**The Study**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

Emily was a petite, intelligent eighteen year old. She wore her long, shiny dark hair loose and flowing down her back. University was an adventure and Emily took to student life but she did find it a bit of a challenge to balance her budget. As with many students this was Emily's first real exposure to the harsh world of being responsible for her own finances; at home she had her allowance from Daddy but, if she was short of funds at the end of the month, her comfortable homelife would always provide whatever was needed.  
  
So it was natural for Emily to take an interest in the A5 sheet which appeared on the noticeboard in her student hall. The notice said that the Psychology Department needed volunteers for a study which it was undertaking; volunteers would be paid and anyone interested should telephone the number on the advertisement.  
  
Emily telephoned the number and was given a very brief interview by a young woman. The woman said that those whose answers showed that they were suitable would be contacted by post. It was not long before Emily received a typed letter saying that she had been accepted for Phase One of the study and that she should report to an office block in the city that Saturday. Simply for attending she would be paid £25 and anyone going on to Phase Two could earn £200 with the possibility of more money for Phase Three. The letter gave Emily her "Personal Number" which she should quote when arriving for her appointment.  
  
University students are a rich source of guinea pigs for experiments in psychology so Emily did not see anything untoward in the arrangement but she was a little puzzled at the fact that her appointment was not on university premises. It was a very bland tower block with a long list displayed in the entrance hall showing the organisations, mainly businesses, which were renting space. University Psychology Study was on the fifth floor and Emily rode up in the lift with two other girls of around her own age.  
  
They were met at the lift by a smartly dressed woman in her thirties. She welcomed them, introduced herself as Sally and checked their personal numbers on her clip board. Sally directed the girls into a large room which looked like an exam room with small individual desks. A few girls were milling around chatting and being served coffee by a business suited man who introduced himself as Dan. Emily noted that all the guinea pigs were young women like herself.  
  
In a short time Dan and Sally had a whispered conversation and Dan announced that they were ready to begin and asked the girls to take their places at their desks. The prologue was shared by Dan and Sally and was very polished and professional. The girls were thanked for coming and assured that all of them would be paid £25 in cash when they left.  
  
"We are meeting here rather than in college as we need to take you away from you comfort zone on campus. Please accept our apologies that we can give you very minimal information on the study as we don't want to tell you anything which may slew the results. All that we need today is for you all to complete a question paper in exam conditions. We will then examine the papers and some of you will be invited back for Phase Two."  
  
The papers were handed out in silence and placed face down on the desks until the instruction was given to turn the papers over and begin the test. Emily found that she had a booklet of over thirty pages which she had to head with her number instead of her name. Many of the questions just required her to tick a box but some provided a box in which she had to write her answer. The questions covered every area of her life including her family background, attitude to money, feelings about risk, politics and religion and even asking about her dreams and fantasies. She was also asked quite searching questions about her sex life and medical history. Emily realised that anyone reading her answers would come to know her very well but somehow the fact that her paper only identified her as G74 made her feel free to write down her deepest secrets even though, at some level, she was aware that a list must exist linking her number to her name.  
  
Like any psychological study some of the questions were repeated in slightly different formats and the subjects of the questions were jumbled up so that the examiners could check for any half truths while completely hiding which parts of the test were of genuine interest and which had merely been included as a smokescreen. When Emily left she was exhausted and she felt that someone had extracted her mind and examined it in great depth before giving it back to her. Over several days she kept coming back to the thought that she might have revealed too much about herself in her answers. Everyone has intimate secrets and if all of those are very professionally wrung out of us we feel a vague sense of having been robbed of our individuality and even our value as a human being. These are the things which we can choose to reveal very gradually to a trusted soulmate but to have them all taken at once by a complete stranger leaves a feeling of being made cheap and somehow dirty.  
  
It was two weeks before the plain brown envelope arrived announcing that G74 had been accepted for Phase Two of the study completion of which would earn £200 in cash and free of tax. Emily noted that this time she was not being guaranteed payment for turning up; she would have to do something to earn her £200.  
  
Emily was a little anxious as she went up in the lift in that same building for her next visit. She knew that no-one just gives away £200 and she was wondering what she would have to do. Her anxiety was heightened by the fact that she was depending upon the money to clear her credit card debt so walking away was not really an option. Her anxiety increased when she arrived at the fifth floor to see a middle aged lady in a white nurse's dress. The lady had a somewhat commanding manner and, having ticked off G74 on her clip board, she told Emily to go into the room at the end of the corridor. In the room a younger nurse waved Emily to a folding wooden screen and told her to go behind the screen and put all her clothing and personal effects into the plastic bag provided which she should then seal with the tag provided and mark her number with the pen also provided.  
  
Emily was not sure that she had heard properly and she queried the instruction. The woman replied brusquely,  
  
"All your clothes into the bag and come out dressed just in the gown provided."  
  
Emily felt very vulnerable as she slowly began to strip behind the screen. She heard another girl arrive and be directed to a screen on the other side of the room. There was a moment of hesitation before Emily pulled tight the plastic tie on the bag. Once the bag was sealed she would have no access to her clothing until someone cut off the tag. But she did not care to dally while stark naked so she hurriedly snapped the tag shut and turned to the pale blue hospital gown which hung from a nail.  
  
To Emily's dismay the gown was very brief. It was really only a very short shift which tied at the back and left her arms naked. Emily was sure that her gown did not quite meet at the rear and, despite reaching down and patting the thin cotton fabric, she could not be certain that her buttocks or pubis were completely covered.  
  
She felt chilly as she emerged from the screen carrying her small bag of clothing in one hand. The attendant told her to drop the bag on the floor and knock on the door to the next room.  
  
Emily felt her nervousness increasing rapidly as a male voice bade her enter. She found herself facing a long trestle table behind which sat two men and a woman all in business wear. She was told to sit on the single wooden chair facing the panel and she sat very carefully feeling her bare buttocks on the cold seat and clamped her knees together with her hands in her lap to keep the gown covering as much as possible.  
  
The older of the two men asked Emily for her number and the panel found her test paper from the small pile in front of them.  
  
"Congratulations on making it to Phase Two of the study. All we are going to do today is to ask you some questions then you will be asked to wait until we have interviewed all our candidates and at the end of the session you may be invited back for Phase Three."  
  
The other man, who was quite dishy, took his cue to continue.  
  
"We want you to be aware that you are free to leave at any point. All you have to do is to stand up and walk out of the door then you will be given your clothes. If you choose not to leave you will be handed £200 at the end of the session. Anyone who goes on to complete Phase Three will be paid £2000 but we will talk about that if we reach that stage."  
  
This little speech left two thoughts in Emily's mind. Firstly £2000 was a great deal of money and secondly, if and when she did turn to leave, the gown would ensure that she would present the whole panel with a view of her bare bottom.  
  
The woman was holding the test paper and she wanted Emily to elaborate on what she had written about her attitude to risk. That was the start of a very thorough interrogation based upon her test paper.  
  
The dishy man wanted to know more about her erotic fantasies and Emily tried to give guarded answers but the panel kept driving her to be more specific. They wanted to know if there was a common theme to her fantasies, if the same fantasy recurred, had she ever acted out her fantasies.  
  
Emily wished she had a glass of water as she could hear her voice becoming croaky and she had to keep clearing her throat. She was uncomfortably hot and was sure that she was blushing like a schoolgirl.  
  
The senior man asked if Emily had ever had a rape fantasy and something in the way he stared at her somehow made it impossible to lie.  
  
"Well, perhaps sometimes...I suppose."  
  
"Perhaps? Does that mean you have or you haven't?"  
  
"Well, Um, Yes I have."  
  
The three panel members kept at her asking if she believed that every woman had rape fantasies and exactly what form did hers take. Did she imagine violence? Did her fantasy involve one man or several?  
  
They skilfully built up a pattern of question and answer so that the rhythm carried Emily along and she could not think of refusing to answer a question. Then she was asked about masturbation and made to describe exactly what she did and how often.  
  
Emily felt that she was being stripped bare and having deep humiliation and embarrassment heaped upon her. For some unfathomable reason she had always found such things arousing and she felt herself moistening and squeezing her thighs tight together which only increased the arousal. She desperately hoped that the panel could not smell hot girl but they were seated only a few feet in front of her. All the while the panel continued to ask their questions in a calm, reasonable and professional tone giving the unspoken message that only someone very immature would object to their questioning. Emily was sure that she sounded like a stupid ten year old as her voice became softer and softer.  
  
There was no clock in the room and Emily's watch was sealed up in her bag next door so it seemed to her that her grilling lasted for several hours then, quite suddenly, the panel members looked from one to the other and agreed that they were finished for now. Emily was told to take a seat next door and, as she stood up, her buttocks made an embarrassing wrenching sound as they, painfully, came free of the seat to which they had stuck. She practically fled from the room feeling cold air and three pairs of eyes on her bottom beneath the hem of her gown.  
  
There must have been another panel in session somewhere as Emily found another girl sitting in the other room. There were glasses and a jug of orange squash on the low table and the other girl told Emily the way to the loo.  
  
The two girls spoke a little but it was such an awkward situation as they both sat there practically naked that they did not say very much. In time a third girl joined them and a fourth walked through the room in a hurry presumably having chosen to leave. Eventually the first girl was called into another room and Emily was recalled to the scene of her inquisition.  
  
The body language of the panel gave the message that their day's work was done and they just had a quick formality to get through before going home. The mood was a lot more relaxed than the previous session.  
  
Emily was asked what she thought about rape and whether enough support was given to victims. Of course she replied that rape victims should be given all the support which they needed.  
  
The senior man leaned forward as he addressed her.  
  
"The problem has always been gathering enough data to know exactly what psychological support is most needed or most effective. The only people who really know what is needed are the victims themselves and it is just not socially acceptable to quiz them too deeply. Can you imagine the outcry if it got out that damaged, traumatised women were being interrogated about their feelings during the attack? We just cannot ask the questions which we need to ask."  
  
Now the woman joined in using a very serious voice.  
  
"That is what this project is about. We need volunteers to gather the data we need and if we get that data we will be able to make a huge improvement in rape treatment."  
  
Emily was beginning to get a vague idea of where this was leading but she dare not put in into words in case she was wrong and made a fool of herself. Senior man helped her to understand.  
  
"What we need are volunteers to endure an ordeal in controlled situations and then submit to the detailed data gather which is needed."  
  
Was he saying what Emily thought he was saying?  
  
"You want people to agree to be raped."  
  
"Yes, Emily, that is what we need. We will make it as real as possible but, to protect the legal side you would sign an agreement stating that you had consented to take part. The event will begin at the start of the summer break and when it is over you will go into a private clinic where you will be given five star care and you will answer our questions about the event from your point of view. You have told us that you fantasise about this and you are being given a rare chance to live your fantasy as well as doing a really good thing for real victims of a terrible crime. At the end you will walk away with £2000 but you need to understand that once you have agreed to take part there will be no backing down."  
  
Emily had agreed to take part in the next stage and had signed the form which was presented to her. The panel told her that she would be contacted at the start of the summer break and then she found herself outside the building and walking to the bus stop.  
  
Her mind was overfull of competing thoughts and in the days that followed the same thoughts went around and around inside her head. Sometimes the excitement mixed with a bit of fear was almost unbearable. She told herself that she was doing this for the money and to help the rape victims who would benefit from the study but she knew that there was more to it than that. For as long as she could remember Emily had masturbated to feverish fantasies of being tied up or made to expose her naked body to strangers. The wicked thrill had driven her to noisy ecstasy as she had lain on her bed with her fingers deep in her soft moistness. Emily was a "good girl" and, on some deep level, she half knew that being forced to do forbidden things removed the responsibility from her so she could cling to the illusion of being good while still enjoying naughty thrills.  
  
Emily was still a virgin and she had revealed that fact in her answers to the test in Phase One of the study. She could not stop thinking about what it would be like to have her maidenhead taken by force and she kept wondering about how much force would be involved. The panel had said that genuine victims had no prior knowledge of what awaited them so Emily would be told nothing in advance. The event would begin at the start of the summer break and Emily should commit her whole break to the study to allow time for her treatment in the clinic but she was to have no idea of how much of the time would be spent in the clinic and how much time would be taken up by being in the hands of her attackers. They did warn her that, as they could only carry out this study once, they would aim to get as much data as possible from it so Emily had come away with the idea that her rape would be extremely thorough.  
  
Sometimes the fear of what she had agreed to almost overwhelmed Emily. How much would it hurt to have her virtue taken by force? Would the attackers hit her? Just how real would it be? When Emily was assailed by these fears she told herself that she was doing a noble thing in sacrificing herself to help others and she thought about how useful the money would be.  
  
As the summer break approached the tension was almost unbearable and Emily found that the only way that she could relieve it was by lying on her bed, knickers around her knees and fingers thrusting into herself as she rolled around gasping. The phone call came just a few days before college broke up and she was instructed to be in a city car park at 6am.  
  
The evening before her appointment Emily spent a long time going through her wardrobe. She did not want to appear a tart so she put on her jeans to be as covered up as possible but, when she looked at herself in the mirror, she thought that the tightness of the jeans showed off the curve of her hips and her backside a bit too much. So off came the jeans and she had to think again. Eventually she decided upon a white denim skirt, dark sweatshirt and thick green tights. She hardly slept at all that night.  
  
Emily was awake very early that morn but could not rouse herself to leave her bed. When she eventually did pull herself free of her sheets she saw that she barely had enough time to reach the car park so she missed breakfast, threw on her clothes and left the flat with the bed still in disarray.  
  
She arrived at the place a few minutes early. There was no-one about which was the reason for the early meeting time; no witnesses. The only vehicle in the car park was a plain white Transit van and Emily's instructions were that she was to go to the van and get into the back. This made the point very clearly that she was willingly subjecting herself to whatever fate awaited her. There was a lump in her throat as she put her hand on the door handle of the van and pulled.  
  
The moment that the door opened Emily was gripped tightly around the thorax and a hood was dragged over her head. The hands on her body pulled her face down onto the cold steel of the van floor and a voice rasped into her ear through the hood.  
  
"You don't make a sound fucking bitch."  
  
As the van's engine started Emily's hands were roughly pulled behind her back and cold handcuffs were snapped in place so that her palms were facing outwards and she was completely helpless. Her heart was thumping and genuine terror was overwhelming Emily.  
  
Her captors were not content to leave their victim alone now that they had her blind and helpless. Hands pulled her skirt up and gripped the waistband of her very modest tights then she felt the garment being dragged down together with her brief knickers. Were they going to rape her here in the van? Emily was being rolled around on the floor as the van took corners and she felt uncomfortably hot inside the hood. She was aware of hands pulling the hood up so that it was clear of her mouth and a hard object was rammed against her teeth.  
  
Emily could not keep from moaning and pleading and that earned her a stinging slap on her naked buttock and a harsh order to, "Shut the fuck up, whore."

A solid ball was forced between her teeth as Emily dribbled from the corners of her mouth and straps were buckled far too tightly behind her head to keep the gag in place. The ball in her mouth felt huge. Someone else was pulling off her shoes and stripping away her tights and briefs which had been bunched around her ankles. How many men were in the van with her? Her sweatshirt had ridden up and she felt her bare pubis on the floor of the van, her breasts were being ground down into the unyielding steel.  
  
The men spoke to each other in harsh, whispered monosyllables but the hooded girl could not make out what they were saying. Suddenly her hood was pulled off and she saw the ribbed floor just in front of her eyes under the dim, artificial light in the back of the van. Immediately a black fabric was pressed to her eyes and wound around her head. It was a broad strip rather like a crepe bandage and it stuck to itself so that her eyes were soon tightly bound leaving her nostrils, mouth and hair in the open. A hand gripped a hank of her hair and pulled upwards so that her head was painfully dragged backwards; she moaned into her gag and felt saliva run down her chin. Her nose was running.  
  
Then a cold knife blade went down the neck of her sweatshirt and she froze at the touch of the blade to her skin. Sweatshirt and t shirt underneath were being sliced away.  
  
As this was going on she was dimly aware of the van stopping and the engine noise dying away. She heard the door open and she was dragged in just her small white bra out of the van. Her feet touched a cold floor which was either stone or concrete and she knew that her captors were seeing her practically nude body. The knife returned and her bra was cut away, she felt the cold air on her now erect nipples.  
  
It was like an electric shock making her gasp as a hand very gently touched her left breast and began to slide over her skin. Every sense was totally alert as the hand explored her breasts and belly and then down into her pubic hair where it stroked for a while before slipping between her legs. Emily did not even like a doctor touching her there and she whimpered which caused a cane to slash across her buttocks. Emily staggered forward away from the stroke and a hand grabbed her hair pulling down and backwards so that she was bent backwards with breasts and pubis thrust forward. A loud shout filled her world.  
  
"You keep still you useless cunt."  
  
She found that she was no longer being held and was tottering in an effort to stand upright displayed to who knew how many lustful male eyes. There was no warning as a bucket of freezing cold water was thrown over her and she fell painfully to the hard floor as her tormentors laughed. Then they fell upon her with more of the bandage fabric starting at her neck and methodically moving downwards wrapping her into a cocoon. Her arms were bound to her sides and the cloth went over the top of her cuffed hands; they left her breasts naked and available with cloth above and below.  
  
Her body was wrapped although she still had cold air on her genitalia then they wrapped down her legs and around her ankles leaving her feet bare. There was more raucous laughter although the bands over her ears shut out whatever the men said to each other, then hands began to make use of the parts they had left exposed. She was painfully groped at her breasts and between her legs then, suddenly she was alone. Emily lay still. Were they standing watching her or had they simply left her bound, abused and helpless?  
  
She decided she must be alone as she could hear nothing but her own breathing and weeping. The binding on her body was uncomfortably tight and her cuffed hands were between her and the floor so it was impossible to find a position where the steel did not press into her wrists and her back.  
  
Laying there was an agony of tension as she expected at any moment to be further violated. She felt sick and was very afraid that she could choke on her own vomit; she had no idea how long they left her and she did not hear them come back.  
  
The first that she knew of their return was a knife cutting away the bindings from below her waist as someone agonisingly tweaked her nipples making her scream into her gag. When her legs and lower body were free a hand dipped between her legs and savagely masturbated her. It hurt but she could not prevent her body from responding and she began to moan as she felt herself moistening. She did not want to respond to her abusers but they had taken control of her body. They brought her to fever pitch then the hand withdrew leaving her lying there desperate for release much to their loud amusement. Her tensions were reduced by another bucket of water which left her choking and shivering.  
  
Then a weight came down on top of her and she knew what was to follow. There was a warm, hard organ against her intimate lips and the girl instinctively tensed to defend herself against the intruder whose bodily odour was filling her nostrils. He rammed into her violently and she bucked as she felt him come against her resistance then she tried to howl as he tore open her membrane causing sharp pain to fill her body and tears to come to her eyes. The man rammed in and out of her as his body weight ground her into the hard floor and then he rolled off of her with a shout of triumph leaving her wrung out, sweat soaked and used.  
  
There was no respite as her gag was removed and she was pulled up into a sitting and then kneeling position and an erect member slapped her cheeks. Her head was pulled back by her hair and he thrust into her mouth pressing himself against the back of her throat and making her gag. He shot his warm fluid down her throat and, as he pulled out he sprayed her face with his stickiness. Another took his place and the helpless girl was forced to felate another and another abuser so that she was almost insensible with her hair, face and body covered in congealing semen. They had gripped the hair on each side of her head and used it as a handle to yank her face against the groins of her users. Each time she was pressed against the men's bodies her nose was pushed back and the cock so filled her mouth that it shut off her air. Poor Emily had to gasp in what air she could through the semen and her saliva in between thrusts. And, despite her real fear, she was aware of adrenalyn coursing through her system and a "high" which she had never come close to experiencing before.  
  
When her senses were barely registering she was dragged down over what may have been a large barrel so that her behind was in the air and her aching pussy was repeatedly violated from behind as her head hung down and she screamed hysterically. It went on from one position to another and they even took her anus filling her with a new level of terror when she was sure they must tear her open and leave her bleeding to death. The entire ordeal was carried out to a soundtrack of laughter and obscene shouts and she had no memory of how it ended; she probably fainted.  
  
The next thing that she knew was that she groggily rose from an uneasy sleep. She ached everywhere and was still on that hard, cold floor. When she tried to move she found that her wrists were still cuffed and she could only move her arms a limited way. It took some time for her addled mind to realise that a chain ran from the handcuffs to a bolt on the wall. She was chained up like a dog. Her blindfold was gone and she was not gagged. Obviously she was somewhere where no-one would hear her cry out so the men were not worried about noise; they had proved that fact during her very noisy deflowering.  
  
Emily looked around. The dim orange light came from a single overhead lamp and she was in a windowless space with bare brick walls. Rusty pipes were attached to the walls at various places where plumbing fittings had been removed. Bare wires came out of electrical fittings and there was a slight smell of oil. In the gloom she had a sensation of large machinery but could not make out the detail. Was she in a disused factory or perhaps a garage? There was only one door and it was steel lined.  
  
She found that it was possible to sit up and she did so very slowly and aware of pain in her belly as she moved. She was hungry and her mouth was very dry. She had lost all sense of time and had no idea of how long her attack had lasted or how long she had slept. She tried to focus her mind and realised that she did not have a coherent picture of the attack; she had no idea if it had been one sustained attack or if they had left her in between sessions and then returned again and again. Her own inability to remember frustrated her and she could not prevent the sobs from coming. Although she knew that she had no hope of pulling free from her chains her body, of its own accord pulled against its bondage, making her wrists very sore.  
  
But she was aware of something else. There was a tingling between her legs and she wanted to be able to get her fingers down there to massage her pleasure centre. It was as if she was two people; one Emily was terrified but the other, darker Emily had never known such excitement. As she sat there listening for any sound of her abusers every sense was working as never before. She had never felt so alive. She had walked voluntarily into a woman's ultimate fear and she had survived. She had also lived out every unspeakable fantasy which she had ever enjoyed as she writhed under the bedclothes trying to keep the noise down so that her parents would not hear. The "good" Emily was disgusted that she could take any pleasure from what had been inflicted upon her but somehow the sense of disgust and humiliation at being so wicked only added to the pressure between her legs.  
  
I won't bore you with the story of how Emily was released and taken to the luxurious private clinic where she was pampered and asked to give the feedback on the ordeal which the psychologists needed. What I can tell you is that she made no mention to them of the dark thoughts which she had enjoyed. It was just too shameful to admit to that.  
  
She was never to be told the identity of her attackers or even how many there were but it was a fair bet that they were students. Emily's thrill was nearly off the scale when she thought about how she might be seeing her rapists every day without recognising them. When she spoke to a male student she sometimes wondered if he had been responsible for taking her knickers from her and satiating his lusts between her soft thighs. Perhaps he even still possessed the ruined remains of the virginal white bra which had been cut from her young body.  
  
Emily secretly recognised that she was hooked. Very soon after leaving the clinic she crept into a shop where she had never been and came out with a pair of handcuffs and a large red ballgag with black leather straps. She hoped that her neighbours would not hear her moans but she was looking forward to the ways in which she would satisfy that side of herself which had been released and perhaps would never again be put back to the back of her mind where it had so long lain dormant.