!”

Before responding, he picked up his glass and gulped down the rest of his Scotch. I could almost see his brain whirling. “Aren’t you taking a lot for granted?”

I showed him another grin, “Nope”.

On Saturday, I found that Vin, which I learned was a lot less irritating to Vincent than Vinny, had a very nice apartment. It was generally clean, but cluttered. He’d turned the second bedroom into his office, and that’s where he stayed while I straightened up some.

I gathered up his dirty shirts, slacks and ties, and put them in a pile by the front door. Those would go to the dry cleaners. The rest of his dirty clothes, socks, boxers and such went straight to the laundry room, as did his sheets and pillow cases.

The only time I saw Vin was when he came out of his office to get another bottle of seltzer water from the kitchen or go to the bathroom. It was obvious he was avoiding me.

When it was time for me to leave, I stuck my head into his office, “I’m heading out. I’ll be back at one tomorrow to give you a haircut.” And then I closed the door quickly before he had a chance to protest.

No one ever paid for a haircut in the Grady home. Mom had been a beautician in a previous life, and she taught me the tricks of the trade. I didn’t bring my hair cutting stuff with me to college, so I had to buy a new cape, spray bottle, scissors, and straight razor.

The following day, Sunday, Vin practically begged me, “Please don’t chop off my pony tail.” He was sitting on his balcony, covered with the cape, and I was dampening his hair with water from the spray bottle.

I assured him I was only going to even up the ends a little, and then I went to work. Forty-five minutes later, Vin stepped in front of the mirror in his bathroom and evaluated my handiwork. Not only was his hair much neater, but I’d also trimmed his beard and mustache.

“Look at that handsome devil.” I teased him.

He took a deep breath and seemed to relax, “Actually, I do like it.”

I giggled, “I told you I knew what I was doing. Now, when I get your clothes out of the dry cleaners tomorrow, I’ll allow you to ask me out ... and I’ll even consider saying ‘yes’. Oh, and I’ll bring you the receipt from the dry cleaners. I expect to be reimbursed.”

It was Sunday evening and I didn’t have any early classes on Monday, so I made the ten block walk from my dorm to Chili’s. That was a popular hang out for students whose dorms were on that side of campus. The sidewalk was well lit, and the campus police and Austin police kept a close eye on it after dark.

I got there just after six p.m., early enough to get a booth, which would have been almost impossible later in the evening. The waiter had just delivered my Southwestern Egg Rolls when two girls slid into the booth behind me.

I wasn’t trying to eavesdrop, but they were talking so loud, it would have been impossible for me not to hear, even over the music. At first, they were just engaging in normal chitchat: Which professors they thought were dreamy, and which were assholes and bitches and loaded them down with homework. However, a few minutes after getting their food, their conversation got much more interesting to me.

I was surprised when the one talking didn’t lower her voice while explaining to her companion about a study she’d been a part of a few weeks earlier, “It was the easiest fifty bucks I ever made.”

“What did you have to do?” Her friend asked.

“You’ll think I’m lying. All I had to do was go into a room and play with myself. I was supposed to get myself all turned on.”

Her friend screeched, “Oh my god! They paid you for getting yourself off? Were they watching or filming you or something?”

“No, I wasn’t supposed to get off. I just had to push a button when I was really turned on, and then this nurse came in and looked at my pussy while she was making some notes.”

“That’s it? That’s all you had to do?”

“Pretty much, except the nurse put her fingers inside me for like ten seconds, made some more notes, and then told me I could get dressed.”

“So she was like an OBGYN student or something, huh?”

“I guess, I’m not really sure.”

Her friend laughed, “Shit, I’d get myself off two or three times a day for fifty bucks a whack, and I don’t care who watches.”

I heard a cell phone ring. The friend answered it, “Hey Gary, what’s up?”

After a few seconds, she said “Okay, okay, I’m at Chili’s. Pick me up out front in five minutes.”

“Five minutes! We’re not even finished eating.” The first girl told her friend.

“I’m full anyway. He sounded like he’s been drinking, so I assume he just wants a blowjob or something.”

The first girl laughed, “So, go on and have some dessert. I’m going to hang here for a few minutes. You can hit me for your share of the bill later.”

When her friend was gone, I couldn’t resist introducing myself. I got up and stood at their table, “I’m sorry. I wasn’t trying to eavesdrop, but I couldn’t help overhearing some of your conversation. I was involved in the study you were talking about. May I join you? I’ll spring for the drinks.”

When she agreed, I looked around until I spotted my waitress. I waved her over, and when she was there, I told her I was done at my table, “Please close out my ticket and hers, and start me a new tab.” After checking our IDs, she took our drink order, a Screwdriver for Shelly, and a Scotch on the rocks for me.

When the waitress was gone, I turned my attention back to Shelly, “So, do you have any idea what that study was all about?”

She shrugged, “I have no idea. I didn’t really care. I just needed the cash.”

“Do you remember what your number was—the one they gave you when you signed up?”

“Hrm, sixty-two, I think, why?”

I didn’t know the faces or names of our subjects, but I did know the assigned numbers. I could recount the precise results of each and every one. Sixty-two was a negative result with respect to having a noticeable G-Spot, and her external genitals showed only modest signs of arousal. “To be totally honest, that was my study. I designed it ... with some help, of course.”

My revelation didn’t seem to faze her, “Oh, then thanks for the cash. If you ever need another subject, I’m available.”

“I remember the report on you—of all our subjects. You didn’t get very turned on, did you?”

Our drinks arrived, but that didn’t stop Shelly from answering with a chuckle, “Not really—I mean, the whole situation was kinda cold and clinical. I just couldn’t get really into it.”

“Oh? What do you think would have made it more ‘conducive’ to you being able to get into it?

She shrugged again, “I don’t know. Other than having a good looking guy there to get me going, or at least the nurse helping with that, I guess dimming the lights, candles, mood music, maybe some porn on a TV.”

I nodded, “I understand totally. Now, do you have any idea what the study was actually trying to accomplish?”

“I don’t have a clue.” She said while shaking her head.

“We were looking for your G-Spot. Have you ever tried to find yours?”

Shelly laughed out loud, “Tried to find it? That’s too funny. Hell, when I’m really, really turned on; it’s hard to miss mine.”

“Gotcha”

And then, after draining the last of her Screwdriver, she shocked the shit out of me, “Hell, two more drinks, and we can conduct our own private study.”

I’d never had any kind of sex with another girl, but I was very tempted. She was, after all, a very attractive girl. And too, the opportunity to confirm for myself that one of our negative results should have gone into the positive column, was more than I could resist. I caught the eye of our waitress and gave her the signal that we were ready for another round.

Shelly giggled, “I’ll take that as a yes.”

Before leaving the restaurant, Shelly made a phone call, “Hey, Dolly, I’m going to need the room for a couple of hours.” After a brief pause, she said, “Hell, I don’t know. Just get lost for a while. Go find Brenda or someone else. We’ll be there in fifteen minutes, and I need you to be gone.” And then she said to me, “Sorry about that. My roommate can be stubborn sometimes.”

“Maybe she’s jealous.” I offered.

That caused Shelly to laugh, “Nah, she’s straight as an arrow. I’ve been trying to seduce her all semester.”

“Oh? So I’m not your first?” I asked with a giggle.

Shelly stopped in her tracks and turned me toward her. She immediately leaned in and gave me a passionate kiss. That was the first time I’d ever kissed a girl, and I enjoyed it so much, my pussy became instantly wet. Maybe the thing that made it so hot was the fact that there were other students walking by while we were kissing. Some made comments like “Looks like someone is going to be having fun tonight.” But most just walked on by without comment.

“Whew!” I said when we broke our kiss, and I fanned my face with my hand. When we started walking again, I confessed, “That was a first for me.”

Shelly showed me a surprised look, “First girl-girl kiss?”

“Yep.”

“Wow! You could have fooled me. So?”

“I think that girl was right. ‘Someone’s going to be having fun tonight’.”

She laughed, “I know I am.”

When I hadn’t heard from Vin all week, I called him on Friday. “Well, I’m waiting.” I teased him.

To his credit, he got my meaning, “Uh, right. How about lunch tomorrow?”

“Lunch will be a good start. Where?”

“I thought I’d put some steaks on the grill.”

“Okay, I’ll be there at eleven. I have an update on our study to go over with you.”

“What kind of update?”

“You’ll find out.” I told him with a teasing giggle.

Vin handed me a beer from his fridge, “Sorry, beer is all I have.”

“It’s fine.” I said as I went out on the patio and sat in one of the folding camping chairs. While Vin was putting the tenderized and seasoned steaks onto the grill, I told him, “I met one of our subjects at Chili’s after I left here last Sunday.”

He looked around at me, “Oh?”

“She and a friend were in the next booth, and I heard her telling her friend about the study. When her friend left, I introduced myself. She was number sixty-two.”

Vin held up a finger to tell me he’d be right back, and then he darted into the house. When he returned, he had the binder which contained the observations on each subject.

After flipping a few pages, he said, “She was a negative, and didn’t display any signs of being aroused.”

“I know, but we got that one wrong. She’s definitely a positive.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“She admitted she hadn’t gotten turned on at all. She said the whole situation was too clinical, and she had some recommendations how to set it up better next time.”

“I’m listening.” He said, seemingly very interested.

“She suggested dimming the lights, candles, mood music,” And then I added with a giggle, “And the ‘nurse’ helping get her in the mood.”

“Oh.” He said flatly as he checked on the steaks. “But all of that isn’t proof that she should have been a positive. It’s just circumstantial and speculation.”

I shot him a stern look, “Vin, I wouldn’t have even mentioned it if I didn’t have more than circumstantial evidence and speculation.”

He looked confused, “Oh?”

“Let’s just say she and I went back to her dorm room and conducted our own experiment.”

He looked shocked, “You didn’t.”

I laughed, “I did, and it was more fun than I could have imagined. That was my first time with a girl, but I can say without any shadow of a doubt that she’s definitely a positive.”

He was standing there staring at me, so I giggled and said, “Don’t burn the steaks. I’ll go get us another beer. You look like you can use one ... or ten.”

When I came out of the bathroom, Vin was already inside and fixing our plates, the steaks and a mixture of Bush’s beans and Mexican corn. I got us each a fresh beer and took my seat at the table. Vin was obviously avoiding direct eye contact with me.

There was no way I was going to let up on him now. I was relishing his discomfort. “Actually, number sixty two was already a positive after only a few minutes of making out.”

“I believe you.” He practically snapped at me. “I don’t need to hear the details.”

I laughed, “What’s the matter, DOCTOR, is the visual you’re getting starting to get to you? Do I need to check you to see if you’re a positive?”

Vin scowled at me, “You’re having fun, aren’t you?”

“Maybe, but not nearly as much fun as I had following up on our study with number sixty-two. And, just so you know, she didn’t turn into an overwhelming positive until I started licking her pussy and sucking on her clit. Wow, did her G-Spot really present itself then! I was impressed.”

“Gina!” And then he let out a big sigh, “Oh hell, never mind. I wouldn’t want to interfere with your fun.”

I laughed for a long time, and then I said, “I’m sure most guys would enjoy hearing the details of their girlfriend fucking another girl ... or watching even.”

“Is that what you think you are—my girlfriend, I mean?”

I looked him straight on, “I’m the closest you have to one, aren’t I?”

He tilted his head, signifying that he had resigned himself to the truthfulness of my statement.

“Good, now that we have that settled, I’ll expect you to start acting like it. You can start by asking me out on a proper date, a movie, dancing, something normal boyfriends and girlfriends do. Oh, and it wouldn’t hurt you to show me a little affection now and then.”

“You know, I am ten years older than you?”

“Ooooooh, wow! Ten years? My god! I hope I don’t end up in jail for having sex with a geriatric. Oh wait, we haven’t had sex ... YET. Why is that, by the way? I’m a sexy girl who has a crush on you, and so far, you haven’t even seemed to notice. Well? I’m waiting.”

Vin got up and began clearing the table. I could tell he was trying to decide how to respond, so I just sat there and waited.

Finally, Vin walked up beside me, leaned down, and gave me a warm kiss on the lips. And then returned to his chair across from me and gave me a ‘well?’ look.

I giggled, “That’ll do for a start, but I expect a LOT better kiss next time.”

Later, when Vin walked me to his front door, I turned around and put my arms around his neck, “I’ll take that better kiss now.”

To his credit, he didn’t resist. Quite the contrary, he put his arms around me and gave me a passionate kiss. While we were kissing, I reached down and moved his hands to my ass. Again, he didn’t resist, but he didn’t exactly start kneading my butt either. I pulled back from our kiss, looked him in the eyes, and told him with a giggle, “When you’ve got your hands on a girl’s ass, you’re supposed to give it a good feel.” And then I initiated another passionate kiss.

When we finally separated, I teased him, “See, that didn’t hurt too bad, did it.”

Vin chuckled, “No, I think I could get used to doing that.”

I patted him on the chest, “Then see that you do.” And I turned, opened the door, and left.

That evening, Vin called me, “Do you have any plans for tomorrow?”

“Nothing important. What do you have in mind?”

“I thought we might drive down to the gulf ... if you want to, that is.”

“Why, Vin. Are you actually asking me out?”

“I ... yes. So do you want to go or not?”

“We should leave early. I’ll be waiting outside my dorm at seven.”

“I’ll be there.”

“Wow!” Vin said when he saw me on Sunday morning. I was wearing a very small light blue bikini that didn’t leave much of my thirty-six D tits to the imagination. At least I did add a loosely woven white cover up, but I didn’t bother zipping it up in the front, so it didn’t ‘cover up’ much, if anything.

I also had on a pair of white shorts, and I had my slightly longer than shoulder length brown hair down. I was sure he’d never seen me with my hair down.

I threw my bag into the back seat of his SUV and climbed in. “What? You knew I’m a girl. Did you expect me not to have tits? You’re a physiologist for Christ sakes. Surely you’ve seen a tit or two.”

“Not like those.” He said, gesturing to my chest with a grin.

I laughed, “Ooooo, I think I’ve got myself a tit man. Is that what you are—a tit man?”

He cocked his head and shrugged, “I guess so, even though I didn’t know it until just now.”

“If you’re a good boy, you just might to get to see them ... maybe even touch them.”

He chuckled, “Now that thought is going to fester.”

I decided to tease him some more, “Number sixty-two really liked them. She couldn’t get enough of kissing them and feeling of them.”

Vin shot me a scowl, “Here we go again, but that’s okay. Go ahead and have your fun.”

“Oh, I plan to. Trust me on that.”

Normally, parking places near the beach were impossible to find, but this time, it was no problem at all. Vin and I wondered what was going on. We found out a few minutes later when we made our way to the beach.

As happens sometimes, the beach was almost totally covered with dead Jellyfish. Of course, that meant the water was full of them, and anyone wandering into the water would come out covered with uncomfortable stings.

“Damnit! I should have called first.” Vin scolded himself.

I defended him against himself, “Hey, it only happens once every year or two. You had no way of knowing.”

“I would have known if I’d called ahead.”

“Just get over it and chill out. We can have some seafood and a drink.” And then I added with a giggle, “Besides, you still get to ogle my tits, so it’s not a total loss.”

He finally showed me a grin, “Yeah, there is that.”

Many of the beachside bars and restaurants were closed, and those that were open, were virtually empty.

After a nice lunch, we walked across Beach Street and began window shopping along the string of apparel shops. In the window of one shop, I spied a bikini that was WAY smaller than the skimpy one I was wearing. “Let’s go in here.” I said to Vin without telling him why.

Instead of going through the racks of swimsuits, just to have some fun with Vin, I walked up to the counter and asked the young female attendant, “My boyfriend thinks this bikini is covering up too much of me. Do you have anything smaller?”

When the girl laughed, I thought Vin was going to die on the spot. While we were following the girl to the proper rack, he leaned in and whispered, “What are you doing?”

I just showed him a wink and a devilish grin. The girl pointed to several bikinis “There’s a dressing room in the back.” I selected one and held the top up in front of my tits and asked Vin “What do you think?”

He looked around to insure the girl was out of earshot, “I think you’ll get us arrested if you wear that in public.”

I held up the garment and pretended to be examining it. “You’re apartment complex has a pool, doesn’t it?”

“Yes, but-”

“But nothing. Don’t you want people to know what a sexy girlfriend you have?”

“Of course, but I think the one you have on will accomplish that quite nicely.”

I mused about it for a moment, and then said, “Still, I hate tan lines, so unless you know a place where I can tan nude this summer, this will be about as close as I can get.”

“You can say that again.”

We decided to go ahead and make the almost four hour drive back to Austin, instead of just killing time in Corpus Christi. I had my own ideas about how we could spend the rest of the day at Vin’s apartment. All I had to do was convince him.

During the drive, I made sure to bring up my time with number sixty-two a few times. Instead of scolding me, Vin seemed to have resigned himself to enduring it. At one point, he even shocked me by asking a few questions. He was less interested in the sex than the time just before it. He asked me, “So, you two just decided to go back to her dorm and further the study?”

I chuckled, “Pretty much, but it wasn’t that clinical. The purpose of us going back to her dorm was to fuck each other. The G-Spot thing was just a sidebar.”

“I see.”

“No you don’t, but I’m thinking that you might like to ‘SEE’ it someday.”

“Well, I may be a doctor, but I’m still a man. That should speak for itself.”

“Why, Doctor, that’s a first.”

“What?”

“That’s the first time you’ve admitted to being a normal man.”

He chuckled, obviously feeling more comfortable with our back and forth banter, “I didn’t say anything about me being ‘normal’. That’s your interpretation. At Chili’s, had you been drinking?”

“A little. I wasn’t drunk by any means, why?”

He showed me a grin that I couldn’t quite discern the meaning of, “I was just curious. Alcohol makes it easier for people to do things they wouldn’t otherwise do.”

I giggled, “Why, Doctor, are you thinking of getting me drunk so you can have your way with me?”

“Do I need to?”

“Hum, I’m not sure. I guess that depends on what dirty little perversions you have hidden under your prudish doctor facade.”

And then he went silent, so I let him be for the remainder of the drive.

When we got back to Austin, Vin asked me, “Do you want me to drop you at your dorm?”

It was still early, not even six p.m. yet. “Only if you plan on getting too drunk to drive me back to the dorm tonight ... or in the morning.”

“In the morning?”

“That depends on you.”

He cocked his head, “Do you need to swing by your dorm to pick up anything?”

“Like pajamas?” I teased.

“I was thinking more like a toothbrush or something.”

I giggled, “Nah, I’ll use yours. You can disinfect it when I’m finished.”

When we walked into Vin’s apartment, I told him, “I’ll be right back.” And then I went to his bathroom. After having a pee, I changed into the new bikini. “Wow!” I mumbled out loud when I stood in front of the mirror. I’m pretty bold by nature, but even I would hesitate to wear that little thing out in public.

When I walked out of the bathroom, Vin’s eyes popped out of his head. He let out a “Ooo La La”, and then he pointed to a glass on the table, waving a fifth of Scotch at me. “I picked this up just in case you played hard to get. I guess I could have saved my money, huh?”

I held my hands out from my sides and did a slow pirouette, “You like?” I asked with a giggle.

“I’ll say.”

“I thought we might go down to the pool and catch some rays.”

He tilted his head as if pondering my proposal, “We can if you want, but I’d just as soon sit out on the patio and have a drink.”

When I walked up to him and slid my arms around his neck, I asked him, “What’s the matter, ‘Future Lover’, jealous of other men seeing me like this?”

He leaned in and gave me a passionate kiss, this time his hands immediately sliding down to my ass and kneading my butt cheeks. When we came up for air, he totally shocked me. “No, not jealous at all. It’s just that’s a fantasy, and as you probably know better than me, when someone comes face to face with their fantasy, it can be more than a little ... disconcerting.”

I leaned back against his arms and put a hand on his chest, “You can’t just throw something like that out there without explaining it. Exactly what is your fantasy?”

“What guy doesn’t fantasize about having a girlfriend or even a wife that is so sexy, every other man on the planet is jealous of him. Of course, I could be wrong. That’s more in your purview than mine, Miss Psychology major.”

Despite his trying to make light of it, for some reason, his admission affected me in a way I couldn’t quite understand. I just had an overwhelming urge to fuck him—no, check that—I had an overwhelming urge to make love to him. He’d shared something so personal; I couldn’t shake its affects on my female nature. I’d never felt anything like that before. I wasn’t all that experienced with sex, but I’d never made love with someone—never even had a temptation to, but that is what I was feeling right then.

“Vincent, take off your shirt, and then there’s a string in the back. If you pull it, my bikini top will come off. I really, really want to feel my tits pressing into your bare chest right now.”

To his credit, Vin didn’t fuck up my mood by saying something stupid—or saying anything at all. Instead, he just pulled his T-Shirt over his head and then pulled the string on my bikini top. After tossing it aside, he hugged me tightly to him and kissed me passionately again.

While still kissing me, Vin scooped me up into his arms and carried me to his bedroom. After laying me on his bed, he removed his shorts and underwear before removing my bikini bottoms.

Wow! The good doctor was a very slow and patient lover. He kissed every inch of me, kneading my flesh with his hands the whole time. He spent a long time kissing, licking and sucking my tits, but not long enough for me to get bored with it.

It was obvious that he wanted to be in control. He was tending to me and didn’t seem interested in receiving any attention himself. I did manage to slide my hand around his hard cock a couple of times when his position afforded me the opportunity, but he would change positions after only a few seconds, and his cock would be out of my reach.

When he moved to between my legs and began kissing and licking my slit, and then between and under my labia, I came. It wasn’t a ‘mind blowing’ orgasm or even anything close to it. Instead, it was just the nice, loving variety which caused me to spread my arms out to the edges of the bed, stretch and moan softly, “Ummmm, that was nice.”

I would have guessed Vin to be a very conventional and conservative lover, but I was wrong. I found that out when he lifted my butt off the bed and began licking and tonguing my ass. How could he possibly have known how much I loved that? It never failed to drive me totally insane, even though I’d only had one boyfriend who would go there. I made sure to let Vin know I loved it, “Ummmmm, yes, do that.”

I was just beginning to understand the benefit of being in bed with a physiologist. He knew every erogenous zone, even those most boys or men would never think of, behind the knees, the inner thighs, the forehead and neck. And he knew just what to do with each one.

Finally, I was WAY too ready, “I need to feel you inside me now.”

Before complying though, he inserted two fingers inside me and began massaging my G-Spot. That made me giggle, “I’m a positive, Doctor.” And I came for a second time, coating his hand with my slick cum. This one was more intense, causing me to arch my back and moan out louder, “Arggggg”.

FINALLY, Vin moved up and positioned his hard cock at my opening. I savored every fraction of an inch of his wonderful cock sliding into me. His cock wasn’t overly large, perhaps slightly thicker than average, with average length, but it filled me up nicely.

Still, Vin was in no hurry. He fucked me slowly for so long; I finally had to urge him on, “Fuck me now. I need you to fuck me.”

He understood and began increasing his pace until he was slamming into me. I lost track of how many times I came. I had my legs wrapped around his body and my arms around his neck. “Oh god! Oh fuck! Oh god! Oh fuck!”

I really, really wanted to feel him cum inside me, but he and I both gave up in exhaustion prior to that happening. “Don’t you ever cum?” I finally asked him when my panting and gasping began to subside.

Vin chuckled, “As a matter of fact, I do, but there are things a man can do to train himself to put that off until he’s ready.”

I had to laugh, “The good doctor has been training himself, has he?”

When I was ready, I moved down on the bed and took his still hard cock into my mouth. After a few minutes of licking it and taking it fully into my mouth, I said to him, “I want you to cum for me” and I went right back to sucking him.

Sure enough, less than a minute later, I felt his body stiffen, and the first powerful shot of his cum hit the back of my throat. He came a lot—so much I had trouble taking it all, but I managed.

When I moved up on the bed again and wrapped my body around his, he sighed his contentment. We fell asleep like that, me wrapped around his body, and him hugging me tightly.

Other than dinner at Red Lobster Wednesday evening, I didn’t see Vin again until Friday. After eating his homemade spaghetti and garlic toast, I told him in a matter-of-fact tone, “If we’re going to fuck, and I hope we are, I need a drink.”

He laughed, “You need a drink to have sex with me?”

“No, not usually, but I’ll need one tonight—that is, if you’re going to take me up on my offer to fuck my ass.”

His eyes widened, “Oh! I ... I’ve never done that.”

I giggled, “Well, I love it, so you’d better get with the program.”

“Okay.” He said somewhat pensively. But then he took two glasses from the cupboard and poured us each a Scotch on the rocks.

I laughed, “You need one too, huh?”

He raised his glass and clinked it with mine, “Better safe than sorry.”

After a good deal of wonderful foreplay, a small bottle of baby oil was a close to lube as Vin could find.

“Just go slow at first, but you’ll need to push fairly hard until it pops in. Don’t worry about it if I squeal when that happens.” And then I thought, ‘who am I to tell a physiologist how to do it, even if he hadn’t done it before? Surely he’d know how an ass is structured, so he’d know about the inner ring he’d have to push past.’

And indeed, I did squeal, but as instructed, he pushed on until his cock was fully inside me. Vin waited only a half minute before he began slowly fucking my ass. When he began speeding up, I reached under myself and began rubbing my clit. I came the instant my fingers touched it.

Even though Vin wouldn’t have tired early anyway, he said it helped that he was standing up with me on my knees on the edge of the bed. When he really started slamming into me, I had to grip the covers to keep from being scooted forward on the bed.

Just like when he fucked me the previous weekend, he made me cum many times, and he kept going for so long, I finally had to yell ‘uncle’. This time, after a few minutes of recuperation, I had him accompany me to the bathroom so that I could wash him up.

Back in the bedroom, I went down on him again, and just like the previous weekend, it didn’t take but a few minutes for me to have him shooting his cum into my mouth.

After pouring me another drink, and him grabbing a beer from the fridge, we went naked out onto the patio. The wooden fence around it had only small gaps between the boards, so we weren’t worried about anyone seeing in.

“Some of my friends from work are having a pool party next weekend.” He told me.

“Friends from your work? Does that mean I have to wear my most conservative bikini?”

He chuckled, “I hope not.”

“Oh?” I asked, staring hard at him, “You want the fantasy, huh?”

“If you don’t mind.” He said, and then took a long tug of his beer.

“It’s settled then. I’ll wear the new one.”

“When we show up there, you’ll probably need to wear something over it.”

“What day?”

“Saturday afternoon.”

“Cool, that means we have all this weekend and then next Friday evening and Saturday morning to fuck like rabbits.”

He laughed out loud, “No thank you. I’ve seen rabbits have sex. It only lasts about five seconds, and then the male squeals and rolls off.”

I’d never seen that. I just knew ‘fucking like rabbits’ was a saying used to mean doing it a lot. “Oh hell no! I’m not going to let you get away with that.”

“Then how about we just ‘fuck’ like Gina and Vincent?” I could tell he wasn’t comfortable using the word ‘fuck’.

I giggled, “Works for me.”

Oh my god! I’d never fucked so much or came so many times in my life as I did that weekend and the next Friday night and Saturday morning. Each and every time, Vin kept going until I made him stop.

Finally though, it was Saturday afternoon and time to head over to his friend’s house. I was a little nervous. I didn’t know any of those people, and the bikini under my t-shirt and shorts never left my mind.

After having grilled hamburgers and homemade potato salad, people began stripping off their outer garments and jumping into the pool. I looked at Vin, but he just showed me a daring grin.

I’m sure he didn’t understand what had me so nervous. If it had just been men present, it wouldn’t have bothered me so much. But it was their wives and girlfriends that made me so pensive. They were all quite a bit older than me, and with bodies that suggested they’d gone through childbirth—overweight and flabby. Most of them were wearing one-piece swimsuits.

When I finally took off my shorts and t-shirt, I could feel all eyes on me, and I wasn’t imagining it.

I did my best to ignore the scowls from some of the other women ... and even the appreciative looks from their husbands and boyfriends.

It did help a little when I overheard one older woman saying to her husband, “I don’t blame her. If I had her body, I’d want to flaunt it too.”

I was near the edge of the pool with my head just barely out of the water, so I was sure they couldn’t see me. Her husband told her, “You used to have her body, but you never flaunted it like that.” To which his wife responded, “It’s a very different day and age now. Society is a lot more liberal.”

Her husband lied, “I’ve been trying not to stare.”

His wife laughed, “Hell, I want you to look at her. Maybe I’ll get lucky tonight.”

Hearing that emboldened me, so I climbed out of the pool and went to the ice chest. After getting myself a beer, I found Vin standing in a circle of men, probably telling dirty jokes. So I eased up and slid my arm around his waist.

One man in particular who was standing on the opposite side of the circle and blatantly ogling my almost naked body said to Vin, “I think I can speak for all of us when I say we appreciate you bringing Gina. Our old ladies aside, she’s really made a normally dull get together an absolute delight.”

Vin hugged me to him and chuckled, “Yeah, well, she wanted to wear her smallest bikini, but I wouldn’t let her. I told her your hearts couldn’t take it.”

That caused everyone to laugh, including me.

Vin laughed almost all the way back to his apartment. “That was great! You weren’t too uncomfortable, were you?”

“A little at first.” I admitted, “But I was okay after a few minutes. So, was it all you thought it’d be?”

“Absolutely! I loved every second of it. When you couldn’t hear, they all wanted to know how we met, how long we’ve been dating, and if you are as hot in the sack as you look.”

“You better have told them that I’m A LOT hotter in the sack than I look.”

Vin laughed out loud again, “Oh I did, trust me, and I didn’t even have to exaggerate.”

I giggled, “Good, then you’d better hurry and get me home and fuck me silly.”

“I’m going as fast as I dare.”

It was two weeks later when I decided to surprise Vin. We were going out to dinner at The Olive Garden on Friday evening.

Shortly after arriving at the restaurant and being seated, I saw Shelly approaching. When she slid into the booth beside me, I immediately introduced her to Vin. “Vin, this is Shelly ... number sixty-two.”

I’d already told Shelly that Vin was also involved in the G-Spot study, and that he already knew about she and I having sex a few weeks earlier.

“It’s great to finally meet you, Vin. Gina has told me A LOT about you.”

Vin cleared his throat, “Uh, yeah, she’s told me a lot about you as well.”

I decided to tease him a little, “Shelly has graciously accepted my invitation to stay with us tonight.”

His eyes widened instantly, “Oh.”

Just to emphasize the point, I slid my hand onto her bare lower thigh and squeezed it. That was the signal. She turned to me and we kissed passionately. When we broke that kiss, I looked at Vin, “Well, if we ever get a waiter over here, I think you could use a stiff drink.”

He tilted his head and grinned, “You’ve got that right.”

There was still some daylight left when we got back to Vin’s apartment, so Shelly and I thought we’d take the opportunity to fuck with his head. We both put on bikinis. Hers was much more conservative than mine, but still very tantalizing. Then we told Vin, “We’re heading to the pool. You should get on your swimsuit and join us.”

Vin grinned from ear to ear, “It’ll only take me a minute.” Hearing that, we decided to wait on him.

A couple of minutes later, the three of us made our way downstairs and out to the pool, one bikini-clad beauty on each of his arms.

There was only one other couple in the pool. They looked to be about Vin’s age—early to mid thirties. They were obviously newlyweds, or at least fairly new at being a couple. They were all over each other, and they didn’t seem to care who was watching.

After a few minutes in the pool, Vin crawled out and lay back in a half sitting position on one of the lounge chairs. He never took his eyes off of us, so we played it up a little, frolicking, flirting, and even kissing now and then.

Finally, after several minutes, Shelly began crawling out of the water. Without thinking about it, I reached up and pulled the string of her bikini top, pulling it free of her body.

Of course, she squealed, drawing the attention of the other couple. Shelly immediately covered her tits with her arm and jumped back into the pool. Before she got to me, I slung her bikini top out of the pool. It landed a few feet in front of Vin’s feet.

“Bitch!” Shelly yelled at me, but her giggle gave away that she wasn’t really upset.

“Slut!” I shot back at her playfully.

And then I heard the guy at the other end of the pool say, “Well okay then.” And when I looked that way, I saw him pull both strings of her bikini top, the one around her neck and the one around her back. She squealed and tried to grab it from him, but he held it too high for her to reach. And then he pushed her away and threw it near where I’d thrown Shelly’s.

“Okay” I laughed, “If that’s the way it’s going to be.” And I reached behind me and untied my own bikini top, throwing it toward Vin as well.

After that, there was just a lot of grab-assing and playing around. But after another few minutes, we were starting to get water-logged, so Shelly and I boldly walked up the steps and out of the pool.

While we were walking over to Vin to retrieve our bikini tops, the guy in the pool lifted his partner out of the water and sat her on the concrete, “Okay, go get your top.”

To her credit, she didn’t show any signs of being less bold than me and Shelly. She calmly walked over, got her bikini top, and slowly tied it back in place.

While Shelly and I were tying our bikini tops back into place, Shelly spotted the tent in Vin’s swimsuit. She leaned over and grabbed it firmly, and then she giggled and said, “He’s ready.”

The other girl was back in the pool, but she must have heard Shelly’s declaration, “This one is too.” She said with a wild giggle.

On the walk back inside and up to Vin’s apartment, I don’t think Shelly released his cock once.

I’d never been in a threesome, but Shelly had been involved in several. Therefore, I hinted that she should take the lead. The one suggestion she made was that we should make it clear to him early on that we weren’t fooling around with each other just for his benefit.

We accomplished that by waiting until he went to the bathroom. When he came out, Shelly and I were on the sofa making out, and we stopped when he walked in. God, I loved kissing her. It was daylight and dark to kissing a man.

Of course, it didn’t escape Vin’s notice that we’d removed each other’s bikini tops. His eyes were immediately drawn to and held captive by Shelly’s beautifully perky C cups. I said to her, just loud enough for Vin to hear, “I think he likes your tits.”

Shelly giggled and jumped off the sofa. She walked right up to him and cupped her tits, bouncing them up and down. “You like?” She asked him. When he hesitated, she pulled his hands to her tits, “How about now?”

“Very nice.” He finally managed, and then he released her and went to the fridge for a beer. She just looked around at me and rolled her eyes as if to say, ‘what does a girl have to do?’

I got the feeling Vin was just shy to interact with Shelly because I was sitting there watching, so I got up and went to her, leading her by the hand to where Vin was standing. I took the beer can from him and sat it on the table, and then I guided both of his hands to her tits. I kept my hands on his so that he couldn’t withdraw them. “Her tits are incredible, aren’t they?”

“Uh, yes ... yes they are.”

“Good.” And I gave him a short but passionate kiss while he was fondling her. And then I turned to Shelly and gave her a little longer kiss, my hands still on Vin’s to make sure he didn’t pull away.

Finally, I put one hand behind Vin’s head and the other behind Shelly’s, and then I urged them together. “Now, Vin” I purred in as sexy a tone as I could muster, “Tonight we are a threesome. Shelly is not a third wheel. She’s one of us, and there are no boundaries. I expect you to enjoy her. I know I’m going to.”

When I let him withdraw from their kiss, he said, “Maybe we should retire to the bedroom.”

Shelly and I both laughed. I told him, “Nope, we’re not ready for that yet.”

And then Shelly added, “We’re not through driving you and each other crazy with anticipation yet.”

“I see.” Vin said as he released Shelly’s tits and reached for his beer.

It was another hour before Shelly and I were ready to escort Vin into the bedroom. During that hour, we’d removed each other’s bikini bottoms and played briefly with each other’s pussies. We’d also both knelt at Vin’s feet and pulled down his swimsuit.

Shelly purred, “I’ve wanted to do this since we left the swimming pool.” And she immediately took his hard cock in her hand and licked up and down his shaft. She stopped short of putting his cock into her mouth though, obviously wanting to save that for later.

Once we were on Vin’s bed, I crawled between Shelly’s spread legs and crooked a finger to Vin. When he was beside me, I urged her knees up and apart, and then I said to him, “This is the only pussy I’ve ever tasted—other than my own, of course. I think it tastes wonderful. See if you concur.” And I moved from between her legs, making room for him to take my place.

After licking up and down her slit and then spreading her open so he could really taste her, he looked at me with a grin, “I concur.” And then he went right back to licking and kissing her pussy.

After five minutes or so, I nudged him aside, “My turn.” When he moved away, I immediately spread her open and dove my tongue into her pussy. After about a minute, I raised her hips and began licking her ass. That caused her to moan out her enjoyment. At one point, I turned to Vin, who was watching intently, and said, “I didn’t do this the first time we were together. I think she likes it.”

The instant I moved higher and clamped my mouth over her clit, licking it and sucking on it, she arched her back and began bucking her hips, “Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!”

I waited until her orgasm subsided to instruct her to get on her knees at the foot of the bed. “She’s ready for you now.” I said to Vin. When he hesitated, I said in a firm voice, “Quit stalling and fuck her now.” And then I moved up on the bed and lay on my back, sliding my legs under her and giving her easy access to my pussy.

Watching Vin move up behind Shelly and begin easing his hard cock into her, hearing her moans of pleasure, and watching her back arch as she leaned back into him, all worked together to make me so horny, I came the instant her tongue touched my pussy.

“Oh God!” I practically screamed, “Fuck her, Vin. Fuck her good, just like you fuck me.”

And then I put my hand on the back of Shelly’s head and pressed her mouth harder to my pussy. Every time Vin thrust his cock into her, she rocked forward, and I could feel it in the way her mouth moved on my pussy. I couldn’t believe how hot I found that.

Vin must have been fucking Shelly for at least fifteen minutes when she looked up at me, her blonde hair plastered to her face and her eyes showing her distress, “Let’s trade places.” She half begged me.

Instead of assuming the position I’d been in though, she scooted her upper body beneath me. She began licking and sucking my tits while her fingers found my clit and began rubbing it. I came almost immediately.

I also felt her fingers on my pussy, and even though I couldn’t see it, I could tell that she was feeling Vin’s cock every time he pulled his cock almost out of my pussy.

I lost all track of time. There were just too many incredible sensations. I must have cum half a dozen times. Finally though, I had to make Vin stop. I just couldn’t take anymore.

Seconds later, Vin was on his back on the bed with Shelly and I on each side of him. I held his cock straight up, and we took turns licking and sucking it. Of course, we made sure to pause long enough to kiss each other now and then. Vin pulled another pillow under his head so he could watch without craning his neck.

When Vin finally stiffened and began cumming, Shelly and I managed to share it, even as it was spurting out, our tongues swirling over the head of his cock, and over each other’s tongue.

When she and I finally released his cock and moved up on the bed to hug him, Shelly said in a reverent tone, “Holy shit, this man cannot only fuck like a machine, he cums like a fucking fire hose. No wonder you love him so much.”

I looked at Vin and giggled, “I think you’ve made a new friend.”

He just grinned and kissed first me and then Shelly.

Later, when we were all three having a drink on the patio, still naked, I asked Vin, “Well, is she a positive, or not?”

His face got red, “Shit! I totally forgot to check.”

Shelly and I both laughed for a long time, and then I patted his leg, “Don’t worry, Baby, we have all night.”

Shelly giggled, “Hell, we can make it all weekend as far as I’m concerned.”

Vin chuckled, “I can see my epitaph now, ‘He died with a smile on his face’.”

Shelly did indeed spend all weekend with me and Vin. And he did eventually confirm that ‘number sixty-two’ should have been listed as a positive.

There were things he came to love even beyond the sex. He loved asking for a round booth at El Sombrero, the popular Mexican food restaurant. In that type of booth, Shelly and I could snuggle up on each side of him. We made it obvious to our waitress and any onlookers that we were both ‘with’ him. He admitted to that shooting his ego off the scales.

In that same vein, we did pretty much the same at the apartment’s swimming pool. Very unlike Vin, he wanted to go out to a club Saturday night. Shelly and I laughed to each other about what we assumed he wanted. He was already getting spoiled, and we teased him about not being able to get his big head through the door of the club.

While at the club, Shelly and I did something else to stroke Vin’s ego and make other men jealous of him. When she and I were dancing together, we went out of our way to slither our bodies up against each other, and we even kissed passionately a few times in the middle of the dance floor.

After one such trip to the dance floor, and after getting back to our table, I asked Vin, “Well?”

He just shook his head and grinned, “You two are crazy, and I LOVE IT!”

Had I not felt so secure in my relationship with Vin, I might have worried that he’d get so used to having two of us, he might lose interests in being with just me, but I knew better. Having Shelly there was like Christmas. It’s great, but you wouldn’t want to have it every day.

Vin attended my graduation and sat with my family. I’d introduced him to them as my boyfriend. They didn’t seem to think anything about our age difference, which was a huge relief to me.

Two days after my graduation, Vin said he wanted to take me to work with him. He told me only to dress in something ‘conservative, what you’d wear if you were going in front of the Board of Directors at the university’. But that’s the extent of what he’d tell me, despite my almost constant nagging.

When we showed up at his office, he led me straight into a conference room. There were half a dozen other doctors present. And then Vin stood at the end of the conference table and told his comrades, “This is Gina Grady. I was the executor of her recent study at UT concerning the existence of a G-Spot in women. The results of her study was so compelling, the university has offered her a full ride scholarship and funding for a follow up study.”

All eyes turned to me, but I could see their skepticism. “Her hypothesis was fairly simple, that previous studies on the subject failed to take into account the state of sexual arousal of the subjects. Controlling for that—at least to the extent she was able to, the results of her study were very compelling ... enough to totally convince me, and I was a true skeptic going in.”

And then ‘Dr. Geote’ continued, “I believe we should commission a study to explore the matter for ourselves, with Miss Grady as a consultant, of course. Gentlemen, I firmly believe we have the opportunity to shock the scientific world with the results of a groundbreaking study.”

Of course, several of those present had been at the pool party Vin had taken me to, but that subject never came up.

That evening, Vin took me out for a nice dinner. “I have to clear out of the dorm.” I told him with a frown.

“I know.” He exaggerated a sigh, “I guess you’ll just have to move in with me.”

“Seriously?” I asked, trying not to show my total excitement.

“I guess so. After all, I expect my associates to approve our study proposal, so you’ll need to be close by. We can’t have you commuting several hours each way.”

I giggled, “Is that the only reason?”

He played it cool, “Well, there might be some other benefits too.”

“I don’t suppose you’re going to give up your office, so I guess that means I’d have to sleep with you.”

Vin grinned, “Yeah, I know that’s going to be an imposition, especially since we’ll only have one bathroom, but I’m willing to endure it if you are.”

I laughed out loud, “Don’t worry, I’ll try to resist hanging girlie stuff all over the place.”

“It’s settled then. I’ll skip work and help you move out of the dorm tomorrow.”

As we were walking out to his SUV, I nudge him with my elbow, “Oh, and don’t worry, Shelly only lives a couple of hours away, so I’m sure we can talk her into coming for a visit now and then.”

He chuckled, “Not too often though. I’m afraid my geriatric heart won’t be able to take it.”