

Test Subject | Physical Exam

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I wake up feeling sure the whole thing yesterday must have been a dream. A weird one.

A job offer out of nowhere, in a secret, shadowy basement, where they can't tell me anything about the job itself but need to know all my sexual preferences? Real life doesn't work like that.

When I think back, I can barely remember how I got home last night. My memory blurs right after I left the office.

I guess I must have been pumped up with adrenaline after meeting the head of the company where I've been working for years. Years in which I never even heard the name "Mr. Sire."

I have a clear image of him in my mind, though. He must have been real. Right?

It's warm outside today, so I decide to wear a summery dress, yellow with white flowers, about knee-length.

I comb my long, black hair and roll it up into a tight bun. Even one loose strand could impact my work, so I always make sure to keep my hair under careful control. I look in the mirror a second time.

What if it wasn't a dream? What if I get to the office and Mr. Sire and Richard whisk me away into the basement again—will this outfit be appropriate?

I shake my head and scoff. It was definitely a dream. "Mr. Sire"—my brain couldn't make up a more realistic-sounding name? And "Richard" is pretty generic. What, like "John Smith" was taken?

I put on my red high heels and red lipstick, knowing it'll look good with my pale skin and dark hair. Like this, I'm sure I come across very feminine and delicate. That's okay. I know I'm tougher than I look.

I may be short, but I'm very athletic. Since I don't have anything to do outside of work, I often go to the gym for long hours. People always underestimate me, but then I surprise them when I beat them at arm wrestling.

I chuckle at my thoughts, grab my bag, and leave my building. I hate this place. It's in a smelly part of town, not very safe, and the apartment itself is small. I really could do with four times more money. Too bad that wasn't real.

When I get to work, I greet the doorman before walking toward the elevator. When the door dings open, though, I see a huge security guard. It's...that guy!

"Miss Woods." He steps out, and I frown. Then he points me toward the other elevator. "You don't have to work your old job today. If you're ready, please proceed downstairs to meet Mr. Sire."

I freeze. It wasn't a dream after all. Which means, I guess, I'll have to figure out what this new job will mean for me.

I follow the guard into the elevator. We travel all the way down, then I head through the black corridor into the black office, where Mr. Sire welcomes me.

"Miss Woods, I'm glad you decided to come back and take the physical exam." He looks me up and down for a moment. "Please," he adds, opening the door for me.

I walk through. I can hear a slight mechanical sound as the door disappears from behind me, and then I am alone again, in the white hallway.

I walk to the clinic, knock, and walk in.

"Cat, welcome!" Richard waves me inside, and I put my bag on a chair close to the door.

"If you have no further questions," he says, "I'd like to start the exam right away. That's the last of the preliminary requirements. Then, after you've signed your contract, you can get right to work!"

"Okay," I say stupidly. He smiles, waving me over toward a strange device that I didn't notice yesterday.

"This is where you will be examined." I stop in front of what looks just like a medieval torture device, the iron maiden.

It's made of shiny chrome, roughly the size and shape of a human body, and I'm pretty sure I'm supposed to step inside and close the door.

Richard seems to notice my wariness at the prospect. "You won't feel any pain, I promise. You just get in, it gets a little warm, and then the exam is done."

I nod. Through my confusion, I decide to just go for it. If they wanted to kill me, there would be no need to go through all this rigmarole about a job and testing. I would probably be dead already.

I climb into the device, spreading my arms and legs a little to fit against the contours of the metal. Right now, I'm definitely regretting wearing a dress and a very thin thong.

Richard closes the doors. It's a little tight in here, but I'm not claustrophobic, so I can handle it.

The sound of a scanner starts, and I feel a tickle on my forehead. I have to close my eyes when it passes my face; then it starts scanning my neck and shoulders.

I open my eyes. The tickling sensation is coming from a blue laser traveling down my body. When it hits my crotch, I feel a warm, comfortable sensation between my legs. Is this supposed to happen?

The laser stops in exactly that place. I sigh. It feels nice, but it's a little awkward to be getting turned on in a medical exam.

"There seems to be a malfunction. I'll get to it right away," I hear Richard say. I shake my head. Just as the laser is on my crotch!

I hear him tinkering behind me, moving something around on the back of the machine. Then suddenly, the "legs" of the device start to spread, with mine still inside.

I look down, confused. I can't move or do anything about it as the legs spread wider and wider. I'm almost in splits now. It's a good thing I'm so flexible; otherwise, this would be pretty painful!

"Sorry about that. I need to reach somewhere," Richard says apologetically from behind me. Then I hear a quiet, metallic sound, like Richard is opening a compartment or something.

"The laser is about to keep going; don't be surprised," Richard advises me. I nod as much as I can with my head encased in metal, then realize he can't see me.

I want to ask what was wrong, but just as I open my mouth, I feel something weird on my thong. Like... a tug. Then, I feel something cold brush over my folds underneath the thong. I shiver.

This machine is seriously messed up! I have no idea whether I should mention it or not. It's somehow pleasant, though, and it'd be way more embarrassing to talk about it than to just let it happen.

I can feel my breathing speeding up a little as the machine's caress moves achingly slowly across my private parts, then more quickly down the rest of my body.

Finally, the mechanical legs snap closed, the door clicks open, and I can get out.

"Sorry about that." Richard helps me climb out, before smiling at me again. "You have passed the exam, and the questionnaire looks great. You can go back to Mr. Sire's office now and sign the contract, if you want to take the job."

"I..." I look over my shoulder, then lean in and whisper, "Is this work dangerous? Why are they paying so much?"

"That's easy." If anything, Richard smiles harder at me. For the first time, it strikes me as creepy. "We work with animals that can get very aggressive if we don't treat them correctly."

"Also, this work is all very secretive. Nothing can get outside; hence, the questions about private lives. And Mr. Sire is kind and wealthy, so he likes to share."

I slowly nod. Still sounds too good to be true. And Richard's too-wide smile isn't making it better.

When we reach the door at the end of the hall, Richard opens it for me and I walk inside. Mr. Sire looks up when I come in and sit down.

"Have you made up your mind?" he asks with his warm voice.

I slowly nod. "Can I see the contract before signing?"

"Of course." He hands me a very long piece of paper, and I frown. I can't read all of this in the still-dim light of the office, especially not with Mr. Sire staring at me the whole time.

Instead, I just skim through it. "*No mention* of the work to anybody. No visiting doctors outside this facility. No consulting lawyers beyond this estate," I read out.

He nods. "Those are all legal things I have to include. If anything happens to you during your work, you will receive better care here than anywhere else. We are specialized."

"What does this mean?" I frown again as my eyes skip to a new clause. "~There can be no legal steps taken against any intercourse that happens on the property."

"Just lawyer-talk." Mr. Sire seems annoyed by that, so I nod rapidly. "Do you want to sign?" he asks.

He hands me a very heavy, expensive-looking pen. I take it.

What's the worst that can happen?

I swallow and put my hand on the paper. But then, just as I'm about to sign, I stop.

"You said something about living here. Is that still on the table?"

"Of course. Your apartment will be right there." He points to another door that I hadn't noticed before. Considering how doors seem to appear and disappear around here, maybe there's a reason for that.

"Our living facilities have every amenity you could want," he explains. "You have access to a swimming pool, a wellness facility, a private sauna, and a gym...should you need one."

I can hear a slight smugness in his voice with the last remark. What's that supposed to mean?

I look down again at the contract, still feeling hesitant. Mr. Sire leans forward and puts his hand on mine. As I look at it, a strange warm feeling starts emanating from the spot he's touching, although his skin is still cold.

"You worry too much, Miss Woods. I have chosen you for this job for a reason, and I am never wrong. You will like your new work. In fact, I am sure you will...love it." Again, he sounds very smug about something.

Against my better judgment, I sign the contract.

When I set down the pen, Mr. Sire lets out a weird laugh. He seemed really confident I was going to sign, but he's still acting relieved now that I have.

He stands up, turns to a red cupboard, pulls out a sparkly bottle full of some kind of dark liquid, and pours out a glass.

"Drink this, Miss Woods. It will help you calm your nerves," he explains. I don't want to be rude and refuse, so I gulp it down, trying not to gag when I realize it tastes like something died in rum.

"Now go on, little mouse," he says. I look at him in confusion. He clarifies, "Work begins now. Go start testing on your first subject."

He shoos me out of the room and back into the white corridor. I turn to watch the door disappearing into the wall this time. I still can't figure out how that technology works.

"I am happy you decided to stay," Richard greets from right behind me. I flinch; I hadn't expected him to still be waiting for me.

"I will show you the changing room," he says. "You can keep wearing your own outfit if you prefer, but I'd advise against it. Some of our subjects are sensitive to clothing, so we provide clothes tailored to their preferences."

He leads me into a small room just a few doors down from where I entered the hallway. There are ten lockers and a bench where I guess I can sit to get changed.

"Each numbered locker corresponds to a test subject's room. We'll start with subject number one, so if you're comfortable, please change into the clothes you find in locker number one."

"What...exactly am I supposed to do with this test subject?" I ask. As usual, Richard smiles.

"The first task is simple. You get acquainted with the subject, until it is ready to have its blood taken. This will take some time; our last specialist needed three weeks," he explains.

I nod. He turns to head back into the hallway. "Please decide whether you want to change. I will wait before door number one."

After he leaves, I open the locker and frown. Inside is a black, knee-length pencil skirt and a white blouse. Richard seemed to be implying I would be uncomfortable with the clothes, but this looks like a pretty standard office outfit.

I quickly change, and to my delight, everything fits perfectly. Okay, maybe the low-cut blouse shows off my boobs a little more than I'd expect, but I can live with that.

I head out of the locker room and meet Richard in front of door number one. He plays with the keys as he peers into the crack between the door and the wall like he's checking on something.

"This is our easiest subject. Very docile. I'm sure you will get blood from it very quickly. If you need anything, I'll be in the clinic." He hands me a small bowl with the instruments I need. "Oh, and...Cat?"

"Yes?" I look at him expectantly.

"Try not to scream when you first see the subject. Your mind will be blown, but rest assured, *nobody* in this room will harm you."

I am more than worried now, but there must be a reason for all this secrecy, after all. I signed the contract. The only option now is to move forward.

Richard hands me the key and leaves me alone.

I take a deep breath. Then I insert the key, turn it, and open the door just wide enough to carefully step inside.

When I lay eyes on the subject, I let out a gasp.

What. Is. This???