**The Psychology of Stripping**

by[ChrisWarner](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1403996&page=submissions)

You might be quite surprised to discover what goes on in the Psychology Department at your local university. I certainly was during my undergraduate degree. I had always wanted to be in a job helping people, and the ideal for me was to become a therapist, sitting in a comfortable chair talking with people. It always seemed the perfect job. So when I started university, I kind of thought it would all be classes on learning how to analyse people's thoughts and make astute and insightful comments. It hadn't occurred to me that I would have to learn about all the other things that psychologists do, especially the research side of things, and never in a million years would I have predicted it would lead to some very embarrassing situations.

Psychology is an academic discipline, and as such it has a very scientific side to it. Psychologists are involved in a huge variety of research projects about every aspect of behaviours, thoughts, and perceptions. One of the main things that many of the students struggled with was all the scientific methodology and lab reports and stuff like that. That had never been one of my strengths in high school, and plenty of my classmates were the same. The worst of it was the statistics. One compulsory paper in particular involved trying to learn extremely complex statistical analysis, and there were plenty of us who appeared certain to fail it.

As undergraduates, you are often hearing bits and pieces about some of the research being done in the department by staff or graduate students. One rumour in particular was flying around, and I was finding it increasingly difficult to ignore. The rumour was that one of the PhD students, Jack, was prepared to provide tutoring in statistics (or as some rumours went, was practically doing stats projects for students) in exchange for being a participant in his research.

The rumours about Jack's actual research were very vague, but most hinted at something of a sexual nature. His research had apparently required ethics approval from the very highest level, and had very high levels of confidentiality built into it. It was hard not to be a little bit sceptical. Recruiting participants by offering to do their course work is pretty ethically dodgy. Still, it wasn't like I was likely to complain. My whole career seemed to depend on getting help with my stats project. My only question was what would I have to do in return? Would I be prepared to go through with it? I didn't know the answer to this question, but I figured there was no harm in making some inquiries.

Jack had a small untidy office on the ground floor. The door was hanging open, and he was making no effort to disguise the fact he was playing on a Playstation. Jack looked a few years older than me, about 25, and he had the casual clothes and unkempt look of a grad student, although thankfully he seemed hygienic enough. His office didn't smell like some I have been in.

I nervously knocked on the open door and said I had heard he was recruiting for a research project. At this he immediately stopped his game and jumped up to welcome me in. He seemed very pleased to see me, and it didn't seem to be just because I'm not bad looking. In fact, I'm aware that I'm quite good looking when I make the effort. I've got a good figure, nice face, and long brown hair. However, like a lot of female students, I dress down for university to avoid unwelcome attention. I was wearing loose casual clothing and I had my hair pulled back in a simple ponytail.

No, Jack was delighted to see me for plenty of other reasons. He invited me to have a seat and then started talking non-stop. As he talked about his work, I began to understand his situation. Jack was a third year PhD student, and the research was his thesis project. He explained that he had invested a lot of time and energy into his research, but he was starting to lose hope that he would ever get his fieldwork completed. He said that because of the nature of the fieldwork, he was always struggling to find willing participants.

I was dying to know what his research was about, so as soon as I could get a word in I asked.

"That's not an easy question to answer," he answered. "You have to understand that the ethics agreement on my project is very restrictive. Before I can even tell you specifics of what we're researching, I'm obliged to get you to sign a confidentiality agreement. So before I do that, can I ask you why you are interested?"

I blushed slightly. "To be honest, I'm only here because I heard you help people to pass their statistics projects. I'm really struggling with it."

Jack wasn't pleased with this answer. "Crap," he said, "there doesn't seem any way to keep people from talking. So, what have you heard about the project?"

I blushed again, more deeply this time. "Nothing much. Someone mentioned it might be, you know, a bit sexual."

"Does that worry you?"

"Well, yes! A lot! But so much depends on passing this stats paper. I don't know what else to do."

"I understand," said Jack, "because our situations are so similar. If I don't find enough subjects for my fieldwork, then the last three years will have been for nothing. I'm desperate too. You see, even though I've got a corporate sponsor for my research, the university lawyers have told me I'm not allowed to pay my participants anything. Because of the nature of the research, they say it's technically illegal for any payment to change hands. I got into the whole stats tutoring thing pretty much by accident. It's dodgy, and I'd get in trouble if word got out, but I see it as just students helping each other out. So officially, the two things are unconnected. Students help me with my research, and it so happens that I give generously of my time to help others. I guess the question I should ask is - have you heard any complaints out there from people who thought they should receive help from me but haven't?"

"No."

"Then hopefully we have an understanding."

I nodded.

"So," said Jack. "Do you want me to tell you about my research?"

I nodded again.

The confidentiality agreement he spoke of was short and simple. By receiving information about the research, I was still free to decide whether or not to participate. However, whatever I decided, I promised not to reveal any details of the project to any other person. The purpose of this was to provide an extra safeguard to protect the dignity and reputation of any past or future participants. It seemed over the top, but you get a lot of these types of rules imposed by ethics committees. I signed.

Jack then unlocked a filing cabinet and got out his information sheet. However, before he handed it over he hesitated.

"Please read it with an open mind. At this point I frequently get called a pervert or worse. Try to remember that this is genuine academic research, and that the last three years of my life as well as my future career depend on this."

I promise to give him a fair chance, and he handed me the information which I immediately noted was titled "Nudity and the Arousal Responses of Men and Women". Heavens!

Rather than reproducing the full text here, I will summarise it for you. The purpose of the research was to measure and analyse the behavioural and physiological responses of male and female subjects in situations where they were "naked and displayed in the presence of another person". I could see why Jack got negative reactions. He was basically looking for people to take their clothes off. Still, my promise to be open-minded and the dream of passing my stats paper were enough to keep me from walking straight out the door.

I read further down to what was expected of participants. Firstly, all participants were required to participate in an in-depth interview, which would include questions about their sexual experiences and attitudes. This in itself was enough to freak me out, but the second part of the field work was far worse.

The practical part of the research would take place in one of the department's observation suites (two adjoining rooms separated by a one-way mirror). Access would be restricted to four participants: Participant A, Participant B, the Experimenter (Jack), and a female chaperone. Participant A was to remove all their clothes on the instructions of Participant B, and would follow all instructions regarding posing and displaying themselves. At no point was any person permitted to touch Participant A.

As I read this, my immediate thought was obviously to ask to be Participant B. However, this hope was soon dashed by the following paragraph which stated that the project was only recruiting for the role of Participant A. Due to the high anticipated demand to be Participant B, and in the interests of fairness, only people who had already been involved as Participant A would be recruited to return in the B role.

As the disappointment sunk in, I had to start thinking seriously about the consequence of this. I would be expected to shamelessly expose myself to three other people. Jack and some woman would be in the next room watching through the one-way mirror, while some other person would be there, in the same room, ordering me to take off my clothes and show myself in the most intimate way. Who would be this Participant B? I read on.

According to the information sheet, the gender of Participant B would be determined by random probability. In other words, there was a 50 percent chance that they would be a man, and a 50 percent chance they would be a woman. Reading on, I discovered that the clothing of Participant B would also be determined randomly. They would either be fully clothed, or they would be dressed in their underwear. I couldn't work out which would be worse. Either way the concept was mortifying.

My horror grew as I read the section on data collection. The experiment would be recorded by a standard video camera as well as an infrared camera, although it did say that the video software had face recognition with automatic pixilation, so it would be impossible to make out my face in any of the video recordings. There would also be a monitor connected to my skin to record physiological data. My reactions to the ordeal would be recorded and analysed in great detail.

The information sheet contained a great deal of additional information including all the usual stuff about complaints procedures, and a huge number of indemnity clauses including a section confirming that there would be no payment whatsoever, and that the university "would not be liable for any accusations of being party to the solicitation or supply of sexual services for payment!"

Jack sat silently and waited for me to finish my reading. He undoubtedly received plenty of refusals, so he was quite careful not to scare me away. He reassured me that it was entirely my own decision, and I could have as long as I liked to think about it. However, he then mentioned that he knew my stats project was due soon, and coyly mentioned that he might have time to help me in a few days time if his busy recruiting schedule had some success. He then suggested we make an appointment to do his research interview the following morning. If I turned up, great! If I didn't, he would understand. Suddenly I found myself with one night to make an incredible difficult decision.

That evening I attempted to rationally work out what my decision would be, but whenever I tried to picture myself going through with it, I couldn't really cope with the idea. My imagination kept on shutting down that train of thought. So what I did instead was throw myself into my statistics project. I figured that if I could just make enough progress, there would be no need to even consider the alternative. However, the work just seemed to get more and more complicated and I got more and more frustrated and upset. I eventually went to bed in tears without making a definite conscious decision, but at the same time knowing I would be keeping my appointment with Jack the following morning.

Nothing had changed when I woke up the following morning. My heart was heavy and my stomach was churning while my brain just tried to ignore the situation I was facing. I made no special effort to make myself look nice before heading out to the university, but this did nothing to diminish Jack's obvious delight to see me. I did have some sympathy for his situation, although mostly I figured he only had himself to blame for his difficulties. It helped that he was polite, respectful and very, very grateful.

I won't describe the interview in detail, other than to say it was very personal. Jack was surprisingly sensitive, but still I started blushing right at the beginning and was still blushing well after it was all over.

So what did Jack learn? As far as sexual experience goes, there wasn't a great deal to tell. None of my relationships have lasted very long, usually ended by me. Five guys have touched my breasts, and three of them have gotten to third base, reaching inside my pants or up my skirt and putting their fingers in me. Those three all received handjobs, but none of them ever seemed interested in attending to my satisfaction. All had tried to pressure me to go further, but in the end none of them deserved anything more than they got.

So my attitudes towards sex? To be honest, I've become a bit cynical and bitter, but not completely. I believe in true love and I believe in good sex. My experiences so far have been with immature and egotistical guys. I'm trying to be patient while the guys around me grow up a bit more.

As I answered question after question about my most personal experiences, my brain was still in denial about what was going on. It was like I was trying to imagine that it wasn't really happening, and I was living in a world where the problem of my stats paper just went away. So when the interview was finally over and Jack told me that he could arrange to get the rest of my involvement out of the way the following evening, I almost agreed without any further thought. However, there was no ignoring the intrusion of reality, and I found myself in a sudden panic. I started grasping for the first bit of information that might help me decide.

"Will participant B be a man or a woman?"

"I'm sorry," replied Jack, "but I can't tell you. It would bias the results if I told people beforehand. Anyway, I don't actually know. Ruth takes care of recruiting the other participants."

"Who's Ruth?"

"Oh, Ruth's my research assistant and also my girlfriend. She also does the chaperoning, so you'll meet her tomorrow night."

"If I come."

"Yes, if you come. You don't have to make the decision now, but I do need you to decide without any further information about who else will be there. You need to be either in or out. I really hope to see you tomorrow night."

Of course, if I turned up he would be seeing more of me than I could contemplate. I carefully scrutinised his face to see if he intended the double entendre, but his face appeared totally sincere. On an impulse, I committed.

"See you then."

A night of fitful sleep was followed by a day of classes where I struggled to concentrate on my work. Again, I was still in a sort of denial, even though I was now active in my preparations. It was a bit like how you get ready to go to the dentist. You actively prepare, making sure you brush your teeth and taking precautions against bad breath, all the while trying not to think about the coming pain, motivating yourself with thoughts about how good everything will be once it's all over. After my last class I went home to prepare myself for the evening.

Take a moment to think about what you would do if you were in the same situation. Maybe you quickly came up with a good plan, but I hope you will understand that it wasn't easy to think clearly. Obviously shaving my legs and underarms was high on my list. Just in case you were wondering, I gave my pussy hair a quick trim and tidy up around the edges, but I certainly had no intention of doing anything more drastic than that.

Then I turned my attention to what I would wear, pulling clothes out of the wardrobe and drawers and throwing them on my bed, trying to figure out the right combination to wear. It was a bit like getting ready for an important date, but in several ways it was completely different. In fact, it was a bit more like getting ready for a job interview. It was all about creating exactly the right impression.

To be honest, in my confused state of mind it was more like I was getting ready for a game of strip poker. I'll explain. I realised that without any conscious thought I was selecting lots of clothes that would go together in layers. I had chosen a bra AND a camisole AND a blouse and I was working on at least two more layers on top of that. For my bottom half I had already planned some leggings as well as a skirt over top of my panties. It was like I was subconsciously relying on lots of clothes to protect me from being exposed.

I eventually came to my senses. Wearing lots of clothes would only prolong the ordeal. There was no avoiding the fact I was expected to strip naked. The fewer clothes there were to remove, the quicker it would all be over. I resolved to wear bra and panties, a button up blouse, a knee-length skirt, an overcoat, and simple shoes that could be slipped on and off without having to bend over. For my underwear I chose a simple set of blue bra and panties. I wasn't intending to wear anything overly skimpy or sexy - they didn't deserve to see that - but I didn't intend to embarrass myself with large granny-style underwear either. I wanted to look good for myself, but I didn't see why I should make any effort for their pleasure!

It had been arranged for me to meet Jack and Ruth at a side entrance to the Psychology Building as the building was locked at night. I was very surprised when I met Ruth. She was a short woman of a similar age to Jack, and she was wearing a very prim and modest dress, and when she spoke she did so in a very ladylike manner. She didn't seem at all the sort of woman who would be associated with Jack or his perverted research.

After the introductions were completed, Jack opened the door and invited me inside.

"What about the other person we're expecting?" I asked.

It was Ruth who replied. "We need to get set up first, so we asked him to come later."

HIM!! Immediately my heart started pounding and my legs started to wobble. The other participant was going to be a male. It had always been slightly reassuring that there had been a fifty percent chance it would have been a woman instead. It would still have been embarrassing, but I still would have preferred it. But now even that hope had been taken away. I stopped walking as I felt myself starting to panic.

Ruth started trying to gently reassure me. "Don't worry about it, dear. Come along into the lab and I'll make you a drink, and I'm sure you'll feel better in a few minutes. Out of all the people we've had through the project, Ian is probably one of the sweetest boys I've met."

As she gently guided me along the corridor, she started talking a bit more about herself to take my mind off my situation. She told me that she had just finished a Masters degree in statistics and was now working 9 to 5 for a government department while supporting Jack with his PhD. Despite my situation I found myself grinning to myself as I listened, thinking about what a lucky bastard Jack was. It was obvious now that my statistics project would be done by Ruth, not Jack. We had now reached the observation suite and Ruth was making some coffee while Jack started setting up his equipment, and I was already starting to feel a little bit better.

We were sitting on the observers' side of the one-way mirror looking through into the adjoining room, which was furnished with two simple chairs and one of those beds you see in doctors' offices - mercifully without any stirrups. Jack, who had just finished setting up two cameras in the room we were in, then said he would like to show me how they worked. He asked Ruth to go into the other room while he and I looked at the screens. On the screen for the infrared camera I could see Ruth in the room showing up as bright colours, while the second screen showed the output from a regular video camera. The amazing thing was that it showed a blurring over Ruth's face. No matter how many times she turned around or tried to trick the camera, the software wasn't fooled for a second. It was amazing.

Next Jack showed me the body monitor I would be wearing, which was nothing more than a band which I could wear on either my upper arm or my thigh. Since the blouse I was wearing had long sleeves, I elected to wear it on my thigh like a garter. Sitting down, I straightened out my leg and pulled up my skirt to mid-thigh to allow myself to strap the monitor in place. It was an easy enough thing to do without showing anything, but it reinforced to me how unnatural the situation was that I was in. The skirt I was using to hide my panties would soon be taken off, with the panties certainly following. How could I possibly go through with this?

As if on cue, Ruth's phone suddenly beeped and she announced that Ian had arrived. Jack went to unlock the door for him while Ruth and I waited in silence. I was pacing the room nervously. The room was very warm, so I took off my overcoat and draped it over a chair. A few moments later Jack reappeared, followed closely by Ian.

Ian looked nothing like I expected him to. In my mind I had been picturing a dirty old man, or maybe a misogynistic rugby player. Ian looked surprisingly young. He must have been a freshman, but he could easily have passed for a 16-year-old. He was of average height, but he still managed to look gangly. But the most striking thing was his face, which looked young and fresh and innocent. Well, actually, not all that innocent. Naive and shy might be better terms. There was a certain look in his eye as he greeted me, as though he knew he would be getting away with doing something naughty. He said hello when introduced and he shook hands with me politely.

Jack turned to me. "It's time for you to go through into the other room. We have to spend a few moments with Ian before we send him through. When he goes in to join you, it will be time to start."

I went through into the other room and resumed my pacing backwards and forwards. No doubt they needed to take a moment to go over the rules with Ian, particularly the no touching rule, thank you very much. In my nervousness I had forgotten about the other variable of the experiment, so I was momentarily shocked when Ian stepped through the door a few minutes later.

As Ian stepped sheepishly into the room, he was wearing only his underpants, a pair of grey briefs. His face was bright red, and it was a few moments before he seemed able to look in my direction. During those moments I had an opportunity to look him over. He was thin and gangly, but not overly skinny. Maybe sinewy is the right word. There were certainly some muscles between the skin and the bone. His hands were sometimes covering himself in the front, as though he was trying to force himself to act naturally, and I had glimpses of his obvious erection outlined in his briefs. There was no hiding his arousal.

After a few awkward moments he finally looked me in the eye, and I could see excitement mixed with nervousness and fear. His look pushed me into action. My fingers went to the top button of my blouse as I said "We might as well get started."

"Wait," he said hurriedly. "Stop!"

"What?"

He took a few moments to find the words for his response. "It's just that I'm meant to be the one giving the instructions, and I've, um, got some ideas."

"What like?" I asked, a little bit snappishly.

He recoiled a bit, but he held his ground. "I want to try something first, while you've still got your clothes on. I want you just to stand there with your legs apart."

I didn't understand, but I did as I was asked. Then I started to figure out what he wanted when he lay down on his back and started to slide himself under my skirt. I was startled and I immediately took a step back. "What the hell?"

Again it took a few moments for Ian to figure out what he was going to say. "I know it's weird," he said, "but you need to understand that this is like a free ticket for me, a chance to get away with some of the things I'll never be able to do in any other circumstances. Did you ever think how sexy skirts are? They're just bits of fabric hanging down, but I'm always thinking about how much I would see if only I could look under them. Now's my chance."

His words struck a chord with me. I had often thought about how sexy skirts were, and I sometimes used it to my advantage. I was often aware of how men would always be looking for a glance whenever I sat down or stood up again, and I knew all the tricks to thwart them. Today, however, the rules had been rewritten. It was with mixed feeling that I resumed the position with my legs apart. Ian lay back down, and his head disappeared from view underneath my skirt.

Of course, compared to what followed, this was a very innocent start to proceedings, but I would urge you to try to imagine what it felt like to have a strange man wearing only underpants lying on the floor at your feet, looking up your skirt. My heart was racing, and it took a lot of effort to suppress the urge to step away. As his face was no longer in sight, I had no compunction about checking out his erection pushing against the fabric of his briefs. I could just make out a tiny spot of moisture at the tip. A small part of me recoiled, but mostly I was pleased by his excitement.

After a short time Ian sat up again. I couldn't resist a quick jibe. "Are you happy now?"

He looked slightly hurt, but he made no comment. Instead, he went ahead with his next instruction. "I'd like you to take off your panties now."

For some reason, I don't know why, but this instruction threw me. I guess I assumed the stripping would go in a certain way, and his departure from this was unsettling.

"Why?" I wanted to know.

"Please," was all he replied.

I hesitated for a few moments, but there wasn't any valid reason to refuse his request. Taking them off had always been part of the arrangement, and I could hardly protest on the grounds I was still wearing all my other clothes. I reached up under my skirt and I pulled them down. I hadn't given him a peek, but he still seemed spellbound by my actions. In fact, I understood the sexiness of what I had just done. We both knew very well that the fabric of my skirt was the only thing preventing my pussy from being totally exposed. I was starting to feel excited.

As I placed my panties on top of my jacket on the chair, Ian couldn't help commenting on them. "I wondered what colour they were. It was almost impossible to make them out under your skirt."

I shouldn't have been surprised when Ian lay back down on the floor again, but I was still struggling to come to terms with how the evening was going. If he'd only let me take my clothes off at the start, he would be looking at my naked body already. Instead, he was spending all this time just trying to get a glimpse up my skirt. If he hadn't seen what colour my panties were, what chance did he have of seeing my vagina? I decided not to say a word as he lay down and had a look.

He only spent a short time looking up my skirt before he stood up again, confirming my suspicion that he had seen a lot less than he had hoped. The material of my skirt was very opaque, so it would have been very dark up there. Ian stood in front of me, working out his next move while I waited. His eyes roamed over my body, but most of the time they seemed to be looking at my breasts. My breasts aren't overly large - I wear a C cup bra - but they sit very high without sagging, and I am used to people staring at them. I started mentally preparing myself for the inevitable order to take off my blouse, so I was unprepared when he ordered me to take off my skirt.

I was surprised, but I was also starting to get angry. Ian's defiance of my expectations was unsettling to say the least. I was so sure that the worst that would happen next was to reveal my bra, but instead he was telling me to show him my pussy and ass. It seemed wrong, and I wasn't slow in expressing my displeasure.

"What the hell is your problem?"

He looked hurt and confused. "What do you mean?"

I went on the offensive. "Are you proud of yourself? What makes you think you deserve to see me take off my skirt?"

"That's not fair," he retorted. "I know you must have volunteered for this, just like I did. Don't think that I don't know what it's like. I've been through exactly the same thing. In fact, I had it far worse than you do. A few weeks ago it was me being ordered to take off my clothes by a woman I had never met before. But in my case, she kept on laughing at me and mocking me. You haven't had to deal with that. At least I'm aware of what a privilege it is to be in my position. I think you're a goddess. Please let me worship you."

This last line had a big effect on me. I had to admit that he was nothing but enthusiastic. It hadn't occurred to me that this was a lot better than him being cruel. I had gotten into this situation of my own free will, and the outcome was that this guy was excited and pleased to be here. What had I expected to happen? It occurred to me that Ian was at least as inexperienced as I was. Probably a lot less experienced. I had to ask.

"Have you ever seen a naked woman before?"

Ian blushed. "Not in real life."

His response was very sweet, and it had a big impact on what happened after that. Like any woman, I knew that part of my discomfort was being compared to other, more beautiful women. There is something special about being with an inexperienced man. I was curious. "What made you ask me to take off my skirt?"

Ian spent a few moments in serious thought before replying. "I may not have seen much in real life, but I've seen a lot of different pictures. You may think this is weird, but I've seen plenty of pictures of topless women, and plenty of women in just their underwear. They deliver lingerie ads all the time in the letterbox at home. But what you never see is pictures of bottomless women who are otherwise clothed. That's why I wanted to see that."

And to be honest, I was starting to understand where Ian was coming from. Even if it was a bit weird, who wouldn't take the chance to see the one image that you weren't normally bombarded with? I had to admit, the thing that made it weird was the thing that made it special. The decision that faced me now was, was I going to give him what he wanted, or was I suddenly going to renege on the whole arrangement? I had gone so far already that it would have been crazy not to take it to the next level. And just like that, I had committed myself to taking off my skirt.

The skirt I was wearing had a zip at the back. I reached behind and unzipped it and then started pushing it down to my ankles. The expression on Ian's face was priceless. Overwhelmingly he looked exceedingly grateful, and I had to admit this felt good. All of a sudden there was nothing covering my pussy. My natural reaction was to want to cover myself with my hands, but I knew that Ian was allowed to have me pose in any way I wanted. So instead of giving him that power, I took it instead. I stood before him with my hands at my side. As I did so, I looked up at the one way mirror, and all of a sudden I remembered that my audience included Jack and Ruth on the other side of the glass. This brought about some interesting thoughts. What would they be thinking? I suddenly realised that Ian's enthusiasm was motivating me, and now I was wondering if Jack and Ruth felt the same. They had watched action like this many times before. Maybe they didn't care that I was now showing them my most intimate body parts. For reasons I didn't understand, I was now desperately keen for them to be excited by my partial nudity.

Of course, I never got any immediate feedback from beyond the mirror, but the feedback I was getting from Ian was all positive. I noticed that his hand would frequently go to the bulge in his underpants, seemingly to readjust himself but in reality to give himself a quick stroke. His excitement was so obvious, but he had no option available to relieve his excitement. I knew that every time he touched himself he was only making himself more aroused, and this knowledge only made me feel more powerful. All of a sudden I felt the power of my situation. I knew it was me who was torturing him rather than the other way around. This poor inexperienced boy was at my mercy.

There was no surprise at his next request. He asked me to take off my blouse, leaving me in just my bra and shoes. As I fumbled with my buttons I realised I was hurrying to comply. As I pulled open my blouse and let it slip down my arms I was rewarded with an excited gasp from Ian. I placed my blouse with my panties on top of my jacket and stood to allow Ian to look at me.

At this stage Ian was sitting down on the other chair in a vain attempt to conceal his ever-present erection and the growing wet spot on his briefs. He asked me to turn around, and I did so. He stared at me long enough to take a mental picture of me clad in only a bra before he made the inevitable request for me to remove it. As it happens, this created a problem that I hadn't foreseen when I got dressed. One of the hooks on this particular bra is a bit bent, and it is very difficult to undo. This isn't normally much of a problem because normally I take off my bra the easy way - I pull my arms out of the shoulder straps and pull the bra around until the hooks are at the front over my stomach. That way it is far simpler to undo. Unfortunately, it doesn't look nearly as sexy.

I was enjoying looking sexy and loving the power it gave me, so I had a go at unhooking my bra at the back. Ian sat there, barely breathing, while I reached behind me and fumbled with the hooks. Unfortunately it wasn't to be. Ian continued to start at me. I guess he was wondering if I was chickening out. Our eyes met, and I got my inspiration for my next move. I knew that if I held his gaze, the eye contact would drive him wild no matter how clumsily I removed my bra.

I gazed steadily into Ian's eyes, and what I saw there was overwhelming excitement. I held his gaze as I slipped one shoulder strap off my shoulder, followed by the second. The eye contact was also having a strong effect on me. It greatly increased the intimacy of what I was doing. He had promised to worship me, and that's what he was doing. I knew I was becoming very aroused, and this was more than confirmed when a moment later I felt a small trickle of my pussy juices run down my inner thigh. And in that moment everything changed because I could not resist breaking my eye contact with Ian and glancing down at my thigh.

Of course, the trickle of pussy juices wasn't at all obvious to the eye. But all of a sudden the power of the moment had gone and I was acutely aware of where I was and what I was doing. I was standing naked in front of a man I had just met in a room at the university. Naked, that is, except for a pair of shoes and a bra hanging around my waist while my finger continued to fight with the hook to get it undone. I was also being watched by a man and a woman in the adjoining room, and everything was being recorded on video and infrared. There was a monitor strapped to my thigh taking readings of my heart rate and my perspiration and god knows what else. Suddenly I felt very, very embarrassed.

As my mind was flooded with all these feelings, my finger continued to work on autopilot undoing my bra. Finally it came undone, and I simply let it fall to the floor. Ian's eyes watched it drop, and then he did something extraordinary that changed the dynamics of the moment yet again. He stood up and stepped forward to pick up the bra, and he gently added it to the pile of my other clothes on the other chair. I know it may seem really silly, but that small gesture made an impact on me. Here he was, in the midst of exercising his power to make me strip naked, but he still thought highly enough of me that he didn't want my bra to come to any harm on the floor. I looked up at him and thanked him. My words helped him to find his own voice.

"You are amazingly beautiful," he said. "I just wanted you to know that I really appreciate this. This is the most awesome thing that has ever happened to me."

As Ian was still standing, he started circling me slowly, coming to a stop at my side where he could obviously get a good view of the profile of my breasts.

"They're so ...pert!" he said. "Can I ask what cup size they are?"

It didn't seem that I should have to answer that question, as it wasn't strictly part of what I had agreed to do, but he had asked with such puppyish curiosity that I didn't have the heart to decline him. "They're a C."

"Really? I was sure they were bigger."

My breasts do attract a lot of attention. They aren't overly large, but they sometime look bigger because they don't sag much at all. Two of my boyfriends had suggested that I didn't need to wear a bra, which is such a typical male idea. If you want boobs that don't sag, then wear a bra.

Ian went and sat down again. The wet patch on the front of his briefs was now about an inch in diameter, and he was obviously become self-conscious about it. He had remained continuously erect for quite some time now. He looked at me shyly, and I could tell he was about to make one of his unusual requests. I wasn't wrong.

"Would you mind if I asked you to put your jacket on?"

This request so surprised me that I started giggling. "Ian, I don't think you really understand how this works. The idea was to undress me, not cover me up."

"I know, I know. Just bear with me for a second. It's another one of my little fantasies. Did you ever hear stories about women who go to meet their boyfriends naked underneath their overcoat, sometimes driving across town or even taking the bus? I love that idea."

Ian was blushing shyly, and I was starting to think that he was quite cute. I put on my overcoat and did up a couple of the buttons. I was still wearing my shoes, and all of a sudden I regretted my decision not to wear high heels. High heels would have been heaps sexier right now.

Ian continued to talk about the fantasy. "Ok, let's pretend you've just knocked on the door of my flat. You've driven here wearing only that. You didn't even have any other clothes with you in the car."

As Ian spoke, I was starting to get involved in the fantasy myself. He stood up and actually opened an imaginary door for me to walk through. I found myself saying "Hi gorgeous. Are you surprised to see me?"

Ian seemed so excited by my participation that he seemed unable to say anything. Instead he nodded excitedly. Without needing any further encouragement, I continued on with our role play. "Well baby, I've got one more surprise that I know you're going to love." And with that I quickly undid the buttons on my jacket and pulled it open.

In real life I had never been in the scenario of arriving at a boyfriend's house wearing nothing but a coat. Not only had I never had the confidence, but none of those selfish jerks had ever deserved it. Now, however, I was impressed with how sexy it made me feel, and I resolved then and there that I would do it for real one day. I was feeling incredibly horny, and I felt another trickle of pussy juices run down my thigh again, this time reaching as far as the strap that held the monitor in place. The excitement was unbearable, and I wondered how much more I could take.

I slipped the coat off and placed it back on the chair.

"I suppose you should take your shoes off too," said Ian. "Actually I quite like you wearing them, but the rules did say I was meant to get you to strip fully naked." I slipped my feet out of my shoes and stood barefoot in front of him. The feel of the floor through the soles of my feet only added to my sense of complete nakedness.

Ian looked at his watch. I wasn't wearing a watch, so I had no idea how close we were to the time limit that Jack had set. Ian announced that we still had time for a few poses.

I could tell from the look on Ian's face that he was determined to make the most of his time with me. He had spent some of his time indulging a few whimsies, but now I knew he was going to get as intimate as he was allowed. All of a sudden he took charge, and I surprised myself with my obedient response. I gave no thought to the promised reward of passing my statistics paper. There, in that moment, I was his to order around.

"Bend forward and let your breasts hang down. Good. Now stand up again and give them a jiggle. Awesome. Rub your nipples with your fingers. Make them as erect as possible."

To be honest, my nipples were fully erect, but I obeyed his command by giving them a few flicks and tweaks. The sensation made my knees go weak. Ian was standing up again now, moving close until his eyes were just a few inches away from my breasts. He may not have been aware that he was stroking the bulge in his underpants with his hand. In the excitement my own hand went to my pussy for a few moments before I forced myself to stop.

Ian then ordered me up on the small bed and had me pose there on all fours while he walked around me, spending most of his time standing behind me looking closely at my ass and pussy, examining my most intimate places. Looking back through my legs I saw him continuing to stroke himself.

His next order was for me to sit on the bed with my legs wide apart. He knelt down between my legs with his face only inches away. I could feel his breath on my thighs as he inspected my most private area from as close as he could get without touching me. Even though we were now facing each other he seemed unable to stop touching himself.

"Use your fingers to open it up," he ordered. "I want to see everything."

This command was my worst nightmare when I had first been trying to decide whether or not to take part in this, but now I found myself complying without hesitation. I reached down with one hand and used my fingers to spread my pussy lips for him. We were both breathing very heavily. The temptation of having my fingers on my pussy was too much for me to bear. I started rubbing myself as Ian watched. All self-control felt completely abandoned.

A few seconds later, Ian suddenly cried out as if in pain. I looked down and saw that the wet patch on his briefs had suddenly exploded in size. The whole front of them was now soaking wet. Ian looked as if he was going to cry. He quickly turned his back towards me while he considered his options. All of a sudden he ran for the door into the other room and ran through. The other room of course was completely dark and he became disorientated. He flicked the light switch, no doubt intent on locating his clothes.

Of course, once the light was on the one-way mirror became see through. I was shocked by the scene that confronted me. I could see both Jack and Ruth caught in the act of playing with themselves. Jack's pants were open and he had his cock in his hand while Ruth had her dress pulled right up to her waist. I could see Ian recoil in horror at the sight. He gave up on trying to find his clothes. Instead, he lunged for the other door and disappeared though into the corridor.

Jack and Ruth both jumped to their feet. Jack turned away from me while he tried to stuff himself back into his pants. As Ruth was wearing a dress, it immediately fell into place as she stood up. She immediately rushed in and began apologising to me. She was obviously very embarrassed, and she would have known that she and Jack could get into a lot of trouble if it got out that they had been masturbating during the experiment.

Of course, what I had seen answered my earlier question about whether or not they were getting excited about the show I had been giving them. There was absolutely no reduction in the horniness I was feeling. I gave a feeble explanation that I needed to go to the toilet before I too ran out through the door into the corridor. I ran down the empty corridor towards the women's toilet and locked myself in one of the stalls. A short time later I reached my climax.

Once I had recovered sufficiently I came out of the stall I was in. Ruth was waiting quietly for me carrying my pile of clothing. She continued to apologise while I got dressed. We walked together to the observation room where Jack too added his apologies. He looked suitably ashamed, and I realised that I wasn't feeling angry. Ian still hadn't returned, and I started to worry about him. Jack was holding Ian's clothes and he said he would go and look for him in the men's toilet. I instantly realised that I wanted to be the one to look for him.

Jack looked surprised, but he wasn't about to argue with me. I took Ian's clothes and I made my way back down the corridor towards the toilets. I pushed open the door into the men's and called out "Are you in there Ian?"

Fortunately a sense of humour had returned to Ian's voice as he replied "I'm not really taking visitors right at the moment."

I smiled and pushed on past the door into the toilets. One of the stall doors was shut and I could see Ian's bare feet underneath. "I've got your clothes," I said as I draped his pants and his shirt over the top of the door. Ian grabbed his pants, then a few moments later he unlocked the door and came out to put on the rest of his clothes where there was more room to move. I noticed that the underpants he had been wearing were now lying in a wet heap on the floor beside the toilet. Once he was dressed he picked them up and tossed them in the rubbish bin.

"Who needs the hassle of trying to get them home?" he said with a smile and a slight blush.

Since I knew that Ian was now going commando I couldn't resist having a look at his crotch. A tell-tale lump announced he was hard again. I know I had previously thought I was looking for a more mature man, but suddenly I could see the advantages of youth, especially when they think I'm beautiful and want to worship me. What the hell, I thought, he's probably no more than two years younger than me.

"Do you want to grab a drink?"

We left without saying goodbye to Jack and Ruth. Ruth rang later to check we were ok, and I confirmed that everything was fine. I even went so far as to say that I was open to returning as Participant B if needed. And just in case you were wondering, the statistics project Ruth did for me was given an A."

The End