

Fishing

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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.

Ron was eager, and maybe a little nervous. It was understandable, he told himself; it was the first time he'd gone fishing at the University library. He'd started on campus, but quickly moved into other, seamier, parts of the city. Fishing had been very good there, he thought with a low laugh.

He checked his equipment once more. He peeked at the small pack around his waist. A little green light emitting diode glowed cheerily -- everything was fine. Time to go.

He'd taken over one of the small reading rooms in a corner of the history section, secluded and little-used. The frosted glass panel in the door would give him privacy. He seldom visited this floor of the University library, but the layout was the same as his usual haunt, semiconductor physics on the 5th floor. With a smile he mused that erotic noises coming from reading rooms were probably more common in the social sciences area than in physics.

He left his materials spread out on the table; he did have a colloquium to prepare for. Leaving the door ajar, he set out, rubbing his hands together eagerly.

How many had it been? This would be thirty something, thirty four or thirty five perhaps, in the last five months since he'd gotten the gadget working, and miniaturized. And in all those times, only a couple of close calls. He enjoyed the anticipation of fresh prey.

He walked around, looking. One young woman looked promising, but he thought he could do better. Another was in a group, hard to cull out just one.

He paused behind a pear-shaped girl -- very little on top and a large bottom. He recalled having a couple like her... She'd be nice, bent over the table, bouncing against her bottom... Then she wiped her nose on her sleeve. He shook his head -- he could do better.

He'd almost completed a tour of the floor when he saw her.

She was sitting alone at a table, not thirty feet away from his reading room. A heavy wool coat hung over the chair next to her. Hers, or did she have a friend? Hers, he guessed optimistically as he looked at her more. Short dark hair, small upturned nose, pale clear complexion, wearing a light colored turtleneck sweater showing delicious curves. He couldn't see her legs, but she seemed to be wearing a skirt!

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He moved his left hand to the switch assembly in his sweater pocket. Start out on medium power and take it from there.

He walked up to the other side of the table from her and leaned forward a little, putting his head about three feet from hers. "Excuse me," he said softly.

When she lifted her eyes from the tome she'd been reading, as her green eyes met his, he hit the switch.

She wavered a little as the beam hit her, and her breath caught for a moment.

Out in the periphery of his vision, he thought he saw one of her hands move under the table. He smiled, observing the beam work its magic. Her pupils started to dilate, then the muscles in her forehead and face began to relax. It was working, as it always worked.

He knew what she was feeling -- he used it on himself. Her mind was fogging over with pleasure. Soon her eyelids would start to droop. He'd have to back off the power at that stage, or she'd become unresponsive and hard to move. He'd use high power on her later, to fog her mind more, leaving her with amnesia over the last six to eight hours.

With a sigh she slumped back in her chair, her eyes closing, her face filled with bliss.

He reduced the power and moved to her side, still looking at her face and head.

He looked down at her bust. As the beam swept over her breasts she let out a sighing moan, arching and pulling her shoulders back. Oh, she was going to be so good...

He took her hand in his, pulling her to standing, grabbing her purse as she stood.

What a catch! Beautiful legs, and she wasn't wearing anything covering them, just a pair of simple shoes and ankle socks on her feet. Her skirt ended just above her knees. He watched her shiver with delight as his gaze, and the beam, passed over her legs.

He smiled a carnivorous smile. That had been a major improvement in the gadget, realizing the emitter could be separated from the drivers. The emitter itself was tiny, smaller than a pencil eraser, only the drivers and batteries were comparatively large. Then he had the problem of positioning, aiming the beam. Mounting the emitter in the nose bridge of his glasses focused the beam where he looked. Simple and effective -- he liked clean solutions.

He gazed at her breasts again and saw her react. He could see the pale pink of her flesh and the white of her bra through the knit of her sweater, her nipples distending both as they responded to the beam. He caressed her breasts with both hands. Pleasure flooded him as his hands entered the beam. She moaned as the added stimulation intensified the beam's effects.

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Ron pulled his hands away. He dropped the beam power lower and held his gaze on her face. He took her by the arm and whispered, "Come with me, my pretty."

He led her back to his reading room, closing the door behind them, making sure the "In Use" sign was showing. Her purse went on the desk.

He pushed her against the wall and intensified the beam. He started it pulsing at 48 cycles per second, something he'd found that made the effect even stronger. He ran his gaze and his hands all over her luscious body, enjoying, anticipating.

Oh, he was hot for her. He wanted to push into her, take her right on the table.

But as she started to slump, he lowered the power two levels. He wanted her somewhat responsive. That last girl had been so good -- rather than just lay there, she'd been responsive. That had been fun, hearing her moan, watching her writhe as the beam passed over her exposed groin, playing the beam on her sex and on his cock as he let it flood him with pleasure, getting him all the harder before pushing into her, getting her so wet and receptive.

He looked back to her face, blissed out in pleasure. Such pretty lips she had...

He lowered the beam power another notch. "Kiss me," he commanded.

He put his hands on her shoulders and drew closer to her. He felt her hands start to move up his body, sending a thrill through him.

Their lips met. Her kiss was weak at first, but became stronger and more passionate, especially as he felt her breasts.

Her hands moved up his body to his neck. That sent another thrill through him. Her hands touched his neck. He felt something on his neck, almost lost in the pleasure of their kiss and the contact of their bodies. She was starting to move too much. He reached into his pocket and jumped back up to half power. As he did, he felt warmth flowing through his body.

He squeezed her breasts again and kissed her eagerly. She returned his passion.

As they kissed, he felt her muscles weakening. He'd have to move her to the table soon, oh so soon, or cut the power more -- inverse square, he reminded himself -- she was so close to the emitter.

But he couldn't move. Panic flashed through him -- he couldn't move! He felt her sliding down to the floor out of his grasp, and still he couldn't move!

Carol slid to the floor. She stayed there in a daze, her head clouded by pleasure. It took her a while to remember why she was here.

But she remembered, and got to her feet. He was still standing in front of the wall where he'd been holding her, hands still raised. She shuddered at the memory. She looked at the small injector on the ring finger of her right hand and shook her head -- she was lucky she armed it when she saw him walking up.

Stepping behind him, she maneuvered him to a chair at the uncluttered end of the table. Curling her lips in a snarl, she grabbed his hair and turned his head to face her.

And as his head turned, incredible pleasure filled her body again, pulsing, growing. Some part of her mind realized it was stronger on her bare skin. She gripped the bottom of her sweater and pulled it up, exposing her chest and abdomen. She moaned as the pleasure increased. She popped the front clasp on her bra, exposing her breasts, rubbing them and moaning all the more.

Ron couldn't figure out what had happened, what had gone wrong. He couldn't move! The girl put him in a chair and roughly twisted his head around. He watched in amazement as the beam took control of her again. She writhed and moaned, quickly exposing her chest and then her breasts to its effects. This was something he'd have to explore more, he thought.

Carol's pleasure was so incredible, especially as she touched her nipples. She squeezed them both and was overcome by a powerful orgasm, sending her reeling and collapsing back against the wall.

Ron saw her collapse to the side, out of the beam. Still, at mid-power and that distance, she should be pretty much incapacitated. What happened? Had the batteries died? Another phase lock problem? No, that couldn't be it -- the beam had affected her quite strongly.

Carol pulled herself up again. God that had been intense! She crawled away from him and sat on the floor, straightening up. In her frenzy, she'd ripped half the clasp off her bra.

She moved around behind him. Based on his background, she'd expected it to be an electromagnetic or at least a radiated energy device. Where was the radiator though?

She moved her hand carefully in front of him. Her arm passed in front of his glasses, flooding her with pleasure again. She tried to back away and jostled his head, tilting his head over and down a bit, straight at her groin. That only made things worse, far worse.

Her willpower dissolved as she scrambled onto the table and on her back in front of him. She pulled his head to her crotch and moaned as the beam had its effect.

Ron watched in a daze as she pulled up her skirt, ripped her panties aside, and pulled his head closer to her. He could see, smell, and hear her as the pleasure coursed through her, aided and intensified by her nimble hands. But he still couldn't move. All he could do was observe.

Carol gave herself to the pleasure, fingering herself through countless orgasms. They grew in intensity and duration, her body shaking and buckling as she built to yet another climax.

Ron watched, smelled, listened to her crying in ecstasy, her pleasure building and building. Her entire body was responding now, moving with the pulses as she seemed to build to another climax.

And as she came, her legs twitched and shot out, hitting him and turning him in the chair so he faced the wall.

Carol groaned as she pulled herself together once more. A sound helped bring her back, a sound she should recognize. She moved off the table, slapping her face to try and clear her head. She looked at him, turned in the chair facing a wall. God, she must have hit him and spun him around. No, make that Thank God...

Her phone was ringing again. She found her purse and took it out. She also grabbed another injector from the concealed side pocket in her purse. She made sure it was one of the blue ones, and jabbed the spring-loaded device into her thigh. She took a few deep breaths as the powerful drugs helped clear her head.

With a wobbly breath she opened the phone and answered it.

"Yeah, no shit it's electromagnetic!" Carol replied to her phone. "Remember me telling you that? Look at his background -- had to be. But you'd rather believe that hooker and assume it was chemical. ... No, I'm okay. The blockers helped, I think. He's secured. ... No, I'm not upset, I'm just ... I don't know. How are you doing with the search? ... Okay, I'll check. Hold on." She moved carefully now, with more respect for the device he was wearing. She dug in her purse again, putting on gloves.

Ron still couldn't move. He could breathe, but that was all. His eyes were burning from not being able to blink or move. A shadow moved in front of his face and through his vision. Who had she been talking to? She sounded as if she knew him. How?

Carol pulled the small yellow injector and the spray from her purse. She slid his glasses down on his nose. That's when she saw the wires leading off the sides of his glasses, down his neck, and under his sweater.

Ron was getting more scared. What was happening? What was she going to do? Who had she been talking to? He felt pricks at the sides of his head, then a mist spraying in his eyes. It was cool; he expected it to sting, but it didn't.

"Ron," Carol said, holding the top of his head, "I've freed up your eyes for a few minutes. I'm going to ask you some questions. You will answer 'Yes' with three or more quick blinks, and 'No' with two blinks. Do you understand that?"

Now Ron was terrified. How did she know his name? He tried, and found he could blink. He closed his eyes for a moment, trying to move his eyeballs; they moved a little. Then he blinked a number of times in rapid succession.

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“Good, I’m glad you understand me. I want you to understand one more thing, Ron. Your life depends on answering my questions. Your life depends on it. Do you understand?”

Ron would have shook if he could; he was beyond terrified. He blinked rapidly.

“Okay, Ron. We have the lab in the spare bedroom of your apartment, the equipment, and the computer files. We didn’t find anything at your University office or lab. Do you have more anywhere else?”

Ron blinked his eyes twice, slowly. They knew where he lived, and worked. Someone was in his apartment. They’d checked his office in Bannon hall.

“Nothing else, he says,” Carol said into the phone.

“Have you told anyone about your little invention?” she asked.

Ron blinked twice.

“He hasn’t told anyone.”

“Ron, now I want you to blink your eyes once for every person you’ve manipulated using this. Remember, your life depends on it, and we’ve been following you around for some time now, and have spoken to a number of your victims.”

Ron felt a hot blush spread over his face. She wasn’t working alone. He started blinking.

“Thirty five -- we were pretty close,” she said into the phone.

“Okay Ron, now I’m going to start going back through the calendar. I want you to blink twice when I get to the last time you used this on someone other than me. Do you understand?”

Ron blinked a few times. He listened as she counted back days. When had he taken that last one? Saturday night, wasn’t it? When she got to Saturday, he blinked repeatedly.

“Ron, was that Saturday night, Judy, the brunette you met at the bar on Beacon street?”

Ron blinked affirmatively. He didn’t remember her name, but he remembered the bar.

“And nobody else since then?”

He blinked twice slowly.

“Okay, nobody since Judy. ... No, I was about to do that. ... No, I’m doing okay now -- I’ll tell you about it later. ... Damn right we need to do more on defensive measures! ... Okay,

you clean up there. I'll give you a call if we're going to need a pick-up. I kind of doubt it. ... Right -- see you in a couple of hours."

Ron felt tears forming, running down his nose. He felt his left hand being moved, and a prick at the end of a finger. When his hand moved back into his vision, he noticed she was wearing latex exam gloves.

Carol noticed his tears dripping down. "Way too late to be sorry," she grumbled.

He heard noises, things being moved on the table. His papers and books appeared in front of him. Hands lifted his glasses off his head.

Carol pulled off his glasses after setting his papers and books in front of him. She felt for the wires and found his belt-pack. She followed another wire to the switch assembly in his pocket. "How nice," she said, seeing that the switches were labeled. She pushed the one marked "PWR." The little green light went off. Very cautiously she waved a hand in front of his glasses -- nothing. She took her time taking the unit off him.

Ron felt his gadget being stripped off. What was going to happen? Were they going to give him to the police? No, that didn't make sense. His eyes were getting hard to move again.

"Now we wait," she said.

A few minutes later something beeped.

Hands repositioned his head and hands so it looked as if he was studying.

"Ron," Carol said, "You've probably guessed that your game is over. Normally we'd make you disappear, or harvest you as an organ donor. But that's not going to happen, because you've been careless, Ron, oh so careless. You've even blown those chances."

Ron felt the tears forming again. Organ donor? They might kill him? What was going to happen?

"In one sense you're lucky, though," she continued. "Lucky you haven't screwed up more people. We've talked to a lot of them -- most of them think they had really wild wet dreams, not remembering details. I'll bet you didn't know that the last woman you took advantage of, Judy, was not only a hooker, but an I. V. drug user. Your gadget didn't work as well on her, Ron -- she remembered everything. She told us quite a story. Like the fact you didn't use a condom with her, or with anyone else I'd guess, since two of the others are pregnant. It would only have been a matter of time until DNA matching caught up with you. You know, Judy wasn't bitter -- she figured out something was going on -- she was sure you put something in her drink. She went along with it, and enjoyed the ride." Carol closed her eyes briefly. "Now I know why," she sighed softly.

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Then with more volume she continued, “And like she told us, you got more from her than you bargained for. You see, Ron, she’s HIV positive -- and the test I just did says you are too.”

Ron’s tears dried up. So that’s what was going to happen. With aggressive therapy, he knew he could still live for years ... and get back at these people.

He felt her gloved hand on the back of his head. A prick at the base of his skull filled him with intense burning, wrenching pain.

“But you’re not going to die from AIDS,” she said softly. He heard things being picked up from the table. His head was repositioned back to looking at his books.

“You’ll be dead in about half an hour,” she whispered to him.

He heard the door open, then close. Coldness started creeping through his body.

FIN

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Fishing

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