**The Bullpen**

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**The Bullpen Ch. 01**

"So this is the boob job project, right?" asked the heavyset man as he descended the staircase into the bowels of Connecticut Pharmaceuticals. As the Executive Vice President for Research and Development at one of the nation's premier biomedical research laboratories, Bill Forrester was usually a bit more diplomatic with his words. But, in the privacy of the stairwell, accompanied only by one of his more trusted employees, Forrester didn't need to bite his tongue.   
  
"Yes, sir," Jake Rinaldi replied, a step behind and a stair up from his boss. The younger man had wanted to take the elevator, but Forrester had been adamant about taking the stairs, intent upon getting himself in better shape. As they were going down the stairs, however, Jake wasn't quite sure whom Forrester was trying to fool. The real test, Jake thought to himself, would be whether the older man would take the stairs back UP to the executive offices.   
  
"I may not know the exact science," Forrester huffed, "but I know that we're sitting on a potential cash cow if we can stimulate natural breast enhancement."  
  
"Well, it's not exactly natural," Jake interjected. "I mean, we're still working with a synthetic compound that we manufactured in the lab."  
  
"I mean no knives," the heavier man growled. "No surgery, no silicon, no implants, no knives."   
  
"A targeted second puberty, sir."   
  
Deuterotone. The Deuce. Synthetic human hormone. Forrester didn't care whether it was swallowed, injected, or rubbed on - he just knew that Connecticut Pharmaceuticals would profit heavily upon a non-surgical alternative to breast augmentation. He, through Jake and the head of the Human Hormone Lab at ConnPharm, Dr. Natalie Hart, had been pushing research into deuterotone for nearly twelve years at that point. The patent had already been submitted and approved, and now the clock on ConnPharm's financial return was ticking. It would take another four years before they had finished the various phases of clinical trials, and another two or three before they finally put it out on the market. From there, they'd have just thirteen years to squeeze all the profit out of their decade and a half of research before their twenty-year FDA patent ran out and clones began to spring up.   
  
And now there was a snag that would slow the process down.   
  
"The girl, the guinea pig, she quit?" Forrester asked the younger man.  
  
"Not exactly," Jake replied. "I don't know if she did it intentionally, or just honestly forgot about all the restrictions, but she fouled up her eligibility for Category F research by getting a tattoo."   
  
Forrester stopped on the stairs, turned slowly, and stared angrily at Jake. "She got a tattoo? And screwed up six months worth of physicals, approvals, and paperwork?"   
  
Since the deaths of seventeen people in a Beta Technologies drug test in Maryland two years earlier, the FDA had stepped up its requirements for human research to draconian levels. And it wasn't just the drug companies that had to meet significantly higher standards, but the research subjects themselves were forced to meet higher standards. Physical exams, medical histories, family backgrounds, pre-testing - the process for getting a volunteer through the FDA's hoops typically lasted longer than the course of the experiments themselves. And depending on which category the FDA placed that particular experiment, the conditions for being approved as an eligible candidate could add weeks to the process.   
  
ConnPharm's deuterotone experiments had been labeled as "Category F," which Forrester understood to be something along the lines of "extraneous and risky" or "superfluous and unpredictable." Jake had lobbied heavily for the FDA to grant them "Category E" status, at the very least, but had been unsuccessful.   
  
Thus, for twenty-two-year-old Emily DiStasio to become eligible for the deuterotone experiment, ConnPharm had been prepping her for nearly six months.   
  
Apparently, she'd thrown an entire half-year away, simply by inking her skin up with a butterfly, or a rainbow, or whatever the hell else twenty-two-year-old girls were putting on their bodies nowadays, Forrester thought to himself.   
  
"Intentionally?" Forrester asked, as he stared, annoyed, into Jake's eyes. That girl, and her butterfly, had probably just cost his company millions of dollars.   
  
"Well, we don't know," Jake shrugged. "She said she hadn't fully considered the fact that a tattooing needle was still a subcutaneous needle. But, personally, I think that as the date got closer, she soured on the idea of spending a month of her life in Bullpen."  
  
Forrester shuddered a little bit. He certainly couldn't blame anyone for wanting out of the Bullpen.   
  
But this girl had known, from the very beginning, what she was getting herself into. She should have "soured upon the idea" six months earlier, and saved ConnPharm six months of their time. Not to mention whatever the cost was of getting someone approved for "Category F" research.   
  
Still scowling, Forrester turned and continued his descent. "We're looking into it, right?"  
  
"Yes, sir. It's not really a job for the researchers, though. Or really for me, for that matter. But I handed it over to Legal, and it's still on my scope."   
  
"Good," the older man snarled. Intentional or not, Emily DiStasio had wasted ConnPharm's time and money. "And we have no one else, no volunteers, available for Category F?"  
  
Jake gulped. "No, sir. This happened at a bad time. Dr. Cho's adult acne experiment reached Phase One three months ago, and Dr. Slattery's stimulated metabolism program is in the process of bringing in its volunteers now."  
  
"We can't just pull one of Slattery's volunteers?"  
  
"Ninety-nine subjects aren't enough to finish out the FDA's Phase One. So if we give someone to Rivers, Forsythe, and Hart, we end up damaging Dr. Slattery's experiment. Which we could do, I guess, but that nullifies the results of the ninety-nine other Category F volunteers in that one."   
  
Boob jobs and diet pills, Forrester shook his head. That's what Connecticut Pharmaceuticals had become.   
  
"Damn it," he swore. "And there's nothing coming down the pipes?"  
  
"We began the Category F process three weeks ago, so that we'll have the volunteers for Phase One of the deuterotone project when we finish with the early analysis. We could probably get the FDA to bend on the early analysis, at least, and let us just move right to Phase One." It would be a tough sell, Jake thought to himself. But the initial testing process, on one volunteer rather than a hundred, wasn't codified anywhere or part of the FDA's legalese. It just tended to be a good practice. Should something unpredictable pop up, it was less tragic to deal with one volunteer, rather than seventeen.   
  
Forrester, gruff and mercenary though he may have been, seemed to have some misgivings about skipping the early analysis. "No, no. We need it. Even leaving aside the moral and humanitarian concerns, we have to worry about liability and public relations."   
  
"Damn it," Forrester swore again.   
  
They continued down the steps towards the Human Hormone Lab in silence for a few moments.  
  
"Forsythe?" Forrester asked. "That's the one with the legs, right?"  
  
Jake smiled at the older man's sexist comment. "Dr. Noah Forsythe does indeed have legs, sir. But I think you mean Rivers. Erica Rivers."  
  
"Rivers," the vice president repeated, letting the name swirl around in his mouth like a fine wine. He didn't know much about her, other than that she had Ph.D. in something or another, she had black hair, and she had fantastic legs.   
  
"The deuterotone project - that's hers?"   
  
"Yes, sir. It had been Dr. Hart's, but when we pulled her up to take over the Human Hormone Lab, Dr. Rivers was made principal investigator." Jake paused. "She looks young, but between CalTech, Hopkins, and MIT, she's more than qualified."   
  
"Hmm," was all Forrester had in reply, content upon letting the dirtier thoughts circulate through his head.   
  
As they stepped out of the stairwell and into the Human Hormone Lab, Forrester's eyes were treated to what his memory was fixated upon.   
  
She was tall, perhaps 5'7" or even 5'8". She had dark black hair, meticulously tied back in a bun on the back of her head, away from her face. She had thin lips, a sharp jaw line, and two of the most alluring green eyes hidden behind her geek-chic rimmed glasses. Beneath the white lab coat, Forrester imagined that she had dressed herself in something sensible and conservative, yet fashionable at the same time. Even through the coat, the heavy-set old man could see that her figure was striking - slender and inviting. Her chest was neither big nor small, but it seemed to be the perfect fit on a perfect female specimen. And unlike most of the other female eggheads and lab geeks, she seemed meticulously put-together and flawlessly made up.   
  
This was Erica Rivers.   
  
And she had solved their problem.  
  
"I'm doing it," she said announced as the two businessmen joined the researchers in the lab. "I'm volunteering myself."  
  
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Throughout childhood, girls and boys are essentially the same creature. Yes, there are different parts and different societal pressures and expectations. But from a chemical standpoint, natural steroids and hormones within girls and boys are nearly identical.   
  
This changes, of course, with the onset of puberty. Boy or girl, the body's hypothalamus eventually senses that it is time for change, and begins to secrete gonadatrophin releasing hormone, or GnRH, into the bloodstream. This sets off a chain reaction elsewhere in the body, with the pituitary gland releasing Follicle Stimulating Hormone (FSH) and Luteinizing Hormone (LH), which, in turn, kick starts hormone production in the testicles and ovaries. Estrogen, progesterone, and testosterone soon flood the blood stream, allowing the miracle of puberty to begin.   
  
Unfortunately, many factors have been linked to incomplete breast development, from an improper diet to stress to over-exercising. Far too many teenage girls accidentally and unknowingly stunt the full growth of their own breasts. But many, many women, even after reaching their fullest potential breast size, remain unhappy with the size of their breasts. Miracle bras, herbal treatments, growth creams, breast pumps, and even surgery are all available, with various levels of success, labor, and emotional turmoil.   
  
But Connecticut Pharmaceuticals had discovered a means of "natural" breast enhancement, allowing a synthetic human hormone to re-start the process of puberty, and specifically target mammary growth. This discovery had been an unintentional side effect of earlier research, but the synthetic hormone "deuterotone" had proved wildly successful at that one particular phase of pubescent development in females. Or, at least, female mice. And rats. And rabbits. And chimps.   
  
Whether or not it would be successful in women, however, remained to be seen. All that was standing in the way was an unthinking twenty-two-year-old girl's spontaneous decision to get a tattoo. But now, even that no longer seemed to be an obstacle.   
  
"I'm volunteering myself," Erica repeated to the two men who had just joined them in the lab.   
  
Jake glanced around at the others in the room. Dr. Noah Forsythe sat behind a desk to his right - a tall, awkward researcher who served as Erica's partner on the deuterotone project. Dr. Hannah Cho, who had her own projects and her own lab down the hall, was on a lab bench to his left, idly swinging her feet. Dr. Natalie Hart, who had initiated the deuterotone project years earlier, stood with her arms crossed and back against the far wall. Scattered randomly around the room, wherever there had been an open seat, were Rivers's and Forsythe's three lab assistant - Mike Takahashi, Vijay Patel, and Aaron Abrahams.   
  
And, standing resolutely before him, was Dr. Erica Rivers.   
  
Before Jake could ask the first and most obvious question, Erica offered, "I'm already approved for Category F research. I volunteered myself for Dr. Cho's project earlier this year."   
  
Forrester stood silent for a moment, mulled this over, and then asked, "Wouldn't that make you ineligible for this project? If you were apart of Cho's thing, doesn't that mean you were taking pills that cured adult acne, or caused adult acne, or whatever it was that was going on?"   
  
"She was part of the control group," Hannah Cho replied for her friend, slightly put off by the fact that ConnPharm's executive vice president didn't know a thing about her project. "Sugar pills. She spent six weeks taking sugar pills."   
  
"Certainly you need to be on this end of the needle, though, for this experiment to go right," Jake scoffed at Erica. Turning to Hannah, he asked, "What about the rest of the control group? I mean, there has to be someone else, other than Erica, who we can talk into coming in for a few thousand more dollars. Someone else still has to be Category F approved."   
  
Hannah shook her head. "There were twenty people in my control group. Eleven men, nine women."  
  
"And none of the other women....?" Jake asked.   
  
Obviously, they'd all already pitched in to find an alternative.   
  
"Flu," Aaron replied for the first of the nine women.   
  
"Pregnant," Vijay continued for the second. "As of last week."  
  
"Belly-button piercing," Noah offered for the third.   
  
"Uninterested, doesn't like needles, and uncooperative for my experiment," Hannah cycled through the next three of the group.   
  
"Angry about the fact that she still has acne," Mike said, excusing the seventh.   
  
"Claustrophobic," Natalie excused the eighth. "Not an issue for Dr. Cho's experiment, but a liability if we're using the Bullpen."   
  
"Which leaves me," Erica finished. "It's me, or we wait six months."   
  
Forrester raised an eyebrow. "You don't sound terribly thrilled by either of those alternatives."  
  
"Should I be happy about subjecting myself to my own experiment? Should I be happy about the concept of radically altering my own body? Should I be happy about spending four weeks cooped up in - of all places - the Bullpen?"   
  
All eight people in the room glanced around at each other gloomily.   
  
"But I do get Emily's $2500, don't I?" Erica made an attempt to lighten the mood. "That's a plus, at least."   
  
Jake cracked a smile, still going over Erica's suggestion to use herself. He had been wracking his brain for an alternative to the DiStasio problem all afternoon, but had gotten nowhere. He simply wasn't going to come up with an alternative to their newest volunteer.   
  
But he did foresee a problem. "I don't know how to put this," Jake began delicately, "but Emily was particularly well-suited for this project due to her...um...bust size." Emily was nearly flat-chested. Erica was not. "Is this still going to work?"   
  
The raven-haired girl swallowed hard. "The model that we've been working on, and the experiments we've done on other mammals, suggests that we were probably going to see an increase of about two cup sizes. I may not be an A-cup," Erica smiled weakly, "but there's always room to grow."   
  
She looked at the two men standing across the room. "B to D," she offered after a few seconds pause, answering the question that they were asking themselves internally.   
  
Distracted for a moment by such an intimate revelation, Jake had to shake the mental image from his head before moving on. "So in order to reinstate you as a Category F human research subject?"  
  
"Well, I'm still cleared," Erica corrected him. "I don't need to be 'reinstated.' I do need to submit an updated physical..."  
  
"Which I can give her this evening," Hannah offered.  
  
"..and I am going to need to fill out about an hour's worth of paperwork, from release forms to informed consent documentation..."  
  
"Which I've already begun to put together," Noah interjected. "If Erica wants, I can stay late tonight and go through it with her after she's done with Hannah."  
  
Erica nodded, and then turned back to Jake and Forrester. "Factor in a two-week turnaround time from the FDA, and we're right on schedule, albeit with a different test subject."   
  
"And the project? The science?" Gesturing to Noah and the three lab assistants, Forrester asked, "Do you trust these monkeys to run the lab side of equation while you're sequestered down in the Bullpen?"  
  
The girl smiled. "I'm still running the show, just from a different vantage point. And while I may not be the one staring into the microscope, I can still go over the paperwork and analysis side of the project. If anything, this'll give me firsthand knowledge of my research, without having to rely on complaints or comments from someone else."   
  
The girl clearly didn't want to do this. She was putting on a brave face. She was selling the idea to her company's higher-ups. She was putting herself out there to stay in the good graces of ConnPharm itself, to protect her project and the expected profit margin of the company she worked for. Five months of waiting for the next available subject would be unbearable.   
  
"You've been awfully quiet," Forrester commented, looking in Natalie's direction. The older woman was still standing on the far side of the lab, her arms crossed in front of her. "After all, this was your project, once upon a time."   
  
"Once upon a time," the blonde biologist repeated. "And I still believe it, I still believe in the promise that deuterotone has to offer. But this is Erica's project, and Erica seems to believe in it just as much as I do. If I already had Category F clearance, I'd submit myself as a subject in two seconds flat."   
  
"Well, it's my Bullpen," Forrester began. "And it's Dr. Rivers's project. But it's your lab, Dr. Hart. And if you see no alternative to using one of your own people, then you have my approval."  
  
The blonde nodded, and the black-haired girl forced a smile. Erica had been the one who briefed Emily on exactly what her role would be as an early analysis test subject in the deuterotone project. But even still, Erica had no idea what she was getting herself into.   
  
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The Bullpen may have been one of the most state-of-the-art innovations at the ConnPharm compound in rural Connecticut, but human test subjects, unless they were natural exhibitionists, dreaded their time in the room.   
  
It had been built four years earlier with primate testing in mind, and only at the last minute did a few researchers speak up and suggest that it might be useful to build human accommodations, as well. But, while some facilities and creature comforts had been incorporated to support human inhabitation, the Bullpen was still primarily used to run experiments on chimps, orangutans, and their brethren. Erica herself had run some of her initial deuterotone experiments on chimps in the Bullpen. In fact, over four years since first being constructed, the Bullpen had only been used for human experimentation six times, all men, and none for more than a few days at a time.   
  
What appealed to researchers about the Bullpen, though, were the cutting-edge sensors embedded within the walls, ceiling, and floor of the room. The whole room, and its few furnishings, had been designed around innovative "tactile waves," calculating for how such waves moved and bounced and returned to their source. It was as if the Bullpen itself were a giant CAT scanner, feeding multiple layers of data and readings into the mainframe in the Outer Room. The scientists who used the room as a tool to further their research simply referred to the tactile wave technology as "TW emitters."  
  
The state-of-the-art sensor technology allowed researchers to monitor and record just about anything they were interested in, all at the same time - body temperature, heartbeat, stress, pupil dilation, body odor, and so on and so on. It could take readings similar to x-rays, and others similar to actual CAT and MRI scans. Normal or abnormal, the emitters could read it all. Five minutes would give most researchers all the information than they could possibly ever need, and five days would provide more than they'd be able to sift through in a lifetime. Erica would be in the Bullpen for five weeks.

All this technology allowed the emitters to observe change, and to monitor the status and health of the test subject. Deuterotone acted rapidly, accelerating a female's targeted "second puberty" to last for a fraction of the time of that female's original, natural pubescent stage, but it wasn't immediate. The models suggested that it would take an average of nineteen to twenty days for deuterotone to run its course in a human body, trapping the project's test subject in the Bullpen for five weeks - the first for baseline readings, the next three for the course of the experiment itself, and the fifth for post-experiment readings.   
  
Of course, Forsythe and Rivers could have run their experiment in their own lab, using video cameras, heart monitors, thermometers, a CAT scanner, and so on, but using the Bullpen significantly drove down the costs and almost entirely removed human measurement error from the equations. In fact, it had been Erica who had pushed strongly for use of the Bullpen, even it meant trapping some poor girl inside for five weeks. Now, as it turned out, Erica would be that very girl, and she wasn't looking forward to it.   
  
The imprisonment, of course, was a factor. She'd be living at ConnPharm for the next month, away from her perfect condo, away from her own bed, and away from her boyfriend, Tom Russo, who lived in the condo next door.   
  
The lack of privacy was a factor, as well. Everything that Erica did, every breath she took, would be monitored by the Bullpen, the Bullpen's staff, and her own staff, as well. Every time she took a shower, every time she fell asleep, and every time she went to the bathroom would all be recorded for the sake of posterity and science.   
  
But what made the Bullpen so unattractive, so dreaded, was the fact that the tactile waves needed cutaneous contact. They needed to touch bare skin. Erica would have to be stark naked for five weeks.   
  
The girl had never completely understood how tactile waves that could penetrate skin, muscle, and bones to send back pictures and data to the mainframe were incapable of penetrating fabric. Fingernails, teeth, and hair were all issues, as well, but the Bullpen technicians had made alterations to minimize their impact. More than once, however, a chimp needed to be shaved from the neck down in the Bullpen to solve observation errors. If similar observations arose because of Erica's long, ebony hair during that first week of baseline readings, she'd have herself a new haircut fairly quickly.   
  
In the past, subjects in the Bullpen had always been animals and men, and issues of sexual harassment and gender difficulties hadn't truly reared their heads. Women weren't allowed into the Bullpen itself while it had a human male occupant, and there were no exceptions. In fact, women weren't even allowed in the Observation Room without being accompanied by a male - unless, of course, the test subject had signed a waiver. Both rules would be reversed for Erica - no men would be allowed in the Bullpen itself, whatsoever, and no men would be allowed in the Observation Room unaccompanied, unless Erica signed that waiver.   
  
The whole process was going to be humiliating. She'd be stripped naked in front of all her colleagues, and then monitored for five weeks as her breasts increased in size. She'd have no privacy, and no time to herself.   
  
The layout and furnishings of the Bullpen furthered the humiliation. Three of the walls, the ceiling, and the floor were all clinically white, all with a barely visible netting of TW emitters implanted within. What made it worse was that one of the walls was actually one-way mirror glass. While people out in the Observation Room would have little difficulty peering in through that wall, Erica herself wouldn't be able to see who was on the other side.   
  
Inside the Bullpen, Erica's furniture consisted of a toilet - and that was all. The toilet slid out of the wall furthest from the Observation Room, but could only be accessed, or flushed for that matter, by controls at the operations desk. Any sort of protrusion into the barren white room wreaked havoc on the TW emitters, and tucking the toilet away when it was not in use made readings that much easier.   
  
Erica would be provided with a wireless keyboard, however. A projector inside the Bullpen would be available to cast a decent-sized screen onto the far wall of the room – and, as she was far-sighted, she could shed her glasses with little concern of having to pore over small print. She'd have access to television channels, a DVD player in the Outer Room, the Internet, and her own computer. As the room was equipped with some of the most state-of-the-art audio equipment, she'd be able to make phone calls and listen to CDs, MP3s, or the radio, on top of being in constant communication with whoever the technician was at the observation desk.   
  
And that was it. That would be Erica's life for five weeks. No clothes, no furniture, no privacy, and no dignity.   
  
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"She's humping like a bitch in heat."   
  
Noah's words, from just a few months earlier, rung heavily in Erica's ears as she arrived at work on the day of the experiment.   
  
He had been commenting - crudely - on the reaction of Trixie the chimp to the injection of deuterotone. Unlike naturally occurring steroids such as estrogen or progesterone, deuterotone was man-made, and therefore not entirely identical to the hormones that produced pubescent development the first time around. Deuterotone had been cobbled together chemically out of disparate compounds, and though it certainly behaved most like 17B-estradiol (a common form of estrogen), its structure was perhaps more akin to testosterone than anything else. Thus, sometimes, the body mistook the deuterotone as testosterone, and generated some of the same results that were common among women undergoing testosterone treatments. Increased hair growth and deepening of the voice weren't in the models, and only one or two common traits of testosterone treatment had appeared in the animal test subjects. One that had, though, was an increase in the sex drive.   
  
"She's humping like a bitch in heat."  
  
"That's because she IS a bitch in heat," Erica had chided her lab partner.   
  
Now, was she going to be faced with that same assessment?  
  
"She's humping like a bitch in heat."   
  
Trixie was an animal. Erica, yes, while still technically an animal, possessed higher brain function, a certain level of inhibition, and self-control. Women on testosterone treatments didn't hump anything and everything in sight, and this would be no different. Men were fully functional (or at least mostly functional) on far greater levels of testosterone.   
  
And besides, Erica had never been an openly sexual person anyways. She'd be able to handle herself, even with a minor and temporary increase in libido.  
  
Noah and Vijay were already in the lab when Erica arrived that Monday morning, going over the final details of the experiment in the hours before their subject was sent down to the Bullpen. After having been thoroughly and painstakingly cleaned over the weekend, the room was set for human inhabitation, but Erica wouldn't be moving in until noon. This gave the technicians a few extra hours to run all the proper diagnostics on the emitters, and gave Erica's fellow researchers a few extra hours to ensure that everything had been taken care of on their end.   
  
As Erica put her briefcase down next to her desk and booted up her computer, Noah slid a couple of dollars across one of the lab benches to Vijay. "Do you mind going down to the cafeteria and grabbing me a bagel?"  
  
Vijay seemed confused for a brief moment, but soon caught on that Noah was looking for a few minutes of private conversation with Erica. The Indian man nodded, greeted Erica on his way out, and departed for the cafeteria.   
  
Noah shuffled over to Erica's desk. "How are you feeling?"   
  
She smiled weakly, but didn't respond.   
  
There was a long, awkward moment of silence, before Noah worked up the nerve to ask Erica what he'd intended to ask. "Um...Erica? I haven't really pushed you on this, because I know it's awkward. And I figured, since you took it home with you this weekend, you'd given thought to the waiver. I mean, it's fine if you don't want to sign it, because we can probably still hire a female temp or find a volunteer around the building or something to accompany us into the Observation Room and all..."  
  
The dark-haired girl purposefully reached down into her briefcase and produced the waiver in question. With her signature already scrawled across the bottom of the page.   
  
She was embarrassed, most likely more embarrassed than Noah for having to bring it up, but it was a necessity. Among the principal investigator, the senior research scientist, and the three lab assistants working on the deuterotone project, Erica was the only female. Dr. Cho had her own project down the hall, and Dr. Hart oversaw at least fifteen or sixteen other research projects in the Human Hormone Lab. Without the waiver, Noah, Vijay, Mike, and Aaron were handicapped from working on the project freely.   
  
But accompanied by a female or not, all four of these men were going to see her stripped bare on tape, on top of measuring the size and growth of her breasts through various electronic instruments. Keeping them out of the Observation Room without a chaperone seemed like an unnecessary and petty hindrance.   
  
"And the technicians?" Erica asked.   
  
Noah replied, "I had Aaron look into it last week. One female technician, fully trained. Wendy Milne? Have you met her? She's been down there for a couple of months now."  
  
Erica nodded. "She helped us run one of the primate experiments."  
  
"Right. Um, and one female intern that the tech staff hired a few weeks ago. She'll be working with one of the male technicians for the first week, but after that, she should be able to run the equipment on her own. Pete Bowie's going to be the one training her."  
  
"I don't know Pete."  
  
"He's ancient. And a real nice guy, too. Wife, kids, grandkids. You'll be okay with him, and he'll be gone after that first week."   
  
Erica nodded again.  
  
"But, uh, the Bullpen staff is a bit male dominated, so that third technician is going to have to be a man, and we're stuck with him all five weeks. We looked at the schedule, and ensured that his shift will be the 8 AM to 4 PM shift, so that you're not stuck with him alone all night. But I did request Colin Eggert, because I figured you'd be more comfortable with him than any of the others."  
  
Colin had been with Connecticut Pharmaceuticals for seven or eight years at that point, longer than Erica herself. He was an extremely good-looking man in his late thirties, married to a beautiful wife, and had twin six-year-old little girls. He was one of the brains behind the construction of the Bullpen, and he had been a fixture in the Observation Room since its inception. Erica had worked with him time and time again during the primate trials, and had even gone on a double date with Tom, Colin, and Colin's wife Jamie. The fact that someone Erica saw socially was going to see her stripped to her skin wasn't terribly appealing, but she figured that Colin was probably preferable to some of the other geeks and nerds that worked with the Bullpen.  
  
"One of Dr. Brigham's female lab assistants offered to sit with him, if you opted out of the waiver. She can still come down an baby sit, if you want her to."  
  
"No," Erica replied, shaking her head. "Colin is fine. I trust him. I don't need to inconvenience anyone else."   
  
"So yeah, that's all settled," Noah said.   
  
Looking to change the subject, he offered, "So what's up for this morning? I mean, all of your files and programs have been copied onto the mainframe downstairs. There are a few odds and ends to wrap up with the deuterotone, but we've got a week of baseline readings to get you through before we begin the injections, and that's pretty much all we boys have to do for the next seven days. With the waiver in, all the paperwork is done. It's nine o'clock now, and you don't actually need to report down to the Bullpen until just before noon.  
  
"You want to go out and grab some breakfast?"   
  
The girl smiled. It actually wasn't a bad idea - out of the lab and away from ConnPharm, she might actually be able to get her mind of the approaching strip show she'd be performing later in the day.   
  
"Sure," she answered, but then asked, "Though, isn't Vijay bringing you back a bagel?"  
  
"You know him," Noah said, waving a hand. "He'll probably eat half of it before he gets back."   
  
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Breakfast, and conversation with Noah, had allowed Erica to temporarily take her primary focus off of the imminent initiation of the deuterotone experiment. But the thought, and the fears that accompanied that thought, always seemed able to force itself to the forefront of her mind for a moment or two.   
  
That would be her last time out of the Connecticut Pharmaceuticals compound for five weeks.   
  
That would be the last time she'd be allowed to wear clothes for five weeks.   
  
But the dread and doubt only seemed to make the minutes tick by faster. Before Erica had entirely readied herself, she was standing in the Observation Room with Noah, Colin Eggert, and Natalie Hart, preparing to take her clothes off.   
  
None of the four seemed at ease, each uncomfortable with what was about to transpire.   
  
The Bullpen and Observation Room, together, reminded Erica of a racquetball court. The entirety of the Bullpen was clearly visible through the one-way glass, and the emptiness of the room was on display. She had spent many an hour staring in at the chimpanzees inside, the chimps themselves blissfully unaware that someone was watching them through the mirror glass. Erica wouldn't have the luxury of such ignorance.   
  
The Observation Room was as cluttered as the Bullpen was bare, strewn with multi-colored wires and computer equipment from one corner to the other. Erica had seen it much worse over the years, and she suspected that the staff had made a half-hearted attempt to tidy up before the deuterotone project began. On the wall furthest from the mirror glass, the operations desk sat on a raised platform, surrounded by computer monitors and facing directly into the Bullpen. Everything in the Bullpen was controlled from here, everything recorded by the Bullpen transmitted to here.   
  
To one side of the op desk were a handful of exercise machines. There was a treadmill, an exercise bicycle, a Stairmaster, and a few other pieces of equipment. And, hanging casually a hook behind them was a small, black corset, the Bullpen away from the Bullpen. Cramped up inside the Bullpen for five weeks, Erica acknowledged the necessity of getting some exercise, but was skeptical about the treadmill. The thought of running barefoot, while her growing breasts bounced up and down, didn't appeal to the brunette in the least. She would be able to come out of the Bullpen from time to time, so long as she was wearing corset, as it had been equipped with much of the same technology as the Bullpen itself.   
  
On the other side of the op desk, by the door Erica and others had come in through, was a metallic-looking shelving unit. It was sectioned off into open lockers, complete with hooks in each cubby.   
  
Gesturing towards it, Colin Eggert began awkwardly, "Um, we have a couple of cubbies over there for your personal items. You know, in case there's a fire or something, you can come out and have all your things right here."  
  
Erica had left her purse, keys, and a few other odds and ends in her desk back in the Human Hormone Lab, so all she had left were the clothes on her back. She wasn't sure, however, whether such close proximity to her clothes would be reassuring or just plain tantalizing.   
  
"Do you want me to leave? Because I could leave," Noah offered, sensing justifiable hesitation on Erica's part.   
  
"And come back in like thirty seconds to help Colin adjust the emitters for what we're looking for?" Erica nervously joked.   
  
"Do you want ME to leave?" Natalie asked. Unlike Colin and Noah, she was a woman. But stripping in front of two people, regardless of their gender, might have been less stressful than stripping in front of three.   
  
"It's okay," the black-haired girl replied. "I've got to get used to all this."   
  
Looking at the three people around her, and touching her clothes, she amended her statement. "Or get used to a lack of all this."  
  
"All right," Colin clapped his hands together weakly. "Why don't Noah and I give you a little privacy, and go over to the op desk. The door to the Bullpen is open, so whenever you're ready, just go ahead in, and I'll shut the door behind you."   
  
And by "privacy," Colin met he'd go sit at a desk twelve feet away while Erica undressed.   
  
Once the two men had sat down at the operations desk, and had begun to avert their eyes from the two women to their right, Erica had little choice but to get on with it. Day-in and day-out, the girl was usually meticulous about her appearance. Her hair was always tied back in the same manner, her wardrobe always stylish yet understated, and her make-up done to near perfection. Today, however, Erica had arrived at ConnPharm far more casual than usual.   
  
Her black hair was still tied back, though in a ponytail instead of the more typical bun. She had foregone make-up altogether, as removing it would have been difficult that evening in the Bullpen. And while her outfit was more casual than usual, Erica was still dressed in a plaid, knee-length, tweed skirt and a simple but elegant short-sleeved, button-up, white blouse. Normally, she would have worn stockings or pantyhose, but such items seemed too much of a hassle to take off. She was wearing a pair of black pumps, as well - but those were the first to go.   
  
There was nowhere to sit, so Erica simply stood as she kicked off the heels. She avoided eye contact with Natalie as she did so, and continued the evasion as she began unclasping her blouse from the top. Her fingers nervously pushed the buttons back out their corresponding holes, revealing more and more skin as she moved downward. The blouse opened display a lacey pink bra, a revelation that caused Natalie to smile to herself.   
  
Erica had agonized over her undergarments. She hadn't been sure where she was going to undress, where her clothes were going to be kept, and who exactly was going to see her peel the layers of covering off her body. As Natalie rightly suspected, Erica had chosen something alluring and feminine, yet not too slutty or sexual.   
  
After shedding the open blouse and unfastening the back of her skirt, Erica revealed a matching pink set of bikini-style panties, just as lacy, just as feminine. And, as she slid her skirt down two long, smooth, and provocative legs, it was immediately apparent why Forrester had attempted to identify Erica as "the one with the legs." This was a woman who, despite hiding her figure under a white lab coat all day, had the body that every woman dreamed off and every man lusted after. She was thin. She was tall. And even the breasts, still hidden behind pink lace - B-cup though they may have been - seemed absolutely flawless.   
  
Standing in just her bra and panties, Erica bent to pick up her shoes and her skirt. Folding both the skirt and the blouse neatly, she placed the bundle of clothing into the cubby alongside her. As very few people were actually allowed in the Observation Room, theft from the open locker was unlikely. Still, Erica would have preferred the ability to hide her things from plain sight.   
  
"Oh, God," Erica said aloud to Natalie as she reached behind her back. "Here goes nothing."  
  
But her hands were shaking too much, her nerves frayed from the task at hand, and the raven-haired girl quickly discovered that she was having a hard time unclasping her bra, something that she'd been doing daily since she was twelve.

Natalie saw the difficulty Erica was having, and saw the apprehension and embarrassment in the girl's face. She made eye contact for the first time in a few minutes, and placed her hands gently on the girl's naked shoulders.  
  
"Calm down," the older woman assured her protégé quietly. "Take a deep breath. Don't worry about me, or Colin, or Noah. Take your time."   
  
Stepping just to one side of the girl, Natalie reached around the Erica's back with her right hand, and skillfully released the clasp that held the pink bra on. It was a bit too intimate, and a quite few steps beyond their normal personal boundaries, but the blonde could tell that the younger woman was struggling with her nerves.   
  
Erica's pink cups were still in place over her breasts, and Natalie stepped back and away, saying, "Look, I'm just going to go over and sit up with Colin and Noah. Just take a deep breath, take your time, and finish up when you're ready."  
  
The girl nodded. Natalie was nearly twenty-five-years Erica's senior, and in this situation, she suddenly had taken on a very motherly feeling. She was right - Erica needed to calm herself down and complete the task at-hand, or she was going to give herself an aneurysm. It was going to be tough at first. It was going to be awkward. But she had five weeks in front of her, and she would adjust. She just needed to take the first few steps.   
  
Erica let the bra fall forward and off her body, revealing large brown areoles and a pair of nipples that sat higher on her breasts than on most other women's breasts. In fact, in college, Erica's roommate Julie had even accused her of having implants, as she possibly could have revealed quite a bit of each mammary below the nipple without actually exposing the nipple itself. Though they seemed to fit her body perfectly, Erica had always thought of her breasts as just a bit smaller than she would have liked. In just a few weeks' time, however, that wouldn't be a problem.   
  
She savored the last few seconds in her panties, but then hooked her thumbs under the waistline and slid the underwear down her legs, slithering out gracefully. Her long, luscious limbs did, indeed, have a terminal point, flowing nearly flawlessly into two shapely buttocks at the top. The only slight imperfection on Erica's entire body, the only thing that marred her silken skin, was a single café-au-lait mark just below her right buttock. It was a discoloration, hardly bigger than a nickel, and slightly brown in color. But, if anything, Erica's single flaw made her backside that much more bewitching.   
  
Her whole body was slightly tan, completely uniform, with no tan lines. Hannah had suggested Erica go lie in a tanning bed for a bit that weekend. She'd be indoors for five whole weeks, and the tan itself would dissipate over the course of the experiment. But if Erica was going to parade around naked for thirty-five days, she might as well not look like a pasty-skinned corpse at the outset.   
  
Presentation, apparently, had carried over from the tan to Erica's pubic area. She was meticulous about every other part of her life, and the hair growing just above her nether regions was no different. She was nearly shaved, aside from a neat little triangle just above the top of her slit. Leg hair would grow, her tan would fade, and ever her pubic hair would grow out, but Erica had fully intended to step into the Bullpen looking her best. If she was going to be seen nude by all her friends and co-workers, she was going to make the right impression.   
  
Erica cursed herself five minutes later. Instead of tucking the pink lace neatly under her skirt and blouse, she absentmindedly left her bra and panties sitting atop her other clothing. Anyone who walked into the Observation Room, past the cubby, and to the ops desk, would be able to glance inside and see the bright pink lingerie within. But Erica had been nervous about the three people just a few yards away, nervous about presenting herself in the Bullpen, and nervous about what the next five weeks would hold for her.   
  
Her glasses were the last article to be deposited into the cubby - she wouldn't need them to read the large print of the projection screen. But as took them off, Erica couldn't help but feel that much more naked, that much more uncomfortable.   
  
Without looking in the direction of the ops desk, Erica took a deep breath and walked to door of the Bullpen. Like the automatic glass doors at the supermarket, the door to the Bullpen slid open to one side at the command of the ops desk – though, it had been open ever since Erica, Natalie, and Noah had first arrived. But Erica had taken only one step into the room when a screeching alarm had begun to wail.   
  
Erica's whole body jumped at the sound of the claxon, terrified that it was some sort of fire alarm and she'd be forced to evacuate in just her birthday suit.   
  
"You've got something metal with you," Colin shouted across the Observation room, as Erica stepped back from inside the Bullpen. "Rings? Earrings?"  
  
"Shit," the brunette cursed herself. She'd forgotten to take out her earrings. Her heart racing from the alarm, she removed her jewelry, looking up to see that Colin had joined her down on the floor of Observation Room. She was suddenly conscious of the way her breasts were dangling in front of her, acutely aware that her nipples were as hard as diamonds. The man's proximity to her naked body sent a shiver down Erica's spine.   
  
She handed the earrings to Colin glumly, apologizing for the mistake, and turned back around to enter the Bullpen.  
  
Colin winced, not wanting to call the girl back. But he had to. "Um, Erica?"  
  
"Yes?" she replied, partially turning. She just wanted to get this over with, get into the Bullpen, and get on with the experiment.   
  
"I need the elastic, or the scrunchy, or whatever that is in your hair, as well."   
  
Erica was already blushing all over, but the absentmindedness first of the earrings, and now of the hair elastic, embarrassed her a bit more. "Sorry," she offered again, letting her ebony tresses down, and loose, out of the ponytail.   
  
"It's alright," Colin answered. "No big deal." Taking the girl's hair elastic and earrings, the technician made his way back towards the operations desk, while the girl herself stepped through the door and into her prison.   
  
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Erica had been inside the Bullpen before, but never facing the prospects of remaining inside for such a long period of time. An orangutan named Yogi currently held the longest record for time spent in the Bullpen - four months and nine days. A random college student who had volunteered for a project held the human record - five days, three hours. Erica might not have been in danger of breaking Yogi's record, but she was going to pass by that second record by a comfortable margin.   
  
She was surprised, however, how clean and clinical it smelled inside the Bullpen. She had been expecting the stench of monkeys and feces, but was pleasantly surprised when she smelled absolutely nothing at all. Obviously, the Bullpen staff had done a good job of preparing the room for her.   
  
"I'm going to close the door now," Colin announced over the intercom and into the Bullpen. "Okay?"  
  
"Okay," Erica replied, turning to face the mirror wall behind her, glancing out into the Observation Room for what she guessed would be the last time in a while. Behind her, the doors mechanically slid into place, covering the gap in the wall that she had entered through. It was disconcerting - knowing that Colin, Noah, and Natalie had no problem seeing her through the walls of the Bullpen, while she herself saw only her own naked reflection in the walls.   
  
She looked around the room, finding it completely barren. There was a small door on the far side, from which the toilet rolled out of. Erica was none too keen on the idea that she'd have to ask the technician to provide her with the toilet, or ask the technician to flush it when she was through with it. But she had decided that neither of those things compared with actually USING the toilet while someone else watched. Just considering that eventuality made Erica shudder. She had made sure to use the bathroom in the Human Hormone Lab one last time, right before coming down to the Bullpen.   
  
Below the empty space where the toilet would emerge was a drain, located at the nadir of a gradual decline around it. Directly above the drain, mounted in the ceiling, was a showerhead. Erica would be able to shower and clean herself each morning. Though she'd have no one to meet and no real reason to shower each day, the girl looked forward to getting into some sort of routine.   
  
The Bullpen had diagnostics built into the toilet, and the shower drain, as well, for urinalysis and various other tests. The systems were temperamental, though, and the most commonly failing tools that the room had to offer.   
  
Facing the toilet-drawer while standing atop the drain, there was a thin, horizontal indent into the wall, the only imperfection in a perfectly cubical room. That shelf was where Erica would keep shampoo, soap, toothpaste, and a toothbrush.   
  
"Erica?" Colin called to her over the intercom.   
  
"Yes?" she replied, unsure of where to look. She knew where the ops desk was located, in relationship to the Bullpen. But she couldn't see the man that she was addressing - only herself, staring awkwardly back at her.   
  
"We're getting some of the initial readings, but your hair is fouling things up a little," the technician explained. None of the previous human test subjects had had long hair, as they were all men with close-cropped hair-dos. "So here's what we're going to do. I'm going to spend a couple of hours playing with and modifying the emitters a little, and maybe adjust some of the system's algorithms."  
  
He paused for a moment, before continuing, "If I can't get some sort of baseline, some sort of equilibrium, without too much interference and fluctuation, we may have to cut your hair."   
  
It had been a possibility, but Erica had hoped that she'd be able to keep her long black hair. How would she explain herself to Tom when she finally saw him again?   
  
The thought of her boyfriend produced a pang of guilt. She had lied to him, about where she was going to be and what she was going to be doing. She was in Arizona, running her experiments in a government-provided facility in the middle of the desert, not being poked and prodded, gawked at in the nude, only a few miles away in Avon, Connecticut. Though she hated being dishonest, Erica hadn't been able to tell him the truth – it was too embarrassing, too awkward, and too intimate.   
  
And she didn't want to cut her hair. But then, she also certainly didn't want to be spending five weeks locked naked inside a box. She'd already sacrificed herself for her science - she could sacrifice some more.   
  
"Okay," she heard herself respond, looking up towards where the intercom projected Colin's voice. He was standing less than ten feet away, but was unseen through the mirror glass.   
  
"Is there a way that I can see you guys? Like, through the projector?" Erica knew full well that she'd be able to see Colin, Noah, and Natalie on the outside, through a camera feed that could be projected from the ops desk into the Bullpen. At least then she'd have a frame of reference, somewhere to look.   
  
"That's a negative," Colin quickly and succinctly replied. "Any sort of projection fouls up the baseline readings and requires a little extra energy. Let's just see if we can combat the problem with your hair before we flip on the projector. Okay?"  
  
"Okay," Erica repeated.   
  
Standing in the center of big, cubical box, the girl was unsure of exactly what to do with herself. The room was lit from above, a soft glow emanating from the ceiling. She could see her own reflection as she looked towards the mirror, which only served to remind her of how naked she really was. Her skin was exposed for everyone to see. Her pubic hair was exposed for everyone to see. Her tits, smallish now, but set to balloon over the next few weeks, were exposed for everyone to see. And it all began to sink in - she wouldn't be able to cover herself again for five more weeks.   
  
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For three hours, Erica sat in the Bullpen, bored out of her mind. Colin had gone completely incommunicado, not even updating her as to his progress on reworking the emitters. And, after standing in the center of the room and staring uncomfortably at her own naked body for a few minutes, Erica had opted to sit down against the far wall, bored and gazing blankly towards where she guessed the ops desk to be.   
  
There wasn't any less humiliating way to stand, and there certainly wasn't any less humiliating way to sit. Erica had originally just plopped herself down in the center of the room, but didn't think about her level of exposure while sitting Indian-style on the floor until she had done so. After realizing her exhibition, the brunette had repositioned herself with her back against the far wall, her bare ass cheeks on the bare floor, her legs crossed out in front of her to hide her pussy, and her arms folded across her chest in an obvious attempt to shield her nipples.   
  
It was in this position that Erica found herself when the intercom came to life once again. "Erica?"  
  
"Yes?" she answered the sound of Colin's voice.   
  
"Um, I've got some bad news."  
  
"My hair?"  
  
"Yeah," Colin sighed.   
  
"I'm not going to have to take a razor to my scalp, am I?" Erica asked, half-joking. She assumed that she'd have to have her hair cut to the same length as the men who had inhabited the Bullpen before her.   
  
"No, no. In fact, I think if we can just bring it down to somewhere manageable, like somewhere just above your chin, that might work."  
  
Well, at least she wouldn't have to go boys' length, Erica consoled herself.   
  
Colin continued, "Or, at least, I think we can get away with that. The calculations I've made, and the models that I've run, seem to work well enough with your hair just a few inches shorter."  
  
"So what's the plan?" the brunette asked.  
  
"Well, we've got two options, I guess. Number one is that we make you a hair appointment for later this evening, you go home tonight, and come back to get a fresh start in the Bullpen tomorrow."   
  
The appeal of putting her clothes back on was undeniable. But having already stripped once, Erica was not sure she'd be able to do it again the following day.   
  
"Number two," Colin continued, "is that we do it ourselves, just you and me."   
  
Despite her meticulous nature, and despite the fact that each and every one of Erica's hairs was in place each and every morning, Erica chose this second option. She had five weeks for whatever sort of chop-job she was about to receive to grow out. And it'd be over with now - quickly and painlessly - without forcing her to put clothes back on, and then take them off again. The sooner the baseline readings began, the sooner the experiment itself would begin, the sooner it would be over, and the sooner Erica could put clothes back on and go home.   
  
"I'm just going to grab you a towel," the technician said after he had heard the girl's reply. "We can do it right out here in the Observation Room."  
  
"Okay," Erica heard herself meekly reply. A towel? To wrap around her body? One of the selling points of Plan Number Two had been that she'd avoid having to dress and then undress again. Colin had been seated just a few feet away, staring at her naked body for over three hours at that point. Did she really need to cover herself up again?   
  
But, despite all this, Erica couldn't bring herself to voice these concerns out loud. If she had said anything against the towel, it might have seemed that she was enjoying this, that she was an exhibitionist unwilling to cover her own nudity. And so, she swallowed hard, and waited for the door to the Bullpen to slide open once again.   
  
She didn't see Colin right away, but rather a strong-looking forearm extending a simple red bath towel. Erica had no idea where Colin had found the towel, but she half-heartedly thanked him for it as she reached out to grab it. The way Colin had positioned himself was somewhat ridiculous, Erica thought to herself. Yes, she understood that he was hiding around the corner of the open door to give her a sense of privacy, some sort of peace of mind. But he was also directly in front of her, staring through the mirror-glass of the Bullpen at Erica's naked body.   
  
The towel wasn't a large one, and after Erica had wrapped it around her upper body and tucked it in on itself, she noticed that it fell only slightly past the bottom of her ass. She'd have to be careful stepping from the Bullpen, and she'd have to make sure to cross her legs while Colin gave her the haircut. Erica laughed at herself as she realized the false logic of these thoughts - Colin had been looking at her for the past three hours as he tooled and retooled the Bullpen. Clearly, she shouldn't have been quite so concerned about accidentally flashing him over the next few minutes.   
  
She stepped out from the Bullpen, and back into the Observation Room. Natalie and Noah had long since left, isolating the girl with just this one other man. But Colin, despite the fact that he was still wearing all of his clothes, seemed as ill-at-ease with the situation as the Erica herself.   
  
The technician hadn't provided her with a chair or a place to sit, as Erica had been expecting. Instead, he had simply dragged a large trash barrel out from behind the ops desk and placed it in the center of the room. She wasn't going to be seated, or receive a shampoo, or be provided with idle chatter and gossip. This haircut was going to be quick and utilitarian.  
  
"Do you want a place to sit?" Colin asked, after seeing the hesitant look on Erica's face. "I just figured I'd have you lean over the trash, and avoid the clean-up."  
  
"Yeah, that's fine," Erica replied, shaking her head. "I can stand. It's not a big deal."  
  
And so, wrapped in a towel that rose up her thighs to a point of near indecency, Erica leaned forward at the waist, bracing herself on the edge of the trash barrel. Colin already had the scissors in hand, though uncertainty over what he was about to do left him frozen a few feet away.   
  
He shook off the doubt, however, and explained, "I'm going to bring it a bit higher than we actually need, just a few inches above your chin. That way, we can let it grow out a bit, and we're not going to have to worry about doing this again."  
  
Erica nodded.   
  
Colin took a step closer, and raised the scissors to the girl's long, beautiful black hair. Before she knew it, Erica heard the first snip, and watched as a length of hair tumbled downwards into the trash. It was quickly joined by quite a bit more.  
  
"The girls," Colin began. "Jamie would never let me do this to the twins."  
  
"That's reassuring," Erica joked, watching inch after inch of her ebony hair fall into the trash below her.   
  
After a few minutes of cutting, Colin brushed the loose hairs off of Erica head with his fingers. The girl couldn't help shivering because of the contact, though she hoped that Colin hadn't noticed. She herself shook her head and ran her hands through her hair, shocked by exactly how short it was.   
  
Colin took a step back to admire his work, giving the towel-clad girl a thumbs-up. "Not bad," he offered. "It's really not bad at all."   
  
Erica was doubtful. But what was done was done, and it wasn't as if she had to go out in public with this particular haircut anytime in near future. After she had discarded all the loose hairs, she looked back up at the technician, asking, "So you think it'll work?"   
  
"It should only take about five or ten minutes before we know. And then we can get started with all the baseline readings in earnest."   
  
"And Noah gave you all the information and settings were looking for?"

"No. He was waiting for me to finish messing with the emitters." He frowned. "Sorry."   
  
Erica ran her hands through her hair again, unnerved by how short it was. It had been since her sophomore year of college that her hair had been this short. "It's okay," she replied. "It's not like I'm going to see him out here anyways."   
  
"Yeah," Colin agreed, unsure of exactly what to say. There were a few more moments of awkward silence, before Colin finally said, "Okay, let's give those emitters a try. The sooner you're in, the sooner you're out."   
  
Erica had been thinking the same thing. But, as she'd expected, covering herself for even such a brief period of time made it that much harder to shed the towel. Swallowing hard, she unwrapped the small towel and tossed it towards the lockers, watching it drop to the floor of the Observation Room. She stepped completely naked back into her prison.   
  
"Oh, wow," Erica offered as she caught sight of her reflection in the Bullpen's mirror glass. The door rolled into place behind her. "Not bad at all."   
  
Would it have been a haircut that Erica picked out for herself? No.  
  
Was it uneven in places? Of course.  
  
Was Colin going to win a hairdressing award? Of course not.  
  
But short as it was, as quickly as it had been done, Erica had to admit that her new look wasn't all that bad. Gone were the long strands of black hair hanging alluringly down past her shoulder blades. But her hair was still longer than she'd expected it to be, falling cutely past her ears and nicely framing her face.   
  
In fact, Erica was still taking in her new haircut when Colin called through the intercom, "Perfect!"   
  
"Yeah?"   
  
"Yup. Absolutely no problem with the emitters."   
  
"Which means I can use the projector, right?" Erica asked. Her first three hours in the Bullpen had been excruciating, not just because of the nudity, but because of the absolute boredom. Having had nothing to do, all Erica had been able to think about was the fact that she was naked, and that people were looking at her through the walls of the Bullpen. All that she'd been able to do was stare at her own naked body in the mirror glass across the room.   
  
She was answered by a flickering on the wall furthest from the ops desk, as the projector came to life. Unfortunately, the image that greeted her was that of the ops desk camera, with Colin leering into the Bullpen. Suddenly, the distance between "here" and "there" seemed infinitely smaller, and the idea that there were people looking at her body from "out there" began to conflict with the presence of Colin's image "in here." Of course, so long as Colin was staring into the camera at the desk, it meant that he wasn't staring out across the Observation Room and into the Bullpen through the wall.   
  
"Well, it's three thirty now," the technician announced. "Anything on TV that you're jonesing to see on a Monday afternoon?"   
  
"Just whatever you have for a DVD out there is fine," Erica replied. She didn't want to do work. She didn't want to think about her situation. She just wanted to sit back and vegetate in front of a movie, getting her mind off of the past three hours and the upcoming five weeks. And so, as Noah returned and helped Colin adjust the measurements that the Humane Hormone Lab needed, Erica sat on the floor of the Bullpen watching "Ocean's 11."   
  
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It was only a few hours later when Erica felt as if she needed to use the bathroom. Colin was still on duty, though Noah had come and gone by that point. Erica couldn't bring herself to ask the man for the toilet, though, preferring to wait for him to leave and for Wendy Milne to take over. It was silly, and childish - Erica would eventually have to use the bathroom while Colin was on duty. But she excused herself from this embarrassment on her first day. After all, she'd debased herself enough in front of him for the first day.   
  
But by six, after she'd moved onto her second movie, after the emitters had all been adjusted, and after both Colin and Noah had gone home for the night, Erica decided that it was time to bite the bullet. After all, she'd been in the Bullpen for six hours at that point.   
  
"Wendy?" Erica asked as she stood, visibly blushing from head to toe.   
  
Erica had met Wendy countless of times before. They weren't friends, but it wasn't as if they had a bad relationship at all. The black-haired biochemist had her work, and the pierced and tattooed, peroxide-blonde technician had hers. They had little in common, but it never ceased to amaze Erica how open the girl had always been with her. Within hours of their first meeting, back during the primate trials, Wendy had begun talking about her menstrual cycle, her clitoral piercing, and the size of her ex-boyfriend's penis. Erica was completely buttoned-up and tight-lipped, conservative when it came to sex, or talking about sex. Wendy, though, didn't have the same hang-ups, and didn't seem capable of being embarrassed.   
  
The blonde girl was certainly not going to understand the level of humiliation that asking for the toilet was going to bring to Erica.  
  
"Yup?"   
  
"Do you think I could use the bathroom?"   
  
"The toilet, yeah," Wendy replied. Within seconds, the toilet had emerged from the wall. There was no toilet seat, just porcelain all the way around.   
  
The room was large and open, making Erica feel uncomfortable about her lack of privacy. Of course, there was no one in the Bullpen with her, and she couldn't see out beyond the glass wall.   
  
But she knew that Wendy was out there, watching her urinate. She knew that she was being recorded as she did so, making her humiliation something that would stand the test of time. Still, she sat, she peed, and she asked Wendy to retract the toilet into the wall.   
  
"I bet that must get old," Erica said aloud. "Opening and closing the toilet all the time."   
  
"Well, I mean, it's different with the men," Wendy replied casually.   
  
Erica wasn't quite sure what Wendy was getting at. Men needed to use the bathroom just as much as women. How was it different? That she wasn't peeing while standing up?  
  
"The men have, in the past, just pissed in the shower drain," the female technician replied. She then added, "But don't worry, that place has been thoroughly cleaned and disinfected like seven or eight times over. Colin's been making us scrub up in there for the better part of two weeks."   
  
Erica wasn't terribly concerned about the sanitation issue. After all, this room had hosted scores of chimps and orangutans over the years, and Erica knew from experience that peeing the shower drain was a lot cleanlier than some of the things she'd seen the apes do.   
  
What concerned her, though, was the fact that she was being treated differently than the men who had come before her. That she, as a subject, required extra work on the part of the technicians who watched over her. The thought made the girl uncomfortable.   
  
So uncomfortable, in fact, that it festered over the next few hours. Erica was watching "Doc Hollywood," but had a hard time concentrating. She'd been stripped naked. She'd been locked inside a box. She'd been given a forced haircut. And she'd urinated in front of another woman, as well as literally hundreds of little recording devices. But yet, she was concerned about the added effort that she, as a woman, required on the part of the Bullpen staff. No, it wasn't much work, but it seemed as if, given the choice between a male test subject and a female test subject, they would go with a male subject every time.  
  
Maybe it had more to do with the fact that the technical staff was more men than women, that sexual harassment concerns were lessened with a naked man instead of a naked woman. But Erica didn't want yet another reason to choose a man for research over a woman.  
  
Could she use the drain? Could she bring herself to squat over the shower and relieve herself that way? Certainly, it was humiliating, but was it really that much more humiliating than sitting on the toilet bowl? Was it more humiliating than asking the technicians for the toilet, and then asking them to flush it when she was done?  
  
It was around ten o'clock that evening that Erica felt the urge to go again.   
  
And, instead of requesting the toilet from Wendy, she simply crouched down over the shower drain. In the reflection across from her, Erica could see that she was blushing badly, embarrassed about what she was doing.   
  
Thankfully, Wendy didn't say a thing, as Erica had feared she would. The embarrassment was excruciating, and she didn't want to talk about it. Maybe Wendy mentioned it to the other technicians, maybe she didn't. But Pete Bowie never brought it up, nor did his intern Tessa Romero during their shift afterwards. Colin never mentioned it once. For the next five weeks, it was just accepted that Erica would be using the drain at the corner of the Bullpen, and no one acknowledged this development. It just was.   
  
That first night, falling asleep was difficult. None of the male subjects who had come before her had been particularly thrilled at the prospects of sleeping on the hard, white floor of the Bullpen, and Erica herself hadn't been looking forward to it. She tried sleeping on her left side, on her right side, and on her back, but she simply couldn't get comfortable. Even a pillow would have been a godsend.   
  
But it wasn't so much the floor that kept Erica awake, no matter how ungiving it was. Rather, it was her own mind. She was still very much aware of her own nudity, as she had been all day, and aware that right at that moment, there was a woman on the other side of the wall watching her. In a few hours, Wendy would be replaced by another male technician and his female intern. Eight hours after that, it would be Tuesday morning, Colin would return, and the staff at Connecticut Pharmaceuticals would begin their day, breezing in and out of the Observation Room.   
  
Each one of them was going to see her bare body. Each one of them was going to watch her shower in the nude, watch her work in the nude, watch her urinate in the nude. She had worked hard to gain the respect of her colleagues, and she couldn't help feeling that she was flushing it all away. Would they see her as Ph.D. that she was? Or would they see her as a sexual object, a naked girl to watch for their own amusement? She had gone from being biochemist Erica Rivers to peep-show girl Erica Rivers in no time at all.   
  
It would be a long night.   
  
It would be a long five weeks.

**The Bullpen Ch. 02**

Jason Callahan had been an athletic star in the NCAA, and it had showed in his physique. As a member of the Yale swimming team, he had led the Bulldogs to a national title. He had broken Ivy League records. He had broken NCAA records. He had broken Olympic records.   
  
And, for a period of four days last year, he'd resided in the Bullpen.   
  
It was an honest enough exchange. ConnPharm provided him with the funding that he needed to pursue his swimming, and Jason, in turn, provided himself as a subject for medical research. Dr. Robert Van Guilder had been extremely interested in just how Jason's body worked. What was his lung capacity? How quickly did his pulse rise as he exercised? What was his metabolism like?   
  
Jason had allowed himself to be poked and prodded for ninety-six hours, residing naked in the Bullpen.   
  
Erica could still see his naked body, chiseled and well defined. His pectorals. His abdomen. His back. His arms. His penis.   
  
She hadn't meant to walk in on him, she hadn't meant to see his penis, but she had needed to discuss technical specifications of her upcoming experiment with Colin. Emily DiStasio was still months away from finishing her Category F requirements, and months away from receiving her fateful tattoo. But Erica wanted to know that the Bullpen would be fit for long-term human inhabitation.   
  
Erica had expected Jason to be in the Bullpen, on the far side of the one-way mirror. She had expected to go unnoticed in the Observation Room, the swimmer unaware that a woman was standing only a few yards away from his naked body. But as she walked into the Observation Room, she was greeted by the sight of Jason Callahan on the Stairmaster in the corner of the room. He was clad only in the black corset, which stretched from below his massive pectorals down to his hips. His long, loose penis flopped down in front of him, and for a minute, Erica couldn't take her eyes of it.   
  
Not that she was thinking about it sexually. She had simply been shocked, to walk in and find it there, in front of her. In her entire life, she'd seen three penises in person - her boyfriend's in college, her boyfriend's in graduate school, and her boyfriend Tom's. But there, in the Observation Room, at work, she could add a fourth to that short list.   
  
She remembered having blushed. She remembered stuttering as she spoke. And she remembered the grin on the man's face, the casual disregard for his own nudity that he'd shown. The confidence. Erica had been fully dressed, while Jason had been wearing nothing but a piece of technical equipment around the midsection. But it had been Erica who was ashamed, and it had been Jason who had the upper hand.   
  
Erica struggled to remember that confidence as she herself continued the simulated climb on the Stairmaster. Her breasts, still small, bounced with each step. She could feel sweat dripping down her back, dripping down past the small of her back and towards her buttocks. With Pete and Tessa watching from the ops desk just a few feet away, Erica did her best to remember the confidence that Jason had shown. But it was still Erica who was the one ashamed. It still wasn't her who held the upper hand.   
  
If anything, she felt as if the corset wrapped around her abdomen called more attention to breasts and pussy, still exposed above and below the black material. She had asked Colin why it couldn't have been stretched just a bit larger, why she had to remain nude if the corset was wrapped around her body in the Observation Room. He'd explained to her something about short-range tactile waves, something about the corset taking readings more from the areas around it than the areas beneath it. Erica hadn't followed it, but she hated the slutty way it made her look and feel. She had covering, but she wasn't covering the right parts.   
  
She wanted to show the same confidence and power that Jason had shown her. But even after a week without clothes, Erica hadn't gotten over her nudity. She wanted her clothes back. She wanted the experiment to be over.   
  
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Soon after first entering the Bullpen, Erica found herself in a routine. She woke up each morning around seven, said hello to Pete and Tessa, and scanned the latest headlines on the projector from electronic copies of the various newspapers. In the Bullpen, the girl would do push-ups, sit-ups, and her stretching routine, uncomfortably aware of just how sexual this last practice came off. As Noah had assured her, though, Pete was too old to be very threatening, and, at any rate, his time in the Observation Room was quickly drawing to a close. By that Monday night, Tessa would be on her own for the late night and early morning shift.   
  
After stretching herself out, Erica met Tessa by the open door to the Bullpen. After a week of putting on and taking off the corset, Erica felt as if she could have done it on her own. But every morning, Tessa would wrap the black fabric around the biochemist's naked stomach, fastening each of the six adjustable hooks, and running a quick diagnostic on the corset's built-in sensors. Before Erica was allowed to step too far beyond the open Bullpen, however, Tessa had to run another series of tests and checks from the ops desk, and anything abnormal had to be logged and reported. But, usually after five minutes or so of standing around and making idle chitchat with Pete as Tessa worked, Erica would finally be allowed to work out.  
  
She exercised for well over an hour out in the Observation Room each day - using the exercise bicycle, the Stairmaster, the treadmill, and a few of the Nautilus machines. At first, she had looked forward to escaping her clinically white prison cell. But, as the week went by, Erica began dreading the time she spent out of the Bullpen. While inside, she could feign ignorance of the people just beyond the mirror glass. While outside, she was constantly aware of their presence across the Observation Room, constantly aware of her own nudity, constantly aware of how ridiculous she looked exercising in the futuristic corset.   
  
But, at the same time, she was getting herself into better shape than she'd been in months, working out in a set schedule instead of trying to squeeze an hour into the gym on her way home from work each day, as she did with occasional success in the weeks and months before signing on to become her own guinea pig.   
  
During her exercise routine, Erica's breakfast was brought down to the Observation Room from the cafeteria by one of a few technicians. It seemed to be a different technician each day, but Erica hadn't yet guessed that the they were taking turns with the duty, casting lascivious glances at the test subject while they delivered her coffee, orange juice, and food.   
  
After finishing her workout routine, Erica ate her breakfast at a small table on the far side of the ops desk. The silverware, the plates, the cups, and the food itself would all aggravate the emitters if it were brought inside, and, therefore, the girl was forced to come out into the Observation Room three times a day for her meals, each time wearing the corset. She sat in a swivel chair that had been brought down from someone's office upstairs, her bare skin against the fabric, the sweat from her body seeping into the material, usually scarfing down the food so she could return to the Bullpen as quickly as possible.   
  
Around this point in the morning, as Erica sat in the corner of the Observation Room, Colin typically showed up for his shift, secretly delighted by the girl's glistening body. Whenever he talked to her, he sounded casual and aloof. Whenever he looked at her, he was sure to come off as clinical as possible. But wife or no wife, professional or not, Colin couldn't deny the raging hard-on that he got just glancing at the gorgeous, naked, raven-haired girl in front of him.   
  
As the last act of her shift, Tessa unfastened the sweat-soaked corset and exposed Erica's stomach once again, allowing the girl to step back into the Bullpen to take her shower. The emitters in the corset were durable enough to withstand a quick rinse in one of the washing machines elsewhere in the building, and the equipment would be ready for Erica again at lunchtime. In the Bullpen, however, the biochemist had to ask Colin to turn the shower on, and then turn it off again when she was done. All the controls were at the ops desk, and Colin quickly discovered that Erica's choice of water temperature fluctuated from day to day. When she had finished, and Colin had turned the water off, warm fans from above blew her body and hair dry. Her hair was always wild and untamed, but as she told herself most mornings, whom was she really trying to impress?   
  
At ten o'clock each morning, Noah (through the ops desk's camera) briefed her on what was going on in the Human Hormones Lab without her. Typically, she talked with one of the lab assistants in the afternoon, at four, as well. Until the experiment truly began, however, there wasn't all that much to talk about. Still, Erica liked to have a schedule, she like having something - anything - to break up the long, boring monotony of life inside the Bullpen. Most of the day, Erica spent scanning documents and data on the projector, some of it her own, some of it extra work that Natalie and Hannah had tasked her with to keep her busy.   
  
As the day wound down, Erica usually said goodbye to Colin for the afternoon and greeted the arrival of Wendy. She settled down and watched the news, some television, and a movie or two before bed. It wasn't a terribly exciting life, but it had become her life nonetheless.   
  
Throughout it all, Erica was unable to dismiss her undress. She was aware of her exposed pussy every time she sat down. She was aware of her tits being on display every time she had a conversation with Noah, or Aaron, or Colin. She couldn't ignore her own naked reflection staring back at her, every time she glanced at the front wall. She couldn't stop thinking that, just beyond those walls were people looking in at her, taking in her bare body.   
  
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Natalie had originally volunteered to give Erica her three deuterotone injections herself, but in the end, she had tasked the responsibility to Dr. Cho. Hannah and Erica were good friends, and Natalie thought that Erica might be more comfortable with her friend than with her boss. Hannah's project had also slowed down in the weeks between Phase One and Phase Two, and Natalie felt the Asian-American doctor had more time to spare than the Director of the Human Hormone Lab herself, as Natalie was busy dealing with the a difficult Phase One trial over in Dr. Slattery's laboratory. And, when it came right down to it, the older woman didn't want to be forced to jump through the hoops that would have been required of her.   
  
It had been decided that the injections were to be given in the Bullpen itself, and not outside in the Observation Room. Erica and Noah had both been extremely interested in the body's immediate reaction to the injection of deuterotone, and while the corset was functional enough, it didn't provide all the sensitivity and accuracy that the Bullpen did.   
  
The room itself was often home to multiple primates at similar stages of testing, but configuring the emitters to read more that one entity – and in this case, human beings – was hours of work. In any case, a second person inside the Bullpen would be subject to the same stringent rules that governed the first, and it had been Erica who had originally insisted that she wouldn't strip down to her skin to inject Emily DiStasio with the deuterotone.   
  
Colin and his fellow technicians had, rather ingeniously, been able to dampen the effects that another person in the Bullpen would have on the emitters focused on their guinea pig, but the process required the other person to be covered in hospital scrubs fabricated from a special, synthetic fiber. Thus, Hannah came down that Monday morning, just a bit before three o'clock, to pick up the specially designed Bullpen Suit that had been laid out for her.  
  
Metal, of any kind, was impermissible, which meant that Hannah had to remove all of her jewelry, anything with a metal fastener or zipper on it, and even her bra, because of its underwire. When she returned from the unisex bathroom down the hall from the Observation Room, Hannah was barefoot, dressed in the loose-fitting purple scrubs and wearing only her own panties beneath them. She laid her clothes in the cubby next to Erica's, and steeled herself for the Bullpen.   
  
Hannah had come down to visit Erica in the week before, and had even had lunch with her on Friday. They'd talked on the phone throughout the week, and had even shot e-mails back and forth at each other. But most of Hannah's visits found Erica on one side of the mirror glass and Hannah on the other, sometimes the test subject completely unaware that her friend was even out there. Hannah, a few days earlier, had even watched in shock as Erica squatted and pissed into the drain in the Bullpen, seemingly forgetting that there might be anyone on the far side of the glass.   
  
Armed with only a plastic needle, Hannah stepped through the slowly opening door and into the Bullpen, finding Erica patiently sitting and waiting for the deuterotone. Colin had shut the projector off when Hannah had first arrived, and Erica sat in silent contemplation, waiting for her experiment to begin in earnest. If she were going to back out of the test, if she was going to hold back from radically altering her body, this would be the last opportunity. She could chalk the past week up as an experiment in nudism only, and go on with her life as a B-chested biochemist waiting for another volunteer to test her deuterotone upon.  
  
Instead, Erica simply steeled herself for the injection, knowing that she was taking a step towards making a name for herself, a step towards confirming her science.   
  
"Long time, no see," Hannah joked as her eyes wandered over the dark-haired girl's naked body. Hannah was certainly attractive in her own right, but she found herself suddenly jealous of Erica's firm stomach, her slender curves.   
  
"You've got three minutes and twenty-eight seconds," Colin announced through the intercom overhead as the Bullpen's door rolled shut. "After that, I can't keep the emitters functioning properly at even a mediocre level. So, let's hurry the process along, because I don't want to have to reboot the mainframe, and I really don't want to spend my night replacing blown emitters."   
  
Realigning the tactile waves to ignore a second presence caused an increase in the energy needed to run the emitters properly, and there was a very good chance that they could overload if Hannah stayed inside for too long. Reading the second presence, along with the first, would have been significantly easier, and would've saved time and hassle on the part of the Bullpen staff. But Erica hadn't wanted to put herself on display each time she injected Emily DiStasio.  
  
"You heard the man," Erica grimaced, lying back, flat on her back, and slowly spreading her legs.   
  
She couldn't believe what she was doing. The pinkness of her vagina was currently on display for another woman, another woman who had been her friend for the better part of the past few years. As if Erica hadn't been through quite enough humiliation in the past week, she would now be subjected to Hannah poking around at her inner thigh, just inches from her most private of places.   
  
Not that she hadn't known what was coming. Erica had, after all, performed the same procedure on dozens of female chimps out in the Observation Room over the past few months - the deuterotone took hold best in the system if injected into one of the femoral arteries just below the groin. In this situation, Hannah would be playing Erica's role, and Erica would be playing Trixie's.  
  
Trixie, though, had fought as the sharp needle approached her pussy. Erica just cringed.   
  
"Just think of it as a gynecology appointment," Erica told herself. In comparison, Hannah's fingers wouldn't actually be penetrating her, and that had to be listed among the positives. Instead, as Hannah's bare fingertips found Erica's bare skin, the Asian doctor would be concentrating on her inner thigh.   
  
Erica felt Hannah's fingers on her body, closer to her groin than she might have preferred, followed by the dull, aching pain of the plastic needle injecting its contents into her bloodstream.   
  
Staring up at the ceiling, Erica couldn't help but feel more like a whore than she had in the past week. She tried to think about what was going on as clinically as possible, but she couldn't help but fixate upon the scene that Colin must have been gazing in on. The black-haired girl was on lying on her back with her legs stretched open. Another woman, an Asian doctor only a few years older than her, was crouched down in front of her pussy, her fingers grazing against some of her most intimate areas.   
  
After the deuterotone had been unloaded into Erica's right thigh, Hannah stood up, and took a step back. Erica, her legs still spread wide open as if an open lesbian invitation to the Asian doctor, had her eyes closed tight, wincing in pain as she felt the hormones spread down her leg. It hurt – more so than Erica had been anticipating. But it passed quickly, and the girl rated it only just above getting her ears pierced as a teenager, in terms of pain.   
  
"I'm going to get changed," Hannah announced as she backed towards the door of the Bullpen. Obviously, she felt uncomfortable about being around her friend, naked and in pain. But, as Erica wiped a small tear from one of her eyes, she noticed that Hannah wasn't averting her eyes from her uncovered body. Instead, it appeared as if Hannah was focusing on the black-haired girl, desperately trying to avert her eyes from the clinical claustrophobia of the Bullpen itself. Hannah, apparently, was uncomfortable being inside the Bullpen - even for just a short period of time.   
  
"Come back and talk with me over the camera before you go," Erica asked politely, propping herself up on her elbows.  
  
Hannah nodded, stepped from the white room, and disappeared into the Observation Room beyond as the Bullpen doors slid shut.   
  
And so it had begun. The TW emitters were quickly processing the course of the deuterotone in Erica's body, tracing its path from her femoral artery down into her leg and back up towards the rest of her body. Data was being generated. Readings were being taken. Body temperature. Dispersion rate. Absorption rate. Stress. Heart rate. Blood pressure. Nothing was left uncharted or unmeasured, and Erica knew that her staff would have more than enough information to keep them busy this week and beyond.   
  
She, meanwhile, had nothing to do but sit and wait for her breasts to begin their growth.   
  
A few minutes after Hannah had stepped white-faced from the white room, the projector came to life on the far side of the Bullpen. There, on the large screen, looking considerably more calm and collected in her own – and significantly less purple – clothing. As soon as her image had blinked on, the Asian doctor apologized.   
  
"I have gained so much respect for you," Hannah said, catching Erica somewhat by surprise. If anything, Erica full expected to be the laughing stock of ConnPharm.   
  
"I could never do what you're doing," her friend continued. "And it's not the nudity. I could probably do the nudity." Erica watched as Colin's eyebrow inadvertently went up. "But it's the room – the Bullpen itself. I don't think I could ever stay in there as long as you have, as long as you plan to."  
  
Erica smiled glumly. "Don't remind me." She still had four weeks to go – the actual experiment had only just begun.  
  
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The dreams began that first night.   
  
Erica awoke from her slumber, covered in perspiration. She was lying facedown on the floor, but as she cast a glance around the room, she discovered that she was no longer in the Bullpen.

She was in a zoo.   
  
Homo sapiens sapiens, female. Twenty-nine years old. Black hair. 5'7". 127 pounds. Native land: Central Ohio.  
  
She was still in a cage, locked behind glass in a ridiculous diorama of her "natural habitat" – a pink, dollhouse-esque bedroom, complete with a pink canopy bed, pink furniture, and pink wallpaper. Pink-framed photographs and paintings hung on the three opaque walls, each piece of art instilled with a pink hue. Her bed was covered in pink blankets and sheets, each a slightly varied shade of pink. And, as Erica picked herself up off the floor of her new habitat, she noticed that the hard metal/linoleum of the Bullpen floor had been traded for thick, pink, shag carpet.   
  
Erica was confused, mystified as to how she had been transported out of ConnPharm without waking. Had there been a sedative in Hannah's needle? Had the whole deuterotone experiment been nothing more than a chance for Bill Forrester or Jake Rinaldi to sell her into white slavery?   
  
But, perhaps more horrifying than the fact that she had been transported out of the Bullpen was her new audience. They were lined up on the far side of her glass wall – old men with canes, overweight mothers with cameras, dads in Hawaiian shirts and Bermuda shorts, little boys with their mouth agape, little girls staring in with casual disinterest. There was a field trip – thirty to forty second-graders staring in at her with their sixty-something-year-old teacher while their tour guide prattled on about the human female.   
  
"….entertains herself by shopping for shoes, eating ice cream, and reading trashy magazines," the tour guide explained, gesturing towards Erica's body. Erica rubbed her eyes, not believing what she saw – the guide was none other than her own mother.   
  
"Mom!" Erica screamed, tears beginning to form at the corners of her eyes. "Mom! Where am I? Mom?!! Let me out!"  
  
Karen Rivers seemed unable to hear the pleas of her daughter, and continued to speak to her tour group. "Now, the human female's lifespan is close to seventy-six years, but she is only fertile from approximately the age of fifteen until around the time she is forty years old, meaning this particular animal in front of you has already lost out on half of her child-bearing years."  
  
Erica watched as some of the mothers on the far side of the glass shook their heads in disappointment, while her own mother continued to ignore Erica's crying.   
  
"Now," Karen began, with a finger in the air, "the common misconception is that the human female reaches her sexual peak long after the human male." She paused, and then, with eyebrows raised, continued, "This is a myth. In fact, if we were to measure hormone production, males and females of this species reach their heights of arousal at roughly the same age. However, based on pressures and influences of their society, the North American female does not reach true sexual SATISFACTION until her thirties."  
  
"Is that why this one hasn't had a baby yet?" asked a young, blonde pigtailed little girl.   
  
"Well, there are a number of factors," Karen responded. "The first of which is probably dissatisfaction with her personal appearance – she is uncomfortable in her own body."  
  
Erica was taken aback by this analysis by her mother. Her mother was dead on, of course, about Erica's image of herself. She was too tall. Her breasts were too small. She had a hideous birthmark on her ass. Her fingers were too long and narrow, her thighs carrying just a little too much weight. Any of the visitors peering in at Erica would have described her as a complete knockout, but Erica doubted herself. And anyways, she had always been far more concerned with science to worry for very long over her appearance.   
  
"But we, here, at the Beardsley Zoo, have taken it upon ourselves to inject our girl here, Kahaba, with hormones to induce sexual arousal."  
  
Kahaba? Sexual arousal? Injected with hormones? "No, Mom, it's me, Erica! What are you talking about? Let me out!"  
  
"As you can see," Karen continued, gesturing in the direction of Erica, "Kahaba has prepared herself to mate by making herself as alluring as possible."  
  
It was only then that Erica noticed she was no longer in the nude. At first, it was clothing in general that caught her off guard – after a week of having her most private parts on display, it seemed unnatural that they be somewhat hidden away. But as she peered down at her scantily clad body, the outfit itself shocked her.   
  
Somehow, she had been dressed in a pinkish-white lace merry widow, complete with sheer cups that her nipples poked right through and spaghetti-thin shoulder straps. Garters ran down her body to a matching set of floral-embroidered, thigh-high pink stockings, each stocking with a girlish little ribbon where the garter met the hosiery. Between them, Erica found herself wearing a similarly pink-hued pair of thong panties, her café-au-lait showing in the back, and another cute little ribbon at the waistline in the front, just an inch or two below her beautiful exposed navel. And, finishing off the vision in pink, were a pair of three-inch heeled feathered slippers. It was plainly obvious that Erica had been dressed to seduce.   
  
But, more embarrassing than the outfit itself was the wet stain that seemed to be growing on the front of the panties, exposing her apparent arousal to the audience gathered on the far side of the glass. Erica seemed to be getting off on the crowd.   
  
As Erica tried to put the pieces together in her mind, a door slowly opened behind her.   
  
"Oh, look," Karen announced to her group of schoolchildren, "we're in for a treat today. The zookeeper has decided to allow Kahaba and Mwenyeji to mate."  
  
The scantily-clad girl slowly turned around, unsure of what to expect on the far side of the door. With a relief, she saw her boyfriend Tom's face emerge from the shadows.   
  
"Oh my god, Tom," Erica gasped. "Thank God it's you. I didn't know what to –"  
  
Erica had been comforted by Tom's presence, glad to be with someone she knew and recognized. But Tom didn't seem to recognize her, and as he took a step into the room, Erica began to realize that this wasn't her Tom. This was Mwenyeji.   
  
He was completely naked, from head to toe, and while his face was similar to Tom's, this male's body was decidedly different. It was better cut, with muscles rippling through each arm and its chest. Mwenyeji's stomach was better defined, and his thighs and legs much more athletic. But it was the penis - flaccid at first but quickly rising with excitement - that was the giveaway; Mwenyeji was significantly better equipped than Erica's boyfriend.   
  
Her first thought was not about running away, or about screaming for help, or about demanding her release. Instead, Erica could only wonder about whether a member that size could fit into her pussy.   
  
Mwenyeji stepped into the room quickly, without a word or even a grunted "hello." Before Erica could protest, she had been thrown to canopy bed roughly, and the strange man with Tom's face had come down on top of her. He was perched on his right side, propping himself up on his right elbow to Erica's left, away from the window and the watching crowd. His right fist grabbed at the girl's dark hair (which was suddenly longer than it had been even before Colin's makeshift haircut), pulling her whole head hard to his face. As Tom/Mwenyeji forced his tongue into Erica/Kahaba's open mouth, he used his left hand to tear her soaked-through panties away from her body, ripping them as if they'd been made of paper. Erica gasped in a mixture of pleasure and pain into her new mate's mouth as he forced his index and middle finger of his left hand deep into her waiting cunt. Her eyes went wide as his calloused thumb found her clitoris, and began to move it side-to-side like an expert.   
  
Seconds into the sexual assault, Erica was already close to cumming. But as she caught sight of the gathering just outside her pink pen, she gathered herself and pushed Mwenyeji off of her body. His fingers were ripped away. His thumb was ripped away. His mouth was ripped away. And, as the man reached for something to hold onto, Erica's left cup of her merry widow was ripped away.   
  
She rolled to the far side of the bed and dashed to the window. Screaming, she pounded on the glass, yelling for her mother to come save her. Yelling for anyone to come save her.   
  
Instead, the audience simply looked at her in amusement. She was an animal that the zoo was mating. She was no different from a lioness, or a gorilla, or a dog, learning her place as a sexual object for a male of her species. They looked in, and watched her helplessness with no more interest than they'd give to a wildlife program on public television. What happened to Erica was no concern to them, and seemed to be no concern even to Erica's own mother.   
  
Tom/Mwenyeji caught her from behind, returning his right hand to Erica's head, where he grabbed at her hair once again and forced her flat against the pane. Both of Erica's smallish breasts were pressed hard against the surface, but her left nipple – out and exposed – was flattened on the glass two inches from a goofy-looking man eating popcorn. She was lifted off her feet just enough for Mwenyeji's penis to slip inside of her, penetrating deeper than Tom's ever had. Within four quick, rough thrusts, Erica was once again approaching her climax. She was crying, both from the intense pleasure and the intense humiliation of being fucked in front of dozens on onlookers.   
  
She screamed as she was about to cum.   
  
But the orgasm never came.   
  
Instead, Erica awoke on the hard floor on the Bullpen, alone and unclothed. Her own reflection, in the mirror-glass facing the Observation Room, was her only visible company. But Erica knew that there was someone else on the far side of that glass, an audience to her captivity as if she were an animal in the zoo.   
  
"Are you okay?" Tessa Romero's voice boomed over the loudspeaker. Pete Bowie had completed her training, and now the college-aged intern was on her own through the night shift. "Your heart-rate's up, your adrenaline's up, and a lot of your other numbers, too…"  
  
The black-haired girl inside the Bullpen rolled over onto her back, staring up through the dimly lit room towards the ceiling. "Just a bad dream," she reassured the girl.   
  
But was it really a bad dream? Erica had certainly never had a dream quite like it before, but she couldn't deny the arousal she was feeling. If anything, she felt somewhat frustrated that she hadn't been allowed to cum in the dream.   
  
"Would you like any water?" the girl asked from the Observation Desk.   
  
Erica groggily rubbed her eyes with her fists. What she really wanted was to be home in her own bed. In her pajamas. With her boyfriend – her real boyfriend – slowly and gently bringing her to her climax.   
  
But for now, water would have to do.   
  
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"So I heard you had a rough night last night," Natalie Hart asked Erica in the Observation Room.   
  
The raven-haired girl was seated at the table in the corner, wearing nothing but the technologically equipped black corset. Her still-small breasts dangled out in the open, but Erica had crossed her legs to hide her vagina, as she usually did, when she'd sat down to eat her lunch. Soon after the girl had begun feeding on her Caesar salad, she'd been joined by her elder, who sat gracefully across from her. Natalie was obviously interested in the quick report that Erica had given Noah that morning.   
  
"It was just a dream," Erica explained, unsure she wanted to talk any more about it than she already had.   
  
"But you think it was brought on by the deuterotone?"  
  
"It was a bit more…" the girl paused for the right word, "carnal…than my usual dreams."  
  
Natalie pushed further. "You told Noah that it was sexual. That's out of the ordinary?"  
  
Erica swallowed hard. "Well….no. I mean, those kinds of dreams are relatively common, I guess. But this was much more graphic than usual, much more sexual and much less sensual."  
  
The older woman nodded.   
  
"I just thought," Erica continued, "that because of the body confusing deuterotone with testosterone every now and then, it might explain that sort of dream. If it's not related, then it's not related…but I just thought I should report it. For the science."  
  
"That could be," Natalie responded. "But I think we should also keep an open mind about your psychology, given your current situation."  
  
Erica cocked an eyebrow.  
  
"Nudists and naturalists can tell me all they want that there's nothing sexual about nakedness, but I'll never believe them," the blonde continued in a hushed tone. "I just think that, given your current situation, it's understandable if your subconscious, naturally, gets turned on by the exhibitionism."  
  
The girl nearly chocked on a crouton. "Natalie, I am NOT a flasher. I am NOT getting off on parading myself around ConnPharm in nothing but my birthday suit." She kept her voice low and one eye on Colin on the far side of the room, but her tone showed that she was more than a little put off by her superior's suggestion.   
  
"I'm not saying you are," Natalie answered. "But being naked can be a sexual thing, and you can't control your subconscious." She paused. "Can I ask what the dream was about? That is, a few more specifics?"   
  
Erica shook her head. "No. Absolutely not. It should be enough that I –"  
  
The older biologist cut her off. "Were you on display? Was there an audience? Was someone watching you?"  
  
Silence.  
  
"I'll take that as a yes." Natalie gave the girl a knowing smile. "If it really was the deuterotone, and it really was only the deuterotone, why incorporate anything more than just you and a partner?"  
  
With that, the blonde woman stood, leaving the girl alone with her lunch. As she walked away, she turned, and suggested, "Just keep an open mind. You can't assume that what you're experiencing is entirely because of the chemicals injected into your body."  
  
"What was that about?" Colin asked, after Natalie had left. The technician strolled closer to the lunch table.   
  
"Nothing," Erica replied, pushing the rest of her salad away. Natalie really had given her something to think about. "I'm not hungry. Can you take the corset off? Can I get back in the Bullpen?"  
  
Looking puzzled, the man answered, "Sure. Sure thing."   
  
Her prison had become comforting. Her place of exposure had become her place of protection. And maybe, just maybe, a part of Erica longed to be bared to Colin.   
  
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Fifty-five hours and three intensely sexual dreams after her first injection, a tingling began throughout Erica's body. At first, it was spread out, dispersed through her body and across her naked skin. As it continued, however, the dark-haired girl explained to the assemblage outside the Bullpen that it had become concentrated – in her throat, her chest, and her groin.   
  
Vijay and Takahashi had both still been at ConnPharm when the tingling began, and had been the first called down to the Bullpen. They were soon joined by Noah and Hannah, both of whom drove in from home to check up on their friend and test subject. And finally, Wendy had brought down Cathy Reinhardt, a registered EMT that ConnPharm kept on call throughout the night. If they needed to end the project, Cathy would be the first to try to help pull Erica back from any adverse conditions caused by the deuterotone.   
  
"We don't know that it's out of the ordinary," Erica explained, trying to calm everyone down. "It would have been hard for Trixie to explain to us that she was feeling this sensation."   
  
"We don't know that it is ordinary, either," Noah countered. "It would have been difficult for Trixie to explain to us that she had felt no sensation at all."   
  
"All I'm saying," Erica continued, "is that I feel fine, other than the tingling. And Wendy can tell you herself that's there's nothing wrong with any of my vitals."  
  
In the Observation Room, all eyes turned to the peroxide blonde.  
  
"Heart rate went up when you all started arguing with her," the technician shrugged. "Other than that, the mainframe's not showing anything out of the ordinary."   
  
"Does it hurt?" Hannah asked, turning her attention away from Wendy and back towards the mirror glass.   
  
Erica answered, "No, it just…it….it's more like pins and needles. Like when your arm or your leg falls asleep on you."   
  
"And this has been going on for how long now?" Noah asked.  
  
"About forty-five minutes," Mike Takahashi replied.   
  
"And did anything set it off? Did anything cause the 'pins and needles'?"   
  
Vijay answered this time. "Mike and I have already gone over the data. It looks like deuterotone has reached a critical point – fatty tissue is starting to amass around Erica's…I mean, the subject's…I mean, around her breasts."   
  
"Well, that explains the tingling in the mammary area," Noah said. "And the onset of second puberty would obviously create a similar tingling in the groin. But I'm a little concerned about her throat."  
  
"My larynx," Erica cut in. "If my body's mistaking the deuterotone as testosterone or some other androgen, it might mean that my voice is going to deepen a bit."  
  
"…which isn't supposed to happen," Noah continued.   
  
"Which hasn't happened in the other animals," Erica corrected him, "but we knew that it was a possibility in human women."   
  
"So if it does happen, and your voice does change…?" Wendy asked. "Do you guys go back to the drawing board?"  
  
"Not yet," Erica answered through the intercom.   
  
"Not yet," Noah agreed. "The larynx grows in both genders during puberty – it's just more significant in male development. Her voice might change a little, it might change a lot, it might not change at all. We don't really know."  
  
"And even if it does," the naked girl on the far side of the glass went on, "we still wouldn't be sure if it would happen in all women, or if there's something unique to my particular body chemistry that caused it."   
  
Her partner nodded.   
  
The decision had to be made as to whether to continue with the project or not. Though Noah had the ultimate say, with Erica somewhat indisposed, Erica got her way and the experiment went forward. Her partner, unfortunately, was somewhat wary of the deuterotone, given Erica's dreams the past two nights, and now the strange sensation taking hold of her body.   
  
Noah, like everyone else at ConnPharm, had no concept of the specifics of Erica's dreams. Natalie had hinted at them, but only Erica knew the ins and outs of her own imagination, and she wasn't yet ready to share the vulgar details of her dirty subconscious. Like her experience in the zoo with Tom/Mwenyeji, her two additional dreams had involved an enhanced version of her boyfriend, rough sex, and an audience. And, like the first, Erica had, as of yet, been unable to cum in any of her dreams. For some torturous reason, she continued to awake just before release, denied of her orgasm each time.   
  
That Wednesday night, at ten o'clock, Erica was indecisive as to whether she was looking forward to falling asleep that night.   
  
Just as she was indecisive about the somewhat pleasant sensation stirring in her crotch.  
  
There was a part of her that was worried about the tingling, of course. But there was another part of her, a more CARNAL part of her, that couldn't help but enjoy the buzzing deep in her pussy and around her clitoris. It seemed as if her body, with the help her chemical compound, had produced an organic sex toy, a natural vibrator. And, unfortunately, it was just humming enough to keep her aroused, but – like her dreams – not quite enough to finish her off.   
  
Even her nipples had been standing straight up since the tingling had begun. Of course, her nipples had been hard on and off throughout the past week and half, as she displayed her body to all comers. But this was different, as they were harder and more tender than before. Erica longed to touch them.

She longed to touch herself – he nipples, her bare skin, her pussy. If she had been in her own bed, in her own condo, with the doors closed and sheets covering her, Erica wouldn't have resisted. She would have masturbated herself into tranquility.   
  
But here, in the Bullpen, every move that she made was recorded. And, even if it weren't, there were currently six onlookers standing just a few feet beyond her reflection in the wall. And even if most of them left, Wendy would still be there. Wendy would still be out there. Wendy would still be watching her.  
  
And, once again, Erica wasn't sure whether that irked her, or turned her on just a little bit more.   
  
"We'll hope it subsides," Noah announced, after they had made the decision to adjourn for the night. Cathy had agreed to stay, as had Vijay. Wendy, though, wasn't going anywhere until Tessa showed up at one, and Erica had signed on for another few weeks. But Noah, Mike, and Hannah departed for the evening, leaving Erica on her own in the Bullpen to make an attempt at ignoring the sensual teasing her body was receiving.  
  
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Wednesday night had been a wash. The tingling had, eventually, gone away. But, unfortunately for Erica's sleep patterns, the full cycle would last nearly six hours, leaving her tossing and turning on the hard floor of the Bullpen, unable to fall asleep.   
  
When she finally awoke, she knew that she had had another dream, perhaps two or three, but couldn't recall anything more than her own arousal. She was sweating. Her hair was completely mussed up. And her pussy was still wet and exuding warmth - still unable to reach the climax it so desperately craved, either in the waking world or while Erica was asleep.   
  
It was a long, long day, after a long, long night, and Erica passed out on the floor of the Bullpen well before nine o'clock. As she drifted off to sleep, she smiled, knowing what was coming.   
  
She was in college. In her dorm room at Knight House in Pasadena. With her roommate Julie Coogan. And David Wojciechowski, her first boyfriend.   
  
Erica was eighteen years old again, a college junior and one of just sixty-four young women in CalTech's freshman class. Julie was just how Erica remembered her – perfect. Erica had been a nerd her entire life, too involved in books and science to truly pursue any real life. Julie, on the other hand, seemed as at ease in the Chemistry laboratory as she did at parties hosted by upperclassmen. And David, well, David seemed much more than Erica remembered, as Tom had seemed enhanced in her previous dreams. Everything was just as she remembered it. But this was no memory – it was a dream, a product of her own debased subconscious and a small bit of chemical influence.  
  
"Bullshit," David replied to Julie's hypothesis, chugging down another few sips of his Miller High Life. "Absolute bullshit."   
  
"Why? Why is it bullshit?" Julie asked. She had red hair, a slim body, and an almost non-existent chest, but she exuded sexual confidence that made her three times as alluring as women twice as physically attractive.   
  
"How many women have you gone down on?" David asked bluntly, catching Erica by surprise. This was certainly not the shy, proper David Wojciechowski that she remembered.   
  
"None," Julie responded. "Which makes my total only one less than yours."  
  
David blushed at this. Erica had been his first, as he had been for her.   
  
"Which means I have infinitely more experience at cunnilingus than you do," David argued strongly. Turning to Erica, he said, "Tell her."  
  
"He's quite good," Erica giggled, taking another sip out of her own beer.   
  
"But you have nothing to compare it against," Julie responded to her roommate. To David, she repeated herself, "I still say that a woman should be able to give another woman more pleasure in eating her out than a man could. I mean, David, I have a vagina. I know what feels good."   
  
"So, now, by that logic," David interjected, "I should be able to give a better blowjob than you, because I have a penis myself. Is that what you're saying?"   
  
"Well, the penis is somewhat of a blunt instrument," Erica began, not quite believing that she was engaging in this ridiculous argument. "There's not all that much to figure out. Put it in your mouth, move your tongue around, suck a little, squeeze a little, and you're there. I mean, some of you guys can come without us even touching you." She gave a boyfriend an obvious wink.  
  
"One time!" David replied, blushing.   
  
"Whereas the vagina," the black-haired girl continued, "is a little more complicated. There a lot more…stuff…down there."   
  
"Fine," David relented. "Perhaps a lesbian, with a comparable amount of experience as a man in the cunnilingus department, could do a better job at muff diving than the man. But there's no way that someone with no experience, like you," he pointed at Julie, "could compare with someone with experience."   
  
"So you're better than me at eating women out?" Julie asked in mock disbelief.   
  
"Right," David agreed, somewhat uncomfortable with the direct question.   
  
"And you'd be willing to put money on that?"   
  
"What?"  
  
Erica repeated her boyfriend. "What?"  
  
"I've got fifty dollars," the redheaded girl explained as she pulled a few bills from her purse, "that says I give better head than you do."   
  
"A pussy-eating contest?" Erica laughed. "And how exactly are you going to do this little competition?"  
  
Both David and Julie looked at the young Erica Rivers.   
  
"No. No. Absolutely not," she answered their stares.   
  
"Come on, honey, be our test subject," David begged her. "For science."   
  
Erica again shook her head.   
  
"It's not a big deal," Julie calmed her friend. "David's your boyfriend, so it's not like it's anything you haven't done before with him. And I'm your roommate – I've seen you naked, I've seen you in the shower, I've even caught you masturbating."  
  
Just the once, Erica thought to herself. She'd been drunk. She'd come home to find what she thought was an empty room. But, because it was dark, she'd missed the sleeping body of her roommate. She had masturbated with abandon, panting and moaning, until Julie had finally cleared her throat and begun laughing. They joked about it from time to time, but Erica hadn't expected her friend to bring up the incident just now.   
  
"No, no, no, no, no, no, no," Erica repeated herself. "No."   
  
"What about for twenty dollars?" the redhead asked.  
  
"No."  
  
"Forty?" David asked.   
  
"No."  
  
"What if the loser of the contest paid YOU the fifty dollars?" Julie put forth.   
  
Erica hesitated this time. She was already getting wet, and she could tell that the idea of watching Julie eat her out was turning David on quite a bit. Not to mention the fifty dollars, which she could put towards paying some of her book bills for the following term.   
  
But would the money make her a prostitute?   
  
Even if it did, Erica hated to admit, the thought of such depravity turned her on that much more.   
  
"I don't even know how we're going to do this," Erica whined. "I mean, I'm obviously going to see whoever's going down on me."  
  
"Is that a yes?" the redhead asked.   
  
"We can use a blindfold," David answered.  
  
"But are you going to go right in a row?" Erica asked. "Because that first orgasm, for me, is always the best one."  
  
"So that's a yes?" Julie asked again.   
  
"No orgasms," David replied.  
  
"No orgasms?" asked the redhead.  
  
"No orgasms?" asked the black-haired girl.   
  
"No orgasms," David responded to them both. "Both of us will bring you to the brink. You'll get a break in between, you know, to calm down. And then you get to pick which one of us gets to finish you off – whoever you thought was better."   
  
"So it's definitely a yes?" Julie asked, one last time.   
  
"Fine, fine," Erica relented. "Yes. It's a yes."  
  
All three looked at each other awkwardly.   
  
"So…right now?" Erica asked.   
  
Julie didn't even answer the girl. Instead, as David stood and turned the stereo up, blasting the soothing tones of P.M. Dawn through the dorm room, Julie got down on her knees in front of her friend. Casually, she reached up and began unbutton the top button on Erica's jeans.   
  
The dark-haired girl's first reaction was to push her friend away. Instead, she let her continue, watching the girl's feminine hands find her fly and begin to slip it down. As Julie slipped Erica's jeans down, she revealed a pair of leopard-print bikini panties that were underneath, high-cut and very revealing.   
  
Erica couldn't stop staring at her friend's face. A mood that had been lighthearted and jovial only a few seconds ago had suddenly become very serious and sexually charged. David watched in awe as Julie slipped Erica's jeans past her ankles and into a puddle on the floor. Somehow, a black, silk tie appeared in his hands, and he stepped forward to wrap it around his girlfriend's eyes, using it as a blindfold. Erica's last sight for the evening was that of Julie leaning forward into her lap, the black-haired girl's legs wide open and waiting. As her world went dark, she felt her friend's tongue rubbing up the crotch of her panties, through the material.   
  
A few quick seconds later, Erica felt David's rougher hands reach under the sides of her panties, and slide them down her bare thighs. As they joined her pants elsewhere in the room, Erica couldn't help but reflect on her current situation – she was without bottoms in her dorm room, seated on her futon with her legs spread and her pussy on display to both her boyfriend and her girlfriend. The thought alone made her hot, and the knowledge of what was forthcoming only served to make her hotter.   
  
Erica was still wearing a tank top, without a bra, but she didn't fight the hands that gently pulled the straps down her arms to expose her breasts. She was nothing but a puddle of sexuality, and at that moment, she was far too excited to fight off any advance.  
  
She felt hot breath against her right aureole at one moment, and then teeth, sinking gently into the upright nipple. Erica couldn't help but gasp in pleasure, pleasure aided by the mystery that she had no idea whose mouth was on her breast, no idea whose tongue was swirling around her nipple at that moment. She expected to recognize David's mouth against her pussy, but as it happened, she discovered that she was unsure of herself. Male lips? Female lips? She wasn't sure of anything but her own pussy lips, tingling at the sensation of a tongue beginning its penetration.  
  
If it was David, he'd learned some new tricks. If it was Julie, Erica couldn't help but wonder if she'd done this before. At points, whoever it was who was going down on her would fork his or her tongue, going deeper into her private parts than anyone's tongue should have been capable of. Erica assumed that this was Julie, as none of it seemed familiar, none of it seemed ordinary. And, just as Erica felt her own hips uncontrollably surge upwards to meet Julie's thrusting tongue, Julie pulled away.   
  
Soft lips found their way up Erica's slit to her waiting clitoris, wrapping themselves around it and sending bolts of electricity up the girl's spine. With abandon, she pinched and squeezed her own exposed nipples, knowing that it would get David, whom she assumed was watching from the far side of the room, as turned on as Erica herself was feeling.   
  
"Ohhhh," she moaned, not quite sure whether it was the tongue snaking around her clit that caused the suspiration, or whether it was the fact that she was currently being watched.   
  
It didn't matter to Erica that it was, assumedly, a woman eating her out. It didn't matter that this meant she was trending lesbian. Erica could only focus on two things – the pleasure swelling through her pussy and the person across the room. The eyes that, at that moment, were fixated upon her perspiring body, her heaving chest, her mouth gasping for air.   
  
She began to reach towards Julie's head, longing to pull it closer to her, longing to make her lick harder. But as she did so, hands grabbed at her wrists and pulled them away. She was held against the futon, her arms spread behind her and her legs spread below her, writhing in pre-orgasmic bliss. She should've been able to distinguish the hands holding her down, knowing that David's calloused fingers should have felt different from Julie's far more effeminate ones. But, unfortunately for Erica, she could only focus on the rising climax in her body, feeling the tongue of her current partner and not the hands of the current spectator holding her down. She breathed deep, waiting to exhale in final satisfaction.   
  
But Julie had pulled away.   
  
"No!" Erica screamed in frustration. "No! Please!"  
  
"Beg for it," Julie teased wickedly from elsewhere in the room.   
  
"Please," the blindfolded girl continued. "Please, please, please. I need it."   
  
"It'll come," David assured her. "But just to make sure you don't get overeager with yourself…"  
  
The hands that had been holding Erica's wrists against the futon released her, and Erica was tempted to finish herself off, having come so close to orgasm without reaching the final crest. The temptation was lifted, however, when she felt cold steel snap against either arm – she was being handcuffed to the back of the futon frame.   
  
"No!" she called helplessly.   
  
"We just need you to calm back down," Julie explained. "To get an equilibrium for Contestant Number Two."   
  
An equilibrium wasn't going to happen. How Julie expected Erica to calm back down after she'd reached the brink of orgasm, how Julie expected Erica to calm back down with her pants and underwear somewhere across the room, how Julie expected Erica to calm back down with her top bunched down at her midsection and her tits exposed, how Julie expected Erica to calm back down with her legs spread and her pussy throbbing to be touched….well, it was beyond Erica.   
  
But both Julie and David seemed indifferent. The next half hour seemed more like an eternity to Erica, who had trouble focusing on anything but her own desire to be touched.   
  
Or was it to be watched?   
  
Or was it to be watched, while being touched?   
  
She was vaguely aware of surroundings, but the sounds of the television, the radio, and her friends' casual chitchat were ancillary to Erica's lust. She heard the door into the hallway open and close a number of times, David and Julie explaining away trips to and from the bathroom. Each time she heard it creak, she was felt a mix of terror and titillation as the prospect of a passerby peering in.   
  
Without any warning, a tongue brushed up Erica's inner thigh, making a b-line directly towards her pussy. Contestant Number Two had begun.   
  
Fingers found her clit first, index and middle, and pulled apart the top of Erica's slit and exposed it to warm air of the room. The tongue followed behind, flicking gently back and forth, tracing circles in her most intimate of areas. She felt a chin upon her open pussy, pressed between her legs with forced. It, too, gave away, and Erica gasped in ecstasy as David slipped a single finger inside, penetrating her wetness.   
  
From behind her blindfold, she imagined Julie on the far side of the room, watching the black-haired girl from her computer desk. Was Julie watching, wide-eyed and excited? Was Julie turned on? Was Julie still wearing all of her clothes? Could she be masturbating, herself?   
  
Or was it Julie on the far side of the room after all? Whoever it was between her legs, she didn't recognize the technique any more than she had recognized the first challenger's. Could this be Julie now? Had David been the one teasing her earlier? She couldn't tell…  
  
One finger in her pussy became two. And two, to her shock, became three. She felt stretched, too small to accommodate each of the digits. But instead of screaming out in agony, it was all that she could do to keep herself from squealing in absolute sexual joy.   
  
The tongue against her clit lapped quickly, greedily, eagerly, and Erica held on for dear life. The past hour, which had seemed like an eternity for her, had been nothing but foreplay, and the girl was eager to finally reach her climax. Pulling against her handcuffs, she longed to grab at her own nipples once again, this time to play with them for Julie. Or David. But for herself most of all.   
  
Each finger was slowly and torturously removed from her pink, but the index didn't go far. Rather, it traced its way across the pale white flesh of her right thigh, trending closer and closer to her asshole. When it reached its destination, it tormented her, making several passes around, each time come dangerously close to insertion. It was nothing that Erica had ever felt before, never experience. And that alone nearly put her over the edge.   
  
The pressure in her pussy intensified, and Erica, in her delirium, began to grunt out, "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck," with each osculation against her clit. Her last was drawn out, a long "Fuuuuuck," as she readied herself for her pay-off.   
  
But just as before, the mouth pulled away from her lips just seconds too soon.  
  
"Fuck!" she called out, this time in aggravation. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuuuuuck!!!"  
  
"Here it is," Julie's voice called out. "The moment of truth."  
  
"Who gets to finish you off?" David chimed in. "Contestant Number One? Or Contestant Number Two?"  
  
To tell the truth, Erica didn't much care. She just wanted contact. She just wanted her orgasm.   
  
"Two," she called out. The finger that had traced her rose bud had done it for her.   
  
A cheer went up from around the room. Suddenly, Erica was all too aware that it wasn't just David and Julie in the room with her.   
  
Aware, but didn't care.   
  
Contestant Number Two had returned his or her tongue to her pussy, and his or her index finger – still soaked in Erica's own pussy juices – to just outside her asshole. The girl used her bared legs to wrap whoever it was and pull them closer, in an act of desperation to bring about her long-awaited and long-elusive apogee. And it was at that moment that the blindfold slipped down over her nose, and Erica got a look at the room around her.   
  
David was on the far side of the room, half-standing, half-sitting on her desk. He had is wallet open, and was counting out singles.   
  
Glancing down between her legs was Julie, her red hair spread out across Erica's silky skin. She was sweating from her effort, and apparently had removed her Cal Tech sweatshirt sometime since Erica had first donned the blindfold. In fact, she had discarded the shirt beneath it, as well. And her skirt, for that matter. Wearing nothing but a pair of low-rise green panties and a matching demi-cup bra with her left breast hanging out, Julie seemed intent on finishing what she had started.   
  
"Put your finger in her ass!" called someone with a British accent from the bed, causing Erica to turn her head just a bit.   
  
Dr. George Nettleton, Erica's Freshman Chemistry professor, had apparently come for the show. As had her General Chemistry professor, Sergei Kuptchencko. And Andrew Nguyen, from down the hall. And Jenny Brodie, her lab partner in Synthetic Chemistry. And Nick Papoutsis, one of Julie's many one-night stands, who was wearing Erica's leopard-print panties as a hat. All in all, Erica's quick estimate was that nearly a dozen people had managed to sneak into her room in the half-hour between her cunnilingus sessions. And all of them seemed to be enjoying the show.   
  
And rather than yell in horror, Erica just smiled. She smiled as they all watched her roommate eat her out. She smiled as they ogled her naked body, thrashing in sexual bliss. She smiled as Julie finally went for it, and inserted her index finger gently into her backside.   
  
The pleasure was unimaginable, and the roar from the audience only fed Erica's primal urges. She licked her lips at Nettleton as Julie's finger pushed further into her asshole, as Julie's tongue continued to dance across her clit.

David leaned forward, into the scene, and tucked a wad of cash into Erica's tank top, now no more than a belt crumpled around her midsection. "There's twenty-three dollars there," he explained as he unlocked her right handcuff. "I was going to give you the full fifty, but you seem to be getting payment enough of another form."  
  
She was a stripper, collecting wads of cash.   
  
No, she was a cheap prostitute, selling her body to David and Julie for twenty-three dollars.   
  
No, she thought. She was an addict. A sex addict. The money was trivial. The money was nothing. She was letting a room full of close friends and acquaintances watch her be eaten out, solely for the orgasm. The orgasm that, as she locked eyes with Jenny Brodie, she was about to finally achieve.   
  
The handcuff still dangling around her right wrist, but free from the futon frame, Erica pulled Julie's face tighter, into her pussy. She was desperate. She was hornier than she had ever been.   
  
"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"  
  
"Fuck," she mumbled again. "Fuuuuck…"  
  
She wasn't seated on her futon in Pasadena any longer. The audience had faded away. Her top, as useless as it had been, had disappeared. Julie Coogan didn't have her head in her lap any longer.   
  
Erica Rivers had aged eleven years in a matter of seconds, but her arousal hadn't dissipated. She had gone from her dorm room at Cal Tech to her temporary prison at ConnPharm. But her hands were now free, and Erica wasted no time in trying to finish was Julie and David had started.   
  
Her fingers were on her pussy in no time, finding it more wet than Erica could recall it ever being. Two fingers, her middle and her ring, slipped effortlessly inside of her, and her palm ground down on her clitoris. She was panting, lying flat on her back in the Bullpen, and writhing in unbelievable gratification. It was only as she turned her head, still half-expecting to see Sergei Kuptchencko jacking off on her dorm room bed, that Erica began to remember where she was.  
  
Her reflection in the mirror glass scared her. She was drenched in sweat. Her short black hair stuck to her face. And, as if an animal in heat, she was thrashing against her own hand, thrusting her hips against an imaginary partner's face.   
  
"She's humping like a bitch in heat."  
  
With a sudden jerk, Erica yanked her hand away from her groin. She was in the Bullpen. She was at ConnPharm. Her every move was being recorded. There was someone on the far side of that mirror glass.   
  
Erica had no idea what time it was, but the light cycle in the Bullpen indicated that it was still night, which meant that it was either Tessa or Wendy on duty.   
  
Please, Erica begged a higher power, let it be Tessa.  
  
"Erica?" Wendy's voice half-giggled over the loudspeaker.   
  
"Fuck," Erica sighed under her breath.   
  
Obviously, not quite quiet enough. "Fuck indeed," Wendy responded.   
  
There was a pause.  
  
"Another dream?"  
  
Erica rolled up onto her knees and to her feet. She needed a drink of water.   
  
"Erica?"  
  
"Can you just turn on the water, please?"   
  
Another pause.   
  
"One cold shower, coming up," Wendy responded.   
  
It wasn't exactly what Erica had had in mind, but she had to admit that it wasn't a bad idea. Once again, she had failed to find a release in her dreams. And this time, she had apparently attempted to take the matter into her own hands in her waking world. Literally.   
  
The full brightness of the Bullpen's lighting flickered on, as did a gentle stream of cold water from the ceiling. Without hesitation, Erica stepped beneath it, with her mouth wide open for a drink.   
  
It was frigid, but it gave Erica a chance to reflect on what had just happened. Half awake, she had begun to masturbate on the floor of the Bullpen….while Wendy watched.   
  
The deuterotone. Erica's hormones were in complete disarray, the compound stimulating her in the same way that a testosterone treatment might. Or, perhaps, more so. Increased libido was ordinary – Erica had read all about it in the run-up to her experiment. Women undergoing testosterone therapy reported higher incidents of sexual activity. They fantasized more. They had sex more. They masturbated more.   
  
But Erica hadn't read a single article that mentioned masturbating while asleep.   
  
Maybe the deuterotone was having a stronger affect on her than a typical testosterone treatment might?   
  
Or maybe it was her. Erica shuddered as she remembered how turned on she had become in her dream by the thought of being a stripper. Or a prostitute. Or an orgasm-starved sex junkie.   
  
As Natalie had suggested, maybe it had more to do with Erica's own hidden fantasies and psychoses than it had to do with the manufactured hormones.   
  
The shower trickled to a stop at Erica's request, and the warm fans embedded within the wall quickly dried her off.   
  
As the naked girl wrung the water out of her short black hair, Wendy's face blinked on across the Bullpen. Over the projector, as bluntly as usual, the blonde pointed out, "You are going to cum so hard when you finally get out there."  
  
"Excuse me?" Erica asked in disbelief. She couldn't believe that this woman would even talk like this to her.   
  
"My last boyfriend liked to tease me and leave me," Wendy continued, obviously not catching the tone in the guinea pig's voice. "He'd get me all worked up, and then just leave me to stew in my own juices for a while."   
  
"I really don't want to talk about –"  
  
"I'm just saying," the technician interrupted, sounding somewhat indignant. After all, she was sharing. She didn't have to. She thought that she was bonding with Erica. "When you finally get out of here, you're going to be so worked up that it's probably going to be the best orgasm of your life."  
  
Silence.   
  
"What was it about this time? Tom again?"  
  
Erica rolled her eyes. Looking to change the subject, she asked, "What time is it?"   
  
"Twelve-thirty. Tessa will be here in a half hour or so."  
  
Thank god, Erica thought to herself. No more heart-to-heart.   
  
"But the dream?" Wendy asked.   
  
"It's none of your business," the black-haired girl responded, annoyed. This girl was a technician. A babysitter for the Bullpen, not for Erica herself. What did Erica's dreams have to do with her, anyways?   
  
"It must have been a good one, though," the girl chuckled.   
  
"Look, Wendy, I really think that it's a little inappropriate for you to – "  
  
"You're really going to go five weeks without getting yourself off?"  
  
The crudeness of the question stopped Erica silent.  
  
Wendy picked up on Erica's discomfort, and ran with it. "Without rubbing your clit? Without clicking the mouse? Petting the kitty? Flicking the bean? Tickling your fancy?"  
  
"You know, this whole thing is being recorded," the black haired girl called out.   
  
"So? Fuck them," the technician responded. "Is that what you're afraid of? You've stripped yourself naked. You've spread your legs so that they can shoot you full of hormones. Your tits are what this experiment is all about anyways – don't kid yourself, we're not curing cancer here."  
  
Erica bristled with rage. "Deuterotone will have a profound affect on women's confidence."  
  
"So where's yours?"  
  
"I'm done with this conversation," the nude girl responded. She waved goodbye to Wendy image on the Bullpen's wall, and then again through the mirror glass. "Shut off the projector and let me go back to sleep."   
  
"So you can wake up in another three or four hours, panting and begging to cum?"  
  
"I said I'm done."   
  
"Fine." The image blinked out. The lights dimmed.   
  
And Erica sighed, readying herself to go back to sleep.   
  
But Wendy, obviously, wasn't quite done. Over the intercom, she ranted on, "It's natural. It's no more embarrassing than squatting over the drain to take a piss. It's no more embarrassing that us recording you on the toilet, either."  
  
"Wendy!"  
  
"It's natural! How many times have you watched one of the chimps in there play with himself? What about Trixie? How many times did you sit out here with me and watch that fucking monkey fuck herself?"  
  
"They were animals!"  
  
"So are you!"  
  
"I've got self control," Erica growled.   
  
"…says the woman who woke up tonight with her arm halfway up her twat."  
  
"That's it. Call Colin right now. I want to talk to him. You are done here."  
  
"Fuck off," was the only response.  
  
Erica was completely powerless in her current situation. She couldn't storm out of the Bullpen, as the door was locked from the outside. She couldn't call Colin herself, or even someone else in the building. She was Wendy's toy, to be played with and tormented until Tessa arrived.   
  
Her breasts heaving in anger, Erica dropped to the floor, rolling onto her side, and facing away from the Observation Room.   
  
"I'm sorry," Wendy said after a few minutes, after Erica was sure the conversation was truly over.   
  
"Fuck off," Erica mimicked.  
  
"I just think it's a long time to be in there and not…"  
  
"Are you some sort of dyke?" Erica screamed in frustration. Why Wendy would not drop this was beyond her, but Erica could help but feel a bit stung by her own insult. Only minutes ago, she'd had an intensely sexual dream about being eaten out by another woman.   
  
"I'm just worried about you," Wendy replied.   
  
"You're worried about me? You're worried about me? That's why you're badgering me about getting myself off in front of you? About 'petting my kitty'?"   
  
"You're obviously not reaching your climax in the dreams. And you're certainly not reaching your climax in the real world, either. What with all your 'self-control' and all. I think if you keep going like this, it's just going to make the next three and half weeks that much harder."  
  
"So now I'm some slut, who can't go five weeks without putting something into my pussy?"  
  
"I'm not saying that, Erica," Wendy answered. She had calmed considerably from her earlier, more antagonistic tone. "You're on the hormones. It's obviously wreaking havoc on your libido, day and night. And it's not just me that has noticed your arousal – anyone at this desk, with this data, can see that the deuterotone is acting as some sort of aphrodisiac. The Bullpen is reading everything about your left leg, everything about your right leg, and everything about everything in between.  
  
"No one's going to think less of you for relieving some of the tension."  
  
Erica didn't respond. She pretended to fall asleep, but couldn't get her mind off of what Wendy had told her. They all knew. Colin. Tessa. Wendy. Noah. Natalie. All of her lab assistants.   
  
For the past three days, and throughout the nights, she'd been walking around in a constant state of lust. And it was as simple as reading it off of a computer – the lubrication of her vagina, the tenseness of her muscles, the rate of her heartbeat, the blood flow to her nipples, and the swelling of her clitoris. She'd read the same charts and data when Trixie had been in the Bullpen.   
  
So why wasn't she going to do something about it?   
  
Yes, it would be embarrassing, but any more so than the humiliations she was already enduring day and day out?   
  
And wasn't it natural? A part of life, like urinating or perspiring?   
  
Erica shook her head. As she had explained to Wendy, she had self-control. And, hopefully, she thought to herself as she fell back asleep, she'd orgasm in her next dream.   
  
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Erica's breasts were already noticeably bigger by that second Friday. Aaron had confirmed that they were, indeed, twenty percent larger than they'd been just four days earlier, when the tingling in the girl's body had begun. Natalie, though, observed that Erica was still on the smaller side of a C-cup, and that there was still a long way to go before the deuterotone had completely run its course.   
  
The girl could sense the difference in the weight, and could see it in her reflection. As she cupped her hands beneath to feel them for herself, Erica thought about how she'd always wished she could have bigger breasts. C's would have been fine. D's were probably going to be too much.   
  
But it wasn't Erica's breasts that truly caught her attention. It was the rest of her, standing naked in front of the mirror glass, that got her concerned.   
  
Erica Rivers, twenty-nine-years-old. She had a Ph.D. She had attended all the best schools – Cal Tech, Hopkins, MIT. She had studied under the world-renowned biochemist Dr. Vincent Rischmann. Ever since she'd left Valentine, Ohio behind, her life had been one success after another, one achievement after another. She was smart. She was driven.   
  
And she was naked in a hold at ConnPharm.   
  
Her short black hair had grown in some since Colin Eggert's quick chop-job last week, but it was in complete disarray that afternoon, a bird's nest perched upon the top of her head. Hair went every which way, some off to the side, some standing up in the front, and some plastered against her sweat-soaked forehead.   
  
She had just woken up from a noontime nap, and the imprint from the tiles against her skin clearly showed that she had slept facedown, favoring her right side. The checkerboard pattern showed lightly on her right cheek, and all the way down her bare body.   
  
Erica hadn't been able to concentrate all morning. She read and reread reports from her lab, but her dirty mind was playing dirty tricks on her. Every "as" was "ass." Every "percent" was "per cunt." Even the word "possible" tormented her, and Erica couldn't prevent her mind from wandering as she contemplated "pussy bells." She hadn't been able to think about anything but sex, about the wanton fantasies that her mind played out at night, never quite reaching that final release.  
  
Instead of reviewing the organic reactions taking place in her own body, Erica found herself daydreaming about Tom, about their last night together. She was constantly adding new twists, new positions, and new toys, none of which were present that night in Tom's condo. Tom never would have gone for the handcuffs. A ball-gag in Erica's mouth? Far too deviant. And the seven or eight coworkers – male and female - that he had brought home from the office to watch them from around the room? No, not like Tom at all.   
  
A nap had been in order, and Erica had gone to sleep just after lunch. Unfortunately, she awoke a few hours later even more scatter-brained than before, and her eyes, in her reflection, looked even more tired than they had this morning.   
  
During her nap, Erica had dreamt that she was a hooker, fucking in exchange for a small bag of cocaine. Looking at herself in the mirror glass, Erica felt as if she'd probably go the other way around – she'd actually snort the cocaine if it meant that she could have a good fucking.   
  
Her vagina seemed like it was on fire. She was aware of every move she made, the way her thighs moved back and forth so close to it. Her clit was pulsating rhythmically, throbbing torturously, and she couldn't remember the last point when she looked into the mirror and her nipples weren't standing fully erect. Her mouth was dry, but her pussy was wet, soaked from the time she awoke that morning.   
  
Maybe it was just that she knew she couldn't have it? Maybe it was just that she knew she couldn't get herself off while her colleagues watched? If she had been receiving deuterotone injections at home, in the privacy of her own condo, Erica doubted she'd had sex on the brain as much as she had right now. She could've masturbated to her orgasm. She could've fucked Tom and gotten past the increased pseudo-testosterone. But here, with eyes and cameras on her at all times, Erica was forced to forego.   
  
Had it only been one injection, after all of this? Had it only been five days since Hannah had pricked her with the needle? Had it only been twelve days, out of her total thirty-five day incarceration in the Bullpen?   
  
Erica looked at herself in the mirror once more. She hadn't fallen completely to shit – she'd shaved her legs and armpits that morning in the Observation Room, and cleaned up the errant pubic hair around her pussy. The metal razor, obviously, could go nowhere near the Bullpen, so Erica had been forced to do all that while wearing her corset, standing in the large, clinical room, while Tessa watched from afar. Her tan was fading, however, after nearly two weeks without sunlight, and Erica realized that she was probably going to walk out of ConnPharm next month as pale as a vampire.   
  
But her breasts were, indeed, bigger. And that meant that the science was working, that the deuterotone was inducing a false second puberty in her chest. Erica assured herself, as she took one last glance into her own desperate eyes, that the science made all of this worthwhile.   
  
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It didn't start purposefully. Erica didn't plan it, or think about for very long. To be honest, it was like the evening a few nights before, when she'd only half-mindedly begun to masturbate while wavering between her dream and the waking world.   
  
It was only just past five o'clock on Saturday evening, but the changing of the guard had occurred, and Colin had gone home. Wendy had been relatively taciturn in the nights since she and Erica had exchanged words, though she had reminded the dark-haired girl that she wouldn't judge her if Erica finally caressed herself. Erica hadn't reported the fight to Colin or Noah, partly because she was embarrassed even bringing it up, but partly because Wendy's words resonated with her. They all saw how aroused Erica was. They all understood what the constant state of excitement was doing to her. They'd understand if they caught her touching herself.   
  
It might have been easier if they were all faceless strangers, however, assorted and unknown people that she had been seeing in her dreams. The crowd was always there, the audience watching her every move and every gyration. If the people at ConnPharm were no ones, people she could put on a show for and then never see again, it might have been different.   
  
But she'd been working with Noah Forsythe for nearly three years. And probably would continue to work with him for another three. Would they ever be able to move beyond past Noah watching Erica finger herself on the far side of the glass, the tall, awkward scientist watching with mouth open and a bag of popcorn in his hand?   
  
Or Colin? Even without orgasming in front of him, would she ever be able to see him socially ever again? After all, she'd paraded around in the nude for him day after day. How would his wife feel? How would his wife look at her again? How would his wife react, knowing that Colin had watched Erica "tickle her fancy" at work?  
  
Erica had made up her mind that she wouldn't do it. She couldn't do it. She'd put it out of her mind and try to get past how horny she'd become. Two weeks were almost up, and Erica had only three to go. She could make it.   
  
But something about the warm water of the shower, or the slippery feel of her soap, or the soft sensation of touching her own skin as she washed, something put her over the edge.   
  
Erica had only just finished exercising when Colin left for the day. He had helped her strip out of the corset, as the girl was unable to do so herself. Standing inches from the technician, Erica could feel his warm breath on her back and shoulders. The proximity to the man sent tingles up and down her body, and she could smell his aftershave. If it had been Tom, Erica wasn't sure if she'd have been able to control herself. And, as Colin finished unfastening the final latch to the corset, the girl was lost in her own world, daydreaming about being taken from behind by Tom. Or Colin. Or Tom from behind, and Colin in her mouth.   
  
The male technician bid her goodnight the door to the Bullpen closed behind her, and the female technician said hello as she began the shower for the girl inside.   
  
It began innocently enough. Erica ran her hands through her hair, feeling the warm water beat gently down against her scalp. Rivulets ran down her body, snaking across her soft skin, into her bellybutton and between her buttocks. She scrubbed her face with soap, still lost in her fantasy from earlier – she was standing, but bent ninety-degrees at the waist, with Tom thrusting into her from behind, Colin seated in front of her with his cock in her mouth. Each man held a firm grip, Tom on her hips, and Colin on the back of her head. All three were in the Bullpen, but the mirror glass had become ordinary glass, and an assembly of men and women in lab coats stood on the far side, watching the show unfold. Aaron. Takahashi. Vijay. Natalie. Hannah. Wendy. Noah. Forrester. They were taking notes on clipboards, making casual remarks and observations while Erica squirmed between the two men.

"Like Chinese fingercuffs," she heard Takahashi remark.   
  
As her dirty mind touched upon its sinful fantasy, she began to soap up the rest of her body. Starting at her stomach, Erica's hands moved northwards, slathering her chest and breasts with the foaming bubbles. As she imagined Hannah taking notes about the depth Colin's dick was reaching in her throat, Erica's fingers lingered just a bit too long on her nipples.   
  
Her nipples. Purplish-pink, and standing at what seemed to be perpetual attention. The increase in the size of her mammaries had only caused the already upward-pointing - and not outward-pointing – nipples to seem even higher on the breasts themselves. And, as Erica noted as she "accidentally" brushed past them once again, the deuterotone and made them far more sensitive to the touch than they had been just the week before.   
  
Casually, but purposefully, Erica rubbed a bit more soap across her chest, sighing in indulgence as she squeezed her left nipple between the knuckles of her left middle and ring fingers. With a bit more courage, and with a sense of naughtiness that only served to get her more excited, Erica moved that same hand across her chest and grasped her right nipple between her thumb and forefinger. Again, her chest heaved as a sexual shock traveled through her body.   
  
She closed her eyes as she returned to her fantasy. Colin had cum, pulling out of her mouth and shooting his seed all across her bare chest. Tom had, as well, pulling out in time to ejaculate upwards into Erica's bush. The girl ran her right hand down to her pubic hair, in both the fantasy and beneath the shower, eager to feel the gooiness of her boyfriend's jism – or the soap – against her pubic mound.   
  
In the illusion, she begged both men to make her cum. She pleaded with her audience, crying to Natalie, asking her desperately to force the two men to make her cum. It was hotter this way. She wasn't the Ph.D. She wasn't the one in charge. She was nothing but an insignificant little girl, asking permission to get off.   
  
Beneath the shower, her fingers found her clit. Her whole body shook, surging in vaginal bliss, and she imagined that Tom had just picked her up, facing him, and slid his enormous member into her waiting cunt. With water and soap dripping down her body, Erica's knees went completely week, and she had to lean forward, propping herself up with her left arm against the wall of the Bullpen.   
  
Her middle finger had already found its way past her labia and into the waiting pink folds. Her ring finger was just behind, and her index traced the outline of her lips on the outside. Her palm ground hard against her clit, rubbing back and forth, up and down, in a wild pattern that no one could have predicted. She wanted to moan, but as she opened her mouth, all that came out was a low, guttural grunt.   
  
In one world, Tom was dropping her back onto the other man's lap, his dick still engorged inside of her. Colin wasted no time in pulling her towards him, and roughly inserting himself – still wet from Erica's own saliva – into her asshole. In the other world, Erica opened her eyes, catching herself in what she was doing, but only after she had uttered aloud, "Yes, in my ass. Put it in my ass."  
  
She knew where she was. She could distinguish the real world, and the real Bullpen, from the fantasy world, and the pornographic Bullpen. She knew there were cameras recording her every move. She knew that the TW emitters were registered every move of her body. She knew that Wendy was watching from the Observation Room. But all that only seemed to make her hornier.  
  
"They'll understand," Erica told herself, as she came to grips with exactly what she was doing. "Just once."  
  
It made no sense to stop now that she had started. Erica would still have been caught touching herself, whether she reached her climax or not, and Erica desperately wanted cum. And anyways, she wasn't quite sure that she could stop herself at this point, even if she wanted to. Her hand was, at that point, permanently attached to her pussy, the two parts of her body stuck together like electromagnets.   
  
"Fuck," she panted under her breath as the first sign of her approaching orgasm sent a wave through her body.   
  
"Fuck," she repeated, as the fantasy world of Colin, Tom, and the rest of her colleagues drifted away.   
  
"Fuck," she cried again, knowing that her elusive orgasm was about to be upon her. She didn't need the fabrication to turn her on. Wendy was still watching, as were the cameras. Fuck, perhaps Colin hadn't quite made it out the door yet, trapped like a deer in the headlights, watching Erica finger-fuck herself.  
  
"Oh," she began, collapsing inward against the Bullpen wall. Her left hand squeezed her nipples once again, harder than she had before, and far more obvious. She didn't care who saw her. She wanted them to see her.  
  
"Oh my," she continued, her whole body shaking in pre-orgasmic tension. Her forehead, against the clinical-white wall, was all that was holding her up. Most of her upper body was now out of the stream of the hot water, but drops continued to pour down on everything from the waist down. It beat against her lower back, her ass, her birthmark.  
  
"Oh my god!" Erica exhaled with finality. "Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my…oh my…oh my gooooooood!!!"  
  
Erica had never had an orgasm quite like this one. Never one so warm, so absolutely perfect, so powerful. Her vision went black as she screamed out in euphoria, and she collapsed to her knees, unable to stand any longer.   
  
She rolled onto her back, beneath the falling water, and over the drain. Hot streams beat down on her, but Erica was drunk on the warmth radiating from her pussy. She was panting, her chest heaving even more heavily than during her exercise session earlier. It was a perfect moment, a moment about nothing but her own body, a moment that she'd been waiting for since the dreams had begun.   
  
She didn't want to think about the next moment, or the moment after that, or the three weeks remaining in the Bullpen.  
  
She had cum. And she was happy.

**The Bullpen Ch. 03**

Erica Rivers moaned to herself, whispering something nearly inaudible.   
  
"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck." She was panting now, letting her body succumb to the motions of her palm against her clitoris.   
  
"Wait, what did she say right there?" Aaron Abrahams asked.   
  
"'Fuck, fuck, fuck'?" Vijay Patel answered, somewhat baffled as to how Aaron could have missed Erica's repeated expletive.  
  
"No," Aaron sighed. "Before."   
  
The twenty-two-year-old leaned forward over his colleague's shoulder, punched a few buttons, and watched as his boss's writhing image rewound on the monitor.   
  
"Right here," he announced, releasing the button. The digital recording, captured the evening before in the Bullpen, began moving forward once again. And Erica, dripping wet and shaking with lust, began touching herself once again.   
  
She grunted.  
  
Aaron increased the volume.  
  
"Yes," Erica breathed, "in my ass. Put it in my ass."   
  
"Jesus." Vijay's jaw dropped.   
  
"I knew I heard something," the other research assistant smiled to himself as the naked girl's vulgar profanity repeated itself in the background.  
  
Vijay shook his head. "I've watched this six times this morning. I hadn't caught that."  
  
"So, does she do it?" Aaron asked the Indian man, careful not to take his eyes off the monitor, off his boss finger-fucking herself into oblivion. "I mean, what she's asking for."  
  
"No, no." Vijay sounded disappointed. "But we now know what she was fantasizing about."   
  
On screen, Erica was dropping to the floor, calling out to God in absolute carnal pleasure.  
  
She lay on the floor of the shower smiling, seemingly oblivious to anything but the aftermath of her own orgasm. It was as if she had forgotten where she was. It was as if she had forgotten that Wendy Milne was watching her from the far side of the Bullpen's mirror glass. It was as if she had forgotten that her every move was being recorded by the TW emitters. It was as if she had forgotten that every minute of her captivity was available for playback on any of her research assistants' computers back in the lab.   
  
Little did Aaron or Vijay realize that it was precisely that line of thinking that had Erica smiling. She was a dirty girl. A naughty girl. And those thoughts only turned her on that much more.   
  
"You haven't seen anything yet," Vijay announced as he leaned forward over his computer.   
  
Flipping the fast-forward button, the two research assistants watched as Erica's chest heaved rapidly beneath the falling water. She stood. The water went off. She dried herself. And, in ultra-fast motion, their naked boss went through the rest of her evening.  
  
As the clock on the recording flew from hour to hour to hour, Vijay looked up at Aaron. "If anything, it got even hotter last night."   
  
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Just once.   
  
They'd understand.   
  
Just once.  
  
At least, that's what Erica had told herself beneath the shower.   
  
That evening, hours after she'd reached her orgasm, and hours before Vijay and Aaron called up the incident on Vijay's computer, Erica began crying in the corner of the Bullpen. Everything hit her at once. Her captivity. Her nudity. Her depravity.   
  
The girl had been lost in the moment beneath the shower, and touching herself to wash had quickly become touching herself to touch herself. She had been hopped-up on her own artificial hormones, only partially aware of the consequences of her actions. At that moment in time, she had done what had felt right, what had turned her on, what would finally provide her with the release she'd been craving all week.   
  
Had Wendy seen Erica toying with her nipples? Had Wendy watched as she repeatedly thrust her middle finger into her cunt? Had Wendy heard her grunt and scream in genital ecstasy?   
  
At the time, the thought of someone else's eyes on Erica's body had only excited Erica more. Now, she was mortified at the display.   
  
Wendy had, of course, seen the entire thing. It was the technician's job to watch Erica's vital signs and signal strength from five in the afternoon to one in the morning. The guinea pig knew that her observer had observed.   
  
But Wendy had suggested that Erica get herself off, that Erica "pet her kitty." Wendy had assured her that people already knew of her arousal, and that the others would understand if the girl masturbated. The peroxide blonde had pushed her and pushed her, incapable of understanding that just talking about the subject made Erica uncomfortable. They had fought over it, and Erica had assured her minder that she, Dr. Erica Danielle Rivers, had self-control.   
  
But that self-control had failed her, and Wendy's line of thinking had won out. Erica would masturbate just once. People would understand. Just once, to clear her head, and then move on.   
  
The technician hadn't said anything since Erica's shower, and Erica desperately hoped it would remain that way. She didn't need to be reminded of her actions. She didn't need to have Wendy gloat about being right. She didn't need to talk about what she had done.   
  
Fortunately, or unfortunately, the act had cleared Erica's head. Beforehand, she had longed to think about anything aside from her own lust. But now, in the self-possessed hours after her climax, Erica yearned for the hormonal daze that had preceded.   
  
Wendy Milne had watched her masturbate. Wendy Milne, with her dyed hair, her nose piercing, her ear piercings, and her excessive makeup. Wendy Milne, with whom Erica had been somewhat uncomfortable being around during the primate stages of her deuterotone experiments. Wendy Milne, who thought nothing of discussing her own sex life with complete strangers, and therefore would probably think nothing of discussing Erica's with fellow colleagues.   
  
And Wendy was only the beginning. Tomorrow morning, Noah Forsythe would call up Erica's data and notice a spike. Increase in breathing rate. Increase in blood pressure. Increase in heart rate. Dilation of her pupils. And then, after a period of muscle tensing and vaginal contractions, her breathing rate would decrease. Her blood pressure and heart rate would decrease. Erica herself had seen the changes in Trixie's charts. Noah would know what she had done with once glance at the chart.   
  
The lab assistants, all of whom were her junior in age and experience. They all had access to the Bullpen footage. They could all call up her little show for them in the lab, or in their own private offices. Behind closed doors, Vijay Patel could potentially masturbate as he watched Erica on screen.   
  
Hannah, her friend. Natalie, her mentor. Bill Forrester, her boss.   
  
Erica couldn't believe what she had done. As if stripping naked in front of everyone in her life wasn't quite degrading enough, she had managed to take her humiliation to another level. She wouldn't be able to look at any of them for months.   
  
Just once. She had wanted her release just once.   
  
And Erica had certainly gotten what she had so badly needed. Never in her life had she ever achieved an orgasm like the one beneath the shower. Half lost in the fantasy of fucking both her boyfriend and her friend, but fully aware of potential audience back in the real world, Erica had reached an apex like none other.   
  
Even now, as the shame took hold and the realities set in, Erica couldn't deny the warmth that had enveloped her body, and continued to radiate out from the center of her body. So powerful was the final orgasm that the dark-haired girl felt as if it had happened minutes, and now hours before.   
  
Erica wiped the tears from her eyes. Wendy had watched her before, and was watching her now. Honestly, the scientist felt as if she would have preferred the technician watch her diddle herself than watch her cry.   
  
It had only been once. Erica had masturbated, and now Erica could move on.   
  
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Or so she thought.   
  
Erica had tried to go sleep at ten, eager to put the day's events behind her. But falling asleep, never easy on the hard tiles of the Bullpen's floor, was impossible that Saturday night. In the five hours since the incident, Erica hadn't been able to think about anything but the shower. And, as five hours turned into six, and then seven, the girl became more and more frustrated at not being able to fall asleep.   
  
The self-loathing hadn't gone away, but it had been joined by a return of the girl's libido. If anything, feeding her hunger that afternoon had only made the beast stronger, and the symptoms of Erica's lust soon returned. Her nipples were as hard as diamonds. Her clit was fully erect, and throbbing torturously. And her pussy was so moist that Erica could actually feel her own juices trickle down the inside of her leg as she lay on the floor.   
  
The fog of her excitement was the only thing that hadn't accompanied this onset of arousal. She was as excited, yes – if anything, perhaps more so. But Erica wasn't as drunk on sexual frustration as she had been beneath the shower. She was fully aware of her surroundings, and painfully aware of her own body. Wendy was on the far side of the glass. Others had access to video recordings. And while the act of masturbating twice in a single day would be degrading, the thought of doing so only turned Erica on that much more.   
  
For hours, as she lay on the floor tossing and turning, she had told herself that once had been enough. People might understand once. Erica, did, after all, need a release. Going five weeks without any sort of sexual activity would have been irritating under normal circumstances, but doing so while one's body chemistry was raging with adolescent hormones seemed cruel.   
  
They'd understand once. But twice? In a single evening?   
  
It would certainly raise some eyebrows.   
  
Was it Erica? Was it psychological? Was she getting off on having people see her naked? Was she getting off on having people watch her play with herself? Was she an exhibitionist?   
  
She could use the deuterotone as an excuse, but the reality was that the compound should have only affected her as much as a normal testosterone treatment. An average woman undergoing hormone therapy reported more sexual activity and more sexual arousal, but never to the degree that Erica was feeling. And men walked around each and every day with more testosterone in their systems than Erica had deuterotone in hers. She hardly felt as if the average male, locked away in the Bullpen, would feel compelled to whack off as much as she hunger to touch her pussy.   
  
The science couldn't fully explain Erica's libido, which left her questioning the psychology. After all, hadn't there been a part of her that had been turned on the first time she'd stripped naked in front of Noah, Colin, and Natalie? Hadn't her nipples been hard when Colin had given her that haircut on the very first day? Which had come first, the arousal or the deuterotone injection?   
  
Was Erica a slut?   
  
No, she told herself. If she really was an exhibitionist – and she wasn't quite ready to make that diagnosis just yet – then it was a condition, like claustrophobia or depression. She was simply ill-suited for her role in this experiment, given a part of her nature she hadn't been aware of.   
  
But she wasn't a slut - even if the thought of being one sent delicious shivers up and down her spine. Even if the allure of casting off her old labels - of being a nerd, of being a good girl, of being a prude - tempted her. She, after all, had self-control.   
  
Or, at least, she used to have self-control.   
  
Frustrated, Erica ran her hands through her short black hair. In the hours since her shower, it had gotten sweaty and matted once again, as she had tossed and turned on the floor. The lights of the Bullpen had been dimmed to allow her to sleep, but there was still enough illumination for her to see her reflection in the mirror glass beside her. The look of desperation that she had seen earlier that afternoon had gone away, but there was a mischievous twinkle that had replaced it.   
  
They had, after all, already seen her masturbate once. It would have been shocking to some at first, but people were going to be shocked, or disgusted, or aroused by her first act of carnality. The second would be old news.   
  
It was the same as being naked in front of her coworkers, Erica told herself. Sure, it had been awkward with Colin at first. But it had gotten better, easier, for her to be around him, and for him to be around her. He'd seen her naked that first Monday. What was the big deal about him seeing her naked on Tuesday? Or on the following Tuesday, for that matter? Been there, done that.   
  
"Wendy?" Erica asked aloud, catching herself by surprise. Was she really going to go through with this? Again?  
  
"Yes?" the blonde girl asked. The two hadn't spoken more than a few words to each other all day, all of which had been entirely utilitarian. Shut off the water. Turn off the television. Dim the lights.   
  
"How much longer until Tessa gets in?"  
  
"Ten minutes or so," Wendy answered. "She runs late sometimes, though, so it might not be for a while."   
  
"Good," Erica responded. And then, without thinking, she blurted out, "I'm going to get myself off again real quick."  
  
There was a pause, but it didn't keep Erica from following up on her announcement. Her hand found her pussy quickly, and the touch caused Erica's back to arch.   
  
"Good," Wendy finally replied, not quite sure how to answer Erica's announcement, or her writhing on the floor of the Bullpen.   
  
All Erica could summon in response was a loud purr.   
  
But Wendy, who had been quiet all day, finally saw her opportunity to speak. Erica had already embarrassed herself once in front of the girl, and she had no interest in doing so in front of Tessa. Wendy seemed to understand this, and knew that Erica felt, perhaps, a comfort with the open-minded technician that she didn't quite have with either Tessa or Colin. Wendy's role, on her five to one shift was, in fact, this – Erica's outlet.   
  
"Do you want any music?" Wendy asked awkwardly. "Or porn?"  
  
"No," Erica panted, embarrassed. But not so much that she stopped what she was doing. Her middle and ring fingers had already found the top of her slit, and she was working her clit with absolute abandon. This was going to be quick and dirty, not long and sensual like that afternoon; Erica was going to get herself off, put it behind her, and go to sleep.   
  
Despite Erica's response to the negative, however, Wendy had turned music on – a dark, menacing sort of techno that Erica couldn't quite place. Though she was somewhat annoyed with the fact that Wendy had ignored her request, Erica had to admit that the beats themselves were soothing. And, if nothing else, the music might drown out any inadvertent cursing – or grunting – that came out of Erica's mouth. Soon, her pace had slowed to the beat of the song, and the lyrics began, her hips were gyrating rhythmically.   
  
"That's good," Erica muttered aloud, though it was unclear whether she was talking about the song, or her own more intimate artistry.   
  
"Bright Eyes," Wendy answered, guessing that the dark-haired girl was commenting on the former.   
  
Erica moaned audibly. She was going to cum even more quickly than that afternoon. And hearing Wendy's voice only made the experience more visceral.   
  
She wasn't at home.   
  
She wasn't alone.   
  
There was someone watching this.   
  
This was being recorded.   
  
This session, between Erica and her pussy, had been meant as nothing more than a sleep aid. It was for her and her alone, so that she could fall asleep. But after the thought of Wendy watching had entered her mind, after the prospect of her lab assistants watching this tape tomorrow had come with it, suddenly Erica's orgasm wasn't the primary motivation.   
  
She was the focus of attention. The girl in the spotlight. The scene which no one could take their eyes off of.   
  
A source of disgust. A source of lust.   
  
She ground her clit against her fingers.   
  
Erica Rivers, who had been nothing but a tall, awkward science geek in high school. Erica Rivers, who had been an afterthought even at Cal Tech, second fiddle to the Julie Coogans, Sirikit Sivaraksas, and Jenny Brodies. Erica Rivers, who at twenty-nine, was still awkward in normal social situations and uncomfortable when being hit on.   
  
Her hips bucked, thrusting into the air.   
  
Erica Rivers was a bad girl. A naughty girl. A free girl.   
  
And, as Erica mulled over this new identity - this new Erica Rivers - she reached her climax.   
  
"Fuuuuck," she exhaled, letting her hips drop back to ground.   
  
Concern over dignity or shame would come tomorrow, after a night's sleep. Erica was far too content in that moment to wonder about the next day.   
  
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"This isn't like Erica," Noah argued. "This isn't her personality."   
  
"These aren't normal circumstances," Natalie pushed back. "It isn't like we're running Early Analysis at Erica's house, where Erica would get privacy behind closed doors. Or where Erica would get to wear clothes. Or where Erica doesn't have strangers watch her go to the bathroom."   
  
"So what exactly is it that you're saying?" Noah was visibly annoyed. "That Erica behaves this way at home? When no one's around?"  
  
Natalie shrugged.   
  
"Seriously? That's your argument?" the man shouted.   
  
"How do you know what Erica is like at home, Noah?" the blonde countered.   
  
Noah didn't have an answer.  
  
In fact, none of them did. Seven in all, a pow-wow had gathered around the conference table in the Human Hormone Lab that Monday morning. Jake Rinaldi, Noah, Natalie, Hannah, and the three lab assistants had all come together to address a growing concern – Erica's seemingly insuppressible sexual urges.   
  
Rinaldi had called the meeting, but only under duress. Medical Oversight, the wing of ConnPharm that was overseeing safety issues related to the deuterotone experiment, had become troubled by the level of sexual activity Erica had been engaging in – even if it was only with herself. There had been a threshold of arousal and excitement they had all been anticipating, Erica included. And they had all been aware of how uncomfortable it had made their friend, colleague, and boss in the Bullpen, how it had affected her sleep pattern, her concentration, and her interaction with others.   
  
Natalie, for one, had been somewhat relieved when she'd heard that Erica had taken the problem into her own hands. Others, like Noah and the people within Medical Oversight, began to worry about how the deuterotone was affecting their guinea pig.  
  
The science was working, no doubt. Erica's breasts had increased in size, quite significantly. In the first few days, the computers had noticed, but the change hadn't been quite noticeable to the naked eye. That had changed, however, and a quick glance in Erica's direction was all one needed to confirm that she was undergoing a second puberty.   
  
But masturbating that first time had worried Noah. And then had come the second time. The third time. The fourth.   
  
After getting herself off twice on Wendy's watch on Saturday, Erica had proceeded to finger herself on Sunday morning before Colin came in. And twice after he'd left that night. And twice more on Monday morning before nine o'clock had even rolled around. All told, Erica had masturbated on seven separate occasions in less than forty-eight hours.   
  
Images of the exposed girl still hung in all of their minds. Erica, touching herself beneath the shower. Erica, touching herself and grinding rhythmically against her hand. Erica, touching herself in front of the mirror glass, watching herself orgasm. Erica, touching herself while on all fours. Erica, touching herself with a sense of hurry, trying to get off one last time before Colin arrived for his shift.   
  
Natalie's point, however, had been to note that they didn't know whether this frequency of masturbation was ordinary for Erica.   
  
"Has anyone talked to her about this?" Jake asked. "I mean, about her behavior?"

"Wendy," Hannah put forth. "But not really."  
  
"They've acknowledged it," Vijay interjected. He knew. He'd watched the video, and listened to the dialogue, the moaning, and the exclamations. "But nothing much deeper than that."  
  
"This is obviously the deuterotone," Noah stated, glaring angrily in Natalie's direction. He couldn't believe that his boss would allow Erica to be put through what was happening to her.   
  
"It's certainly part of it," the blonde conceded. "I'd say that it's definitely greasing the wheels."   
  
Turning her attention to Jake, Natalie spoke slowly and clearly. "But one could make the case that it's Erica's personality, and not the drugs."  
  
Jake nodded. One could, in fact, make that case to Medical Oversight. Would they buy it? Would they accept it? Would it prevent ConnPharm from being shut down by the FDA?  
  
Turning back to Noah, Natalie tried to calm the naked girl's partner. "And may I remind you, Noah, that Erica volunteered for this assignment."  
  
"Because there was no other choice!"  
  
"Irregardless," the blonde replied. "She volunteered. She could end the project today if she wanted to. She could have ended it Saturday afternoon, if she felt too at odds with what she ended up doing in the Bullpen."   
  
"Does she know that?" Hannah asked.   
  
"Of course she does," Natalie answered.   
  
"Does she?" the Korean woman repeated. "I mean, forget the science. Does she know that she can step down? That she can put her clothes back on and go home?"   
  
"It's certainly not recommended, given the chemicals in her system..." Takahashi began.   
  
"But she has that option, no?" Hannah asked again, addressing them all. "And we're sure that she knows she has that option?"   
  
There was a silence around the table.   
  
"This is her project," Hannah continued. "She's the principal. She should be the one making this decision."  
  
Looking around the table, she added, "Not Noah. Not Jake. Not Forrester. And not goddamned Medical Oversight."   
  
"So who brings it up with her?" Jake asked, after glancing around at the faces in the group.   
  
"I'll do it," Hannah answered. "I'm her friend. I might be best-suited to talk to her about this sort of thing. And I'm going down there in a few hours to give her the next injection, anyways. That is, if she still wants it."  
  
"No," Noah spoke up. "Erica may be the principal, but this is my project, too. I can take ownership. I can do what needs to be done."  
  
"With all due respect to both of you," Natalie stepped up, "I'll talk to her. The deuterotone is more my project than anyone's, with the possible exception of maybe Erica. Oversight isn't going to let Hannah go anywhere near Erica with a needle until they have one of their stooges talk to her, anyways.  
  
"And," Natalie addressed Noah. "I really think that this conversation would be less embarrassing for everyone involved if it were initiated by another woman."   
  
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Though she was significantly more clothed than the darker-haired woman in the Bullpen – and not to mention nearly twice her age – Natalie Hart was every bit as alluring. If not more so. She had aged well, her skin still smooth, her body still fit and trim.   
  
She strutted. She didn't walk, or saunter, or race. She strutted, with power and confidence, her long, stocking-covered legs swishing back and forth and hypnotizing any man of any age who saw her enter a room.   
  
Today, as she strutted into the Observation Room, it was Colin Eggert who took notice. His attention, if ever so briefly, was drawn away from the stark naked woman across the room, and to the aging beauty just entering. Dressed in a grayish tweed pencil skirt and a simple white blouse, Natalie had command. She knew the curves of her body had power to them, and she used those assets to her own advantage.   
  
"Colin," she acknowledged, smiling in the technician's direction.   
  
"Natalie," Colin nodded.   
  
Whereas Erica had youth, a gorgeous figure, and complete exposure, Natalie had what Erica herself only dream of – confidence in her own body.  
  
Stepping up to the Observation Desk, Natalie told Colin, "Erica and I are going to need some privacy." She paused, and then added, "Relatively."  
  
Colin wasn't quite sure what the blonde woman meant.   
  
"Can you turn off the audio recording for a few minutes?" Natalie asked. When Colin began to object, Natalie simply smiled again to silence him. "Erica and Noah are not going to be upset about missing audio for a few minutes. It's not going to affect their data."  
  
"Sure," the technician replied. Typing a few commands into the computer. "Sure, I guess."   
  
"And would you mind taking a walk?" Natalie continued. "A bathroom break, if you will?"   
  
Again, Colin just nodded. He'd only been a work for a few hours, but a break didn't sound unappealing. The urinalysis sensors in both the toilet and the shower drain had been on the fritz since he'd first arrived that morning, which wasn't entirely a surprise – they were the most problematic pieces of equipment connected to the Bullpen. A few minutes away might allow him to clear his head, and return to the task at hand with a different approach.  
  
He took a few steps, glancing back at his desk, and back towards the dark-haired figure on the far side of the mirror glass, before smiling again politely and leaving the two women alone.  
  
"Thank you," Natalie purred after him. Flipping a switch on the desk, she called, "Erica."  
  
The nude girl inside the Bullpen didn't even look in the direction of the Observation Room. There was no point; all she'd have been able to see was her own reflection. Instead, with her attention still focused on the numbers and data projected onto the far wall, she absentmindedly responded, "Yes?"  
  
Erica was obviously annoyed at having to break her concentration on what she was doing. Natalie was annoyed at being so casually disregarded.   
  
"We need to talk about this past weekend," the blonde woman said into the comm.  
  
That got Erica's attention quick. Inside the Bullpen, Erica swallowed hard.  
  
It had been enjoyable. It had been stress-relieving. And it had been undeniably erotic. But Erica didn't want to talk about what she was doing, any more than she truly wanted to do what she was doing.   
  
"I'd prefer that we didn't," Erica answered, doubting it would end the conversation. It wouldn't have with Wendy, but perhaps Natalie would have a bit more decorum than the technician.   
  
"I'd prefer that we didn't, either," Natalie answered from the speakers above. The data projection blinked out on Erica's wall, and her boss's image replaced it. Looking sternly over the bare scientist below, she continued, "But we need to."  
  
Erica swallowed again. She wanted to get this conversation over with quickly. "It's just a long time to go. What with the deuterotone and all."  
  
"That's what we need to talk about, Erica. The Oversight people have expressed some concerns about the extent to which you've been...pleasuring yourself."   
  
Erica's entire body flushed with embarrassment, even as her labia swelled with excitement. "So the Oversight people have been watching me masturbate? Are we sending out tapes to the entire company?"   
  
"You know as well as I do that that's not true," Natalie sighed. "And you knew going in that Oversight would be, well, overseeing."   
  
"George Anders? Jamie Finneran? Dick Abbott? Were they sitting around watching the tapes with a bucket of popcorn?"  
  
"No," the blonde shook her head. "They're taking this very seriously, Erica. So is Noah, for that matter."  
  
"So Noah's been sitting around watching the tapes with a bucket of popcorn?"  
  
"Your staff and I sat down this morning with Jake Rinaldi to watch them this morning, Erica."  
  
Silence. Embarrassment. Mortification.   
  
Natalie continued. "There's concern. There's concern about how you've been behaving recently."  
  
"No," Erica answered angrily. "There's concern about me fucking myself in front of them."   
  
A shiver ran down her spine. It felt good to be upfront about it. It felt good to talk that way to her boss.   
  
"A little more blunt than I would have been," the older woman said. "But yes, essentially."  
  
A pause.  
  
"Noah's worried that you behaving this way is a bit out of character."  
  
"'Out of character?'" Erica asked in disbelief. "But stripping naked in front of all my colleagues isn't? Pissing into a drain in front of him isn't? Injecting hormones into my body to increase the size of my tits isn't? So it's just the masturbating that's 'out of character'?"   
  
"Erica – "  
  
"It's the goddamned deuterotone!" she answered, beginning to break down. "My whole body is chock-full of fake testosterone. It's like an aphrodisiac, Natalie. I can't think about anything else most of the time!"   
  
"We know, Erica," Natalie lied. The blonde woman had her doubts. She'd expressed them to Erica before. She'd expressed them to Noah, Jake, and the others that morning. "But Abbott is going to pull the plug on the project because of what it's doing to you."  
  
"What are talking about?" The girl wiped a tear from her eyes. She felt frustrated, unable to fully get across what the pseudo-pubescent hormone was doing to her. "We've got the second round of injections today."  
  
On the screen in front of her, the larger-than-life figure of Natalie Hart shook her head. "Not if Abbott decides against it."  
  
"Why?" Erica cried. The whole project was in danger of being fucked, simply because Erica had finger-fucked herself a few times. "It's my experiment! I'm the one doing this to me! I know what I'm feeling isn't natural, but I'm not going to sue ConnPharm. It's not like I'm in danger of dying, and the company has to deal with my death. The only thing being lost here is my dignity."  
  
Natalie just shrugged. "It's not you and your lawyer that Oversight, and Abbott in particular, are thinking about. If the FDA comes sniffing around, and they decide that this experiment should have been cut off, we could be in deep, deep trouble.  
  
"Besides," the blonde continued, "it's not as if we're going to go straight to market with the deuterotone if it's really the stimulant it appears to be."  
  
The girl inside the Bullpen mulled this over for a few minutes.   
  
"There are kinks, yes. We'll work them out," she finally said. "And not everyone undergoing deuterotone therapy is going to be under observation 24/7 for five weeks. They could always slip off from some alone time."  
  
"Three times a day?" Natalie asked with a raised eyebrow.   
  
Erica started to blush, but offered, "It's boring in here."   
  
The joke lightened the mood, briefly, and even caused Natalie to giggle a little.   
  
Changing tone, however, Erica stated flatly, "I'm not a whore."  
  
"I know."   
  
"It's just that I did it once. And the threat of being caught doing it again didn't seem as scary."  
  
"I know."  
  
"I ruined my reputation on Saturday afternoon. It wasn't any more ruined on Saturday evening."  
  
"Erica, don't..."  
  
"I just get, I don't know, worked up, and I can't come back down without it."  
  
Natalie nodded.   
  
"And five weeks is a long time to go without anything."  
  
Natalie nodded again.  
  
Erica stared up at the projection. "But I've made my peace with it."   
  
"You have?"  
  
This time, it was Erica who nodded. "Getting over the initial shock of what I was doing was hard. Just from a pure and innocent viewpoint. A sexually conservative viewpoint."  
  
"But now...?"  
  
"But now," the naked girl went on, "I'm coming to grips with it. It's natural. It's really no more or less embarrassing than having Colin watch me take a shit, or having his interns gawk at my crotch when I'm exercising."   
  
Erica smiled weakly, and added, "And it really is boring in here."   
  
"And it feels good," Natalie said.  
  
"And it feels good," the younger girl echoed. With mischief in her eyes, she looked up at Natalie, "You have no idea."  
  
"I have some idea. I watched the tapes this morning, didn't I?"  
  
Erica chuckled, though it was a bit awkward. She had, of course, talked briefly about pleasuring herself with Wendy, but even that had been somewhat utilitarian. But Natalie had always been her mentor, her teacher, and her confidante. From the moment that Erica had started at ConnPharm, the older woman had felt safe.   
  
"And I think you may be partially right about what you said last week," Erica offered. "About my personality and about being exposed in front of everyone."   
  
"Well, I'm sure there are more than a few people, male or female, that would have very similar reactions if placed in similar conditions." Continuing on, Natalie smirked, "Do you remember the volunteer we had from Wesleyan a few months back? From Jim Bernard's adrenaline tests?"  
  
"The Walking Erection," Erica laughed. She had forgotten about that particular test subject. For the forty-eight hours he had spent naked inside the Bullpen, the college student's dick had stood at attention for nearly thirty. She hadn't seen him herself. But she'd heard the stories.   
  
Similar stories might well have begun circulating the ConnPharm campus about her.   
  
"The deuterotone, though," Erica interjected. "I'm sure it's more to blame in this case than any deep-seated fetishes."  
  
"Most likely," Natalie said slyly. "But Dick Abbott doesn't need to know that."  
  
Erica wasn't catching on. She looked back at Natalie with a puzzled expression on her face.  
  
"If he were to believe that your behavior was, in fact, stemming from some long-standing exhibitionist pull," the blonde suggested, "he might be a bit less concerned about the chemical side of the equation."  
  
"So you want me to lie to him?"  
  
Natalie ran a single hand through her blonde hair, pulling it away from her face. With a slight sneer, she replied, "If it's a lie."   
  
Erica was a bit caught off-guard by her boss's comment, but she didn't linger on it. She did, however, let the original suggestion seep deeper into her mind.   
  
She couldn't deny that having the project pulled, at that point, would have been a relief. Her clothes sat tantalizingly close, just outside the Bullpen. If she wanted to, she could step out right now, get dressed, and go home.   
  
Home. Where she could have her privacy again. Where she could masturbate to her heart's content. Where Tom could fuck her until she couldn't walk.   
  
Dick Abbott held all of those possibilities in his hand. He didn't need Erica's consent to stop the deuterotone trial – he just needed enough evidence to suggest that her compound was having an adverse effect on her body. He couldn't be bribed to let things slide, as he would be one of any number of people hauled into the FDA to explain if things took a negative turn. Dick Abbott could, in a way, force Erica to put her clothes on. Dick Abbott could, in a way, force Erica to go home to Tom and get screwed in countless different positions.   
  
But the science would suffer. Erica's years of work would suffer. Natalie's years of work, before Erica had even joined ConnPharm, would suffer. They'd retool the compound, of course, but it would take months, if not years, and Erica doubted whether the Bill Forresters and Jake Rinaldis would be very happy with her, her partner, and her group.   
  
Erica looked behind her, and caught sight of her own reflection. Her breasts had continued to grow, but she was uncertain what would happen if the injections didn't continue. She couldn't stop now, take a week to herself, and then pick the experiment back up once she'd received permission – the science wouldn't allow it. She needed the subsequent injections to better control her mammary growth, to slow it in the third week, to ensure that she didn't start sprouting chest hair or a mustache because of too much false testosterone.   
  
To put on her pants, and her shirt, would have been divine. She could leave behind her the indignity of her nude captivity, her public urination, and her constant need to touch herself while wondering who was watching. Her reputation was being destroyed.   
  
But she still had her reputation as a scientist to think of. She was on the verge of revolutionizing breast augmentation, if not revolutionizing the way doctors thought of puberty and development. She couldn't let the fact that she was a prude stand in the way of where she was taking her deuterotone.   
  
Erica's eyes twinkled. "Bring Abbott down."  
  
"Are you sure?" Natalie prodded.  
  
The dark haired girl nodded, adding, "And tell Hannah to begin prepping the needle."  
  
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Dick Abbott had been convinced, for some time, that he was going to be a Presbyterian minister. All throughout high school, when his peers were drinking, smoking pot, and fornicating with one another, little Dickie read his Bible in his bedroom. He volunteered at his church, reading verses to the congregation on Sundays and raking leaves for elderly parishioners on Saturdays. But college had come, and while other young freshman were tempted by unsupervised freedom, Dickie had been tempted by biology.   
  
And so, Dick Abbott deserted his old dream for his new love – he became a doctor.   
  
Years later, Dick was still very involved in the Second Presbyterian Church of Avon. He participated in Bible studies. He had long talks about his faith with his pastor. And he still raked leaves for the elderly on Saturdays.   
  
At fifty-six years old, Dick had been married to his wife Debbie for thirty-three years, and then had three grown-up young women to show from their union. His sex drive, like that of his wife's, had diminished over the years, but it wasn't something that he obsessed over. While other men his age were rushing off to find sexual supplements (some of which had been developed at ConnPharm itself), Dick simply shrugged off his de facto celibacy. As of that Monday morning, it had been over five months since Dick had last orgasmed.   
  
Erica Rivers, meanwhile, hadn't orgasmed in just four hours, and it was killing her.   
  
The whole situation made Dick uncomfortable. He hadn't been comfortable with the deuterotone experiment from the get go, troubled by the thought of women across the country injecting themselves with chemicals to increase the size of their breasts, wanting to become the sexual playthings of pornographic male fantasies. But Dick had little say in what ConnPharm developed for their consumer base.   
  
He did, however, have quite a bit to say in how far he'd letter certain experiments go on. As a member of the Medical Oversight board within ConnPharm, Dick Abbott held ultimate say about the duration of any experiment once adverse effects began to arise. He had pulled the plug on Helmut Stohl's hair growth study after two of Stohl's subjects had developed severe diarrhea. And after seeing the significant increase in Erica Rivers's libido on the tapes he'd been shown, Dick was sure that it wouldn't take much for him to bring this particular trial to a close.   
  
He'd watched tapes of Erica masturbating on Saturday afternoon. And on Saturday evening. And on Sunday morning, while Dick and Debbie Abbott had been at church. And though parts of Dick responded quite excitedly to the show the young woman was putting on, the greater emotion that came over him was disgust. This woman was touching herself and writhing on the ground like an animal in heat. And the only explanation that Dick could give, having met the quiet and reserved Erica Rivers a number of times before, was that the injection she had pumped into her body the previous week had corrupted her sense of decency.   
  
And to Dick Abbott, this was a side effect that would not be stood for.   
  
At the door to the Observation Room, Dick hesitated. Was he supposed to knock? He was, in all truth, walking in on a woman in her birthday suit. Should she be prepared for his arrival? Or was it Dick that needed preparation?   
  
Either way, he told himself, Erica would be behind the mirror glass. She wouldn't hear the knock. She wouldn't even know that he was there until he announced himself through the comm system at the ops desk.

Steeling himself, Dick slid his card-key through the slot next to him, and pushed the door open, completely unprepared for the complete vulgarity of the scene in front of him.   
  
Erica Rivers was decidedly not in the Bullpen. Instead, she was out in the observation room, dressed in a crude black corset that covered neither her breasts nor her vagina. And, to Dick's horror, she was squatting over what appeared to be a Nalgene water bottle, urinating into it while two other grown men stood by, watching with casual disinterest.   
  
Her eyes locked defiantly with his the moment he stepped into the room, her face stoically showing no sign of self-consciousness. In fact, at the sight of Dick Abbott's absolute mortification, Erica even smiled a wicked smile. She was enjoying his shock.   
  
"I'll be with you in a second, Dick," Erica purred, emphasizing the dirtiness of his name. She made no effort to stop what she was doing, and made no attempt to lose eye contact with the older man. Instead, she simply continued to piss into the bottle as if she'd done it this way her entire life.   
  
"The urinalysis engines in the Bullpen fizzled this morning," Colin explained to the newcomer, Dick still unable to break contact with the peeing girl.   
  
Standing just a few feet from where the dark-haired girl was squatting, Mike Takahashi shrugged. "Short term solution," he offered.   
  
The older man nodded, feeling a bead of sweat forming on his bald head. Still, his eyes were locked with Erica's.   
  
Having finished her business, she stood – jar in hand - and grinned at her visitor. She handed the bottle to her waiting lab assistant, who closed it and joined Colin by the ops desk.   
  
"I'm sorry," Dick finally spoke, "I should have knocked. I thought that you'd be in your...in your...."  
  
"Cage?" Erica offered. Her hair, as usual, was completely disheveled, but the short haircut prevented her from looking anything less than presentable. Her lips were bright red, a natural red for lack of lipstick. Her breasts, bared for all to see, were smaller than Dick had expected, but the nipples were at attention and standing straight up and out.   
  
"Well, the Bullpen," Dick stammered.   
  
"As Colin explained, the Bullpen's urinalysis sensors are on the fritz." Erica had obviously stunned her medical overseer by how unconcerned she seemed about pissing in front of three men. Seizing on the moment, she explained, "Of course, I'd rather be in the Bullpen than out, Dick. But if Colin wants a floor show, I'm more than willing." She shot in a wink in Colin's direction.  
  
The technician seemed as aghast at Erica's behavior as the doctor.   
  
To a silent room, Erica suggested, "Shall we talk?"  
  
Turning her backside to Dick, the naked girl meandered towards the lunch table in the corner, swinging her hips and allowing her ass to hypnotically sway back and forth. Though scandalized by what he had witnessed in just his first few minutes with Erica, Dick couldn't help but fixate on the allure of her slight imperfection, her café-au-lait, as it waggled away from him.   
  
Eyebrows raised, both Colin and Takahashi watched on, mystified as to what Erica was doing.   
  
Dick had expected to talk to the girl through the intercom, but he rolled with the punches, and followed his Lady Godiva towards the table. In the corner, across the table from one another, Erica would at least be able to hide her lower body beneath the opaque surface.   
  
Erica, though, had other plans. Reaching the table first, she rolled one chair out and away. Nowhere near the table, she sat, out and exposed for all three men to see. Dick, then, had no choice but to sit with his back to the table, facing the girl and separated by only a few short feet. Debbie would not have been happy.   
  
Thankfully, however, the girl crossed her legs, hiding her pussy. She then crossed her arms, as well, shielding her nipples from view. Though Dick knew otherwise, he could lie to himself and pretend as if the corset that Erica was wearing covered all. That would not have been so awkward.   
  
"Erica," he began, noticeably uncomfortable. "There's been a question raised about your behavior the past few days."  
  
The girl sat stone-faced.   
  
"Well, er, some of us have become somewhat concerned about the effects your compound might be having on...well....you."  
  
Silence.   
  
Dick swallowed hard. Perspiration continued to form on his head. "What I'm here to do today is ascertain whether the side effects from the deuterotone are harming you."  
  
"I think Colin and the other scientists could tell you that I'm in perfect health," Erica said flatly. She knew what he was hinting at. She just wanted to force him to say it.   
  
"Harming you psychologically. Or socially."   
  
"So you're a psychologist now, Dick?" the girl asked, sarcasm dripping from her voice. "You're a sociologist, Dick?"   
  
"No. No. No, er, no. I...I...I...well...Erica, you're not acting like yourself."  
  
At this, she uncrossed her legs and leaned forward, inches from Dick's face. "Why, how do you mean, Dick?"   
  
"I think we both know what I'm talking about."  
  
The girl feigned ignorance. "Am I not reading as much as I used to, Dick? Do I seem blue? Am I not playing well with others?"   
  
She was definitely going to make him say it.   
  
"The masturbation," he finally spat out.   
  
Erica smirked, and leaned back into her seat. She left her legs uncrossed.  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"'Yes' what?" Dick asked, unsure whether Erica was simply toying with him, or if she honestly was unaware that her behavior was odd.   
  
"What about me masturbating, Dick?" Erica continued, still letting his name linger in her mouth each time she said it aloud. It was dirty every time, Dick Abbott uncomfortable with the sound of his own name from the girl's lips.   
  
"It just seems rather..." he began, but trailed off. "It seems unlike you to touch yourself in front of your co-workers."   
  
Erica laughed. "Do you work with me in the genetics lab, Dick?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Then how do you know this to be a truth?"  
  
"You don't expect me to believe that you've masturbated in your lab before."   
  
She flashed a naughty smile, hinting in the affirmative.   
  
"In front of others? In front of your lab assistants?"  
  
Erica caught Takahashi's attention, and blew him a kiss.   
  
"This is ridiculous," Dick growled, exasperated with the girl's behavior. She was playing with him, toying with him, teasing him. She was drunk on the deuterotone, unable to comprehend that he was here to help her, to free her from the grips of her own insatiable lust. He stood, incapable of staring across at her any longer.   
  
"Dick," the nude girl began flatly, "you don't know me. You don't know about me. You have nothing on which to judge my behavior by."   
  
Inside, her nerves were shaking her apart. She wasn't Jason Callahan, comfortable in her own skin. She wasn't even the poor Wesleyan volunteer, who had shrugged off his own arousal and accepted it. She was a nervous little girl, being called out by a superior for touching herself in front of others. She was being tortured every second that she remained in the nude, within visual range of her clothes across the Observation Room. And she was being offered an out, a way to get dressed and go home that very afternoon.   
  
But she had to pretend to be confidant, even though confidence completely eluded her. She had to be a dominant sexual goddess, even though she felt as if she were an inferior thing, an animal to be watched and laughed at. She was incapable of keeping her fingers from her pussy, but she had to come off as if it were intentional, as if she did so with disregard to whomever was around.   
  
"Sit down, Dick" she ordered.  
  
Surprisingly, the doctor did as he was told, though he continued to look exasperated with her, her behavior, and her nudity.  
  
Erica spread her legs a bit further, though not enough that Dick would immediately notice. It was part of her act, but she couldn't help but accept that her pussy was, in fact, beginning to radiate heat. Sitting this close – to even this most unattractive of male specimens – was getting her wet.   
  
"You're here to ask me questions, aren't you?"  
  
Dick cleared his throat. "Provided you can be cooperative."  
  
Erica nodded. "I'm yours," she whispered, giggling a bit afterwards. Her right hand, tucked behind her left forearm, secretly found her left nipple. Without Dick even noticing, she began teasing it between her thumb and forefinger. Sparks shot up and down her spine.   
  
"How often," Dick began, but he quickly began stumbling over his words. "How often...er....would you say....how often, would you say..."  
  
"Spit it out, Dick."   
  
The older man huffed. The girl still had her arms crossed across her breasts, but her neatly trimmed pubic hair had come into view. He shook his head, and continued, "How often do you masturbate?"  
  
"Twice today," she replied. Again, the wicked smile flashed across her face. "But it's still early."   
  
"Before two weeks ago," Dick clarified firmly.   
  
Once a week, Erica thought to herself. Maybe twice, on occasion.   
  
"Two or three times a day," she announced aloud, casually licking her lips. "Usually once in the morning, before work. And again at night, as I fall asleep."   
  
Dick was apparently startled by this revelation.   
  
"And, occasionally, during the day, when I feel the yearning," she carried on.  
  
"During the day?"  
  
"Lunch breaks, mostly. In my car. Or in the ladies' room on the second floor. Or, every now and then, in my office, with the door shut."  
  
Takahashi's ears perked up from the far side of the room.   
  
Dick had begun to visibly sweat. Wiping perspiration from his brow, he asked again, just to make sure, "Two or three times a day?"   
  
The dark haired girl nodded, and leaned forward into her interviewer. As she did so, her legs parted just a bit more, and the moisture on her labia caught the overhead light perfectly. As her pussy glistened in the artificial light, she whispered, "It depends on when I'm feeling hot."   
  
"Before the deuterotone?"  
  
"Before the deuterotone."   
  
There was a pause, and the portly doctor continued, asking, "But why this weekend? Why not that first Monday? Why not last week? Why, all of a sudden?"  
  
Erica leaned back in her chair, but allowed her left arm to drop from her chest. Absentmindedly scratching bare skin aside her neat strip of pubic hair, her legs continued to spread. And, to Dick's horror, her other hand was tweaking her left nipple, playing with it as one might toy with an errant paper clip during a boring lecture. It was all so nonchalant, the nude girl across from him carrying on her conversation while touching her own tits.   
  
"To avoid this conversation," she answered.   
  
"I'm sorry," Dick interrupted, flustered by her behavior. "Can you stop that, please?" He gestured to her breast.   
  
The girl looked genuinely confused. "Stop what? Stop touching my breast?"  
  
"Y-y-y-yes."   
  
"But, Dick, isn't this what this entire experiment is all about? My breasts? My tits? My mammaries?"   
  
"I hardly think that just because the experiment is designed to increase the size of your bust –"  
  
"What about confidence, Dick? What about me being confident in my own body? What about me being confident in the nude while you, Takahashi, and Colin gape at my body?"   
  
Dick was clearly flustered at this point, and control of the conversation was quickly slipping away.   
  
Erica jutted her chin towards Dick's direction, and her line of sight focused directly on the man's pants. "Besides, you can't tell me that you're not enjoying this."   
  
It was true. Dr. Abbott had a hard-on like none that he'd had in months.   
  
She shrugged, letting her other arm drop from her chest to her lap. "But if you want me to stop touching my nipple, I'll stop touching my nipple."   
  
Her legs were now completely spread, her nipples standing erect and in-view, and her lower body slouching towards the front of her chair. And, with her right middle finger, she began to detachedly trace her own slit, from back to front, top to bottom.   
  
Dick Abbott, though, was frozen. He was transfixed by the scene unfolding before him, unable to speak or break away because of a mixture of mortification and lechery.   
  
"Has the deuterotone affected my sex drive?" Erica asked, her finger finding the top of her pussy, and the clitoris beneath the folds. "Undoubtedly. But Dick, I've always been a very, very sensual person."   
  
Flabbergasted, Dick searched for words. "....Here? In front of me? In front of Colin and Mike?"  
  
Erica brought her free hand to her mouth, seductively touching her lips and nibbling on the end of her fingers. Whispering once again, she assured him, "It's always been a fantasy of mine."   
  
He was stunned.   
  
"No, not you, Dick," Erica giggled. "But to perform. To be watched.  
  
"Sometimes," she continued, gently rubbing her middle and ring fingers back and forth across her crotch, "I make Tom watch. I make him sit on the far side of the room until I cum."   
  
The dirtiness of the word "cum" echoed in the air, the carnality of it causing Erica's entire body to visibly buck away from the chair. From her lips, a soft sigh emerged.   
  
"I-I-I-I'm not going to sit here for this," Dick announced. But he didn't move. He didn't look away. He didn't stop watching the motions of Erica's right hand, or the hypnotic gyrations of her hips.   
  
Maintaining her confidence was no longer Erica's overarching concern. She obviously had Dick Abbott in the palm of her hand. She was in control here. He was clothed, and she was exposed, but she had the upper hand. Now, all Erica could think about was her forthcoming orgasm.   
  
"Did you like watching me squat and piss, Dick?" Erica asked, starting to sound more and more out of breath. "Did you like watching me touch myself in the Bullpen, Dick? Did you like finally seeing me naked, Dick, after all these years we've spent working together?"  
  
The older man was silent. So, too, were the technician and the research assistant on the far side of the room. Colin wasn't sure whether or not he should step in, and stop Erica from what she was doing – he, after all, knew that this wasn't her. Takahashi, meanwhile, was still holding the Nalgene in one hand, his mouth agape and his eyes bewitched by the gorgeous woman engaged in self-pleasure only a few yards away.   
  
None of them, however, could break the paralysis they were all suffering from.   
  
The pace of Erica's right hand quickened, and she was more passionately rubbing herself in her seat. Meanwhile, with her eyes closed in erotic bliss, she was licking her left middle finger, her tongue darting out lasciviously. Her breasts, the subject of the experiment and the focus of five weeks worth of attention, were heaving up and down with each breath that the girl took. Her nipples, which had been standing at attention since Dick had first laid eyes upon them, now seemed to be straining against the aureoles, almost painfully erect.  
  
"It's natural, Dick. Organic. Orgasmic. It's what we, as human beings, do. It's what we, as women, do." She was panting now. "It's our nature."  
  
She opened her eyes, and stared defiantly into Dick's. "You can't ask me to deny my nature. Can you, Dick?"  
  
"No, no," came the response - weakly, distractedly.   
  
"Oh," Erica moaned. For a moment, her dialogue was forgotten, as the power of her pussy took over. However, she kept her eyes wide open, holding her battle of eye contact with Dick.   
  
Regaining her composure, but without breaking contact with her clitoris, the girl sighed, "Yes, Dick, yes. It's my nature. It's who I am. With or without this experiment, with or without the deuterotone."  
  
She slid two of her fingers effortlessly into the folds of her vagina, continuing the pressure on her clit with her palm, and gasped in pleasure. She was coming close to her climax, but found herself delaying it. She wanted this moment to last.   
  
Erica had all the power in this conversation. She had set out to prove to Dick that she was, beneath the calm, conservative exterior she had previously put forth, a nymphomaniac. She was an exhibitionist. She was a slut.   
  
But she had gone further than she had intended. She had more control of this man – and the two men watching nearby – than she had imagined. The bulge in Dick's lap, pushing hard against the material of his khakis, proved this point, and acted as a further aphrodisiac in Erica's mind. She had done this – this man, not quite a stranger, but no one intimate – was turned on by Erica Rivers, geeky little Erica Rivers. The girl herself might have been half-drunk on her own arousal because of the deuterotone pumping through her system, but the man across from her was demonstrating his own excitement based on nothing but Erica's own naked body.   
  
It made her feel fantastic.   
  
Realizing that she could go beyond control, Erica shrugged forward, out of the chair and down onto her knees. Her hand still dripping with pussy juice, she literally crawled towards Dick Abbott, who was still sitting nervously just a few feet away. Shock-still in his chair, Dick did nothing as she put her right hand onto his thigh, pulling her upper body between his knees.   
  
Her naked tits grazed against the material on the inside of his thighs. Her wet hand left a moist trail on the outside of his pants. And, gazing up at Dick, the girl bit her lips, and moved her left hand to her cunt.   
  
She could sense his cock, small though it may have appeared, straining against his khakis just a few inches from her face. She could smell his perspiration, soaking his clothes through. She could hear his breathing rate increase, and before Erica knew it, the older man was panting faster than even she was.   
  
"I'm going to – Oh, God! – finish this experiment, Dick," she stated, flatly. "I'm not going to let you – Oh, oh, oh – stand in my way."   
  
Abbott wasn't the only one sweating, however. A drop trickled down the side of Erica's face and splashed against the man's khakis. Another hung on the tip of her nose, threatening to plummet but never quite giving in to gravity. Her chest, visible to just Dick, was glistening in the overhead light. Her back, visible to Takahashi and Colin at the ops desk, was no different.   
  
Her whole body quivered, shaking violently as the orgasm wrapped its fingers around her spine.   
  
She didn't blink, however.   
  
Staring deeply into the medical observer's eyes, she exhaled his name, over and over again. "Dick," she called, and repeated herself, sounding dirtier each time. "Dick! Dick! Dick! Dick!"  
  
It was too much for Abbott to handle. He gasped himself, inadvertently, and a wet stain of his own began to appear on the crotch of his pants. It was just inches from the pussy juice fingerprints Erica had graced him with.   
  
The smell nearly overpowered Erica. It had been weeks since she'd been around jism, weeks since she'd smelled its dirty, sickly sweet intoxicating smell, weeks since she'd tasted Tom's manly juices in her mouth. She fought the urge to lean her face deep into Dick's crotch, unzip his pants, and slip his cock into her mouth. But it was a powerful urge, and for the first time in what seemed like an eternity, she broke eye contact with the older man.   
  
Erica stood slowly, bringing her still-hot pussy to Dick's eye level. With little effort, he could see drops of her juices on the inside of her thighs. With little effort, he could watch sweat trickle down her body from beneath the electronic corset.   
  
When she touched him, even though it was only his chin, Dick whimpered. He was hers – body, mind, and soul. He would do as she asked.   
  
Gently stroking the older man's chin with her wet hand, Erica did the unthinkable – she sat down on his lap, wrapping herself around him. Her long, smooth, left leg was swung over his right, and her right back across his left. Erica could feel the moist stain on the man's pants against her bare skin, and Dick could feel the girl's perspiration-soaked bare skin through his clothes. Though his erection had begun to subside, Dick couldn't help but whimper once again as he felt her wet pussy grind against his crotch.

She was still breathing heavily as she stared into his eyes, his face being held just an inch or two from her own. "This is my experiment, Dick. This is who am I am, Dick." She turned his head and whispered into one ear, "I will continue to fuck myself." Then, turning his head in the opposite direction, she whispered in his other ear, "And the experiment will continue, as well."  
  
Erica wanted to kiss him. It didn't matter that this was Dick Abbott. It didn't matter that she wasn't the least bit attracted to him. She just wanted to bury her tongue in his mouth, feeling a strong longing in her own body.   
  
But, just as she had resisted the urge to unzip his pants, the dark-haired girl resisted the temptation to kiss Abbott. Instead, she licked his right cheek, tasting the sweat of his wrinkled skin.   
  
He looked up at her in horror.  
  
She slid backwards, away from his body and off of his lap. A large, wet stain of her own had been left on the man's pants, complementing the spot he had soiled himself. Her pussy was still hot, still wet. And despite having cum just seconds earlier, Erica couldn't deny that she wanted another orgasm, and she wanted it right away.   
  
"I wouldn't want to have to tell your wife about your little..." Erica paused, "...accident."   
  
Dick had nothing to say. He had been the one humiliated here that day. He had never been in control.   
  
Averting his eyes from Erica, and from the two men who had watched Erica's exhibition with rapt attention, Dick sped out of the Observation Room. He never once looked back.   
  
A silence hung in the air as Erica padded towards the Bullpen's sliding door.   
  
"Erica?" Colin finally offered, not quite sure what he was asking, and not quite sure what he was going to get in response.   
  
The look that she gave him was one of utter shame, and suddenly Colin understood.   
  
"Mike, get out of here," Colin ordered.   
  
The lab assistant looked as if he might protest, but he, too, sensed the sorrow in the room, sensed the degradation. Nodding at Colin, and then quickly and awkwardly at Erica, he dashed out of the Observation Room.   
  
Colin, on the other hand, stepped away from the ops desk and closed the distance between he and Erica. Something had just transpired that would change their relationship forever. Even from across the room with two other men present, Colin had just engaged in a more intimate moment in Erica's life that he had ever imagined. She continued to sacrifice herself, and her own dignity, for her work. And Colin would no longer be able to look at her in the same way he had before.   
  
"Can you take this off?" the girl asked weakly, gesturing at the corset.   
  
"Sure," Colin replied. He wanted to say something to comfort her. He wanted to tell her that he was proud of her, of what she was doing. He wanted to assure her that the experiment would continue, that Dick Abbott would play right into her plans. But nothing he could say would possibly make the moment any less distressing, so, instead, he simply put his head down and began to unfasten the corset.   
  
He could smell her sweat. He could smell her pussy. And, as he clumsily sought to disrobe her of her corset as quickly as possibly, his calloused fingers grazed across her bare skin.   
  
Erica choked back tears. Up until this point, her masturbatory urges had been kept in check around Colin. For some reason, this had been important to her. She wasn't quite sure why, given the level of humiliation that she had already been through in front of him. Was it because she wanted to keep her carnal indulgences from a male audience, preferring to touch herself in relative safety, in front of Wendy and Tessa? Or was it Colin, himself? Were there deeper emotions at work?   
  
The experience with Dick Abbott had been awful, more awful than she could have imagined. The sight of her pussy juice on the man's khakis was etched forever into her memory. The primal urges to kiss him, to suck his cock, scared her. And the illusion of privacy, which she had hidden behind while in the Bullpen, was completely shattered – she had just fucked herself in front of three men.   
  
As the corset was pulled away from her body, Erica turned to face Colin. "I'm sorry," she apologized, knowing full well that what she was about to do was wrong for a hundred different reasons. But she needed a hug.   
  
Wrapping her bare arms around Colin's body, Erica buried her face against the man's shoulder. Her nipples rubbed against his starchy blue shirt, her hips pressed against the khaki material of his cargo pants.   
  
Colin, still holding the corset in his right hand, hesitatingly wrapped his left arm around the girl. He was unsure of himself, and he was sure that she would feel his erection against her body.   
  
That she did. Her mind lingered upon it, a symbol of how things had changed between she and he friend. It made her sad, but it also made her horny, which in turn made her sad all over again. She pulled away from the hug, feeling satisfied neither emotionally or physically.   
  
At least one of those, however, she could take care of on her own.   
  
"Can you turn on the shower?" Erica asked as she stepped into the Bullpen. "I need to...."   
  
Colin looked back at her knowingly.   
  
"...or else I won't be able to concentrate," the girl finished the thought.   
  
He nodded.   
  
"This will be the last time," Erica offered, though both she and Colin knew she was lying. She didn't want to masturbate in front of him, but she had let the animal out of its cage – there would be no going back.   
  
The door slid closed behind her, and Colin resumed his station at the ops desk. With a few quick keystrokes, warm water was falling inside the Bullpen, and Erica was beneath it.   
  
Even as the girl placed her fingers back inside her pussy, she spoke to him. "Don't tell Jamie," she begged.  
  
There was hesitation on Colin's part, and Erica knew that he felt conflicted. He had been hiding the exact nature of the experiment from his wife, just as Erica had been hiding her whereabouts from Tom. But she knew Colin, and she knew Jamie – they had no secrets between them, and this experiment had to be playing games with Colin's conscience. She wasn't sure that Colin would be able to keep this from her forever.   
  
She wasn't sure how Jamie would ever look at her again.   
  
She wasn't sure how she'd look at herself again.   
  
As the pace of her hand quickened once again, Erica turned, and her reflection stared back across the Bullpen at her. Beneath the waterfall, a desperate girl, drunk on her own arousal, was finger-fucking herself while a good friend looked on.   
  
"She's humping like a bitch in heat."

**The Bullpen Ch. 04**

Hannah Cho couldn't quite believe what her friend telling her.   
  
Lying naked on her side just beyond the mirror glass separating the two girls, Erica Rivers told her story slowly, seeming to get a sexual charge out of the retelling. There was conflict, of course - the better angels and inner demons shouting each other down - but Erica continued on, explaining to her friend how she'd won approval from Dick Abbott to continue her experiment.   
  
"You licked him?" Hannah asked in disbelief. Dressed in borrowed hospital scrubs with only her own panties on beneath them, Hannah sat Indian-style on the floor of the Observation Room. She was just feet from her nude friend, but while Hannah could see Erica through the glass, she knew that Erica could see only her own reflection. Despite this, and despite the fact that their conversation was being transmitted electronically through Hannah's microphone into the Bullpen's intercom, it felt private, as if they were sharing secrets at a high school sleepover.   
  
"I licked his cheek," the Caucasian girl admitted. She hesitated for a moment, having second thoughts about what she was about to reveal, before finally coming clean. "I wanted to kiss him."   
  
Hannah recoiled in disgust. Luckily, Erica hadn't been able to see her friend's facial expression, but she was fairly certain how Hannah had reacted.   
  
"I know," Erica continued, more than a little disgusted with herself. She was shocked at her own behavior, disturbed by her own inner desires, but undeniably turned on at the retelling of that afternoon's events. Dressed in nothing more than a piece of lab equipment turned lingerie, with her tits and cunt exposed, she had finger-fucked herself in front of her overseer, her friend, and her subordinate. Dick Abbott. Colin Eggert. Mike Takahashi. They'd all watched her as she'd gotten herself off - seated with her legs spread at the lunch table, crawling across the floor, leaning into an older man's lap, and grunting his name as she reached orgasm. And now, just a few short hours later, the memory of incident caused her clitoris to throb with excitement, begging to be touched yet again.   
  
"What's worse…" Erica began, but caught herself. "Is Colin back yet?"  
  
Colin and one of his assistants, Vince Nemecek, had spent the afternoon trying to fix the urinalysis engines in the crawlspace beneath the Bullpen. Though he could have returned, and could have rewound the audio recordings that the Bullpen was, even now, storing for posterity, Erica doubted he would. And that doubt was enough to allow her to speak openly and honestly with her best friend.   
  
"No, not yet."  
  
Erica nodded from her side of the glass, encouraged to go own. "What's worse, though, is that I wanted more."  
  
Hannah was unsure of what the girl meant.   
  
"I wanted to suck his cock," she stated flatly, charged by the vulgarity of her own language.  
  
"Dick Abbott?" the Asian woman responded, denying that they could be talking about the same, frumpy-looking fifty-year-old man. "You want to put Dick Abbott's dick into your mouth?"  
  
Erica giggled a bit. She shook her head, assuring Hannah, "Not any more. But at the time." She sounded frightened by herself, by her own emotions. She then added, "And Colin…"  
  
This piqued Hannah's curiosity even more. "Colin?"  
  
Again, Erica hesitated. Should she be admitting aloud what had consumed her for this past week? Should she admit whom she had fantasized about as she rubbed her clit beneath the shower that afternoon, about what she had fantasized him doing to her? "We hugged."   
  
Hannah's eyes went as wide as plates. "While you were naked?"   
  
No, Erica thought to herself sarcastically, while I was dressed. I decided to don the clothes lying so agonizingly close in the Observation Room, take a stroll out to my car, and then hug Colin when I got back - but before I undressed again. Then again, perhaps Hannah meant… "Would the corset have mattered?"  
  
"No, probably not." Hannah caught the stupidity of her own question.   
  
"It was just a hug. At first."  
  
"At first?!! Erica, baby, you can't go down this road."   
  
"He was rock hard, Hannah. I wanted it. I wanted to touch it. I wanted it inside me. I wanted it inside my mouth, inside my pussy, inside my ass…"  
  
"Erica!" Hannah shouted, hushing her friend. The nude girl had gone into a trance, of sort, picturing and fantasizing about the technician's penis, and Hannah, like Noah, was beginning to worry about her. "He's married. He's your friend. Among other reasons, too numerous to name…"  
  
"I know, I know." Erica made a show of shaking the fantasy from her head, but Hannah could tell the thought of Colin's member hadn't gone anywhere.   
  
If anything, now the Asian woman was picturing it, as well. Picturing it inside her friend's mouth, inside her friend's pussy, inside her friend's ass.  
  
"I need to talk to Jamie," Erica said. "I need to tell her this is all my fault, that Colin's around me not for any sinister purpose, not for any sort of physical reason, but because he's my friend, and I need him."  
  
"You might want to leave out the part about wanting his penis inside of you."  
  
"I'm serious, Hannah. I need to come clean to her, I need to explain the experiment to her. I don't want to make Colin lie to her, or hide this from her – I can tell it's twisting him apart inside."   
  
"And Tom?"   
  
Tom. Tom Russo. Her boyfriend. Even now, Tom was watering Erica's plants, taking in her mail, checking her voicemail at home for her. They talked, now and then, over the Bullpen's speakerphone, Erica insisting that Arizona was so dull that she hardly left her laboratory. She had so much to tell him, so much to explain, and so much to fear upon telling that their conversation had become increasingly flat. How would he react when he found out his girlfriend was naked and being stared at by all of her colleagues? How would he react when he found out that she was masturbating on video recordings available for a dozen or so people to watch? How would he react when he found out that she had cum in another man's lap that afternoon was calling out that man's name?   
  
No, she couldn't tell Tom.   
  
But maybe she could tell Jamie. Maybe it was a step in the right direction – one honest confession on Colin's behalf before another honest confession on her own.   
  
"Tom," Erica murmured. "Oh, if only he could just come in here with me and fuck me himself."   
  
That afternoon, Erica had touched Dick Abbott. She had hugged Colin. She had allowed Hannah to probe her crotch and inner thigh to inject more deuterotone. And she had touched herself.   
  
But what Erica longed for, what Erica desired, was for someone else to make her cum. She wanted to lie back, and let someone else do the work. She wanted to lie on her back, running her hands through her short hair, as Tom fucked her. As Colin rubbed her pussy. As Hannah ate her out.   
  
This last fantasy caught Erica off-guard, and she quickly opened her eyes, unsure of exactly when or why she had closed them. Paranoid, she wondered to herself if Hannah had guessed what she was thinking about.   
  
Hannah, though, was lost in her own thoughts. This wasn't Erica – Erica wasn't this frank, this open about her sexuality. In the years that they'd known each other, Erica and Hannah had had only one previous conversation about Erica's sex life with Tom, and it had been awkward and uncomfortable. This Erica, this Erica-plus-deuterotone, seemed to have little difficulty talking about getting fucked, talking about Colin's dick, or talking about getting herself off in front of three men.   
  
Noah was worried about her, as the Medical Oversight people had been. Hannah was, as well, but she couldn't bring herself to speak her concerns aloud. If it had been her experiment, she would have been willing to do almost everything that Erica had done to herself to see it through. She was unsure as to what adult acne experiment might prompt Hannah to strip to her skin, or inject herself full of faux testosterone, or cause her to masturbate in front of her friends and colleagues - but Hannah felt as if she would do it. It would, of course, be the most awful experience she would ever be through, and it wouldn't be easy – she had blanched after just a few seconds in the Bullpen the week before. But it wasn't any less difficult for Erica, it wasn't any less humiliating than it would be if it were Hannah on that side of the glass.  
  
Already, people at ConnPharm were talking about Erica. Not Erica, exactly, but people knew that there was a woman in the Bullpen, a woman stripped naked and on exhibit to a handful of horny technicians. There were a few people, of course, who knew whom the woman was, and Hannah doubted it would stay secret for long, even in a relatively large company like ConnPharm. She also doubted that Erica's humiliation would end there. How much longer would it be before stories of Erica's arousal began circulating? How much longer would it be before people heard of her obsessive masturbation? How much longer until would it be until they found out Erica was begging to be fucked by her boyfriend, by Colin Eggert, or by any living, breathing person nearby?   
  
At that moment, Hannah wished she could bear some of Erica's burden. Would it be any less humiliating for two women to be locked in the Bullpen together? Probably not; and if anything, it probably would make them both feel rather uncomfortable. But at least there would have been two of them – Erica would not have been alone.   
  
This was Noah's project, too, Hannah thought to herself. He should be bearing some of the humiliation with Erica. Granted, he couldn't grow breasts – the deuterotone had little to no affect on males, in general. But he could share in the embarrassment his partner was suffering. He could be the subject of awful stories bouncing around ConnPharm.   
  
Of course, a naked male in the Bullpen was neither as sensational as a female inside, nor as embarrassing. Noah, should he be surrounded by Mike Takahashi, Aaron Abrahams, Vijay Singh, Colin Eggert, and so on, would feel no more embarrassed than he might in the men's locker room. A naked man, aroused and pleasuring himself, would not elicit the same sense of delight and wonder from members of the opposite sex, or the same amount of disgust and disdain from members of the same sex. A man jacking off would be accepted, and people would move on.   
  
Erica would not be treated with the same understanding attitude.   
  
"You could always call Tom and explain," Hannah suggested. People might not identify with one of ConnPharm's up-and-coming scientists cumming in front of someone from Medical Oversight, but they might understand a conjugal visit. "Maybe have him come in while Wendy's on duty, and suggest that she take a walk and leave the two of you alone in the Observation Room. Tom might even find the corset a turn-on."  
  
"Maybe," Erica replied, her mind drifting off in fantasy. Wendy would certainly go for such a plan – she wasn't the one who would need convincing. "I'd have to tell Tom about the past two weeks, however."  
  
"You could leave out some of the more lewd details."   
  
"Obviously." Erica was unconvinced. She had a relationship with this man, one filled with love, respect, and passion. Had she betrayed his trust? Would he be able to get past her deceit and provide her with the physical contact that she wanted, that she needed? The thought of his hands upon her body, the thought of his dick inside of her, the thought of her body moving in harmony with his, the thought of Wendy watching them both from the ops desk – Erica wanted it badly.   
  
She rolled onto her back, spreading her legs away from the mirror glass. One hand brushed casually against her stomach, aching to go further. She thought back on the last time she'd been fucked by Tom, a few nights before she left for "Arizona." The hardness of Colin's dick, too, hung in her memory, teasing her by how excited she had made him. The stain on Dick Abbott's pants, caused by her, caused by her body, caused by her sexuality, set off another level of arousal.   
  
But the image that Erica couldn't get out of her mind, the fantasy that stuck, was the thought of Hannah Cho going down on her, eating her out.   
  
She swallowed hard. "Hannah, do you mind if I…?"  
  
"Oh," the Asian girl gasped. Erica's legs were bent at the knee, swinging slowly back and forth, opening and closing her pussy away from the Observation Room. The naked girl's hand was absentmindedly playing with a short tuft of public hair about her slit, eager to go further. It just needed permission. Hannah answered, "Oh, that's okay, I'll just go."  
  
But she didn't stand to leave, as if she knew what Erica would offer next.   
  
"No, don't go," Erica pleaded. Despite being watched twenty-four hours a day, she felt lonely. She had no one to talk with, no one to share with. "I can keep talking while I do this. Or I can wait."  
  
It didn't appear as if the latter statement was true, but Erica had offered, nonetheless.   
  
"Oh," Hannah repeated. "Oh, um…no, go ahead. I mean…"  
  
Incredibly, the first emotion that entered into Erica's mind was annoyance. What was Hannah's hang-up? They'd talked to one another from stall to stall in the women's room. Hannah had obviously also watched the recordings of Erica getting herself off that weekend (apparently, Erica remained one of the few people in the Human Hormone Lab who hadn't seen the recordings). She wasn't going to call out Hannah's name, she wasn't asking her to be involved – all she wanted to do was relieve a little tension and continue on with their conversation. It was a form of relaxation, after all.   
  
Erica caught herself, realizing that she was wrong to be annoyed with Hannah. Of course this was awkward. Of course this was uncomfortable. And Hannah didn't even know about have the dirty things she was involved with in Erica's head.   
  
But, the more Erica thought about the question, the more she began to ask herself what her own hang-up had been. Why was she so embarrassed by this seemingly natural act? Why had she been on the verge of tears that afternoon? Who had drawn up the rules and social mores about nudity and sexuality, anyways? And why had those particular rules had been drawn up?   
  
The more she thought about these questions, the less she felt that she had to be embarrassed over. Without awaiting any further comment or hesitation from Hannah, Erica reached down to run her middle finger between her labia.  
  
"It would be easier if I were single," Erica breathed, her hand already massaging her crotch. It was a massage, after all, no different than if she were working out the kinks in her neck, no more awkward than if someone were rubbing her shoulders. "I wouldn't have to explain anything to anyone."  
  
She panted. He whole body trembled with delight. She ran her free hand through her hair.   
  
Hannah was apparently very distracted. Despite multiple voices shouting multiple commands inside her head about what to do or what to say in this particular situation, she observed, "But you do have the option of calling Tom in. If you were single, you wouldn't have an at-hand partner…"  
  
The mention of Tom's name sent Erica's body surging. The sound of another woman's voice, in conversation with her while she fucked herself, nearly put her over the edge. Erica fought the urge to moan in pleasure – she didn't want to scare Hannah away.   
  
  
"It'd be much easier to find a new partner than try to explain to Tom everything that's going on here," she exhaled. Her whole lower body was now squirming on the Bullpen floor, and the thought of fucking some stranger got her hot. The thought of fucking some stranger in the Bullpen while Hannah watched got her hotter. And the thought of fucking Hannah in the Bullpen while some stranger watched nearly sent her over the edge.   
  
Hannah, staring with mouth agape at the scene in front of her, chose to ignore the comment. Nervously, she cast a glance to the chute down which Colin had disappeared, terrified that he'd return to find her watching her best friend masturbate. Colin hadn't poked his head up yet, but he would soon. Secretly, Hannah hoped that Erica would finish herself off soon.   
  
As for Erica's comment about picking up a random gentleman for a quick fuck, Hannah chose to ignore it. Instead, she brought the conversation back to Tom. Perhaps he might be the answer to satiating the nude girl's lust. "You're going to have to explain it to him eventually. You can't just show up back at your complex and hope that he doesn't notice your D-cup breasts."   
  
"Fuuuck," Erica purred, leaving Hannah to guess whether the girl was cursing her situation with Tom or commenting on her own physical pleasure. "I was going to tell him about the experiment afterwards." She paused to let a wave of genital bliss envelop her body. Breathing heavily, she continued, "Or at least about most of the experiment.   
  
Her ass left the ground as her hips gyrated against an unseen partner. "Maybe I was going to tell him I was right in Avon." She sighed. "Maybe I was going to keep with the Arizona approach." She gritted her teeth as she finished the sentence, forcing the final words out in an angry-sounding grunt. "But I was going to tell him that I experimented on myself, and that it worked."   
  
Erica had returned to the floor, but both feet remained planted soles-down, allowing her to push upwards against her hand. She inserted her left middle finger into her mouth – wetting it with her own saliva – and then dropped it to her pussy to join her already hard-at-work right hand. She ran her wet hand against her wet pussy, and to Hannah, appeared to be enjoying the sensation.   
  
"So why not now?" Hannah asked. Her own breathing had become labored, her own pussy had become wet. Hannah wasn't gay, but the scene in front of her seemed to transcend gender-specific allure – this was sex, primal pleasure, and it was turning her on. "Why not tell Tom about the experiment now, while he can help you…" The Asian woman paused for a second, hesitating before blurting out, "So he can fuck you?"   
  
The word "fuck" had an almost magical quality on both women. Both were conservative, sexually speaking, and reserved. The naughtiness of the word only added to the naughtiness of what was transpiring between them – Erica fucking herself in the Bullpen, and Hannah fucking herself in her mind.   
  
Erica whined, a high-pitched cry that, up to that point, Hannah had only heard in adult videos.   
  
"And how do I explain the Bullpen?" Gasp. "How do I explain my nudity?" Gasp. "How do I explain being watched all day?" Gasp. "How do I explain fucking myself in front of Wendy and Tessa and Colin and Mike and Dick Abbott?" She whined after each name.   
  
Hannah looked nervously at the open chute a few feet away. Erica was on the far side of the glass, with only her own reflection for company. Colin was still MIA. For a moment, Hannah wondered to herself whether she, too, could masturbate, here in the Observation Room. No one would ever know – not Colin, not Erica, not her fiancée Hyun-Shik.   
  
Shaking the thought off, Hannah was shocked at herself. She had gone from revulsion about Erica to stimulation to revulsion about herself in the span of just under five minutes. And Erica had yet to cum.   
  
"How do I explain fucking myself in front of you, Hannah?" Erica asked, her eyes gazing out through the mirror glass towards her friend.   
  
Though Hannah knew the girl could only see her own reflection, she felt chilled to her soul that Erica was staring right at her. Did Erica know what she had been thinking? Did Erica know that Hannah had actually been contemplating fucking herself right alongside her friend? Erica had the excuse of deuterotone – Hannah had only her own wantonness to blame.   
  
Hannah didn't get a chance to respond.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Erica exclaimed, her right hand seeming to be working overtime, vibrating quickly over her clit. Her left was doing nothing more than gripping her inner thigh, where Hannah had been touching, probing, and injecting just a short while earlier. "Here it comes!"  
  
Hannah wasn't sure why Erica felt the need to announce the impending orgasm, but she was transfixed.  
  
"Here it comes," Erica laughed, slowly easing up on her pussy, preparing herself for the climax that was about to overtake her. The closest analogy that Hannah could think of was that of a fisherman, slowly and carefully wrangling in a large catch. "It's going to be big!"  
  
"Oh yes!" the girl yipped. Her hips rose off the ground. Her back arched. Her leg muscles grew tight. She was up on her tiptoes. "Oh yes, yes, yes!"   
  
She giggled with happiness. And like a victorious sports star, she thrust her unemployed hand, in the shape of a fist, into the air. "I've got it! Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck yesssss!" Hissing her final sound, Erica clenched her eyes shut tight, forgetting about Hannah, the Bullpen, and the world around her. For a brief moment, Erica existed only on this orgasm.   
  
Hannah, on the other hand, took in the scene, and realized suddenly how Dick Abbott could have ejaculated without even touching himself.   
  
\*\*\*  
  
"It's natural for women to be turned on by other women getting off," Wendy explained over the sound of two girls screaming in orgasmic triumph. "That's the way it is with porn. Men watch the women on-screen, imagining themselves with the actresses. Women watch the women on-screen, imagining themselves AS the actresses."  
  
Erica, staring up at the pornography being displayed by the projector, asked, "So no one's watching the men?"  
  
In front of her, and spread across an entire wall of the Bullpen, were two naked women pulling enormous pink and purple vibrators from their pussies. They had cum together, and it was now on to the next position in "Grand Opening."   
  
"Probably a bit of an overstatement," Wendy replied. She was watching the film unfold, as well, though on one of the ops desk's monitors instead of from the Bullpen floor. Wendy had seen it before, having watched it with her ex-boyfriend Marcus. That was, of course, before Marcus had cheated on the peroxide blonde, and Wendy had vengefully stolen his television, DVD player, and half of his movie collection. She may not have been able to get the lost months of that relationship back, but she at least walked away with a well-stocked entertainment center.   
  
Erica was only vaguely aware of the film's plot, but she hadn't actually concerned herself with the dialogue or porn star Alexa Fox's dubious acting. Instead, she was lost in the scene after scene of hardcore sex – woman alone, man and woman, woman and woman, man and women, men and women. Nearly every combination that Erica could imagine was being played on on-screen. It was as if someone had read every degraded thought that Erica had contemplated over the past two and a half weeks.   
  
It was closing in on midnight that Wednesday evening, and even the most dedicated of science geeks had left ConnPharm for the day. Two girls sat in the company's basement, on different sides of one-way mirror glass, both transfixed by the naked body onscreen. For Wendy, it was like seeing "Grand Opening" through a new set of eyes – cherry eyes – whose entire porn-watching career consisted of only the past fifty minutes.   
  
Erica was seated upon the Bullpen's hard floor with her back slouching against the far wall. Her legs were spread far apart, and her right hand casually drifted up and down against her slit. She was not yet masturbating, per se, but she was decidedly turned on – her lips were puffy, her hand wet, and the entire Bullpen smelling of pussy. She wanted to wait for her orgasm, letting it build as the film progressed.  
  
Actually, the smell of vagina in the air had been a constant over the past few days, and Erica was thankful that only Hannah would ever be allowed inside. It smelled like a whorehouse inside the Bullpen – but perhaps the smell of a whorehouse wasn't all that bad. Every time Erica stepped back through the doors, she was immediately sexually charged once again, if only by the odor of her last orgasm.   
  
Any pretense of self-control had been dropped – around Colin, around Tessa, and especially around Wendy. Erica certainly felt some measure of shame each time she gave into her masturbatory urges, but after just a few days of indulging herself in front of an audience, doing so had become less embarrassing than using the toilet and almost equal to squatting over the shower drain. Every now and then, she stopped to think about what she had been doing the last time she'd called out in orgasmic ecstasy, and couldn't help but blush. But while she was touching herself, she felt a measure of freedom and control that had been absent her first two weeks in the Bullpen.   
  
The act had become downright casual with Wendy. The peroxide blonde's nonchalant acceptance of Erica's masturbation denied the naked girl some of the stimulation that she derived from knowing she was making Colin or Noah or the others aroused, but Erica appreciated the liberty to touch herself without the other party present feeling awkward and uncomfortable.   
  
That night, they'd eaten dinner together at the table in the corner of the Observation Room. Halfway through the meal, the deuterotone-generated pins-and-needles in Erica's tits, throat, and pussy had begun again, and the girl simply put down her fork and knife, got herself off, and continued on with her conversation with Wendy. Wendy didn't miss a bite, showing no hint that Erica's behavior shocked her at all.   
  
The two women on-screen had put away their dildos, and despite having apparently just loudly achieved their respective climaxes, they were taking turns going down on one another.   
  
Erica desperately wanted to be fucked - the scenes earlier in the movie had only driven that particular longing home. A brunette had received an impressive deep-dicking on top of a copy machine. Alexa Fox - one of the blondes currently on screen - had been taken in the supply closet by the mailroom guy. And after that, well, she had been fucked by four men in sequence in the furnace room – tied-up, blindfolded, and gagged, tricked into thinking that she was being penetrated by just one, well-disciplined colleague.   
  
Erica hadn't actually talked to Tom since Sunday, before being confronted by Natalie, before fucking herself in front of Dick Abbott, before confessing her desire to Hannah. Even if she had wanted to come clean (an idea that she'd been flirting with since Monday afternoon, in hopes that he would come to ravage her), Tom hadn't returned her calls. Not that this was unusual – despite the fact that they owned adjoining condos to one another in Avon, they sometimes went days without seeing or talking to each other. Erica got caught up in work, Tom got sent to Cincinnati or Charlotte or Atlanta by his firm.   
  
So much had happened since their last conversation, and to Erica, it seemed as if a lifetime had passed.   
  
She missed him emotionally. But more than that, she missed him physically. She wanted to feel him inside her, and on her, and behind her, and on top of her. She wanted his dick, but truth be told, Erica would have settled for just a little cunnilingus. Tom could come in, keep all his clothes on and most of his dignity in tact, and just eat her out.   
  
Alexa Fox was getting what Erica wanted. It wouldn't matter whether it was a man or a woman, whether it was Tom, Colin, Hannah, or Wendy; despite her imagined conversation with Julie Coogan, cunnilingus was cunnilingus, and the gender and identity mattered so much less than the pleasure she would receive.  
  
The pace of her hand quickened, and though Erica had hoped to last the entire length of "Grand Opening," she knew that her orgasm would be coming hard and fast in the next few minutes. The thought of an unknown person – just a mouth and a tongue – lapping away at her pussy, set Erica's libido in motion.   
  
Despite the monologue going on inside Erica's head, and despite the fact that she was now engaged in rubbing her clit, she never let up from the conversation with Wendy. The banter continued, despite the fact that both girls soon seemed somewhat distracted.   
  
On the far side of the mirror glass, in the Observation Room that overlooked the Bullpen, Wendy Milne couldn't help but feel uncomfortably excited, herself. Though she'd had rough and satisfying sex just that morning with her boyfriend Trey, and though she'd seen "Grand Opening" a dozen times before, her panties were nearly soaked through in arousal.   
  
There was still an hour left of her shift, sixty-something minutes before Tessa showed up at ConnPharm. She was going to have to wait for the girl, drive all the way home three towns over, and then wake up her presumably drunk boyfriend to get herself off – if Trey had even made it all the way home from the bar. Glancing into the Bullpen at the naked girl furiously at work on her pussy, Wendy thought to herself that perhaps Erica had the right idea. Get herself off, and then get on with life.   
  
It was a rarity that anyone came down to the Observation Room after nine. And in two and half weeks of the five-to-one shift, no one had ever come in after midnight – aside from Tessa and Pete Bowie at the start of their one-to-nine shift. As Wendy stood to unbutton her jeans, she thought about the fact that she could remember each and every one of those nights, having not taken a day off since the deuterotone trials had begun.   
  
Oh well, she shrugged as she wriggled out of her pants - she needed the money. Paying her rent, car loan, and credit card bill was going to be tough that month, and she wasn't even going to be paid until the first of the month.   
  
Clad in a tight-fitting green turtleneck sweater, a pair of low-rise gray cotton briefs, and a pair of boots wildly inappropriate for the workplace, Wendy settled herself back down into the ops desk chair. She spread her legs, propping her knee-length boots up on the desk itself, and began to rub her pussy through her panties with her left hand while her right dug into her purse. Eventually, she found what she was looking for - pulling a small, red and white pocket rocket from the pouch.   
  
The blonde flipped it on, and a light humming began. The volume was soft enough that the buzz was mostly lost beneath Wendy and Erica's conversation, if not beneath the sound of the two squealing porn stars on screen. Her left hand pulled the crotch of her panties aside, exposing her completely hairless snatch and a small, silver hoop running through her clit.   
  
She loved the feel of the vibration against the metal.  
  
Wendy had been fantasizing about this for days. Erica was locked away, but plainly visible and completely naked, getting herself off on the floor of the Bullpen. Wendy, meanwhile, had on most of her clothes, but still did her best to match the intensity of the dark-haired girl through the looking glass.   
  
As she had explained to Erica just minutes earlier, she fantasized about being the woman on-screen, the woman in the pornographic adventure, the woman that was in the throes of ecstasy while others watched. In the weeks since Erica had been locked away, the technician had dreamed about interchanging places. She concocted various scenarios in which she were the one the Bullpen.   
  
An outbreak of a very rare and very infectious disease, perhaps. Wendy was naked inside the Bullpen – because, of course, her clothes would have had to have been burned. While the CDC and other infectious disease people scratched their chins and fretted about what further exposure could do to the people of Connecticut, Wendy was busy diddling herself with a mischievous smile upon her face.   
  
Or had she had embezzled money from ConnPharm? Bill Forrester, rather than having gone to the police, had opted instead to let her earn the money back. She was locked away, away from her clothes and boyfriend and friends, behind the glass, and forced to cum for her freedom. Twenty-five cents per orgasm, while Colin, Tessa, Pete Bowie, and a peroxide-blonde version of Erica Rivers watched.   
  
Or maybe, at the last minute, Erica and Noah had discovered that someone else at ConnPharm was approved for Category F research – one Wendy Milne. She had, of course, volunteered herself when no other option was available, as she believed in the promise of deuterotone and in her company. Each week, she was injected full of chemicals that caused her breasts to grow and sent her libido off the scale. She masturbated not because she wanted to, but because she was compelled to, forced by an inner desire she couldn't control. With her back propped up against the Bullpen's wall, her bare ass in contact with the cold Bullpen floor, and pornography splayed across the far side of the room, Wendy rubbed her clit while peroxide-blonde Erica gasped for air at her climax in the Observation Room.  
  
Wendy hoped that Erica hadn't noticed her shortness of breath. She had reached her orgasm in just under two minutes, the vibrator against her clit ring doing most of the work.   
  
But the naked girl, the one who had actually spent the past two and half weeks inside the Bullpen, was lost in her own vaginal pleasures, pursued in the old-fashioned, manual way. She was too distracted by the bucking of her own hips, by the nearness of her orgasm, to pay much attention to Wendy's breathing patterns. The conversation continued, but it was clear that her mind was elsewhere.   
  
"She hasn't taken off her heels," Erica panted, her hand moving more and more rapidly against her crotch, as she remarked on the scene taking place in front of her. "Neither of them has."  
  
"I can buy you a vibrator," Wendy announced through the comm, seemingly out of nowhere. "Or a dildo, if you want."  
  
Erica closed her eyes tight, and gritted her teeth. She paid no notice to the fact that Wendy's offer had nothing to do with their conversation, only stream-of-conscious remarking, "At this point, I need more than a vibrator. I'd pay good money to be eaten out."   
  
She had, of course, been half-joking. There was little doubt she'd take Wendy up on a vibrator, or a toy, or anything else that she could stick in her pussy and quench some of the emptiness she felt. But though she'd been craving lips upon her lips, a tongue probing into her, and a mouth upon her clitoris, Erica hadn't been serious when she'd offered to pay for it.   
  
"Two hundred fifty dollars." Wendy, however, had jumped at the financial opportunity in front of her. She had a car loan that was past due, in the amount of one hundred ninety-two dollars.   
  
Erica assumed that Wendy was joking. Nonetheless, the minute that the offer had been made, the faceless mouth that had been eating her out in her fantasy suddenly belonged to the blonde. And it was enough to send one final surge up Erica's spine.   
  
"Oh my god!" she cursed, continuing, "This is fucking….going to be a…fucking good…fucking….fuck!" She had fallen in love with the sound of her own voice, and as the dirtier her vocabulary had become, the more turned on she became. Unfortunately, she wasn't quite able to muster up much more than that, as she bit her lower lip hard and let loose a loud, guttural moan. It was deep, and intense, and for a second, Erica thought she was going to pass out due to the ferocity of her orgasm.   
  
"Two twenty-five," Wendy announced, lowering her rates in the hope that Erica would, indeed, pay her car loan. She felt a pang of guilt in charging the girl for cunnilingus - if she were more sympathetic, she would get Erica off for free. But Erica had offered money, and though the blonde did suspect that it was nothing but an absentminded fantasy spoken aloud, she hoped that Erica might be desperate enough to jump at the proposal.   
  
Erica slouched down to the floor, rolling onto her side. She kept her hand, now at rest, on top of her soaked pussy, her legs still spread wide. Was Wendy trying to haggle with her?   
  
"Two hundred," Wendy continued. "But that's it. That's as low as I go. I'm not a lesbian, after all." She had, however, experimented more than once over the years.   
  
Erica desperately wished she could have accepted the offer. She wanted the blonde to bite her nipples. She wanted to feel Wendy's tongue run from the inside of her knee, up the inside of her thigh, to the waiting folds inside her pussy. She wanted to pull her dyed hair, smothering the technician in the smell of her slit.   
  
"Tom," was all she offered in response.   
  
Wendy understood. There was a line, up to which Erica was allowed to pursue her science, even if it met stripping down in front of her colleagues, radically altering her own body, and fingering herself in front of three grown men. Admittedly, the line had grown a bit fuzzy, but one thing was clear – another person involved definitely constituted "cheating."  
  
Erica and Tom had, at least until three weeks ago, a relationship built on trust. Erica couldn't cheat on Tom, be it with a man or a woman. He meant too much to her. Already, she felt so much guilt about the things that she had done, the things that she was doing, that her heart ached every time she thought about him.   
  
But everything she had done, up that point, had been justifiable. She had stripped down for her experiment. She had masturbated to clear her head. She had continued masturbating because of the deuterotone. She had gotten herself off for Dick Abbott to keep him from shutting her down.   
  
If she were to pay Wendy to eat her out, it would be nothing but hedonism. And Erica wasn't sure that she'd ever be right with Tom again.   
  
At the ops desk, Wendy was still sitting in her panties, which were still pulled aside and her pussy still exposed. Absentmindedly, she teased her clit ring, again lost in her own head. She supposed that she should put her jeans back on. She supposed that she should say something to Erica, to clear up the awkwardness of near-prostitution.   
  
Instead, Wendy imagined herself seated at that very chair, buck-naked, with Erica's head in her lap. Though she hadn't seen Erica in clothes for more than a few weeks, she imagined the scientist in low-rise gray cotton briefs, with knee-high black boots, and nothing else. Wendy pulled the girl's face closer, luxuriating the sensation of a woman's tongue flicking her clit-ring, and stared down at her naked, sweaty back. Stuffed casually down the back of the panties, half in and half out, was a wad of twenty-dollar bills. Two hundred dollars.   
  
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Though Wendy had left just after midnight on Thursday morning with her bank account in no better shape, she had been thoughtful enough to leave behind something for Erica. On the center of the table in the Observation Room, for all to see, was a small, red and white vibrator.   
  
Tessa had stared at it uncomfortably all night. Because Erica had insisted on sleeping a little late that Thursday morning, it was still out when Colin arrived. And, most significantly, it was still on the table when technician Marty Coombs laid Erica's breakfast alongside it.   
  
The dark-haired girl, bound in her corset when she stepped out to eat and exercise that morning, had blushed at the sight of the small toy. From her face, to her chest, to her buttocks, Erica's whole body turned red out of embarrassment. She wasn't so embarrassed, however, that she didn't immediately put it to good use.   
  
It wasn't new. It wasn't even clean. Clearly, this toy had belonged to, and had been used by, Wendy. Fairly recently at that, Erica judged by the slight stickiness that coated one end.   
  
Still, she was only halfway through her routine on the exercise bike when she dismounted. Erica couldn't remember the last time that her pussy had actually been dry, the last time that she hadn't been at least marginally aroused, but the bicycle seat was completely drenched when she b-lined for the table. She had been thinking about what it would feel like against her clit since having first laid eyes upon it, and just the slight hum it gave off when she turned it on nearly had her cumming.

With her back turned to Colin and the ops desk, and with her legs spread shoulder-width apart, Erica got to work. She leaned against the table with her left hand, holding herself up, and placed Wendy's pocket rocket to her crotch. In just over a minute, she was already gasping for air, muttering obscenities to herself under her breath. A few seconds later, Colin witnessed a shiver dance up Erica's body.  
  
She turned her head, catching Colin in the act of watching her. Instead of looking shocked or embarrassed, she smiled. Her perfect white teeth shone proudly, and she even giggled for a second, before breathing a deep sigh of relief. Erica had thought nothing of getting herself off in front of Colin that morning, acting no different about doing so than she had seemed on the exercise bike just a few minutes earlier. In fact, if anything, the quickness of her orgasm and the functionality of the vibrator had made the experience even more matter-of-fact than if she had used her bare hand.   
  
In a half-hearted attempt to cleanse the toy of her own juices, and those of Wendy's from past uses, Erica simply rubbed it against her bare backside – once, twice, three times – until it was dry to the touch. Clutching it in her fist, Erica strutted back across the Observation Room, beaming a smile of absolute contentment at Colin as she passed the ops desk.   
  
"I was starting to worry about carpal tunnel," she quipped.   
  
The awestruck technician just nodded.   
  
She stopped at the cubby where her clothes were being kept – her white blouse, her knee-length tweed skirt, her black pumps, and her lacy pink lingerie. In the weeks since she'd shed these items, Erica had done her best to forget about them. She tried not to look in their direction. A few days after she'd first entered the Bullpen, she'd finally worked up the courage to go near them, if only to place her bra and panties beneath the rest of the clothing, to hide her underthings from plain sight. It had killed her then, to touch the fabric but not be able to put it on, to be so close to her coverings, but to be so naked.   
  
This time, however, Erica felt none of the same anxiety as she touched her shirt. It had been so long since she'd last worn clothes that the very concept of doing so wasn't at the forefront of her mind. Without drama or fanfare, she slipped the vibrator between her blouse and her skirt, tucked away and out of sight. But, hesitating at her locker for a minute, she dared herself to be scandalous in a different way.   
  
Erica glanced back at Colin again, but this time, his eyes were dutifully pointed at the screen in front of him. When she stepped back away from the locker a few seconds later, her pink panties had been dangled on a hook, just beneath the shelf where they'd been stored for so many days so far. The vibrator was hidden away, but her panties were prominent against the dark background of the lockers behind them. No one walking into the Observation Room would fail to notice them.   
  
The girl went about finishing her exercise routine, though she did take another quick break to vibrate her way to orgasm in between the Stairmaster and the bench press. And then again before breakfast. And then once more before she allowed Colin to shut her away in the Bullpen, away from her mechanical toy.   
  
Obviously, Marty Coombs had told a number of the other technicians, exiled away from the Bullpen and the Observation Room, about what he'd seen that morning on the table. The next morning, it was Zach Mitchell who dropped off Erica's breakfast, the rotation of peeping toms moving past Marty Coombs for someone else's turn. Fruit and eggs were not all that Zach brought, however.  
  
When Erica sat down for breakfast that morning, two additional toys were there to greet her. One was a translucent, purple combination vibrator – a "rabbit" – that had a long shaft, in addition to a small branch that shot out at the base into a fork for her clit. The other was as close to a real cock as Erica had seen in the past few weeks, a flesh-toned dildo that was complete with a head, realistic-looking veins, and even a ball sack at the end. Both were standing upright, as Wendy's pocket rocket had been the day before, but both had pink ribbon tied around them in a pretty little bows. It was obvious that these were presents for Erica, hand-selected and adorned with care.   
  
The technicians, of course, would never be treated to video footage of Erica with either toy, as she was unable to bring them into the Bullpen. The knowledge that she'd use them, clad in the corset in the expanse of the Observation Room, however, seemed enough to get the staff off. So much so that, the following day, Erica was greeted with four more toys to go along with her breakfast.   
  
"It's like an adult Happy Meal," the girl mused to Tessa that Saturday morning.   
  
Colin was decidedly upset with his people. Erica's captivity had turned into a cheap peep show for them, and they seemed to be testing the limits of sexual harassment in the "gifts" they were showering upon her. He made up his mind to send out an angry e-mail on Saturday, and even got so far as to type it all up.  
  
But Erica, instead of seeming upset at being toyed with, was delighted at the gifts. On Friday morning, she made quick use of the rabbit before she'd even begun eating. At lunchtime, she dildoed herself to orgasm on the exercise bench while the technician desperately tried to stay focus on the diagnostics he was running at the ops desk. On Saturday, she fingered the flexible pink jelly vibrator, the more traditional tiger-print bullet vibrator, the classy glass dildo, and even the strand of anal beads with excitement, with purpose. Though she hadn't worked up the courage to put anything in her backside just yet, the other three toys had been used by noon of the morning she'd received them.   
  
Colin decided to let the electronic reprimand go un-sent.   
  
The pile of sex toys, owing to the addition of three more on Sunday morning, had become too large for the girl to hide beneath the otherwise neglected clothing in her cubby. Instead, they were kept in large ice cooler, just to the right of the lunch table, that Erica had requested of Noah. It had been sitting empty, unused, in the Human Hormones Lab since the company picnic the year before. Now, because of the naked girl's growing arsenal of sexual paraphernalia, it had found a purpose.   
  
The chest hadn't been delivered, however, without a concerned conversation among Noah, Hannah, and Natalie. Noah worried that Erica was becoming a sexual plaything, of sorts, among the Bullpen's technical staff. Hannah was growing increasingly aware of rumors and stories that had started to spread throughout the ConnPharm campus, complete with the test subject's identity.   
  
Natalie, as usual, had sided with the deuterotone project over the dignity of the girl undergoing the treatments.   
  
"She's getting herself off quicker and with less work," the blonde woman pointed out. "She's doing so outside of the Bullpen, and away from the curious eyes of those with access to the experiment's recordings. And as we established last week, she's going to do it, with or without the aid of a plastic toy. So let her have some variety."  
  
Natalie's argument that the girl was wasting less time by getting off quicker was somewhat false; though Erica was now able to achieve orgasm in fewer minutes, she was doing so with greater frequency. Even inside the Bullpen, away from her sexual aids, she was fingering herself by the hour. She continued to pore over the data that the Bullpen provided her each day, tracking the biochemical reactions taking place inside her body and the visible growth of her chest taking place on the outside. But for every forty to fifty minutes of scientific study, Erica spent ten to fifteen studying the intricacies of her own sex, gasping and cursing in ecstasy, before returning to her work.   
  
Erica, by the end of her third week of captivity, had lost any notion of the shame and awkwardness that came from her masturbation. Most of the time, she gave it absolutely no thought. If she were horny, she should cum. It became completely functional and utilitarian – get it out of the way, get to work, and repeat as needed. It didn't matter who was around, whether it was Colin, Tessa, or Wendy. In fact, if anything, Erica began to look forward to her sessions while the male technician was on duty, feeling the forbidden nature of doing such a feminine thing in front of a masculine presence – her orgasms were deeper and more intense between the hours of nine to five than they were any other point of the day.   
  
Just after achieving one of these orgasms, with her toes curling and her back completely arched off the floor of the Bullpen, Erica turned her attention to the man in Observation Room, whom she was sure was watching.   
  
"Have you told Jamie about me yet?" she asked.   
  
Beyond her own reflection, in the world outside the Bullpen, Colin responded, "You asked me not to."  
  
It was Sunday afternoon. Erica's breasts, with just thirteen days of letting the deuterotone work its miracle-of-science magic, had dramatically increased in size. If anything, the Human Hormone Lab staff had begun to worry that they'd miscalculated the full effects of the sequence of shots upon a human female, and that Erica's chest would inflate to near-cartoonish enormity. In addition, Erica's vocal cords had continued to loosen (along with her sexually conservative mores), causing her voice to be slightly deeper than it had been weeks before. No one had noticed the change, however, without going back to earlier tapes, and even then, the change was subtle.   
  
"I know," Erica acknowledged to her own nude reflection. She admired the handiwork of her science as she did so, sizing up her augmented tits. "But it might be important to do so. For you. And for us."  
  
"For us?" Colin replied quizzically. There was an "us"?  
  
"For you, me, Jamie, Tom," the girl answered. "I want to be able to see Jamie again, to look her in the eye, and not feel that I'm hiding something from her."  
  
There was silence on Colin's end of the intercom for a few minutes, before he finally answered, "That you're hiding something from her? How do you think I've felt the past few weeks?"   
  
"I know, I know. But…I just want her to understand." A pause. "I'll do it."  
  
"You'll do it?"  
  
"I'll do it."  
  
"Just call her up, and offer, 'By the way, I've been naked with your husband for the past three weeks, without your knowledge – I hope this isn't awkward'?"   
  
"Bring her in," Erica answered, surprising even herself.   
  
"Thanks," Colin said sarcastically, continuing, "But I think it might be easier if I just told her, rather than putting you on display in all your glory."   
  
"Colin –"  
  
He interrupted her. "Have you even told Tom yet? Don't you think that's just as important?"   
  
In truth, Erica had been contemplating it all week, ever since Hannah had suggested it. But confessing to Jamie was about honesty, while confessing to Tom was about sex – Erica desperately wanted to be fucked. Each time she slipped a vibrator or a dildo into her pussy, she dreamt it was Tom, and she dreamt that she could lie there and let him thrust into her. She fantasized about lying back and letting him put in all the effort, relaxing and just letting the orgasm wash over her, instead of having to do all the work herself. And, even if for some reason, he refused to take out his dick and screw her there in the Observation Room, she wanted him to eat her out. She'd settle for that.   
  
"If I tell Tom, will you let me tell Jamie?"  
  
"No," Colin answered, indignantly. What the hell was wrong with her? She couldn't make it forty-five minutes without screaming in orgasm in front of him, and she wanted to explain to his wife that it was all for science? She hoped that Jamie wouldn't blink an eye at the notion of her husband watching a close friend fuck herself a few dozen feet away?   
  
"Colin, she's going to find out one way or another. The next time we see each other, I'm going to have a thirty-six inch D-cup chest…she's going to notice."  
  
"But – "  
  
This time it was Erica who interrupted the technician. "She knows what I've been working on the past few years. She knows where you work. She's going to put two and two together."   
  
"Then I'll tell her," the man responded, wanting to put an end to this conversation.   
  
"Let me," Erica begged. "Let me show her. Let me show her that this is science, that this is not about strip shows, tit flashing, or me dildoing myself."  
  
"You just hit upon it right there." He sounded angry now. "How am I going to bring her in, Erica? How am I going to explain to her that it's all on the up-and-up if you're in there….touching yourself? If you've got a chest full of sex toys in the corner of the Observation Room?"   
  
"I'll move them," she answered. "I'll control myself."   
  
"No," Colin responded again. "Absolutely not."  
  
"Colin," Erica pleaded. "Let me do this."  
  
Doubt was creeping into the technician's mind. Maybe the girl was right, maybe Jamie might understand it more if she were able to see the clinical nature of the experiment itself, maybe it might go over better from the lips of Erica herself. He was skeptical that Erica could keep her word about keeping her hands off of herself, but maybe the girl could make Jamie understand that Colin's role in this peep show was a favor to Erica herself. She needed Colin, she trusted him, and knew that he was happily married. Maybe…  
  
"Maybe," Colin conceded. "I'll give it some thought."  
  
"Thank you," Erica purred. It was as if she had already won, and would be talking to Jamie the following day.   
  
After a pause, Colin asked, "You're telling Tom, though?"   
  
The girl nodded inside the Bullpen. "I need to."   
  
She didn't elaborate on why, exactly, she needed to.   
  
And, truth be told, she hadn't really talked to him much this past week. After having not hearing from him for days, Erica had had Wendy give him a call on Friday afternoon. Their conversation was short, and she couldn't help but suspect that Tom was holding back, that he was anxious to get off the phone. It had left her feeling disconcerted, but the deep tones of his voice and the memory of dirty pillow talk in her ear had excited her too much to dwell on it for long. Minutes after Wendy had closed the line, Erica was lost in orgasmic ecstasy on the floor of the Bullpen.   
  
When Wendy dialed his number again that Sunday evening, Erica's pussy was already hot and wet in anticipation. Or, at least, hotter and wetter than it usually was.   
  
"Hello?" Tom answered. He was out of breath.  
  
"Hi," Erica said happily. She began to run her fingers through her pubic hair. She wanted him to drive down to ConnPharm that night, dropping everything he was doing, and fuck her with absolute abandon. In the meantime, however, she was hoping that she could at least coax a little phone sex out of him.   
  
"Oh," he paused, "hi."  
  
"I haven't heard from you in a couple of days," she offered. It wasn't an accusation, just an observation.   
  
"Sorry. I've been…busy."   
  
Erica swallowed hard. She had to say it quickly, she had to blurt it out, before she lost the nerve to do so. It took absolutely no courage anymore, on her part, to stroll naked in front of her lab staff, or to masturbate in the Bullpen, or to drive a glass dildo in and out of her slit in front of Colin. But she was nervous as hell about the confession that she was about to make to her boyfriend of the past few years.   
  
"I tested the deuterotone on myself," she blurted out.  
  
"Jesus Christ," was Tom's only response.   
  
"It's fine. I'm being monitored. Everything's going…well, mostly according to my plans and calculations."   
  
Tom was silent for a few seconds, before observing, "So that means that your breasts…?"  
  
"I hope you like your girls with big tits." She let the word linger in her mouth, fantasizing about the notion that her breasts were nothing more than sexual objects to her boyfriend, there for his erotic entertainment. With her right hand, she lightly touched the fold over her clit.   
  
Again, a pause. "But you're being careful about the test?"   
  
"I've got an entire staff watching my every heartbeat," Erica replied. "Watching more than her heartbeat, in fact."  
  
Tom wasn't quite sure what to make of that comment.  
  
"Do you remember the testing room that I told you about a few months ago? The Bullpen?"  
  
"The one with the naked college kid?" Tom had, in fact, not been as jealous as Erica had expected him to be about seeing another man naked. It had taken absolutely everything in her power to be able to confess to her run-in with Jason Callahan in the Observation Room. In the end, Tom had found the entire thing rather laughable, from the awkwardness that Erica had admitted to during the incident to the awkwardness that Erica had demonstrated in coming clean to her boyfriend.   
  
"That's the one," she replied. Before she could continue, Tom seemed to put two and two together.   
  
"You're in one? There's another one? Out there in Arizona? And does that mean…you're naked?"  
  
"Sort of," the dark-haired girl replied. Her fingers had stopped their slow, back-and-forth motion against the top of her slit. She was nervous, and held back for a few seconds, unsure of exactly how Tom was going to take the news that she was stark naked in front of complete strangers. "But yes, I did have to take off my clothes for the tests."  
  
"Jesus Christ," Tom exhaled once again. He didn't sound angry, though, as much as he sounded simply shocked.   
  
"Tom, I needed to get the readings. The equipment, the TW waves, they're giving me more data and better information than I'd ever be able to get the more conventional way. And I can be better about monitoring myself for adverse reactions – the second that anything, anywhere in my body, goes wrong, I'll know." She hesitated for a minute, before correcting herself, "We'll know."   
  
The man on the other end of the phone laughed nervously. He wasn't quite sure how to take the news of his girlfriend's captive nudity. Hesitantly, he asked, "So there are others? Others there with you?"  
  
"My staff," Erica replied. He'd met them all on various occasions, from Noah to Vijay to Takahashi to Aaron, and never seemed to be all that threatened by the collection of geekish men that Erica spent her days with. Whether he'd be jealous of them, with Erica stripped nude and being watched by them all, was another question, however. "And Hannah."  
  
She paused again, before adding, "And three or four technicians."  
  
"Jesus Christ."  
  
"Colin. Colin Eggert. He's one of them."   
  
"So…these people – Colin, Noah, Hannah, and everyone – they're all there with you? Getting a look at you? How long do you have to stay inside that thing? How long do you have to stay naked? The entire three weeks?"   
  
"Five, actually," Erica answered. "I needed a week of baseline readings, before the injections, and I need another one after the deuterotone has run its course."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"But yeah, they're all here. They've all seen me." Quickly, she added, "But it's completely clinical, Tom. Everyone's been entirely professional." Everyone but herself, Erica thought.   
  
"Why didn't you tell me?" Tom asked. He sounded hurt, though more by Erica's dishonesty than her apparent nudity.   
  
"Tom, it's just…I wanted to, but…I couldn't. I couldn't. It's killing me now, Tom." Her eyes began to water. "I just…I needed to do it. It was a last minute thing. There was another girl, but she pulled out. And then it was me, or nobody."  
  
"So you just flew out to Arizona, away from me, without telling me anything about it?"  
  
"Tom, there's more." A tear dripped down her cheek. "I'm not in Arizona."   
  
"What?" he asked, incredulously.   
  
"I'm just down the road. In Avon. At ConnPharm," she cried.

On the other end of the phone line, her boyfriend huffed to himself.   
  
"No, it's a good thing, Tom," Erica continued, desperately. "You can come in, and see me. And visit me. Tom, I need you."  
  
"Look, Erica…"  
  
"I need you, Tom. I know you're mad. I know that I lied to you. I know that this whole thing, these past three weeks, has been dishonest. I know…I know…that maybe you're upset with me, Tom, but I need you."  
  
"Erica, listen…"  
  
"Tom, the deuterotone, it's got me all out of whack," she sobbed. She had lost it, and was now crying to her boyfriend. "My whole body is swimming with these false hormones, my head is messed up with the stuff. I need you, Tom."   
  
"Wait, Erica…"  
  
"Tom, I have dreams about you. Fantasies about you, really. I don't know that I can make it without you touching me, without you doing the things to me that I dream about."   
  
"Erica…"  
  
"I need you come down here, Tom. I need you to fuck me. I need you, Tom. I need you inside me. I need you on top of me. Just come down. You can be mad at me, you can not talk to me again, but I need you to fuck me. Please, please, please, Tom – please, please fuck me."   
  
She was begging for him, imploring him to put her out of her misery. Crying, she had lost any shred of constraint that she had left, and just wanted his dick inside of her. She didn't care if he was mad, or if he never wanted to speak to her again, so long as he came down that night, and fucked her until she passed out.   
  
But, through her sobs, on the far end of the line, came a woman's voice.   
  
"Tom!" the woman called. "The Chinese food is here!"  
  
On both ends of the phone, there was a pregnant silence. Wendy, aghast at what she had just heard, clapped her hand to her open mouth by the ops desk.   
  
"Erica – "  
  
"No, Tom, I get it." She did, too. Suddenly, she understood why he'd been calling less. She understood why their few conversations over the past few weeks had seemed so forced.   
  
"I'm sorry, Erica," Tom said quietly.   
  
Erica had felt so guilty before the phone call. She had, after all, been lying to Tom for the better part of a month. She had exposed herself to her colleagues without telling him that she was doing so, without telling him why she was doing so. She had masturbated, over and over and over again, in front of an audience, without Tom's knowledge. She had betrayed their relationship, and her conscience had not let her forget that betrayal.   
  
Tom, meanwhile, had been betraying her, as well.   
  
"Tom!" The woman's voice called out again. Erica guessed that she was down the stairs, at the front door, calling up to Tom in the bedroom. They had been in bed together at seven in the evening, and Erica doubted that it had been for a quick nap. The girl, whoever she was, had gone to the door to pay the delivery guy for their Chinese food, their dinner, and then Erica had called.   
  
"Heather? From the firm?" Erica guessed.  
  
"Erica – "  
  
"Rachel? Your sister's friend?"  
  
"Erica – "  
  
Suddenly, Erica placed the voice. They'd met just once, at one of Tom's friend's weddings. Tom had introduced his friend Chris to Chris's bride-to-be – who herself had been college roommates with Tom's ex-girlfriend, Sarah. She was tall, with long, blonde hair and a figure that would make even a Playboy Bunny envious. She had thick, pouty lips, and a smile that seemed to hint at mischief. More than anything, Erica had fixated on the girl's eyes, which seemed at once both lazy and tired, constantly suggesting that she had just rolled out of bed after a quick romp. Sarah. Sarah Sumpter.   
  
"Sarah?"   
  
Tom's hesitation answered the question for itself.   
  
In the background, Erica could hear Tom's ex-girlfriend ascending the stairs. "Was that her?" Sarah asked, referring to the phone call that she had, apparently, assumed Tom was done with.   
  
"Hold on," Tom said, directing the comment at Erica.   
  
She had stopped crying, but her cheeks were still wet. Wiping her face with the back of her wrist, Erica wondered why she wasn't quite as angry as she should have been. She wasn't as upset at Tom as she imagined she was supposed to be. Instead, what hurt the most, what bothered her more than anything, was the notion that Tom wasn't going to come down to ConnPharm that night. He wasn't going to unzip his fly and give her the fucking that she wanted.   
  
Obviously, Tom was attempting to muffle the receiver on his end, but he did so poorly, allowing both Erica and eavesdropping Wendy Milne to hear every word of the exchange between he and Sarah Sumpter.   
  
"I'm still on with her," he whispered.  
  
"Shit!" Sarah responded, in a similarly hushed tone. "Did she hear me?"  
  
"Yes. Let me just talk to her for a few minutes."   
  
"Okay," Sarah whispered, before tiptoeing back down the stairs of Tom's condo.   
  
With a deep breath, Tom began, "Erica, I'm so, so, so –"  
  
The naked girl cut him off. "Tom, don't."   
  
"But –"  
  
"Don't." She had lied to him, he had lied to her. He had cheated on her, and – in a way – Erica had cheated on him. They were over, she knew, but it wasn't completely his fault, and it wasn't completely hers. He was sleeping with an ex, which she hadn't done. But she had, however, masturbated in front of countless men, and even gotten herself off in the lap of Dick Abbott. It seemed wrong for her to be indignant over Tom's affair, given her own behavior over the past twenty days.   
  
But even if they were through, even if it was over between them, Erica still needed Tom. Or, rather, she needed his cock.  
  
"Tom, I understand. It's fine. It's over, but it's fine." She equivocated for a second, before going on. "But I still need you to come here. I still need you to fuck me. Leave her there, just for an hour or so, and come end what we had with one last fuck."  
  
Tom wasn't sure what to say.  
  
"Please, Tom. My hormones are all out of sort, and I'm not even sure that it's the deuterotone. I don't know if it's something more deep-seated, but I need to be fucked…I NEED it."   
  
"I can't," he replied. He was able to cheat on Erica with Sarah, but was apparently unable to cheat on Sarah with Erica.  
  
"Tom, no! Tom, please!"   
  
"Erica, we can talk things over at some other point. When you're back from Arizona or Avon or wherever you are. This is a bad time for me, and it seems like this might be a bad time for you."  
  
"No, Tom! Tom, I need to be fucked so badly!" The tears started up again, not because he was moving on, but because she wouldn't be able to use him for his penis. "Tom, I'll let you do whatever you want. You can fuck my asshole, Tom."   
  
"Erica, no, I need to go."  
  
"Tom, Tom, Tom! Just eat me out, Tom, please please please! Don't go!"  
  
"Erica…"  
  
"Just eat me out! Just do that!"  
  
"Goodbye, Erica. I'm sorry."  
  
The phone line went dead, the connection closed, and Tom gone for good.   
  
Had she lost the last shred of her dignity? Had she officially gone too far? Had she really just begged her boyfriend, who had apparently been cheating on her, just to come down to ConnPharm to eat her out? Had she really become that desperate?  
  
"Erica?"   
  
It was Wendy, from the ops desk. The technician, despite her sometimes unthinking approach to handling Erica, was worried about the naked girl, crying to herself inside the Bullpen. She had, of course, heard the entire conversation – Erica had absolutely no privacy of any kind. And, at that moment, she thought that Erica needed a friend to talk to.   
  
But what Erica needed, as she had admitted to her now ex-boyfriend, was something deeper.   
  
"I don't really want to talk about it, if that's what you're offering," the dark-haired girl replied.   
  
"Are you sure? That was pretty rough."  
  
Erica wiped the last of her tears from her cheek. "No. He's moved on. I've got to move on, too."  
  
"But, Erica, it JUST happened. I mean, this is someone you've been with for…well, for a while."  
  
As if a thought had just occurred to Erica, she observed, "To be honest, Wendy, I guess I had already moved on sometime here in the Bullpen. Maybe before that. Seriously, why didn't I tell him about the experiment?"  
  
"You were embarrassed, Erica. It's understandable."   
  
"I don't know. You'd think that, if we had any sort of real intimacy, I would have told him."  
  
"Well, that's what you were trying to do now," Wendy observed. She was confused by Erica's seeming indifference to the end of her relationship. Even Wendy, for all her outward toughness and her cynical nature, would have felt more down than Erica appeared to be.   
  
"Only because I wanted something from him," Erica answered, leaving it at that. Both girls knew what Erica had wanted from Tom, as she had called and begged for it just a few seconds earlier. "Now, seriously, I don't want to talk about it any more."   
  
"Erica…"  
  
"Can you let me out of here for a few minutes?" Erica asked, getting up, and walking towards the Bullpen's door. "I need to…I don't know…clear my head."  
  
"Sure," the girl replied. She grabbed the corset from its hook, and got up to meet Erica by the door sliding open into the Observation Room.   
  
Though Erica's eyes still looked a bit puffy, her jaw was clenched strongly, and she appeared to be determined about something, whatever it was. Wendy didn't think much of it, however, as she fastened the clasps together on Erica's back. Maybe Erica was just going to use one of the vibrators again. Maybe she wanted to get on one of the pieces of exercise equipment and work her aggression out. Maybe she just needed a change of scenery, a break from the clinically white little room that she spent the better part of her day in.   
  
With the corset on, Erica went straight to her cubby on the far side of the Observation Room. Her panties still hung, on display, in the locker itself, but Erica did nothing to hide them, nothing to tuck them away. Instead, she lifted up her skirt, where her toys had been hidden for so many days, and extracted her purse.   
  
Wendy, confused, but content to leave Erica alone, returned to the ops desk. She needed to make sure that the corset was, in fact, transmitting all the information that it needed to be back to the mainframe. Though the sensor-equipped article of lingerie collected a large portion of the information the Bullpen did, it didn't collect it all. Typically, Erica's sojourns out into the Observation Room were for functional purposes only – she needed to eat, she needed to exercise, she needed to shave. Tonight, though, it was for no other purpose than her own emotional need, and Wendy wanted to make sure that nothing went wrong during the mostly unnecessary walkabout.   
  
On Friday morning, awaking to a pussy just as wet as it had been the night before, and the night before that, and the night before that, Erica had sent Aaron to fetch her purse, locked away inside her desk in the Human Hormones Lab. She made an excuse, explaining that she just wanted to see Tom's picture, and that she had such a picture in her wallet. She didn't, and she didn't.  
  
She wanted, more than anything, to be fucked. But with that reality contingent upon confessing her sins to Tom, Erica was willing to settle for a bit of cunnilingus. And, as of Wednesday evening, there had been an offer on the table - it would simply cost her two hundred dollars.   
  
Her lab assistant, of course, had not hung around to see that his boss was lying to him about Tom's picture. She had tucked the purse into her cubby, unclear if she was really going to take Wendy up on her proposal. She wanted to, badly, and even went so far as to write out a check on Saturday at lunch. That was, though, before she vibrated her way to a temporary respite from her omnipresent lust. She wouldn't dip to that level of depravity. She wouldn't cheat on Tom.   
  
Wendy was vaguely aware of Erica's presence alongside the ops desk, but she didn't look up from the diagnostic screen in front of her until a single slip of paper intruded upon her field of vision. Dated the day before, with the signature of Erica D. Rivers scrawled out on the bottom, was a check for two hundred dollars.   
  
There wasn't any conversation between them. They both knew what the money was for - they both knew what Wendy had promised Erica in exchange for it. Wendy wasn't quite sure if she should go ahead with what she had promised, given Erica's current emotional state. But whether or not Erica was thinking clearly - whether her thinking was crowded by deuterotone, or grief, or both – Wendy still needed to pay off her car loan. The peroxide blonde just nodded, leaving the dark-haired, half-clothed girl to push past her towards the edge of the ops desk itself.   
  
Lifting herself off the floor, Erica set her body back down on the desk. Her bare ass touched the cold metal, and she leaned backwards against the monitors so that she could wrap her arms behind the desk. She was nervous about what was going to transpire, but she left questions of morals, sexual preference, and technique for later – she just wanted Wendy to eat her out, pure and simple.   
  
The technician was wearing a low-cut red tank top, and the top of her bra cups came just a bit further up her breasts than the cups of the top. The look was trashy, but unquestioningly erotic. She folded Erica's check in two, and, in keeping with her fantasy of cash stuffed down the back of Erica's panties, tucked it neatly into her bra. The girl pushed her rolling chair away from her, dropping to her knees in front of Erica, and slowly pushed the other girl's legs apart.   
  
The smell of wet pussy was overwhelming, to Erica and Wendy both. Erica worried that she was too turned on, that she was already too close to orgasm, that it would be over and done with before she was able to truly savor the feeling of someone else making her cum. For two hundred dollars, she hoped that Wendy would be worth the price.   
  
The technician didn't let Erica down. She pushed Erica's legs further and further apart, until they were each bent at the knee and her arches were resting on the edge of the desk three feet apart from one another. Slowly, teasingly, Wendy kissed Erica's left inner thigh, working her way from the knee inwards. She used her lips, her tongue, and her warm breath to send shivers up Erica's spine. By the time she had reached the bare skin between the base of Erica's leg and the edge of Erica's slit, the dark-haired girl was bucking upwards and outwards.   
  
Only to be left in waiting.   
  
Sighing in aggravation, Erica watched helplessly as Wendy backed away. Instead of immediately attacking the girl's waiting pussy, the technician instead began the journey once again – this time from the inside of Erica's right thigh. She again kissed, licked, and teased her way back to the warm folds of the scientist's crotch, and again left Erica wanting more. Wendy breathed deeply against Erica's sex, but offered no physical contact for Erica to grind against. Instead, she teased her by flicking her tongue out quickly, touching the dark-haired girl's puffy pink lips, and then retracted it quickly back into her mouth.   
  
"Oh, please," Erica begged. "Please."   
  
Wendy's nose brushed against the top of Erica's pussy, lightly and gently drawing even more life into the already erect clitoris that had emerged from its folds. Warm breath touched against it, but nothing more, as Wendy's face moved upward and away from the dark haired girl's crotch. Her nose ran through Erica's short pubic hair, and against the rough fabric of the electronic corset, and up between Erica's continually growing breasts.   
  
"Please," Erica said. "Just…please, lick me."   
  
Wendy ignored the pleas. Her lips, wet with saliva, kissed the skin between Eric's breasts, and then parted way for her tongue. She licked Erica's bare skin, running up the center of the girl's chest, up her perfect neck, and against the underside of her chin. Upon reaching this destination, Wendy bit down playfully, juicily, and allowed her right hand to pinch at Erica's left nipple.   
  
Erica squealed. "Oh, god," she exhaled.   
  
With her left hand, Wendy ran her fingers through Erica's dark pubic hair – what little was left, at least. The slight triangle that Erica had started with had become more and more narrow over the past few weeks, until, at that moment, it was little more than a single stripe pointing in the direction of Erica's cunt. Erica wasn't entirely sure what was pushing her to do so, but at that moment, she wished that she had shaved it completely off – leaving Wendy with nothing to play with on her way to Erica's clit.   
  
Leaning forward, Erica pulled her right hand from the ops desk and ran it through Wendy's faux blonde hair. She grasped the back of the technician's skull, pulled her whole face to her mouth, and their lips met. Hungrily, she kissed the girl, never once considering that this was her first Sapphic experience. Wendy's lips were soft, they were gentle, they were moist – nothing like Tom's chapped lips. She wasn't scraped and brushed by Tom's rough whiskers, but instead felt nothing but Wendy's soft skin. As their tongue met, as their lips crushed against one another, Wendy continued to tease Erica's nipple, pinching and squeezing with enough force to cause the girl to moan in an erotic mixture of pleasure and pain.   
  
The fingers of Wendy's left hand parted – two to one side of Erica's waiting cunt, two to the other. The technician rubbed up and down, never once touching Erica's clit, or her labia, and teasing the girl until she was bucking up against the fabric of Wendy's long, cotton skirt. And, just at the point where Erica wasn't sure she could take any more teasing without real contact, Wendy ran her middle finger up between the folds of Erica's pussy, front to back.   
  
Erica sighed deeply, breaking the kiss between the two women. A strand of saliva hung between then. She appreciated the technique that Wendy was bringing to her assignment, the expertise that she was using to stimulate her, but she needed none of it. Erica had awoken that morning, like every morning before it since getting her first shot of deuterotone, wet and aroused. She would go to bed that night, like every night over the past few weeks, still wet and aroused. Arousal was constant, a way of life for Erica Rivers, and she needed none of Wendy's sexual teasing to get her moist.   
  
"Okay," Erica gasped, gently pushing Wendy's head down towards her waiting pussy. "Please, I need you to get me off."  
  
Wendy decided to engage Erica's penchant for talking dirty. For two hundred dollars, Wendy was willing to let Erica do whatever she pleased. "You want me to lick your pussy?"  
  
"Yesss," Erica hissed. "Eat me out."   
  
There was no more hesitation on the part of the peroxide blonde. With Erica's palm on the back of her head, with Erica's fingers running through her hair, she licked up the path that her middle finger had just taken, front to back, until her tongue came down with force against the scientist's clit.   
  
"Shit!" Erica cried out. Her hand clenched up in a fist, grabbing roughly at Wendy's hair. "Fuck…"  
  
It hurt, having her hair being pulled, but Wendy understood the physical pleasure that the girl was having. It had been weeks since anyone had even touched her, weeks since anyone had gotten her off. If it had been Wendy, she might have been even rougher, grabbing and biting in passion whomever it was who was eating her out or fucking her. Wendy was used to rough sex – this was nothing.   
  
She licked quickly, her tongue moving rapidly up and down, back and forth, around and around Erica's clit. Her tongue ring, solid metal against tender flesh, provided Erica with a sensation that she had never felt before. The girl was apparently doing her best to control the back and forth movement of her own pussy, but she was proving to be less than successful. She thrust, again and again, against Wendy's face. Her pussy, by this point wet beyond anything Wendy had ever witnessed, ground out against Wendy's chin.

Wendy shifted slightly, despite the strength with which Erica was pulled the back of Wendy's head into her groin. Her right hand found the top of Erica's folds, and with her middle and ring fingers spread them apart – leaving the girl's clitoris completely exposed. She did this from above, with her palm against Erica's pubic trail, and her face coming into Erica's lap slightly sideways.   
  
Erica nearly lost herself when Wendy tongue touched her exposed clit.   
  
"Oh my god!" she screamed, loudly, and to no one.   
  
With her left hand, Wendy worked her fingers into the cavity that was Erica's cunt. Her middle finger slipped in effortlessly, gliding in through the girl's wetness with ease. Curling it slightly, she reached toward the front of Erica's pussy's inside, hoping to find the scientist's g-spot.   
  
Erica, meanwhile, had reached a level of bliss that had been unknown to her over the past few weeks, and perhaps ever. Wendy had done this before, obviously, and was decidedly better at it than anyone who had ever done it to her before. The way that Wendy sucked on her clit with puckered lips, the way that Wendy licked her clit with force and motion, the way that Wendy nibbled slightly at her clit – no one had ever brought Erica to that level of ecstasy through cunnilingus. Erica thought back to her dream just a week an half earlier – Julie Coogan had been right; women gave women better head.   
  
Wendy's middle finger was soon joined by her index, and Erica groaned at the fullness she felt in her pussy. She had craved Tom's dick, but she had been forced to settle for Wendy's fingers. As Wendy wriggled her fingers and forcefully tongued her clit, Erica decided that this couldn't be considered settling at all.   
  
She wished that Tom could have seen her at that point. Hell, she wished that Tom and Sarah both could have watched her. She imagined them, together, sitting at the lunch table, and watching the scene unfold before them. Sarah, sitting to Tom's left, had her right hand in Tom's lap, her arm moving up and down beneath the table. Obviously, Tom's dick was out, and obviously, Sarah was beating him off. But it was Erica, writhing in ecstasy on the ops desk, with Wendy's face buried in her lap, which was turning Tom on. And, consequently, the thought of being watched by her now ex-boyfriend and his new ex-ex-girlfriend caused sparks to shoot out from Erica's pussy, warming her entire body.   
  
"Oh, fuck fuck fuck," Erica screeched. "I wish…ooooh….Tom could watch me right now….oh, fuck….with you licking my clit. I wish he and Sarah…Jesus Christ!…were both here, watching you eat me out."  
  
There was one thing that Erica was missing, however. One thing that she needed to send her over the edge. One thing she needed to help her achieve an orgasm like none other that she had achieved ever before.   
  
"Please," she begged, "put your finger in my ass."  
  
She wasn't sure what had come over her, what had prompted her to even imagine having the blonde girl do this to her. Maybe it was the dream she'd had about Julie Coogan. Maybe it was the dream she'd had about Colin fucking her asshole while she herself ate Jamie out. Maybe it was just the fantasy that, as Tom watched, Erica would allow someone else to do something that she had never allowed him to do. Whatever the reason, Wendy complied without question.  
  
She traced circles around Erica's ass, covering the outside in Erica's own pussy juices. And, with Wendy's index finger still soaked with Erica's wetness, she inserted it deep into the scientist's backside.   
  
Erica immediately saw stars. The edges of her vision went blurry, and she lost control of her body. Rather than fighting the wave after wave after wave of pure sexual bliss that were sweeping out from her crotch, Erica opted to go limp. She was vaguely aware that she had Wendy's hair clenched tighter in her fist than before, vaguely aware that her hips were thrusting wildly into the air of their own accord, vaguely aware that she was biting her own lower lip viciously. A long, low, and loud guttural escaped from her lips, a throaty, grunting scream that enveloped the entirety of the Observation Room. She closed her eyes, terrified that she was on the verge of blacking out, but surrendered completely to the orgasm that had taken hold of her.   
  
"I'm cumming!" she yipped. "Oh…oh…fuck…fuck…I'm cumming! I'm cumming! I'm…fuck…CUMMING!!!"  
  
It was if boiling water was seeping through her veins, and it was emanating out from her pussy. Her legs went numb. Her spine shook. Her eyes rolled back into her head. Her whole body was warm, and seemed to glow from the inside out.   
  
Though Wendy had stopped lapping Erica's clit, her mouth remained over the girl's sex, her lips wrapped around the girl's button. Her finger was still in Erica's ass, but as the scientist began to breathe again, the technician extracted it slowly. Reluctantly, Erica released her handful of blonde hair, and Wendy rubbed the top of her head thankfully. With her remaining strength, however, the black-haired girl pushed the other towards her as she leaned forward.   
  
As a last act of thankfulness, or perhaps as an attempt to squeeze two hundred dollars of eroticism from six minutes of work, Erica kissed the technician one last time. Savoring the taste of her own pussy in Wendy's mouth, Erica used her tongue to probe the technician's, touching upon her tongue ring with deep admiration. Eventually, Wendy pulled away, leaving Erica wanting more but too tired to try to fight her.   
  
"That," the dark-haired girl sighed, "was the best fucking orgasm that I've ever had."   
  
Her whole body was weak, and Erica wondered if she'd even be able to summon the strength necessary to stand. Her knees felt like jelly, and she was so exhausted that she was almost unable to move her arms. Only upon leaning forward did Erica realize that she'd spent most of Wendy's cunnilingus session with her ass upon one of the computer keyboards. She slid off the desk, noting that there was a string of a's, z's, and s's at the end of the code Wendy had been working on. Rubbing her ass, she could feel the imprint of same three letters, along with a few others, on her bare skin.   
  
Wendy followed her to the door of the Bullpen, half afraid that the girl was going to keel over during the length of the walk. She unsnapped the corset while Erica propped herself up with one arm against the mirror-glass, still trying to regain her breath. Still unable to stop grinning, Erica gave Wendy one last quick kiss on the lips before stepping inside the Bullpen and immediately dropping to the floor.  
  
Though it wasn't anywhere near the time that Erica usually went to bed at night, she immediately rolled over, up against her own reflection, and fell asleep.   
  
The door slid shut, and Wendy stepped back from the Bullpen. It was first time that she'd given a woman head in years, and the only time she'd ever been paid for anything sexual. She supposed the act technically made her a prostitute, but she didn't dwell on the thought for long.   
  
Instead, she slipped her thumbs into the waistline of her skirt and slithered out of it. She left it in a puddle behind her, walking directly for Erica's toy chest clad in nothing but her tank top, shoes, and red-and-black striped cotton panties. When she reached the ops desk, the panties were tossed casually to the floor, and Wendy settled back into her chair, clutching the pocket rocket she had given to Erica a few nights earlier.   
  
Erica, halfway between awake and asleep, heard the sound of the buzzing through the mirror-glass and smiled to herself.

**The Bullpen Ch. 05**

Jamie watched her from the far side of the vegetable aisle, risking the occasional glance from behind the safety of the beefsteak tomatoes. Long, skinny fingers – devoid of rings of any kind - handled ripe cantaloupes, squeezing them and testing them for ripeness. Her eyes were hidden behind oversized sunglasses, the kind one would only see on supermodels and state troopers, and Jamie couldn't be sure of exactly which direction the woman's eyes were directed.   
  
She was tall, probably close to six feet, with long, baby blonde hair that looked at once both perfect and casual. Enormous golden hoop earrings peeked through the strands of her hair, complementing the light golden tan of her skin. She was wearing a tight pink shirt, with sleeves that only went three-quarters of the way down her arms, matching the three-quarters length of torso it covered – leaving her pierced belly button exposed. Her short floral skirt - white with pink and red daisies – sat low on her hips, leaving four or five inches of her perfect body exposed. A hint of her panties sat exposed atop the left waistband, a whisper of pink lace rewarding anyone who dared to look.   
  
Jamie couldn't get over the woman's nerve, the detached manner in which she continued to shop, even as her nipples poked through the thin pink material of her shirt, straining against the outlines of the bra beneath. She flashed the occasional smile at a male passer-by, perfect white teeth acknowledging their lustful stares flirtatiously. But they continued on with their shopping lists, as she continued on with hers, holding and touching each piece of fruit as she worked her way through the produce section.   
  
Jamie Eggert had been watching this woman for over ten minutes. She was certainly attractive in her own right, with her shoulder-length dirty blonde hair, her gorgeous face, and her tight body. Ten years ago, in a similar outfit to the woman across the way, she would have drawn more than a few of the tall blonde's admirers away. Alone in the produce section, it probably would have been Jamie eliciting the attention. But with this blonde, no one could have competed.   
  
Perfect hair. Perfect smile. Perfect breasts. Perfect hips. Perfect belly button.   
  
Everything about the blonde was sexual, from her look to her walk to the way she handled her groceries.   
  
And Jamie couldn't help but be turned on.   
  
Not that she was gay – far from it. Jamie luxuriated in the sensation of her husband's cock inside of her. She fantasized about men and what they could do for her and to her. On occasion, she was known to drive to the Lion's Den in West Hartford with her sisters and cousins, to watch strange men strip to their skin on raucous Ladies' Nights Out.   
  
But this woman, this blonde, stirred in Jamie pure carnal desire.   
  
Her pussy was wet. Her skin was flushed. And her nipples, though not poking through her shirt like the woman a few fruit and vegetable groups away, were rock-hard.   
  
From her vantage point behind the tomatoes, Jamie got lost in the blonde's belly button. She imagined herself kissing it, toying with the piece of jewelry with her tongue, tasting the skin of another woman. She imagined herself tugging at the front of the woman's skirt, pulling the waistband of both the skirt and the pink lace panties down just enough to kiss from her navel to the uppermost hints of her pubic hair. She imagined herself running her hand up the blonde's bare legs, beneath the skirt, and luxuriating in the silky feel of her inner thighs.   
  
And that was when the blonde caught her.   
  
Eyes indiscernible behind the dark glasses, the blonde's face pointed directly over the melons, past the legumes, and towards the tomatoes, where Jamie gasped in horror.   
  
Maybe she hadn't caught me staring? Maybe she hadn't noticed? Jamie turned quickly, away from the tomatoes, and put her back to the blonde. Embarrassed beyond belief, she mindlessly fingered the romaine lettuce in front of her, willing the other woman to walk away.   
  
Seconds hung in the air like an eternity, Jamie asking herself at what point she'd be allowed to turn back around. How long would she have to stand there, handling the lettuce, before she could continue on, red-faced, with her grocery list? Should she just leave? Should she turn, leave her cart behind, and just go home? Rush towards the exit, avoiding all eye contact with the blonde?  
  
As it turned out, the blonde answered her questions for her.   
  
Jamie didn't even hear her patter up. She didn't see her, given Jamie's intense attentiveness to the lettuce before her. She didn't even sense her until she felt hot breath on the nape of neck.   
  
"Shhhh," the blonde whispered. It would be the only sound that the woman would make, as she instead let her body do all the talking that Jamie needed to understand.   
  
Jamie was still facing the lettuce, her back to the rest of the produce section. But her interest in the vegetables in front of her dissipated as she felt the woman behind her – pressing up against Jamie's backside with the front of her hips, pressing up against Jamie's back with her sizable breasts.   
  
The woman's lips – soft, warm, and moist – kissed the bare skin of Jamie's neck, sending a shiver up Mrs. Eggert's spine. The woman's left thumb, with the left hand on Jamie's left hip, slipped beneath the waist of Jamie's jeans. The woman's right hand, meanwhile, found the button at the top of Jamie's fly, unfastened it, and moved to the zipper. Before Jamie even remembered where she was, her black cotton panties were exposed from behind the open fly of jeans, and a strange woman's hand was beneath them, her fingers finding Jamie's throbbing clit with expertise.   
  
Jamie shut her eyes and shuddered, the pleasure drowning out the fact that they were in a public place, that men and women alike were watching them from just a few feet away.   
  
It was happening so fast, so unexpectedly, that Jamie hardly had time to fight it. Feelings of guilt fluttered into her consciousness as she pictured Colin. Feelings of shame fluttered in as she imagined her two little girls.   
  
But Colin was at work. And the girls were with her sister. They wouldn't know. They wouldn't find out.   
  
Not that Jamie could have fought off the blonde's advances had she tried. The woman continued to kiss her neck, all the while working Jamie's clit between her middle and ring fingers. Cheating on her husband or not, shaming her family or not, Jamie would have surrendered right there, in front of the lettuce, in a crowded supermarket. She would have called out in orgasm while cashiers, baggers, shelf-stockers, and customers looked on.  
  
But the blonde wanted to take her some place more private.   
  
The woman pulled away, but took Jamie's left hand in her right, and pulled her with her. The blonde's fingers were wet with Jamie's juices, and Jamie's fly was still open and her black panties still exposed, but she thought nothing of these things. Instead, she simply walked with the blonde, hand-in-hand, away from vegetables and towards the back of the grocery store. Behind them, they left the blonde's basket of fruits and vegetables, Jamie's entire shopping cart, and a small gathering of open-mouthed onlookers.   
  
The blonde's eyes were still hidden behind her dark glasses, and she still hadn't said a word. But, as she pulled Jamie along the back of the store, towards the dairy section, it was clear to Jamie what she wanted.   
  
They reached the milk, the eggs, and the yogurt, as well as the door beyond these items that led to the refrigerated area behind the milk, the eggs, and the yogurt, in the back corner of the store. It was frigid inside, as the two women slipped through the door, unnoticed by employees or fellow patrons. Both women were burning with desire, however, and the cold air was disregarded in favor of the dark, semi-privacy that the refrigerated room allowed.   
  
The baby blonde finally removed her glasses, revealing a pair of intensely blue eyes that gave away the lust she felt for the dirty blonde. They locked lips, Jaime leaning into the other woman even as she wriggled out of her jeans. Their kiss was passionate, filled with an erotic desperation that Jamie hadn't felt in months. Neither woman wanted to linger, neither woman wanted to waste time with foreplay – it was clear that they both wanted to cum and to cum quickly.   
  
As Jamie stepped out of her pants, she stumbled a bit, banging her back against the eggs behind her. In the aisle outside the refrigerated room, a crash sounded, and Jamie knew that she had broken more than a few cartons of eggs. A store employee was bound to come clean up the mess shortly, and bound to catch the two half-naked women who had caused it. It didn't faze Jamie, however, and it didn't seem to faze the blonde, either. Both continued to disrobe.   
  
Jamie fumbled with the buttons on her blouse as the blonde unfastened the back of her floral skirt. They joined lips again as both items fell away, the blonde's pink lace, low-rise, bikini panties completely uncovered after teasing so many men earlier with their hint of exposure. Jamie's ivory-white bra, at odds with her own black panties, brushed the blonde's tight pink shirt at the two women embraced, their breasts pressing against each other's.   
  
Even as they kissed, Jamie grabbed for the bottom of the blonde's shirt, lifting it up over the cups of her sheer pink bra. They broke for an instant, allowing the material to pass over the woman's head and drop to the floor, but their lips quickly met again, and the baby blonde probed her tongue even further into the dirty blonde's mouth.   
  
Jamie shrugged her bra straps down her arms, not bothering to find the clasps on her back. She pulled her arms free, and then tugged her bra downwards, exposing her tits to the frigid air and leaving the undergarment wrapped around her midsection. The blonde responded to this invitation by breaking the kiss and sucking Jamie's left nipple into her mouth. She bit down on it – hard – and Jamie yelped in a mixture of pleasure and pain, causing both girls to giggle slightly as they met eyes.   
  
A table sat behind the blonde, cold metal that looked uninviting to either woman's bare skin. Nevertheless, Jamie was spun around and pushed on to it, the thin material of her panties all that stood between her ass and the cold metal. But it didn't last long, as the blonde grabbed Jamie's waistband and quickly removed her last piece of covering.   
  
It wasn't enough, however. Her eyes alive with mischief, the blonde stared into Jamie's gaze even as she slipped her wedding band and engagement ring from Jamie's finger. What they were doing was wrong, and Jamie knew that wholeheartedly. But she allowed the symbols of her marriage to Colin to be temporarily discarded – for now, her fidelity was brushed aside and her carnality given free rein.  
  
Jamie shimmied from the edge and lay back on the table, which was still covered in a handful of egg cartons and boxes of yogurt cups, and smelled slightly of stale milk. Her bra was still on, fastened around her abdomen and covering absolutely nothing, but the blonde – who crawled onto the table after her - was still clad in her pink panties and bra.   
  
Through the cracks between the cartons of eggs and gallons of milk into the grocery store, Jamie saw that someone had noticed that something was going on behind. Clad in an orange apron, he was obviously one of the myriad of teenage boys that worked in the store. Jamie hadn't heard a storewide announcement calling for clean-up, so she imagined her peeping tom had simply noticed the mess and come to investigate on his own.   
  
But, as the blonde's mouth found Jamie's pussy, she wasn't about to stop her exhibition, and she wasn't about warn her partner that they had an audience. She wanted to get off more than she'd wanted to get off for months, and the thought of a witness only intensified the animal lust she felt. She was in heat. She was going to cum. And she didn't care who knew it.   
  
The blonde's face was buried in Jamie's crotch, and her tongue was buried deep inside Jamie's pink folds. Jamie grabbed the edge of the table behind her, holding on for dear life as her entire body pulsated in vaginal pleasure. She squealed in delight, her vocal chords tightening and each exhalation a high-pitched groan of bliss.   
  
The blonde was relentless. Whereas Colin tended to take his time when it came to cunnilingus, the blonde moved quickly and powerfully, the muscles of her tongue meeting the muscles of Jamie's cunt with force. Though she wanted this encounter to last longer, Jamie realized that the intensity of her building orgasm was going to more than make up for her lack of endurance. Besides, she told herself, she was going to completely surrender to her body, completely allow herself to be swept away by her own pussy. As she reached her climax, she first met eyes with the blonde, and then with the stock boy through the eggs, and then with the blonde again.  
  
The sight of a strange blonde woman between her legs, the sight of a teenager's eyes peering in at her, and the sight of her rings carelessly tossed aside on top of her discarded blouse were all such intense images that Jamie was forced to shut her eyes and give into only her sense of touch. The heat from her body, the cold metal surface of the table against her skin, and the combined dripping wetness of her pussy and the blonde's mouth all came together at one time, and Jamie could feel the launch of the fireworks that were about to explode in her cunt.   
  
Her orgasm was coming. Just a second longer. Just a few more laps of the blonde's tongue against her clit. Here....it....was....  
  
And then the sprinklers came on.  
  
Cold water rained down from above, splashing upon Jamie's face and awakening her from her fantasy. It was only a light mist, but it was enough to moisten Jamie's blouse as much as it had been intended to moisten the lettuce stacked before her. She was still in the produce section. Her clothes were still on. Her rings were still on. And – turning to glance over her shoulder towards the melons – the blonde was no longer there.  
  
The fantasy had been intense, vivid, and so real. Jamie turned back to her shopping cart, wiping the water droplets from her blouse, and wishing that she could do something about the dampness that had enveloped her pussy.   
  
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It wasn't Jamie who was friends with Erica, but Colin. For the most part, Jamie found Erica nice enough, someone with whom the occasional get-together or night out with was enjoyable enough. They'd never done anything just the two of them, preferring instead to have "double dates" – Erica and Tom; Colin and Jamie.   
  
But Jamie Eggert was a very different person from the shy, reserved Erica Rivers. She was outgoing, she was bold, she was risk-taking. She would openly flirt with Tom, trying to get a rise out of his girlfriend on nights out as a foursome. She made sexual jokes, and openly pointed out attractive women for her husband to gawk at – all the while critiquing a woman's choice of attire, or their aptitude in applying make-up, or the curves of their bodies. It was clear that Jamie Halladay, long before she had become Jamie Eggert, had run in much different - much more care-free, open, and popular – circles than Erica Rivers.   
  
She had two sisters, along with two cousins, for real friendship. The five women did everything together, from backyard barbecues to Ladies' Nights Out at the Lion's Den. She had been skinny-dipping with them off Cape Cod, gambling with them down at Mohegan Sun, and drinking and singing with them at karaoke nights at their favorite local bar.   
  
Erica, by contrast, blushed at the mere suggestion of impropriety. Beneath her layers of clothes and otherwise conservative wardrobe, she had a body – Jamie had to give the girl that – but Jamie never worried about Colin working late nights with her. The girl was uncomfortable with herself, uncomfortable in her own skin, and uncomfortable with the more outgoing aspects of Jamie's personality that Jamie considered "fun."   
  
Even knowing what she now knew about Colin's work situation the past few weeks, about Erica's experiment and her captive nudity, Jamie didn't feel threatened by the scientist. Instead, she felt bad for the poor girl, who was no doubt feeling the absolute and utter humiliation in subjecting herself to the stringent conditions of Colin's Bullpen, and was probably far worse off than another woman might be in her shoes. This experiment would have been better served with an exhibitionist as a guinea pig, or at the very least a woman even moderately comfortable with her own body. Erica Rivers, in Jamie's opinion, was neither of these things.   
  
Another woman probably would have been upset about her husband keeping secret the goings-on of his current role in this experiment. Maybe Jamie would have been, had it been a stranger, or even just someone else inside the Bullpen. But Jamie was glad that her husband was there for his friend, providing Erica with a crutch that she might have needed to make it through five weeks of hell.   
  
In the end, Colin had guiltily confessed almost all the details of Erica's captivity to his wife himself on Monday night, but explained that Erica wanted to talk to Jamie face-to-face, to explain that everything was controlled, everything was kosher. The dirty blonde trusted her husband, but she still agreed to drop by ConnPharm that Tuesday afternoon, partially to provide comfort to a friend, but also partially because of nothing more than morbid curiosity.   
  
As Jamie turned her Explorer into the parking lot outside, a tow truck was just departing with a silver Jetta being pulled along behind it. The girl thanked her timing, and snuck right into the recently vacated spot. Tossing her keys into her purse, she locked up and began her expedition in ConnPharm.   
  
She had changed her shirt after the incident at the grocery store earlier that afternoon, soaked by the sprinklers while fantasizing about another woman. Instead of her white, button-down blouse, she was now clad in a yellow boat-necked t-shirt, casual and dressed-down. The memory of the blonde, combined with the feeling of her still less-than-dry cotton panties, sent the fantasies flooding back, and Jamie's face flushed.   
  
She wasn't quite sure how she'd lost herself that completely, how she'd been completely overcome by the sight of another person, and a woman at that. Jamie had never been with another woman, and it had been since high school that she'd been with anyone other than Colin. He had been a second-year graduate student when they'd met; she, just a freshman. He was her only partner in fourteen years, and lately, Jamie was beginning to feel slightly depressed about that fact.  
  
Jamie was thirty-two years old, and already beginning to question herself about whether her marital sex bored her, or bored her husband. She fantasized about other men, other women, and other situations. In the bedroom, she wore lingerie for her husband, experimenting whenever she could with a new position or a new personality. She had joked with her sister Kelly, while out with Colin and Kelly's husband Patrick, about the possibility of swinging; and, though the suggestion had been in jest, Jamie found herself fantasizing about fucking Patrick in Kelly and Patrick's bedroom – while Colin watched - for weeks afterwards.   
  
If the blonde had really come on to her that afternoon, Jamie wouldn't have stopped her. If she had pulled her into the dairy refrigerator and ate her out, Jamie would have submitted. Jamie wouldn't have actively sought out an opportunity to cheat on Colin, but if her fantasy woman that afternoon had pursued her, Jamie was sure that she wouldn't have been able to turn her down.   
  
As she passed by security, and descended into the ConnPharm complex's lower regions, Jamie was once again fantasizing about the blonde, about being eaten out while someone else watched, about being naked in a public place.

When she finally saw Erica, Jamie wasn't quite ready for how different her friend would look. She'd never seen the other woman naked, but the Erica Rivers of old did not have breasts the size as those in front of her. Easily a D cup, Erica seemed to have the very same breasts as the blonde being gawked at in the grocery store, right down to the erect nipples that, this time, weren't shielded away by any sort of material. And, Jamie noted, Erica's nipples didn't stick straight out, but rather slightly upward, perched just a bit too high on the girl's tits. She wondered whether the dark haired girl's nipples had always been that high, or if they were a product of the breast augmentation.   
  
Colin had buzzed Jamie in, but hadn't yet alerted Erica to Jamie's presence beyond the mirror glass. The girl, with significantly shorter black hair than Jamie remembered or expected, was typing away on the floor of the Bullpen, seated Indian-style and staring up at the projection screen on the wall.   
  
"So she can't see me?" Jamie asked her husband incredulously, daring to take another few steps towards the glass.   
  
Colin shook his head.  
  
"And she can't hear me?"   
  
"Not unless she had her ear to the glass," Colin replied. "Or unless the intercom were on."  
  
"Jesus," Jamie breathed, staring into the barren white room that Erica called home. "She's like an animal in a zoo."   
  
Her husband nodded.   
  
Jamie took a glance around the room that her husband worked from throughout the day. There were exercise machines, a lunch table, a random cooler, and a few other objects scattered here or there. On one wall, to Jamie's right, were a few lockers, and in one, a pair of pink, lacy bikini panties hung for all to see. They matched, at least from that distance, the exact pair of underwear that her fantasy girl had been adorned with that afternoon as Jamie had been eaten out, the exact pair that had been hinted at by the baby blonde's low-riding skirt in the produce section.  
  
In front of her, Erica stretched. The enormity of the scientist's chest was once again displayed as the girl reached upwards and backwards, exposing herself for Colin and one unseen visitor. The scene felt as it had been lifted directly from a late night T&A movie on cable, complete with an actress who might not be completely believable in her role, but who was nonetheless gifted in more aesthetic way.  
  
Jamie couldn't help but stare. She felt like a voyeur, peering in from another room to watch an unsuspecting nude. Even though Erica simply sat and typed, the blonde felt her spine tingle at the notion that she was watching Erica in a private moment. She glanced back at her husband, thinking that this was how he spent his days.   
  
"Should I announce myself?" Jamie asked.   
  
"If you're ready," Colin replied, sounding suspiciously nervous. He motioned for his wife to come behind the ops desk, and to take a seat in front of the monitors.  
  
"So how's life in the terrarium?" Jamie asked through the intercom.   
  
Erica's face lit up. She looked towards the mirror glass, and back to the projection screen, where the blonde's face had replaced the data streams in front of her.   
  
"A little bit more full of life now," the scientist answered, her voice a bit huskier than Jamie remembered.   
  
After exchanging initial pleasantries and opening small talk, Jamie blurted, "You look great, by the way."  
  
Erica almost blushed. "Thanks."  
  
"No really," Jamie continued. "I'm sure it's already gone through your head, or maybe it still is – because I know it would be going through mine – that your whole body is just out there. Out there. Every angle. Every private place."  
  
"Er....thanks."  
  
"I'm sorry. I don't mean to remind you."  
  
"No, no," Erica said, seeming genuinely undisturbed by the memorandum. "I've had a couple of weeks to get used to it."  
  
"But so many people!" Jamie went on. "So many people must have come through, must have looked in!"  
  
"Jamie – " Colin tried to interrupt.  
  
"I mean, Colin, and Pete Bowie, and Wendy Milne." The blonde hadn't seemed to notice her husband. "And that's just the people that I know!"  
  
"Jamie," Colin said again, more sternly this time.   
  
"Yeah, it's been about twenty-something or so," Erica shrugged.  
  
Jamie couldn't even wrap her head around the idea of that many people. Still, she had been trying to make a point. "But you look fantastic. That was where I was going."  
  
"Well, I don't know," Erica replied modestly.  
  
"No, no. You do." The blonde tried to convey the seriousness of what she was saying. "I had no idea – I mean, I'd never seen you naked, of course – but I had no idea – and that's not to say that I ever thought you were ugly – but beneath the sweaters and pants and bulky clothing, you're drop-dead gorgeous, Erica!"  
  
Erica blushed all over.   
  
"Which makes being seen naked that much easier," Jamie finished, flustered by her own babbling.   
  
They talked. They talked for a long time. They talked about the project, about ConnPharm in general, about Jamie's class, about Jamie's relationship with Colin, about Erica's relationship with Colin. They talked about how Erica would be seen by her fellow ConnPharm employees when the deuterotone experiment had run its course. They talked about the size and sex appeal of the scientist's D-cup breasts, as well as Jamie's own C's. They talked about Tom's infidelity, about the Eggerts' home life, and even – half-jokingly – about Jamie's boredom with her married sex life.   
  
Jamie connected with Erica in a way that, until that point, she had never been able to before. Erica had always been so guarded, so reserved, that she and Jamie had never found common ground. With her clothes shed, it was as if Erica had become a different person – she was naked, both body and soul. The three and half weeks, the dirty blonde thought to herself, had done a tremendous amount in opening Erica up.   
  
All of the heart-to-heart girl talk came through the intercom, however. Erica sat on the floor of the Bullpen, staring up at a projected image of Jamie ten times larger than real life. Jamie, on the other hand, talked into the camera, but had to peer out across the desk and into the hold to see the black-haired girl. Their eyes never truly met, but Jamie couldn't fight the sensation that Erica was sizing her up, staring at her, with an intensity she had been lacking in their previous meetings.   
  
Colin, guessing that Erica needed to have another woman to talk to besides blunt-to-a-fault Wendy Milne and taciturn Tessa Romero, gave the two girls space. He had been skeptical as to whether Erica would be able to behave in the presence of his wife. But she had assured him an hour earlier, even while lying legs-spread on the lunch table with a glass dildo buried in her twat, that she'd be good. With this orgasm before Jamie arrived, and another to be administered upon her departure, Erica was more than capable of portraying nothing more than scientific nudity. She hadn't, after all, lost all self-control – she'd just lost the will to practice it.  
  
Still, Colin had been sweating when Jamie first arrived. But Erica had kept true to her word, and the technician had grown more and more capable of believing she'd be able to make it through the visit without doing damage to the Eggerts' marriage. After showing his wife how to call him if needed, and letting Erica know he was just headed off to the server closet down the hall, he left them alone.   
  
"I think I need to stretch my legs," Erica announced a few minutes after the technician departed. She paused, oddly, before continuing, as if she was trying to make up her mind about whether or not she should carry on. Jamie watched the girl's face, and even from across the observation room and through the mirror-glass, the kindergarten teacher could tell that Erica was struggling with something important.   
  
Finally, the nude girl blurted out, "And I need to ask you for a favor."  
  
What the favor was, Jamie could only begin to speculate. But she was able to ascertain, from the girl's tone, that it was important. Important enough, in fact, that Erica wanted to leave the Bullpen to discuss it with Jamie.   
  
"You don't need to stay in there?" Jamie asked. "I mean, I know you need to come out to eat, and exercise, but now? Can't you just ask through the glass?"   
  
Erica pointed upwards, then to one side, then to another, and then all around her. Her every word, her every movement, was being recorded for ConnPharm's records.   
  
"The more data we collect, the better," Erica answered. "But a break here or there, or a short walk around the observation room, or a face-to-face conversation, won't hurt the readings too much."  
  
"Shouldn't we wait for Colin?" Jamie had already been informed of the corset, and the extensive amount of time that it tended to take in putting it on. She was not thrilled at the prospect of having to do so herself.   
  
"It's kind of a personal thing," the scientist said. "A girl thing."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"But don't worry, I'll talk you through the corset."  
  
And so, having opened the door to the Bullpen and having retrieved the black electronic corset, Jamie found herself face-to-face with Erica. Or rather, face-to-ass. The dirty blonde squatted just behind the raven-haired girl, her face just inches from Erica's bare buttock, while she fingered the bottom-most latch that held the corset in place. Erica watched with her head twisted behind her downwards, her own hands busy holding the cups of the corset in place.   
  
No, Jamie thought to herself as she glanced up at the other woman, not cups. Erica was holding the corset at the top, but the fabric stopped just below her enormous tits, leaving both breasts completely exposed. Likewise, the bottom of the corset stopped just above where Erica's thin strip of pubic hair began. It was clothing, but not in any traditional sense of the word.   
  
The smell of pussy was unmistakable, but not overpowering. Jamie was, after all, crouching just a few short inches from Erica's most intimate of areas, and she guessed that Erica was perhaps cleaner than Jamie herself. Memories of the blonde in the supermarket lingered in her mind, as well as in the slight dampness of her panties. In fact, Jamie couldn't help but notice that she was beginning to get wet again, turned on by either the images of her fantasy or by the presence of naked woman here in front of her.   
  
Jamie did her best to act as clinical as possible, but perhaps her fingers lingered on Erica's bare back just a second too long. Perhaps her hand trembled as she reached up to fasten the second latch. Perhaps images of Erica had been interwoven with the supermarket woman.   
  
She looked straight ahead, concentrating on the latch at hand, making sure that the wiring all connected and that the emitters were fully functioning. But out of the corner of her eye, Jamie caught the café-au-lait on Erica's backside, and suddenly the blonde in the grocery store had one, too.   
  
In one moment, Jamie was with Erica, close to her naked body, snapping the black corset into place.   
  
In the next, Jamie was with the blonde, reaching for the bottom of her shirt to expose her sheer pink bra.  
  
In one moment, Jamie was with Erica, watching a red LED blink three times after snapping the latch into place, signifying that the connection was functioning properly.   
  
In the next, Jamie was seated on the cold metal table, her bra pushed below her own breasts, waiting for the mystery blonde to strip her of her black panties.  
  
In one moment, Jamie was standing in front of Erica, trying to concentrate on the simple diagnostic being performed on the corset, just below the girl's naked left breast.   
  
In the next, Jamie was staring down at the blonde, on her knees, on the table, and between Jamie's legs.   
  
In one moment, Jamie was with the supermarket blonde, finishing the long process of dressing her in a piece of high-tech lingerie.   
  
In the next, Jamie was reaching her climax in the dairy refrigerator, Erica hard at work with her tongue in the deep folds of Jamie's pussy.  
  
Jamie blinked quickly, and stepped back from what she had been doing. Her reality and her fantasy had become blurred. Sweating slightly, and feeling uncomfortable about the wetness in her crotch, Jamie shook her head, and then met Erica's eyes.   
  
Jamie would recall that moment as a turning point in her relationship with Erica. Still frazzled a bit by her daydream, she couldn't help but feel as if Erica was looking deep inside her, as if she could see through her. Despite the fact that the scientist was naked from the nipples up and from the bellybutton down, and that Jamie was still wearing her jeans and t-shirt, it was Jamie who suddenly felt naked.   
  
Did Erica know what she had been thinking? Did Erica realize the dirty thoughts she had brought out in Jamie? Did Erica long to touch Jamie in the way that Jamie suddenly felt compelled to touch Erica?  
  
Jamie had been around other naked women before – locker rooms, dressing rooms, sun bathing – but never had she felt as aroused and discombobulated as she did at that moment. She blamed herself, having come into a clinical situation with sex on the brain. Just hours after fantasizing about being with another woman, Jamie was presented with another woman, nude and undeniably attractive.   
  
Erica had argued that breast augmentation, whether through surgery or deuterotone, was about confidence. A woman felt better about herself, more attractive to the opposite sex, more sure about her body and who she was. Jamie had laughed at the suggestion when she'd first heard about it – a girl with low self-confidence wasn't going to get that confidence just from bigger tits alone. And yet, here was Erica, walking out into the center of the Observation Room, more self-assured than Jamie had ever seen her. By comparison, Jamie felt nervous and insecure.   
  
"It's been more than three weeks since I've gotten laid," Erica blurted out.   
  
Jamie just blinked. She was unsure of how to respond.  
  
"With Tom," Erica continued, as if she needed to specify. "With a man."  
  
"Uh...okay." Jamie had gone through more than three week stretches without sex before, even while a willing partner slept beside her. That was married life.   
  
Erica sauntered slowly towards the weight bench to her left, leaving Jamie little choice but to follow.   
  
"You've only got two more weeks to go," Jamie counseled.   
  
"And then no Tom," the dark haired girl countered. "Two weeks and then it's home to my empty condo, with Tom and Sarah Sumpter in Tom's bed, right next door."   
  
"Erica, Tom was an asshole to cheat on you. You just have to -"  
  
"It's not Tom that I miss," Erica interrupted. "Well, not Tom, exactly."  
  
Jamie gave the girl a puzzled look.   
  
"The sex. The sex. The sex." Erica continued to stare right through Jamie, looking deep inside of her, gauging her companion for a sign as to whether to continue. Jamie wasn't sure what response that Erica read in her, but the scientist forged ahead.   
  
She plopped onto the weight bench, Jamie noting her bare ass on the plastic cushion. Jamie dropped down alongside her.   
  
"I've only slept with three men. David Wojciechowski. Dac Kien Nguyen. Tom Russo. In twenty-nine years, I've only slept with three men."   
  
"In fourteen years," Jamie said, "I've had exactly one partner. So count yourself lucky."  
  
Erica nodded, but her reaction was unreadable. "I went four years without sex. In between David and Dac Kien. Four years. The entire time I lived in Maryland."  
  
"Well," Jamie responded, casting about for something to say, "I don't think that another four year run of celibacy is very likely, given your newly-grown assets."   
  
Erica again nodded. Her expression gave nothing away, and Jamie was left confused, unsure of whether Erica was going to cry, laugh, or lean in and kiss her. At that moment, each seemed as likely as the next.   
  
The naked girl swung one leg over the bench, turning in order to talk to Jamie face-to-face. Her legs were open, her pubic area exposed, her pussy naked on the bench beneath them. Jamie wondered if Erica had moved beyond any sense of real shame by that point, having been naked for twenty-two days; if it had been Jamie, she would have done all she could do to keep her legs together and her privates private.   
  
But she, unlike her companion, was wearing jeans. She, too, swung her leg up and over the bench, allowing herself to look directly at Erica, and not off in the distance.   
  
"Does this have something to do with your favor?" Jamie asked. Was Erica going to ask her to set her up on a blind date when the experiment was over? Or was Erica looking for more of quick fling, a one-night stand, a utilitarian tryst with some male friend that Jamie had hidden in her back pocket? Colin's friend Will, perhaps? Jamie's cousin Danny?   
  
Erica didn't answer the question, instead turning to look at the Bullpen. She began, "It's funny. Three weeks ago, I would have been mortified having this conversation with you. Three weeks ago, I would have been mortified sitting here in front of you, dressed as I am now. Three weeks ago, I might have been more emotional about the loss of my relationship with Tom.  
  
"And it's not that the fear isn't there anymore. I'm still aware about how open and blunt I've been over the past hour. I'm still aware of my lack of clothing, how my body parts are just out there, waiting for a catcall or a wolf whistle. I'm still torn up, to a certain degree, about the end of my relationship with Tom. But three weeks can change a lot of things. Especially THESE three weeks."  
  
She brushed her hair out of her eyes, and then met Jamie's once again. "I spent most of my life worrying about what other people thought of me. Am I wearing the right clothes? Am I saying the right thing? Am I fitting in with everyone around me? I was uncomfortable being around other people, because I felt like I was constantly being judged, constantly being watched.  
  
"You, Jamie, you've probably never felt that. Or, probably not to the same degree that I have. You're bold. You're funny. You're full of life. You were probably the most popular girl in school, with the most popular boyfriend, with a life of parties and jokes and friends."  
  
Now it was Jamie's turn to blush. She, certainly, had felt all the things that Erica had listed earlier, but she couldn't help but feel that Erica was partially right – she had always just sort of "fit in." Erica, in all of Jamie's encounters with her, had looked uncomfortable and out of place.   
  
Erica continued. "I went into science. I spent my twenties in dark basements like this one, running tests and experiments on mice and monkeys, hoping to avoid direct eye contact, hoping not to be seen.   
  
"And now here I am, naked in front of just about everyone who ever meant anything to me in my professional life. And I like it."  
  
The girl inched just a bit closer to Jamie, and began talking in a hushed, throaty tone – sharing a secret with a friend.   
  
"I know what that sounds like. I know what that makes me seem like. But, honestly, Jamie – I don't really care. I feel good. I feel confident. I feel sexy.  
  
"Every day, at least a dozen people see me naked. For some, it's through a Bullpen recording or a live feed. For others, it's through the looking glass. And for a select few, it's live and in person, nothing between them and my naked body parts. When I first stripped down and got into the Bullpen, that thought scared me shitless. But I think I'm getting off on it, Jamie. It's not just psychological confidence-meets-power bullshit, either – it's a deep, deep sexual nerve that's been pricked until now.   
  
"At first I thought it was the drugs. I guess I still do, a little. But beyond that, there's just this incredible high I get, knowing that someone else is out there, knowing that someone else is getting turned on or getting off on me, on my body."

Jamie sat and listened, nodding dumbly. She tried putting herself into Erica's shoes, imagining what it must be like to be completely exposed in front of so many people. The blonde had often wondered, while seated at the Lion's Den with her sisters and cousins, what it would be like to be naked in a room full of people. There were issues of power, as Erica had noted, in being the lone focal point for a crowd of strangers. But the power, as Erica had also mentioned, wasn't the turn on – in fact, it was quite the opposite. With her legs wrapped around a pole on stage, with her pussy on display, with her breasts bouncing in rhythm with the music, Jamie imagined herself as an object, an embodiment of nothing but pure carnality. Her children and her husband were irrelevant, her job and her life mattered little, and even her name was inconsequential – lost in the fantasy, Jamie was nothing more than tits and ass, a sexual object to a bar full of men.  
  
"I wanted to talk to you," Erica went on, "about my life here, about my interaction with other people, about my fantasies and urges, and about your husband."  
  
Jamie was pulled out of her daydream by Erica's mention of Colin.   
  
"He's been so good to me. Among the rest of the technicians, and the ConnPharm executives, and even my own staff, there's not a single man that I trust more than Colin. I may get off on the looks and glances I get from other people, and other people may get off on the looks and glances they get of me, but Colin's the one person that I know is still seeing me as a person, that is still looking out for my best interests even when I might not be."  
  
The scientist leaned into the kindergarten teacher. Her deep blues eyes were locked to Jamie's. Her lips were just inches from Jamie's, and the latter girl could feel the hot breath of the other on her mouth and chin.   
  
"I need to be fucked," Erica whispered, coming off desperate and demanding, but ever so seductive. "I need to be fucked, in a way that I've never been fucked before." She crept forward on the bench, until her nipples were just slightly brushing against the loose fabric of Jamie's t-shirt. She bent past Jamie, until her lips were in Jamie's right ear, and whispered, "I need to feel dick inside me. I need to feel someone else's hips thrusting into me. I need a man between my legs, Jamie." She pulled away, catching the other girl's eyes once again as she moved from the right ear to the left. "I want to be fucked. I need to be fucked. I need Colin. For a night. For a fuck. For a favor."  
  
It was too far. Jamie jerked back suddenly, aghast at what this woman was asking her. She was wet, seduced by her proximity to the siren seated before her. But it was too much, too far, too intimate.   
  
Jamie pulled back, attempting to stand, but she didn't get far. Erica's hand had grabbed for the front of the blonde's jeans, and now the naked girl had her fist wrapped around the top of Jamie's fly. Four fingers were inside the waist, her thumb on the outside, clamping Jamie in place.   
  
"Jamie, please," Erica insisted. "There's no one else I can trust. There's no one else I can turn to. I need you, and your husband."  
  
"Get off me!" Jamie yelled, pulling away. She was confused, her own body still longing to be touched and fondled, but her mind screaming that Erica's request had been wrong, all wrong. Brushing Erica's hand away, she stood and stepped back from the workout bench, unsure of what to do next.   
  
"Jamie, I need Colin," Erica repeated. "With anyone else, it gets too complicated."  
  
"Complicated?!! It's too complicated with anyone else?!! Erica, Colin and I are married. He's my goddamned husband!"   
  
"Which is why I came to you, and not him." It seemed that Erica felt this was all very logical, that it made sense in some twisted way. Obviously, she had worked out the moral issues for herself – she had rehearsed how this was supposed to go. "Colin is still deeply, madly in love with you. After fourteen years, don't you see how lucky you are? You don't realize that you're his soulmate? You're the mother of his children!"   
  
"And you want to fuck him!" Jamie retorted.   
  
"Yes, I do," the dark-haired girl replied, calm as could be. She stood, and took a step closer to Jamie, who had backed herself against the Stairmaster. "But that's all I want. Just his cock, for as long as it takes for me to get off."   
  
Jamie trembled a bit, wondering how this meeting had gone so terribly wrong.   
  
"He's the only person I can trust. He's the only person who I know won't brag about it the next day, or want anything more, or hold it against me." She stepped forward again, and leaned into Jamie's body. Her naked tits pressed hard against Jamie's own chest. Her naked hips found contact with Jamie's through the thin layer of Jamie's clothes. Her naked arms reached around Jamie, pinning her against the exercise machine. "I'm willing to do anything you want – anything. Money. Chores. Favors." She paused, and emphasized, "Anything."   
  
Things were moving too fast for Jamie. The room was spinning. Erica was too close, and Colin was too far away. She pushed hard, and the half-naked girl fell back, breaking their intimate contact and giving Jamie a moment to breathe and think.   
  
"I promise not to do anything without your permission," Erica said. "I would never do that to you. Or to him. Or to your marriage."   
  
The hush was intense. Neither girl said anything to the other in the space that followed, and the next few moments seemed to stretch on for hours. Both girls were sizing up the situation, trying to get a sense of where the other stood, trying to understand what the hell the other was thinking.   
  
"Go fuck yourself," Jamie said finally, breaking the silence. "Go fuck yourself."  
  
And with that, Jamie stormed out of the observation room, leaving Erica to her depravity. She was locked away, a freak in a freak show, buried with her own lust in the basement of ConnPharm. She could get herself out of the corset, and explain herself to Colin, for all Jamie cared. The blonde simply needed to be out of her presence, away from the Bullpen, and breathing in the fresh Connecticut air outside.   
  
Only once she'd reached the elevator did Jamie realize that her jeans were unbuttoned, the top of her black panties visible in her reflection in the elevator door.   
  
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Jamie decided not to tell her husband what had transpired in the basement of ConnPharm. And, given that Colin never brought it up in the days that followed, Jamie guessed that Erica had remained silent about her request, as well.  
  
Not that the girl hadn't been worried sick about the hours after endless hours her husband spent in the presence of a naked woman who had expressed a desire for a husband. When Colin returned home from work on Wednesday and Thursday, Jamie pressed him for the day's goings-on. And, feeling that he owed his wife an explanation, given the discomfort she had displayed since seeing the deuterotone project firsthand, Colin dutifully recounted his time at work.   
  
More subtly, Jamie smelled him each day, worried sick that he'd smell of another woman's pussy, a pussy that Jamie herself had smelled on Tuesday afternoon. She kissed him as he walked in the door, terrified that he'd taste of another woman. On Thursday afternoon, she ripped open his fly and sucked him off as soon as he'd walked through the door, suspicious about whether he'd taste of Erica Rivers.   
  
And she'd ridden his cock with abandon on Tuesday night, and then again on Wednesday morning, and then again on Wednesday afternoon, evening, and late at night. She worried that he might be imagining Erica's naked body – Erica's perfect naked body – as he fucked her, but Jamie didn't want to give Colin any reason to stray.   
  
Colin, of course, realized that there was an ulterior motive in all the marital attention he'd been receiving. He knew that his wife was worried about his situation with Erica, but he assured Jamie that Thursday afternoon that nothing had happened, nothing was happening, and nothing would happen. He loved her - she needn't drop to her knees each and every time he arrived home, especially with the girls just a staircase away, watching cartoons in the basement.   
  
There was desperation in the way that she screwed her husband, but as the week rolled on, it was less about losing Colin than it was about achieving her orgasm. That Tuesday night, after her confrontation with Erica, Jamie came hard. Her body had been excited all day, from the voluptuous blonde in the supermarket to the naked girl at ConnPharm, and her pussy was already drenched by the time Colin entered her. She orgasmed once in three quick strokes of Colin's cock, and had orgasmed twice more by the time he exploded inside of her.   
  
Even as she blew him at their front door on Thursday afternoon, suspicious that he might taste of another woman, Jamie longed for Colin to pick her up, tear off her pants, throw her down the kitchen table, and eat her out. Their intense lovemaking had been inspired by fear and suspicion, but it was nourished by Jamie's fantasies.  
  
She imagined that it was Colin, and not the salacious blonde, eating her out in the dairy refrigerator at the supermarket. Or she imagined that it was she, Jamie, eating out the blonde, instead. She imagined herself locked in her classroom, devoid of clothes, while the principal, her fellow teachers, and even the janitor peered through the glass window of the doorway. She imagined Colin fucking her sister Kelly on the stage of the Lion's Den while she watched from the audience. And she imagined herself, in a topless corset, being fucked by Tom Russo on the workout bench in the Observation Room at ConnPharm, while Erica, dressed in jeans and a boat-necked t-shirt, watched from the ops desk.   
  
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That Saturday morning, it was Wendy who arrived for the eight-to-four shift at the ops desk, and not Colin. Jamie Eggert had been begging her husband for weeks to take a few hours off in order to spend just one day out of the weekend with his children. Given Monday's revelation of how Colin had actually been spending his weekends, coupled with Jamie's overreaction to having seen Erica on Tuesday, Colin finally relented. Jamie had, on Friday morning, tightened the screws, and the technician seemed to have little choice but to get someone to cover him.  
  
Colin had originally toyed with the idea of getting Pete Bowie to fill in for him, and even considered bringing Zach Mitchell or Vince Nemecek in - with Erica's and the Human Hormone Lab staff's permission, of course. But Wendy had expressed interest in simply switching shifts. She could work the late shift on Friday evening, catch a few hours of sleep at home, and then be back in time to work the day shift on Saturday. That way, she'd have from four o'clock on Saturday afternoon until four o'clock on Sunday afternoon to drive up to New Hampshire with her boyfriend and his biker friends. Colin, meanwhile, would get to spend most of Saturday with his girls, work the late shift on Saturday evening, catch a few quick hours of sleep of his own, and then be back to ConnPharm on Sunday at eight. Colin wouldn't have to worry about anyone new – or in Pete's case, returning – behind the ops desk, and Wendy would get her weekend excursion. It seemed win-win.   
  
And so, after a Friday evening out with his wife and daughters, followed by a Saturday morning filled with soccer and playing in the yard, Colin kissed the twins goodbye, and departed for work. He left his beautiful wife, who was clad in a thin cotton dress, for his beautiful project, who was dressed in nothing at all.   
  
Little did Colin realize that he wasn't going to accomplish as much as he had planned for the evening.   
  
High heels clicked and echoed in the long hall from the elevator to the Observation Room. One foot after the other, Jamie stepped with a saunter, and even the sound of her shoes against the linoleum seemed to come across as sexy that evening. They certainly looked sexy, that was for sure – black leather ankle wrap stilettos, fished from the deepest recesses of Jamie's closet to play their role in the night's fantasy.   
  
Colin had been called by security, so it wasn't as if he didn't know that she was coming. She had hoped to surprise him, showing up at ConnPharm that night at ten. But the guard at the gates, his tongue hanging out upon sight of Jamie and her outfit, had stopped her, undressed her with his eyes, and called down to her husband. Probably for the best, Jamie thought to herself, as allowing people to wander off the streets and down to the Bullpen might raise some issues.   
  
Despite his forewarning, her husband was still shocked when he laid eyes upon her. Bare legs ran up from her heels, seemingly without stopping. Only once they'd reached halfway up her thigh did they disappear beneath her dress, which was alarmingly short and unquestionably provocative. The label had identified the color of the dress "paprika," but it was decidedly red, ruched with a flirty, triple-tiered hem. The deep neck allowed Jamie to show how her cleavage, while at the same time revealing that she wasn't wearing a bra.   
  
In fact, the only undergarment she had on would be a surprise for her husband – but it was not a pair of panties.   
  
As she had stalked through the halls of ConnPharm and into its deep dungeon, Jamie had felt exhilaration of leaving her underwear behind. Her pussy was on fire, reacting to the thrill of open air, the danger of someone catching a glimpse, the erotic scenes being played out in her mind, and the three shots of tequila she'd taken in the parking lot.   
  
"What's going on?" Colin asked, utterly confused by the appearance of his wife. He was still seated at the ops desk, poring over a computer model of the Bullpen. Jamie had been buzzed in, but she hadn't been greeted at the door.   
  
"I was lonely," Jamie answered coyly. She stepped into the Observation Room with a bottle of cabernet sauvignon in one hand, and her keys in the other. The bottle had been opened, but the cork replaced. Her keys were tossed casually atop the ops desk, the bottle placed carefully on the floor beside it.   
  
"The girls?" her husband asked, his eyebrows raised.   
  
"With my sister Danielle." The blonde stepped closer to her husband, throwing one leg over him and saddling up on his lap. Her thighs were spread and her pussy wide open, but her lack of panties was still hidden – if just barely - from Colin by the thin layer of dress.  
  
"What are you doing here?"  
  
"Helping a friend with a favor," she said, leaning in to slip her tongue deep inside of Colin's mouth. "And helping to add spice to our love life."  
  
Colin looked nervously to the door of the Bullpen. "Here? At work? With Erica right there?"  
  
Jamie glanced behind her. Through the one-way glass, she could see the dark-haired woman, still stark naked, seated on the Bullpen's clinical white floor. Erica was on her left side, propping herself up with her left arm, and using her right hand to peck at the wireless plastic keyboard in front of her. Her legs were open, one on the ground, the other bent at the knee and planted flat-footed away from the Observation Room. Her tits were enormous, far bigger than they'd been even on Tuesday afternoon. And, even seated a few dozen feet away, Jamie could see that Erica's nipples were rock-hard.  
  
On the screen in front of the nude scientist were a handful of chemical structures, the same image that was displayed on the far monitor of the ops desk. Jamie wondered if Erica was working at ten o'clock out of dedication to science or simple boredom at having nothing better to do.   
  
"Does she know I'm here?" Jamie asked.   
  
Colin swallowed hard. "I told her that you were being buzzed in."  
  
The blonde sized her husband up. He looked nervous. Nervous about his wife showing up underdressed at his job. Nervous about what she wanted to do him. But also nervous about something else, something that he didn't want to share with her, something that Jamie guessed involved Erica.   
  
Doubts began to creep into the back of Jamie's mind. Should she have trusted Erica alone with Colin? Should she have trusted Colin himself?  
  
The technician seemed to think that he knew what was bothering his wife. Obviously, it had led to their escapades throughout the week. And, though he would later admit that he was loath to jinx a week of bounteous sexual activity, he assured her that she had nothing to fear. "I would never sleep with Erica."  
  
Jamie smiled knowingly at this statement, and her confidence returned. "I need a few minutes alone with Erica."  
  
Colin shook his head. "No. Absolutely not. It's late. You're obviously not thinking right. And Erica has –" he paused, choosing his words, before continuing, "- settled down for the night."   
  
In a way that only a wife can do, Jamie spoke volumes with her eyes. She wanted to talk to Erica. She needed to talk to Erica. And, for whatever reason, it was going to be kept between the two women, Colin outside the loop.   
  
"Fine," he shrugged. He grabbed her by the hips and gently lifted her body off of his, pushing aside and allowing Jamie to sit down. "I'm going to run to the men's room. And maybe get some coffee. But I'll be right back."   
  
"Fine," Jamie answered, reaching for the bottle of red wine. "I'm not going anywhere. I don't think she is, either."   
  
As her husband walked out of the room, Jamie couldn't help but notice the slight bulge in the crotch of his jeans. He hadn't been hard when she'd sat down, and that made her smile widen. Despite sitting so close to a drop-dead gorgeous naked woman, it was Jamie's body, pressed up against his, that gave him his erection.   
  
Jamie was about to speak into the intercom when something caught her eye. The far monitor displayed the same image that was being projected into the Bullpen, and though the top window contained pictures of Erica's chemical compounds, there were three other windows open behind it. Jamie might have thought nothing of it, but the title across the top of one of the windows stood out.   
  
"Wild Party Slut Gets Fucked."  
  
The shock caused Jamie to read the words once, and then read them again. One of the other windows had a title atop it that was just a simple URL, though the URL did contain the words "adult" and the letters "XXX." The final simply read "hardcore\_partying\_13."  
  
Was this what Colin had been nervous about? Had he been looking up pornography on the computer?  
  
A glance at the desk in front of her caused Jamie to second-guess that assumption. He had papers everywhere. The other monitors seemed to be deep in use, displaying e-mail requests, Bullpen diagnostics, and technical documents. Colin had obviously been hard at work on a feasibility study for a Dr. Cho, who had requested information on the potential of running a study of two orangutans simultaneously in the Bullpen.  
  
The far monitor, or at least the top window on the far monitor, suggested that Erica was deep in study of a 414 page document. Unfortunately, Jamie doubted she'd be able to get through it that night, as she was only on the first page.   
  
Obviously, the window had just been opened.   
  
Jamie leaned over to the keyboard, made a few quick keystrokes, and minimized the chemical diagrams. As the "hardcore\_partying\_13" window came to the front, the blonde was treated to an image of a naked redheaded girl seated between two naked men on a couch. Each man had his cock buried deep in the girl, one disappearing into her mouth and the other firmly implanted in her cunt.   
  
Minimizing the window at the ops desk caused the window to minimize in the Bullpen, as well, exposing Erica and what she had been doing before Jamie arrived.   
  
"So you have no problem talking about my husband's dick inside of you," Jamie said through the intercom in the mock-accusatory manner, "but you're embarrassed by me catching you looking at dirty pictures?"

Inside the Bullpen, Erica giggled. "It was Colin's idea. He didn't want you thinking that I was some sort of whore."  
  
"Yeah, well," Jamie answered, "if we go through with this, I don't think either of us can claim to be any sort of angel."   
  
Erica seemed cautious. "Go through with it? You're going to...?"  
  
Jamie nodded, without thinking about the fact that Erica couldn't see her do so. She pulled the top of the cork out of the wine bottle with her teeth, spat it to the floor, and took a large gulp of cabernet. If she was going to have enough courage to follow through, she needed more than a few shots of tequila.   
  
"There are rules," she stated flatly. "Otherwise, I go home, and I take Colin with me."   
  
"Of course."  
  
"Number one," Jamie said at the door to the Bullpen. The glass slowly slid open, and the blonde stood waiting with the black corset in hand. "I'm first. If you're sleeping with Colin, you're sleeping with me."  
  
Erica grinned. It seemed that the dark-haired girl at little problem with that particular charge.   
  
"Number two: You have to help me convince Colin." This, to Jamie, seemed like a potential stumbling block. She snapped one of the latches into place, elaborating, "This is his work, you're his friend, and I'm his wife. He lives in a more rigid moral structure than I do, or - as it seems - you do. It's going to take more than just my go-ahead for him to touch you."  
  
"Convince him?" Erica asked filthily. "In any way possible?"  
  
Jamie nodded. "Any way possible."   
  
With her left hand, she ran a quick diagnostic on one of the connections on Erica's corset, on Erica's instruction. Her right, however, lingered for a bit too long at the top of Erica's buttock – a touch that sent shivers of excitement up her arm and elicited a barely audible purr from the other woman.   
  
"Except," she said, "for kissing. Number three: You can kiss him wherever you want, except the lips."  
  
"Pretty Woman?"  
  
Jamie nodded. "It seemed logical."  
  
"Can I kiss you?"  
  
In her fantasies of how the night would proceed, Jamie had imagined herself locking lips with Erica. She had decided, while running through the rules the previous afternoon, that if Colin wasn't going to be allowed to kiss Erica, than she shouldn't be allowed to, either.   
  
But that had been more than twenty-four hours earlier, and Jamie felt incapable of holding back in the other woman's presence. With one hand holding onto the corset, and her other lightly stroking Erica's bare thigh, Jamie leaned in and pressed her lips against the other girl's.   
  
Their kiss lasted for over a minute, tongues tangled and bodies pulled tight against one another. It was a kiss filled with carnal passion, a kiss that seemed to promise good things to come.   
  
"I'll take that as a yes," Erica smiled, breathing heavily.   
  
Jamie stepped away, grinning ear to ear, and laughing nervously. "I'm a basket case. I've never done this before. I mean, I've obviously never done THIS before. But I've never even kissed a woman, let alone...." She looked into Erica's blue eyes, and asked, "Have you?"  
  
The scientist hesitated for a few seconds, a pause that left Jamie curious as to the whole story. "A couple of times. Three." She shrugged, as if she were both bragging about her experience and yet embarrassed at the same time. "But it's been rather one-sided - I've always been the one being eaten out."  
  
Conservative Erica Rivers? Engaging in lesbian sex? It was a story that Jamie would have to probe more deeply. But later. Right now, Jamie was looking forward to her own taste of another woman.   
  
"Don't worry," Erica assured the blonde as Jamie returned to the task of fastening the corset, "I'm nervous myself."  
  
On with it, Jamie thought. "Rule Four: You can't let Colin....finish...inside of you."  
  
"Shouldn't that be more of a rule for Colin?"   
  
"It will be. I just wanted you to be aware of it, too. Maybe it's a stupid rule, but if I'm sharing him with you, I want at least that, just for he and I."  
  
"No cumming for Colin," Erica restated the rule. "Unless it's in you."  
  
"Well, he can. He just..." – she sounded flustered – "I just want him to pull out. I don't care if he orgasms on your thighs, or in your mouth, or in the air. I just want that last thing for him and I, for future nights, when we're alone. Maybe it's stupid...."  
  
"It's not stupid. It makes sense. What he and I are doing, what you and I are doing, it's nothing more than fucking. What you two have, well, that's intimacy."  
  
Jamie might have gotten caught up in feelings, or in tact, but Erica apparently preferred to be blunt.  
  
"Besides," Erica observed, "I wouldn't know quite how to explain my urinalysis results the next day to my staff."  
  
"And Rule Five," Jamie finished, "is that this is between you and I. You can't approach Colin about this after tonight, or let him approach you. This is about tonight, and tonight alone. No more – not without coming to me first, not without getting my permission."  
  
"Not without getting you off first?" Erica asked flirtatiously.   
  
Jamie grimaced.  
  
"I understand," the dark-haired girl said. "You can trust me, Jamie. I never would have touched Colin without talking to you first. I won't again, without your word."  
  
As Erica agreed to the conditions that Jamie had laid out, Jamie snapped the final fastener into place on Erica's corset. The diagnostic was run at the operations desk, and Erica was given free rein over the Observation Room.   
  
Jamie couldn't believe what she was about to do. Her marriage to Colin was a good one, and she imagined that they'd be together until the end of time. He made her laugh, and the two never suffered from a lack of things to talk about. They shared most of the same interests, and had most of the same friends. They connected with one another, deeply and emotionally.   
  
But their sex life had become monotonous. They made love in their bed, typically on Friday or Saturday nights after the girls had gone to sleep. Jamie usually rolled on top of her husband, kissed him passionately for a few minutes, and ground her body against his crotch. When he was hard and she was wet, she rolled off of him and onto her back, spreading her legs so that he could eat her out – Jamie hardly ever came during penetration without having her pussy licked first. Once Jamie was moaning and writhing in rhythm with Colin's tongue, he would enter her with his cock and screw her until they both orgasmed.   
  
Every week it was the same thing – kissing, cunnilingus, and missionary-position sex. Kissing, cunnilingus, missionary. Kissing, cunnilingus, missionary. They had gotten into a rut.   
  
Sure, Jamie switched things up every now and then, by going down on Colin or letting him fuck her doggy-style. But these were the special occasions - the exceptions to the rule. Each one knew what got the other off, and got them off with the least amount of work or experimentation. They had fourteen years worth of knowledge on how one another's body worked, and what they wanted. Sex lost the impulse and passion, and instead became, at best, a quick solution for horniness or, at worst, an obligation to be fulfilled.  
  
Kissing, cunnilingus, missionary.   
  
Jamie wanted something more, but she'd never been able to tell Colin. She thought about introducing a costume, or watching a porno with him, or even locking herself up in some form of bondage, but none of those ideas seemed very exciting to Jamie. What she dreamt of was a new partner, one with surprises, one who was impetuous and unpredictable. And how was she supposed to tell Colin that?   
  
She couldn't cheat on him – she loved him too much to hurt him that badly. There were the kids to think of, and the life that she and Colin had built together. Jamie longed for a powerful orgasm, but she wasn't going to toss her life away while pursuing it.  
  
And so, she resigned herself to kissing, cunnilingus, missionary.   
  
But just as Jamie was about to admit to herself that the notion of a new partner was the stuff of late night sex dreams and supermarket fantasies, she had been presented with an opportunity. A gift. A willing partner. A friend.   
  
Jamie had, to be fair, freaked out when Erica had first approached her four days earlier. She wasn't sure if it was Erica's bluntness that had caused her to freeze up, or some long-forgotten relic of her Catholic upbringing, but Jamie had become highly discomposed when Erica had asked her for this favor. The thought of another woman with Colin had left her anxious and overwrought.   
  
But as the days past, and the potential plotline unfolded in her head, Jamie couldn't help but be turned on by the idea of Colin with his dick inside someone else. Or rather, the thought of watching Colin with his dick inside someone else.   
  
And, perhaps, the idea of another man fucking Jamie, while Colin watched.   
  
What Jamie found even more surprising, however, was the fact that the gender of her hypothetical partner was rather trivial. She was not a lesbian. Or, at least, she didn't think she was. At any given moment, the person eating her out was a man or a woman. At any given moment, the object being inserted inside her pussy was a real flesh-and-blood penis, or a plastic strap-on dildo. What seemed to matter was only Jamie's carnal bliss.  
  
And so, she began to contemplate Erica's favor, and to contemplate a favor in return.   
  
When Colin returned to the Observation Room a few minutes later, he found himself gazing upon a scene that had taken place a few minutes earlier – only he had, in its first iteration, been a part of it. His wife was seated at the ops desk, in his chair. Erica, meanwhile, was sitting on her lap, naked legs wrapped around her, while clad only in the topless black corset. Jamie's hands were all over Erica's body – both firmly planted on the bare skin of the dark-haired girl's buttocks. One strap of the blonde's dress had been pushed off her shoulder, exposing her right tit and inviting Erica to play with it, which Erica was doing happily. Both women were deeply involved in a kiss, a kiss that didn't break even after they'd noticed Colin entering the room.   
  
For Colin, the scene was apparently a straightforward example of predator-prey. "Erica!" he shouted angrily, his voice full of blame and anger. "Fuck!"  
  
Erica broke the kiss long enough to smile wickedly at Colin. She replied, "Okay," and began grinding her body even more forcefully into the other woman.   
  
It was only after a few more seconds that Colin took note of something else – Jamie wasn't fighting her off. In fact, Jamie was just as heavily involved in the embrace as the scientist, and Colin noted that her hand had been removed from Erica's buttock, and was now snaking its way towards her lap.   
  
As the dark-haired girl gasped in pleasure, Colin pleaded with his wife. "Jamie, stop! What are you doing?!!"  
  
Though Erica moaned, the two girls broke apart. Jamie pushed the other girl off her lap and, standing, onto the floor. She took another swig of wine before descending to her husband, and pulled the half-naked woman hand-in-hand behind her. The top of her dress was put back into place and, at least for a few more minutes, Jamie's body remained covered.   
  
It had taken courage for Jamie to have come to ConnPharm that night, courage to approach Erica about what she wanted in exchange for what Erica wanted. But Jamie was involved now, and after those first few steps, everything else seemed to be come more easily. The hurdle, however, would be Colin, and Jamie knew that she'd need to play him exactly right in order to get him to join them.   
  
Jamie dropped Erica's hand a few feet from Colin, who was still standing dumbfounded at the door. She approached him slowly and carefully, but with a swagger in her hips that made sure he knew who was in charge that night. With one hand on his waist, Jamie leaned close to him, and inserted the middle finger of her hand past his lips and into his mouth.   
  
Colin was hard in an instant, erect at the first taste of pussy in his mouth. Nearly sight unseen, Jamie had run the finger along the other girl's slit a few seconds earlier, dipping into her wetness only briefly. Colin's eyes went wide as he realized exactly whom he was tasting, while Jamie shivered with excitement at the thought of someone else's juices in her husband's mouth.   
  
"I want this," Jamie whispered plainly into Colin's ear. "I know that you want this, too."   
  
He shook his head, though only partially to respond to his wife in the negative. Obviously, Colin was trying to lift the fog of lust that was descending upon him. "The deuterotone," he stammered. "It's an aphrodisiac, Jamie. She's not herself. It's like someone slipped her something in her drink. We can't do this. You can't do this."  
  
Jamie faltered a bit. In all her time envisioning this moment, she hadn't given much thought to the source of Erica's sexual awakening. It seemed straight-forward when she'd first planned this evening out – Erica's inhibitions had been lifted by exposing herself to so many people, so much so that she was beginning to get a sexual charge out of her indecency. The scientist had mentioned the drugs in their last meeting, but Jamie had given the statement no thought.  
  
But Colin's point worried his wife. Was she taking advantage of Erica? Was she using Erica's keyed-up state for her own purposes? Was this girl's plight nothing more than a chance for Jamie to rejuvenate her sex life?  
  
Jamie turned to Erica, and Erica, obviously, read the hesitation in the blonde's face. Erica seemed to sense that the moment was in danger of slipping away, and so approached the couple. She gently pushed Jamie to one side, and found Colin's waist with her own hands.   
  
"Colin, I need this," Erica pleaded matter-of-fact. "I don't care if it's the deuterotone, or if it's some sort of deep-seated exhibitionist streak, or even if it's just the fact that I haven't been properly laid in the past four weeks. I'm not drunk – I have my senses about me. And I know that maybe this isn't how I've been in the past, how I've acted before this experiment, but it's still me." She stared him straight in the eyes. "And I need you to fuck me."  
  
Jamie nodded. She needed this, too. She and Colin needed it just as badly as Erica did.   
  
"I'm not saying that it's not the deuterotone, because I think that it's part of the equation, certainly," Erica continued. "But I'm a goddamned grown woman, Colin. I have desires. I have wants. I have needs. I can only finger-fuck myself for so long. I can only diddle myself with toys so many times. Your wife wants this, and she hasn't been injected with deuterotone. Is it so hard to believe that I, as a woman living a life of pornographic fantasy, would want to be fucked? That I would trust a friend to help me fill an emptiness in my body? That I need to feel my pussy wrapped around something more substantive than plastic?"   
  
As Erica talked, her fingers found Colin's belt. Slowly, but with purpose, she fed the leather through the buckle until it came free. With dexterity she had demonstrated on an unsuspecting Jamie a few days earlier, the girl's long fingers found the button at the top of Colin's pants, unsnapped it, and reached for his fly. Over the slow, hypnotic sound of the zipper being pulled apart, Erica finished by begging, "Please, Colin. I need it. I need your dick inside me. I need you to fuck me."  
  
Jamie's doubt faded with Erica's assurances, and now it seemed to be Colin whose convictions were being questioned. Jamie recognized the critical moment in her husband's face, and opted to act; by the time Colin came to grips with what he was doing, he'd be seven inches deep in the scientist. As Erica pulled his fly to its terminal point, Jamie buried her hand beneath the black cotton of Colin's boxer-briefs. Seconds later, she emerged with his dick, full at attention and pulsating with life.   
  
Jamie shot a look over to Erica, whose gaze was transfixed upon the member before her. By the way the black-haired girl's eyes nearly rolled back into her head, Jamie guessed that it was everything she was hoping for. More importantly, she seemed to know what Jamie wanted of her, what Jamie needed her to do to help make sure that Colin was on board. Fucking another woman was Jamie's fantasy, but Erica was only involved in that act so far as she needed to do it to get her real prize – Colin's cock.   
  
The fight was out of Colin's eyes the moment that Erica's red lips found the tip of his dick. There was hesitation, on his part, to be sure – he glanced at Jamie, just to reassure himself that this was what she wanted. With a nod from the blonde, the man surrendered to the warm, wet mouth overtaking his member.   
  
Erica moved slowly, savoring the taste of Colin's dick. Even if she were in desperate need of sex, she was taking her time, ensuring that this experience lasted as long as possible. Her right fist wrapped itself around his base and squeezed, just at the point when Colin's entirety was in her mouth. The man trembled unexpectedly, succumbing to the pleasure overtaking his body.   
  
Jamie had never been so turned on. This woman was a friend and stranger both, someone that she'd been acquainted with for years but never really known. And, at that moment, Colin was more intimate with her than he'd been with anyone aside from Jamie in fourteen years. Jamie couldn't believe how hot it made her, and though she was deeply looking forward to being eaten out, she also couldn't help but be excited about the prospect of Colin fucking Erica.   
  
Moved by lust, Jamie leaned against her the side of her husband's body, the bare skin of her legs rubbing against the bar skin of Erica's right arm. She ground her crotch into his thigh, and pulled his mouth to hers. While Erica continued to slurp below, Jamie and Colin locked themselves in a kiss containing more passion than any they'd experienced in the past few years. It was carnal. It was vulgar. It was emotional.   
  
The three were fixed to one another. Erica's whole head bobbed back and forth deliberately on Colin's dick, her lips and tongue working in unison with a purpose. Despite his best efforts to control them, Colin's pelvis thrust in and out from his body. And Jamie's pussy, with her skirt creeping steadily up her bare thighs, rubbed up and down on Colin's pant leg.   
  
Her lips still engaged with Colin's mouth, and her open legs still attached to Colin's thigh, Jamie pulled her the straps of her dress down her shoulders, and then with them, the cups. Her tits crept into view, certainly not as large as Erica's, but decidedly alluring in their own right. Both nipples stood at attention, giving further evidence of the heat they were all feeling. The red fabric inched further down her body – past her hips, down her thighs – until it puddled around her ankles. Her pussy was exposed to Erica and Colin both, neatly trimmed into the same thin strip of pubic hair, just as Jamie had witnessed on Erica's own body.   
  
But neither Colin's nor Erica's first glances were at Jamie's breasts, nor were they of her exposed sex. Instead, they both fixated upon the corset Jamie had purchased herself that afternoon.  
  
It matched Erica's in coverage, stopping below Jamie's breasts and above her pubic hair, just below her belly button. But while Erica's corset had been designed of durable fabric with only the functional notion of emitting tactile waves, Jamie's had been designed to touch, to feel, to titillate. It was made from black velvet, with five large, silver buckles running down the back.   
  
"I thought I'd try to match," Jamie mused, after finally breaking her embrace with her husband. She had, in fact, searched through five increasingly trashy stores in the greater Hartford area, until she found a corset that matched Erica's the best. Jamie doubted that she looked as much the part of the sex goddess as Erica did in hers; the scientist's breasts, now well into the Double D range, overflowed and spilled out of the open top.

It was a comparison that Jamie had dreaded all week. She'd seen Erica's body that Tuesday, and knew that it would be difficult to compete with. For years, Jamie had held the upper hand, as her breasts were larger, and her figure better accentuated by her more stylish attire. But Erica's top had caught up to Jamie's, and passed her by. And, corsets withstanding, the blonde knew that when they'd both stripped to their skin, pregnancy, breastfeeding, and a few years of seniority would take their toll.  
  
But whatever Jamie thought of her own body in relation to Erica's, it was obvious from Colin's open mouth that he liked what he saw. And, from the look in Erica's eyes – dick still firmly in mouth – it was clear that the scientist felt the same.   
  
Colin was already on the verge of cumming; Jamie could sense it in the way he was breathing. He may have belonged to Erica for the night, but it was Jamie who knew him best - when to push him and when to ease back. At the moment, it was the latter.   
  
Ignoring the disappointment on Colin's face, as well as the hunger in Erica's, Jamie pulled the dark-haired girl away from her husband. She replaced the scientist's warm mouth with her own firm grip, moving neither as fast nor as pleasurably, but with strength and control. Erica rose from her knees, sensing that this portion of the evening had drawn to close. The girl knew what was next, and she was more than willing to comply in order to get what she wanted.   
  
Taking Jamie's free hand in her own right, Erica pulled the blonde away from her husband, and consequently, away from dick. Colin moaned in frustration, but Jamie knew that he'd thank her for later for helping him compose himself.   
  
Erica, though, fully intended to make sure that he was primed before she got to him. Turning her head as she walked away, the scientist ordered Colin to follow them to the lunch table. She cooed, "Watch her scream."  
  
Jamie, meanwhile, just followed behind, across the Observation Room to the table on the other side of the room. Her mind had been going at a mile a minute that evening, as she worked up the courage to drive over to ConnPharm. But now, being led hand-in-hand by Erica, the blonde just allowed herself to shut off. She would do what her body wanted to do in pursuit of an orgasm, and give no thought to anything beyond her own physical pleasure.   
  
Erica pushed one chair aside and let Colin know that this would be where he was sitting. Meanwhile, Jamie was led the exact far side, and then forced to turn her back on her husband. Erica pushed her against the table, until Jamie's naked buttocks were pressed up against, and then seated upon, the sturdy metal table. And, after spreading Jamie's legs and inserting herself between the blonde's thighs, Erica leaned in for a kiss.   
  
Their lips were together, and their tits pressed hard against each other. For Jamie, it was strange to feel another woman's breasts rubbing against her own. But the sensation sent shivers down her spine - this wasn't her husband, and wasn't even a man. What she was doing was so unlike anything she had ever done before.   
  
Their pussies touched, Erica still standing and Jamie on the lunch table. Pubic hair against pubic hair, and wetness deep inside them both. Erica's fingers latched on to one of Jamie's nipples, and Jamie – unsure of where to put her hands – leaned forward to pull Erica's buttocks into her, bringing the dark-haired girl even closer. Their tongues intertwined, Erica's probing deep into Jamie's mouth.  
  
Jamie had her back to Colin, but every now and then, she caught Erica with her eyes wide open, looking past Jamie. Erica was very aware that they were being watched, and it was clear that she intended to keep their audience engaged.   
  
It wasn't long until the blonde was on her back, looking upside down and backwards at her husband's face. He wasn't as transfixed upon the scene unfolding in front of him as Jamie might have hoped, glancing backwards over his shoulder every now and then out of nervousness. But he was clearly turned on, watching Erica spread his wife's legs and waiting for his turn with one girl or both.   
  
Just as Jamie's supermarket fantasy girl had laid her across the dairy refrigerator's table, Erica had done the same thing on the lunch table. The difference, though, was that Erica pulled a chair up between Jamie's thighs, and had seated herself there. In front of the scientist, Jamie's wet pussy was spread wide, begging Erica to lean in and lick it. And Erica was more than willing to comply.   
  
Without a word, Erica's lips were upon Jamie's, her tongue pushing past the girl's folds and into her pussy. With her left hand, Erica spread the blonde's labia apart, revealing the girl's clitoris. She teased it with her lips, but continued to return to the depth of the blonde's cunt with her tongue, delving further and deeper than Jamie had thought possible. Erica lapped at the front of her insides, causing her to quiver with ecstasy.   
  
And then, just when Jamie thought she couldn't take any more teasing, Erica finally took her clit in her mouth. The dark-haired girl was still seated in her chair, leaning forward into the blonde's pussy, one hand holding back the folds so that she could better assail the pearl before her. Her tongue traced circles around the clit, flicking it back and forth, while her lips continued to kiss and massage it on the outside.   
  
Though the sensations radiating out from Jamie's twat were absolutely rapturous, she dreamt of the speed and power the supermarket girl had attacked her with in her fantasy. "Faster," she ordered Erica. "Please, faster."   
  
Erica breathed heavily, as if she were going to say something. Her speed increased, but she wavered again a few seconds later, again as if she were on the verge of asking Jamie something.   
  
"Erica?" Jamie asked, glancing down at the girl's eyes.   
  
The scientist broke off her cunnilingus for a few short seconds. She had another favor to ask, one that was obviously difficult to request. She was embarrassed, but obviously turned on by even the thought of what was on the tip of her tongue. Jamie would have granted the girl just about anything she had asked, if only to return the scientist to her clit.   
  
"What?" she asked, sounding desperate.   
  
"Call me a whore," Erica spat, visibly red-faced at her appeal, but also visibly stimulated at the sound of the word. She writhed in her chair, her own pussy kneading against the edge of the lunch table's chair. Obviously, Erica got off on talking dirty.   
  
It was a simple enough request, though it made Jamie as uncomfortable meeting it as it had Erica asking it. But Jamie wanted nothing more than for Erica to continue mouth-fucking her, and she knew that it just might – if it was even possible – excite Colin that much more.   
  
"You're a whore," Jamie panted. "Now, please, please, please, lick my pussy."  
  
Erica didn't immediately do as she was told. Instead, she grabbed Jamie's hips and flipped the girl, forcing her onto all fours atop the table. Glancing at the scientist through her own open legs, Jamie watched as Erica turned around, and then leaned backwards under her body. Her short hair hanging downwards, Erica returned her attention to the vagina above her. Jamie sighed with satisfaction, her eyes shutting at the deep carnal bliss Erica was inspiring within her.   
  
"Faster," she ordered, as her pelvis began to thrust downwards against Erica's face. "I want to cum hard," she announced to the room. "Make me cum, Erica." For good measure, she added awkwardly, "Make me cum, slut."   
  
The name made Erica hot, and her tongue began to move at an even more frenetic pace. Though the scientist had claimed never to have eaten another woman out, Jamie couldn't help but disbelieve her – she was either lying, or she herself had learned from a good teacher. Jamie's entire body gyrated in rhythm with Erica's tongue, and it convulsed in joy as Erica's middle finger found the inside of her pussy. It wasn't quite as filling as her husband's dick inside of her, but the combination of the thrusts of the finger with the osculation of the tongue was sublime.   
  
When Jamie opened her eyes, it was her husband's face that awaited her. Propping herself up on her left elbow, she reached and pulled his shirt towards her, until she was able to kiss him. She was sighing, moaning, and panting. She emitted two or three high-pitched yelps into Colin's mouth, and she was soon forced to break off the kiss for the pleasure in her lower body.   
  
"Oh," Jamie sighed. "Oh, oh, oh..."  
  
Colin ran his hands through her hair, pulling it back and combing it through his fingers.   
  
Jamie, meanwhile, called out, "Oh, make me cum....oh, make me cum...oh, please, please...Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh....you're such a whore....such a whore..."  
  
Erica had removed her middle finger from Jamie's pussy, and was now circling around and around the sensitive skin by Jamie's asshole. The blonde, despite any experimentation she had done with her husband or in her younger years, had never attempted anything so dirty, so risqué. But she didn't tell Erica to stop, even though she suspected what was coming next. This was why she had wanted a new partner, this was why she had wanted this threesome – to experience new things, to experiment outside her normal realm of comfort. She had let her body take over, Jamie told herself, and, at that moment, this was what her body wanted.   
  
Jamie's whole body began spasming just before Erica entered her backside, and it continued to do so with increasing force as Erica's finger forced itself further. Jamie was cumming already, but it was a slow climax, with depth and power that her body hadn't experienced in sometime.   
  
"Oh my god!" she panted. She squealed, a high-pitched whine the shocked her and Colin both, her vocals chords tightening with her pussy muscles. As the air passed from her lungs, and her cunt ground hard down on Erica's chin, Jamie sensed teardrops forming in the corner of her vision. Her eyesight blurred, her knees went weak, and her body temperature seemed to rise ten degrees almost instantaneously.   
  
Erica extracted herself from beneath the blonde, allowing Jamie to roll sideways on the table. She had neither the strength nor state of mind to move any further; all she wanted to do was to bask in the afterglow of her divine orgasm.   
  
Jamie's part in the piece had drawn to a close – at least for the present.   
  
Erica stood, and padded barefoot around the table. On her way, Jamie heard the girl open the cooler next to her, and after some rustling, heard the lid shut. In Jamie's hand, the dark-haired girl placed a long, narrow object. Glancing at it, Jamie's suspicions were confirmed – it was a vibrator. Classic design, with a tiger print to it. Jamie had owned a similar toy years before, but the batteries had run down and she'd never bothered to replace them, adding it to the boxes of keepsakes in the attic.   
  
For herself, Erica had retrieved a more disconcerting piece of plastic. Four inches long, with three bulbs increasing in size from the tip to the oval-ish base. Made from a soft, slightly pink-tinted, opaque jelly. An anal plug.   
  
Jamie blinked uncomfortably at the sight of the toy. She certainly hoped it wasn't for her, as her first experience with anal play had taken place not more than three minutes earlier. But as she rolled from the table-top, her eyes were alight with curiosity, eager to watch Erica insert it into herself.   
  
Colin, it appeared, shared in the sentiment.   
  
Jamie took a seat on the far chair. The juices of Erica's pussy were smeared on the edge, where the dark-haired girl had rubbed herself while performing cunnilingus on Jamie. Jamie paid little attention to them, however, as her own pussy was still soaking wet and would soon be drenching the chair as well. She felt the weight of the vibrator in her hand, but hesitated before turning it on – she wanted to watch Erica approach her husband.   
  
Erica had rounded the table, and now stood between Colin and the lunch table. The plug was left on the table as the girl approached Jamie's husband, straddling him as she had done to Jamie earlier, and as Jamie had to Colin even earlier. Her naked thighs rested upon his khakis, her uncovered pussy pressing against his still exposed dick. Colin had stroked it a few times while waiting for his wife to orgasm, but he was saving himself for this, for Erica.   
  
The girl looked as if she was going to kiss Colin on the lips, as she had with Jamie. But, to Jamie's relief, she settled on the man's neck, and the underside of his chin. As she brushed against his skin with her lips, her pubic hair rubbed against the underside of his erection, and her nipples grazed against the cotton fabric of his shirt.  
  
Erica didn't wait long to envelop Colin's dick with her pussy – just long enough to undress him. She pulled his shirt over his head, excitement continuing to build. She helped him wriggle out of his pants and underwear, licking the tip of his cock again briefly as she did so. He had already kicked off his shoes and socks while Erica and Jamie had been engaged, and without much fanfare, Colin was soon the most naked person in the room.   
  
For Erica, it had to have been a welcome change, Jamie thought to herself.   
  
If the same realization had occurred to Erica, though, the dark-haired girl didn't let it slow her down. After popping the dick out of her mouth one last time, Erica once against straddled Jamie's husband, sinking quickly as she slid fluidly onto his erection.   
  
"Fuuuck," Erica exhaled. To Jamie, the girl sounded as if she were a drug addict, injecting herself with her narcotic of choice. This was what Erica has so desperately pleaded with her for, what Erica had wanted and needed. This was what would satisfy her in a way that she hadn't been able to do on her own.   
  
"I'm such a whore," Erica grinned mischievously, rising and falling on Colin's member.   
  
"You are," Colin agreed. "You've been fucking yourself in front of dozens of people. You've made everyone believe it's the deuterotone, but when it comes down to it, you're just a dirty exhibitionist slut."  
  
There was an element of truth to Colin's words, an accusation in his sex talk. But it seemed only to further excite the dark-haired girl, who quivered with each dirty word.   
  
"It turns you on," she huffed, "watching me fuck myself. Watching me stick my fingers in my pussy. Watching me play with my clit. Watching me dildo myself. Watching me cum at the lunch table while you pretend to ignore me."  
  
Colin was going to reply, but Erica gasped in pleasure instead.  
  
"Fuck!" She continued to bounce up and down, her augmented tits moving on their own. And she continued to taunt the technician, confessing, "I didn't touch myself in front of you for days. But when I did, it turned me on more than it had in front of anyone else. You're so uncomfortable. You're so fucking turned on. You're so....oh, oh....you're so....fuck....fuck!...FUCK!....you're so fucking hard!"  
  
Erica continued to kiss Colin's bare skin, and Colin, in turn, took one of Erica's rock-hard nipples into his mouth. He nibbled, licked, and teased, sending the girl through the atmosphere.   
  
"That's what you get off on, isn't it?" Colin asked, his words muffled by the bulk of Erica's breasts. "People watching you. People staring at your body. People watching you with your fingers in your twat, sweating and panting away."  
  
Each accusation caused Erica to shriek, her high-pitched whine allowing Jamie to ascertain that Erica was getting off on Colin's words as much as she was his dick. He continued to deride her, and Erica's sexual pleasure seemed to increase proportionately.   
  
Jamie watched from her side of the table, mesmerized. Most of her husband was obscured from view by the scientist thrashing around wildly in his lap. Still, she was transfixed by the entire scene, a voyeur uninvolved directly in the congress before her. She was still coming down from her own orgasm, but she watched intently, hoping to witness Erica's.   
  
"On my back. On the table," Erica panted. "Fuck me on the table."  
  
It didn't take much. Erica was light, and Colin strong, and the pair was soon half-on/half-off the table where Erica ate each meal. She was flat on her back, with her legs spread wide around Colin's bare arms. Her left hand found the anal plug, and played with it longingly. Meanwhile, her right found the base of the technician's shaft, her fingers wrapped tightly around it and her palm kneading her own clit forcefully.   
  
Colin looked Jamie in the eyes as he thrust deep and hard into the girl on the table. The intensity of the stare gripped Jamie to her very core, and she nearly orgasmed again - without even touched her own pussy.   
  
Jamie watched pornography from time to time, and she always got off on watching others having sex. Most often, she imagined herself as the woman in the film, engaged in various positions with various partners of various genders. This, however, was something completely different. It was voyeuristic. It was dirty. It was naughty. It was arousing.   
  
She didn't want to be Erica at that moment, repetitively yelping, "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" as Colin plunged deeper inside of her. She didn't want to be Colin, screwing the girl like he was, no matter how her heterosexual inclinations had been challenged that night. No, Jamie preferred where she was, watching the man she loved fuck another woman.   
  
It was too much for Jamie to watch without touching herself. She flipped the vibrator on, caught a knowing smile from her husband, and allowed her arm to descend to her own lap. The quiet hum of the vibrator soon joined the chorus of Erica's hallelujah chorus a few feet away.   
  
Erica's yips had come closer together, and were even more high-pitched than they had been before. She had lost the ability to form even the dirtiest of words in her mouth, forced to grunt syllables – or even just vowels – as her body began to quake on the table. Her tits seemed to bounce independently, inertia preventing them from keeping up with the back-and-forth motion of the rest of her being. Her short black hair was everywhere – matted against the table, matted against her forehead, shading one of her eyes. Her fingers had abandoned Colin's member, and were working furiously on the top of her pussy, rubbing her clit with desperation.   
  
"Cumming!" Erica squealed, her first full word in minutes. "I'm cumming! I'm cumming! I'm cumming!"   
  
Sure enough, the quick and rhythmic motion of the girl's body slowed, her face warped with sexual rapture. She tried to scream again, but instead was only able to emit a deep guttural.   
  
From Colin's face, it was obvious that he was about to explode, as well. In everything, she had forgotten to communicate her rule about cumming inside of Erica, and she panicked for a second, thinking that it was imminent and unpreventable. For a moment, there was an impulse at the back of her mind, urging Colin on, urging Colin to shoot inside the girl. It was the final sin, and a transcendent turn-on.   
  
Her husband was unaware of Jamie's wishes, but Erica was. Though the dark-haired girl was still euphoric in the ebb of her orgasm, she maintained presence of mind enough to clutch Colin by the base of his dick, preventing him from ejaculating. As it turned out, this had less to do with Jamie's wishes or even Erica's own desire to keep the technician's jizz from the inside of her cunt. She simply wanted to prolong their session.   
  
"Not yet," Erica warned. "I'm not done."  
  
Colin looked dismayed at the denial, but only for a moment. He smiled wickedly, before observing, "You really are a slut."   
  
The girl returned the grin. She was still breathing heavily, but the reports of her carnal joy had died away, and the only sounds in the room were soon just the steady buzz of the vibrator and Jamie's gasps. Intercourse between Erica and Colin may have drawn to a temporary lull, but the blonde was still engaged with her tiger-print toy.

Still holding Colin's dick in one hand, and her own toy in the other, Erica drew the plug close to her pussy. It was shorter than most of the dildos and vibrators that the technicians had bestowed up her in the previous week and half, but the third bulb, the bulb closest to the base, was a bit wider than most of Erica's more traditional toys. Nonetheless, Erica dipped the pink-tinted jelly into her saturated vagina, one bulb after the other, while Colin watched.   
  
Erica gulped as the toy entered her cunt. After feeling the life of a real flesh-and-blood cock inside of her, it had to have been disappointing. But as Jamie soon realized, this particular insertion had nothing to do with sexual pleasure. Rather, it was utilitarian – Erica's sopping wet pussy was a tool for her to use, in order to properly lubricate the anal plug. When she had satisfactorily covered the pink jelly in her own juices, the scientist drew it out of herself. She huffed with apprehension, and then rolled onto her elbow.   
  
Content that Colin's need for immediate release had passed, Erica let the man's cock free. Both her legs were bent, on flat against the hard surface of the table, the other suspended in mid-air. With her left hand, Erica traced the skin from the back of her slit to her asshole. With her right, she began to gently press the plastic inside of her.   
  
"Oh, God, I'm such a slut," Erica cooed as the first of three bulbs disappeared inside her ass. Her hips seemed to move of their own accord, bucking upwards against the air.   
  
"But....," she began, interrupting herself with a gasp as the second bulb joined the first. "But it feels so fucking gooood."  
  
The third bulb was the biggest, but the plastic jelly had some give. With a little force, and a few grunts, Erica was able to squeeze the final orb inside of her, this time emitted nothing more than a loud purr. It was only four inches long, an amateur's toy, a plug for beginners. But Jamie had never done anything like it before, and from the look on Erica's face as she rolled onto her chest, Jamie guessed that Erica hadn't, either.   
  
Erica propped herself up, unhurriedly, onto her knees and forearms. It was the same position Jamie had been in a few minutes earlier, when Erica had eaten her out. This time, however, the two women were face to face, the scientist watching the blonde diddling herself with the vibrator. Colin was behind the dark-haired girl, still capable of looking his wife in the eyes as he approached the other woman. With little coaxing from Erica, Colin was back inside of her, his dick feeling the added pressure of the anal plug squeezing the girl's pussy from the back.   
  
Intercourse soon continued, Erica pushing off from one orgasm in the hopes of achieving another. Colin was just tall enough to stand up straight behind the girl, fucking her doggy-style while continuing to watch his wife and her toy. The combined sensation of both the cock and the plug were almost too much for Erica, who bit down on her lower lip as she pushed back against the technician's hips. Her eyelids fluttered, tears of pleasure beginning to form. Her head dropped, so that she was long longer looking Jamie in the eyes, instead staring at nothing but the bare Formica beneath her. And her hands clenched white-knuckled around the edge of the table, the girl holding on with all her might.   
  
Jamie watched with nothing but animal lust. She could feel another orgasm rising within her, but she delayed it long enough to lean in and tease the dark-haired girl.   
  
"Do you like fucking my husband, slut?" Jamie whispered in Erica's ear. She was still moderately uncomfortable talking dirty, especially loudly for her husband to hear. But she got off on the way Erica reacted, cooing with obscene delight.  
  
It was, however, difficult to susurrate into the girl's ear, as Erica's entire body was still driving back and forth on the tip of Colin's dick. Ever more so, it would be difficult to find the girl's mouth, with her face angled downwards and her entire head jouncing here and there with the pleasures of her pussy.   
  
"Pull her hair," Jamie told her husband wickedly. She herself was gasping for air, as her own climax seemed to be more impending than that of the dark-haired girl. And Jamie intended to be locked mouth-to-mouth with the girl as she came.   
  
Colin had no intention of doing as he had been told. He and Jamie had never played rough, aside from a few light spankings here or there. He certainly wasn't going to grab at Erica's hair, even if she was currently shish-kabobbed at the end of his cock.   
  
Jamie, however, ordered him to do. "Pull the slut's hair. I want her head back."  
  
Erica groaned at the suggestion. She even managed to plead, "Please. Please."   
  
Though it appeared the Colin was still trying to ascertain whether Erica was begging him to pull her hair, or simply begging him not to pull her hair, he followed his wife's instructions. Balling the back of her short black hair into his right fist, the technician pulled back – gently at first, but gradually with more force as she fought against him.   
  
"Bitch," Jamie issued, before pressing her lips tight against Erica's. Their tongues once again found each other, their kiss alive with heat. Both girls continued to squirm, each lost in the delectation of their pussies.   
  
Jamie orgasm snuck up on her. In one minute, she was lost in her kiss with the other woman. In the next, she was biting Erica's lower lip viciously, bouncing up and down in her seat.   
  
"Oh my god," Jamie exhaled. Unlike her last orgasm, which had elicited a high-pitched scream, this climax was more subdued, but no less pleasurable. It was deeper, emanating from some place other than her vagina, and quickly filled her entire body with warmth. She fell back into her seat, staring up at Erica, whose hair was still being held from behind, her head locked into place like an animal.   
  
But Erica pushed back, preventing Colin from thrusting forward again. She shoved with all her strength against the table, until the technician was forced to take a step backwards, and Erica herself was able to plant a single bare foot on the cold floor.   
  
They fell back together, still unified at their respective sexual organs. Colin landed on the chair behind him, and Erica on top of him. She wrapped one arm around his neck, and leaned back against his seated body. Her legs spread apart, straddling the outside of his naked thighs, and exposing the whole of her pussy – cock still firmly implanted within – to the woman across the way.   
  
Her whole body drove up and down like a piston on Colin's dick. Her eyes shut, and Jamie could tell that Erica was spending all her concentration on the sensation inside of her pussy. In fact, Jamie was able to cross the room completely unnoticed.   
  
The blonde took to her knees, dropping down between the open legs of her husband and his partner both. The smell of sex was overwhelming – the aroma of Colin's manhood intertwined with Erica's vaginal secretions in a lust-filled perfume. Wasting no time, Jamie took her husband's ball sack into her mouth, even as it jounced up and down against Erica's crotch.   
  
One of Erica's hands held fast to Colin's neck for balance, but the other found her own left breast even as she opened her eyes to find Jamie between her legs. As the dark-haired girl began to squeeze her nipple, the blonde ascended from the man's testicles to Erica's clit. She found it easily, as Erica's legs were spread far apart, and her pussy wide open, as well. And, seconds after Jamie's lips tightened around the girl's love-button, she knew that the girl was about to erupt.   
  
"Fuck!" Erica screamed, grinding around both against Colin's dick and Jamie's mouth. The anal plug was still deeply embedded within her, and Jamie could only imagine the sheer bliss at feeling all three stimuli at once. Through gritted teeth, the girl yelped once more. "Fuck!"   
  
Even as Jamie continued to tongue her clit, Erica orgasmed loudly. "Oh, fuck," she breathed. "I'm cumming! I'm cumming! I'm...Fuck! Fuck!!! FUCK!!!"  
  
With that, Erica let out a scream. Jamie was sure that someone else in ConnPharm would hear her, but at that moment, she could not have cared less. Erica continued to drive up and down on Colin, hoping to prolong the orgasm. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and it was clear that this orgasm dwarfed the last.   
  
Jamie's thumb and forefinger were wrapped around the base of Colin's cock, drenched in Erica's juices. As Erica's rise and fall ground to slow motion, the blonde felt the familiar twitch in her husband's dick. He, too, was about to cum, and Jamie doubted whether he'd be able to hold back again.   
  
The blonde popped the cock out of Erica's body. Though both Colin and Erica howled, Jamie wrapped her lips around the tip, sucking strongly as Colin began to surge. His charge shot into her mouth, and Jamie wasn't quite sure if her husband had ever cum this much in his life. It gushed again and again, the taste of Colin meeting the taste of Erica in her mouth.   
  
The dark-haired girl, for her part, had half-risen to her feet. She was still straddling Colin with her legs open, but she was supporting her own weight, even if her balance was suspect due to week knees. Grabbing at Colin's shaft with one hand, and Jamie's blonde hair with the other, Erica continued to milk the man beneath her, his dick protruding out from between her legs. From the front, with Colin's body shielded from view - and given the way that Erica controlled both the dick and the back on the blonde's head – it could have been Erica's cum that Jamie was drinking.   
  
When Colin finally groaned in conclusion, Erica pulled the man's wife to her feet. With semen dribbling down her chin, and quite a bit still in her mouth, she leaned in and Erica kissed her. Together, they shared the salty taste of Colin's wad.   
  
Colin was completely spent, as evidenced by the way he slouched back into her chair.  
  
The girls, too, both seemed exhausted. This, however, did not prevent Erica from leading Jamie by the hand away from the table. They walked delicately towards the exercise area on the far side of the room, Erica promising in a whisper, "I'm going to fucking lick you from inside out."  
  
Jamie, of course, was intrigued. She knew another orgasm was a long way off, but she fully intended to take Erica up on her offer. They'd take turns, or even pleasure each other simultaneously – but do so slowly, teasingly, passionately.   
  
To Colin, who seemed shocked that either girl still had the energy to continue, Erica turned and shot him a smile. "Jamie and are going to play while you rest up."  
  
Colin looked at the scientist quizzically.   
  
"Tessa doesn't get here for another couple of hours," the girl explained coquettishly. "And you still haven't even fucked your own wife."   
  
The girl turned back around, and calmly led the blonde with her, by the hand, to the weight bench. Without looking at him, Erica added, "And after that, I fully intend to fuck you again. I'm your bitch in heat."

**The Bullpen Ch. 06**

"There are some kinks to be worked out, for sure," Bill Forrester agreed with the group of men and women around him. "Side effects, bodily responses, more accurate predictions, et cetera, et cetera. But we're not going to be able to isolate the secondary responses to the deuterotone without further testing."  
  
"Meaning...?" This came from Ken Hastings, Forrester's direct superior and the chief operating officer of Connecticut Pharmaceuticals, in its entirety. He was a balding man, in his mid-fifties, a bit pudgy like Forrester himself. And, over the course of the previous few weeks, he'd been playing devil's advocate to those who had been short-of-breath due to the excitement of Erica Rivers's experiment.   
  
"Meaning," Jake Rinaldi interjected, "that we won't be able to isolate whether the concomitant is an individual psychological response to unrelated stimuli, or an effect of the deuterotone itself, without moving forward with Phase One trials."  
  
Rinaldi was the most junior executive in the room, a vice president in a throng of executive vice presidents, senior vice presidents, and members of the Board. He was, however, Forrester's right-hand man, with direct responsibilities for the Human Hormones Lab, among other things. It was Rinaldi who worked directly with lead scientists, research principals, and – in this case – with Dr. Natalie Hart, director of the Human Hormones Lab itself. Thus, Rinaldi was perhaps the most informed person in the room, aside from maybe the peroxide blonde technician behind the ops desk, or the naked scientist writhing on the floor behind him.   
  
There were fifteen men and women in all - not including Wendy Milne, who watched the group with disinterest from the far side of the room. Forrester had assembled the Board of Directors and all of management that Monday evening, leading them down to ConnPharm's state-of-the-art data collection device, the Bullpen. The Executive Vice President of Corporate Strategy, the Senior Vice President of Sales and Marketing, the Senior Vice President of Finance, the Chief Medical Officer, ConnPharm's General Counsel, Hastings the COO, and even Andrew Donnelly, the Chairman, President, and CEO, stood before him, peering through the one-way glass at the dark-haired woman confined to the Bullpen. They were joined by the seven members of the Board, six men and one woman, all of whom seemed enthralled in the peep show to which they were being indulged.   
  
Erica Rivers could have perhaps better explained the science behind her recent breast augmentation, but Rinaldi had kept the group's visit from the scientist, and had instructed Wendy Milne to do the same. There were concerns about Erica's erratic behavior over the past few weeks, and Rinaldi had doubted that the girl would be able to divorce herself from the various perversions she had wallowed in to adequately respond to the queries of management and the Board.   
  
Even now, despite being entirely unaware of the twelve men and three women on the other side of the mirror glass, Erica was on her knees, bent over and supporting herself on her left elbow, with her posterior in the air. Her right hand was moving rapidly back and forth between her legs, and it was clear to all present that the girl was both gasping for air and moaning with gratification. Thankfully to some, and perhaps disappointingly to others, Erica remained facing the wall to the left of the Bullpen, meaning her left leg blocked a direct vista of her vagina itself. Her forehead was resting against her left forearm, inches from the plastic keyboard she'd been heavily engaged with just minutes earlier.   
  
Projected onto the wall were a series of biochemical structures, hardly pornographic, hardly arousing. Forrester and Rinaldi had both warned their audience that they might be exposed to "questionable" content being projected in the Bullpen, but Erica hadn't needed visual depictions of nudity and sex to start masturbating sixteen days earlier, and she apparently didn't need them now, either.   
  
"Shouldn't the deuterotone be out of her system by now?" Michael Yamamoto, the Chief Medical Officer, asked quizzically. His eyes remained fixed on the black-haired woman before him, but he seemed to be looking at her as a puzzle, and not as sexual object. Yamamoto had mostly been detached from the deuterotone project, though his underlings in Medical Oversight had nearly shut it down. He, like many in ConnPharm's upper management, had doubted the results of Dick Abbott's report – it seemed less likely that sweet, conservative Erica Rivers had been masking a vulgar exhibitionist streak all these years, and more likely that she was simply reacting to the drugs in her system. But the deuterotone had run its course, and after the girl's final injection seven days earlier, the compound should have been flushed.   
  
Which left Yamamoto, among others, to begin wondering if Dick Abbott's report was indeed correct.   
  
"There are trace amounts," Rinaldi conceded, but it was clear from his answer, and his tone, that even he had begun to believe that Erica's behavior was psychologically-induced, and not thrust upon her by foreign chemistry. He added, "And I should note that, even in the week following Dr. Rivers's first injection, the level of deuterotone in her system was no higher than the level of testosterone in the bodies of each and every man in this room."   
  
"So she's a...?" Jane Allard, the head of sales and marketing, obviously wanted to finish the question with a range of choice words, from slut, to whore, to nymphomaniac, but she instead just let her voice trail off.  
  
"She was a poor choice for this early analysis," Rinaldi answered, diplomatically, "given the amount of exposure she has undergone, and given what sort of personality quirks may or may not have existed in the recesses of her subconscious."  
  
"On the one hand," Forrester stepped in, "we have twelve years worth of trials and experiments on rats and rabbits and chimps. We have a mountain of data, and any number of models that should predict side effects in the human body. On the other, we have one early analysis, performed upon a woman who might very well be battling her own inner demons and repression."  
  
"But the science works," Donnelly said flatly. He had been quiet for much of the expedition into the Observation Room, taking in the beautiful girl that was hunched over on the clinically white floor of the Bullpen. Her paced had lessened, and the heaving of her chest had slowed with it. If she'd hadn't just orgasmed and was coming down, than she was slowly building to her climax.   
  
"The science works," Forrester agreed. "We overshot the model a bit, but individual body chemistry is always going to prevent us from being exact."  
  
Donnelly raised an eyebrow.  
  
"She was shooting for a D-cup, Andrew," the head of research and development explained. "She's a double D."  
  
"From a B-cup?" Harriet Vanoza asked. She was a member of the Board, a successful biochemistry professor at the state's university in Storrs.   
  
Forrester nodded.   
  
The room was silent for a moment, each person staring in at Erica, each one of them lingering upon the girl's breasts, dangling down beneath her in the Bullpen.   
  
"If the science works," Donnelly began, "and we're at least fifty percent sure that Dr. Rivers's behavior is, in fact, Dr. Rivers, and not the deuterotone, then I'd recommend that we go forth with the Phase One trials. Stephanie," he gestured to the General Counsel, Stephanie Smith, who stood behind him, "can do a more thorough examination of whatever sort of legal implications we might be opening ourselves up to."  
  
Donnelly looked to Forrester, and asked, "Do we need to do a psych evaluation on our subjects?"  
  
Forrester looked to Rinaldi, who responded for his boss. "It won't be an issue, if we're not using the Bullpen. I doubt, very much, that Dr. Rivers's idiosyncrasies would have been triggered to the degree they were, had she remained fully clothed and gone home every night."  
  
"Hmm," Donnelly replied. After a few moments, he turned to Ed Mollohan, the head of corporate strategy, and ordered, "Get in touch with Jagdesh Trivedi and Elisabeth Parker at Green College."  
  
Turning to the others, he explained, "If we do this, I want a small, contained community, like Hancock, New Hampshire, and I want both professors involved, Trivedi on the biochemistry side, and Parker on the women's issues."   
  
Donnelly's eyes moved away from his executives and his Board, and back to the shorthaired scientist, whom he swore was barking curse words through her climax. The sound was muffled by the heavy amounts of sensors, wiring, and glass between the Bullpen and the Observation Room, and given that none of the others was standing as close as the CEO, he doubted that the others had heard the same string of expletives. All of them, however, saw Erica roll onto her backside, satiated for the time being.   
  
Glancing at Rinaldi, Donnelly suggested, "Have one of your people put together a reception for Wednesday of next week – in one of the function rooms upstairs, or at a restaurant nearby. Invite the Human Hormone staff, the technical staff, the Board, everyone here, and so on. Self-control aside, that little girl has done a bang-up job on this project, and I want to make sure that we all know how appreciative we are of her sacrifices."  
  
Donnelly looked back at the naked girl. Was it truly a personality fault that had set the girl off? Was she truly in the possession of a subconscious tic that had been the impetus behind her behavior? Or would another woman, given the same external stimuli, react that same way? Did the women around him – Smith, Allard, Professor Vanoza – secretly harbor the fantasy of being a wanton sex object? A nude goddess?   
  
Perhaps it was an experiment for another time.   
  
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Hannah Cho slid her card key through the slot next to the Observation Room's door. The light blinked three times, and the biologist was allowed in; into the small universe that her friend had made her home for the past four and a half weeks.   
  
Erica was locked away in the Bullpen, watching something on the projection screen, something Hannah thought was familiar, but did not recognize or give much thought. She was, unsurprisingly, knuckle-deep in her own pussy, seated with her back against the wall and her legs spread wide before her. Initially, Hannah had been extremely uncomfortable about seeing her friend masturbate. But now, though the awkwardness had not dissipated completely, she was no longer shocked to find Erica in the throes of self-pleasure, in the Bullpen or out of it.   
  
Colin Eggert was hunched over the ops desk, making sure the programs he'd spent the past few days on would all run smoothly once he'd gone home for the night. The Bullpen constantly needed to be tweaked, repaired, and improved, and the demands upon Colin didn't stop with the deuterotone project – he was running analyses for Dr. van Guilder, doing prep work for Dr. Brigham, and completing feasibility studies for people like Hannah Cho. To Hannah, it seemed as if Colin's life, at least lately, had been all work and no play – he was probably looking forward to the end of the experiment as much as Erica was, to find his release.   
  
Hannah was dressed casually, wearing a pair of straight-legged, grey wool pants, closed-toed shoes, and a simple white-with-blue-stripes blouse. She had, slung over one shoulder, a small bag, which she set down in front of Erica's locker. Erica's pink panties, long hung on the hook inside her open locker, had mysteriously disappeared a few days earlier, though the scientist herself seemed unconcerned.   
  
Hannah's hair was shorter than it had been the previous week. She had explained to Erica, and to others, that the nude girl's new haircut – courtesy of Colin – had inspired her to trim her locks, as well. Hannah had gone for a trim that weekend, and Erica had received another on Monday.   
  
Erica's experiment was entering its final week, and given the enormous breasts she now possessed, it seemed as if it had been a success. Most of the deuterotone had been flushed from her system, but the final seven days in the Bullpen were both necessary and precautionary. Erica and Noah wanted to make sure that their subject's body was, in fact, clear of their artificial hormone. It was also important that Erica's readings closely matched those of her first week in the Bullpen, when they had recorded her baselines.  
  
Though Erica wasn't quite sure why Colin needed to trim her hair back again, she hadn't questioned him. He'd done a halfway respectable job the first time, and Erica knew that she could visit a salon in just over a week if there was repair work to be done. Her black strands were brought back above her chin, and though it didn't look quite as professional as her Korean friend's hair, Erica had to admit that it didn't look awful.   
  
If anything, the haircut had allowed Erica another escape from the Bullpen; on Monday morning, the technical staff had met with the lab staff to discuss a few "irregularities" in some of the readings.   
  
During Erica's forays into the Observation Room, she was forced to wear a corset, of sorts. Equipped with similar technologies and sensors that were built into the very walls of the Bullpen, the corset covered little, leaving Erica's tits bouncing out in the open before her, and keeping her pussy exposed, as well. In the first few weeks, Erica had hated the corset – she had a measure of denial behind the mirror-glass as to who was looking in at her, and she felt that the little amount that the corset covered only drew more attention to those parts that were not. But, as the days passed, Erica began looking forward to her time in the Observation Room. She began enjoying the looks from her co-workers, she began feeling more comfortable with her body, and she began getting off on them watching her get off. If nothing else, Erica looked forward to escaping the sweet smell of her sex that had engulfed the interior of the Bullpen, owing the scientist's near constant self-pleasure.   
  
But the corset had its limitations. Readings were not as encyclopedic as those obtained by the Bullpen, which both the lab staff and the technical staff knew going into the experiment. But Erica needed time outside the small room, for food and exercise, and they'd agreed that the corset was a necessary evil.   
  
Lately, however, there'd been problems of "phantom heartbeats" and confused readings. In addition to Erica's own information, the corset would pick up data from seemingly thin air – most of it garbage. Most of the Bullpen's staff believed that it was a problem with the corset – the tactile waves in the Bullpen were perfectly calculated for the rectangular box in which Erica sat. The corset was not. The misreadings seemed to happen during periods of increased heart rate, shallow breathing, and vaginal contraction – while Erica was bringing herself to climax outside the Bullpen. It didn't happen every time, though, and the technicians couldn't get the problem to recur during examination.   
  
Erica had been quite willing to fuck herself in the Observation Room that Monday morning, to see if Colin could isolate the problem. She spread out, on her back, on the floor of the exercise area, and went to work. While Colin and Marty Coombs pored over the readings, Erica reached orgasm with one of her vibrators. And then with a simple dildo. And then with a different vibrator. And then with a different dildo. They were simply unable to recreate the problem.  
  
Colin had been concerned, at first, about the timing of one of the malfunctions. That previous Saturday evening, when he had fucked both Erica and his wife every which way, the corset had misfired and picked up a second heartbeat. Colin grew concerned that his physical proximity to the girl, or Jamie's, had caused the misread. He said nothing about this to his staff, or to the lab staff, but he shot a troubled look at Erica, who didn't seem as anxious about being discovered as Colin.   
  
But the echoes had first appeared the previous Tuesday, and had popped up a few times since then, when Colin was off-duty. Erica assured him, in private, that he was the only man she'd been with in the past four weeks, and Colin was left scratching his head.   
  
In the end, it was Natalie Hart that stepped in. Since the problem seemed to be occurring between the hours of five in the afternoon through one in the morning, Erica would be forbidden from leaving the Bullpen outside the hours of nine to five. They'd gotten much more liberal with her trips into the Observation Room over the previous few weeks, and though there were only a few isolated instances of technology failures, it didn't seem to hurt to try and stop them from happening again.   
  
Secondly, Erica was asked to refrain from masturbating outside of the Bullpen. Natalie had been the one to tell Erica.  
  
"No one's asking you to stop altogether," the blonde had assured the girl. "It's not an issue of decency, or any sort of puritanical notion. You can touch yourself from the moment the door closes until the moment it opens again – I don't care. But you're going to have to remember some semblance of self-control for the short sojourns in the corset."  
  
Erica had acquiesced to her boss's wishes. Self-control had not been her strength, of late, but she did not want to compromise her experiment if she didn't need to. She, alone, realized that the problem wasn't her masturbation, or the toys, or even the corset, exactly – it was the fact that she kept getting too close to her sexual partners. Colin had been right about his presence, and Jamie's, that Saturday night. On the other occasions, Erica had been gasping in ecstasy as Wendy had eaten her out, for the total cost of $600 to date.   
  
The hard part would be giving up her toys, though. Mike Takahashi had carried Erica's entire cooler out of the Observation Room on Monday afternoon, on Natalie's instruction. The older woman assured her protégé, who was visibly upset, that they'd be safe in Erica's office until the end of the experiment.   
  
Finally, Erica's trips out of the Bullpen, even during the nine-to-five shift, would be drastically reduced. Erica would be allowed to eat breakfast at nine, lunch at 12:30, and dinner at 4:40, each meal taking no longer than twenty minutes. She'd exercise inside the Bullpen – stretching, sit-ups, push-ups, squat-thrusts, and so on – thereby spending twenty-three hours per day inside the Bullpen for every one hour that she spent outside of it.   
  
Thus, when Hannah walked by the exercise equipment on her way to the lockers, none of it had been used in two days. Erica hadn't complained, though – she had only a week to go, and she was getting plenty of activity inside the Bullpen, from her assigned drills to the more pleasurable calisthenics that she put her body through with her fingers.   
  
"Are you sure you want to do this?" Colin shouted across the room.  
  
Hannah had seated herself upon the work out bench, facing the door back into the hallway, her duffel bag neatly against the lockers to her left. She glanced over at the technician, whom she'd known for years, though never to same level of intimacy that Erica had. She nodded. Admittedly, it was easier to do this in front of Colin than it might have been in front of the peroxide blonde technician coming in later that night.   
  
"I do," she said aloud. "Not that it makes it any easier."  
  
"Erica's doing this for her science," Colin offered.   
  
Hannah paused for a moment, before meeting the technician's eyes. She answered, "I'm doing this for my friend."  
  
She kicked off her shoes, sliding them temporarily under the bench, and began to undress.  
  
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It was official. Erica's name had leaked out around the ConnPharm campus.   
  
The Bullpen was both a terrifying and alluring place, and when inhabited by a human occupant, the subject of significant conjecture and speculation through the company. In the past, the test subjects forced to strip down and undergo examination had all been male, and thus the chatter throughout the halls had been a bit more subdued. But, with a female occupant, the experiment had taken on a hint of eroticism, from male and female employees alike.

Hannah remembered having laughed at Dr. Bernard's poor test subject with Erica. Though the time span was stuff of rumor, the twenty-one-year-old Wesleyan student had reportedly spent every waking hour with hard-on. And she remembered having gossiped for two or three days straight with one of the female lab assistants about the size of Jason Callahan's anatomy, while Erica laughed along with them, blushing the entire time.   
  
Now, it was Erica who was subject of both the experiment and the idle chatter. Hannah was actually quite surprised that it had taken three and half weeks for the information to break, though she was unclear of who finally figured it out. Obviously, Erica's experiment was the one going on in the Bullpen, and Erica herself hadn't been seen coming or going from work at all in the past few weeks. But, perhaps it was so rarely the case that a test subject would be someone that any of the ConnPharm employees might recognize, that the idea of Erica experimenting upon herself took such a long time to materialize.  
  
It had been the previous Tuesday when the news apparently reached a tipping point within the company, the same afternoon that Erica was supposed to be professing her apologies to Jamie Eggert. Erica's employee page, on ConnPharm's global Intranet, had suffered from a denial-of-service failure; so intriguing was the idea of a woman – and an attractive woman, if normally conservative in action and dress – naked in the Bullpen. Her ID photo, despite being unflattering at best, had been downloaded a hundred times over. Her profile was pored over by biologists, chemists, biochemists, and the rest of people who populated the Avon campus.   
  
People who shouldn't have known about the project asked Hannah to pass their complements on to her friend, for having the courage to entrust her own body to her science. But, for every commendation Erica received in absentia, Hannah heard two or three whispers more concerned with the girl's body. Was she hot? Was she really naked? Were there videos or image captures? Hannah speculated that such chatter was more widespread than she was even aware – fellow employees were bound to hold their tongues around the Asian woman.  
  
Noah Braddock, Erica's partner in the deuterotone experiments, was visibly shaken that Friday. Apparently, he had been approached by two men from the loading docks and asked if there was any truth to the rumors that the girl in the Bullpen had been caught masturbating. Noah vehemently denied the suggestion as untruth, and nearly taken the pairs' heads off for circulating such serious character assassination. Hannah, too, had heard people talking about Erica's supposed vulgar behavior, but most had dismissed such gossip as fictitious - wishful thinking on the part of ConnPharm's male population.   
  
Hannah had longed to change the topic of conversation throughout the company's halls, but she was unsure of how to do so. There was little that could possibly quell such absorbing rumors, and she became convinced that Erica's personal stature would ultimately be diminished at ConnPharm, even if her professional stature grew simultaneously. And so, the Asian woman wrestled with what to do, eventually coming to the conclusion that she couldn't let her friend go through this alone – even if it meant sacrificing her own reputation alongside Erica's.  
  
Reconfiguring the Bullpen for two people wasn't easy, but the systems had been designed with the capability to monitor five or six chimpanzees at any given time. Colin, after running a feasibility study for what he believed were Phase Two trials for Hannah's own projects, shrugged off the modifications as a few hours worth of work, no more. The changes were significantly easier, even, if the tactile waves had to only truly focus on one subject at a time. Though the small splinter of metal or physical protrusion into the Bullpen's rectangular box caused innumerable errors to the system, a second biological specimen could be quickly and easily added with relatively few negative repercussions.   
  
But Hannah was incapable of confessing to Colin what her queries were really regarding, just as she was incapable of telling her fiancée Hyun-Shik Park what she was thinking about doing, just as she was incapable of truly following through on her word. She had nearly had a nervous breakdown the first time she'd been inside the Bullpen a few weeks earlier, so empathetic she was to her friend's situation. She had turned red-faced at the suggestion she'd have to strip to her panties and wear the Bullpen-approved scrubs into the clinical white room. And, to be honest, she worried about the unfavorable comparisons that others might make between her body and that of her friend's, with or without biochemical enhancements.   
  
Days passed, hours ticked by, and still Hannah hadn't made up her mind about joining her friend in the Bullpen. Erica had, after all, only a few more days in captivity, and her libido should have waned with the conclusion of her deuterotone injections. And perhaps Hannah was overreacting to the thought of Dr. Rivers's sullied name; maybe, in a clinical setting such as the Bullpen, and Connecticut Pharmaceuticals, Erica's choices and behavior could be excused...?  
  
Monday evening, however, told Hannah that she would, in fact, have to go through with her agenda. Seeking out a genetic sampler that she knew Noah and Erica had in their labs, Hannah welcomed herself into their workspace late that night, only to be surprised by the fact that Aaron Abrahams's light was still on. She knocked lightly, but didn't entirely wait for a response, and edged the door open.   
  
The young man's pants were unzipped, his dick out, and his hand moving rapidly up and down on his shaft. He had headphones on, and had obviously not noticed either Hannah's knock or her entry. She gasped at the sight before her, but the lab assistant paid her no attention, so riveted was he upon the scene taking place on his computer. Perhaps it was that she'd seen her friend finger herself too many times to count over the past few weeks, and had become desensitized to such carnal behavior, but Hannah didn't immediately turn and flee. Instead, she was drawn into the scene - not by the overweight young scientist before her, but by the video streaming across his screen. It wasn't pornography, exactly, as she had first guessed, but rather a familiar feed of a familiar room and a familiar person.   
  
Erica.  
  
Staring up at a woman being taken from both ends being projected on the wall of the Bullpen, Erica was lost in animal passion with her own body. She writhed and squirmed on the floor of the room, her back to the ground, her feet pointed away from the projection, and her back and neck arched to watch the images unfold, even if they were upside-down from her current view. Two of her fingers were rapidly disappearing and re-emerging from her cunt, simultaneously with her wrist and palm moving expertly back and forth against the top of her slit. Over the previous four weeks, the dark-haired girl had mastered any number of ways to get herself off, and she was more than willing to demonstrate her command to any one interested in watching.   
  
In this case, it was her direct report - Aaron. Hannah was unsure if the scene in the Bullpen was live, or if the pudgy young man had bookmarked it as one of his favorites. Either way, Hannah was far too embarrassed to stop him from continuing his own self-stimulation while he watched his supervisor's. She stepped from the room, allowed the door to shut quietly, and desperately tried to catch her breath.   
  
No, Hannah had no desire to be the sexual plaything for Aaron Abrahams's imagination. And, yes, she was terrified about being naked in front of her friends and colleagues. But if Erica was capable of making sacrifices for her experiment, than Hannah was willing to make sacrifices for her friend.  
  
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With a knot in her throat and butterflies in her stomach, Hannah slowly unbuttoned her blue-and-white striped blouse, revealing the hints of a black lace demi-bra, with a delicate floral pattern stitched in flirtingly. Like Erica before her, Hannah had dressed that morning with the intention of undressing before an audience, even if that audience were just one man – Colin. This strategy had been cemented by weeks of seeing Erica's flirtatious, pink lace panties hung in the girl's locker, even if they had mysteriously vanished some time in the past few days. Clinical though Hannah may have wished this situation were, there was no question that the entire Bullpen-area had been infused with a level of sexuality and sensuality by the naked girl masturbating on the far side of the mirror glass. Thus, as Hannah shed her blouse completely, she tried to do so with confidence and a hint of flirtatiousness, even though Colin seemed more interested in the files and formulas on his computer screen than he did in the half-naked Korean woman by the lockers.   
  
She hadn't told Hyun-Shik. Hannah was unsure if she herself fully understood the reasons she was stripping down in the Observation Room that day, and she was skeptical that her fiancée would ever see where she was coming from. Even if he were to forgive her, or give his approval, Hannah wasn't sure that she deserved either. She was doing something ignoble and noble at the same time, something morally questionable to accomplish something she felt was right.   
  
At first, keeping this foray into the Bullpen a secret from Hyun-Shik seemed a bit hypocritical, given that Hannah had, only sixteen days earlier, urged Erica to tell her boyfriend Tom Russo about her situation. But Hannah had been more concerned about the mental stability of her friend than she had been about the state of Erica and Tom's relationship. Truthfully, Hannah had never cared much for the shallow and egotistical man, a feeling only justified by Tom's eventual infidelity.  
  
Hannah shook both men, Tom Russo and Hyun-Shik Park, from her head, and continued undressing. After folding her blouse neatly on the exercise bench beside her, Hannah stood and unfastened the hook at her waist. She unzipped the rest of fly, exposing the first glimpse of a set of panties that matched her bra, with the same dark black flowers against the rest of the material covering her crotch. Hooking her thumbs inside the top of her pants, she wriggled the wool clothing past her hips, down her thighs, and – bending at the waist – into a puddle around her ankles. She stepped out of them, one leg after another, and turned to face Colin.   
  
Still, the man was engrossed in his work, perhaps doing his best to avoid watching the Asian woman on the far side of the room. Hannah wondered if her scantily-clad state had little appeal to a man who spent day-in and day-out watching a completely naked bombshell, and consequently began to worry, once again, that her body would look that much worse when taken next to Erica's.   
  
Hannah, though, was far from unattractive. Standing 5'4", she was diminutive next to Erica, but not exactly short, given her gender and ethnicity. Her chest, like her friend's in the weeks before the deuterotone injections, was a B-cup, though Hannah's breasts had always looked a bit bigger on her smaller frame. She was slender, with narrow hips, a toned abdomen, and silky dark skin.  
  
Like Erica, Hannah's sex appeal had been masked by lab coats and conservative apparel, lost due to a lack of confidence, and long abandoned in favor of intellectual pursuits. But, clad in just her low-cut bra and matching low-cut panties, it was hard to deny that Hannah Cho was a knockout in her own right. Her new haircut, short though it may have been, accentuated her smile and her eyes to a tee, and the tan she'd paid for the night before gave her whole body a healthy glow.   
  
Stripping in the tanning parlor for a full-body tan, without tan lines, had been the scariest moment of Hannah's life up to that point. And less than twenty-four hours later, that moment was already being trumped.   
  
Hannah reached behind her back, nervously unclasping one hook, and then the other. She shrugged her bra forward, away from her chest, and down her arms. As she placed the flimsy piece of lingerie on top of the growing pile of clothes, she noted that her nipples were standing at attention. Erica's had been hard for what seemed liked days straight, and Hannah wondered if her friend's condition were ever subside. Hannah chalked her own up to a mix of nerves, excitement, and room temperature – though the Observation Room was kept at a climate conducive to Erica's lack of clothing, there was no denying that it was warmer clothed than unclothed.   
  
Hannah approached the last remaining shred of clothing with even more reluctance than she had the rest. Though toplessness was no small feat, the gulf between "topless" and "naked" seemed even larger than going from clothed to walking around the Observation Room sans bra.   
  
She was granted a reprieve, of sorts, by the technician at the ops desk. He asked, finally looking up, "Are you finished yet?"  
  
Hannah blushed, embarrassed that she was taking longer at undressing than she should have, lingering upon each article of clothing as if it were the last time she'd be dressed in weeks. In actuality, she would only be Erica's guest for a little over twenty-four hours – she'd be fully dressed and at home by bedtime the following night.   
  
"Almost," she responded bashfully. She reached for panties, but Colin interrupted her before they had been shed.   
  
"Well, hold on, and come here. I want to show you something," he offered. Realizing the awkwardness of the situation, panties or no panties, he added weakly, "That is, if you'd like to."  
  
Hannah was thankful for the pardon, even if it was only momentarily. Awkwardly, she walked from the exercise area of the Observation room to the ops desk, aware of every bounce of her breasts along the way. Though she'd be entirely nude in just a few minutes, and though Colin had already caught a glimpse of her breasts the first time he glanced across the room, Hannah draped her right forearm over her nipples, conserving a small shred of dignity in front of the technician.   
  
"That's you," Colin said, gesturing at a dark human form standing next to a white human form in a computer mock-up of the Bullpen. "The tactile waves are keyed in on Erica," he continued, pointing towards the white human form, "which means they're picking up all the same information from her body that they have been over the past few weeks.  
  
"We're going to be picking up residuals from you – nowhere near the same extent that we're monitoring Erica. Heart rate, body temperature, some aspects of brain activity, stuff like that. It's easier to scale back your readings than have the Bullpen ignore you completely."  
  
Hannah nodded. She was well aware of the many aspects of her body that would be on record, both visually and in terms of pure, unadulterated data. Erica's staff could easily check her mass and her measurements. What bothered Hannah the most, however, was the fact that her brain activity would be catalogued along with the rest of her readings. As Colin explained, it was easier to take some readings on the second subject than no readings at all. And secondly, Natalie Hart was already planning to make available some of the Bullpen's information for other scientists in ConnPharm, like Harriet Lane, one of the women upstairs studying female sexual disorders, or "FSDs." A particular electric brain signal, P300, had been firing like gangbusters in Erica's head every time she was sexually stimulated, and Natalie wondered how it might compare to the same brain signal in Hannah's head.   
  
Natalie had been told about Hannah's plan the day before, and had signed on wholeheartedly. The Korean girl didn't negatively impact the experiment in any foreseeable way, aside from causing a few hours worth of work for the technicians, and might provide good companionship for Erica inside the Bullpen. Noah agreed, surprisingly, suggesting that Hannah's own readings might be good to have, so that they could compare and contrast Hannah and Erica. Jake Rinaldi and Bill Forrester both knew, as corporate had to give their approval for the use of such expensive equipment as the Bullpen. And the technicians knew, like Colin Eggert, Wendy Milne, Tessa Romero, and a handful of other members of the staff, all of whom had been tasked with reconfiguring the Bullpen.   
  
"Now, conventional wisdom might suggest that the further you stand from Erica, the better the readings would be," Colin cautioned the Asian woman. On screen, he showed a series of lines criss-crossing the Bullpen, bouncing off the walls and the dark and light figures in the center. "But the way the Bullpen is wired and configured for you, the strength of the tactile waves increases exponentially when all the emitters can concentrate on one area of the room at a time."  
  
Hannah nodded.   
  
"Which means, the closer you stay to Erica, the easier it is on the Bullpen itself. So, if you could stay close to her, and maybe go to sleep next to her tonight...er...two or three inches is fine....but, you know, the closer the better..."  
  
Now it was Colin's turn to blush.   
  
Hannah simply smiled, amused by the technician's discomfort.  
  
Colin pointed out a few things more, and Hannah dutifully paid attention. But the longer she stood next to him in her panties, the more she wanted to get the process over with, and join her friend in the Bullpen. As she had told herself coming into this misadventure, there was a safety in numbers.   
  
When Colin had finished talking, Hannah had a favor to ask of him. Her arm still draped coquettishly across her tits, she removed her engagement ring and placed it on the ops desk in front of the technician. Though Hannah didn't know Colin as intimately as Erica knew him, the man had obviously earned her friend's trust. Hannah had left most of her jewelry at home that morning, but she simply couldn't bear the thought of going through the bulk of her day without her wedding ring. With it off, she felt significantly more naked than she had only seconds before.   
  
"Can you find a safe place for this?" Hannah asked. "I don't want to leave it in the locker."  
  
Colin agreed, grimly. Obviously, Erica's missing panties perturbed him, but he hadn't brought the theft up with his staff, or with Erica's. They all were aware that Erica's underwear had been stolen – Colin, Noah, Natalie, the assistants, Wendy, Tessa, and Erica herself – but the issue had not been spoken aloud. Erica seemed to have shrugged such petty larceny off, and, consequently, the rest of them did the same.   
  
The technician tucked the diamond ring into the front of his jeans pocket. It would be safe with him.   
  
The two looked at each other uncomfortably for the brief moment. Colin had finished showing Hannah what he'd wanted to show her, and Hannah had finished asking Colin for the favor that had been weighing on her all day. The girl shrugged, turned, and drifted back across the Observation Room.  
  
Before shedding her last final piece of apparel, Hannah first placed the rest of her clothes neatly into the locker next to that of her friend. Shoes at the bottom, with her duffel bag at the bottom. Her pants were laid neatly on the upper shelf, as Erica had done with her own clothes, and Hannah placed her blouse, cleanly folded, with them. The bra, however, was placed inside the duffel, and her panties would soon be joining them – the Asian girl had no desire for her intimates to join Erica's in some perverted thief's desk.   
  
Taking a deep breath, with her back turned to Colin, Hannah peeled her panties off, letting the soft material descend down her legs to the floor. Her pubic hair was trimmed, as Erica's had been the week before, into a thin strip above her slit. Though she'd been exposed to Erica's sex for four and half weeks, by that point, Hannah had nonetheless ventured into the world of Internet pornography to choose how to best shave her most intimate of areas. After seeing all shapes and styles – including small hearts, Playboy bunnies, and even initials – Hannah had eventually decided to simply follow her friend's lead, trending towards both sexy and simple.

Erica, though, had completely rid herself of her last vestiges of pubic hair earlier that week. She'd been shaving her legs and the rest of her body with regularity in the Observation Room, and the remains of her pubic hair seemed to dwindle each time she did so. When Hannah arrived to work on Monday, she discovered that her friend was now completely bare.   
  
Hannah tucked her panties into her duffel bag, zipping it up and securing it in the open locker. She was, now, completely in the nude, and entirely caught by surprise as Noah Braddock entered the room.   
  
The door to the Observation Room opened. The girl shrieked. Noah gasped. Hannah covered herself with her hands, acting out of instinct. The male scientist issued an apology, threw his hands in the air, and stepped back into the hallway.   
  
But this wasn't Hannah's private dressing room. Nor was it the women's locker room. For that matter, Hannah wasn't even alone in the room. Her overreaction struck home as she locked eyes with Colin. The technician, so accustomed had he become to Erica's personality and continually growing comfort with her own nudity, seemed at first mystified by what had just transpired. After all, the Observation Room was a place where nudity was both common and expected. And, though Hannah had no idea of what had happened the previous Saturday evening, even Colin himself had been naked in the room.  
  
Hannah, in that instant, knew that she'd unjustly unnerved.   
  
Colin was the first to start towards the door, probably to ask Noah to come back in a few moments, once Hannah was safely inside the Bullpen. But the Asian girl was the first to reach the door, waving off Colin, and turning the handle into the hallway. Close-cropped hair and bare shoulders emerged from the Observation Room as Hannah leaned out the door, beckoning Erica's partner back.  
  
"Noah!" she called, catching the biochemist halfway down the hall. "Wait!"  
  
Noah Braddock turned, caught be surprise. Behind him, with her breasts tucked out of view behind the open door, Hannah Cho called and apologized to him.   
  
"I'm sorry," she hollered. "Come back. I was just caught be surprise, that's all. I...well...I've got to get used to the attention, anyways."   
  
"It's alright, Hannah," Noah shot back. He took a few awkward steps towards the girl, if only so the two could stop bellowing at one another. "I can wait. You don't need the likes of me making this any harder on you."  
  
Hannah nodded at first, but was conflicted. Hadn't Colin, Noah, and Natalie all been in the Observation Room when Erica had first shed her clothing? And, as Noah had offered, wouldn't the scientist be back in a few minutes, to see her in the nude, anyways? And, most importantly, wasn't the entire purpose of this particular exercise a measure of public exhibition? Hannah, unlike Erica, wasn't doing this for science – she was stepping out of her clothes and into the Bullpen for nothing more than sexuality-infused gossip, noble though her motivations may have been.   
  
"No, it's fine," Hannah replied, after taking a few moments to think it over. She took a step further, away from the door, and revealed half of her naked body to Noah in the hallway. Though the door still impeded the view of her left arm, left breast, and left leg, her right side was completely exposed to Noah. "I'm about to get into the Bullpen anyways."   
  
Noah, rather than allow the girl to stand out in the hall like she was, relented to her assurances. He followed her back into the Observation Room, the girl's bare ass holding the door open for him. They nodded at each other pleasantly, and Noah did his best to avert his eyes from the woman with whom he'd worked for the past few years in the Human Hormone Lab. He wasn't, however, entirely successful.  
  
Noah's blue eyes raked up and down the Korean's body, before they were locked firmly upon Colin and the ops desk on the other side of the large room. In that instant, Hannah got what she had been looking for from Colin – lust. Not on any conscience level, of course, and Hannah would have denied even to herself that she'd been hoping for it. But, she was stark naked, in the company of two men. For all the awkwardness and embarrassment, it was reassuring to know that at least one of the men found her attractive.   
  
Noah left the girl behind, and joined Colin up at the ops desk. With a nod from the technician, and the sound of the Bullpen's glass doors being rolled back, Hannah knew that it was time. Barefoot, she padded across the Observation Room, eager to leave the two men behind her, but terrified of the future that awaited her over the next twenty-four hours.   
  
To Hannah, stepping into the Bullpen was akin to stepping into a lion's den. There was a level of fear, as if Hannah felt that Erica had gone completely feral, and would be more likely to greet her as prey than as a friend. The Asian girl was stepping into a wild animal's lair.  
  
The smell of pussy was not quite as overpowering as Hannah had remembered in her previous two trips into the Bullpen, even though Erica hadn't curtailed her sessions with herself any in the past week and a half. Maybe Colin had changed the air circulation, or maybe the Bullpen had been cleaned in the past few days, or maybe Hannah had just become so accustomed to the aroma that she simply noticed it less. The odor of Erica's sex still hung in the air, even if it had dissipated somewhat, and the fact that the girl's pussy was – at that moment – hot, wet, and in use, only served to remind Hannah why.   
  
Erica sat directly before her, her back still up against the wall, and her legs still spread wide. Her hair was a mess, and her body was covered in a shimmering layer of perspiration. She was panting heavily, her hand hard at work atop her slit, and she seemed only vaguely aware of Hannah's presence. Guttural curses spewed forth from her lips, barely audible, but each dirtier than the last.   
  
To Hannah's left, projected onto the wall perpendicular to that with the door, was pornography that Hannah had seen before, in Aaron Abrahams' office. On screen, Erica was on the floor of the Bullpen, on all fours, with her fingers rapidly jackhammering in and out of her cunt.   
  
Erica was getting off on watching herself get off.   
  
The door to the Bullpen slid closed behind the Asian woman, and only then did Erica give any notice to her.   
  
"Hold on," the girl wheezed, "just let me get off."   
  
But a glance in Hannah's direction assured the girl that this was no routine trip into the Bullpen. Her hand still on her pussy, Erica devoured her friend with her eyes. Head-to-toe, the Asian biologist was dressed in nothing, her most intimate of areas on display to her friend. The masturbating girl lingered on the other's breasts, perfect and round, though smaller than those she now possessed. Her gaze shifted downwards as her climax approached, and Erica uttered her final "Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!!!" even as her eyes looked fixedly in the direction of Hannah's exposed twat.   
  
Hannah was clearly more uncomfortable in the presence of Erica's orgasm than she had been in weeks. After all, Erica had cum three times at the lunch table the previous Friday, while Hannah sat calmly eating her lunch across from her. Erica had cum on the phone on Tuesday evening, even as she updated Hannah about the biochemical work that the Asian girl had farmed out to her friend. This, however, was different – Hannah felt more an unwilling participant than she ever had before.   
  
The Caucasian girl slowed the pace of her hand, even as involuntary spasms gripped her hips in the aftermath of her orgasm. And then, as if she'd simply finished eating a messy lunch, she proceeded to lick each one of her fingers, tasting her own pussy with each flick of the tongue. Flashing a flirtatious smile, Erica met the eyes of her friend. If she had been surprised, she didn't show it – Hannah was once again reminded of a carnivorous predator, sizing up its prey.   
  
"I thought you could use some company," Hannah offered, explaining herself awkwardly to her friend. "I figured that lab results, charts, and, well...," Hannah blushed, "doing what you just finished doing...well, I figured those things could only entertain you for so long."   
  
Erica smirked. Obviously, Hannah hadn't been paying attention the past few weeks – the biologist had yet to tire of masturbation, and she doubted the euphoria of orgasm would ever subside. Nonetheless, she appreciated the company.   
  
"Why now?" Erica asked. After all, she had only four more full days in the Bullpen.   
  
Hannah took a step away from the door, clearly uncomfortable in the nude, or in Erica's presence, or in the Bullpen. She remembered the panic attack she'd suffered the first time she'd given Erica her deuterotone injection, back before the experiment had become as sexually charged as it turned out to be. But, as it soon turned out, it was easy to forget about the cameras, the data collection devices, and the outside world when inside the Bullpen – Hannah's more immediate discomfort stemmed from a newly formed lack of confidence around her friend. She was unsure of how to sit, or where to sit, or even whether she should sit at all. Instead, she took a step to her left, and leaned back against the reflective glass.   
  
"I've been thinking about it for weeks," Hannah finally replied. "It seemed unfair that you'd have to go through this alone, even if it was your experiment. But it didn't make sense to jeopardize any of the readings over the past couple of weeks – I figured this week, when we were making sure you'd returned to your baselines, might be best." The girl looked to the floor, before shrugging and continuing, "Plus, it took a few weeks for me to build up the courage to actually go through with this."  
  
"Well, I didn't have much choice in the matter," Erica said, "but even after I had gotten naked, it took me another few weeks before I finally felt a hint of confidence."  
  
"But you feel it now, I'm assuming?" Hannah asked. Her ass cheeks were pressed against the mirror-glass, but the girl had already forgotten about the technician and the scientist on the far side of the glass, running diagnostics on the pair in the Bullpen.  
  
After first raising a single eyebrow, Erica responded, her answer somewhat surprising the other girl. "Most of the time, but not always." She shifted her weight, folding her legs partially beneath her, and leaning forward on her left hand.   
  
"I mean, I feel more confident in my body than I've ever felt, and it's not just because of these," she continued, briefly cupping and jiggling her right breast. "But even with all the nudity, and all the self-stimulation, there's a part of me that feels uncomfortable, knowing that I'm going to have to go back to work with everyone, after this experiment is all said and done." She was quick to add, "Not that I believe what I'm doing is wrong, or what I'm doing should be as shocking and immoral as it is – I think we have a twisted view of what's proper, and what's natural. But most other people around me aren't as....'enlightened,' perhaps...as I feel I may have become."  
  
Hannah simply nodded.  
  
Erica reflected on this for a few moments, staring up at her naked friend. It was true – she'd long since gotten past the shame over her nudity. The jump towards masturbation was not as large a leap as she had once believed it was – after all, it was not as if she were any more nude, so what did it matter if she were aroused, if she were touching herself, if she breathed heavily, if she climaxed? She felt more embarrassment squatting over the shower drain than she did dildoing herself at the lunch table. But the old Erica Rivers hadn't disappeared completely – there was a part of her that was horrified at her behavior over the past four and half weeks, a part of her that was deeply humiliated each time someone looked in her direction or watched her touch herself, even if the bulk of her psyche was getting off on the very same thing. She couldn't believe she'd stripped naked in front of her coworkers. She couldn't believe that she'd masturbated in front of the technicians. She couldn't believe she'd paid six hundred dollars for Wendy to eat her out. She couldn't believe that she'd fucked Colin Eggert in the Observation Room.   
  
But her ego had relented to her id, and Erica would be leaving the Bullpen a very different person than the one who'd entered five weeks earlier. She saw herself differently, and she knew that others would do the same – she simply needed to adjust to whatever scorn or disregard the people of ConnPharm held for her. Because of this, Erica found herself wishing the deuterotone experiment would carry on past this coming Monday, that she could remain inside the Bullpen indefinitely.   
  
After a few more minutes of quiet contemplation, Erica finally looked up at Hannah. "But thank you," she whispered, "for keeping me company."  
  
The two girls talked for a bit, about the experiment, about people on the ConnPharm campus, about what was taking place outside in the world. Erica complemented the Asian girl on her body a handful of times, hoping to raise the girl's confidence, but doing little more than eliciting a crimson hue in her cheeks. Hannah was slowly forgetting about her nudity, about Erica's voracious sexual appetite, and about the world outside the Bullpen.   
  
At least until Colin announced it was time for dinner.   
  
Erica's readings were important, while Hannah's were superfluous. Harriet Lane was interested in the firing of certain brain signals in Hannah's head, but not so much that a second corset was necessitated for the Asian biochemist. So, as Colin fastened the electronic equipment around the Caucasian's torso, Hannah stood by awkwardly, coming to the realization that, for the next twenty to twenty-five minutes, she'd be more naked than her friend.   
  
"Go put on some clothes," Erica insisted, noting the discomfort in the other girl's face. "You don't need to be naked OUTSIDE the Bullpen."  
  
Hannah shook her head. "No, I'm doing this for you. I don't want any special treatment."  
  
"Don't be ridiculous," Erica replied. Though she herself had been hesitant to don even a towel in her first trip outside of the Bullpen, she saw no reason for her friend to suffer through dinner with Colin seated a few feet away. "You're going to be naked with me all night. And then naked with me all tomorrow. There's no need for you to be naked with me in the Observation Room."  
  
The other girl again shook her head.  
  
"I'm wearing the corset," Erica explained, gesturing to the piece of equipment around her midsection, which Colin was still fiddling with. "At the very least, go put on your underwear."  
  
The girl did, eventually, relent. Hannah crossed the Observation Room, and then joined Erica at the table dressed in her black panties and blue-and-white striped blouse, buttoned three quarters of the way to the top. The shirt was not quite long enough to cover the entirety of the black lace fabric that covered Hannah's posterior, but for the moment, most of Hannah's body was once again obscured from view.   
  
The two ate their dinners together, locked in conversation with one another. Erica's breasts dangled freely as she spoke, and at one point, the girl even embarrassingly dropped a small amount of stir-fry on her chest. Over the past few weeks, Erica's already slender body had become even more trim, owing to a controlled diet and plentiful exercise. The weight she'd added to her chest was dwarfed by the weight she'd lost from the rest of her body, and Erica was delighted that she looked even more like a centerfold than she had when she'd entered the Bullpen a few weeks earlier.   
  
Hannah, throughout dinner, wrestled with her own demons. She had used the restroom by her office before coming down to the basement that afternoon, but she felt the need to go again, and was loathe to do so under the watchful eye of the Bullpen's cameras. She knew that sometime in the next twenty-four hours, she'd probably have to urinate inside the room, but she still found herself unwilling at that moment in time. Maybe later, she told herself, after Colin had departed. The logic was flawed, as Colin would be in the Observation Room from nine to five the following day, even if he would be leaving for that night in a few minutes.   
  
Still, Hannah was unwilling to suffer too many indignities in such a short span of time. Turning to Erica, she asked, "Alright, I know I'm a terribly insensitive person, but do mind if I go use the ladies' room down the hall?"  
  
Erica winked, and replied, "Sure." As Hannah got up, the girl added, "Though I might put on a pair of pants before traipsing around the building."   
  
Hannah did so, though she left her bra in her duffel bag. Donning her shoes once again, she slipped out, down the hall, to the privacy of the bathroom and a stall all to herself.   
  
Back in the Bullpen, after Hannah had stripped for the second time in less than three hours, the girls sat and talked, spending more quality time with each other than they had in weeks. They talked about Tom, about Hyun-Shik, about Erica's new outlook on life and social mores. Over the next six hours, before the girls' eleven o'clock bedtime, they reconnected, and perhaps moved beyond the friendship they'd enjoyed earlier. Though Hannah had never been inside a sauna herself, she guessed that this bonding time was little different – two girls, naked as the day they were born, simply talking the night away. There was a level of openness the two enjoyed that had never been there before – no subject was off-limits, no topic was too risqué. And though Hannah never forgot her nudity for very long, she was surprised by how little it bothered her in Erica's presence. After all, Hannah was still embarrassed being naked in front of her fiancée, after six months of engagement and years of dating.   
  
Hannah caught a glimpse of Erica's life that she'd been unexposed to in weeks. She'd seen the masturbation, and the other assorted lascivious acts, but she'd forgotten about the minutiae of life inside the Bullpen. As eleven o'clock approached, the two girls approached the small, open shelf beneath the shower, where Erica kept her toothpaste, toothbrush, shampoo, and soap – the only indent in the entire Bullpen. Hannah had brought her own toiletries, but Wendy had been forced to fetch the girl's toothbrush that evening from her duffel.   
  
She also, finally, was forced to urinate inside the Bullpen. Though Erica suggested that the toilet be slid from its recess, Hannah passed – as Erica had explained that first week, special exceptions for women might impede female subjects in the Bullpen for future experiments. For Erica, such behavior had become routine, but Hannah found herself staring awkwardly at her own reflection on the far side of the room, very aware of her friend standing a few feet away.   
  
And, so caught up Hannah had become in the nudity, she'd entirely forgotten about the fact that she'd be sleeping the night on the rock-hard floor beneath her feet. But as they lay down together, Hannah was unsure of how she'd be able to fall asleep, because of both the ungiving floor and proximity to her naked friend. They slept back-to-back, head-to-toe, so that Hannah's face, should she roll over, would be facing Erica's feet, and vice-versa. Hannah slept closer to the Observation Room, her own reflection in the mirror-glass obscuring Erica from view.   
  
Erica, demonstrating a remarkable amount of long absent self-control, managed to make it the entire six hours without masturbating, her most lengthy stretch while awake in days. That said, there was little chance that the girl who'd been in the Bullpen longer would ever fall asleep without getting herself off at least once.  
  
Though she'd explained her theories of natural behavior to Hannah earlier that evening, Erica nonetheless felt she owed it to her friend to tell her what she was about to do. She offered to move to the far side of the room, but Hannah uncomfortably explained that she was comfortable with it, and simply kept her back turned to the masturbating woman.

Hannah stared at her reflection. She was naked, on her right side, and using her right arm as a pillow. Behind her, Erica's legs were bent at the knees, and Hannah could see these knees rocking back-and-forth, in-and-out, in the mirror. She could hear Erica's breath, and the soft rustling of the girl's hand upon her cunt. She could feel the heat emanating from the other girl's body, smell the scent of the other girl's perspiration, and even taste the other girl's juices in the air.   
  
As Erica built towards her orgasm, Hannah couldn't help but feel even more uncomfortable in the Bullpen – not from the rigidity of the floor, but from her own moist pussy, begging, too, to be touched.   
  
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An hour passed, and the Korean girl was still wide-awake on the floor of the Bullpen. She lay flat on her back, staring up at the ceiling, contemplating her next move. The floor was unyielding, but it was Hannah's emotional – not physical - discomfort that kept her awake.   
  
Erica was fast asleep beside her, her chest rising and falling with each breath. She seemed at peace in the Bullpen, more comfortable in her skin than Hannah had perhaps ever seen her dressed. Was there really that big of a confidence boost from an increased cup size? Was it the trace amount of deuterotone still in the girl's system? Or had Erica simply forgotten about the outside world, perhaps willfully?   
  
No one at ConnPharm would ever look at the girl the same, ever again. She had achieved the goals of her experiment, and her science would soon revolutionize the world of cosmetic enhancements, providing a somewhat natural alternative to surgical breast augmentation. But it had cost her, and Hannah wondered at how Erica was going to come into work each day after she'd been released from the Bullpen. She would have to face her staff in the Human Hormone Lab, all of whom had seen her naked from an infinite number of angles. She'd have to face Colin Eggert, her friend and colleague, who had watched her dildo herself countless times at the lunch table in the Observation Room. And, as Hannah remembered that night in Aaron Abraham's office, Erica would have to work with people who'd gotten off simply by watching Erica get herself off.   
  
No, Hannah simply being inside the Bullpen wouldn't quite deflect focus on the younger girl – Erica's behavior, aside from her nudity, had become notorious throughout the Avon campus. And though Hannah couldn't erase the past few weeks from her workmates' memories, she could ensure that Erica wouldn't face scorn and lechery alone.   
  
Hannah's right hand crept slowly down her body. It slid from her chest to her belly button across her smooth skin, angling towards the thin patch of pubic hair waiting atop her pussy. She was completely quiet, not wanting to wake the sleeping girl beside her. It was ridiculous, and Hannah knew so, but she didn't want Erica to catch her. Either Tessa Romero or Wendy Milne was watching from the ops desk, depending on what time it was. Erica's staff would be watching the video feed the next morning. And Hannah was sure that Aaron Abrahams would be watching the recordings the following night, in the privacy of his own office, with his pants down. But Hannah didn't want Erica to catch her.   
  
As Hannah's hand casually found the inside of her right thigh, she wondered why this was. Was she afraid Erica would try to talk her out of it? Or was it that she was afraid Erica wouldn't? In the preceding weeks, her friend had become a shameless nymphomaniac before Hannah's very eyes, and Hannah wondered how things would change if Erica were to watch her masturbate. Would it turn Erica on? Would Erica get off on it?   
  
Hannah cursed herself for being so hypocritical. She remembered a few weeks earlier, when she had first watched Erica finger herself through the mirror glass. For a few brief seconds, Hannah had wondered if she herself would be able to masturbate in the Observation Room without being caught. Over the weeks, as debased as Erica had become, Hannah had often wondered what it would be like to be in the Bullpen, to be the object of desire in her cage. And, Hannah hated to admit, she had gotten wet as Erica climaxed beside her.   
  
Hannah stretched her legs, her hand still gently caressing the sensitive skin on the inside of her thigh. She hadn't touched herself just yet, she hadn't crossed that line. There was still time to pull back. There was still time to reconsider. There was still time to stop at only public nudity.   
  
No, the girl told herself, if she were truly in this, she'd have to be in all the way. If her personal reputation were damaged, so what? She was a scientist, and all that mattered was her scientific reputation. She could always got to Pfizer, or Merck, or Novartis – all companies that would be happy to have her, should she be unable to look a fellow ConnPharm employee in the face after the act she was about to embark upon.   
  
And so, the Asian girl parted her legs slightly, and drew her hand to her most intimate of areas.   
  
She was wet. But, then, she'd been wet on and off throughout the afternoon and evening, and perhaps more "on" than "off." As her middle finger traced her wet lips, Hannah shivered. She stifled a sigh of pleasure. Was she really doing this?  
  
Overhead, cameras whirred, recording this moment for dozens of eyes, perhaps hundreds. It would be kept for posterity. It would be archived and available to the public. It would be cut, spliced into a longer tape, and sold on shelves nationwide. "Biochemists Gone Wild." "Asian Clit-Flickers." "Inside Hannah Cho."  
  
Imaginary porn titles sprung into the girl's head as her fingertips found her clitoris, as she imagined herself the star of a XXX film. This was her moment, this was her scene. As the camera closed in on her cunt, Hannah knew that the stage was all hers, that this would be the moment she'd make her audience want her, more than they'd ever wanted an adult star before.   
  
She opened her legs wider, allowing herself room to insert her middle finger into the deep recesses of her pink folds. She was Hannah Cho, object of desire. She was wearing six-inch, black stiletto heels. Long, rhinestone earrings dangled from her ears the floor. A choker, studded with cheap-looking faux diamonds, clung tightly to her neck. Her belly button was pierced. Her tongue was pierced. Her labia was pierced, a small hoop that hung on the left lip of pussy. She had the Chinese symbol "dong wuh" tattooed above her slit, claiming that she was little more than an "animal." She had on long, black gloves. Fishnet-stockings. A black garter belt.   
  
The fantasy was vivid, but Hannah was never quite capable of breaking with reality. She was on the floor of lab, in the basement of her workplace. She lay just inches from one of her closest friends, and both were nude. In fact, Hannah's naked pussy, grinding ever-so-slightly against her right hand, was just a few short inches from Erica's chest.  
  
Hannah was humiliated. She was degraded. She had sunk to a level she'd never thought herself capable of. But in the depth of shame, she found a release. She was Hannah Cho, object of desire. She was a porn star, a sex toy, a cheap thrill for anyone who paid the twenty-five cent admission to her peep show.   
  
Sweat trickled from her brow. She was sure, if there had been more than the dim glow of the overhead light, her entire body would be glistening with perspiration. The Bullpen was kept warm, given the undressed state of its inhabitants, but Hannah was burning up from the inside out. Two fingers were now pistoning in and out of her twat, the ball of her hand grinding rhythmically against her clit, as she'd watched Erica do so many times. Her back arched uncontrollably as a wave of pleasure washed over her.   
  
Hannah had no idea how much time had passed since she'd first began fingering herself. She had started slowly, she knew, and taken her time as her fantasies had engulfed her. She had wanted to be able to stop, should Erica awake, or should the lights of the Bullpen come on, or should the technician outside radio into the room. But Hannah had now moved past the point of no return – she was unsure if she'd be capable of stopping, even if Hyun-Shik, her mother, and her future mother-in-law were to walk into the Observation Room together.   
  
A first orgasm began to roll in, spreading warmth from her cunt outwards, into her body. But Hannah knew she was capable of more, and this was no longer about Erica's reputation – it was now about Hannah's orgasm. And so, she rolled to one side and onto all fours, away from her sleeping friend. She came best when Hyun-Shik took her from behind, when she was being fucked doggy-style. Masturbation was no different.   
  
The Korean girl was on her knees, with the weight of her torso resting entirely on her left elbow. Her right hand was moving rapidly back-and-forth against her enlarged clit, even as her hips thrust up and down against and imaginary man. And, in just a few short minutes, her legs began to turn to gelatin, as the warmth of an explosive orgasm enveloped her body. She gasped for air, no longer caring if Erica awoke, no longer caring who was watching or would watch in the coming days. Hannah had achieved the best orgasm she could remember, with only her imagination as her partner.   
  
She rolled back over, making a quick glance at Erica to confirm that, yes, the girl's eyes were still closed, her breath remained steady. The floor didn't seem quite so hard anymore. The people outside the Bullpen seemed further away. And Erica's behavior didn't seem so difficult to understand.   
  
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Erica awoke the next morning with a start. So accustomed to being alone in the Bullpen, she had forgotten that her friend had joined her the previous afternoon. There Hannah lay, naked from head to toe, using her left arm as a pillow, and facing Erica. They had gone to sleep with their heads pointing in different directions, but Erica now found the Asian girl lying alongside her, their faces only a few inches apart. Obviously, Hannah had turned around some time during the night.   
  
Erica stared at her friend's face – the almond-shaped eyes, the soft features, the smooth skin. The girl's lips seemed to beckon Erica, moist, puffy, and oh-so-red. Erica longed to touch her, to kiss those lips, to be lost in her friend's mouth. But she had held back the previous evening, fighting those same urges throughout the night, and she demonstrated restraint once more.   
  
Hannah hadn't made it easy for the girl, however. Erica had awoken early in the night, to the sound of Hannah respiring heavily. After Erica had gotten herself off and fallen asleep, her friend had obviously decided to do the same. She wondered if she herself had been the impetus behind the girl's self-pleasure session, or if the Bullpen had acted as a simple aphrodisiac. Erica had long been doubting the deuterotone's actual effects on her body, and if Hannah had had the same reaction to her nudity and captivity, it only served to cast more suspicion on Erica's psyche and less on the pseudo-testosterone she had injected into her body.   
  
Erica had pretended to be asleep, however, not wanting to disturb her friend. She watched through half-open eyes, shutting them every time Hannah glanced in her direction. She listened to the other girl's breathing and barely-audible gasps of ecstasy. She watched at Hannah shifted onto all fours and climaxed. And she lay there, silent and moist, as the Korean girl slowly drifted off to sleep.   
  
Erica had desperately wanted to touch herself, desperately wanted to join her friend in pleasuring herself. The thought of both girls, writhing on the floor together, was enough to drive her insane. She thought of Jamie Eggert, masturbating as Erica fucked her husband. She thought of Wendy Milne, at work between Erica's legs for a few hundred dollars. And she though of Hannah Cho, fingering herself beside her. But Erica didn't want to risk frightening the other girl, didn't want to risk the chance that Hannah might stop. And so she lay there, her mind filled with lust and her cunt sopping wet, until she was sure her friend had passed out.   
  
She had stood, taking a few steps backwards, and leaned up against the wall of the Bullpen. Never taking her eyes from the naked body of her friend, Erica leaned back, spread her legs, and got herself off while standing. She soaked up Hannah's nudity with her eyes, staring at her nipples, her legs, her ass, her smooth, tanned skin. And, with Hannah's vaginal offering fresh in her mind, Erica had exploded quickly.   
  
Slowly, Hannah's eyes opened that morning, and she met the longing stare from the other girl. Hannah smiled, stretched, and giggled. Erica knew that feeling – she had done something naughty, something depraved – and it felt good. Erica smiled back.   
  
Before either of them spoke, or said good morning, the Caucasian girl bent forward and kissed her friend. She knew that it was wrong – that it was naughty, that it was depraved – but she couldn't hold back any longer. She wanted Hannah. She wanted her inside and out. All the lust and longing from the previous night poured out in their kiss.   
  
Before the previous night, Erica hadn't shown any measure of restraint since day thirteen of the experiment, when she'd first masturbated under the shower. From that moment forward, Erica had simply acted on her basest impulses. If she wanted to get off while working, she just did so. If she wanted to dildo herself to exhaustion on the weight bench in the Observation Room, she just did so. If she wanted Wendy to eat her out, she just had her do so. If she wanted to fuck Colin and his wife, all she had to do was ask. Last night, she'd bridled her hunger, at least temporarily. No more. She was taking what she wanted.   
  
The kiss carried on. Hannah didn't break away, much to Erica's pleasure and surprise. Their tongues intertwined, their lips pressed against each other, and both girls seemed lost in the moment. Hannah actually slid closer to her friend, and their two naked bodies were soon pinned together. Neither girl seemed to know what to do with their hands, though Erica held the back of Hannah's head with her left, and Hannah rested her right on Erica's left hip.   
  
It was Erica who finally broke away, even as Hannah's fingertips were finding the base of Erica's tits. She leaned into Hannah's ear, and whispered breathily, "I really, really want to fuck you right now."  
  
Hannah purred. She kissed Erica hard once again, breaking away after a few seconds to pant, "I really, really, really want to be fucked right now."   
  
They kissed again, and Erica rolled half of her body onto Hannah's. Their breasts were crushed between them, and their legs were intertwined – Erica could feel the other girl's rough pubic hair against her left thigh. Erica pulled away again, providing the unlikely voice of reason, "Are you sure?"  
  
Hannah shook her head. "Absolutely not." She giggled again, and continued, "I'm not even sure if I'm awake or this is just a wet dream."  
  
"Whose wet dream?"  
  
Hannah just shook her head, shrugged, and resumed kissing the Caucasian girl on top of her. Every second that the two girls were apart seemed to be an eternity.   
  
But Erica needed reassurances, just as Colin had five days before. She had soothed his conscience by explaining that she was an adult, and capable of making her own decisions – regardless of chemicals or personality tics. Erica, herself, needed Hannah to do the same. "And Hyun-Shik?"  
  
The Asian girl smiled. She had her hand on Erica's right nipple, and was gently squeezing it. "I'm not married yet."  
  
Erica gave a disapproving look, even as she quivered with titillation.   
  
"I want this, Erica," Hannah stated, mimicking Erica's exact tone from Saturday evening. She continued, whispering, "I want to orgasm. I want to make you orgasm. I want to make Aaron orgasm. I want to make everyone at ConnPharm orgasm, watching us together."  
  
Erica was a bit thrown by the specific mention of her lab assistant, but she didn't press further. Instead, she bent her neck, and sucked Hannah's left nipple between her teeth.   
  
For Erica, this moment was the fulfillment of a fantasy. Over the course of the previous four and half weeks, almost everyone that Erica had ever known had played a small part in the XXX-rated theater playing in her head. She had dreamt of being eaten out by Wendy Milne. She had dreamt of fucking Colin Eggert. And she had dreamt of having Hannah Cho's pussy in her mouth. Her nights with Wendy were pleasurable, but business-like. Her night with Colin and Jamie, hot as it had been, had come and gone. Her toys had been taken from her, and she had even been forbidden from cumming outside the Bullpen. This – right now, with Hannah – was the last frontier Erica would cross before leaving, dressing, and saying goodbye to the place she'd called home for thirty-two days.  
  
For Hannah, this moment was the coup-de-grace of her plan. It certainly wouldn't help ameliorate Erica's personal reputation among her colleagues, and it most assuredly would cost Hannah her own. But whatever the lab assistants and technicians had watched Erica do, up to that point, would be dwarfed by the test subject engaged in full-fledged lesbian sex on the floor of the Bullpen. Hannah had long known that only this act would be the decisive stroke to accomplish what she'd set out to do in the Bullpen. Erica would never be looked at the same way, but neither would Hannah – they'd go down together, by going down on each other.   
  
The truth was, though, that Hannah wanted Erica badly. She had spent the past few days thinking that she was incapable of this final exploit, which was sure to compromise her relationship with Hyun-Shik as much as it would compromise her own heterosexuality. But now, in this moment, with the previous night's self-service session and the thought of being an object of desire for a wide audience of ConnPharm employees, Hannah wasn't sure if she was capable of NOT having sex with Erica.   
  
Luckily for both girls, this didn't seem to be an issue. Both were lost in their embrace, lost in each other's bodies, lost in carnal delight.   
  
Hannah wanted to linger, to allow the cameras to catch every angle of them screwing on the Bullpen's floor. She wanted to go down on Erica. She wanted Erica to go down on her. She wanted to position her body, and Erica's, in every which-way possible. But maybe that would have to wait, Hannah told herself. She did, after all, have another ten hours or so in the Bullpen before she was scheduled to be released – perhaps this moment were more about simply getting off than showing off.  
  
Erica was already grinding her pussy hard against Hannah's thigh. Her left hand was tracing up and down along Hannah's slit, and her mouth was still engaged with the Asian girl's nipple. She was surprised as Hannah rolled her over, onto her back, and then straddled her. They came together for another deep, animal kiss, a kiss of passion that neither could remember receiving from their respective boyfriends (or even, in Erica's case, with Jamie or Wendy). It was a friendship on fire – a deep, emotional trust manifested physically. As they kissed, Erica cursed herself for never having done this before.  
  
Hannah broke the kiss, and backed away. Before Erica knew what was going on, the Asian girl had turned completely around, swinging a leg over Erica's head, and settling her pussy down upon the other girl's chin. Hannah, meanwhile, was already head-down, nibbling on the soft, tender skin of Erica's inner thigh. Each warm breath caused Erica's pussy to moisten further, each lick and nibble torturous because of the anticipation.   
  
With her right hand supporting her weight, the Korean girl used her left to spread the top of Erica's pussy apart, exposing an already throbbing clitoris. She blew on it gently, causing the other girl's entire body to shake with rapture. Erica let out a squeal, but it was mostly muffled, given that her tongue had begun to probe the interior of Hannah's slit. With both hands firmly squeezing Hannah's buttocks, Erica pressed her lips against Hannah's, and inserted her tongue more deeply into Hannah than the Asian though possible.

There had been limited foreplay, but neither girl seemed concerned. Each, instead, found the other's clit, and still wrapped together in a sixty-nine position, went to work. Hannah, on top, thrust down on Erica's chin. Erica, on bottom, arched her back and thrust upwards, pushing her twat even more forcefully against Hannah's lips.   
  
It struck Erica, as her tongue traced circles around Hannah's sex, that over the past four and a half weeks, she'd had sex with three women and only one man. She wasn't terribly concerned about becoming a lesbian, given how much she still craved a cock inside of her – even as Hannah's lips kissed her clit. No, the gender of her partners had been entirely based on circumstance. If Noah had joined her in the Bullpen, and not Hannah, Erica had little doubt that she'd be bouncing up and down on the end of his dick at this very moment. In fact, she probably never would have made it through the night with a male member on view. Wendy, Jamie, and Hannah had all been simply means to an end, and that end was the climax already beginning to build in Erica's body.   
  
As soon as Erica was released, she was going to be satisfied in a way that Hannah never would be able to. Or, at least, without a strap-on dildo. This last thought caused Erica to reconsider, and as her libido continued to run away with her, she told herself that she might ask Hannah to join her. In her fantasies, she imagined Hannah with a strap-on buried deep, doggy-style, inside Erica's pussy; she imagined Hannah pulling Erica's short black hair, holding it in her first; and she imagined Hyun-Shik's dick thrusting into the back of her throat. Or was it Noah's dick? Or Colin's? Or Tom's? Or did it even matter?  
  
Hannah continued to lap at Erica's pussy, the Asian girl lost in her own world. She had often wondered, while watching advertisements for "Girls Gone Wild," how women could debase themselves like that in front of such a large audience. She was beginning to understand, imagining Aaron Abrahams with his dick in his hand, stroking himself furiously to the scene of Hannah and Erica wrapped in sixty-nine. It was sexy being sexy, and it was easy to get caught up in the sexual excitement of one's environment – be it a crowd of drunken frat boys at a bar in Cancun, or in the presence of a nymphomaniac biochemist under the microscope at a pharmaceuticals company.  
  
Erica's tongue was still furiously licking Hannah's clit, and the Asian girl was just beginning to feel the first waves of her orgasm. Even as that was happening, Erica had managed to work her middle finger into the folds of Hannah's vagina, and was now tracing the hot, wet interior walls. Before she had time to object, Hannah felt that same wet finger circling the exterior of her anus, getting closer and closer to the asshole itself. Rather than fight it, she opted instead to bury her head even deeper into Erica's pussy – she could tell that the white girl was on the verge of a big climax. She had never put anything into her backside before - not with Hyun-Shik, not alone. But she had never had sex with a woman before, either, so perhaps today was a day to try new things. She readied herself to stifle a scream.   
  
Scream she did, but out of pleasure and not pain. Erica waited until the exact moment before Hannah's orgasm set in, and then struck. Hannah nearly lost control of her body as it happened, the simultaneously anal stimulation and clitoral climax. But she held onto Erica's own clit with her mouth, causing the other girl to cum at the same time. Both shrieked in ecstasy, Erica cursing loudly and Hannah offering little more than a high-pitched series of yips.   
  
Exhausted, Hannah rolled off of her friend, and, panting, onto her back beside her.   
  
"You...should...have...come....to visit me...sooner," Erica wheezed. She was still flat on her back, casually running her own fingers against her red-hot pussy.   
  
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The day passed quickly for both girls. Hannah had been dreading the Bullpen for days, and though a part of her still felt awkward about so many people seeing her naked, it was increasingly easy to forget about the outside world while inside the small, clinical room with her naked friend. As Erica explained, once she'd gotten naked, there was really nothing more to see.   
  
"Aside from the lesbian sex," Hannah pointed out, as the two girl showered in the corner of the Bullpen.   
  
Erica shrugged it off. Orgasming for her had become no more embarrassing than sneezing – it was a natural human action. What did people actually witness? A contorted face? A little foul language? Was Erica supposed to be ashamed of bringing pleasure to her body?   
  
Putting the morning behind her was a little more difficult for Hannah. In the Bullpen, she could assure herself that she and Erica had been alone. As she stepped into the Observation Room, however, she knew that it was a lie – Colin Eggert and Vince Nemecek were standing, and waiting, behind the ops desk. Hannah wondered when the changing of the guard had occurred, but assured herself that it had still been early when she and Erica had engaged each other that morning – Tessa had still been on duty. Not that it mattered, she told herself – her Sapphic love scene would be recorded for posterity.   
  
Since getting up, and getting off, they'd exercised, read the morning papers on the projection screen, and showered. It was now nine in the morning – breakfast time.  
  
Colin stepped down from the ops desk, coming to greet the two girls with Erica's corset. As they had discussed that morning, Erica would don the device, and Hannah would put a few clothes on while outside of the Bullpen. It was ridiculous for her to remain nude when she didn't have to, especially while sitting out in the open with Colin and Vince present. As Colin fastened the corset together behind Erica's back, Hannah went to the lockers to put on her black bra and panties from the night before.   
  
Erica tried to repress the physical sensation of Colin's fingers upon her body. Over the past few days, things had moved from awkward to oddly comfortable, rather quickly. In the immediate aftermath of fucking the dark-haired scientist, Erica guessed that Colin had felt guilty about what he'd done. But as the days passed, she guessed that he had realized she was okay with it, and presumably Jamie was, as well. Things had returned to normal, and – if anything – had brought a level of physical familiarity between them that hadn't existed in the weeks prior. Erica still lusted for him, and still felt sensual sparks every time his fingers grazed against her skin, but Colin, on the whole, seemed to feel more comfortable in Erica's nude presence then he had before. He had touched her, he had been inside of her – grazing her bare skin while fastening the corset was no longer the nerve-wracking experience it had once been.  
  
Breakfast passed without incident. The morning flew by with both girls hard at work, data streaming to them through the projection screen. Erica masturbated once while Hannah was on a call with a potential grant-giving institution, but otherwise seemed halfway satiated from the morning's romp. At lunch, Hannah once again wore her bra and panties from the day before, and even met with one of her own lab assistants, Becky Haynes, to sign paperwork for the National Science Foundation. Their session ran long, and Erica had been forced to strip and enter the Bullpen alone, Hannah planning to follow her in fifteen minutes.   
  
The Asian girl and her lab assistant were still at the lunch table when Erica settled down with the keyboard in the Bullpen. As Hannah filled in the appropriate boxes on the government contracts, Erica used her few minutes alone to pull up pornographic pictures of an orgy in a bar, found by surfing the Internet from the Bullpen. Becky, a thirty-six-year-old bookworm, had heard stories of Erica's antics, but seemed disgusted at being forced to watch them firsthand. Hannah, meanwhile, was upset at her friend for pleasuring herself again without her – Hannah was, after all, stripping, masturbating, and engaging in cunnilingus to share in some of Erica's ill repute.   
  
Hannah stood, and told Becky to continue without her. She b-lined for her locker, unhooking the back of her bra on the way. She kicked off her panties as she walked through the exercise area, stuffing both pieces of lingerie quickly into the duffel bag. In seconds, she was at the slowly opening door of the Bullpen, able to join her friend before Erica had even truly gotten a chance to begin masturbating in earnest.   
  
Becky had been red-faced in the presence of Erica's pornography. She had blushed as her boss stripped in front of her. But Hannah was determined to give Becky something to truly be embarrassed about, something to really go crimson over.   
  
Hannah slid down the far wall, taking a seat beside her open-legged friend, with her back against the hard interior surface of the Bullpen.   
  
"I thought I'd get it out of my system before you got back," Erica explained. "I figured it might make you feel less awkward."  
  
"It's alright," Hannah shook her head. "How awkward could I still feel at this point? I've watched you get yourself off in my presence at least three dozen times over the past couple of weeks."   
  
Erica smiled. "Maybe, but I wanted to let you use the projector this afternoon, if you had work to do." Even as she talked, her right hand continued to gently stroke the exterior of her hairless twat.   
  
"No, it's alright," Hannah repeated. "Becky can handle most of the NSF stuff." She gestured at the screen with her chin, and asked, "Do you have anything more substantial? Longer? Like a movie?"   
  
"Are you sure?" Erica asked, incredulously. Of course, she could think of few things better that spending the afternoon watching porno, but she was surprised that Hannah was willing to indulge her. Hannah had been surprising her time and time again over the past twenty-four hours. "I mean, last night, you waited until the lights were out..."  
  
Hannah scrunched up her face, and yelled, "You WERE awake!"  
  
Erica shrugged.  
  
"Why didn't you say anything?" the Korean girl demanded.  
  
"You seemed to have wanted me to be asleep," Erica replied. "I didn't want to be the one who kept you from getting off."   
  
Hannah swallowed. She waited a moment, and offered, "I was easing into things."  
  
"And why were you doing so?" Erica asked. Her fingers continued to lightly caress her sex. "I mean, I haven't gotten an entirely satisfactory answer out of you. Why are you here? Why did you get naked? That is, why did you finally join me in the Bullpen? Why did you feel the need to masturbate last night? Why this morning? Why now? Only a few weeks ago, you were having a panic attack just thinking about being in my place. What changed?"  
  
"Because I'm your friend," Hannah answered. "You made a lot of sacrifices for your experiment. And I'm willing to make sacrifices for you."   
  
Erica looked at her friend questioningly.   
  
"People are talking," Hannah explained. "About your nudity, about your behavior. And I thought, well, I can't make you stop the experiment. I can't make you go back in time and not go through with it. I can't keep you from playing with yourself. But I can keep it so that you're not alone, you're not the only one facing rumors and whispers once you get out of the Bullpen."  
  
There was a few moments pause, before the Caucasian girl gave her friend a fond look, and offered a simple, "Thank you." To be honest, the talk didn't bother Erica as much as Hannah thought it did. Her science was a success, and that was the most important thing. And something had snapped into place inside of her – she wasn't upset about her growing infamy throughout the Avon campus; if anything, she looked forward to the looks and stares of her colleagues. It turned her on to think that there were others at ConnPharm getting off while thinking of her. But Hannah had worried about her, and had acted upon that worry. And that level of friendship was important to her, more so than any amount of cunnilingus Hannah might be able to provide.   
  
Erica shot Hannah a wicked smile. "So you're looking to add to your own reputation? Start your own rumors? To build your own legend?"  
  
"OUR legend," Hannah replied, sharing the same naughty look. "We're in this together now."   
  
"Well then, let's give them something to talk about."  
  
Erica sat up, and swung one leg over Hannah's thighs. Now, seated upon the Asian girl's lap, with their tits rubbing sensually against one another, Erica pressed her lips against Hannah's. They kissed, tongues wrapping around each other, bodies entangled.   
  
Hannah wondered if Becky was still seated in the Observation Room. She hoped that she was.   
  
Colin spent the afternoon shooing technicians from the Observation Room, and password-encoding the Bullpen's video feed, to make sure that no one but a select few were able to access the sex play taking place inside. But Erica's staff was given the crypt, as were Wendy Milne and Tessa Romero. Rinaldi and Forrester both had access, given executive privilege. As did Natalie Hart. Others soon followed.   
  
In fact, a few weeks later, Hannah came across a screen capture of that afternoon, printed in full color, in one of the copier rooms by the ConnPharm library. Instead of shock and horror, she felt a measure of success – she had succeeded in adding herself alongside her friend in ConnPharm infamy. And besides, she thought to herself, she looked damn sexy in the picture - like a porn star.   
  
That afternoon, though it would live forever in the memories and hard drives of ConnPharm employees everywhere, seemed to fly by too fast for Erica and Hannah both. Erica went down on Hannah. Hannah went down on Erica. Erica fingered Hannah from behind, she fingered her while Hannah was on her back, she fingered her while Hannah balanced herself on her shoulders, pointing her torso and cunt in the air. And Hannah, in turn, fingered Erica, in her pussy, and in her asshole, as well. They fucked each other while listening to jazz. They fucked each other while watching porn on the large screen. They fucked each other beneath the shower, against the wall of the Bullpen, and on the floor. They took breaks only to urinate on the far side of the room, or to catch their breath.   
  
For almost four solid hours, from lunch until dinner, the two girls did nothing but explore each other's bodies. Only when Colin called them for dinner did they finally break their embrace, and reluctantly, at that. They were beneath the shower, washing an afternoon's worth of juice and perspiration from their bodies. Erica was on her knees when Colin made the announcement, licking her friend to one final shriek-inducing climax.   
  
They stepped from the Bullpen together, neither girl afraid to look Colin in the eye. Hannah, instead of dressing right away, took the corset from the technician, and fastened it together. Though they were out of camera range, Hannah couldn't stop herself – her fingers tweaked Erica's nipples, her mouth softly kissed Erica's bare neck. With a parting kiss, and a gentle pat on the ass, Hannah sent Erica to eat her 4:40 dinner, as the clock was ticking for the girl outside the Bullpen. Hannah, meanwhile, was going to get dressed.   
  
Hannah had planned for being watched while undressing, and had figured she'd similarly be watched while dressing. Thus, to complement the sexy, black lace panties and bra from the day before, Hannah pulled a tiny, mesh thong from her duffel bag – red-tinted and sheer. It came with a matching bra, a pair of low-rise jeans, and a simple, long-sleeved red Henley t-shirt. After she had dressed, she padded barefoot over to the lunch table to have a final few minutes with her friend – at least, until the following morning.   
  
"You know," Hannah began, not quite sure of how to broach the subject, "tomorrow is going to be different."   
  
Erica understood. "Hyun-Shik."  
  
Hannah nodded glumly.   
  
"Are you going to tell him?"  
  
"Maybe," the Asian girl offered, at first. Then, shaking her head, she said, "Probably not."  
  
"Well," Erica asked, another wicked smile crossing her lips, "how are you going to keep me quiet?"  
  
Hannah was, at first, taken by surprise. But then, sensing what Erica was angling for, whispered, "One night. Before the wedding."  
  
"Your bachelorette party, perhaps?"  
  
"If that's what it'll cost for your silence," Hannah giggled. A hotel room. Lingerie. Champagne. And sex toys. A final night of sex with another person, before settling down with Hyun-Shik for the rest of her life. Yes, Hannah felt that she could live with the terms of Erica's complicity.   
  
They chatted for a few final minutes while Erica finished her meal, and then Hannah helped the girl shed her corset once more. As the door to the Bullpen rolled over, and with Colin and Wendy both looking on, the fully dressed Hannah shared one final kiss with her naked friend. They embraced, knowing that this would be the last time they allowed themselves to behave in such a manner – at least, aside from one short night a few months into the future. Both girls, as the kiss broke, were already looking forward to that evening.   
  
Erica sighed as the door rolled closed behind her, and she was once again alone inside the Bullpen. She had only four nights left in captivity, before she was once again forced to join the outside world. Thus, she thought that she might make the best of it. Her pussy still tingling from her last orgasm a half-hour earlier, Erica leaned forward against the reflective glass, and began to play with herself once again. In a few short days, all of this would be taken away from her – her nudity, her home, her audience.

**The Bullpen Ch. 07**

Had it really only been five weeks? To Erica Rivers, it felt as if it had been over a year since she'd first entered the Bullpen. Thirty-four days earlier, she'd stepped into the Observation Room a ball of a nerves, a button-down, sexually conservative introvert. Her breasts had gone from a B-cup to a double D, her voice had dropped a quarter octave, and she had actually grown three inches in height in just the past month, but the biggest changes had happened not physically, but emotionally and psychologically.   
  
Erica lay stretched out on the clinically-white floor of the Bullpen. She was stark naked, her hair mussed and her body coated in a glistening sheen of perspiration. Though the lights in the room were dimmed, Erica's bewitching green eyes were still wide open, the girl lying on her back and staring up into the empty space overhead. It was her own form of twilight, the moments between orgasm and slumber, and her fingers were still contentedly running across the smooth skin of her stomach. She was more than slender, her narrow waist providing a stark contrast to her ample bosom, the former a product of a controlled diet and mandatory exercise, the latter a product of biochemical enhancements.   
  
Erica's breasts were, in a word, perfect. They were immense, round, and entirely symmetrical. Her nipples, still excited from her recent sexual activity with herself, stood straight out and up into the air. Of course, Erica and those who had watched the past few weeks would have been hard pressed to remember a moment when the girl's nipples hadn't been rock hard. The nipples themselves sat at the center of a pair of luscious, brown areolas, each of which sat higher on Erica's breasts than perhaps normal – their positioning, even before the deuterotone-induced breast augmentation, giving a bit more visual heft to the underside of each tit.   
  
The girl's pussy was bare, completely devoid of pubic hair, allowing the juices upon her still-engorged labia to glimmer all the better in the weak lighting. Since first masturbating beneath the Bullpen's shower on the thirteenth day of the deuterotone experiment, Erica's vagina had been the near-constant center of attention, her pastime inside the small room and out. One could argue that it had held her rapt even before that late-night self-pleasure session, as Erica had been unable to concentrate on anything other than her own carnal need a week before succumbing to her animal desires. From that point forward, however, the dark-haired girl guessed that she had gotten herself off, on average, about nine or ten times per day. The video footage would provide a more concrete number, but Erica estimated that she'd made herself cum a total of over two hundred times, either with her fingers or with the toys that had been left as gifts for her, and her twat. The number seemed unfathomable, but given twenty-two days since that first instance, and little else to keep her busy, Erica knew the sum to be fairly accurate – even if didn't include the three times Wendy Milne had eaten her out (at two hundred bucks a pop, no less), the night she'd spent with Colin and Jamie Eggert, and the day with Hannah Cho just three days earlier.   
  
She had stripped for her science, bared her body to save her company time and money, shed her clothes in order to establish her own reputation as a biochemist. Though Erica had been a last minute stand-in for the twenty-one-year-old girl originally slated to undergo the experimental deuterotone treatment, she couldn't imagine not being her own guinea pig at this point. She couldn't imagine still living in the same rigid manner in which she had conducted herself for twenty-nine years. She couldn't imagine still timidly retreating into herself in the presence of another person. She couldn't imagine how she'd have been able to carry on without discovering herself, discovering her body, and discovering the joy of true sexual release.   
  
Erica fantasized again about being on the end of Colin's cock, sliding up and down upon it, both their bodies wet with Erica's fluids. She remembered the sweet taste of Hannah's pussy, her tongue delving deep inside her friend as Hannah's explored the inner folds of Erica's own, the two girls locked in sixty-nine. And she nearly came again, recalling when she'd leaned back on the ops desk, her ass mashing the keyboard beneath her, and for the first time let another woman – Wendy – lick her to orgasm.   
  
But Colin was married. Hannah was engaged. And Wendy, well, Erica doubted she'd be paying the peroxide blonde's service fee once she had access to the unsuspecting population of Avon, outside the ConnPharm walls. She'd be released by four or five o'clock tomorrow afternoon, and even though the dark-haired girl was dreading the thought of resuming her daily life, she was salivating over the thought of retiring to bed the following evening with an unknown gentleman. Perhaps two. Three?  
  
It made Erica sad, honestly, to think that this Sunday evening would be her last in the Bullpen. She had brainstormed for reasons to remain in the room – a few last tests, a few extra readings. She had wondered what experiment she could run in the next few weeks or months that would require her to return to her current confines for even a few hours. Both scenarios were unlikely, however, as she and her partner, Noah Forsythe, would be finished with early analysis, and be moving quickly forward on Phase One trials. Even if she were able to convince Bill Forrester and Natalie Hart that she required the company's expensive scanners in order to sequester a female test subject inside, it wouldn't be her. Her Category F eligibility expired the moment Hannah had first injected her with deuterotone, and it would be a full twelve months before Erica would be allowed to apply for reinstatement. And, truth be told, with DD-cup breasts, it was unlikely that Erica would be granted any more breast enhancements.   
  
She had, however, planned on getting a breast reduction – at least until about two weeks earlier, when things had fallen apart with Tom. Sure, she'd contemplated keeping her enlarged chest before then, but never seriously. In the initial aftermath of agreeing to be her own test subject, Erica had planned on having the reduction the day after being released from the Bullpen, ensuring that Tom wouldn't see what she had done to herself. As her tits grew, and her bodily desires grew along with them, she thought about letting him see them once or twice before having them reduced. But now, Erica was firmly in favor of keeping them. They were, after all, a testament to her scientific success, the fruit of her labor over the past few years. And, more than that, the thought of eyes upon them - upon her body, as she walked through the mall, or down the street, or down the very halls of ConnPharm – only served to lubricate her twat that much more than usual.   
  
She craved sex now more than she ever had, her whole life through. Not fingering herself. Not toys. Not cunnilingus. Erica needed flesh-and-blood penetration in a way she needed air to breathe. Her night with Colin only served to remind her what she'd been missing in the weeks she'd been inside the Bullpen, and away from her boyfriend. The prospect of being released, as the hours dwindled inside the walls of ConnPharm, further stimulated the girl, as she knew exactly how she planned to spend her first night free – even if she didn't know with whom. Each second ticked by slowly, as the girl pictured her imaginary lover deep-dicking her from behind, from the missionary position, from beneath, and from a few other positions Erica wondered were anatomically possible.   
  
It was a double-edged sword, of course. The girl longed for a man to be inside her, but she remained anxious about leaving her current environment behind. If there were another subject, an Adam to her Eve, she was sure she could remain blissfully in captivity for the foreseeable future. The Bullpen had been her prison, but it had also been her cocoon. It had changed her physically, emotionally, and psychologically, leaving her more aware of herself, more aware of her desires, and more aware of her own personal, sexual fetishes. Erica Rivers had grown in more ways than she had first intended.  
  
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The door to the Bullpen slowly rumbled open as the steady, gentle hum of the TW emitters powered down. The recording device had been up and running for thirty-five days straight, but the deuterotone experiment had drawn to a close, successfully. The five figures waiting in the Observation Room were exposed to the outcome of all their hard work over the previous five weeks, as Erica Rivers stepped naked from the darkening room, her enormous breasts on display for all.   
  
The deuterotone that had been injected into Erica had elicited a second puberty, of sorts. Her breasts had grown, most noticeably, but her chest wasn't all that had been chemically enhanced in her physique. Standing 5'7" when she first entered the Bullpen, Erica left now at 5'11". And her voice was deeper, huskier – a product of expanded vocal chords. She had been attractive before the experiment, if conservative in dress and demeanor, but in the weeks between first day and the last, she had become every inch the embodiment of male fantasy – long legs, huge tits, narrow waist, and an unquenchable sex drive.  
  
It was a few minutes before five when the experiment officially drew to a close, and a small get-together had been convened to celebrate the team's accomplishment. A larger event was being planned for the following night in the ConnPharm function hall upstairs, where company directors, executive management, significant stockholders, and fellow ConnPharm employees would gather to applaud Erica, her partner Noah Forsythe, their lab assistants, and the technical staff of the Bullpen who made the whole experiment possible. But tonight, only Colin Eggert, Noah Forsythe, Jake Rinaldi, Natalie Hart, and Hannah Cho waited for the naked girl to step from her prison. Two bottles of champagne, and a collection of wine glasses sat on the lunch table to one side of the Observation Room.   
  
Some measure of privacy had been awarded to Erica at the start of the experiment, Noah and Colin waiting patiently for the girl to strip while averting their eyes at the ops desk. No longer; both men were as comfortable around the naked girl as she now was with them, both men smiling at the sight of their bare-skinned friend. Hannah Cho and Jake Rinaldi were both new additions, and the latter leered a bit more than anyone else in the room but the staring didn't unnerve Erica. In fact, it only served to feed her lust.   
  
Natalie Hart welcomed Erica into the Observation Room. "Congratulations," she smiled, and undeterred by the dark-haired girl's nudity, she leaned in for a hug. The two embraced, neither seeming the least bit unsettled by the fact that one of them wore no clothes. A hug followed from Hannah, but the men hung back. Despite the fact that Colin had fucked Erica six ways to Sunday nine nights earlier, he was too modest to approach.  
  
"When you get dressed," the technician acknowledged.   
  
Erica nodded, and looked to Noah. "Last chance," she offered, opening her arms.   
  
The tall, auburn-haired scientist chuckled uncomfortably. Erica had been intimate with both Hannah and Colin, Natalie had never seemed phased by the dark-haired girl's state of undress, and Jake had the tendency to come off as a lech. Of the group, only Noah seemed be awkward about Erica, her nudity, and her behavior over the previous five weeks. He stammered, "I'll wait," nodding in the direction of her locker.   
  
"Suit yourself," the girl smiled.   
  
Natalie herded the men to the far side of the Observation Room, offering to pour the champagne as Erica dressed. Hannah, though, followed her friend past the exercise equipment, to the bank of lockers where she herself had kept her clothes during her twenty-four hours inside the Bullpen. Her own time naked had been short, but she understood the conflicted emotions Erica had to have been feeling, more than any of the others present. Hannah, if only for a brief amount of time, had been an object of desire, the sexual fantasy for Bullpen technicians and other ConnPharm employees – not to mention the white girl she'd licked to orgasm a dozen or so times over the course of an afternoon.   
  
"It's going to be hard to move on, isn't it?" Hannah asked, taking a seat on the weight bench.  
  
Erica stood before her, reaching into the open cubby in which she'd stored her clothes over the past month. "It is," the girl allowed, "but I'm not sure that it's going to hit me right away."   
  
"It's funny," she continued, pulling her tweed skirt from the locker. "I spent the first week and half inside thinking about this moment, the moment that I could get dressed and go home. But ever since that first wave of libido overtook me, it hasn't really been an issue. I mean, I don't think I've felt the urge to get dressed even once in the past two weeks or so."   
  
She placed the skirt on the bench beside her friend, and then retrieved the white, button-down blouse and alluring pink lace bra. The matching panties, which Erica had hung so tantalizingly on view in the locker, had been stolen a week earlier. But the missing undergarments didn't annoy the naked girl in the least – the thought of someone masturbating with them, while thinking about her, got her more than a little excited. And, she noted to herself, it wasn't as if she'd be wearing her bra home, either, as her breasts had gotten far too large to be contained in its meager B cups.   
  
Erica fingered the material of her bra. Had her chest really been that small? It seemed foreign to her, unfamiliar, and not just because of the size. It would take time before she felt fully comfortable in clothes.   
  
She smiled, and joked, "I just hope that my body doesn't break out in a rash, with me having to be dressed again."  
  
"You'll be fine," Hannah assured her.   
  
Erica put the pink brassiere aside, and reached for her blouse. Taking a deep breath, and avoiding eye contact with the Korean, the naked girl put one arm through a sleeve, and then another, shrugging the open blouse over her shoulders. It struck her, as she did so, that she felt more naked at that moment than she had in weeks. While there was an element of naturalness in complete nudity, being half-dressed only served to remind her that she was still half-naked.  
  
The first few buttons came easily, but the shirt got tighter as her fingers approached her bust. Giggling, she looked to Hannah, and observed, "I might have a problem here."  
  
Hannah nodded. Erica's shirt was going to be far too tight to accommodate her more ample bosom. Still, Erica took the buttons up as far as they would go, leaving the shirt open towards the top. A healthy amount of cleavage was on display as the buttons strained to keep the material closed. And, almost thwarting the very nature of clothing itself, Erica's two adamantine nipples poked through the thin, white material.   
  
The shirt hung down past Erica's hips, and a casual observer might not have been able to tell if the girl were wearing panties or not. This didn't last, however, as the girl bent at the waist to slide the tweed skirt up her legs. Her twat was on display for everyone behind her – in this case, Hannah – before Erica pulled the skirt around her waist, and fastened it in the back.   
  
Erica smoothed the skirt, surprised by how long it was. She'd grown four inches taller in the Bullpen, but the outfit, from the waist down at least, seemed even more conservative than she remembered. The hem hung above her knees, but Erica had a difficult time reconciling the skirt's actual length with how risqué it had seemed in her previous life. Adding to the Puritanical feeling the dress seemed imbued with was the fact that it hung loose around her waist. Though Erica had grown four inches, and added more than a few inches to her chest, the increase in weight had been offset by her increased exercise and consequent weight loss. She had always been able to describe herself as "thin" or "slender," but the girl now found herself worrying if any of her clothes at home would fit her.  
  
Given the nature of her existing wardrobe, Erica wondered if shopping for new clothes was such a bad thing, anyway.   
  
"So what's the first thing you're doing when you get home?" Hannah asked.   
  
Erica shot the girl a wicked grin, and Hannah smiled knowingly in return. It had been forty-five minutes since the dark-haired girl had last masturbated, and there was little question about what she'd be doing the minute her front door was closed behind her.   
  
"Other than that," the Korean girl stipulated.   
  
I'm going to get laid, Erica thought to herself. She knew what she'd be doing that evening, all right, even if she hadn't figured out the logistics - the who, the where, or the how. She was going to find herself a partner with whom she could get herself off, with whom she got lay back and simply be fucked. Instead of revealing the full depravity of her plans that evening with her friend, Erica instead smiled, and offered, "I'll probably go out."  
  
Erica slipped into the black pumps that had lain, unused, at the bottom of the locker. Looking her friend the eye, she added, "You're more than welcome to come with me."  
  
Hannah swallowed. It was clear that she wanted to join her friend, in whatever adventures awaited Erica that evening. But in the battle between Hannah's inner demons and better angels, she sided with the latter, resisting temptation and remaining loyal to her fiancée. She shook her head, explaining, "I've got dinner with Hyun-Shik's parents tonight."   
  
Erica shrugged. As she slipped into her simple, mid-heel pumps, she reflected on Hannah's decision. Erica had never in her life trolled bars in order to pick up a sexual partner for the evening, and she had little clue as to technique or tactics, though she doubted it would be difficult. Still, having Hannah there made things a bit more comfortable and familiar, as she wouldn't have to interact with a complete stranger on her own. In her entire life, she'd slept with only seven people, four of them men, all but three in the past few weeks, and none of them were people Erica could have described as "strangers" at the time. But then, she wasn't looking for a relationship – all she wanted that evening was a cock inside of her, and it mattered little who the man was attached to it.   
  
"And you've got tomorrow off, don't you?" Hannah asked.   
  
"Natalie told me that I had the entire week," Erica answered as she reached for her earrings. Most of her jewelry was sitting in a locked drawer in her office, but the earrings had been an oversight the first time she'd entered the Bullpen. "But I'm only taking tomorrow. I've got work to do here, and it seems kind of unfair to put it all on Noah and my assistants."  
  
"I'm sure they'd understand, seeing how much you've given of yourself these past few weeks."  
  
"Yeah, but I'm not quite sure what I'd do with myself for an entire week," Erica said, though her libido certainly had a few suggestions as to how she could spend the next few days. "And the sooner we get all the paperwork filed, the sooner we can move deuterotone to Phase One trials."   
  
"But you're giving yourself tomorrow, at least?" Hannah worried about her friend pushing herself too hard, not taking any time to even reflect upon her experience within the Bullpen.   
  
"Well, I've got to get my car out of the impound lot, at least," she explained. Apparently, her Jetta had been towed two weeks earlier, after sitting in the ConnPharm parking lot for close over twenty-two days. Jake Rinaldi had apologized to her earlier in the day, when it had come to his attention, and he'd spent the bulk of his day trying to get it back for her. Unfortunately, the local police weren't about to release the car to anyone but Erica Rivers herself.

"You've got a ride home, though, right?"  
  
Erica nodded. "Jake booked me one of the executive coaches. They're on call for me tonight and tomorrow, until I get my own car back."  
  
"Well, here," Hannah said, standing and reaching into the pocket of her lab coat. "This is from Natalie and I." The Korean girl handed her friend a white envelope.   
  
Erica took it, and began to open it. She stopped, though, and glanced at her boss on the far side of the room, readying the champagne flutes for a congratulatory toast. "Shouldn't I wait to open it Natalie around?"  
  
"Despite everything," Hannah sighed, "Natalie thought you might want to open this without Colin, Noah, and Jake hovering over you."   
  
Erica's green eyes showed a flash of understanding. Opening the envelope, she pulled a gift card to Victoria's Secret, as well as another to Le Chateau Exotique. Erica was familiar with both stores, if only in passing – a billboard for the latter, a pornography and adult store, stood on the side of I-91 running through Hartford.   
  
"You know I've already got a chest full of sex toys in my office," Erica observed wryly.   
  
Hannah knew she was being teased, she knew that her friend appreciated the gift, and she knew that Erica would probably rush out to Le Chateau the first chance she got. "I thought you might like to pick a few out on your own."  
  
"Well, I guess I've got my day planned for me tomorrow." Erica winked at her friend. She took her final item from her locker, her thick, black-rimmed glasses, both stylish and non-stylish at the same time, in a sort of geek chic style. It had been so long since she'd last worn them that Hannah did a double-take, as if she'd forgotten that her friend had seemingly styled herself after Lisa Loeb in her previous life. She added, earnestly, "Thank you."  
  
"God," she observed, looking at her reflection in the mirror hung beside her locker. "Remind me why I never used to wear contacts?"  
  
Hannah laughed. The two women, now both fully dressed for the first time in weeks, joined their friends and co-workers on the far side of the Observation Room, eager to share a celebratory toast.   
  
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Erica heard the familiar, but long-absent, click of her front door close behind her. For the first time since the Monday she'd first shed her clothes, Erica was finally alone. She finally had space of her own, privacy. She finally was able to escape both the probing cameras and sensors of the Bullpen, as well as the curious eyes of technicians and scientists in the Observation Room. She would finally be able to go the bathroom without being watched. She would finally be able to indulge in sexual self-pleasure without an audience watching every thrust of her hips or hearing every dirty utterance that escaped her lips.  
  
Her coach from ConnPharm would return if summoned, but for now the large, overweight Italian man had departed. For now, she was entirely alone.  
  
Erica had fetched her purse, her jewelry, and the large red cooler from her office after leaving the Observation Room. Heavier than she had perhaps expected, and filled to the brim toys for every orifice, the ice chest was the only object that Erica carried into the house, her pocketbook and the useless pink bra inside. She made the conscious decision to leave it by the front door, rather than succumb to the temptations of plastic and cold metal immediately. It had been a week since Erica had last used one of her toys, and there would be time to re-accustom herself to each of them in the coming days and weeks. For now, though, Erica knew her fingers would do well enough on their own.   
  
She'd wanted to masturbate in the hired car. She had fantasized about the driver, Gino, watching her in his rearview mirror, as she lifted her skirt and rubbed her twat into ecstasy. But this wasn't the Bullpen anymore, and even if Erica herself had shrugged off the shackles of what was socially acceptable, she didn't want to push the envelope around other people – at least, not yet. She'd even toyed with the idea of inviting Gino in with her, and up to the bedroom of her condo. Had he been under fifty years old, under two hundred and fifty pounds, and devoid of a wedding band on his ring finger, she just might have. Instead, she stepped into her foyer alone.   
  
The dark haired girl had only been in her home for a few short seconds before she began to unbutton her blouse. She hadn't even been dressed for an hour as she shrugged the material off, her bare, deuterotone-enhanced tits preceding her into the living room. She didn't go to the kitchen, to fix herself dinner, or check on her plants around the house. She didn't even go to turn up the heat on her thermostat, or even fold her white shirt neatly, instead letting the fabric drop into a heap on the floor.   
  
Erica shed her shoes on the way up the stairs, past the mail stacked neatly on the third step. Despite his infidelity, Tom had obviously remained faithful to checking on Erica's mailbox.   
  
She was naked by the time she reached her bedroom, her tweed skirt in a puddle at the top of the stairs. In her nudity, she felt more at home than she had stepping through her front door. There was a level of comfort in being bare, a sense of familiarity that had been absent to that point.   
  
The room was dark, so Erica flicked the light switch on her way into the room. It had been so long since she'd been in her own bed, but Erica didn't even bother to pull back her bedspread. Instead, she laid herself down atop it, stretched, and found her pussy with her hand. Again, it wasn't being home in her own condo that made Erica feel at ease, but the sensation of her fingers against her clit. This, despite the fact that her bed felt too soft and lumpy beneath her, despite the fact that no one was watching her.  
  
Erica parted her legs, allowing her fingers to find the inside of her wet, pink folds. As her right hand penetrated deeper into her pussy, her left brushed against her sensitive nipples, causing her release a small gasp. Her middle and index fingers were inside of her, simulating the thrusts of an imaginary male partner. Her palm ground against the top of her bare slit, and she rubbed circles around her clit with the base of her hand. Her legs were up, bent at the knee, and her left hand was casually and sensually playing with her left nipple. From her feet to her ears, Erica's entire body was one, large erogenous zone, as it had been for weeks by that point.   
  
She sighed in bliss. Imagining herself on her bed, but in the center of a jam-packed audience at the Hartford Civic Center, Erica shut her eyes and gave way to the feelings overcoming her body. The seats were filled to capacity, over 16,000 people watching her on the arena's floor. They wore UConn's blue and white, the Whalers' blue and green, or even red and white jerseys with the ConnPharm insignia sewn onto the chest. Men and women, of all ages, had gathered to watch the headlining act – "Erica Rivers: Homecoming." Someone was chanting. Elsewhere, Erica swore that she heard a woman heckling her, calling her a slut, a prostitute, a whore. This, however, only made Erica wetter and more excited.   
  
"Fuck," she gasped. The bed gave beneath her, the springs rising and falling with the thrusts of her hips. She wasn't used to it, and the bed beneath her disappeared in her fantasy. She didn't need it. She was slut. A prostitute. A whore. She'd cum on the hardwood floors of the Civic Center, her fans eagerly awaiting her orgasm.   
  
"Fuck!" she gasped again, opening her eyes. In the audience, she found Colin and Jamie, watching while holding hands. There was Noah, with Mike Takahashi, Aaron, and Vijay. Across the aisle were Hannah and Hyun-Shik. Natalie sat with Bill Forrester, and Jake Rinaldi sat behind them, rubbing his lap through his pants. Karen Rivers, inexplicably dressed in a zoo guide's uniform, sat in the front row, with her husband beside her. Chris Rivers, Erica's father, had a look of disgust and disappointment on his face, in stark contrast to the enraptured audience around him. But the displeasure on his face merely fueled the fire in Erica's crotch – she was his little girl, but she was also a slut. A prostitute. A whore. Despite his best efforts, his little girl was little more than a nymphomaniac, performing before thousands of his friends and neighbors.   
  
"Oh," Erica sighed. "Oh, oh, oh..."  
  
The building was dark, save for a spotlight on the naked girl at center court. The bright light was hot, and Erica was soaked in sweat. Her bare skin slipped and slid against the hardwood floor, lubricated by her perspiration. She was the absolute center of attention.   
  
The scoreboard was lit up, the clock timing her, seeing how long it would take for her to reach her climax. One minute and thirty seconds had passed. Then two minutes. Then five. Then ten.  
  
The fantasy began to fade. Her audience was gone, and Erica found herself back in her bedroom, still grinding against her hand. It still felt good – she couldn't deny that fact. But the scoreboard clock hadn't been lying, as the bedside alarm clock registered the same count. Erica had been masturbating for almost fifteen minutes, and though her orgasm seemed to be just on the horizon, it had stayed perched there for some time, by that point.   
  
There was a level of frustration, to be sure. Erica had lingered over her sessions before, but always intentionally. Even as her fingers continued to work on her clit, she began to worry. If keyed up, she was capable of orgasming in under a minute. From an unexcited state, and there had been very few of such moments over the course of the past five weeks, she knew that she was still capable of cumming in under five minutes. In most sessions, she averaged roughly four minutes. She could draw it out, sure, and let the feelings of her fingertips against her bare skin linger, but Erica certainly hadn't been attempting to do so now. The dark-haired girl had shed her clothes the moment she'd entered her house and had immediately gotten down to business.   
  
Another five minutes passed, and Erica still hadn't cum. Her orgasm was palpable, but just out of reach. Ten more minutes passed. Then fifteen. Still nothing. She tried masturbating on her hands and knees. She attempted to do so while thrusting her hips against one of her pillows. Worried that it was the soft mattress beneath her, she laid herself down on the floor. Was the fact that her bedroom was carpeted keeping her from reaching her orgasm? Doubtful, as the hard tile of her bathroom floor did little more to help her achieve her goal.   
  
The girl, her hair in disarray and her eyes lost in a desperate stare, descended the stairs of her condo, and found the red cooler. She ascended them with a seven-and-a-half inch gel dildo, an orange rabbit vibrator, and a large, round-tipped white massager. A half hour later, looking even more frazzled, she descended the stairs once again. She returned to her room a few minutes later, a well-lubricated set of beads protruding from her asshole.   
  
Three hours later, Erica still hadn't cum. The muscles in her arms were exhausted, her clitoris in pain from all the attention it had been receiving, and the bags under her eyes giving away the fact that she'd spent some time crying. Strewn from one corner of her home to the other were dildos, bullets, beads, tubes of lubricant, vibrators, massagers, butt plugs, pleasure orbs, nipple clamps, and toys that Erica had not even begun to imagine before she'd began masturbating for the Bullpen technicians. They were upstairs, downstairs, in the basement, and on the stairs themselves. She had fingered herself in her bedroom, in her bathroom, and in the hall. She'd rubbed her pussy beneath the warm waters of her bath, as she'd spread her legs on the staircase, and on her couch as she'd watched pay-per-view pornography on her television. And still nothing.   
  
It certainly wasn't as if she was out of practice. Erica was, if nothing else, well skilled at the particular act she'd been attempting all evening, having had more than enough time to perfect her technique in the Bullpen. And yet, for whatever reason, she was simply unable to orgasm.   
  
The girl was on the floor of her kitchen, lying against the cool linoleum beneath her. She was surrounded by pile of toys, each covered in a thin veneer of her pussy juices and lubricant. She banged her fist against the tile, cursing out loud – now out of frustration, instead of her usual sexual satisfaction.   
  
Had she just not been in the mood? Erica doubted it – she was, at least lately, ALWAYS in the mood. In fact, if the exercise hadn't gotten increasingly frustrating and essentially moot, the dark-haired girl would still be knuckle-deep in her own cunt, orgasming for the fifth, sixth, or seventh time. Instead, she hadn't been able to climax even once.   
  
She had gotten close, to be sure. But Erica had never been able to make that crest, to coast over the top to the carnal satisfaction that awaited her on the other side. Her orgasm seemed tantalizingly close, but she seemed to be Sisyphus, forever trying to push his boulder up the hill. It reminded her of her dreams from the second week in the Bullpen, and more specifically, the first few nights after her first deuterotone injection. Before allowing herself to masturbate beneath the shower, her nighttime fantasies had constantly ended unresolved, as she was building towards her orgasm. But she always awoke before the tension in her body could be released.  
  
Was this a dream? Erica shook her head – it seemed more like a nightmare.   
  
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She didn't linger in Victoria's Secret. There'd be time to shop more extensively the following day, when she wasn't so preoccupied.   
  
Erica slid into the back of her waiting coach, Gino greeting the girl and her pink shopping bag with a raised eyebrow. She knew that he was wondering what awaited the dark-haired girl inside, and she also knew that she'd be unable to resist showing it to him. Daydreaming about slipping it on and masturbating for him, Erica shut the door behind her, and gave the driver directions towards Farmington. If she weren't sure that fingering herself would only end in frustration, she would have immediately put on a show for the Italian gentleman.   
  
But Erica had decided that her problem had been a singular focus upon fucking another man over the previous few days. Once she'd been released from captivity, she doubted that any amount of masturbation would end successfully, at least until her primary sexual objective had been achieved. She had dreamt about dick, thought about a man's cock inside her for days upon end. And, consequently, she suspected that she'd wound her psyche so tight around that wish that her orgasm would remain elusive until her intentions were realized.   
  
Still, Erica certainly wasn't going to deprive Gino of a little T&A. Even if it went nowhere for her, Erica was going to make sure that Gino would be thinking about the scientist that evening when he screwed his wife.   
  
She was dressed casually, wearing a tight-fitting pair of denim jeans and a casual, v-neck, long-sleeved t-shirt beneath a brownish, hound's-tooth-patterned pea coat. To her left, hanging behind Gino in the backseat, was a garment bag that Erica had brought with her. Her wardrobe, as she'd gone through it at home while waiting for her coach to arrive an hour ago, had left much to be desired. But Erica had, eventually, found something that she hoped would arouse her intended victim, even if she didn't intend to wear it for very long.   
  
She and Gino chatted about the girl's venture into the mall, about how Erica had to convince the store manager to stay open for a few extra minutes while she picked something out. As they talked, Erica's thin fingers found the buttons of her coat, and one by one, she slipped each button out through its corresponding buttonhole.   
  
If Gino realized that the girl was changing in the back of his coach, he didn't let on – not as she shrugged her shoulders out of her coat, not as she casually slipped her feet from her shoes, not as her hands found the waist of her pants. Instead, he continued to converse with the girl, about the weather, about the New England Patriots, about some of the more interesting places he'd been while driving one of ConnPharm's executive cars. Erica, for her part, maintained the banal conversation, talking about growing up in Ohio, about living in Southern California and Boston, about what she did – though not what she'd been doing for the past five weeks – for Connecticut Pharmaceuticals. She caught the driver glancing casually, covertly in the rear-view mirror, but he kept himself from being an open voyeur, even as Erica began to unbutton and unzip her jeans.   
  
As her fly came down, Erica's baby-blue thong came into view, though unfortunately, not for the man in the front seat. Erica wished that Gino had a better vantage point, but she comforted herself with the knowledge that the very conspicuous sound of her fly probably had given him an erection. Her thumbs found her waistline, and Erica shimmied out of both her jeans and her panties at the same time. Soon enough, her bare ass was pressed against the expensive leather seats, her sopping wet pussy undoubtedly leaving a puddle beneath her.   
  
"Gonadatrophin releasing hormone," Erica continued to explain, even as she folded her pants on the seat beside her. She was naked from the waist down, and even though Erica doubted Gino could see much below her still-covered breasts, the very thought of being without pants or panties in the backseat of the Italian's car turned her on. She fought the urge to touch herself, knowing that it was pointless until she'd first cum through coitus. She wanted to put on a show for her driver, something he'd cherish in his fantasies forever. Even without masturbating for him, Erica told herself, she doubted that he'd forget the strip show she was performing for him. And besides, this was only Act One. When he picked her up to drive her home the following morning, or later in the night, the psychological blockage would be removed, and Erica would be capable of properly cumming for the man. Act Two would be well worth Gino's wait.   
  
"GnRH," she said. "It's excreted by your hypothalamus when puberty kicks in. It sets off the follicle stimulating hormone and the luteinizing hormone in the pituitary gland, which, in turn, cause the sexual organs to release gender-specific sexual hormones, like testosterone, estrogen, and progesterone."  
  
"Uh-hunh," Gino responded. He obviously wasn't listening, more interested in what was taking place in his backseat than in what was taking place inside the walls of Connecticut Pharmaceuticals. But he didn't want what was transpiring to end, either, and feigned interest in Erica's science in the hopes of seeing Erica's naked body.   
  
Erica hands found the hem of her t-shirt, the last article of clothing she still had on. She began lifting it up her torso, exposing more and more skin to the pair of eyes flitting back and forth between the rearview mirror and the road. "What we've been able to do," Erica lectured, "is bypass the GnRH, the FSH, and the LH, injecting our own, manufactured sexual hormone into the body."  
  
Her belly button, and then the bottom of her breasts came into view. Her nipples next, though Gino noted they sat higher on her breasts than he had been expecting, almost pointing upwards instead of outwards. As Erica pulled her shirt up over her head, she paused in her scientific dissertation, and Gino nearly swerved into oncoming traffic on Route 10.  
  
Gino quickly corrected the car's course, jerking the steering wheel back to the right and returning his focus, briefly, to the road in front of him. Erica smiled to herself, knowing that her DD chest had had its intended effect, even if it had almost gotten her into an accident. She continued to explain about deuterotone, even though neither she nor Gino were really paying attention to the words coming out of her mouth. He was attempting to sneak a few more peaks at her bare breasts, and she was luxuriating in the sensation of feeling his eyes upon her naked body.

"Deuterotone," Erica said, folding her t-shirt and placing it atop her pants. She was now completely naked in the back of the coach, and she longed to remain that way until she and Gino had reached their destination. She decided against it, however, but opted to take her time in getting dressed again – she didn't want Gino to think that she was getting off on this...at least, not yet. Later, perhaps. "It tricks the body, in a way, causing a second, more targeted puberty in women."  
  
The dark-haired girl fished into her pink Victoria's Secret shopping back, extracting the lingerie she had purchased for her evening seduction. A part of her wished that her destination were further away, and that she could let Gino's eyes linger upon her even longer. But, she told herself, the shorter the trip, the sooner it would be that she'd feel a dick pulsing inside of her.   
  
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One stocking-covered leg descended from the car, and it was soon joined by the other. It had been so long that Erica had worn clothes of any kind, but even longer still since she'd worn stockings, and she couldn't get over how tight they felt, how uncomfortable she felt in them. The sensation was something she'd been struggling with all evening – her clothes felt odd to her, the way they hung from her body, the way they bunched in the wrong places, the way they constricted her movement. It would be days before she felt a sense of normalcy in being clothed, but Erica didn't intend upon remaining clothes for very long that night.   
  
Gino held the back door open for the girl as she stood, her black, suede heels finding the sidewalk beneath her. They were three and half-inch heels, and the already tall girl towered over the large Italian man. She stood over six feet tall in the shoes, and laughed at the notion that she'd ever worried about the length of the little black dress she was wearing. Tom had picked it out for her, for a gala they had attended for his firm. The length of the dress had concerned her at the time, and she had worried about showing off too much leg. Despite the fact that she'd grown four inches taller since she'd last worn it, Erica now wondered if the hemline was high enough – she did have, after all, gorgeous legs, and no longer had any qualms in flaunting them.   
  
The dress itself was simple, elegant, and undeniably sexy. It was open in the back, meaning that Erica had never been able to wear a bra beneath it. This was no longer an issue, as none of Erica's bras actually fit her anymore. It sat low in the front, and Erica's formerly sufficient cleavage had become super-sized, her breasts almost entirely hanging out above the fabric.   
  
She left her shopping bag and garment bag, along with her discarded garments, in the backseat of the car. Gino was at her beck and call until she got her Jetta back, and she felt that her things would be safe until she returned. The driver probably would leave everything as it currently was, but the thought of him fondling and fingering her blue thong turned her on.   
  
She bid him goodbye, and stepped up the walkway toward Jake Rinaldi's house, her heels clicking on the pavement beneath her. At the door, she turned and saw the coach pulling away, her chance of chickening out departing with it. Licking her lips and adjusting her dress, Erica turned back to the door, and rang the doorbell.   
  
Erica had toyed with the idea of picking up a stranger at a bar, taking him home, and using him for his body. She'd never even thought about doing so before, and had little clue as to how that sort of thing was even done. She doubted there was much technique involved – if she walked up to a good-looking man and whispered in his ear that she wanted to fuck, what were the chances that he'd say no?   
  
But Erica had decided, instead, to find someone she already knew, preferably someone who had seen her naked in the Bullpen. She had been the subject of lust and desire over the previous five weeks, a depraved sex object on view to every executive, scientist, and technician who cared to look in her direction. She had been humiliated time and time again, but she'd also gotten off on that very humiliation, and the idea of climaxing with someone who knew her back story got her that much more moist between her legs.   
  
But who to go to? Colin? Noah? Aaron? Mike Takahashi? Forrester? After the night they'd spent with each other a week and a half earlier, Erica doubted that Jamie would mind another go-around with Colin and Erica. But Erica had already inserted herself into their marital intimacy once, and was hesitant to do so again so soon. Takahashi and Aaron were both, technically, her direct reports, and there were certainly more attractive men at ConnPharm than Bill Forrester. Though Erica had considered one or more of the technicians (together, separate – it didn't matter), she finally decided upon Jake Rinaldi.   
  
He'd spent afternoons undressing her in his mind even before the deuterotone experiment had begun, which had always made Erica uncomfortable. In the Observation Room, with Erica undressed and occasionally finger-fucking herself in front of him, Jake had been significantly less capable of averting his eyes than others. The thought of his blue eyes, drinking in her body, was what set the vice president apart, in Erica's mind. And the knowledge that he'd never again be able to look at her as a sexual object after tonight only solidified his candidacy. Erica fantasized about passing each other in the halls, and Jake being unable to think about anything other than her naked body, pistoning up and down at the tip of his dick, screaming out in ecstasy as she climaxed...the potential for awkwardness, on his part, only seemed to make her hotter.   
  
Jake answered the door, still mostly dressed from his day at the office. He was wearing the black, pin-striped pants of his suit from earlier in the afternoon, though the jacket and tie had been long-since discarded. His blue, button-down shirt had been opened at the top, and a white undershirt was plainly visible. His shoes and socks had been discarded, and he greeted Erica barefooted, surprised at having a guest come calling that late into the evening, especially on a Monday night.   
  
"Erica?" he asked, giving her the up-and-down look. Clearly, he was turned on by the presentation before him, if puzzled by her presence on his doorstep.  
  
"Can I come in?" she asked. She smiled flirtatiously, doing her best to make her intentions entirely clear.   
  
He scratched his head, glanced out into the evening night, and nodded. "Sure," he whispered, and the dark-haired girl breezed past him into his living room. He followed her, still a bit discombobulated by the fact that she was in his home.   
  
Erica fingered a handful of photo frames on Jake's mantel, pretending to look at them more than actually looking at them. She wanted to skip the flirting, the cat-and-mouse, the foreplay, and move directly to his bedroom. She wanted to bypass the opening, and just open her legs for him. She didn't want to converse, didn't want to explain herself, didn't want to engage him in any sort of office romance moralities – she just wanted to fuck.   
  
"What...uh...what are doing here?" Jake asked. The television was on in the other room, the Knicks taking a beating in front of a half-eaten plate of pasta and a glass of red wine. In the living room, though, Erica stood alluringly before the fireplace, Jake still on the other side of the room. The girl turned, leaned against the mantel, stretched her arms wide, and rested them on the wood frame behind her.   
  
"I was lonely," she purred.   
  
Jake wasn't quite sure what to say. After a few seconds pause, he blurted, "W-w-would you like a drink? Some wine?"  
  
The girl nodded.   
  
"Is red okay?"  
  
"Of course."  
  
Jake noted that Erica looked entirely different than she had in the Bullpen, though her eyes seemed entirely the same. She was wearing clothes, which, in and of itself would take some getting used to. But she was also wearing both jewelry and make-up, and her hair seemed more in place, and better cared for, than it had since Colin Eggert had first trimmed her locks. It wasn't, Jake told himself as he stepped into the kitchen, plastered to her forehead with post-orgasmic perspiration.   
  
If Erica had her way, though, that would quickly change. The dark-haired girl followed her host into his kitchen, letting her eyes wander as she observed the things the executive life afforded. As he poured her a glass of cabernet, she half-leaned, half-sat against his kitchen table.   
  
He handed her the wine, and offered, "Is there anything else I can get you?"  
  
Erica smiled again, and brought her glass to her red lips. She took a sip, leaving lipstick on the rim, and swallowed the wine.   
  
"Mmm..." she hummed, commenting on the wine.   
  
"Erica, I –"  
  
"Shhh," the girl cautioned. She stepped into the executive, touching her index finger to his lips. This evening wasn't going to be heavy on conversation.   
  
She took another sip of wine, and placed the half-empty glass on the counter beside her prey. She replaced her finger with her lips, finding Jake's mouth with hers, and pushing hard against him with a kiss. She had to lean slightly downwards, as – with her heels – she was actually taller than he was.   
  
He pulled away, again trying to speak. "Erica, seriously..."  
  
"No," she responded, shaking her head sexily. She again stepped into him, pressing her entire body up against his. Hers hand found his waist, and her lips found the side of his neck.   
  
"Erica, this is..." Jake again tried to slow her down, but it was a losing battle. He took a step back, and she followed, trapping him against the kitchen sink.  
  
Jake wasn't quite sure what do with his hands, but Erica was more than willing to help. With her own hands guiding his, Erica found the hem of her dress. She'd been inside Jake's house less than five minutes, and already she wanted to strip for him. She would feel more powerful once her dress was in a puddle on the floor, more in control of the situation than she already was, more comfortable forcing herself upon someone who was, essentially, her boss.   
  
Jake's shaking hands touched upon the fabric of Erica's hemline, and slowly began to ascend with the dress in-hand. The man's head was spinning. A few moments ago, he had been eating a late dinner and settling in for the night. Suddenly, he found himself undressing a woman he'd fantasized about over the past few weeks, a woman he'd thought of while masturbating in the privacy of his own home, a woman he'd thought about while screwing another girl he brought home from a club in Hartford.   
  
Erica's dress rose, past the top of her stockings, past the snaps of her garter belt, and past the black garter belt itself. Beneath her dress, Erica wore no panties, her bare pussy dripping wet and suddenly pressed against Jake's pants. The dress continued to rise, exposing Erica's gorgeous belly button, the silky skin of her abdomen, and the enhanced tits that had been the focal point of the entire deuterotone experiment. Together, Jake and Erica lifted the dress over Erica's head, and dropped it beside them on the counter.   
  
They said nothing, but it was clear from Jake's shortness of breath that he was becoming more and more turned on. His erection, pushing against Erica's hip through his clothes, confirmed this. He had given up trying to speak to her, given up trying to talk her out of what they were doing. Colin had required convincing, Jake only seemed to require the vision of Erica's naked body.   
  
She leaned in again to kiss him, her warm, red lips meeting his. She was dressed in nothing more than her black, lace garter belt, black nylon stockings, and black, suede heels. Sure, she wore a pair of dangling silver earrings, a silver bracelet, a silver heart-shaped pendant around her neck, and two or three silver rings upon her fingers, but Erica was only slightly more clothed than she had been in the Bullpen. Given how much skin was on display between the garter belt and her breasts, Erica was significantly less clothed than she had been while wearing her corset. Jake, on the other hand, remained completely clothed.   
  
They spun, and with Jake's hands upon her hips, Erica lifted herself onto the island in the center of the kitchen. His mouth descended from her lips, to neck, to her chest, to her right nipple, to her stomach. But, as Jake began to crouch before her, fully intending to continue his southward journey to her pussy, Erica clutched the front of his shirt, and pulled him back towards her face.   
  
"I can get a woman to eat me out," Erica breathed. "I want your dick."  
  
Jake's eyes went wide.   
  
Again locking lips with the ConnPharm executive, Erica let her hands find his waist. Curiously, though, she didn't unfasten his belt. Instead, she reached for the pants button beneath it, pushed it through the buttonhole, and began pulling his fly down.   
  
Jake was no longer fighting the girl's advances, but his hands were brushed aside as he reached for the belt buckle himself.   
  
"No," Erica breathed huskily. As her right hand firmly wrapped itself around his member beneath the fabric, her partner sighed unintentionally. She pulled it through the open fly, even though the pants themselves were still held in place around Jake's hips. "I want you to keep them on."  
  
Not that she was capable of fully explaining why, even to herself. But she felt a sense of excitement at the thought of having sex with a fully-clothed man, she felt turned on by the idea of being stark naked again in the presence of someone still wearing his shirt and pants. Of course, Jake's dick now protruded out of his fly, Erica's hand squeezing it even as she jacked her fist back and forth. And Erica, despite being entirely naked from the waist-up, was still wearing her garter belt, stockings, and heels. But the fantasy was enough to get Erica even hotter, and as the tip of Jake's dick first pressed against her wet and throbbing labia, the scientist worried about how long she'd be able to hold off her orgasm, how long she'd be able to keep herself from exploding from the inside out.   
  
There was no friction as Jake entered the girl, no resistance whatsoever. She was, without question, tight – but her pussy was so lubricated that it welcomed Jake's dick, in its entirety, in one quick thrust.  
  
"Oh, fuck," Erica groaned as she felt him inside of her. How she'd gone this part week without real, honest-to-goodness, sex was unfathomable.   
  
Her legs wrapped themselves around Jake's thighs, her stockings caressing the fabric of Jake's trousers. She pulled him closer, forcing his cock even further into her, and bit his lower lip between her teeth.   
  
"Fuck me," she ordered lustfully. Her hips thrust against his, and then pulled away - she felt his dick slowly slide in and out of her pussy. Again. And again. And again. Jack-hammering in and out of the girl on his kitchen counter, Jake was exposed to a stream of curses and gutturals, Erica's language getting dirtier as her pussy got hotter and wetter.   
  
The scientist leaned back, laying flat on the cool granite countertop, and grabbed the far edge of the island in her hands. Her legs were spread far apart, her ankles soon resting atop Jake's shoulder. Her pussy was spread before him, his whole lower body operating on instinct as he fucked her with abandon.   
  
"Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!" Erica squealed with each push. She closed her eyes, forgetting who it was impaling her with his dick – it simply didn't matter. All that mattered were the sensations shooting out of her pussy, overwhelming the rest of her body. She wished that this moment, this session, was being recorded for posterity by the whirring Bullpen cameras. She wished that Colin, or Wendy, or Tessa could be watching them at that very moment, that Vijay or Aaron or Noah could play this scene on their computers later that evening. She wished that she and her partner – whoever he may have been – could be performing on the floor of the Hartford Civic Center with an audience around them.   
  
Two minutes passed. Then three. Then five. Erica could feel her orgasm building, but as she opened her eyes, she recognized the distant stare in Jake's eyes. She had never before slept with this man, but recognized that look from Tom's similar expression – Jake, too, was on the verge of cumming. But Erica was determined to make this last as long as possible, as she didn't just want to climax once. Tonight would be a night of multiple orgasms.  
  
As Jake extracted himself from the furthest depths of her pussy, Erica grabbed at the base of his dick, and squeezed harder than she'd ever done before. Though the emptiness she felt as she pulled him from her cunt was excruciating, she also knew that this was best way to keep her partner from shooting his load too earlier. They locked eyes, took a series of deep breaths together, and allowed themselves to come back down from their sexual peak – both of them without cresting.   
  
Grabbing Jake's hand, Erica slipped from atop the kitchen island. His cock out and his chest still heaving, Jake followed, led from one room to the next by this gorgeous, sexual goddess who had appeared out of the night only a few moments before. Had it only been twenty minutes? Had they really skipped over any elements of foreplay and moved directly to hot-and-heavy sex?   
  
They entered the living room, the TV still on and the Knicks still succumbing to yet another humiliating loss. Erica turned, pushed Jake to the couch, and wasted little time in straddling and mounting the ConnPharm executive. She was on her knees, her legs spread, and her open pussy welcoming Jake's still-hard shaft inside. They resumed where they had left off, though Jake had a bit more composure and Erica had a big more control.   
  
The girl rose and fell on her partner's lap, her entire body driving up and down on Jake's cock. Her pussy juices had spread to her thighs, and from her thighs to Jake's pants, but neither Erica nor Jake seemed to mind. Her scientifically enhanced tits bounced up and down in his face, and the man took the left roughly into his mouth, sucking at the nipple and nibbling it with each and every thrust. Erica used one hand to stabilize herself against the back of the couch, while the other ran through Jake's hair and pulled his mouth closer to her. Jake's hands were clutching the girl's hips, holding on for dear life as she fucked him relentlessly.   
  
Her orgasm once again began to build, a warm fire began to take hold in the recesses of her cunt. Each time she descended his shaft with her open lips, each time she ground her clit against his pelvis, each time Jake's tip penetrated deep inside of her, Erica got that much closer to her climax. Her entire body was a sexual organ, carnal energy running in her veins.   
  
"Ohhh...." Erica's lips quivered. "Ohhh....fuuuck....me...."  
  
The girl grabbed a hold of one of Jake's hands, and began to position it closer and closer to asshole. Leaning in, she whispered a request. Though Jake appeared, at first, to be hesitant, he had no reason to question her.   
  
As Jake's fingertip pushed gently into Erica's ass, the girl moaned in wicked pleasure. Her orgasm was within reach.   
  
Jake, though, had lost his ability to wait any longer. "Ungh!" he called out, his strokes slowing and becoming more deliberate, much to Erica's chagrin. Before she could fight him, he lifted the girl quickly off his lap and extracted his dick. While she cried out in frustration, he discharged both a guttural sigh of bliss and an enormous wad of cum. The white, sticky emission showered out of Jake, splashing against Erica's lower abdomen and coating her skin from her belly button to the top of her slit. Her garter hadn't escaped the volley, either, but this was the least of Erica's concerns.

The dark-haired girl was enraged, mostly at her own body for having failed, yet again, at achieving orgasm. For a moment, she seethed at Jake for not being capable of waiting, but the girl suppressed her wrath quickly. A quick glance at the clock revealed that, since Erica had first arrived they'd been fucking each other longer than they hadn't, and that the girl doubted Tom, or Colin, or any other male would have been any more capable of the duration Jake had just gone for. Could it have been her? Again? Had she lost the ability to cum?  
  
Erica shook the thought out of her head. She'd prove the theory wrong, even if she had to ride Jake until she collapsed.   
  
But while Erica was more than capable of crawling back atop her partner, Jake's erection already appeared to be softening. "Not on my watch," Erica reassured herself. She dropped to her knees in front of the couch, and immediately began to lick the remaining jizz from the executive's cock.   
  
Jake was panting, still trying to catch his breath from his orgasm. Though he was tired from his marathon session with the girl, he was in no condition to fight her off, and had no reason to make her stop. He was hot and sweating through his undershirt. Erica seemed ready to let him disrobe, though, already unsnapping his belt and tugging at his waist, even as her tongue ran circles around Jake's shaft inside her mouth.   
  
She swallowed the remainder of his juices, even as the rest dripped disregarded down her own lower body. The girl tasted her own on Jake's dick, the same as she'd tasted them upon Hannah's breath, or in Jamie's mouth, or on Colin's hard-on. Or even, for that matter, on her own toys, sometimes inserted seductively into her own mouth after particularly pleasing orgasm in the Observation Room. She longed to cum again, like that.   
  
Jake's pants and boxers slid easily off his legs. The executive shrugged his shirts off on his own. Suddenly, for the first time in weeks, he was less clothed than the biochemist before him, the girl still sporting her stocking and garter belt.   
  
With her left hand, Erica gently massaged Jake's testicles. With her right, she placed a firm grip about her partner's base. But her mouth was her primary instrument in reanimating Jake's increasingly flaccid dick. Her tongue ran up and down the underside, her lips squeezed it back and forth. And, she her right hand abandoned its post at the base of Jake's cock, it found the girl's own genitals. Moaning audibly, Erica's fingertips teased her own clit, the palm of her hand wet and sticky against her skin because of Jake's ejaculate.   
  
The tide began to turn, and Jake's breathing got heavier and heavier as his member returned to its rigid state. Erica sucked him deep into her mouth, feeling him at the back of her throat. Eager to finally get her release, after going hours without an orgasm, Erica wasn't waiting any longer. She pulled him towards her, onto the floor, and locked her lips against his.   
  
Worried that perhaps she might not be able to orgasm without returning to the nude, as she'd been for so many weeks in the Bullpen, Erica began to unsnap what remained of her clothing – the sullied garter belt, the alluring but constricting stockings, the high heeled shoes. Taking no chances, she even removed her jewelry, piling it atop Jake's coffee table as she continued to kiss him and stroke him with her free hand. Once this task had been completely, she turned away from him, got down on all fours, and waited for Jake to enter her from behind.   
  
With little fanfare, the executive injected his dick back into the girl's waiting cunt. With the hard floor beneath her hands and knees, Erica felt as if this was it – this was where she'd finally get off. She'd been denied a release since leaving the Bullpen that afternoon. She hadn't been able to cum in the comfort of her own home. She hadn't been able to cum through manual masturbation, through the use of vibrators, through the use of pornography. But, once again, her orgasm was building, was within reach. As she screamed dirty words to Jake, behind her, she concentrated on her own body, feeling his dick hammer her again and again.   
  
"Call me a whore," she begged. "Tell me what you're doing to me. Talk to me about my cunt."   
  
Again, this was out Jake's comfort zone. But, he had complied earlier, inserting a digit into the dark-haired girl's anus. With sex this good, there was no denying the girl her requests. So, as Erica continued to call out, "Fuck! Fuck me!" Jake descended into talking dirty, himself. "You needed something in your cunt tonight? You needed this fucking?"  
  
The scientist spread her legs further apart, and leaned forward to rest her upper body against her left forearm, laid flat on the floor in front of her. With the middle and ring fingers of her right hand, Erica surrounded her clitoris, and began to work it furiously back and forth, up and down, and in wild, violent circles. But, try as she might, the orgasm remained elusive.   
  
Jake, to his credit, kept pounding the naked girl before him. He had cum once, and it must have been excruciating to keep from cumming again. But he kept his grip, and even as the minutes ticked by, he didn't relent.   
  
Tears began to form at the corner of the girl's eyes. It was pleasurable, to be sure. Mind-bogglingly so. After weeks of little but plastic, metal, glass, and her own fingers, the sensation of real flesh-and-blood inside of her was no small thing. Her whole body was buzzing, alive with sexual energy. But there was no emancipation, no climax, no cumming.   
  
Her tits bouncing beneath her, her buttocks continuing to take the pounding from behind, Erica did something that she thought she'd never have to do, ever again. She had found her sexual center. She had gained confidence in her body. She had known, at least for a time, what was pleasurable to her, what she needed to get off. Nonetheless, as teardrops began to stream down her cheeks in earnest, Erica faked an orgasm.   
  
"Oh! OH! OH!!! I'm going to..." she screamed, convincingly. Her voice was awash with emotion. "I'm going to cum!" Her whole body convulsed. She achieved completion so many times in the past few weeks that she'd become an expert at what an orgasm looked like. She'd watched recordings of herself on the Bullpen's projector screen – she knew what would be convincing. She moaned, "Oh, fuck! I'm....I'm...I'm....cummmming!"  
  
That was all Jake needed. Once again, he pulled himself from Erica's pussy just in time to explode all over the top of her buttocks. Given the amount of the cum he'd emitted the previous time, both were surprised by the volume of the jism that shot across the girl's back.   
  
Jake seemed unaware of the girl's stifled sobs into the carpet, perhaps writing them off as post-orgasmic panting and moaning. He stood, and collapsed back onto the couch, while Erica – still on all fours – collected her emotions on the floor of his living room.   
  
Finally, she stood, and announced, "I'm going to call for my coach."   
  
Jake appeared puzzled, but too tired to really put up much of an argument. "You're not going to stay?"  
  
"And cuddle?" Erica sneered. It was both belittling and wildly sexy, the girl appearing entirely in control of the situation, entirely comfortable with the notion of casual sex.   
  
"I just thought that –"  
  
"I didn't want anything more than this, Jake. I came to you because I thought you'd understand better than most people."  
  
The ConnPharm executive swallowed hard. It wasn't as if he were fishing for a relationship. But he'd just had the best sex of his life, cumming twice in the span of a half hour. Even if he were entirely drained at that point, he knew that he'd want more in the future. "Sure," he nodded.  
  
Erica, remaining stark naked and still dripping with Jake's cum, called Gino and requested that he return.   
  
"Twenty minutes," Erica announced, turning back to the man across the room. She gathered her things, inserting her jewelry into one of the long, black stockings. Still padding about naked, she balled the stockings and garter belt together, slipped into her heels, and retrieved her cocktail dress from the kitchen.   
  
They waited, awkwardly, until the car arrived. Jake donned his boxers and pants once more, though remained topless. Erica, on the other hand, was in no rush to put her dress back on. She used the already-soiled garter belt to sponge the rest of Jake's cum off of her, licking her fingers as she did so. It turned her on, but also frustrated her, as a representation of how easy Jake had been able to climax. They shared idle chit-chat, talking casually about what Erica had thought felt good, about the function being put together the following evening in Avon, about how the Human Hormone Lab would handle the coming months of Phase 1, Phase 2, and Phase 3 trials now that the early analysis was out of the way.   
  
They drank what remained of their wine, Erica fighting the urge to continue playing with herself. She was still sexually charged and turned on, her pussy still sopping wet and radiating heat, her nipples in their seemingly perpetual state of stiffness. But it would go nowhere – she knew that. Even if she relented to her animal desires, her orgasm would remain elusive, and she'd only be more frustrated than she already was.   
  
Eventually, the doorbell rang, a nude Erica tongue-kissed her host goodbye, and she teased him that she'd see him the following evening at the reception.   
  
"I'll be looking forward to it," Jake answered, his voice still full of lust.   
  
The scientist slipped her black dress over her head by the door, opting to remain unclothed for a long as possible. Tugging the cups into place over her enormous breasts, she opened the door, blew Jake a kiss goodbye, and stepped back into the night.   
  
He listened as her heels click-clacked down the walkway.   
  
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A half hour later, another door opened to the half-naked Dr. Rivers. She was carrying her Victoria's Secret shopping bag, jeans, tank-top, and panties still inside. Her hair was disheveled, her lipstick somewhat smeared, and her eyes puffy from having been crying in the back seat of Gino's car.   
  
Natalie Hart, wearing nothing more than a bathrobe herself, welcomed the girl into her home with hug. Obviously, Erica had had a difficult evening.   
  
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Erica masturbated three times that Tuesday, each attempt growing more futile than the previous. By the time she parked her Jetta outside the ConnPharm compound in Avon, she was a mess. Like a junkie going through withdrawal, Erica could barely concentrate on anything aside from her absent orgasms. She was flustered, irritable, and increasingly desperate. Over the previous three weeks or so, she had been given a new outlook on her sexuality – but it had been ripped away from her the moment she had left the Bullpen behind.   
  
Her current situation was most analogous to her struggle during the second week in the Bullpen, when she had been denied release in her dreams, and kept herself from masturbating in her waking life. The difference, though, was that Erica was doing everything in her power to cum this time, to hell with the social consequences. She must have spent the better part of a half hour in one of the changing rooms at the Limited, naked from the waist down, with her fingers knuckle deep in her own twat. But still, nothing.   
  
Erica stepped from the Jetta, locking the door behind her. She wore a tight-fitting pair of blue jeans, a similarly tight-fitting black three-quarter-length t-shirt, and a casual set of black high-heeled shoes. For the first time in well over the month, the girl was wearing a bra, purchased that afternoon. It felt more than a little uncomfortable, and every few steps, Erica adjusted the underwiring again. Her new DD breasts were not used to the support.   
  
It had been a long twenty-four hours. After spending a considerable amount of time trying to get herself off at home the night before, she'd gone to visit Jake Rinaldi. Though the sex had been good, Erica had remained frustrated, her orgasm seemed to have disappeared. And no matter how hard or how many times she tried, it remained elusive.   
  
The consequence of this, however, was that Erica's entire body was still tingling with sexual excitement, as if she were forever on the precipice of cumming. Her pussy, though hardly ever dry in the preceding weeks, had not just remained moist, but rather completely saturated. She'd changed her underwear three times throughout the course of the day, and already the black lace panties she currently had on felt entirely drenched. In fact, she worried that they'd begin to soak through her jeans, giving away just how turned on she truly was.   
  
Was it "worried"? No, perhaps worried was the wrong word. The thought of one of her colleagues noticing a moist stain on the crotch of Erica's jeans excited her. She wasn't just a scientist, celebrating a successful experiment. She was a sexual animal, a nymphomaniac who couldn't control her own body.   
  
Her skin was on fire, as if her entire outer layer had become one, large erogenous zone. Her nipples, as usual, stood straight up and out, and had become extremely sensitive to the lace rubbing against them. Her mouth was watering, and even her tongue, rubbing against the inside of her teeth, or against her lips, felt dirty. If she hadn't known better from a day of disappointment, Erica would have sworn that anyone's light whisper against her neck would have caused her to cum.   
  
Erica entered the lobby of ConnPharm, sliding her ID card through the card-swipe. She smiled flirtingly at the security guards, all of who couldn't resist staring at the dark-haired bombshell walking by. Erica's clitoris tingled as she watched their tongues hang from their mouths, their eyes nearly rolling back in their head.   
  
The girl had awoken that morning lying bare-skinned on the hardwood floor of Natalie Hart's guest bedroom. Her clothes and bags were piled messily on the queen-sized bed beside her, but Erica herself had sought comfort from the ungiving floorboards. Sleep had been impossible on the bed, given the excitement Erica felt running through her body, as well as the far too soft mattress beneath her. The firmness of the floor did little to ease Erica's sexual frustration, but she did eventually pass out, more out of physical exhaustion than anything else. She had literally masturbated herself to sleep, even if her orgasm had never come.   
  
Natalie woke the girl a few minutes before she departed for work that morning, poking her head in the door to check on her guest. The blonde woman invited her protégé down to the kitchen for breakfast, and excused the girl from wearing clothes, if she didn't feel up to it. A few minutes later, a very naked Erica Rivers padded down the stairs and joined Natalie for English muffins and orange juice.   
  
Just sitting across from her boss, wearing absolutely nothing, made Erica realize just how sexually excited she still was, as well as how emotionally draining the previous evening had been. They shared the same conversation they'd had the night before, in depth, between Erica's sobs. They speculated on Erica's psychological blockage – was she incapable of sexual freedom outside the imprisonment of the Bullpen? Had she simply put too much pressure on herself after leaving the ConnPharm campus? Natalie smiled knowingly throughout the course of the discussion, glancing across the breakfast bar at the naked woman before her. This behavior both frustrated Erica, who became convinced that her boss knew the key to her current predicament, and stimulated her, the girl taunted by the fact that Natalie knew just how aroused she really was.   
  
Erica's suspicion was confirmed only a few minutes after Natalie had departed for work. As Erica stood alone with her legs apart, bracing herself against Natalie's kitchen counter and furiously kneading her pussy, she heard her cell phone begin to chime upstairs. Her fingers sticky with her own juices, Erica answered the phone. She lay back on the bed in the guest room, still continuing to stroke herself, and listened to her boss on the other end of the line.  
  
"I know what's happening," Natalie teased. "I know why you haven't been able to orgasm."  
  
"Oh god," Erica cried. "Please tell me, please."   
  
"Not yet. But we can think of this as MY experiment, now. I have my hypothesis, and you're going to need me in order to test it."  
  
"Natalie, please," Erica begged. She began to tear up again. "I don't think I can make it through another hour like this."   
  
"Not yet," Natalie repeated. "Tonight, after the reception."  
  
"No! No! I don't think I can make it that long, Natalie! Please! I need this! I can't think straight, I can't concentrate on anything else, I can't even function like a normal human being. If I don't cum soon, I'm going to have a breakdown."  
  
"Tonight," her bossed said, assuredly. "But I can promise that it'll be worth your while."  
  
Erica begged and pleaded for a few minutes longer, and even, at one point, threatened Natalie's well being if Erica wasn't allowed to get off. But the older woman held firm, asking the dark-haired girl to give herself over and put her trust in her. In between now and then, she tasked the girl with picking up an item at the mall, and told her to immerse herself in her unending arousal. When she did, finally, get off, it would be well worth her wait.   
  
Murderous thoughts echoed through Erica's thought process as she descended the stairs to the Bullpen. Natalie withholding Erica's key to climax was more than just cruel, it was torturous. The girl had been unable to fully put her trust in the blonde woman, continuing to masturbate without success in Natalie's home, in her car on the way to the Avon Marketplace from the impound lot, or at the Limited that afternoon. She had called Natalie twice more to beg for the answer, but Dr. Hart simply hadn't picked up. She had toyed with the idea of bringing another partner back to her place, but Erica wasn't sure that she could fake another orgasm, or bear witness to another person getting off while she herself remained mired in her current predicament.   
  
What was worse, Erica thought to herself, was that she was probably more than capable of solving her current puzzle on her own. If Natalie suspected she knew the answer, it didn't seem impossible that Erica herself might be able to piece it together. But the dark-haired girl was simply unable to think straight, or come at the problem objectively. She could concentrate only on her throbbing cunt, and suffer bewilderment at her absent climax.   
  
Erica slid her ID card through the slot beside the door to the Observation Room. As she stepped inside, the motion sensor lights kicked on, revealing an empty room and a darkened Bullpen beyond. Disappointed that she was alone, but undeterred, Erica keyed up the ops desk in order to open the sliding doors to the cage where she'd spent so much time. It had been her cocoon, where she'd blossomed into the sexual butterfly she'd become, and Erica hoped the relief she sought would be found within. Once the doors had been opened, and the pen illuminated, Erica powered the system back down, uninterested in emitters or the scientific data the mainframe could collect.   
  
The black-haired girl undressed at her old locker, even hanging the sopping wet black-lace tanga on the hook for display. Her wardrobe bag, with her ensemble for the function that evening, was draped over the weight bench behind her. Stark naked yet again, Erica stepped into the Bullpen, basking in the familiar surroundings. She did not do so completely empty handed, however. With the tactile waves off, there was no harm in bringing toys into the Bullpen, and Erica was finally capable of engaging in a long-standing fantasy she had held while masturbating manually in captivity. She had a small, lime green anal probe in one hand (the staff at Le Chateau Exotique had called it the "Kiwi Gumdrop"), and a hooked, bright-pink silicone g-spot massager in the other.

Erica had three hours before she needed to be upstairs in the function hall. And, Natalie be damned, she was going to do her best to get herself off with the time she had remaining.   
  
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The dark-haired scientist stepped through the double-doors to the function hall in a red dress more loose than some had been expecting or hoping. The bodice, from the girl's waist to her breasts, was certainly tight-fitting enough, the cascading ruffles holding tight to Erica's abdomen. And the sweetheart neckline, with its cups holding Erica's biochemically enhanced breasts up and in place, left a lot of skin visible on the girl's shoulders and back. But from the waist down, the dress hung loosely just past her knees in a number of layers, as if Erica were attending the prom. It was certainly not the same short, skin-tight cocktail dress that Erica had worn to Jake Rinaldi's the night before, and Jake, like so many others that had gotten used to watching Erica's naked form, couldn't help but feel disappointed by the way the dress hid Erica's lower body.   
  
Despite this, no one could argue that Erica looked spectacular as she stepped into the Connecticut Ballroom, ConnPharm's primary function hall. Her hair had been trimmed and shaped that afternoon, a dramatic step-up from the hurried chop cuts she'd received from Colin Eggert. Her neck was adorned with a tight-fitting silver choker, her left wrist and ears with a matching bracelet and earring set. Her lips were a deep, luscious shade of red, and this was the first time almost all had seen Erica wearing make-up in weeks. Her green eyes, though bright and unquestioningly hungry, gave away an emotional exhaustion that Erica had been battling with throughout the previous twenty-some hours.   
  
Sixty to seventy people had been invited, and each one stared at Erica as she entered the room. She shuddered with pleasure as this thought raced through her brain, and as a jolt of carnal energy shot through her body from her still-moist vagina. Technicians, executives, scientists, and board members – all had gathered to celebrate the success of Erica's breast augmentation, and presumably all at either heard of (or borne witness to) Erica's own sexual blossoming.   
  
Erica had, perhaps as expected, been unsuccessful in the pursuit of her elusive orgasm that afternoon in the Bullpen. Her pussy was sore from hours of penetration, rubbing, and vibration, but it was a dull, pleasant ache, and it called out to be touched even more. She'd fucked herself on the Bullpen floor. She'd fucked herself against the reflective glass of the Bullpen's inner wall. She'd fucked herself at the lunch table in the Observation Room, at the ops desk, on the exercise equipment, and even against the doors leading to the hall beyond. She had been tempted to don the electronic corset she'd worn on forays from the Bullpen itself, but the equipment had been removed from the Observation Room, and probably set in one of the electronics cabinets upstairs. Still, she'd been unable to cum.   
  
If her attempt to climax had been fruitless, it had passed the time. Soon enough, Erica would be attending the reception held in her honor, and she'd give herself over to Natalie Hart. Her release, she hoped, would follow.   
  
She showered in the Bullpen, operating the water pressure and temperature from the ops desk outside. She did her hair and make-up in the reflecting glass inside, and dressed herself at her locker. Though she initially thought better of it, Erica did leave her other clothes, as well as her garment bag, in the Observation Room, her black tanga panties still hanging on the hook, and still smelling of Erica's excited pussy.   
  
The scientist stepped into the audience wearing a pair of ridiculous black stiletto sandals, complementing her dark hair and contrasting the carmine dress. She towered over most of the men in the room, a sexual goddess among her lowly disciples. As she passed Michael Yamamoto, ConnPharm's chief medical officer, she imagined him accidentally shooting his load in his pants, but then cringed, bothered by the thought of someone else cumming so easily.   
  
She greeted Ken Hastings and Bill Forrester, flirted with Jane Allard and Harriet Vanoza, and giggled with Professor Jagdesh Trivedi, who had driven down from Green College that afternoon. Though Erica did her best to pass herself off as normal, she was never quite capable of engaging in conversation without the thought of her promised orgasm.   
  
Allard, more than anyone else, surprised the girl. In a low whisper, when no one else was around, the head of ConnPharm's sales and marketing asked, "Were you an exhibitionist before the experiment?"  
  
"Not that I knew," Erica replied. Giving it a few seconds of thought, she answered, "Maybe. Maybe I always was, and just never realized it.  
  
The older woman seemed excited by this topic.  
  
"I mean, I always fantasized about what it would be like to be watched, while I masturbated, or had sex with my boyfriend, but it was never anything that I acted upon."  
  
"What were you thinking about, the first time," Allard paused for a second, gathering the courage to continue, "the first time you...er...masturbated beneath the shower?"  
  
Obviously, this woman had seen the footage. Jane Allard was young, relative to her position. She was probably only in her late thirties, having successfully built two biotech start-ups before accepting her current position at ConnPharm. And, in addition to youth, Allard had been blessed with a figure, to boot. Erica drank in the woman with her eyes, imagining the redhead seated at home, watching the recording of Erica masturbating beneath the shower in the Bullpen. She imagined Allard dildoing herself, getting off by watching Erica get off, a voyeur to complement Erica's inner exhibitionist.   
  
Already turned on, Erica opted to give the woman what she really wanted. "Being double penetrated," Erica answered, soft enough to avoid attention from other partygoers. Stepping into Jane Allard, Erica continued, "I was standing, naked in the Bullpen, bent at the waist, with Colin Eggert's dick in my mouth, and Noah Braddock's in my twat."  
  
As she whispered to Allard, she pointed out the two men across the room. Colin, with his wife Jamie, was engaged in conversation with a few of the other technicians. Noah, meanwhile, was having a spirited argument with Natalie Hart and Hannah Cho. Though her fantasy beneath the shower had actually involved her boyfriend Tom, Erica incorporated her scientific partner instead, providing Allard with a visual cue upon which to base her own fantasy. And, besides, Erica told herself, the thought of Noah taking her from behind more than excited her at that very moment.   
  
Allard was already responding to Erica's foul language, and had become flushed and embarrassed at becoming so turned on in the middle of the function. Still, she did nothing to dissuade the girl from continuing.   
  
"They were all watching," the scientist went on, letting her eyes touch upon the people who had made up her fantasy audience that evening, each one present that night. "Aaron. Mike Takahashi. Vijay. Natalie. Wendy. Forrester. They were all gathered outside the Bullpen, all of them watching my every move, all of them clinically recording each gasp of pleasure, each thrust Noah made deep into my pussy."  
  
Erica licked her lips, and continued. "They both came, at the same time. Colin shot his jizz against my chest, Noah in my bush. But I couldn't orgasm. It felt so, so good, but I didn't have permission. Natalie wouldn't let me cum."  
  
The girl lingered on this last sentence, repeating, "Natalie wouldn't let me cum."  
  
Allard was enraptured, hanging on every word. Beneath the fabric of the redheaded woman's pantsuit, Erica knew her nipples were hard, she knew that her pussy was wet. Allard was getting off on listening to Erica tease her, and Erica herself grew wetter as she recounted her fantasy.   
  
The dark haired girl leaned closer, let her lips glance upon Allard's ear briefly, and then carried on. Her hot breath against the other woman's skin had the effect she had desired, and she felt Allard give herself over to Erica completely. "Noah flipped me, and put me on Colin's lap. Her fucked me, he fucked my pussy, he fucked me inside –" Erica whined, and continued, "And he let Colin fuck me from behind, in my asshole. And with each passing thrust –"  
  
She was interrupted. To Allard's disappointment, Erica cut herself short, turning to face Hannah Cho. Hannah, obviously, had caught some of Erica's dialogue, but she made no mention of it at first. Shooting a wry smile at her friend, she excused the dark-haired girl from her conversation with the head of sales and marketing, leaving Jane Allard little more than a pool of lust.   
  
"What was that about?" Hannah asked, as the two girls stepped away from the ConnPharm executive.   
  
"I think we may have voyeur in executive management," Erica purred.   
  
"I think we may have more than one," the Korean replied, directing her friend's attention around the room. Once again, all eyes were on Erica Rivers.   
  
Stopping a waiter and taking two glasses of pinot grigio, Hannah finally came to rest a short distance from a gathering of scientists from the Human Hormone Lab. She gave one glass of wine to her friend, and after taking a sip herself, explained conspiratorially that Natalie had informed her of Erica's current sexual setbacks.   
  
"Is there anything I can do?" Hannah asked.  
  
Erica imagined herself lifting her skirt, dropping her panties, and letting the Asian biologist lap her pussy right there, in front of the surrounding crowd. With the lust circulating through her body, part of her doubted it would take Hannah very long to bring her to her climax. But the other part of her psyche knew that, however turned on Erica was by the visual she was imagining, the resulting cunnilingus would ultimately prove futile.   
  
Erica shook her head. "Natalie thinks she can help. But she's playing games before she tells me."  
  
Hannah nodded. Across the room, Natalie and Noah were still in the midst of a heated argument.   
  
"Let her play her games," Hannah answered. "I think she might know what she's doing."  
  
A look of shock came over Erica's face. "Did she tell you?"  
  
"No," the Korean scientist said, "not exactly."  
  
"You have to tell me," Erica demanded. "You have to tell me!"  
  
"Not yet."  
  
The discussion seemed to have ended there, and though Erica pursued her friend aggressively, Hannah shrugged her off. It obviously pained the Korean scientist, but she explained to Erica that she didn't know what Natalie had going, in its entirety. And she had been sworn to secrecy. But, like Natalie, Hannah thought the experiment would probably prove successful – Erica just needed to give herself over to her boss.  
  
Erica continued to drink and mingle, greeting her assistants and colleagues along the way. Forty-five minutes after first stepping through the doors of Connecticut Hall, Erica heard a wine glass being chimed from across the room. Natalie's voice cut through the crowd's conversation.   
  
"If I could get your attention for a minute or two," Natalie called out. As usual, she was dressed to the nines, attracting the lustful gazes of men around her, completely calling attention to herself instead of women half her age.   
  
As the voices silenced, Natalie carried on. "We'll have speeches and toasts in a short while, but I just thought that I'd cut through the bullshit, a bit. We're here tonight to celebrate the achievements of everyone involved in the Deuterotone Project, and, in particular, the courage of Dr. Rivers to become her own guinea pig in this experiment. We still have to go through all the phases of medical trials, but if the Early Analysis is any indication, ConnPharm is going to have eager young women kicking down the door for a safe, somewhat natural alternative to breast augmentation.  
  
"But let's not pretend we're here for any other reason. This experiment, from its earliest stages over five weeks ago, has always been about the chest of this young woman across the room. And while there's little doubt in my mind that each and every one of you has seen pictures or pirated video of Dr. Rivers in the Bullpen, this is the first time that most of you has seen the promise deuterotone brings with it, in person.  
  
"I've talked it over with Erica, as well as with our good president Andrew Donnelly," Natalie continued. From the looks on Erica's and Donnelly's faces, however, this wasn't entirely true. Nonetheless, the blonde woman carried on, "And it seems a shame to deprive you all of the fruits of your labor. Each one of you has given time and effort on behalf of this experiment, this young lady, and the two breasts that lay beneath that thin layer of fabric. And so, rather than hide them away, Erica had agreed to undress one last time, and let us all behold the achievement that deuterotone has wrought."  
  
Erica grinned from ear to ear. No, Natalie hadn't asked her about this. But there was little doubt that Erica would have responded in the positive. Her clothes had been bothering her all day, bunching up in the wrong places, restricting her movement, uncomfortably rubbing against her skin. That evening, though she'd been wearing her dress for only a little over an hour, had been an exercise in discomfort.  
  
She feigned embarrassment, however. Though most of the people at the reception that evening had gotten to know Erica Rivers as anything but shy, she still made a show of not wanting to strip down to her underwear. She didn't protest aloud, though, and after a few moments of demure hesitation, Erica reached for the zipper on the back of her dress.   
  
The sound of the zipper was resonant in the silent room. Everyone gathered, men and women, seemed to be inhaling, waiting for the moment of truth. More and more of Erica's bare back was exposed to the collection of partygoers behind her, even as the cups of the dress held their place to the audience before her. Eventually, with the zipper at its nadir, Erica slid the front of her dress slowly down her body. She exposed the bare skin of her breasts, the brownish-purple areolas, and the at-attention nipples protruding upward and outward.   
  
The red fabric slid down her body, exposing the perfect alabaster skin, the alluring bellybutton, and, finally, the waistline of Erica's red panties. Though the girl hadn't been aware of what her boss had been planning for the evening, she'd dutifully gone to Victoria's Secret to retrieve the item Natalie had purchased for her online. Erica slithered out of her dress, unveiling the frilly red panties she'd been hiding all evening. They were lace-ruffled, with a pretty black bow on the left leg – panties clearly meant to be seen. The girl stepped from the puddle of black fabric, bent at the waist to pick it up, and smiled at the disbelieving audience.   
  
"Well, everyone," Natalie finished, directing all attention back towards Erica, "enjoy."   
  
Erica lost the rest of the evening in a blur of a sexual arousal. She vaguely remembered handing her dress off to someone nearby, but when she slipped secretively from the function hall over an hour later, she had entirely forgotten who that person was, or where they had told her they'd put her dress. Wearing nothing but her heels, her jewelry, and the red ruffled panties, Erica moved from guest to guest, from conversation to conversation, from one corner of the room to the other. She drank, but not heavily so, already inebriated on her own carnal desires, her libido clouding her thought process more so than the alcohol.   
  
The girl recalled having conversations with Colin and Jamie, with Wendy Milne and Tessa Romero, with Andrew Donnelly – but later that evening lacked recollection on what those conversations had been about. She did, however, remember the flirting smiles she'd received from Jamie, the obvious erection in Colin's pants, the sales pitch Wendy had offered for her services, and the roving eyes of ConnPharm's chief executive officer.   
  
There were quick speeches, congratulatory comments, and even a few hugs from female colleagues. Erica herself spoke, thanking the audience around her, and making mention of the good future deuterotone had before it. Erica returned to Jane Allard, and continued to rile the woman up, doing the same to herself in the process. She spoke with Natalie, and begged for release, only to be denied once again. She thanked the Bullpen technicians for their hard work, as well as for their countless gifts.   
  
During all of this, Erica's breasts were fully exposed to everyone around her. Aside from the small and sexy pair of panties, she was naked in a room full of strangers. No longer was this a scientific experiment, and no longer was the full collection of her audience separated by computers and camera equipment. The girl was made fully aware of every glance, every look, every stare of the men and women around her. She was a sexual object to some, nothing more than a slut to others, and subjected to imaginations from one corner of Connecticut Hall to the other. It was all Erica could do to keep from tearing her panties off and finger-fucking herself in the center of the room.   
  
While speaking with Dr. Robert Van Guilder, Erica casually rubbed the front of her panties against the corner of a table of hors d'oeuvres. During a conversation with Aaron, Vijay, and Takahashi, she absent-mindedly pinched one of her nipples between the knuckles of her right hand, all three lab assistants doing their best to carry on as if they weren't noticing. Her whole body convulsed with carnal pleasure when Natalie touched the small of her back to get her attention.   
  
For a short while, Erica actually did entertain the thought of taking her panties off, as well. They'd all watched her touch her naked pussy, or, at the very least, heard stories. They'd all seen the café au lait staining her otherwise perfect buttocks. She'd been naked in front of many of them for over five weeks, and already stood topless before them now. But, she shook the fantasy from her head with one glance in Natalie's direction. She'd do anything the blonde woman asked of her, and would follow those instructions to the letter, if it meant achieving release once more.   
  
Eventually, the party began to die down, board members and executives excusing themselves to join their families at home, technicians and scientists eager to leave their workplace after a long, if interesting, afternoon. Erica's red lace panties were entirely soaked through, and she was well aware that the smell of pussy was blatant to everyone within a few feet of her. The entire evening had been a form of foreplay, Erica very nearly getting off just on the people watching her breasts jiggle and bounce with every step, the audience enraptured by the way her DD tits heaved with each breath; men and women both drawn to her long, smooth, and naked legs.   
  
When Natalie approached through the thinning crowd, and took hold of Erica's hand, the skin-to-skin contact nearly caused Erica to orgasm then and there. She was nothing more than one, large erogenous zone, teased and taunted to the verge of climax. Erica spoke not a word to her boss, instead following her silently from Connecticut Hall to the ConnPharm lobby, still naked from the waist up. They walked from the lobby to the elevators, passing two very lucky security cards, neither capable of asking the women for their security clearances, given their mouths were wide open and their tongues hanging out.   
  
Once on the elevator, Natalie offered, breathily, "You can touch yourself now, if you want."  
  
Erica wasted no time, her right hand immediately delving beneath the lacy red fabric, and finding her clit with her fingertips. She sighed heavily, closed her eyes, and uttered, "Fuuuck." She'd been desperate to do this all evening. And, almost instantaneously, she felt closer to cumming than she had since leaving the Bullpen. She leaned backwards against the elevator door, her back arching, and her hand frantically at work beneath her panties.

The elevator chimed their floor a few seconds later, and Erica was once again denied deliverance. The black-haired girl reluctantly extracted her right hand from her crotch, and took Natalie's hand with her left. Together, the two women walked the familiar halls of the Human Hormone Lab, past darkened laboratories to Erica's own set of offices. Erica had walked these halls thousands of times, but never like this – clad in only her red lace panties, brimming with sexual excitement.   
  
They stepped into the lab that Erica and Noah had called home for the past few years, the lab in which Natalie Hart had worked when she, herself, had been running the deuterotone experiments. But they weren't alone.   
  
Hannah Cho was seated on the far counter, still clad in the cocktail dress she'd been wearing upstairs. And Jane Allard, who seemed only slightly less confused about what was going on than Erica herself, sat uncomfortably beside the bleached blonde.   
  
Erica was mystified. But she put faith in her mentor.   
  
"Take off your panties," Natalie instructed her. The blonde women circled the room, finally leaning against the lab counter beside the Korean biologist. Erica did as told, draping the wet panties on the lab counter by the door, and facing the assembled group before her in nothing but her shoes and jewelry.   
  
"You're an exhibitionist," Natalie explained. "You've been an exhibitionist all your life, Erica. It's only recently that you've allowed yourself to truly experience it, however."  
  
Erica simply nodded.  
  
"Your fantasies in the Bullpen? About the zoo? About being taken by Colin, or Noah, or Tom in the Bullpen itself while your staff has been gathered to watch? Your fantasy about being eaten out by your roommate while your college boyfriend and your friends watched?" Natalie continued to list the sexual situations that Erica had pictured herself in over the previous few weeks, fantasies she'd recently divulged to Hannah Cho. "In fact, I'd be willing to bet that some of your most vivid sexual fantasies, even before the deuterotone injections and your time in the Bullpen, had to do with multiple partners, or an audience – just so long as you were being watched."  
  
Erica thought back. This wasn't entirely true, but there was, admittedly, an element of truth to it. Even in bed with Tom, she'd often thought about what it would be like to have sex with the windows open, what it would be like to perform in front of someone else in the room. They were fantasies she'd never allow herself to realize, nor to fully admit even to herself. She'd been so prim and proper – it was all she had known.   
  
"I'd also wager that your first orgasm in the Bullpen, beneath the shower that day so long ago, was perhaps the must fulfilled you'd ever felt sexually." The blonde woman quickly added, "Up to that point."  
  
Erica nodded again. The fireworks she'd felt that day made every orgasm before it seem hollow. But while that first climax had been among the best during her time in the Bullpen, it was not alone atop her list of personal bests. The orgasm while in Dick Abbott's lap? Being licked to submission in her first lesbian experience with Wendy? Fucking Colin Eggert while Jamie Eggert watched? Sixty-nining with Hannah on the floor of the Bullpen while cameras whirled overhead? Each were delicious in their own way, but all had occurred since she'd stripped for the deuterotone experiment – each orgasm with her previous boyfriends now felt empty, for some reason.   
  
"But you've moved beyond exhibitionism as a turn-on," Natalie continued, "and turned it into a full-fledged paraphilia. You physically can't get off without an audience, you can't cum without the knowledge that someone is watching you."   
  
The blonde woman pulled a package from behind her back, a square-ish box wrapped in black wrapping paper, with a silver bow atop. She ordered, "Open it."  
  
Erica, once again, did as she was told. She stood in the center of the room, completely naked and dripping with sexually energy, while friends and colleagues sat around her. They watched her every move, drank in every part of her body, from her biochemically enhanced tits to the café au lait on her backside. As she tore the wrapping paper from her gift, Erica luxuriated in the notion that she was being watched. She truly had become an exhibitionist.   
  
No, she hadn't become an exhibitionist; she'd always been an exhibitionist. She'd simply realized the fantasies that had haunted her subconscious all her life.   
  
"A webcam," Erica breathed, tossing the paper aside. Already, she was dreaming of hooking it up, and masturbating for a subculture of voyeurs watching from their homes.   
  
"For home," Natalie explained. "You're not always going to have a captive audience in person. You're not always going to have the three of us in this room.  
  
Erica smiled wickedly, thinking she understood what Natalie's intent was. "I'm going to touch myself for the three of you?"  
  
Allard was noticeably flushed, turned on by everything was unfolding before her. Was she a lesbian? Did she want to lick Erica's twat, and vice versa? Erica found herself doubting the executive's homosexuality, however, as she herself had come to appreciate that her partner's gender mattered less than her own vaginal pleasure. The situation itself was turning the redhead on, not the fact that Erica was a woman. And besides, as Erica would learn in a matter of seconds – she wouldn't be performing solo.   
  
"No," Natalie responded, shaking her head. "You're here to be fucked for the three of us."  
  
Erica put the webcam box down, and glanced from Natalie, to Allard, to Hannah, and back to Natalie. She didn't quite understand. Was she going to be fucked by one of them?  
  
Hannah slid from her perch, and quickly closed the distance between herself the naked girl. Without hesitation, she locked lips with her friend, her tongue probing into the recesses of Erica's mouth. Hannah, fully dressed, pressed her body into her naked friend's, surrendering to the osculation. It was passionate. It was hot. It was lustful. But it was brief.  
  
The Korean reluctantly pulled away, saying, "Not me. Not now. Not here." The two girls had already set a date for their next, and perhaps final, tryst - the night of Hannah's bachelorette party.   
  
"We're here as your friends," Hannah explained. "We're here as a favor to you, to help you achieve your orgasm, to provide you with the audience you need in order to get some sort of release. This isn't about me, or Natalie, or Jane, or," the girl paused, finishing, "or your partner."  
  
Erica looked at the other woman quizzically.   
  
Hannah nodded. "But, he's worried about things getting confused between the two of you. He's worried about how you'll view him, worried that perhaps he's taking advantage of you. He's your friend, and he's more than willing to go the extra mile, to do everything in his power to help you. But he doesn't want you to know who he is."  
  
The naked girl scowled. She'd fucked Colin. She'd fucked Rinaldi. Hell, she'd fucked Hannah herself. Erica wasn't concerned with being taken advantage of, and she certainly wasn't worried about ruining a relationship with someone at ConnPharm. She was more than capable of separating the physical act of sex from the person providing her with the sexual stimulation she needed. As she began to point this out, though, Hannah silenced her with a finger to her deep red lips.   
  
"It's the blindfold," she offered, directing Erica's attention to a familiar-looking necktie on the lab table, "or the restraints." Hannah gestured to the tan leather belts and buckles on the far side of the lab, the harnesses the Human Hormone Lab used of simians and, occasionally, on human volunteers.   
  
The necktie was certainly less humiliating, but Erica had long since stopped caring about what others thought of her depravity. And even if she was incapable of seeing her mysterious partner, she wanted to have her eyes wide open in order to watch the three women who had gathered to watch her.   
  
The answer surprised no one, and Erica guessed that the necktie belonged to the same sensitive gentleman who had worried about his identity. The tie remain untouched on the table top, even as the girl was bent down over it, Hannah snapping the restraints into place.   
  
Bending at the waist, Erica spread her upper body across the tabletop. Her breasts were mashed beneath her, her bare skin alive with the sensation of the cold Formica against her. She reached out, and grabbed a hold of the far edge, spreading her legs and exposing her welcoming cunt to empty side of the room. Before her, as she looked up, were Natalie and Allard, watching as Hannah strapped her right wrist to the top of the far table leg. She followed with the left, pulling Erica just a bit off the tile floor, just a bit too far for the girl to rest the heel of her shoes against the linoleum. The coup de grace, however, was the neck restraint, a sadist-looking collar with a leash loop, which Hannah fixed upon her friend, and tied to a convenient drawer handle. Erica was incapable of looking behind her, incapable of moving her head too far to the right or left, incapable of seeing anything but the two women in front of her.   
  
"I'll get him," Hannah announced, and disappeared behind Erica to one of the offices beyond – Erica's own, perhaps. The door swung open, and it was apparent that when the Korean girl returned to the lab table, she was not alone.   
  
A familiar touch lighted upon Erica's bare buttocks, and she quickly placed the soft skin as Hannah's. Her friend brushed tormenting circles around Erica's anus, and then, unexpectedly, placed her tongue inside Erica's pink folds. A wave of electricity shot through the naked girl's body, as she imagined Hannah crouched behind her, her mouth upon Erica's shaved twat. But as had been the kiss before it, the embrace was quickly broken, and Hannah stepped around the table to join Natalie and Jane Allard.   
  
Erica was, admittedly, curious as to the figure that approached her from behind. She sensed his presence, and felt his body heat as he got closer. More than that, she watched Natalie, Allard, and Hannah watch him approach, their attention flitting from her, to him, and back to her. But Erica's curiosity only carried so far, and she was less interested in who her partner was than when he was going to insert himself inside of her.   
  
Erica didn't have to wait long. Strong, masculine hands found her bare hips, and seconds later, Erica felt the man's dick enter her from behind. As his tip found the outer folds of Erica's pussy, she could already feel her climax building. He pushed inside of her, and Erica screamed in bliss. As the man's shaft plunged further into her cunt, Erica's vision blurred – she saw stars.   
  
"OH! MY! GOD!!!" Erica squealed, and her whole body trembled. Her high-pitch whine echoed through the near sterile room.  
  
All three women watched from the other side of the room with rapt interest. Allard licked her lips. Natalie did her best to behave cool and collected, but Erica knew that a fire burned inside the blonde woman, no matter how well she hid it. Hannah, though, locked eyes with her friend, looking deep into the nude girl's soul as the orgasm began to build.   
  
"Fuck! Fuck!" Erica gasped, doing her best to thrust her lower body back and forth against her partner. She had limited movement, however, and she would have to be content with the pace and strength which the man applied. Still, Erica had few complaints, especially given the length and girth of the cock inside of her. It was massive, certainly larger than Jake Rinaldi's, eliminating his candidacy for the man behind her. It was bigger than Tom's, and even dwarfed Colin's sizeable member, as it plunged further into her than she had even thought possible.   
  
Erica stared into Hannah's eyes, very aware that Natalie had been correct, that all Erica had needed was an audience. She worried, for a brief moment as her climax began to build, that she'd be disappointing her audience if she came too quickly. But, as Erica reasoned, she had more than proved capable of multiple orgasms while in the Bullpen, and there was little doubt in her mind that she'd want Noah to continue fucking her even after she'd cum.  
  
"Noah!" she cried out. "Oh, fuck me, Noah..."  
  
Erica hadn't meant to scream the man's name, and hearing it aloud obviously spooked the man behind her.   
  
"How?" Noah murmured, torturously extracting his dick just before Erica's long-awaited crescendo.  
  
"NO!!!" Erica screamed, anguished by the thought of once more being denied to cum. "NO!!! "NOAH!!! NO!!!"  
  
Noah, completely bewildered, looked to the four other women for help, for guidance. Receiving none, he refocused on the dark-haired girl squirming on the tabletop before him. He swallowed hard, and offered, "Erica...how?"  
  
"It's your tie," Erica huffed, her hips still grinding outward against nothing. She was desperate for his dick, once more. "And your breath. And your smell." They'd worked with one another for over three years, at point. She had spent more time with him in the laboratory than she had with Tom outside of it. And, though they'd never done anything like this before, Erica had fantasized about it endlessly while locked away in the Bullpen, and, if she were being honest with herself, time and again long before.   
  
"Erica....I just," Noah stuttered, "I....I just wanted to help. Natalie said that you needed a partner, and since I'm your partner, er....your friend....no, your partner...she thought I should be the one to bite the bullet...um...be the one to help you."  
  
He was nervous. He would have been nervous had it been the two of them alone. But Noah wasn't performing for Erica and Erica alone, but for a room full of women watching his every move.  
  
There was no question that Noah was a sweet man, a good friend who was more than willing to go the extra mile, someone who was always willing to do what was in Erica's best interests. But Erica's best interests had changed over the course of her time in the Bullpen, and what she needed was no longer a knight in shining armor to defend her honor. No, she needed someone to fuck.   
  
In his own way, Noah was behaving in a noble fashion. Natalie had threatened to find someone else, to use someone else in order to combat Erica's newly-realized sexual paraphilia. She wouldn't be able to orgasm without an audience, and without that orgasm she might slowly drive herself mad. At the reception, Noah had noticed that she hadn't been acting quite herself, either the Erica Rivers he had known in the years leading up to the deuterotone experiment, or the sexually confident Erica Rivers who had emerged over the past few weeks. Instead, she had seemed lost, unfocused, and desperate – drunk on her own libido and unable to function normally. Worried for his friend's psyche, Noah had eventually given in to Natalie's request. He was half-naked in his place of work, in the middle of fucking one of his friends in front of her friend, their boss, and the head of ConnPharm's sales and marketing.   
  
Noah's better intentions notwithstanding, there was little he could do to deny his feelings for Erica. Long before she'd ever stripped in the Observation Room, Noah had fantasized about this girl. Beneath the prim and proper exterior, the well-placed hair, the conservative dress and demeanor, Noah had been well aware of the sexually attractive girl. He'd watched her hips sway back and forth in the lab. He watched her ass as she moved away from him during earlier experiments. He'd dreamt about her red, red lips, and what it would be like to feel them against his own.  
  
Instead, those red, red lips were calling out for more.   
  
"Well, then, HELP ME!" she demanded. "Noah, please, please, fuck me." Her eyes still staring straight ahead, at the gathering of women watched, Erica continued to plead her case, "Natalie, please. Please tell him to make me come."  
  
The blonde woman jutted her chin at the unseen man. "You heard her request."   
  
Allard, who had been a last minute addition to the group, on account of her recently expressed voyeuristic leanings in the function upstairs, was the one who spoke next. She, too, was living out her fantasies. "Pull her hair."  
  
Erica sensed the hesitation on Noah's part, but echoed the saleswoman's request. "Do it," she begged, not wanting to disappoint the spectators.   
  
Nervously, the male scientist did as he was told, taking a handful of Erica's dark black hair in his fist. He was gentle, at first, but as the tip of penis again found Erica's waiting cunt (which was still radiating a tremendous amount of heat), he leaned back, and tugged a bit more roughly.   
  
It didn't even take a full stroke in and out. From the moment that Noah's shaft re-entered the dark-haired girl, she had begun to cum. Groaning in absolute, perfect bliss, Erica found her release.  
  
"Ohhhh....," she moaned loudly, her entire body quivering. "FFFUUUCCCKKKK."   
  
Her body melted, fixated upon the wave after wave of warmth emanating from her cunt. Every hair on her head stood on end. Her vision went dark, and Erica felt as if she were on the very edge of fainting. Had she not been supported by the wrist restraints and collar, she would have collapsed. She had, finally, found her orgasm.   
  
As Erica regained her senses, coming to grips with the people around her, she only then realized that Noah hadn't yet cum, himself. Desperately eager to feel his warm jizz shooting against her bare skin, and even more interested in performing for her audience, Erica refocused on the task at hand. She'd have Hannah free her, Noah's identity no longer an issue. And she'd give Natalie, Hannah, and Allard a show like none they'd ever seen before.   
  
In the back of her mind, Erica thought of Emily DiStasio. The girl had complicated matters for the deuterotone project immensely, and had put significant burdens on Erica and her staff, all because of a tattoo. Erica promised herself she'd seek the girl out, and thank her backing out. But not at that moment. For now, Erica would content herself with Noah's dick, driving in and out of her welcoming pussy, as her biochemically enhanced tits cushioned her against the table.