

Drip, Drip Drip

Drip, Drip, Drip

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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.

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"Focus, dammit! Count!" Wendy thought to herself as she regained some semblance of consciousness. Her vision cleared somewhat; she could see the IV drip tube again, and started counting drops of isotonic saline going to the intravenous line in her left arm: 3, 4, 5. She could also make out part of the monitor panel on the instrument rack behind the IV; pulse 153, respiration 42, blood pressure 142 over 90. The swirling color fringes in her vision didn't make things easier; she hadn't expected that. Count the drops: 10, 11, 12. Not as bad as last time, she thought to herself. She still couldn't move, but she did have control over her breathing; focus on the breath now; slow and deep, in and out.

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Count the drops: 18, 19, 20. Her eyes burned from not blinking. She could feel the sweat slide across her forehead and face, and feel the tape holding the ventilation tube in place. Her body was covered by sweat, sticking to the blanket on top of her naked form. She could feel her right leg sagging against the restraints. Breathe in and out, control; count the drops: 23, 24, 25. Her pulse was now down to 115, respiration 12. Focus on the breath.

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"I still don't know how you do that." It was David's voice. A hand moved in front of her field of vision and she felt a cool washcloth wiping her face and neck. She felt a gentle kiss on her forehead, felt the EEG electrodes move as he brushed by them.

"That was number seventeen. About the same duration as before, interval a bit longer. Your heart rate and BP aren't spiking up as high now."

Seventeen! How long can this go on, she thought. Why is my response so different from the primates?

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Count the drops. It was the only way she had of timing things. She'd had David tilt her head so she could see some of the instruments, and had him prop her eyes open before administering the muscle relaxant, then three minutes later their experimental neuropeptide. Seventeen times, at about two and a half minutes per cycle; almost forty three minutes. Something was wrong. She'd given the chimp three times the dose she'd taken, and the whole thing had only lasted a little over eleven minutes.

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She started to panic; I'm not going to make it; I'm going to go into seizures and die here in my own lab, the result of an experiment I should know better than to perform, or I'm going to have a CVA and end up a vegetable. No, I'm going to make it: control: focus on the breath: in and out, slowly, count the drops.

"Wow, your EEG and pulse just kicked up momentarily, then settled down again." David said.

"You've got about 45 seconds to go. I'm glad I used a different muscle relaxant than we'd planned on; the curare derivative would have worn off long ago."

That was it! He'd changed something in the protocol! Her mind was spinning now, losing track of her count. What had he used? Once they'd seen the first primate go into strong muscle contractions on higher doses, they'd started using a muscle relaxant to prevent injury. They'd used a short acting curare derivative that worked very well with minimal central nervous system interactions. If I live through this, she thought, I'm going to kill him. If I don't, I'll haunt him for the rest of his life! Control: focus on the breath: in and out, in and out. Count the drops.

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"Oh, that's a surprise? Your traces spiked up again. After reviewing that last chimp run, I decided there wasn't enough margin with the curare derivative; I didn't want you hurting yourself." He leaned over and kissed Wendy on the forehead, squeezing her shoulder.

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"So I talked to Donna and got one of her new mycotoxin derived agents. She said it would last twice as long as the curare, and would still leave you with control over your breathing. She'd like to know what you think of it."

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That's the answer, she thought. Mycotoxins from Dreaming Donna, the Magic Mushroom Queen. I'll haunt both of them! That explained the color fringes and sensory distortions: mycotoxin synesthesia. Actually, I feel a little better -- Donna always tries these things out extensively. Still, as a postdoc and an experienced researcher in his own right, David should know damn well not to change protocol, especially when the experimental subject was

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your research director, especially mixing their experimental neuropeptide with a mycotoxin that was bound to have neurological effects; Donna wouldn't be working with it if it didn't.

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She'd lost count; she could feel it building in her again. Focus on the breath: in and out, slowly. She felt the fire building in her breasts again, extending down her sweat covered belly to her clit. She could feel the tingle turn into fire, extending across her skin, her body on fire, raw sexual energy building and building and building. Focus on the breath. Count the drops.

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"It must be building again. I'm starting to recognize the EEG changes. You're much more in control this time. God, this is incredible. I can't wait to try it. Donna was incredibly curious; we'll have to tell her."

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Only if I live, Wendy thought. The energy built higher and higher, until it felt as if her whole body was on the edge. It was incredible. So incredible I'll never, ever, do this again, especially if I live through it, she thought.

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She was losing control of her breathing; her world, her vision and her whole body were on fire as the drugs took her to her eighteenth orgasm. When she thought she couldn't go higher, she did. That's the connection she thought. The mycotoxin and her synthesized orgasm-inducing neuropeptide: she started to laugh inwardly at herself, seeing molecular structures dance in her vision, the researcher to the end, as the orgasmic wave broke over her, sweeping through her body and mind, carrying away her conscious mind in waves of indescribable ecstasy.

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The world came back. She tried to focus on the monitor. Most of the color fringes were gone; good, I may live through this yet. Pulse 105; way down. She tried a few full, deep breaths. Wow, that last one had been incredible. I don't feel as wiped out as after the first one. Or tenth one. I may live through this.

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It had started out as their latest off-the-books research effort. Wendy was a recognized leader in neuropeptide research. She, like a number of people in the business, had learned about the East Coast group's identification of a purported trigger for inducing orgasms in primates. She had been wondering what she was going to have to offer to get more information when she'd gotten an email thanking her for her help on another effort and containing their research data and the molecular structure, inviting her comments.

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She and her research assistant/lover David mapped out what they thought was a careful program, dovetailing it into their "official" research. She still remembered watching that first rhesus monkey they'd tried it on. Picogram doses; nothing seemed to happen for a couple of minutes, then the rhesus pulled her knees up and held on to them, her eyes closed, and she shuddered. Then she relaxed. Then she did it again, and again, and again for nine minutes. Then the monkey opened its eyes, looked at them, and went back to eating. Wendy and David had watched breathlessly, extremely impressed; they went to her place and screwed like wild animals.

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"That may have been the last one" David said, wiping her face again, careful not to disturb the EEG electrodes.

"You were out about twice as long, almost a minute and a half, but your vitals were much closer to normal, and recovered very quickly. If you're going to go through another cycle, it should hit in about ... thirty seconds."

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Was that eighteen? Nineteen? She couldn't remember. What a trip. Donna would get a kick out of this, she thought. Of course, Donna gets a kick out of some very weird things, she added to herself. I have just experienced the most incredible, intense, mind-blowing orgasms I'd ever had in my life, or probably will have; yet they were empty somehow, devoid of that physical dimension, the personal dimension. It was like an induced reflex action, she thought, like taking ipecac to induce vomiting; you vomited, but weren't actually sick. This was orgasm without the sex, without the love and affection, without the foreplay and physical sensations; incredible, yet one-dimensional.

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She'd lost count again. The world seemed to be getting more and more normal. No color fringes, the clicking of the ventilator as she breathed was no longer accompanied by the strange sensations of mycotoxin induced synesthesia. I'm going to live to tell about this, after all, she thought.

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"I don't see another cycle building, and you're about thirty seconds overdue. That may have been the last one. Wow. Twenty one in a row."

Twenty one? The last number I remembered him telling me was eighteen. Or was it seventeen? She caught her breath and tried to laugh. She thought she could feel her mouth and cheeks move under the tape holding the ventilation tube in place. She tried wiggling her right hand; she thought she could feel some movement.

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"Good, you're starting to move again. Your vitals are pretty much normal, aside from looking like you've been exercising vigorously." David wiped her head again, and kissed her forehead, squeezed a shoulder.

"Can you hold your breath for me for a moment" he asked.

Wendy held her breath. She had that much muscle control and was regaining more every second. She wiggled her legs experimentally, feeling the restraints, feeling the damp blanket move on top of her. It felt good to be able to move again. Still no feeling of another cycle building. It was over. Maybe.

"Good, let it out."

She exhaled, and David continued.

"We talked about giving you a mild sedative afterwards to help you sleep things off for a couple of hours. I'll let you think about it for a moment. I'll count to thirty. If you hold your breath while I'm going from twenty to thirty, I'll give you the sedative, otherwise I won't. Either way, I'll stay right here with you. Your EEG and EKG traces look nominal, as do the rest of your vitals. One, two, three..."

Wendy thought it over. He could stick to protocol after all. She just might let him live. Sleep would be good. They'd started at about 9 PM; it should be almost midnight now. She'd spent the night in this lab before, they both had. I'll get you for this, for changing protocol on me, she thought, but after I screw your silly ass off; some times the old fashioned ways are better. I definitely prefer the old fashioned physically induced orgasms. She felt the stir of lust at the thought of his head clamped between her legs, driving her to ecstasy with his tongue. Amazing... I'm insatiable... Or is it the difference between artificial sweeteners and the real thing? As David counted to twenty, she took a deep breath and held it. She held it until he reached thirty, then exhaled.

"Okay, darling, rest well, I'm right here beside you. I'll be here when you wake up, and I want to hear about what's been going on inside there. It looked pretty wild from out here."

She felt another kiss on her forehead, and felt the wire bridges holding her eyelids open being removed. It was so good to let her eyes close. She felt the tears well up; was that emotion, or just a physiological reaction? How much was she going to tell him? Donna? Donna was in for a wild ride.

Wendy took a deep breath as she felt the buzzing build in her ears; the sedative was creeping in. She let go and let the warm fuzzy buzzing sweep her away.

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