**Stephanie's Masturbation Research**

by**[HeyAll](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=992050&page=submissions)**©

The size and scope of the building was impressive. Everything was brand new and state of the art. It had all the hallmarks of a major corporation that specialized in various scientific pursuits.

She sat quietly in a private lobby and filled out the form, which was much simpler than she had expected.

Name: Stephanie Kalinskii

Age: 23

Height: 5'6"

Weight: 124 lbs

Ethnicity: white (Jewish ethnicity though, if that makes any sense)

Drink/Smoke: no/no

Health Issues: no, I'm perfectly healthy, and I'm a health nut

Occupation: college student (biology major)

Modeling Experience: none

When she finished filling out the form, she handed it to the secretary, then she sat down to wait again. Butterflies were in her stomach. She tried to focus on the casual music playing in the background, and she was tapping her foot in the process. Then she picked up a magazine and glanced through it.

Minutes later, the pretty young secretary approached her with a smile.

"Stephanie, the doctor will see you now."

"Oh. Great. Thanks."

"Please follow me."

She followed the secretary down the hall. It was an extravagant building unlike anything she had ever seen before. She thought it looked like something out of a science fiction movie. Everything was advanced and futuristic. She passed by several different research labs.

"Right this way," the secretary said, pointing to the office. "The doctor is waiting for you in his office."

Stephanie thanked the secretary and headed down the hall to the large office. She saw an older man reading her application form, along with the other documents she had submitted. The man appeared to be in his late 60's. His hair was gray and slicked back. He had the classic look of an eccentric nerd.

"Please, come in!" he said jubilantly when he saw her, putting the form down on the table. "Have a seat. Make yourself comfortable."

"Thanks, I'm Stephanie."

They shook hands and smiled at each other. They both sat down, with the doctor sitting behind the desk, and Stephanie in front.

"I'm Dr. Goodlove in case you didn't know," he said.

"Yeah, there's a name tag on your shirt."

He looked down then gave a nerdy laugh. "Oh right! Clever girl. I forgot it was there. Anyway, I've spent the past few minutes reviewing your whole file."

"Do you think I qualify for the program?"

"Oh yes. All of your medical forms look good. You're a perfectly healthy young woman. This shouldn't be a problem."

"Glad to hear it."

"But frankly, the vast majority of the applicants we receive pass the medical portion with flying colors. It's the experimental process which scares them away."

Stephanie gulped. "Really? What's so bad about it?"

"Nothing, in my opinion. Although, admittedly, the experimental process is a bit intrusive. But what were people expecting, right? After all, this is a sex research study."

"Right."

"I'm assuming you're a sexually open minded person," Dr. Goodlove said, as if the statement was no big deal.

"Umm...I wouldn't exactly say that. I'm more into the human study aspect of this. I think it would be a great experience to be involved with your research somehow. Especially since you have a stellar reputation within the scientific community."

He gave a nerdy smile. "Thank you. That's very kind. You're a biology major, correct? Do you plan on applying to med school?"

"It depends on how well I do with grades this semester. But I'm definitely thinking about it."

"Being a part of this research will help bolster your resume for med school. If you want, I can even write you a recommendation letter."

Stephanie's eyes widened. "Really? Wow, that's great."

"And of course, there's the issue of financial compensation. How much did we advertise in the newspaper?"

"I believe it was $100 per hour, for a few hours of work."

"I'm sure that amount of money would be useful for a college student such as yourself."

"That's for sure."

"You're in luck," Dr. Goodlove smiled. "Since you're likely to be our only candidate for the upcoming procedure, we'll double your pay. Maybe even triple it. Plus I'll write you the recommendation letter, assuming you want to go to med school someday."

Stephanie was taken aback. "That would be wonderful. But it sounds like there's a catch to all this."

"There's no catch, I assure you. Everything is strictly for scientific purposes. Our protocols and regulations are tight. Nothing we record will ever be made public."

"You're going to record it?"

"Yes, of course," Dr. Goodlove replied. "It's a scientific procedure. Why wouldn't we record it?"

"Oh..."

"As I've mentioned, the process is fairly straight forward and simple. However, I can imagine that it would feel a bit intrusive for a young woman such as yourself, which is why I'm not pressuring you into this. If at any point you decide to change your mind, then you're free to leave."

"Can we get to the details please?" Stephanie asked, feeling anxious.

"Of course. First, we'll give you some capsules to take the night before. They'll help increase your hormone levels to a suitable amount. On the day of the experiment, well, that's when the interesting things happen. You'll be expected to masturbate with our new device."

Stephanie briefly widened her eyes. "I'm nervous just thinking about it. But I'm up for the challenge. I've always wanted to be a part of an important scientific experiment."

"We're lucky to have a CEO who's willing to fund this project," Dr. Goodlove replied. "If everything goes according to plan, we'll be on the cutting edge of the female orgasm, and we'll be producing a new line of sex toys which would revolutionize sex in the American culture. Possibly the world."

"Do you really think it's going to be that big a deal?"

"Wait until we complete the first official test," the doctor smiled. "So far, the results have been spectacular."

Stephanie nodded. "Yeah, well, judging by the size of this building, I'm you have the resources to create some nifty things."

"Speaking of nifty things, your application says you've never done modeling, correct?"

"That's right. I've never done anything even close to this."

"Well, our methods of research are rigorous. That means you'll be required to be naked in a glass room. Fully naked. Heart and sensory monitors will be connected to your body. The process will be filmed and monitored by our small team of professionals. Are you comfortable with this?"

Stephanie gulped. "Is there a choice?"

"I'm afraid not Ms. Kalinksii. Now you can see why so many applicants have turned down our offers."

Stephanie gave a long pause. "The video will never go public right? I mean, with all these computer breaches and hackings going on, you never know."

"This company has spent a considerable amount of money securing our servers. The odds of our research being hacked is extremely slim."

Stephanie held her head high. "I'll do it. Only because I think it's a worthy endeavor your team is doing."

"Excellent!" he replied with a nerdy exclamation. "I'll give you some documents to review and sign. If you're still interested. We'll begin next week."

"I really look forward to it."

Dr. Goodlove stood and extended a handshake, to which Stephanie gladly accepted. She stood up and shook his hand, and they continued to smile at each other and make small talk.

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It was the longest week of Stephanie's life.

She had read all of the contracts, disclaimers, and procedures so many times, she practically had everything memorized. There was an inner-conflict she struggled with. She had never been naked in front of strangers before. Even worse, she had never masturbated in front of strangers. It was something her uptight religious parents could never find out about.

But on the other hand, she loved the idea of working with the famous Dr. Goodlove to see how his scientific process works. It was something she wished to be a part of as a future career.

As a feminist, she savored the thought of helping to examine the female orgasm, and to help with the creation of revolutionary new female sex toys.

The money was also a huge plus. With the rising costs of a decent college education, Stephanie needed all the financial help she could get.

A few days after meeting Dr. Goodlove, she called him to inform him of the decision: She was definitely going to do it. The day after the call, she went back to his office and submitted all of the legal forms, with her signature on everything.

She was given another packet to read, which had all of the details for the research. It was all so exciting for the intellectually curious college student. It was exactly what she wanted to participate in. Someday, she hoped, she would be involved in conducting the same research assignments.

The instructions looked daunting. Each passing day, the nerves would build. She constantly questioned herself, wondering if she was ready or capable to do any of the required things.

Each time, she hoped the answer was yes, for the sake of science.

The day before the research study, Stephanie took the small tablets with a cup of water. She was never an overly sexual person, and she wondered how the tablets would affect her hormone levels, and what it would feel like.

There was only one way to find out...

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Stephanie sat nervously in a small office room wearing nothing but a blue medical gown and slippers on her feet. She was completely naked underneath.

The anticipation grew.

Dr. Goodlove entered the room holding a clipboard and he had a big smile on his face. He wore a long white coat and thick glasses with a large frame. With the big smile on his face, he looked geekier than ever.

"How are you feeling today?" he asked. "Nervous?"

"Oh yeah. Definitely. I've never done anything like this before."

"I understand. The process will be at a gradual pace. We'll only proceed when you're 100% ready."

Stephanie gave a nervous nod. "Thank you."

"Plus you'll be highly compensated. Since you're our only subject, you'll be given a bonus. You'll be getting 5 thousand for today. And we'll gladly pay you the same amount for all future testings."

Suddenly the nerves were disappearing.

"Great, thanks!" she smiled.

"Now that everything is settled, I'll need you to sign one last consent form, which basically states that you know exactly what you're doing here today."

Stephanie was handed the clipboard, she glanced at the legal document, and gave it a quick signature. She handed it back to Dr. Goodlove with an enthusiastic smile on her face.

"There you go," she said.

"Wonderful!" Dr. Goodlove replied with a geeky smile of his own. "My assistant Cassandra will be with you shortly to shave your pubic region, then she'll escort you to the testing area."

The doctor left the room and Stephanie was left alone for a while. Butterflies were returning to her stomach and she was becoming nervous again.

A pretty young woman entered the room, wearing a lab coat and holding a shaving kit.

"I'm Cassandra," the woman said. "Nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you too. I'm Stephanie."

"Well, let's get started. The research will begin soon and everyone is waiting. Please lift the front of your gown."

Stephanie took a deep breath and lifted the front of her medical gown. She didn't mind showing her body to another female. Her dark curly pubic hairs were on full display. The sight immediately left the assistant taken aback by the amount of hairs.

"Sorry about it," Stephanie said in embarrassment. "I'm Jewish. I mean, it's naturally like that, my hairs."

"There's nothing to be sorry about. This is my job. And what you have is perfectly natural."

"It is?" Stephanie asked.

"Well, you may be a bit thicker and curlier than what I'm used to, but you're a healthy young woman. So it's a good thing."

"Thanks I guess."

Cassandra turned away from the awkward conversation and used a pair of scissors to trim the curly pubic hairs. Once it was a short length, Cassandra applied a large amount of shaving cream onto Stephanie's crotch and began to carefully shave it with a razor. After a few wipes from a wet towel, the crotch was completely clean shaven.

"Yikes, I can't remember the last time I was this smooth," Stephanie said, rubbing her crotch with the tips of her fingers.

She admired her own softness and gave her labia a good look.

"You have a very pretty vagina," Cassandra noted. "You should be proud of it. Now let's not keep the men waiting any longer. Follow me."

"Okay."

Stephanie covered her crotch with the gown and followed Cassandra. They headed down the hall towards a room with glass walls. Everything inside the room was white. White floors, white lights, and a white recliner to lay on.

There were several other medical experts in the room, all wearing lab coats, rubber gloves, and breathing masks. All of the medical professionals stopped what they were doing and looked at Stephanie.

"Finally, you're here!" the nerdy Dr. Goodlove proclaimed. "Everything is ready and the research may commence. Please, stand over here."

Stephanie stood near the recliner seat. The medical experts all surrounded her.

"Now, please remove your gown," the doctor ordered.

Stephanie froze for a brief moment. She could feel the eyes in the room having a burning effect on her body. There was a lot of pressure and she felt like running away. But she kept herself composed.

She pulled the gown over her head and stood completely naked in front of the experts. Someone was nice enough to take the gown from her and place it neatly on a nearby table. Stephanie's natural instinct was to use her hands to cover her petite little breasts and cleanly shaven pussy.

Dr. Goodlove gave her a look which obviously meant for her to move her hands away. Stephanie complied and put her hands down. Her small breasts felt stiffened. Her brown nipples became harder than diamonds. And she felt a weird tingly sensation deep inside of her vagina.

The medical experts went to work using small wet sheets of tissue paper to wipe Stephanie's entire body with a cleaning agent. Stephanie stood silent as her body was being rubbed and groped until she was completely clean.

"I want you to relax," Dr. Goodlove said. "We're going to place monitors on your body. It might be a little uncomfortable, but it's necessary. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Good."

The other medical experts in the room began to attach wires on her forehead, chest and hands. Someone bent down and attached wires to her thick labia, which was really uncomfortable.

"Everything is ready," Dr. Goodlove stated. "We now have the ability to monitor your every impulse. Exciting, isn't it?"

Stephanie forced an awkward smile. "Yeah, it is."

"We will now exit this room and observe you through the glass. Please, have a seat and await further instructions."

The small group of people left the room. One of them placed a small open box on a table next to Stephanie. She glanced at the object inside, which looked very advanced, and was clearly a sex toy.

Once everyone had left, a glass door was closed, and Stephanie was left alone in the glass room- completely naked with wires attached to her body.

Stephanie sat down on the recliner seat. The smooth surface felt cold against her naked body, but she quickly got used to it. She raised her legs while the small group of professionals stared at her. The entire event was being video taped, which only added to the awkwardness.

The medical experts each stood in front of the glass with their clipboards, ready to take notes. Dr. Goodlove spoke through a microphone.

"Can you hear me Stephanie?" he asked through the microphone.

"Yeah. Can you hear me too?"

"Excellent. Everything appears to be working. I can tell you're nervous because your vital signs are rising."

"Yeah, I've never done anything like this before," Stephanie replied.

"It's okay Stephanie. Take a deep breath, and everything will be fine. Everyone here is a professional."

She took a deep breath. "Okay."

"Good. Now tell us, Stephanie, how often do you normally masturbate per week?"

She thought for a moment. "Usually every day, unless I'm really busy or stressed out."

"How do you normally do it?"

"My fingers," she replied after some hesitation. "I usually rub my clit. Sometimes I'll put my fingers inside. I do it on my bed laying on a towel, or in the bathtub with warm water."

"And what do you normally think about when you pleasure yourself? It's okay. Your secrets are safe with us."

Stephanie's face turned red. "Usually guys in my class. Sometimes a professor. I like the power dynamic. I think about doing it in a classroom with a professor when nobody is around. Or maybe in his office."

"Can you think about that right now?"

"Sure."

"Please, open your legs and show us how you masturbate. It's okay, take your time."

For that moment in time, Stephanie was completely frozen in fear. She had always been a sexually modest person, especially with her religious upbringing. But she had to keep reminding herself, this is for science, and the people watching were all medical professionals.

Her thin fingers slowly touched her clit. She rubbed in circles. She could faintly see her naked reflection on the glass as she masturbated herself. The medical professionals all watched attentively.

She closed her eyes and touched herself. She tried her best to ignore all of the people watching her, as well as the video camera. She let go of her naked inhibitions and focused on her fantasies.

Minutes passed. It had always taken Stephanie a while to cum, but the exhibitionist thrill of being watched helped to speed the process. Her mind remained focused on her fantasy while she continued stimulating her clitoris.

Her toes curled. Her body was clenching. Muscles tightening.

"Are you close to an orgasm?" Dr. Goodlove asked, looking at the different sensor monitors.

"Yes...almost..."

"Excellent. Your first for today."

Stephanie's interest was peaked when the doctor implied that there would be more orgasms that day. But she had already expected that.

The orgasm came and it was intense. It was the first time she had ever masturbated in front of strangers. Something she had never expected to ever happen. The exhibitionist thrill was a pleasant surprise.

When it was over, Stephanie relaxed her body, leaning back onto the soft and comfortable recliner.

"Well done!" Dr. Goodlove proclaimed. "Your vitals and brain activity show that you've achieved quite an orgasm."

"Anything for science," she quipped.

"Indeed. Onto phase two of the research. You'll need to orgasm again. This time with the device placed next to you."

"Already? I don't think it's possible. I'm not a multi-orgasmic person. It might take me an hour before I'm ready to reach another orgasm."

"Don't forget the tablets you took last night," Dr. Goodlove replied. "It should help with the immediate rejuvenation of your sex drive."

"Oh. Okay."

"Now pick up the device. It's very simple to use. Just turn the bottom switch to Level 1. It will begin to vibrate."

Stephanie followed the simple instruction, picking up the device which looked like an average sized vibrator, and switching it to Level 1. It immediately began to buzz, which intimidated her since she had never used a vibrator before.

"What next?" she asked.

"Insert the device deep inside of your vagina. All you have to do is hold it there. The device will do the rest. It has special sensors which can detect all of your pleasure spots. Give it a try."

After a brief moment of hesitation, Stephanie spread her legs again and guided the vibrating object towards her open pussy. Her eyes glanced at the people looking at her through the glass. Then she looked back down and inserted the vibrator inside of her vagina.

The vibrations felt surreal against her brown outer labia. It was a sensation she had never felt before. The buzzing feeling from the smooth device felt arousing against her vaginal lips. Then she pushed it inside of her pussy. It slid right in, since she was still wet from the previous orgasm.

It buzzed inside of her vaginal canal. She held it all the way inside of her pussy, just as she had been instructed to do.

She felt the device begin to buzz in different ways. It was like the device had a mind of its own. Even though the device was buried inside of her pussy, she could still feel the changing vibrations. The device buzzed more on the tip than on the bottom, and on certain sides.

"Gosh...what's it doing?" she asked incredulously, while holding the sex toy inside of her pussy.

"It's detecting your pleasure spots!" Dr. Goodlove proclaimed with excitement. "If it's adjusting itself to your senses, that means it's working perfectly."

Stephanie's body shook. "Oh, it's working alright!"

Her feet suddenly flung in the air and her toes made strange shapes. Her nipples were so hard that it almost hurt. Her body shook and she had a difficult time holding the sex toy inside of her body.

"Hold it in!" Dr. Goodlove said. "This is very important. We need to monitor the capabilities of the device."

The vibrating object continued its sensory prowess and buzzed hard in certain areas. Stephanie's pleasure spots were stimulated beyond belief. Her moans turned to cries. Her body continued shaking and her hands clenched.

"Oh my god!!" she yelled.

"That's it! You're almost there Stephanie!"

She shouted and cried. Her hand clenched tightly to hold the vibrating object in her pussy. Her muscles contracted powerfully.

A rush of fluids gushed from her pussy and made a pool of mess. Her body shook and a heart-pounding orgasm ripped through every inch of her delicate sensitive body. It was by far the most mind-numbing orgasm she had ever experienced in her entire life.

When it was done, the vibrator automatically shut off and Stephanie pulled it out of her pussy. Her body went completely limp on the recliner.

Her lips repeated the same words. 'Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god.'

"Success!" Dr. Goodlove proclaimed. "Your vitals and brain signals are off the chart. We've never had a patient achieve these levels through normal masturbation. This is groundbreaking. Truly groundbreaking."

"You...have...no...idea..."

"I'm afraid not. A male version hasn't been fully developed yet. But we're working on it."

Stephanie struggled for breath. "Can I get dressed now?"

"We haven't tested Level 2 yet."

"There's a Level 2?" she asked, snapping back to her senses.

"Yes. Level 2 is the highest level. Twist the device another notch."

"But...but..."

"Don't worry about it," Dr. Goodlove replied jovially. "As I've mentioned, those tablets you've taken last night have worked wonders on your hormone levels. Achieving another powerful orgasm shouldn't be a problem."

"But I don't know if I can."

"Of course you can. You're a healthy young woman. Now let's get to it. We need to determine if Level 2 requires any adjustments. Better now than later."

Stephanie huffed. "Fine. Might as well."

Her fingers twisted the device to Level 2. Surprisingly, it didn't buzz as loud, or as powerfully. She figured there must have been a kink in the device which needed to be fixed later. She reluctantly brought the device to her sore pussy again. Deep down, she was absolutely positive that it was pointless, and that there was no way she could possibly cum again. Not after the orgasm she just had.

The device was inserted deep inside of her pussy. The vibration remained low and she didn't feel much.

"I don't think it's working," she said. "It's not vibrating that much."

Dr. Goodlove nodded. "Wait for it. Just wait."

A suddenly shock ripped through Stephanie's body as the vibrating object went to full blast. She screamed and cried.

"Whoooaaaaaa!!"

Her body went stiff as a board. Her toes pointed straight. She couldn't believe her body's reactions. And she couldn't believe the powerful buzzing sensations in her delicate little pussy.

She saw the group of medical experts furiously begin to take notes while her body was having adverse reactions. Her naked body was clenching so tightly that her muscles were getting exhausted. It was more intense than any workout she had ever done. All because of the powerful vibrations in her pussy. Each vibration was pinpoint-accurate in targeting her sensitive pleasure spots.

Tears were flowing from her eyes. Her legs instinctively spread wide open. Completely stiff. She briefly wondered what the medical experts must have thought, seeing her naked body in a state of pure lust, out of control. It was humiliating. But she stopped caring once the device kicked into an even higher gear.

She felt her pussy becoming numb. Her mind became numb. Fluids squirted from her pussy and it sprayed the glass wall. The medical experts looked stunned and quickly moved to get a clear view of the nuclear orgasm.

It was heaven. It was bliss. Stephanie felt the supreme climax.

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A light was shining in Stephanie's eye. It was a small flashlight. She began to see a figure standing over her. A male figure. She recognized him eventually. It was Dr. Goodlove.

"Stephanie, are you awake?" he asked.

"Yes," she murmured.

"Are you okay, Stephanie? You fainted."

"What happened?"

"You've just become a pioneer in the female orgasm. That's what happened."

There was a big nerdy smile on the doctor's face. He was clearly ecstatic by the results. He took a step back, allowing Stephanie to sit up straight and fully regain her consciousness again.

She saw the other medical professionals examining her naked body. She didn't mind being naked anymore. After the orgasm she experienced, her views on sex would never be the same again.

People in lab coats were quickly wiping the vaginal fluids from the floor and window. Stephanie marveled at herself, amazed that she was able to squirt so much, and with such distance. She had never squirted before. She never thought it was possible with a body like hers.

She stood up, unabashed by her own nudity. Someone had offered to put her medical gown back on, but she declined. She liked being naked. Dr. Goodlove was smiling at her. Stephanie looked at the different experts examining the different computer screens.

"Are you interested in returning?" Dr. Goodlove asked. "There is plenty more to study. We're on the cusp of more scientific advancements. And you'll be financially compensated."

She winked at him. "After the orgasm I just felt, money is the last thing on my mind. I'm ready to do it again."

Stephanie walked around the research room and looked at the different professionals conducting their studies. Fluids were running down her legs.

The End