**Sexual Studies**

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**Sexual Studies Ch. 01**

Hi! My name is Samantha. I'm a 25 year old college graduate. I am about 5' 3", and I'm a very petite girl. I have black hair and blue eyes. My tits are small-ish, but they look large because of my small figure. My ass is average, and nice and tight because I work out quite a bit.  
  
In the Advanced Sexual Education series, I mentioned opportunities for extra credit. In this series, I will give you the details about those experiments. Some of the chapters will be my accounts of events during the experiments I participated in, and some will be written accounts from other students who volunteered.  
  
Just to remind you, here's the description Ms Sharon gave us about these experiments:   
  
"I do a lot of work on sexuality research. A problem with this type of research is a lack of willing test subjects. If you're interested, you may participate in any number of these throughout the semester, and I will bump your grade up by half a letter grade. For example a B would become a B+. In addition to the extra credit, most studies have a monetary incentive ranging from $50-$1000+ depending on the focus and intensity of the study. If you're interested, let me know, and I'll get you signed up for a study"  
  
While I wasn't too concerned about the extra credit, since the class seemed like a fairly easy A, the monetary payment would be great, since I was a broke college student. With my minimum wage job at the local coffee shop, I usually had trouble paying for rent, utilities, and groceries. It wasn't rare for me to be late on rent. The extra cash would be a great addition to my regular income.  
  
But the main reason I was interested in the studies was the idea of being a test subject in a sexual study. That idea turned me on...a lot!  
  
When Ms Sharon mentioned it in class, my first thought was "What the hell?! I would never want to be a participant in a sexual trial!" But, after class and for the next few days, I couldn't stop thinking about it. I wondered what it would be like, and what I would be required to do. Surely I would be naked in front of scientists and lab assistants, and I would probably have measurement devices hooked up to me. I guessed that much attention would be aimed at my private body parts, and that they'd be stimulated in certain ways. But I wondered about the specifics.  
  
So, eventually the curiosity got the better of me. The next chance I got, I talked to Ms Sharon about it. She said she was glad I'd considered it, and that she'd put me on the contact list for the Sexual Experiments department.  
  
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About a week later, I got the first email. It was asking me to come into the department for a physical evaluation. It was a pre-requisite for all participants in the experiments. They said I could stop in at my earliest convenience.  
  
I was free that afternoon, so I decided to go then. I got there around 3:00. I expected that I'd have to strip, so I decided to wear something easy to take off: A loose t-shirt, sweatpants, no bra, and a pair of blue boy-short panties.  
  
From the instructions Ms Sharon gave me, I knew the lab was just down the hall from the ASE classroom. Room 1B62. I found the door, and entered.  
  
Once inside, I was in a small room, with a couple chairs and a receptionist desk. Behind the desk, there was a young lady, maybe 30, looking at a computer, typing away. Behind her, there was a few filing cabinets and a door.  
  
"Hi," she greeted me, as I approached, "Are you here for the sexual studies?"  
  
"Yes", I replied.  
  
"Good. What's your name, dear?" she asked.  
  
"Samantha Rivera."  
  
"Hmm...Let's see." she seemed to be scrolling through a list. "Ah yes, here you are. You're here for the initial physical?"  
  
"Yep," I replied, "I got the email this morning, and figured I'd come in this afternoon since I had time."  
  
"Good. The earlier we get it done, the earlier we can start using you in our studies. And the earlier you get paid." She smiled. "I think David is finishing up some work with another participant. Once they're done, he'll do your examination. In the meantime, go ahead and take a seat."  
  
I turned around and sat in one of the chairs, and waited. It sounded like my physical was going to be performed by a male doctor. I was somewhat put off by that, but I guess it was to be expected. The university had a disproportionate number of male researchers, in all fields, including research, and I suspected this field was no different (if not more heavily dominated by males). As I sat there waiting, I couldn't help being nervous. I'd been through a couple gynecology exams, but they were all performed by women. No males, other than guys I'd had sex with, had gotten that close of a look at my private parts before.  
  
After a few minutes of nervous waiting, the door opened, and a man and a woman walked out. The man was about 30 years old. He wore a lab coat, and carried a clipboard. I assumed he was David. The woman was younger (late teens or early 20's?), and she was dressed in casual clothes. The only thing out of the ordinary that I noticed about her was that her hair was a bit messy. That, and she had a smile on her face.  
  
David gave the clipboard to the receptionist and said, "You're all set, Kiera. Natalie will check you out, then you're good to go. Thanks again for signing up for these studies. We'll send you an email with more information, once we're ready for you to begin participating in studies."  
  
Before Natalie started working with Kiera, she handed David another clipboard and pointed at me. David looked at the paper on the clipboard, then up at me.   
  
"Samantha?", he asked. I nodded. "Good. I'm David. If you'll follow me, we'll get your physical exam started."  
  
I stood up, and followed him through the door, into a hallway. On each side, there were several doorways leading into examination rooms. The strange part was that none of them had doors. I could easily see inside each one. However, inside, I saw a curtain that could be used to create some privacy around the exam tables.   
  
After passing a few rooms, most unoccupied, we arrived at our destination. It was a small room; maybe 10 feet by 20 feet. On one side was an examination table (like you'd see in a doctors office), and several medical instruments, with an open curtain. On the other side of the room, there was a desk with some cabinets.   
  
"Go ahead and have a seat, Samantha," he said, indicating the examination table.  
  
I walked over and sat on the edge, with my feet dangling, not quite reaching the floor. He sat down in his the desk chair, and rolled it in front of me. I was seated higher than him with my knees at about the height of his chest.  
  
"Thank you for signing up for our studies. I know they're a bit intimidating, but I assure you, your participation is greatly appreciated, and it's furthering our research.  
  
"Now, there are two parts to the initial evaluation. The first will be your typical gynecology exam, with special detail on your sexual organs. I will do a breast exam, pelvic exam, and we will run a full test for STDs. That should take around 30 minutes in total. The next part of the evaluation can be done now or another day, depending on your schedule. It will take about an hour and a half, and it will involve measuring your sexual response to various stimuli.  
  
"After the evaluation is complete, we will review the results and determine which studies would best fit you. We will send you another email when we are ready for your first study. After your first study, if you decide to participate in further studies, you won't be required to re-do this evaluation. Also, you will be qualified to participate in higher-level, and therefore higher-paying studies. That is to ensure that we don't scare away new participants on their first studies. As a bonus for completing this examination, you'll receive an additional $100 upon completion of your first study.  
  
"Do you have any questions so far?" he asked. I shook my head. "Good. Then let's begin." He grabbed the clipboard from his desk. "I'll start with a series of questions.  
  
"What's your date of birth?"  
  
"August 2, 1989". He wrote it down.  
  
"Good. That makes your age 20. When was your last period?"   
  
"Three weeks ago."  
  
"Okay. Are your periods fairly regular?"  
  
"Yep. They usually start around the 10th, and go through the 15th or 16th."  
  
"Good. We'll be sure to avoid those dates for your participation." He noted that down. "Now, a few questions about your clothing sizes. First, what is your bra size?"  
  
"Well, I found out recently, in Ms Sharon's class, that I've been wearing the wrong bra size for years. My real size is 28D."  
  
"Don't be worried. I've heard many girls wear the wrong bra size, and have no clue. Next question: waist size?  
  
"1", I replied.  
  
"I guessed it was around there." he replied, noting it down. "You're quite thin, in an attractive way."  
  
"Thank you." I replied, smiling.  
  
"You're welcome." He smiled back, before continuing. "The next set of questions pertain to your sexuality. First question: are you a virgin?"  
  
"No."  
  
"When did you lose your virginity, roughly?"  
  
"2005" I blushed.  
  
"Ok, that would make your age...17 years old. That's pretty early, but not the earliest I've heard. When was the last time you had sex?"  
  
I thought about it for a moment. "Last month."  
  
"Okay. How often do you usually have sex?"  
  
"It depends on whether I have a boyfriend obviously. If I do, generally a couple times a week."  
  
"And if you don't?"  
  
I blushed again, "Well, I have had the occasional one-night-stand. I try not to go more than a month without sex, otherwise I get kind of grumpy."  
  
"I can understand that. So I'll average them, and mark it down as once every two weeks. Next question: how many sexual partners have you had in the last 6 months?"  
  
I paused for a moment before responding, counting in my head. "Two. I just broke up with my boyfriend before this semester, and one other guy before that."  
  
"Okay. And how many do you think you've been with your entire life?"  
  
"Wow. Um..." it took me a minute to count them. "6, I think. All but one were in the past three years"  
  
"Alright. Do you have any STDs that you are aware of? "  
  
"No."  
  
"Good. We'll run an array of tests, just to be sure. Now, the last set of questions pertains to specifics about your sexual history and preferences. I'll be using your answers to determine what you're willing to do in the studies."  
  
"First question has already been answered. Since you've lost your virginity, you've obviously had vaginal intercourse. Can I also assume you've had your breasts and nipples stimulated?"  
  
"Um, yes." I was starting to get worried from these questions. What was I getting myself into?  
  
"Have you had oral sex?"  
  
"Well, I guess there's two questions there: Have I gone down on a man, or has a man gone down on me. And the answer to both is yes."  
  
"Thank you. And to clarify further, it doesn't have to be a man, which brings me to my next question: Have you had any sexual encounters with women?"  
  
"Oh. Um, that depends. Does kissing count?"  
  
"For the purposes of our research, no."  
  
"Then no."  
  
"Okay. Would you be willing to have sexual encounters with women?"  
  
"Um. Well I would say no, but I know the ASE class will be covering that, so I might as well be willing for these studies, too. So yes."  
  
"Good. I'm glad to hear it. We have several studies in that area, and even less willing participants. Next question: Have you recieved anal intercourse?"  
  
"No"  
  
"Alright. Would you be willing to have anal intercourse?"  
  
"Erm...I'd rather not."  
  
"Okay. I'll mark that down as a no. Have you ever had an orgasm?"  
  
I laughed. "Ha! Ever? I do about once a day."  
  
"Good. That answers my next question about frequency. Last question: What kind of stimulation usually brings you to orgasm?"  
  
"Um...Usually rubbing my clit or fingering myself." I blushed again.  
  
"Alright. Thank you. Can I assume that anything you said you've done before you would be willing to do again?"  
  
"Uh, I think so?"  
  
"From the answers you gave, that would mean you're agreeing to: breast and nipple stimulation, receiving vaginal penetration, giving and receiving oral sex, being brought to orgasm, and participating in homosexual as well as heterosexual exercises."  
  
"Yea, I guess that's all okay. I'm a bit hesitant about the lesbian stuff, but I guess it's alright."  
  
"Good. Thank you. Before we move onto the gynecologic exam, I'll need you to sign this consent form and waiver." He handed me the clipboard, as well as a pen. I started looking through it. "You may, of course, look it over if you'd like. Basically, it says that you consent to participation in our sexual studies, and that for the purposes of those studies, you consent to any necessary physical contact, sexual stimulation or sexual activity, by a man, woman, or machine, including everything I stated a moment ago. It also says that you agree to be recorded on video and audio equipment, as well as photographs, all of which will be kept private and only shown to the researchers involved in the studies, unless otherwise stated.  
  
"Of course, it also mentions that monetary payment for each study will be decided on before each study begins. You will receive your payment, in cash, upon completion of your participation in each study."  
  
"Wow." I said, when he finished, as I read over it. I would essentially be signing my body away to the researchers, in exchange for money. I would be kind of like a whore for the researchers to do with what they saw fit.  
  
However, I did need the money. Those bills weren't going to pay themselves. Besides, the idea of someone else having complete control over my body was very kinky, and I was getting wet just from the thought.  
  
After skimming over the document, making sure there weren't any big pieces that David left out, I put pen to paper and signed it, then handed the clipboard and pen back to David.  
  
"Thank you," David said. "That finishes up most of the paperwork. Now we'll move onto the physical exam. I'll ask you to please remove all of your clothes. Would you like me to give you some privacy while you strip?"  
  
"Yes, please" I replied.  
  
"Alright," he said. He stepped to the other side of the curtain and closed it, leaving me alone. "Let me know when you're ready for me to come back in."  
  
"Okay." I stood and took a deep breath.   
  
First, I slipped my feet out of the flip-flops I was wearing. Then, I dropped my sweatpants to the floor, then grabbed the hem of my shirt, and lifted it over my head. I slid my panties down my legs, and stepped out of them. I put all my clothes in a pile next to the table.  
  
I hesitated before calling out to David. This was always the most nerve-wracking part of these examinations. I knew he'd be examining me very closely in a moment, but this was the moment when he'd get his first look at my naked body. Would he like what he sees? Would he even take special notice? Maybe he's seen so many naked participants that there's not much difference from one to the next?  
  
I took another deep breath, and told David I was ready. A moment later, the curtain opened, and David stepped in, closing it behind him. He didn't try to hide his gaze at all: he looked directly at my breasts, then down to my shaven pussy, then back to my face, and smiled.  
  
"Thank you Samantha," He said. "Please, have a seat." I sat back on the edge of the table, with my legs closed, and my hands by my sides.  
  
"We'll start with the breast exam," he said. He then reached forward, and grabbed my left breast in his right hand. He lightly squeezed it a few times, then touched my nipple. That part was unusual for one of these exams. He touched it for a while, then moved to my right breast, and repeated everything he did for the left.  
  
"Good. Everything feels fine," he said, as a grabbed a pair of rubber gloves from a box nearby, and put them on. "Now we'll move on to the pelvic exam. Please lay back, while I open the stirrups."  
  
I did so, while he did something on the table and opened a set of foot-rests to either side of my legs.  
  
"Good. Please open your legs and place your feet in the stirrups." he said.  
  
I did as he said, opening my legs wide, showing him the entirety of my pussy. The stirrups felt a little wider than usual. Once my feet were in place, I could feel my pussy gaping open, and I'm sure David could see straight inside of it.  
  
"Good. You have a beautiful vulva. I see you keep it well shaven."  
  
"Yes, I shave it every morning."  
  
"Good." he said as I felt his fingers start pressing on different parts of my pelvis. He poked and prodded for a minute or two, before I felt his fingers touch my pussy lips. Since he didn't give me any warning, I jumped a little at the unexpected touch.  
  
"Oh. Sorry," he said, without removing his fingers. "I should have told you what I was doing. I'm going to open your labia and examine the inside." I felt his fingers spread as he said that, and I could feel his breath on the inside of my pussy.  
  
After about 30 seconds of him examining the inside of my pussy lips, he removed his hand. "Okay, now I'm going to insert the speculum." He grabbed the device from nearby, applied some lubricant to it, and slowly slid the cold metal inside my vagina. I was already quite wet from excitement, so it slid in very easily. He squeezed the handle, and opened me up very wide and gazed inside.  
  
After a few moments, David said, "Everything looks good. Now, I'll just get a swab for testing." He grabbed a very long Q-tip and swabbed the inside of my vagina. "Good. You doing great." He removed the Q-tip, then released the handle of the speculum and slid it out of me.  
  
"Last step of the pelvic exam: I'm going to insert my fingers and feel the inside of your vagina." I felt two of his fingers enter my vagina and start wiggling around. He felt around, touching me in all the right places. His touch turned me on quite a bit, and I could tell I was leaking my juices all over his hand. After a minute or so, he removed his fingers.  
  
"All done with that. Good job. The last part of the exam is a rectal exam. You have two choices: You can either stand up and bend over the table, or I can raise the stirrups higher, so that I can easily get to your anus."  
  
I decided on the first option, and told him so. Then I stood up, turned around,, spread my feet to shoulder width, and bent over at the waist, laying my bare chest on the exam table. Meanwhile, he lubricated the first finger of his gloved right hand.  
  
"Alright. I will insert one finger into your anus now." He put his left hand on my left ass cheek, and spread my cheeks apart. With his right hand, he felt around, finding my anal opening. When he found it, he slowly slid one finger inside. It hurt a little, but not too much. He wiggled around a bit, then removed it.  
  
"Good. All done with the pelvic exam." he said, removing the gloves and taking his seat. "The two final steps are to take some blood, and urine for testing. We'll take the blood first. Please give me your arm."  
  
I gave him my arm, and he went through the process of cleaning a spot on it, and inserting the needle of a syringe. He extracted a small amount, and removed the needle.  
  
"Good. Thank you," he said as he swabbed the spot with an alcohol pad and put a bandaid over it. Now, I'll go get the blood test started. The closest bathroom is up two floors. You can walk up there, or if you'd prefer, you can do your urine test here."  
  
I thought about it a moment, and decided I would do it here, and told him so. It would be a hassle and take a while to go up to the bathroom and back.   
  
"Alright. Here's the cup. I'll leave you to it. When you're done, just call out, and I'll come back in. I'll be back momentarily."  
  
He opened the curtain, just enough to slip out, and closed it again. I heard him leave the room.

I looked around. There weren't any good places to sit, so I leaned against the edge of the table, squatting down a little. I unscrewed the lid, put the cup below my pussy and tried to pee. It took me a little bit to relax enough, then it started flowing. I filled the cup, and stopped. I screwed the lid back on, and sat back on the exam table.  
  
I then called out David's name. He immediately opened the curtain; quicker than I expected. Had he been there the whole time I was peeing?! That's embarrassing!  
  
"Good," he said, grabbing the cup. "Now, we're done with the first half of the exam. Do you have time to do the second half today, or would you like to schedule it for another day?"  
  
"Let's do it now, and get it over with." I replied.  
  
"Alright. For the second part of the exam, we'll need to move next door. If you'd like, I can grab you a gown."  
  
"Yes please," I replied.  
  
David opened the curtain and left. He was back a moment later with a pale blue hospital gown.  
  
I slipped my arms through it, and turned around. "David, would you mind tieing this for me?"  
  
"Sure thing," he replied, grabbing the strings on the gown. I couldn't be sure, but I thought I felt his gaze on my bare bottom as he tied it. Once he was done, I slipped my flip-flips on, and turned to face him.  
  
"All set? Follow me." He opened the curtain, and stepped out. He walked out the door and I followed him into the hallway.  
  
As I walked, I could feel a slight draft of wind between my bare legs. I looked down and saw that the gown was quite small: it only came down to just below my pussy. I could also feel that the back was not closed all the way, and my bare back and butt crack were exposed. Anyone walking behind me would be able to see. At that thought, I turned around, but there was nobody there.  
  
As we approached the next door, David looked in. "Oh, hi Abby. Are you doing an exam in here?"  
  
I heard a female reply, "Yes. We just started."  
  
"Oh, ok. I guess we'll go to test room B," he replied. "This way Samantha."  
  
He walked past the room with Abby, and continued down the hall. As we passed, I faintly heard a male voice moaning. I forgot that these tests included male participants as well. I wondered how different their exams were than the females.  
  
We passed three more rooms on the right, and one on the left, all of which had no doors, which was very strange! Each of them were offices with computers, but no exam tables.  
  
As we approached the second door on the left, a woman stepped out. She was wearing a lab coat.  
  
"Oh, hi David," she said as she looked back at me. "I see you've got a candidate, so I'll make this quick." She went on to babble about some experiment and the results of it, using a lot of medical jargon I didn't understand.  
  
As we stood there, I was very nervous. There weren't many people around, but I was quite exposed. I pulled on the bottom hem of the gown to make sure my pussy was covered.  
  
After a few seconds of standing there, a man walked past us from behind. I jumped approximately a mile. I'm sure he got a good look at my bare ass as he walked up.  
  
A moment later, the girl finished her conversation with David, and we continued down the hall. We passed one more empty room on either side, before arriving at test room B.  
  
As we entered, I looked around. This room was bigger than the previous room, at about 15 feet by 30 feet'. Like all the other rooms, there was no door into the room, but there was a door on the other side of the room, with a window beside it. On the left side as we entered, up against one wall, there was a desk with several computer monitors, and a shelf over it with many books. There were three chairs behind the desk. On the right side, there were cabinets. On the wall above them, there anatomy pictures, including many of the brain, as well as one of an erect penis, and another of a naked female anatomy.  
  
"Welcome to exam room B," David said. "This is one of three exam rooms. They're all specialized for certain things. Either A or B will work for this initial exam." As he was speaking, he walked to the door on the far side, and opened it. Inside, there was a small room, about 5 feet by 5 feet, with only the one entrance, and no other windows. Inside, in one corner, hanging from a hook, was a strange looking device with lots of wires. It looked a bit like a fishing net, with a bunch of plastic pieces and suction cups on it.   
  
Filling most of the room was an exam chair, with the foot facing the door. This exam chair looked more like a dentist chair than a doctor chair, because of the contours. The other odd part was that where the person's legs go, it was split down the middle, and had hinges so the leg parts could be spread apart. I assumed that was to be used for exactly what it seemed. Quite intimidating.  
  
"As I said earlier," David continued, "in this part of the exam, we'll be testing your sexual response to certain stimuli, in order to get a series of baseline readings. Now, please remove your gown and have a seat in the exam chair."  
  
"Could you untie it for me?" I asked, turning around again.  
  
"Sure." He quickly untied it. I removed it and handed it to him. He placed it on the desk.  
  
I stepped inside the room, and sat in the chair. Now that I was seated, I could see that the window was really a one-way mirror. Everyone outside could see the subject inside clearly, but the subject simply saw their own reflection. I also noticed several cameras around the small room. There was one on the ceiling above the door, one to my right, and one below some glass on the floor. Additionally, there were several speakers mounted throughout the room, and a couple microphones.  
  
"Good. Now, please place your feet on the legrests. For the real studies, we'd need to strap them down, as well as your arms, but for the baseline, we'll get better readings if we don't."  
  
I did as David said, placing each of my legs on their respective legrests. At this point, they were only a couple inches apart.  
  
"Alright," David said, as he walked over to the strange device, and picked it up. "This odd looking thing is an EEG. It measures your neural activity. I'll need to put it on your head, and attach each of the suction cups to your skin."  
  
He did as he said, placing the net over my head. It went from just over my eyebrows, all the way over my head and down to my neck, and from ear to ear. After placing it on my head, he went one-by-one through each of the suction cups, and stuck them to my head, making sure they got below my hair.  
  
After about 5 minutes, he had them all connected, and stepped back. He walked out of the small room and looked at one of the monitors, before returning.   
  
"Everything looks good," he said. "We're ready to begin. In order to minimize outside interference, I'll need to close this door. The room is soundproofed, so you won't be able to hear me, unless I project my voice through the speakers. I'll also be playing various other sounds throughout the test."  
  
He then stepped out and closed the door behind him. As soon as it was shut, I felt like I had lost my hearing. The only sounds I could hear were my own breathing and heartbeat. Also, it was quite dark. There was a faint light somewhere behind me, but that was all.  
  
After a few moments, I heard David's voice through the speakers. "Good. Now, first we'll do a normal, baseline reading. Please close your eyes and breathe slowly. Try not to move, as it disrupts the nodes on the EEG. I'll turn on some white noise as well."  
  
I closed my eyes and heard the white noise start. The sound was something between static from a TV, and a waterfall. I laid there and concentrated on my breathing for what seemed like forever. With no reference, I couldn't be sure how long it was, but it felt like about five minutes.  
  
Then I heard David's voice again, "Good. Next, I'll play various sounds. Keep your eyes closed, and concentrate on what you hear."  
  
A moment later, I heard birds chirping. They played for a while. Then the sounds switched to a dog barking. Then a man's voice in a language I didn't understand. Then a woman's in a different language, but still not english.   
  
Then, I heard a man moaning with what seemed like pleasure. That surprised me. I felt a twinge between my legs. Then I heard another person moaning, this time from a woman. Then I heard both the man and the woman moaning together. After a moment, I could tell the moans were in a pattern. Finally, I realized they were having sex! The moans were in time with his thrusts into her. That really got me excited. I started picturing what they looked like in my head. He was on top of her. She had her legs wrapped around his waist. He was thrusting his large cock in and out of her soaking wet pussy.  
  
Then the sounds stopped. A moment later the door opened. It took my eyes a moment to adjust, and I heard David's voice before I saw him. "Good. That's it for the auditory readings. Next, we'll do visual simulation." He rolled an LCD TV on a stand into the room, plugged two cords into the wall and turned it on. Then he walked out and closed the door.  
  
"Alright. We'll start again with a baseline of white noise. Please keep your eyes open and look at the TV. Try not to blink. You may do whatever you feel like, but try not to move your head, as it will disrupt the EEG readings."  
  
The TV lit up with static, and the white noise started again. This time seemed shorter than the first.  
  
Then David spoke again, "Alright, now we'll move on to other images."  
  
The TV picture switched to a video of a horse galloping through a field, with accompanying sounds. Then it switched to a baby playing with some toys. Then a business man talking in a meeting with his co-workers. Then an older man helping a young girl with her homework.  
  
After several more seemingly random scenes, it switched to a very attractive man stripping on a stage. He lifted his white tank-top over his head, revealing perfect six-pack abs.  
  
That turned me on a lot. David had said I could do what I wanted. I felt like rubbing myself, but I couldn't just do that with him outside the room. I knew he was watching, both through the window and on his monitors, via the cameras. However, watching the man strip did get me quite wet.  
  
Then it switched to a girl on the same stage, in a bra and thong. She was dancing on a pole. After a few seconds, she reached behind her and unclasped the bra, and threw it into the crowd. Her tits were perfectly round, with small nipples. She turned around and bent over, shaking her ass at the crowd, before slipping her tiny panties off her body. She danced some more before turning around, revealing a neatly trimmed bush.  
  
Then it switched back to the man. Some time had passed. He now had only boxers on, and was facing away from the camera. He was dancing while slowly inching his last piece of clothing down his legs. When they reached the floor, he danced while he turned around, revealing his large shaft. It was larger than any I'd seen before.  
  
I couldn't resist. I knew David was watching, but I was getting very horny, and I knew he'd be expecting me to do this sooner or later. My hands were already in my lap, so I moved one hand to my pussy and rubbed it a little. As soon as I saw the dancer's cock, I started rubbing my clit faster. He was a very sexy man, and I enjoyed his strip show a lot.  
  
Then the image switched again, this time to the same man and woman strippers, lying naked on a bed, making out. His hands were rubbing her skinny stomach, then up to her perfect tits. He massaged them as her hand rubbed his cock. His hand moved down her body to her pussy and massaged it as she spread her legs.  
  
I slowed down at this scene. When his hand started rubbing her pussy, I rubbed mine in time with it. I imagined I was that girl, being pleasured by the attractive man.  
  
The scene switched again. She was on her back, with her legs in the air. He was on top of her, thrusting his large cock into her. The scene was shot from above, so I could see every detail, as his shaft glided in and out of her. They were both moaning. Then I realized it was the same sounds I'd heard earlier. These were the same people.  
  
I rubbed harder and faster. Then I slid two of my fingers inside myself and fingered myself.  
  
The scene switched again. She was on her knees with him behind her. His cock was in her asshole, fucking her hard. She was screaming and holding the bed-sheets.  
  
I didn't really think I was into that kind of stuff, but that scene turned me on more than any of the others. I imagined myself getting fucked in my ass from behind, and I started humping my hand in time with his thrusts.  
  
It switched once more. She was knelt in front of him, while he stood, jacking off. He came all over her face, as she caught as much as she could in her mouth.  
  
Then the screen went black. I stopped masturbating, moved my hands to my sides, and laid there waiting for David to open the door.  
  
Sure enough, a moment later, the door opened, and David stepped inside with another device in his hands. It was bright, so I couldn't quite see what it was.  
  
"You're doing great Samantha," he said. "One more set of stimuli and we'll be done with the initial testing. For this one, I'll need you to spread your legs. As I'm sure you noticed, this chair is specially designed for that purpose. I'm going spread the legrests in just a moment, but before I do, I'll need to strap just your ankles in, so you stay in the right position. Just sit still and relax."  
  
He knelt down and wrapped two leather straps around my ankles, tightening them only slightly. When he was done, I could wiggle my legs slightly, but they were firmly attached to the chair.  
  
Then he stepped to one side of me and pushed a button on the chair. I felt my legs slowly spread apart. Once they got to about 6 inches, they started raising up, in addition to spreading. I also felt the chair start to recline. It continued moving for another sixty seconds or so. When the chair was stopped in it's final position, I was lying on my back, with my legs raised above the height of my chest, and spread apart to about two and a half feet at the knees. My pussy was wide open at this point, and David was looking directly at it as he was adjusting the chair. It seemed he was adjusting it to get my pussy as open as possible.  
  
"Good. You're doing great, Samantha," David said as he stepped in front of me, and showed me the device he was holding. It looked like a rubber dildo attached to a motor with a few other parts. The dildo looked to be much larger than the average human dick; around 10 inches in length. "Now, I'm going to attach this device to the chair. It's a robotic probe, designed to take various measurements. At certain points during this session, it's going to stimulate you in various ways, externally and internally. Now, just relax while I set this up."  
  
He smiled at me, before squatting down and attaching the device to the table. I could feel the tip of the dildo poke me a few times as David adjusted it. I also glanced down, and saw that David was clearly looking at my pussy, lining the rubber cock up for me to be penetrated by it. When he was finished, I could feel the tip of the device at the entrance to my pussy, but not inside. Yet.  
  
"Good." David said, as he stood back up, and started adjusting the screen to a position where I could easily see it.. "We're all set. I'll close the door, and start the videos again. Please keep your eyes on the screen."  
  
David stepped back outside and closed the door behind him, leaving me once again in the dim lighting of the room. However, this time I was a bit more scared and excited. The whole time, I'd been naked, but now the reality of these experiments was starting to hit me. I was lying in a chair with a robotic dick aimed at my pussy. In a moment, I was going to be science's fucktoy, and at this point, there wasn't a whole lot I could do about. That thought was both very scary and very exciting.  
  
A few seconds later, the screen lit up again. On it, I saw puppies playing, and I could hear them barking. Then it switched to some little kids playing. Various other images displayed on the scene for the next couple minutes.  
  
Then, the same guy and girl from before appeared on the screen. They were in a restaurant, chatting over a meal. A few seconds later, it showed them getting into their car. As they drove, she reached over and started rubbing the guy's pants. I started getting wet from this. Then she put her other hand on her pussy and started rubbing. Right when her hand touched her pussy, I felt the side of the robot shaft rubbing against my clit. As she moved her hands, the dildo rubbed against against my pussy in time with the girl's hand.  
  
A few seconds later, I saw some cars drive by their window. The guy looked over and smiled at the girl. The girl smiled back, then stopped rubbing herself. The dildo stopped rubbing against me. The girl reached up and slowly pulled her shirt down, until her perky tits were on display.   
  
About 30 seconds later, I saw a car drive alongside their car. The driver glanced into their car. He did a double take when he realized the girl's tits were on display. The girl made eye contact with him and smiled. The driver continued glancing back and forth between the road and the girl. Then the girl sat up and turned to face the guy. She pressed her perky tits against the window, so he could easily see them. He smiled, and gave her a thumbs up.  
  
Then she sat back and started playing with herself again. Once again, the dildo started rubbing me. That whole scene had me very excited. I had always wondered what it'd be like to flash my tits to strangers on the highway. It looked very exciting.  
  
Then the scene switched again, and the dildo stopped. The couple was walking into a bedroom. I took a deep breath and readied myself for what I knew was coming. On the screen, I saw the couple walk over to the bed, and they started making out. After a few seconds, they started slowly stripping each other, then laid down. He started rubbing her tits, and she rubbed his large cock.  
  
After about a minute of that, his hands moved down to her pussy, and the dildo started up again, still rubbing my labia and clitoris. A few seconds later, I saw the guy get ready to finger fuck the girl, and I readied myself. I wondered what would happen. When his finger entered her, the dildo didn't do anything different. I was actually a little disappointed at this. But the dildo continued to rub me.  
  
Finally, the guy got on top of the girl and was ready to fuck her. This was the moment I had been waiting for, and I was excited about it. As the guy positioned his cock, I could feel the dildo also getting in position. Then, the guy slipped his cock inside the girl, and the machine slipped it's cock inside me. I gasped with pleasure, and so did the girl. The guy started slowly, and so did the dildo. They slid into us about 3 inches, then back out, then to 5, then out.  
  
Then they sped up, fucking us faster. I felt the dildo sliding in and out of me, as I saw the guy's cock do the same to the girl. After a few seconds, I couldn't concentrate on the screen anymore, so I closed my eyes, and imagined the guy fucking me. Even though I knew it was a machine, it might as well have been the guy. His cock slid in and out of me faster and faster, until I knew the machine was going faster than the man could ever go. I was getting closer and closer to cumming. Just when I was about to start screaming, the cock slid all the way out of me.  
  
I gasped in frustration, and I opened my eyes, looking between my legs, about to tell the guy to keep going. Then I remembered it was a machine. I looked over to the screen, and I heard the girl say almost the same thing I was going to: "Oh! please don't stop!"

But the guy didn't listen. Instead, he leaned down and kissed the girl. They made out for a minute or so; just enough to calm us all down.  
  
Once we were all far from orgasm, the guy readied himself again. I felt him at the entrance to my hole. Then he slid in. In the video, I saw him stop and pause, but in reality, I felt the dildo continue sliding in. On the screen, white letters popped up over the picture. They said "5 inches" The dildo kept sliding in, and the letters changed to "5.5 inches". Then "6.8 inches". I was starting to feel quite full. "7.3 inches". I wasn't sure I could take any longer. "7.7 inches." A few seconds later, I screamed as it was starting to get painful. Then I felt the dildo slide back out. The final length on the screen said "7.8 inches" Then it went away and I saw the guy pull out of the girl.  
  
I took a breath as the girl flipped over and got on her knees. When she was ready, the guy positioned himself and entered her from behind. Once again, I felt the dildo enter me. But this time, the machine was angled differently. It seemed it had positioned itself to enter from the same angle he was. It felt like I was being fucked from behind, but I was still lying on my back. Quite a strange sensation.  
  
The cock fucked us both hard and fast this time. I knew this was it for me. I closed my eyes and concentrated. After a couple minutes, I was reaching my peak. I open my eyes and glanced at the screen, so I could watch the guy fucking me, but the guy and girl weren't fucking anymore. They were getting dressed. It appeared they finished a long time ago. But the dildo was still fucking me. Was it going to keep going until I came? I closed my eyes again.   
  
About 30 seconds of ecstasy later, and I was over the edge. I started cumming. I screamed loudly. The dildo kept going, faster now. I kept screaming and I writhed in the chair. A moment later I felt the dildo slow down, then pulse, just like a cock cumming. After I finished cumming, and the machine was done pulsing, the dildo slid all the way out, causing me to gasp one more time. I opened my eyes. The screen was black.  
  
I was breathing very heavily when David opened the door this time. My chest was rising and dropping rapidly, and my legs were spread wide still. I could also feel juices dripping out of me. It seemed like too much to be just mine. Did that machine cum inside me? David openly watched for a moment, staring at my tits and my leaking pussy.   
  
"Good job Samantha," he said, once I'd calmed down. He walked over and started lowered my legs. "We got all the measurements and readings we needed. I hope you enjoyed it."  
  
I responded, "Good?! That was the best orgasm I've ever had!"  
  
"Great!" he said, "I'll note that down when I get back to the desk. You're just about finished now. We just need to unstrap you, get the EEG off, fill out an exit questionnaire, and you'll be on your way."  
  
As David lowered me down, I noticed he was still openly staring at my naked body. My legs were still wide open, and my pussy was dripping.   
  
After another 30 seconds, the chair was back in the upright position, with my legs together. David knelt down and unstrapped my ankles from the chair.  
  
When he was done, he stood and said, "Good. Now turn towards me and I'll take the EEG off." I did as he said, placing my feet on the floor. He slowly started untangling the mess of wires and electrodes from my hair.  
  
From my seated position, I was at eye-level with his crotch. From the bulge in David's pants, I could tell he was enjoying this. It must be an exciting job. He gets to strap naked girls to a chair, spread their legs wide, show them porn, and watch them masterbate and get fucked by a machine. I couldn't blame him for being horny. Anyone would be.  
  
Once he was done with the EEG, he placed it back on it's rack. Then he turned and left the small room. I stood and followed him. Before I walked out, I couldn't help but notice that there was a sizable pool of liquid on the ground below the chair. I must have leaked quite a lot.  
  
"Alright, take a seat," David said, indicating a nearby chair. I reached for the gown, but he stopped me. "Sorry, but you can't get dressed quite yet. I need you to remain uncovered for the questionnaire."  
  
I frowned at that, but took a seat, naked, in the chair. I didn't bother covering up or crossing my legs. David had already see quite a lot of me. No need for modesty.  
  
"Thank you," he said, reading the first question from the clipboard, "I'll start with the physical questions, so I get accurate answers before your body gets time to calm down. On a scale of 1 to 10, how wet are you? 1 being completely dry, and 10 being the wettest you've ever been."  
  
"Um...I'm not sure..." I said, looking down, and touching my pussy with my fingers. "I guess an 8?"  
  
"Okay. From 1-10, how sexually excited would you say you are? 1 is not at all, 10 is the most excited you've ever been."  
  
I thought for a moment, before replying, "About a 7."  
  
"Good. How embarrassed are you? Similar scale."  
  
"Uh. maybe a three?"  
  
"Alright. Good to know you don't have any problems being naked and stimulated in front of others. That will make the testing easier. What was your favorite part of the test?"  
  
I thought about that for a moment, before answering, "I'd have to say being strapped in and fucked by that machine."  
  
"Good. And your least favorite?"  
  
Again I thought back to my time in the room. "Probably when the dildo was pushed far inside me. It was painful at the end."  
  
"Ah, yea. Sorry about that. It's a requirement for the initial test, so we can get a measure of how much you can handle. I might have pushed it just a little too far."  
  
Wait...was David controlling the machine for that part? I thought it was automatic!  
  
"Ok, Samantha. that was the last question. You may put the gown back on, and I'll walk you back to get your clothes, then you may leave."  
  
I stood, grabbed the gown from the desk, put it over me. As I did, I asked, "David, did that machine cum inside me?"  
  
"Oh, yes." he replied. "The machine is designed to closely simulate human intercourse, which would include the male orgasm. Don't worry, though: the liquid is known as methylcellulose. It's designed to look and feel like sperm, but doesn't have any affect on the female reproductive system."  
  
"Oh," I replied. "Alright."  
  
I knew it was a fairly short walk, so I didn't bother having David tie the gown in the back this time. He grabbed the clipboard, then walked out of the room, and I followed. On the way back, we didn't see anyone.  
  
When we arrived at the first room, where I left my clothes, I removed the gown and got dressed. The entire time, David watched me intently. When I was finished, he led me back to the front desk, where the receptionist signed me out, and I left.

**Sexual Studies Ch. 02**

About a week after the initial exam, I got a response from the Sexual Studies department. Here's what it said:  
  
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Hello Samantha,  
  
I'm emailing to notify you that we've completed the processing of your initial examination. Your results came back clean, and you are cleared for participation in our studies.  
  
Our researchers have reviewed your file and decided on an appropriate first experiment. Unfortunately, we can't give you any details about the experiment, in order to keep it un-biased. The payment will be $200, plus a one-time $50 bonus for the initial examination. You will receive payment upon completion of your portion of the experiment.  
  
If you agree to participation in this study, let us know, and we'll add you to the list. The reference number for this experiment is EXP-05634.  
  
Thank you for your participation.  
  
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I read over the email a few times, to make sure I didn't miss any important details. There wasn't much information there to help me decide whether I'd be willing to participate. The only information I really had was that I'd be paid $250 upon completion. That would definitely help catch me up on my rent. I didn't have to think too hard, and within an hour of receiving the email, I replied that I'd participate.  
  
A couple hours later, I received another email with the time of the experiment. It was the following day from 7:00-9:00pm. A little late, but since I lived on campus, it wasn't a problem.  
  
Since I didn't know any details about the experiment, I didn't know what to expect. I decided to wear similar clothing to my initial exam: sweatpants, a tank-top, no bra, and red cheeky panties.  
  
I arrived at the Sexual Studies department at 6:58. The waiting room was empty, except for the receptionist, Natalie. As I approached her, she said they were expecting me. The experiment was already prepped, and she'd walk me back to the exam room.  
  
I followed her through the door, and down the hallway beyond. We didn't see anyone. A short walk later, we arrived at exam room A. She left me to enter on my own, and returned toward the front desk, while I stepped inside the room.  
  
Exam room A was similar to the one I had my initial exam in. It had desks with computer monitors, and posters on the walls. However, this room was a bit larger than the last, and instead of having a separate room, the exam chair was in the center of the room. It was the same design as the last chair, with the spreadable legrests and contoured shape. I also saw several cameras placed throughout the room, mostly pointing at the chair from various angles, including from below.  
  
"Hi Samantha," said a man as I entered. He was dressed in a lab coat, and looked like a researcher. In addition to him, there was another man and a woman. All three of them appeared to be in their mid-30s. "I'm glad you could join us for this experiment. My name is Jonathan, and I'll be the lead researcher for this experiment. This other gentleman is Greg, and this lovely lady is Georgina. They'll be assisting me today."  
  
They both smiled and waved at me.  
  
"Whenever you're ready, Samantha, please remove all your clothing and take a seat in the chair, so we can begin."  
  
I nodded and looked around. There weren't any curtains in this room, so I went to a nearby corner, and faced away from the researchers. I kicked off my flip-flops, then hesitated briefly, before grabbing the bottom of my tank top and pulling it over my head. I then quickly pushed my sweats and panties down my legs.  
  
I turned around, and saw that none of the three researchers had paid me any mind. They were all focused on the computer monitors, and adjusting certain things. I didn't surprise me that they were interested, considering the area of research they were in.  
  
I walked over to the chair and took a seat, placing my legs on the legrests.  
  
"Good," said Jonathan. "As you already know from the initial exam, this chair is specially designed to facilitate our experiments. In order to reduce the chance of misalignment, we require that you be strapped into the chair. I'll do that now."  
  
Like David did in the initial exam, Jonathan produced some leather straps, and attached my ankles to the legrests. Then, he had me lie my arms next to me, and strapped those in place as well. Finally, he attached one long strap around my chest, just above my breasts. At this point, no matter what I tried, I couldn't move more than an inch in any directionl. My body was theirs.  
  
"Good, you're doing excellent Samantha," said Jonathan when he'd finished tightening the last strap. "Now, I'm going to move the chair into position. Don't be alarmed."  
  
He stepped to the side with the controls, and I felt the chair start to move. First, my legs started spreading, then the chair reclined. Just like the last time, when it was finished moving, my pussy was spread wide open, ready to receive anything and everything.  
  
"Excellent. We're almost ready to begin. The last requirement is that you be blind and deaf for the entirety of the experiment. In order to do that, you'll need to wear a blindfold and noise-cancelling headphones." Jonathan produced a black nightmask from somewhere nearby, and slid it over my head, but not over my eyes yet. Then he grabbed a large pair of headphones, and placed them over my head as well. "Good. Now, at certain points, I'll need to convey information to you, and receive a response from you. At those moments, I'll speak through a microphone into your headphones. Understand?" I nodded. "Good. I'll cover your eyes and ears now."  
  
Jonathan pulled the blindfold over my eyes first. As soon as he did, all light was blocked out. It was as if I had just stepped into a deep cave. A moment later, I felt the headphones slide over my ears, then I heard a click, and all noise shut off as well.  
  
As I laid there in the dark silence, I wondered for a moment if this is what Helen Keller felt like her entire life. The only senses I still had were my smell, taste, and touch. It was somewhat disorienting. Of course, the difference was Helen Keller didn't spend her time strapped naked to a chair, with her legs wide open, waiting to be fucked. Too bad for her. ;)  
  
After an eternity of waiting, something finally happened. I felt some movement between my legs. I could feel the chair moving slightly. Then something touched my pussy, for the briefest moment. It felt like the tip of a cock. Then it was gone, and the movement stopped.  
  
A few seconds later, I felt a hand touch my pussy, and spread something all over it. After the outside was coated, two fingers of the hand entered my pussy and coated the inside, fingering me several times. Then the hand was gone.  
  
A few seconds later, I heard Jonathan's voice through the headphones, "Alright, Samantha, we're all set to begin the experiment. For the next 30 minutes, you will be penetrated by several different objects. Just relax, and pay attention to how each one feels. Between each object, I'll tell you a number. corresponding to the following object. At the end of the 30 minutes, I'll be asking you several questions about each object, and how they relate to one-another. Pay close attention to how each object feels. Understand?" I nodded my head. "Good. If you need anything, call out for one of the researchers to get our attention. Here we go. The first object is number 1."  
  
Then the sound cut out, leaving me in silence again. A few seconds later, I felt the tip of an object at the entrance of my pussy. It almost immediately entered me. Due to the lubricant the scientist had put on (and in) my pussy, it slid deep inside, with no trouble, making me feel quite full. I also noticed that I could feel what felt like skin, pressed against my thighs. Then the object pulled back out. Then back in. It started slow, fucking me at a steady pace. After a short time of steady fucking, the pace increased. At this point, I was starting to enjoy the feeling. After a short fucking, the object slid all the way out.  
  
A few seconds later, Jonathan came on and said, "Alright. Here comes number 2."  
  
Again, I felt an object touch me, then slide inside me. This one was warmer than the last, for sure, but roughly the same size as the last. This time, there was no slow period. Instead, it skipped right to fucking me quick and hard. With each thrust, I gasped. This object was slightly longer than the last. Like the first object, this one pressed against the inside of my thighs when it was all the way in. The fast, hard fucking continued for a while (about half the time as the first), then the object was pulled all the way out, leaving me wanting more.  
  
"Object 3," I heard Jonathan say.  
  
The next object was inserted into my pussy. It felt wider than the first two, but a bit shorter. At full insertion, it was about half as long as the first. It also had a different texture than the first two; somewhat spiny. This time, when the object was all the way in, there was nothing pressing against my thighs. This object fucked me for roughly the same amount as the last, then it slid out.  
  
"Alright, Samantha. Short break, then object 4."  
  
As I lied there, waiting to be fucked again, I thought about my situation: I was science's whore. I was strapped to a table, being fucked by unknown objects, putting up no resistance. Thinking about the situation made me a little uncomfortable, but I'd made an agreement with the scientists. They could use my body in any way that they liked, in exchange for their money. I knew I wouldn't get paid until I'd finished the experiment. I couldn't back out now. Besides, I didn't really want to.  
  
My thoughts were suddenly interrupted by another object entering my hole. I gasped from the surprise, since Jonathan didn't say anything.  
  
"Oh, sorry about that. This is object number 4."  
  
As the object slid in, I noticed it was colder than the previous three. It was also around the same length as the first two. When it was all the way in, I once again felt something flesh-like press against my thighs. It fucked me at a steady pace for a short time, then pulled out.  
  
After a few seconds, Jonathan told me object 5 was coming, and another object was shoved inside me. This object felt warm and long. I could tell that when it was in as far as it would go, it wasn't the whole length of the object. This object continued fucking me for a good long time, then just when I was getting close to cumming, it pulled out. I sighed in frustration.  
  
"Two objects to go, Samantha. You're doing great. Here comes object 6."  
  
As this one slid in, it felt curved. Instead of sliding straight into me, it curved up and pushed against the top of my vagina. This one wasn't very long, it wasn't warm, and nothing pressed against my thighs. After a short, unpleasing fuck, it pulled out.  
  
"Last object Samantha. Number 7."  
  
A moment later, I felt the object touch my pussy. All the others had quickly been inserted into me, but this one took it's time. It slowly rubbed against my outer lips, touching my clit. Finally, when it had teased me enough, it slid slowly inside me. It went deeper and deeper, until finally it stopped. I felt warm flesh against my thighs, as well as something else; I couldn't quite tell what it was. Then I felt the object start vibrating. A moment later, the object started rapidly fucking me. It started soft, then increased intensity as it went on. This object fucked me longer than all the other objects. It also got me the closest to cumming, but once again, just before I was pushed over the edge, it was pulled out of me.  
  
"Excellent, Samantha," said Jonathan. "That's it for the first round. You're at the 30 minute mark of the experiment, which means you're a quarter of the way through. You'll get a short break in just a moment, but first, as I said earlier, I have some questions for you.  
  
"First, please rank the objects in order of how much you enjoyed them, starting with the most enjoyable."  
  
"Um...Well, 7 was definitely the best. Followed by 5. 6 was the worst. 3 was slightly better than that. Then 2,4,1 is the order of the last three."  
  
"Alright, so that'd be 7-5-2-4-1-3-6. Next question. Which ones felt the most life-like?"  
  
"Hmm." I thought about it for a few seconds before responding. "2, and 5." Had those been real human dicks? Thinking back, the scientists had never actually said the objects weren't real.  
  
"Good. Now, I'm going to lower the chair, then remove your blindfold and headphones. You'll have about five minutes to stretch your legs and have some water before we continue on to part two."  
  
I felt the chair start to move, and my legs started lowering and coming back together. When the chair stopped, I felt the headphones removed, and suddenly I could hear all the subtle noises in the room; the AC running, the whirring of fans on the computers, the breathing of the researchers.  
  
Then the blindfold was removed. It took a moment for my eyes to adjust to the bright light in the room. When I wasn't blinded anymore, I saw Jonathan standing in front of me, smiling. Behind him, I saw the other two researchers typing away at the computers. Above them I saw a clock, which read 7:32.  
  
"Now, I'll just remove these restraints," said Jonathan as he knelt down and undid my chest, arm, and leg straps. "Alright. If you'd like some water, there's a water fountain just down the hall to the right. At this time, there shouldn't be anyone in the halls, so don't bother getting dressed."  
  
I stepped out of the chair, and started walking toward the door. My legs felt a little tense from the roughly 30 minutes that they had been spread. Also, my pussy was a little raw, from the nearly-constant pounding it had taken. I wasn't sure if my body could take another hour and a half of this.  
  
I walked through the doorway and looked down the hall in both directions, and saw nobody. I turned to the right, and saw the water fountain, about 30 feet down the hall. I walked to it, bent over, and took a drink.  
  
As I drank, I heard voices nearby; I couldn't make out their words, but I could tell it was a few people. First, a male saying something, then a mix of male and female laughter. I looked around but couldn't quite tell where it was coming from. I decided it wasn't important, so I walked back down the hall, and into Exam Room B.  
  
I had a few more minutes to rest before we continued, so I walked around and looked at some of the posters on the walls. The first one I saw was a detailed diagram of an erect male penis. Each part of the penis was labeled. The next poster was a vagina with a dick inside. It had some text about the average depth each vagina could hold (~7 inches). The last poster was a chart of about 30 different sex positions.  
  
"Alright, Samantha," I heard Jonathan say. "We're ready to begin part two of the experiment. Go ahead and take a seat, and I'll strap you back in."  
  
I did as I was told, lying back in the chair. Jonathan started with the strap around my chest, then added another around my waist.  
  
Next, Jonathan started on my legs. However, this time he did something a little different. Instead of simply strapping my ankles down, he attached a piece to the legrests, so that there was a solid piece in front of my shins. As I wiggled my ankles, I noticed they were a little looser than the straps from before, but I still wouldn't be able to remove them.  
  
When Jonathan was done with my leg restraints, he told me he'd be strapping my arms in a different way this time. Then he reached to one side of the chair, and raised a piece I hadn't noticed before. It raised up like an armrest, except it came up higher. When it was completely extended, it was above me, in front of my face. Then Jonathan went to the other side, and raised another one. Jonathan then had me raise my arms, and place my forearms against the new pieces, then he strapped them there. When he was done, it was almost like I was in a defensive boxing position, except that I was lying on my back.  
  
"Excellent, Samantha," he said, as he stepped back to admire his work. "Now I'll put the blindfold and headphones back on." He did as he said, once again submerging me into utter darkness and silence.  
  
A moment later, I heard his voice in my ears. "Alright Samantha. We're ready to get you into position. In a moment, I'll start moving the chair. We'll start by putting you in the same position as last time."  
  
Like before, I felt the chair spread my legs, and soon my pussy was wide open, and my legs were raised. However, this time my legs were at about 90 degrees to my torso, instead of being raised towards my chest like before.  
  
"Good, Samatha," I heard Jonathan say in my ears. "Now, the chair is going to continue moving, putting you in a new position."  
  
As I lied there waiting for the chair to move, I wondered what the new position would be. From what I had seen of the chair, it looked fairly versatile, but I wasn't really sure what it was capable of. I didn't have to wonder for long, because a few seconds later, it started moving. I felt the whole chair raise up, so I was higher off the ground. Then it stopped, and started to tilt forward. It wasn't like a car seat, where just the back tilts; it was the entire chair, including the seat. It was like I was slowly being spun forward.   
  
It kept going, and eventually, I felt my weight shift so that I was no longer lying on my back. Instead, my weight was resting on my arms and my shins. The chair continued moving beyond the point I thought it was capable of, and soon I felt my hair move to dangle below me. Then I felt the chair lower again, so I moved toward the floor. Then all movement stopped.  
  
I wasn't sure how the chair managed it, but in the final position, I was on my arms and knees. I was in the doggy position!  
  
"You're doing great, Samantha. Now, we're ready to begin the experiment. Just like before, we will be inserting various objects into you. These are the same objects as before, but in a different order. Pay attention to how each one feels, and like last time, I will be asking you a series of questions at the end. Additionally, I will ask you to match up the objects from this set with the objects from the last set. Understand?" I nodded. "Ok. Here we go. This round, I will simply let you know when a new object is about to start. Here comes the first object."   
  
A moment later, I felt some movement behind me. Then I felt the first object touch me. It was cold. It rubbed against my pussy for a moment, then entered me. It felt different than the last experiment, because of the angle, but I was sure this was number 4. It was the only object last time that was this cold. I felt it fuck me slowly for a moment, then it sped up. After a few minutes, the object pulled out.  
  
A moment later I heard Jonathan say, "Here comes the next object, Samantha."  
  
A few seconds later, I felt another object touch the inside of my thigh. Then I felt it line up with my hole. But it was the wrong hole! I felt the object press into my asshole, and I let out a gasp. It slid in a few inches, before quickly pulling all the way out. Then I heard Jonathan's voice say "Sorry about that Samantha. There was some confusion on our end. That won't happen again. Here comes the same object, but in the correct location."  
  
A moment later, I felt the object line up with my pussy, and slowly slid inside. It went deep. I could quickly tell this was the long object. It got as deep as it could, and I felt very full. I was very glad that it hadn't gone that far into my ass. Then it pulled most of the way out, then thrust into me hard. It proceeded to fuck me fast and hard for the next few minutes. It felt so good, I noticed I was trying to thrust back into it, but the restraints prevented me. After a good long fuck, the object pulled out, and I felt very empty, and somewhat dissatisfied, because I hadn't cum.

"Alright, Samantha. Here comes the next object."  
  
I felt it at the entrance of my pussy, then it slid in. I didn't feel any warmth as it slid in. I also noticed it curved down toward the floor, rubbing against the inside of my pussy, right where my g-spot was. As it fucked me, it wasn't very enjoyable, but I did like that it was rubbing my g-spot. Finally, it slid out.  
  
"Next object."  
  
It entered me almost immediately after Jonathan said that. It was wide, and had bumps all along it. At full length, it wasn't very long. The fuck wasn't great, but by now, I was very horny, so I enjoyed all the objects. Also, I still hadn't felt the best one from last time: number 7. I was looking forward to it. After a minute or so, this object pulled out.  
  
"Three more, Samantha. You're doing great. Here comes the next one."  
  
Unlike the last few, I felt this one slap against my pussy lips first, which surprised me. I jumped a little, but not much because of the restraints. The object slapped me a few times, before touching my hole. It taunted me for a moment, and I knew this was the one I had been waiting for. I would enjoy this.  
  
The object taunted me for a good 30 seconds or so, then finally, it surprised me and slid deep inside my pussy. I let out a gasp, which was probably fairly loud, but I couldn't hear it with the headphones. The object then fucked me hard and fast for a little while, and I couldn't hold it back any longer; each thrust let out a moan from my mouth. As the object fucked me hard from behind, I could feel myself getting closer and closer. Then it pulled out. I couldn't stand it, so I yelled out, "please, don't stop!".   
  
Then I remembered where I was. I was in a science lab, held in place by a strang chair, being fucked from behind by who-knows-what, while 3 scientists watched. I blushed a bit at the fact that I was enjoying it, and I had just let all three of them know.  
  
However, it seemed my wish was granted, because a moment later, I felt the same object slide back into me. It continued fucking me, and it felt better than ever. I didn't care that there were three people (basically strangers) watching. I let them know I enjoyed every moment of it, by making lots of noises. Finally, I received what I so desired, and the object pushed me over the edge, into the ecstasy of my first orgasm of the day. I screamed several times from the waves of pleasure. Then it pulled out.  
  
After a few seconds for me to catch my breath, I heard Jonathan again, "Alright, Samantha. Here comes the next one."  
  
I felt the next object press into me. It slid in all the way, then out. It continued fucking me at a steady, constant pace. I was fairly sure this one was a machine, but I couldn't be certain. Then I felt something I hadn't noticed before. Something was slapping against my pussy lips at the depth of each thrust. Were those balls? I concentrated on them for a moment, but I couldn't be sure. Then the object slid out of me, leaving me wondering.  
  
"Last object"  
  
Once again, I felt something touch the entrance of my pussy, spreading my lips. It slid in, and went all the way to it's depth. If I hadn't been told it was a different object, I would have thought the last object had just pulled out, and been reinserted. It felt identical to the last one.Then it sped up. Since it was so similar to the last one, I was left pondering the same question: something was slapping against my lips. What was it? Unlike the last object, this wasn't a light touch; it was hardcore slapping against my pussy. I was 90% sure these were balls slapping against me. Did they make dildos like that?  
  
After an eternity of slapping and pounding, it pulled out. I heard Jonathan say "Great, Samantha. All done with this part of the experiment. I'll flip the chair over now, and unstrap you." I felt the chair start tilting back, and soon I was lying on my back. Then my legs were lowered, and I felt halfway decent for the first time in about half an hour. The headphones were removed, then the blindfold. As my eyes adjusted to the light, Jonathan undid my restraints.  
  
"You did excellent, Samantha. Now, as I said, I have some questions, like last time.  
  
"First question: order each object again on enjoyability."  
  
"The first object was cold, but it wasn't too bad. The second was better than the first, and definitely much longer. The third was probably the worst, followed by the next one. The fifth was definitely the best, as you already know. The last two were about equal, with the final one being slightly better. So that would be 5-2-1-7-6-4-3"  
  
"Great. Next question, I would like you to guess which object from the second group matched up to the objects in the first group."  
  
"Well, I'm sure the one that made me cum - Er, number 4 in this group, was number 7 in the first group. The cold one was the same. That'd be the first in this group, and 4 in the last group. I believe the last one was second last time, and the one before it was first, maybe. The second one - the really long one - was fifth? maybe? The last two, I'm not really sure. One was curved, and I could feel the curve in both, but I can't remember which one that was in the first group."  
  
"Excellent, Samantha. You matched them all perfectly. Alright, last question: Overall, which position was more pleasurable for you? On your back, or on your knees?"  
  
I thought about it for a brief moment. "The first position was definitely more comfortable, because I was on my back rather than my arms and knees. But I still think the second was more pleasurable."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Well, I liked the angle better, and I was already worked up, and of course I came."  
  
"Okay, great. All done with this phase. If you'd like to grab another drink, feel free. Then we'll start the next phase."  
  
Oh, god, I thought. Another phase? What position would they fuck me in this time? I thought about all the positions I'd ever been fucked in before, and which ones they might choose. Meanwhile, I walked down the hall to the water fountain again. As I sipped water, I heard the voices again.  
  
When I returned to the room Jonathan instructed me to sit back in the chair. Then he strapped my ankles and chest in, just like the first phase, as well as one arm. He left the other arm unstrapped.  
  
"Alright Samantha. Time for the blindfold and headphones." He placed them over my head once again.  
  
"Ok. In this phase, we will not be penetrating you." I had mixed feelings about that: relief and disappointment. "Instead, we'll be testing your manual tactile accuracy. In laymen's terms, that means you'll be feeling the objects with your hand. The order of the objects has been changed again, but it's the same seven objects. I'll let you know each time there's a new object. While the object is in your hand, I'll ask you which number it is, and what you believe the object is. Do you understand?" I nodded once again. "Good. Alright, let's begin. Please raise your hand and the first object will be placed in it."  
  
I did as Jonathan said, raising my hand and opening it, palm up. A moment later, I felt the object placed in my hand. I felt it for a few seconds, and determined it was definitely a banana. I could feel the curve of it, and the stem. I told Jonathan that it was number 6, and it was a banana. Then it was removed from my hand.  
  
"Alright. Here's the next object."  
  
Again, this one only took me a short time to determine it was a cucumber. I could feel the bumps along the length of it. I told him, and it was removed.  
  
"Next object."  
  
The object was placed in my hand, and I could tell it was the cold object I'd felt before, so I told Jonathan it was number 4. I rubbed it for a few seconds before I realized it was a cock! I was giving someone a handjob right now. I rubbed a little faster, and felt the cock twitch a little, and I knew for sure. I told Jonathan, and it was removed from my hand.  
  
"Next object"  
  
I felt a long hard object placed in my hand. The shape of it felt like a dick, but it didn't give in to my touch nearly as much. It felt like it was made of silicon. It must be a dildo. I felt up it's length once, then said "It's a dildo. Maybe number 1?" Then it was removed from my hand.  
  
"Next object"  
  
Another warm object was placed in my hand. I realized after a bit of rubbing, it was definitely another cock. I told Jonathan. I rubbed down the shaft, until I got to his balls. As I felt them, I realized they were quite large. This must have been the one slapping against me. I told Jonathan it was number 2. Then the cock was removed from my hand.  
  
"Next object."  
  
This object was the longest one I had felt so far. It was warm. Oh my god! It was another cock! That's three cocks that had been inside me, twice each, in under an hour! I felt somewhat violated, but then I thought about it for a moment. I knew from the start that it was going to happen eventually. Why not get it over with in my first experiment. After that thought, it turned me on a lot.  
  
When my thoughts returned to the cock in my hand, I felt all along it's length. This was definitely the long object. It must have been a good 8 inches or so. Wow! I told Jonathan it was number 5 and it was a long cock. Then it was removed from my hand.  
  
"Last object"  
  
This object was another silicon dildo. I told Jonathan that. I realized it felt much the same as one of the cocks; the one with the large balls. I rubbed it for a few seconds, but I couldn't decide whether it was 7 or 1. I told Jonathan 7, then it was removed from my hand.  
  
"Alright Samantha. That's all seven objects. We're done with phase 3. Now, I'm going to remove your blindfold and headphones, but before I do, I want to explain the next phase. When your blindfold and headphones are removed, you'll see the seven objects in front of you. Your task is to match up each object with it's corresponding number. Understand?" I nodded. "Good. I'll remove your blindfold and headphones now."  
  
First the headphones came off, then the blindfold. I waited for my eyes to adjust, then looked forward. In front of me, I saw four naked people. The first on the left was a white guy who was about my age (19) holding a banana. Looking down, I saw he had an average sized cock. Next, an older man (maybe 35?) holding a cucumber. He was quite pale, and his cock was also about average size. Next, another young man (24ish?), black this time, holding a pink dildo, with a massive cock dangling in front of him. And finally, on the far right, there was a white girl (20ish), with B-cups. She was wearing a black strap-on dildo.  
  
I realized had been fucked by these four people for a little more than an hour, while the researchers watched. I also thought about the fact that this was the first time I'd had sex with a black guy, or with a girl. All of those facts made me very wet.  
  
"Alright, Samantha." I heard Jonathan say, "Please match the objects in front of you with the objects you have felt and been penetrated by."  
  
"Well, I know the banana in the first guy's hand is number 6. And the cucumber in the second guy's hand is 3."  
  
"Okay, please continue."  
  
"I'm pretty sure number 5 is the third man's cock."  
  
"Why do you say that?"  
  
I blushed and said, "Because it's the longest object, and number 5 couldn't fit all the way inside me."  
  
"Good observation. Please continue."  
  
I looked at the other two guys, but couldn't see either of their balls. "Can the first and second guys please move their shafts so I can see their balls?"  
  
"Sure. Go ahead, guys," said Jonathan.  
  
The first and second guys grabbed their cocks and moved them aside. I immediately got my answer. "The first guy's cock is number 2. I know it because his I could feel his balls slapping against me when he fucked me from behind."  
  
"Alright. That leaves numbers 1, 4, and 7."  
  
"I'm going to guess that number 4 is the second guy's cock. He looks pale, so maybe he's cold, too. Now, this decision is a little harder for me. Both of the last two objects were dildos for sure. I guess I'd have to say number 7 was the girl's strapon, because she probably knows how to please a girl. That leaves number 1 as the dildo in the third guy's hand."  
  
"Excellent, Samantha. You got them all correct! Now, we have two more phase to this experiment. In order to make sure we finish in time, you won't be allowed to get up between the two phases. Would you like to get some water before we continue?" I shook my head. "Alright. Then I'll go ahead and strap you in again."  
  
As Jonathan strapped down my free arm, I wondered what could be left for the experiment. I knew which object was which now, so there couldn't be anything more about that, could there? Once again, Jonathan blindfolded me and put the headphones back on, leaving me wondering what would happen.  
  
"Alright, Samantha. For this next part, you get a choice. Would you rather be in the position from the first phase, or the second phase?"  
  
I thought about it a moment. I liked both positions. The first one was more comfortable because I was on my back, and it felt more natural, but I definitely liked being pounded from behind as well.   
  
"I'll go with the second position, please." I told Jonathan.  
  
"Alright" I heard. Then I felt Jonathan raise the shin rests and then he unstrapped my arms and attached them to the arm rests. Then I felt the chair start to move again. It lifted and spread my legs, then tilted forward, just like before. Soon, I was on my knees once again.  
  
"Good. Now, for this phase, the other participants are going to take turns putting the objects in your pussy, in a random, possibly repeating order. Each time something enters you, we need you to tell us which object you believe it is. Okay?" I nodded. "Good. This time I won't be telling you when a new object is coming, so I don't bias your answer. Each time an object is pulled out of you, and another is put in, we'll need an answer from you. Here we go."  
  
A moment later, I felt the first object. It slid inside me from behind. Now that I knew what the objects were, it was fairly easy to tell that this was the girl with the strap-on. I let her fuck me for about a minute before telling Jonathan my answer.  
  
For the next 15 minutes or so, the four people fucked me with each of the seven objects. I lost track of how many times they entered me, at about 8; it must have been close to 20. Sometimes I'd know instantly which object it was. That was certainly true for the banana and the cucumber. It was also true for the girl with the strap-on. But the other objects took me a bit of time to tell the difference. I usually knew when it was a real cock, but it took me a little bit to determine which one. And that dildo felt so real! I'm sure I slipped up a few times in my guesses.  
  
In that 15 minutes, I came twice. I didn't know which object it was either time. The first time, I knew it was a dildo, but I wasn't sure if it was the girl's strapon, or the the guy fucking me with the pink didlo. The second time, I'm fairly sure it was a real cock, but I didn't know which one.  
  
When the continual fucking stopped, Jonathan said to me, "Alright Samantha. Final phase. During this phase, We'll need you to keep your mouth open. I'll tell you two objects, and they'll both be inserted into you; one in your vagina, one in your mouth. They'll continue for 30 seconds, then both pull out, and I'll ask you which was which. Understand?" I nodded, and opened my mouth. "Excellent. In order to help you, I'll give you the names of the four participants. From left to right from earlier, they are Stephen, Frank, Jamal, and Ashley.  
  
"Alright, the first two objects are the Jamal with the dildo and the Ashley with the strap-on."  
  
I felt two objects approach me at either end. First, one slid into my pussy, then the other slid into my mouth. The one in my mouth was quite long, and didn't hesitate to push into my throat. I gagged a bit, because I wasn't used to deepthroating. I'd done it before, but only once. They both thrust into me for the next 30 seconds, then pulled out.  
  
"Okay, Samantha. Which was which?"  
  
"The one in my mouth was Ashley. The one in my pussy was Jamal with the dildo."  
  
"Correct. Next up, we have Stephen and Frank's cocks."  
  
I felt them approach, and they both entered me at about the same time. It took me a little bit to figure out which was which, because it was a little difficult to pay attention to one at a time, with them both thrusting in and out of me. Finally, I had a guess, and they pulled out.  
  
"Frank was in my mouth, and Stephen was in my pussy."  
  
"I'm sorry, but that's not correct. Stephen was in your mouth, and Frank was in your pussy.  
  
"Next, we have the cucumber, and Jamal's cock."  
  
Both of them were very wide, but as soon as they were all the way in, I could tell Jamal's cock was in my pussy; it didn't feel like he was all the way in. Also, I could taste the cucumber in my mouth. They fucked me for a while, then pulled out. I gave Jonathan my answer, and he told me I was correct.  
  
Various combinations of objects continued double-fucking me, for the next fifteen minutes or so. Sometimes there was a cock in both holes, sometimes a dildo in one, and a cock in the other. Although I only got about half of the combinations correct, I enjoyed every single one. However, I didn't cum, until the very last one.  
  
"Alright, Samantha. This will be the last combination of the evening, and then you may go home. For this combination, we will have all four of the other participants involved. Two will be in your hands, and the other two will be in your mouth and pussy. Also, they will continue until all five of you have cum."  
  
First, two cocks were placed in my hands. The third cock cock slide into my mouth, and the strapon slid into my pussy. Then I felt 8 hands touch me in many places. I was having sensory overload from all things going on; there were a total of 12 things moving around my body. I felt my tits and nipples get rubbed, my hair getting pulled, my hips getting grabbed, my mouth and pussy getting fucked, and my hands rubbing cocks. Wow! And it all felt amazing!  
  
It continued like that for a good 5 minutes or so, but I knew it wouldn't last. The guys would reach their limits soon. Sure enough, a couple moments after I thought that, I felt the cock in my right hand start twitching, and I felt hot cum all over my tits. Almost at the same time, I felt the cock in my left hand start, and it landed on my face. When they're loads were spent, they pulled back, and I was left with the cock in my mouth, the strapon in my pussy, and hands on my head and hips.  
  
Now that there was less going on, I could easily tell it was Jamal in my mouth, from the length. He lasted quite a bit longer than the other two, but after a few more minutes, he came as well, and I felt the hot salty cum in my mouth, and I swallowed all that I could. Then he pulled out.  
  
Now, it was just Ashley and I left, racing to see who would cum first. She was thrusting in and out of me so fast at this point. It felt amazing. Another minute or two, and I felt my orgasm coming. I started moaning and then screaming, and finally I came. Ashley continued fucking me through the whole thing.  
  
Between the first exam and this exam, I'd had the best three orgasms of my entire life!  
  
Now that I was spent, the only one left was Ashley. She continued fucking me for about a minute, but it seemed that wasn't doing the job, because she pulled out. Next thing I knew, I felt a pussy placed in my right hand. After a moment to realize what she wanted, I slid my fingers inside her and started fingering her. She fucked my hand for a couple minutes, then pulled off.  
  
Then I felt her pelvis against my face. I hadn't noticed before with the strapon, but I was very glad her pussy was cleanly shaved. I opened my mouth, and started eating her out. Her juices leaked all over my face, and it felt and tasted great. After a few minutes of that, I could tell she was finally getting close. Her body started to tremble, and finally, she pressed hard into my face, and I could feel her pussy clench and unclench with her orgasm. Then she pulled away.

Once again, I was left there, naked, unable to move. I was sure the other participants were getting cleaned up now, but Jonathan took his time getting to me. I could feel the cum and pussy juice dripping from my face and my tits, and I could taste it in my mouth.  
  
If there was any doubt before about me being their whore, it was gone from my mind now. The other participants, on behalf of the scientists, had just used my body for a full two hours, in almost every way I could think of. I should have felt violated and objectified, but I didn't. I simply felt amazing. I was content to continue in this role for as long as they needed, and do anything they said. Consciously, I still had certain reservations, but in the back of my mind, I knew if they asked me to do something, I would agree to it.  
  
Finally, a couple minutes after Ashley pulled away from me, I heard Jonathan's voice in my ears, "Alright, Samantha, we're ready to get you out of the chair now." I felt my body start to move again. "Sorry about the wait. We wanted to get the other participants exit survey's done. They've now cleaned up and left. There was no reason to waste their time with your final questions."  
  
After a few seconds, I was lying on my back again. Jonathan removed the blindfold, headphones, and restraints. He handed me a towel to clean myself off, but asked me to remain seated.  
  
"Alright, Samantha. We have a few more questions, and then you're free to go.  
  
"First, on a scale from 1 to 10, how much would you say you enjoyed today's experiment?"  
  
"10" I answered instantly, with a smile.  
  
"Great!" he said, noting that down on his clipboard. "Overall, what aspect of the experiment made it so enjoyable?"  
  
I did think about that for a moment before answering. "I'd say there were a few things that really helped. Firstly, I liked the objects. When I signed up, I wasn't sure how I'd feel about a few things like sex with girls, and with multiple people, but those turned out to be one of my favorite parts of it. Another thing was that I had no control over the situation at all. As weird as it sounds, I really enjoyed not knowing what was about to happen, and that even if I did, I couldn't really do anything about it."  
  
"Excellent," he said, taking more notes. "We'll be sure to include those things in your later experiments. We want to make sure you're enjoying them as much as possible, so that you'll continue your participation. One of our biggest problems is retention of participants. Many people do one experiment, then decide not to continue. So, because of that, one of our top priorities is keeping you enjoying it."  
  
I thought about what he said, and I was glad to hear he was taking my feelings about all this into account. However, I knew the way the research system worked at the university. If they didn't get results from their experiments, their funding would be cut. So, if it came down to losing a participant, I'm sure they'd be fine with it, as long as they got their results.  
  
"Alright, that's the last of the questions we have about this experiment. Now that you've completed your first experiment, we want to give you the opportunity to change the preferences you have listed. If you feel like there's anything that you agreed to before, now's the time to say so, and you can remove that consent."  
  
"Well, I don't really think I want to remove consent. I'm fine with what I've agreed to. However, if I can, I'd like to add more things to my consent list, if that's alright?"  
  
"Wow! I've never been asked that before. Yes, we can certainly add additional items." He consulted the forms on his clipboard. "It looks like the only thing you didn't consent to before was anal intercourse."  
  
"Yes. That's what I'd like to add back. During today's experiment, there was that brief mistake, and one of the objects went inside the wrong hole briefly. Well, surprisingly, it actually felt kinda good. I'd like to try it again."  
  
"Alright, I'll change your answer to yes on that. That means you've consented to everything, correct?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"Alright. You'll receive an email from us within the next week or so, with information about the next experiment. You're free to go. You may get dressed here. Natalie's gone for the night, but I believe she's left an envelope on her desk with your name on it. That contains your payment. After you grab that, you let yourself out."  
  
I stood up, grabbed my clothes from nearby, pulled them on, and walked out. I grabbed my payment from the front desk, and left.  
  
As I walked home, and until I received the next email, I couldn't stop thinking about the experiment. It was the best sexual experience I'd ever had, and I couldn't wait for the next experiment. I didn't know what it would involve, but I knew I'd like it.