

Disclosure 2004-0160

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Abstract

Frequency locking of a millimeter-wave source variably coupled to a resonant load. An electrically-tunable millimeter-wave oscillator feeds an antenna through a bi-directional coupler which produces signals proportional to forward and reflected power levels. The coupling between the antenna and the resonant load is primarily determined by distance, and varies. The quality of coupling between antenna and resonant load is estimated by the slope of reflected to forward power versus frequency. Initial frequency lock is obtained by sweeping the oscillator frequency between preset limits until the ratio of reflected to forward power reported by the coupler is minimized, indicating maximal power transfer to the resonant load with a preset minimum coupling quality. Retuning is performed only when sufficiently good coupling between antenna and resonant load is present.

Proof of Concept

Carl smiled, sitting in his lab. The damn thing worked -- that was the good news. He looked at the clock -- almost demo time -- which could be more good news, or bad news...

“Doctor Ellis, thank you for dropping by,” Carl said, inviting the other researcher into his lab.

Donna smiled and nodded. “Donna, please -- I take it you have interesting results?” She looked at the array of equipment on his lab bench. “Certainly an impressive array of equipment. Don’t think I’ve seen anything quite like it around here.”

Carl indicated a chair for his visitor as he sat in his. “Nope, wouldn’t think so. The big box,” he said, patting a large piece of equipment, “is a millimeter-wave generator. Think extremely high frequency, and precise. It costs around \$75,000, so we’re leasing it. The power supplies, scope, and the rest are pretty standard, at least in RF labs. The new bit is here.”

He held up a small circuit board which connected to the other equipment via a set of cables. One end of the circuit board ended in what looked like a small funnel, the large end sticking out.

Donna nodded. “And the thing actually works?”

Carl nodded and smiled. “Demo or description first?”

Donna gave him a wry smile. “Tell me first...”

Carl ran a hand through his sandy brown hair. “Okay... Recall I was doing physical modeling of the receptor site you and Doctor Choi identified. I hypothesized that stimulating the molecule at the site’s resonant frequency would induce folding, just as produced by your catalyst molecule. Calculating the resonant frequency was an interesting task, but doable. It’s really high. So high that this state-of-the-art box can’t hit it. So the small board takes the output of the big box and quadruples it in frequency, then boosts the power at that frequency. And yes, it seems to work.”

“You’re prepared to demonstrate?” Donna asked.

Carl handed her the small module. “Place the antenna over a, uh, point of interest. I have the frequencies pre-programmed.”

“Does it work through cloth?” Donna asked.

Carl nodded. “Up to a point. You get more power transfer, and a better result if you have a clear path.”

“In that case...” Donna opened her blouse and slipped her left breast out of her bra, placing the antenna over her nipple. “In the name of science,” she smirked.

“Indeed,” added Carl. He turned back to the large generator and tapped some keys. “In testing things out, I found another resonance near the one we want. I’ll turn up the power for a moment.” He tapped some keys. “Okay, power ramping up, then down.”

“It itches!” Donna said in surprise.

Carl nodded. “Yes, and in case you’re wondering, the power level was far too low to produce thermal effects. Ready for the other frequency?”

“Fire away, Doctor,” replied Donna.

Carl tapped some keys on the generator. “Okay, the frequency is set. I’ll have it ramp up power, hold for twenty seconds, then ramp down again. Ready?”

“Please.”

Carl nodded and hit another key.

The curious look on Donna’s face soon turned to bliss as her head released back and a moan escaped her lips, pleasure engulfing her left breast and radiating through her body.

It took a while for her to regain composure. She looked to Carl with a big smile. “Congratulations!”

Carl laughed, and Donna joined in.

“I was worried there might be a chromosome-linked difference,” Carl chuckled.

Donna nodded and looked around, glancing at the door. “Could we do another test?”

Carl nodded. “I’ll lock the door.” He got up and locked the door. When he turned back, he saw Donna raising her skirt. “Your panty hose could hold it in place,” he suggested.

Donna nodded. “Excellent idea, Doctor...” She slid her chair closer to the equipment and slipped the module into her panties, positioning the antenna carefully. She looked up to Carl with a lascivious grin. “Ready...”

Carl tapped the generator controls. “How long would you like?”

Donna smiled. “How long do you think I can take?”

Carl chuckled. “We’ll go for two minutes. Not sure how long the output amp will last, but it should be sufficient.”

“Indeed...”

Carl raised an eyebrow. Donna nodded. He hit another key on the generator.

Donna moaned loudly; the pleasure was intense. She rocked her hips and started fondling her breasts. “Oh God...” she moaned as orgasm bore down on her with the subtlety of a speeding freight train.

As her breathing quickened, she managed to glance at Carl and say, “Kiss me!”

Surprised at the request, Carl complied nonetheless, leaning over and kissing her fully and deeply, stifling her moans somewhat. He held her shoulders to stabilize them both. She moved one of his hands to a breast, and he moved his other hand behind her head, kissing her deeply as she moaned and shook.

After a while, Donna started slowing down. Their kissing and caressing became less frantic. They finally separated with a sigh.

Carl sat down and gave Donna a while to recover.

She shook out her long hair, then gave Carl a hot look. “Wow... It works!”

Carl nodded with a slight smile, feeling a little dizzy himself.

Donna shook her head and chuckled.

“What?” he asked.

“You really need a research assistant for this project ... someone to work closely with you...”

Carl smiled sadly and shook his head.

Donna pulled the module from her panties and stood up, still somewhat shaky. She put the module on the workbench, then went to Carl and held his head to her body. “Awww... Little Mai will come back to you -- she always does, right?”

When she didn’t get an answer after a short while, she squeezed him again then stepped back. “If you’re not busy this evening, Doctor, you could come over to my place and discuss this very interesting result, and future lines of inquiry. I have another receptor site for you to model -- one which should be far more interesting...”

Carl raised his eyebrows. “Really? Let me shut things down, and we can go.”

Preliminary Report

Doctor Wendy Choi automatically replied, “Come in,” to the knock on her open office door. But when she saw who it was, and the condition she was in, she leaned back and chuckled.

“Why Doctor Ellis -- I thought you usually got in earlier than this. Didn’t sleep well last night? You look worn out...”

Donna laughed as she walked in and sat in a chair. “Research, dear...”

Wendy gave her a questioning look. “I thought Terry was out of town.”

Donna nodded as she took a sip of coffee. “Oh, he is -- like to hear about Doctor Branson’s work?”

Wendy’s eyes flicked up and to the left momentarily. She smiled. “Our physical modeling efforts?”

Donna shook her head. “That part is done -- the induced-folding.”

Wendy sat up. “It works?”

Donna took another sip. “Oh yeah... Still got a ways to go though...”

“Such as?” Wendy asked.

Donna leaned back. “Currently it’s about 80 grand worth of gear taking up a fair amount of lab bench space.”

“But it works? All night?”

Donna laughed. “No... We did a short test yesterday evening...” Her brow furrowed as she took another sip of coffee. “Wendy, he found another receptor site -- one which registers as a very intense itching sensation.”

Wendy nodded. “Interesting... But the primary site? He’s able to stimulate folding?”

Donna shook her head again. “The damn thing stimulates more than folding, my dear...”

“Tell me more, please!”

Donna frowned a bit. “It was intense -- the business end looks sort of like the cup on a breast pump, but it’s made of a ceramic, and the interior is silver plated. We did a few seconds on my left nipple, and it was intense, the sensations diffusing quite rapidly.”

“Who picked the site,” Wendy asked with a grin.

Donna chuckled. "Oh, I did, dear -- for science... I'd already determined not to go home alone last night... For the second test, I slipped it inside my panty hose, aiming it right at heaven."

"And?"

Donna sighed. "Remember the neuropeptide work we did, oh almost two years ago? The really invasive one?" She made a gesture, injecting something into the back of her head.

Wendy nodded. "Intense... Interesting -- I like the other mode of administration much better..."

Donna agreed. "Yes -- that's it, exactly!"

Wendy was confused. "You lost me..."

Donna sighed. "It was just like with the neuropeptide -- incredibly intense orgasms, but without that physical contact, the carnal element, they're hollow somehow. That thing last night gave me incredible orgasms, but instead of leaving me satiated, it left me all the more hungry..."

Wendy gave her friend a knowing smile. She picked up her tea and had a sip. "And so you relieved your hunger with Carl?"

Donna nodded. "Yes... He's good, but such a babe in the woods... After a few hours I slipped him the usual drugs and used him shamelessly -- and he was great. I did some drug-assisted trance work on him; he's going to be quite useful to us -- he's quite bright and very motivated. Oh, I've given him the other receptor site to model. If he can trigger that one, we'll really have something."

"What he's done so far isn't fantastic enough?" Wendy asked.

Donna chuckled. "Tom Swift's Electric Orgasm Ray? Oh, it's good, but inducing that deep receptive trance..."

Wendy nodded, then tilted her head a bit. "There's something else though..."

Donna looked wistful. "Yes..." She took another sip of coffee before proceeding. "I'm going to enjoy him until Terry gets back, and Carl will definitely enjoy the experience as well... I'm afraid I did hang out my therapist shingle with him for a bit..."

Wendy shook her head. "You can't resist..."

Donna smiled. "What was I to do? He's there, so open and receptive, and after all, it takes a male a while to recharge..."

Wendy took another sip of her tea. "Oh, I'm aware of that aspect of male physiology."

Donna frowned and nodded, looking at her coffee wistfully.

Wendy leaned forward and prodded. "What is it -- tell me."

"Wendy, would you consider that our lab has a rigid caste or class structure?"

Wendy looked perplexed. "Not at all -- we all get along quite well, even across specialties and subspecialties -- Carl is a good example."

Donna smiled. "Ahh... But there's the issue... The way he sees things, the upper caste is the doctors..."

"He's a Ph.D.," Wendy interrupted.

Donna raised an eyebrow. "Let me finish, dear -- he has a Ph.D., that's true, but how many researchers in the lab have M.D. as well as Ph.D. degrees?" Donna saw her friend's eyes glance up again in thought. "I'll give you an easier question -- how many researchers are only PhD's?"

Wendy nodded with a grim look on her face. "Currently, Carl. And the ones we've had in the past haven't lasted long. We've always passed it off as personality or personal chemistry issues. I guess we're guilty as charged?"

Donna took another sip of coffee. "Would seem that way, wouldn't it? At the top are the double-docs, you, me, your beau, even though he's a research assistant, and then there's the technical staff, like Terry. And poor Carl -- he feels he's neither fish nor fowl -- with a Ph.D. he isn't technical staff, but without an M.D., he doesn't feel like a full member of the family."

"What's your recommendation?"

Donna smiled. "I'll continue to administer appropriate therapy this week to improve his self-image... Actually, having him help with this little project, and having him associated with our clique should do wonders."

"Clique?" Wendy repeated, a surprised and somewhat stung expression on her face, "We are a clique?"

Donna tilted her head, raising an eyebrow. "That's the way it looks to him..."

Wendy sighed, shaking her head. Then she looked up and chuckled to her friend. "You find the most interesting problems... What about long-term solutions?"

Donna smiled. "Well, I realize a lot of our camaraderie comes from the shared traumatic experiences of med school, internship, residency -- we certainly can be more aware of our biases,

and more inclusive of others who don't share that common background. Look at Terry -- he fits in so well because of his EMT and paramedic background."

"Among other aspects..." Wendy offered.

Donna chuckled. "Well yes... Another thing with Carl -- if the opportunity arises, we really should see if we can get Mai, Doctor Osbourne's administrative assistant, back to him."

Wendy broke a wry smile. "I've seen her in action -- isn't she chasing Howard in the mass-spec lab at the moment?"

Donna nodded. "But when she tires with him, she'll go back to Carl."

"But for how long?" Wendy added.

Donna smiled. "Between his work, and ours, long enough..."

"You think he can do it?" Wendy asked.

Donna nodded. "Get Mai, or build a cost-effective gadget?"

Both ladies chuckled.

Prototype

Donna noticed the padded envelope on her chair as she entered her office. She put her morning cup of coffee down on the desk, picked up the envelope, and sat down.

She reached over and tapped the power button on her keyboard. The Mac under her desk emitted a pleasant “bong!” and the LCD panel on her desk lit up. She opened the envelope. A white plastic rod slid out, a piece of paper attached. The rod was about eight inches long, with an oval cross-section, about three quarters of an inch by half an inch. One end was rounded. “Too small to be a dildo,” she muttered to herself. The other end had a small pushbutton on it. She detached the piece of paper and read it.

Instructions:

- (1) Press the button on the bottom
- (2) Hold the blue side against your skin.
- (3) The other side will blink red, then turn green.
- (4) Enjoy! Each press is good for about 5 minutes.

--Carl

She chuckled as she got up to close her door. A quick check of the calendar -- no meetings or conference calls scheduled.

Holding it in her right hand, she rested the rounded end against the back of her left hand and pressed the button. She flipped it over as the side facing up glowed blue. The other side started blinking red. After a few blinks, she felt a brief itching sensation, then the warm glow of pleasure as the light turned green.

“Ahhh...” she sighed as she slid it up her arm slowly, then directly across her chest, circling her nipples. Soon she found herself squeezing one nipple as she stimulated the other with the wand.

She managed to move the rod down her body, slipping it inside her skirt and panty hose. She wasn’t sure of orientation, so she turned it...

She buckled forward as the wave of pleasure swept through her. In the process she managed to push the business end of the wand away from its intended target.

She sat back, leaning back, letting her head fall back as she repositioned the thing between her legs, moving it slowly as her other hand teased her nipples. She moaned and shook, her breath ragged as she rode it out.

Gradually she realized the sensation had stopped. She consciously relaxed her muscles, moving in the chair. Damn, she thought -- she was going to be sore! She pulled the rod from between her legs and collapsed forward on to the writing area of her desk, letting her head drop on top of her hands.

She didn't notice the red blinking light as she collapsed forward. But she noticed a few seconds later, with the probe resting against her forehead, when she was flooded with pleasure once more.

Pleasure and wild, erotic images and sensations -- everything she'd found pleasurable, roiling and churning through her, all mixed together.

She managed to push herself up to sitting. Her arms were wobbly, almost shaking. Her panties felt soaked -- her skirt was probably soaked. She felt as if she'd been run through a wringer, a very erotic wringer.

She picked up the wand, and holding it carefully in front of her, started to laugh.

Demonstration

“So what is it you wanted to show me, and why do we need to do it in a lab?” Wendy asked as she walked alongside her friend.

“Oh, a recent development. I think you’ll find it interesting. We’re set up in three, here,” she said, waving her card-key over the panel near the door. The panel beeped and the door latch clicked. Donna opened the door and ushered Wendy in.

“Hypnosis related, from what you mentioned?” Wendy asked

“How long has it been since I hypnotized you?” Donna asked in reply.

Wendy chuckled as she sat in the exam chair. “You mean that I can remember?”

Donna put on a look of dismay. “Would I...?”

Wendy nodded, and both of them started laughing.

Donna sat on a wheeled stool, bringing it closer to the exam chair. She pressed foot switches at the base of the chair to raise Wendy up, and recline her at the same time.

“Comfy?” Donna asked.

“Yes -- I take it you’ve picked up a new technique?”

Donna smiled. “Yes, a combination of things...” She pulled a white plastic rod from her pocket. She looked to her friend. “Relax and take a few deep breaths... This should be very pleasant...” Donna pressed the button on the end of the wand, holding the side glowing blue against the back of her hand. When the other side changed from red to green, she smiled and looked to Wendy again. She held the wand about two feet from Wendy’s face.

“Now follow the blue light... That’s good... As it gets closer, your eyelids get heavier and heavier, your body going limp and sooo relaxed for me, so hard to keep your eyes open...”

As she spoke softly, she moved the wand closer to Wendy’s face. Donna had hypnotized her so often that she could tell Wendy was already dropping into trance. She slowed as the wand got to about a foot from Wendy’s face. “Oh so good, it feels so good, let your eyes drift closed for me...”

Donna smiled as she watched Wendy’s eyes drift closed. She brought the soft blue glowing tip of the wand to her friend’s forehead. Her friend moaned softly.

“Yes, so good... And it’s going to get so much better...” Donna whispered.

She slid the tip of the wand slowly across the top of Wendy's head, then down the back of her head as she leaned closer.

"So good," she whispered hotly in Wendy's ear. "So good that when I touch you, you're going to come for me, staying so relaxed, oh you want to come for me..."

As she slid the probe tip to the base of Wendy's skull, directing the beam to her midbrain and pons, she ran her other hand down Wendy's stomach to her groin, reaching between her legs. "Come for me, darling -- come for me now!" she commanded in a whisper.

Wendy moaned and shuddered in the chair as Donna whispered in her ear, sliding her hand between Wendy's legs, providing the physical stimulation which made things so much more complete.

Wendy drifted up. She took a slow, deep breath as she moved her arms and legs a bit, then her head slightly side to side. Oh that had been good...

She blinked her eyes open and looked to Donna, sitting beside her, smiling enigmatically.

"What the hell was that?" Wendy asked.

Donna's smile widened.

Wendy pushed herself up on an elbow. "That wasn't entirely hypnosis -- oh God, was that Carl's gadget? He did it?"

In response, Donna held up the slim white wand.

Wendy sighed and dropped back into the comfort of the exam chair. After a breath or two, she looked to Donna again. "He found the other receptor site? Explain, please."

Donna looked at the wand, holding it in front of her. She looked back to Wendy, and reached a foot to one of the pedals on the chair. Then she paused and smiled a little more.

"Yes, it's Carl's gadget, but it's just the pleasure inducer."

Wendy frowned a bit. "Okay, but why hypnosis?" She smiled. "It was very nice -- thank you -- but was there a reason other than your flair for the dramatic?"

Donna chuckled. "Thank you, dear -- regular trance work and relaxation keeps us all sane. But there is a reason. Remember last week when I was sore for a few days, then Terry had the shoulder problem?"

Wendy nodded, back to a frown again. "Yes... So?"

Donna looked at the wand again. “This damn thing is so intense! The first time I used it, I unconsciously tensed up some muscles -- and this thing made it worse. When I first used it on dear Terry, I had him tied to our bed. His reaction was so intense, he pulled muscles in his right shoulder and back. That’s when I decided to try another approach.”

Donna smiled and moved a hand behind Wendy’s head, cradling her head gently. She leaned over, looking in her friend’s face. She spoke softly. “So the next time, I decided that relaxation was important. That’s it dear, relaxing so nicely for me...”

Wendy sighed and let herself melt into Donna’s voice. She did enjoy the trance work they did together. With another breath she released the tension in her shoulders and neck.

“Yes, relaxing for me...” Donna tapped the button once again.

Chindogu

“Oh, how nice -- new chindogu for me?” Mai asked Carl as she looked over his shoulder. “It’s very pretty.”

Carl smiled as he looked at his sometimes-girlfriend. He glanced at the small artifact on his workbench. “Yes, it is rather pretty,” he agreed. He picked up the thin disc, about half an inch in diameter, the outside silver ring contrasting with the bulging dark ceramic center with its silver patterns, resembling cloisonné.

He swiveled his lab chair around to look at Mai, holding the disc in his hand. She was about five foot six, long black hair, perfect Asian complexion, a bountiful chest atop a narrow waist, trim hips, and knockout legs. She wore her usual stretch-velvet top, its V-neck showing her charms, tight through her waist, and a pair of well-worn very snug-fitting denim pants.

“I’m not sure where it would look best,” Carl said, ignoring her dig at his work. “You could wear it as a headband, in the center of your forehead, or as a necklace, right about...” He reached forward, moving to hold the disc between her soft mounds.

Mai chuckled. “Why don’t we see how it looks up here,” she said, moving Carl’s hand away from her breasts and up to her forehead.

Carl nodded with a tight smile. “Let’s try it first with some wire, and if you like it, we’ll use sterling silver chain.” Carl turned back to his workbench and connected a piece of thirty gauge wire to each of the two small ears on the disc. As he twisted the bare wires in place on the mounting ears, they touched momentarily and the disc briefly flashed red.

“Ooh, it lights up?” Mai asked appreciatively.

Carl nodded, smiling. “Yes, a few flashes of red, then switching to blue. I’m building a few more -- do you like blue, or would you rather I used the 405 nanometer violet?”

“Oh, you’re doing more? For me?” Mai said with a smile and a sway of her hips.

“Yes -- I thought they’d make an attractive addition to a harem costume for Halloween -- one in the center of your forehead, one over each of your delicious breasts, and perhaps one lower...” Carl replied, gazing over her body. She was such a tease, he thought.

“A harem costume? That would be nice -- you could accompany me as my personal ... ah --- guard.”

Carl nodded, noting her hesitation -- she did make him feel like a eunuch -- going out with him only when she wasn’t flirting with others. But she seemed to return to him eventually.

Mai tried to recover from her faux-pas. “What does it do, darling?” she said, turning on the charm, moving closer to him, putting an arm around his neck and letting his head lean against

a breast. “Besides being *very* pretty.” She ran fingers gently over the back of his neck, making him sigh.

Carl sighed -- he so loved being in her arms, in anyone’s arms. He’d learned a lot about himself from the time he’d spent with Donna. “Well, it’s a millimeter-wave generator. It scans a particular frequency range, monitoring return-power from the emitter which produces a figure-of-merit representing how well it’s transferring power to the desired load. It sweeps frequency looking for the best power transfer, and when it finds that point, switches the light emitting diodes from red to blue. Actually, this one does two frequencies.”

Mai chuckled and hugged his head to her chest the way she knew he loved. “I love it when you talk dirty like that.” As she squeezed, she felt him melt in her arms. “I thought you were working on something for Doctor Choi?”

Carl let his eyes close as he enjoyed her warmth and softness. “I am -- it’s research Wendy’s doing with David and Donna.”

Mai hugged him a bit closer, swaying gently. So he was on a first-name basis with Doctors Choi and Ellis now? That’s the rumor she’d heard. She should definitely pay more attention to him... “If you’re working with them, you must need help relaxing -- she’s such a demanding person.” She kissed the top of his head. Of the available researchers in the lab, Carl was definitely one of the choice picks, and if he was working with Doctor Choi’s group, that made him all the better a catch. And he wasn’t that bad looking -- he did take care of himself. “Tell me more, darling -- I thought you did mostly molecular modeling and physical chemistry, and they do such -- invasive things.” She moved a hand to the back of his head as she held him.

Carl sighed again -- this was working well. He held her gently, enjoying where he was.

Mai sighed and smiled -- as enjoyable as it was for both of them, she wasn’t going to get any information out of him this way. She gave him another squeeze, kissed the top of his head, then let him go and moved away a little. “Tell me more?” she asked again.

Carl sighed as she moved away. He forced his eyes open, and looked up into her face. “I love it when you hold me like that.”

Mai smiled. “I know you do, dear -- and I enjoy holding you. But how did you get tied up with Doctors Choi and Ellis?”

Carl chuckled. Tied up -- that was more Donna’s style. He leaned back in the chair and took a breath, clearing his head a little. He looked at Mai again. Was she really finished with Mark Robeson? He’d heard about a falling-out between them. The usual pattern -- the same thing had happened between her and Howard Braun -- she’d come back to him for a while, then off after Mark. That lasted a few weeks, and here she was, back again.

Mai put her hands on his shoulders and kneaded them gently.

Carl sat up a bit, enjoying her attention again. He'd tell her -- after all, what difference would it make? "I've been modeling folding sites for them, and in discussing results with Wendy and Donna, I mentioned that the sites should have a natural De Broglie wavelength -- a natural resonant frequency. Stimulating them with the proper frequency should elicit the same response the proper protein would produce."

Mai moved her hands to his neck and moved her hips seductively. "Ooh, stimulation -- I like stimulation, and I know just what kind of stimulation you like as well," she purred.

Carl sighed and laughed, reaching over to the workbench and picking up another object, one with a similar silver head on a flexible plastic shaft. "This one is similar -- the one for your forehead is dual-frequency. This one is single-frequency, but has more penetrating power."

Mai stepped a little closer, her tightening nipples inches from his face. "...and penetration power -- that's what I need -- I'm very glad I stopped by..."

Carl put his hands on her hips for a moment, looking up into her eyes. It sounded as if he'd heard correctly, about Robeson being bent out of shape the last few days, the result of a falling out with Mai... "Shall we try this one, dear?" he asked, holding the disk in front of her again.

She nodded with a smile. "Perhaps we could go down the hall to a lab with a mirror so I can see what it looks like better?"

"Certainly," Carl said, slipping the shaft-mounted probe into his pocket, making sure the safety switch was set.

Mai took his arm in hers as she headed him to the door. "Maybe we can use one of the exam rooms -- with a couch," she suggested with both body and voice. "If you can spare the time, of course..."

"Ah, I enjoy spending time with you, dear, and I was just about to head home," Carl replied quite honestly.

As they walked down the hall, Mai bumped Carl with her hips. It was long past time to dump Mark, she thought -- he was presuming too much. And it was still early enough in the evening that she might be observed walking the halls with Carl -- even better.

It was close to seven in the evening -- all but the hard-core were gone for the day. Carl had stuck around to work on his transducers, and in the hope that Mai would drop by his lab, as she'd said she would earlier in the day. He smiled as they walked down the hallway arm in arm.

"Mmm -- you are so very nice to snuggle with," Mai suggested. "I hope you weren't planning to go home alone... Ah -- this should do nicely." She pulled them into an empty exam room. Closing the door behind them, she flipped on the "IN USE" light so they wouldn't be disturbed. She glanced around the room, looking at her profile in the mirror. She liked the way

her nipples showed through her top. Mark pawed at her, so crude; but Carl was so easy to control -- hold him to a nipple for a while and he was putty.

She pulled Carl closer to the mirror, at one end of the couch. The couch was small, but it could do, she thought.

"You mentioned a harem costume?" she asked, catching his eyes again. "One here," she said, touching her forehead, "and two here?" With a smile she gave her already attentive nipples a little squeeze. She liked the way Carl smiled and sighed -- he was so easy. She sighed -- but it did feel so good when he curled up to her, sucking and holding on.

Carl was a little surprised at the wistful look on Mai's face, especially after showing him her nipples. God, she was delicious -- but now...

Carl moved her in front of the mirror, standing behind her. He smiled when she leaned back against him. He held the disc by its wires in front of her. Just a little above the eyebrows, he thought. "Mmm... Let's put this little pretty on your forehead. When the wires touch, one half will light up red, then change to blue, and the other side should do the same..." And I'll be right behind you when they do, he thought.

Mai wiggled her bottom into him and then said, "Okay, you're the doctor..."

Carl was having too much fun to frown. He had a Ph.D., but most of the people he worked with, including Choi, Martin, and Ellis, also had M.D. degrees. He remembered a conversation about Mai from a few weeks ago. When he mumbled that Mai was about the only one in the lab without an advanced degree, Andy told him she was working on one. Oh, asked Carl? Yup, her M R S, Andy replied sarcastically. He'd mentioned that to Donna, and she'd helped. Oh, how she helped... He could almost hear her voice in his left ear...

With a sigh Carl raised the disc into position. "Could you hold it with a fingertip while I place the wires on top of your silky, seductive hair?"

Mai growled her acknowledgement and placed a fingertip on the disc. With the fingers of her other hand, she reached back and stroked his thigh.

Carl almost let go of the wires, her touch was so intense and surprising. A moan escaped his lips. He kissed her raven hair breathing in her scent, then with a sigh got back to his task.

"Here goes, relax and watch the pretty lights," he whispered as he pulled the two wires gently taut, then twisted them together completing the electrical circuit and activating the device.

Mai looked in the mirror, watching part of the disc on her forehead blink red, looking at Carl standing behind her. She moved his hands to her waist and wiggled her bottom against him.

"Ooh, it itches!" she said, an itching sensation spreading over her forehead. "It feels like..."

Mai moaned softly as her world turned to pleasure, the itching replaced by a warm glow of pleasure extending from her head through her body as a blue glow filled part of the disc. She held Carl's hands on her hips and moved sensuously -- oh she needed him. She saw part of the disc flash red as she raised one of Carl's hands to a breast and the other to her groin. Wild, erotic visions filled her, increasing her hunger. She moaned again, squeezing his hands to her.

The red glow on the disc changed to blue -- so blue -- her moan turned into a sigh as her mind went blank, so quiet, so blue.

Carl squeezed her gently, burying his head in her soft raven hair. As usual, she'd lightly perfumed it. He smiled and moved her to the couch, easing her down on her back. Her face was relaxed in pleasure. One emitter stimulated pleasure centers, the other put her in a deep trance.

"Can you hear me, Mai?" he asked softly, pulling the other wand out of his pocket.

"Yes," she replied as softly.

"Do you want me, Mai?" he asked, kneeling down by her side.

"Ohh yes," Mai moaned.

He pulled the rod from his pocket and flipped off the safety. He leaned forward and gently mouthed a breast, letting himself be lost in touch and scent.

Her moaning returned him to what he needed to do. He closed his eyes for a moment, taking a breath. Just like they'd practiced -- he could almost hear Donna's voice in his ear, and feel her leaning against his back.

He put one hand behind Mai's head as he slowly moved his other hand down her body.

"Listen to me, darling, and I'll make it feel even better," he said, repeating Donna's words.

Planning

“I’ll see you in an hour then, lover... I hope you’re rested. Mmm -- bye...” Mai hung up the phone, then smiled as she looked at herself in the full-length mirror on the bedroom closet door. She wore her harem-girl outfit, the one which had been such a hit at the Halloween party. People had been so surprised to see her wearing it, and to see Carl dressed up as her Maharaja. She felt so lucky and so sexy being there with him, even if he only turned on the special lights on her costume once. Oh how good that felt! She ran her hands over the diaphanous fabric of the top, practically transparent except for strategically placed metal discs. The bottom was more opaque, emphasizing her narrow waist and delicious hips. She put the headpiece on, centering the main disc on her forehead. She ran a hand down her front. At the party, she’d had another disc in her navel. But she’d learned part of the secret -- that disc was now attached to her panties, right over her clit.

A shudder and a moan went through her as she stepped to the dresser and pulled a small black plastic box from the back of one of Carl’s drawers. It was the size of a car alarm controller, with two buttons on it, green and red. With a fingernail, she checked the setting of a little slide switch on the side. Everything was ready. She looked at the clock -- she had an hour before Carl would be back from his trip. Oh, how she’d missed him, and oh the welcome he was going to get!

She’d found the little control box the day after he’d left, while putting away clean clothes and reorganizing his drawers. She’d found it and pushed the green button, not knowing what it did. Out of the corner of one eye, she saw her harem girl outfit light up! She’d been so excited! The red button turned it off. She’d quickly stripped and put on her outfit, and standing in front of the mirror she’d pressed the button once again.

Oh, that night at the Halloween party, some of them had laughed when parts of her costume lit up blue, red, and violet... She moaned as a few parts of the costume switched their glow from red to violet, and she was bathed in pleasure. At the party, she’d danced for them, for her Carl, showing everyone that she belonged to him. That stopped their laughter.

But the first time she’d found the control box, she stood in front of the mirror, watching the glow of the lights in her costume as she swayed and shuddered in pleasure. She ran her hands over her body, increasing her pleasure. She’d stuck the jewel in her navel using a little piece of double-sticky tape, but she’d been in such a hurry that it came off, sticking to her hand.

And as she ran her hand over her body, the little glowing jewel sent waves of pleasure through her. It didn’t take long before she moved it between her legs, and collapsed on to the floor, overcome by the strength of her orgasm.

That night she’d repeated the process, learning some interesting things. Once she pushed the green button, things lit up for around ten minutes, but it took her another ten or fifteen minutes to recover, especially when she put the belly-button jewel right over her clit. And it wasn’t as strong if she pushed the button again right away once she came to her senses.

The second night Carl was gone she'd found the switch on the side. By that time she knew to be on her back on the bed before she pushed the green button. This time when she pushed it, not only was she flooded with pleasure, but something else -- her mind going so clear, so empty, filled with nothing but colossal orgasms. When she came back from that trip, she remembered feeling that way and hearing Carl's voice coming from someplace so far away, filling her. That had happened a few times, before and after the party, and it had been so wonderful...

She learned that whatever the side switch added, it only affected her strongly every three or four hours or so. If she did it more often, she just felt sort of high, which made a great combination, all wrapped in pleasure.

She looked at the clock once more. She had time for one very good ride, then she'd move the jewel from over her clit to over her mound. When it was there, she could still walk, talk, and move coherently, swimming through a thick ocean of pleasure.

And when she finished that trip, she'd have enough time to recover a bit, and then Carl would be home. And what a surprise he was going to get!

Mai closed her eyes and took a deep, slow breath. As she exhaled, she pressed the green button. Her exhaled sigh turned into a moan as she was swept away once more.

Welcome

Carl smiled and sighed as he pulled into the garage. A shiver of erotic anticipation ran through him -- every time he'd talked to Mai during the week, she sounded sexy and horny as hell. It was going to be a great weekend! Hell, it had been a great month, what with her moving in with him, letting others know she was his. Wendy told him she'd seen Mai slap Benning in the face, telling him "I'm Carl's harem girl now." What a change!

He dropped his carry-on and his briefcase in the laundry room. "I'm home," he called out.

"And I'm in the bedroom," a sexy voice replied.

He smiled. He made a quick stop at the half-bath -- hard to tell when he'd get a chance to visit the can, the way she sounded.

As he walked down the hallway to the bedroom, unbuttoning his shirt the rest of the way, he saw the bedroom dimly illuminated by flickering candlelight. As he stepped in the door, he saw Mai standing by the dresser, wearing her harem outfit. He smiled, and as he inhaled, caught the scent of her perfume. "Mmm... It's good to be home," he said.

Mai raised her arms, and her costume lit up! Carl was surprised -- she'd found the control box?

"Oh, I've missed you..." Mai growled as she stepped closer to him.

Carl backed up, sitting on the bed.

Mai stepped closer, wrapping her hands around his head and pulling him to her breasts, squeezing him the way she knew he loved. "Oh, I've missed you..." she whispered.

Carl smiled, enjoying the scent of her perfume as she embraced him. But as she pulled his head to her breasts, he felt a wave of pleasure flow through his body. Part of him was alarmed -- but it was a small part. He held her, kissing her breasts through the thin fabric, filling himself with her perfume as she squeezed him, then pushed him to his back.

Carl sighed and moved his head. He was on his back on the bed. He raised his head and saw Mai down at his feet, pulling off his pants and socks. His shirt was already gone. He let his head drop back -- the antennas in the emitters were dipoles, he thought -- when she held him to her breasts, just as much energy went into him as into her.

Another wave of pleasure started at his right foot. He managed to look up, and saw Mai kissing her way up his legs -- the emitter on her forehead was still active, of course! He moaned again as she switched legs, kissing her way up his body, relaxing and enjoying the ride.

His breath caught as a wave of pleasure brought him to the verge of orgasm. Pleasure flooded his cock and balls, bringing him oh so close, then fading after an indeterminate period of time. He could breathe again, but only momentarily as his cock was engulfed in a warm, wet, insistent mouth. Eager hands and mouth, and another wave of pleasure sent him over the edge, pulsing into her mouth.

Mai was pleased when Carl came for her. She sucked him, massaging his balls until his moaning and thrashing slowed. Letting his now-limp cock slide from her mouth, she started moving up his body again.

“That was nice, but what about me?” she whispered as she kissed her way up his chest.

Carl had almost caught his breath when she bit one of his nipples. Still, the pleasure from the emitters on her forehead and breasts had him near delirious... Something else was bugging him, another thought at the back of his mind, but she felt so good...

Mai moved on top of Carl, sitting on him. She'd removed the lower half of her costume, and ground her hungry wetness against him. She reached up and squeezed her breasts, triggering another orgasm. She was so hungry for him still...

Carl felt her rocking on top of him, then shuddering as she cried out. He opened his eyes and watched as she squeezed her breasts, the emitter on her forehead glowing along with its cousins on her breasts. That was it, he thought -- the one on her forehead. She'd found the control, but had she found the little switch on the side? She couldn't have -- she was moving.

Mai opened her eyes and smiled, looking down at Carl. “Welcome home, lover -- enjoying the ride?” she asked with a wiggle, noticing his eyes were open again. She leaned forward. “But I'm still so hungry for you. I want you hot and hard inside me...”

Carl watched as she leaned forward. He'd get hard again in a while, he knew that. He felt a tingling at the top of his head. Mai was looking at him, eye-to-eye, speaking softly. Waves of pleasure went through him, and he fell into her eyes as his mind melted. Her eyes, her voice..

Mai rocked on top of Carl, resting her forehead on his as she told him how much she loved him and how much she needed him inside her. She smiled as she felt him grow hard underneath her. She growled her encouragement, telling him how good she felt with him inside her, how much she needed him deep so deep inside her. Soon she was able to fill her desire.

Carl heard Mai's voice from afar, even as he felt her sliding and rocking on top of him. He felt his passion and his cock grow, and soon he was inside her. He responded to her body, and to her voice. When she called for him to squeeze her breasts, he slid his hands up her body, calling for her to come as he squeezed her the way she loved. Happiness filled him as he felt her shaking on top of him and heard her ecstatic moans.

Chindogu

Her lips met his, kissing hungrily, then her voice was in his ear telling him to come... He filled her as she cooed in his ear, his whole body responding to her desire. She asked what he needed, and he told her. Soon a warm, soft nipple descended to his mouth, and she rocked him to sleep in her arms.

Recovery

Carl moved on the bed, opening his eyes. A glance at the bedside clock -- four in the morning, which was seven east-coast time. With a small groan he rolled out of bed and went to the bathroom. After using the toilet, he stood at the sink and splashed water in his face. What the hell happened? Memories of his “welcome” returned. Stepping back into the bedroom, he saw the little remote on top of the dresser. He took it back into the bathroom to check it out. Yes, the switch on the side was set to activate the trance emitter. Wow, dipole emitters indeed -- he’d experienced the trance one before. But how had she remained focused, when it knocked him flat, and thought it did the same to her?

He returned to the bedroom. He smiled, seeing Mai naked in bed. The bottom part of her costume was on the floor; he picked it up. He picked up the top as well. Hmmm -- she’d moved the emitter he’d made for her navel. He chuckled as he held the fabric, estimating -- yes, should be just about over her button -- that would be quite the ride, just like he’d done to her that first time in the exam room at work.

Accommodation -- that must be it, he thought. He’d wondered about that, leaving the emitters on constantly. He’d not had the time to do that experiment -- whenever he tried on himself, he ended up collapsing after an emitter-induced orgasm. He nodded; Mai had done some of the experiments herself, it would seem.

She’d put the headdress on her nightstand. He picked it up and looked at her, sleeping on her back. Why not? No time like the present.

He sat near her on the bed and slipped the headdress on her, gently. She moved a little. Still holding her head in his hands, he leaned over and kissed her.

When he pulled away a bit, she smiled and said, “I love you.”

Carl replied, “I love you too...” and pressed the button on the remote.

As the LEDs filled the room with a blue glow, Mai’s smile smoothed into that peaceful look, one he understood a lot better now.

Her answers to his questions confirmed his suspicion -- it must be accommodation -- the nervous system getting used to, and “tuning out” constant stimulation. She’d learned quite a bit, actually. One part of his mind was already designing the next revision of the hardware, including a pseudo-random sequence generator providing timing jitter to reduce the accommodation response.

But the other part remembered what he’d felt when she’d taken him. He told her how much he liked being rocked to sleep in her arms. He helped her to standing, then after giving her another set of instructions, told her to go to the bathroom and freshen up.. He got back in bed and relaxed on his back.

Mai awoke, or was she still in a dream? Carl was looking at her, yet the room was lit only by the bathroom nightlight. Then she was in a dream again, reliving the last week, so hard without him, but feeling so good once she found the little control.

Oh, she was so happy to know he liked being held and rocked. In her dream she went to the bathroom and cleaned up a bit. She put on fresh perfume, then walked back to bed. She was wet and trembling with erotic excitement as she looked upon Carl's nude body, his cock proud and hard. She crawled on to the bed and nuzzled his cock, then moved to sitting on him, taking him deep inside her once again.

She held his head in her hands, leaning down so their foreheads almost touched, as she spoke to him, riding him, taking both of them to ecstasy once again.

And after they'd both come, she cleaned them up and pulled him to a nipple. A tingle ran through her as his lips connected to her. She felt so good, so comfortable as she rocked him to sleep in her arms, falling asleep herself soon after.

Supplemental Disclosure

Accommodation in biological systems is thought to be a process whereby a continuous stimulus produces rapidly decreasing effects on the biological system, as the system readjusts itself to the constant presence of the stimulus. In an apparatus for providing an electromagnetic stimulus to a biological system, accommodation is reduced by modulating the stimulus. Gated pulse width modulation (PWM) and/or pulse position modulation (PPM) are used, based on a pseudo-random source. Modulation approximating a Gaussian noise spectrum greatly reduces accommodation to the stimulus by the biological system.

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By silli_artie@hotmail.com
<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>