

Forever Yours -- F2

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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.

One of the "Forever Yours" stories, following "Forever Yours -- Phoenix"

I.

"This is Doctor Baxter," Fred said, answering the phone call with his office speakerphone.

"Doctor Baxter, this is Doctor Williams returning your call. How's it hanging, old goat?"

"Why Doctor Williams, thank you for returning my call so quickly. Things are going very well," Fred replied.

"What can I do for you?"

"Ken, I have a need for a compound from one of our private research efforts."

"Ah, you have another opportunity to test the compound, do you?"

"Sure looks that way."

"When, and who's the lucky lady?"

"This Friday with the newest addition to the bioinformatics group, the delectable Doctor Eileen Chang."

"You don't say! I'd given up on her, figuring she was part of the Ice Queen's clique, or a lezzie."

Fred laughed. "Must be your delivery, old man. Have you seen her C.V.?"

"Got to be a 36D at least," Ken quipped.

Fred laughed again. "That's your problem, Ken -- that's not a good approach with her. You need to pay attention to her intellect."

“So how did that translate into an opening for you? Turned on your charms, I suppose?”

“I appreciate her intellectual prowess, Doctor...”

“Yeah, right -- that’s why you want the O-juice.”

“Actually, it is a little surprising. We’ve been working together on some things for a while. I threw out the usual initial inquiries, but after getting slapped down, I just kept it to business; she is a bright lady after all. Then out of the blue in a meeting with her this morning, she suggested getting together at her place Friday evening to discuss, and I’ll quote her, ‘a more intense and intimate collaboration between us.’”

“Holy shit, Fred -- what do you want the stuff for, then?”

“Insurance. Couldn’t hurt.”

“Okay. How are you going to administer it?”

“I liked the watch crystal gambit you used with Doris -- a drop on your watch crystal, and touch it to her skin somewhere. Reduces the risk of getting it on me. Wait ten minutes, take a deep breath...”

“Okay, sounds good. I’ve got some of the viscous form left. But please don’t get her knocked up like you did with that lab chick, Barbara.”

“Now how do you know I planted the seed? I admit that she responded quite intensely to the stuff, and she wore me out for the next day and a half, but I seem to remember she went on to have quite a few encounters over the next two days, all quite consenting and intense.”

“I know, she fucked almost the whole floor; but be careful -- we’ve got a lot of bright people around here, and I don’t want our game spoiled.”

“Don’t worry, Ken. One, I’m prepared to stay with her through the weekend if she has as intense a response -- for her safety, of course. And two, I couldn’t get her knocked up anyway.”

“Oh? Why is that?”

“Another item I’ve been meaning to mention -- one of Dreaming Donna’s side projects.”

“Doctor Ellis? I thought she was thick with Choi, Martin, and company.”

“Oh she’s part of the Ice Queen’s pack -- but she’s got some of her own side projects as well. One is a very interesting temporary male contraceptive.”

“Oh? Do tell!”

“Yes, quite, ah, interesting. An application results in temporary sterility after twelve hours, lasting eighteen to twenty one days.”

“Mechanism of action?”

“Not sure. Does wicked things to the little wigglers -- tails fall off and the enzyme coat is all wrong. Poor guys can’t swim at all, and push ‘em up against an egg, they can’t fertilize.”

“Interesting,” Ken said, then broke out laughing. “And just who’s collecting these samples for verification? Doctor Ellis?”

“Nah -- one of her assistants.”

“Terry? Good God, Baxter, him? I would have thought both of you were straight...”

Fred laughed. “No, Hortencia, the Filipino gal.”

“I didn’t think she was all that hot.”

“Oh, but she has superb technique my friend, really superb... You should call Doctor Ellis and inquire; she suggested I mention it to you, should the opportunity arise.”

“Interesting, very interesting... Side effects?”

Fred laughed. “No long-term ones. Three weeks later you’re virile as can be.”

“Hmmm... Have to give her a call... Would certainly make it easier to take advantage of, ah, opportunities that pop up unexpectedly.”

“That it does, Kenny; that it does. I’ve got a booster appointment Thursday morning.”

“Okay, I’ll pop by in an hour or so with the stuff. I do insist on a full report on its efficacy, however.”

“Of course -- wouldn’t want to hinder research.”

The two laughed. Fred reached over and hit the button to end the call.

About an hour later, Fred answered the knock at his office door. “Please!” he called out.

Ken entered, closing the door behind him, and with a smile put a small plastic container on Fred’s desk.

“Use sparingly -- should be four doses or so,” Ken said as he sat down.

Fred picked up the container, looking at the applicator inside. With a smile and a nod, he said, "Thanks," and put the container in his briefcase. Then he looked over to his friend and asked, "So what have you been doing for fun these days? Any interesting prospects?"

Ken chuckled. "Yes, a very interesting research effort, a research librarian actually."

Fred raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Let's see... Neither of the two older ones, and Henry is bent. Hmmm -- there's the Goth one, who I hear is very good with p-chem, and the anorexic. You're going Goth?"

Ken nodded. "I needed an old journal article last week, and in desperation headed to the microfiche room. I was about to open the door when I heard the most interesting sounds coming from inside..."

"Oh?"

"Yes -- a buzzing sound, accompanied by very hearty moans, if you know what I mean."

"I believe I do."

"Well, I waited around one corner of the stacks where I could see the door. Our Goth research librarian came out about ten minutes later, looking very, ah, refreshed."

"Yes, does wonders for circulation, oxygenation of peripheral tissues, and the like."

"Yes, in addition to the overall psychological benefits. I believe I can help the young lady achieve much greater benefits, in a partner setting, of course."

Fred laughed, and his friend joined in.

"Any ideas?" Fred asked.

"Well, if I could identify the particular aid she uses, I'd apply the microencapsulated form of the compound we used with -- what was that woman's name? Put it on the palmrest of her mouse. Of course I'd need to be close by when she used it. Wouldn't want her to jump the wrong bloke now."

"No, of course not. Would be most unfortunate."

"I'm meeting with her Friday for assistance with some searches. I'll see how it goes, and probably just invite her over. I think she's young enough to be dazzled by my position."

Fred nodded. "As you suggested to me, please be careful, old satyr."

Ken beamed. "I also spoke with dear Doctor Ellis and mentioned I was interested in a study she was undertaking. I'm scheduled for Monday morning."

Fred laughed, reaching over the desk to shake his friend's hand. "Excellent. You won't regret it."

"That's what Doctor Ellis said. Ah well, I've got a draft to revise this afternoon. It really is a pity we're so busy. Lunch next week?"

Fred nodded and looked at his calendar. "Tuesday? Monday is shot, as is Wednesday."

"Think that will work. Enjoy your weekend, you lucky devil."

"Oh, I certainly will. We both will."

II.

Eileen smiled as she looked at herself in the mirror. Her diamond earrings sparkled, as did her smile, and her eyes. She was very much looking forward to the evening, and the whole weekend.

She pulled up the sleeves on her top a bit, taking a glance of her side profile in the mirror. She gave a soft laugh. Her outfit was devastating, and she knew it -- black stretch velvet leotard with a high turtleneck collar, long sleeves, with a black stretch velvet skirt barely showing her feet when she walked. She pushed the collar down, exposing more of her neck, and pulled up the sleeves a bit.

She picked up the bottle of cream and put another layer on her neck and face, then on her hands, covering her exposed skin completely. She waited patiently for it to dry, and then went on about putting on her makeup.

She turned to leave the bathroom, but picked up the bottle again. She put a dab of the cream on the top of her head where her hair parted, and then a dab on the backs of her hands. Then she sighed and sat on the edge of the tub, pulling up her skirt, and applied the cream to her feet and ankles. If she'd learned one thing, it was that preparation was key.

She looked around her bedroom as she headed downstairs. She was as prepared as she could be. Still, her heart was beating a little faster than usual. She laughed -- she was looking forward to it.

Fred arrived a few minutes early, flowers and a chilled bottle of white wine in hand. He had a bag packed with clothes and miscellany in the car. The dispenser was in its plastic case in his pants pocket. He was ready. He knocked on the door.

Eileen answered the knock on the door. "Doctor Baxter, prompt as usual," she said, smiling and inviting him in.

"Please, call me Fred," he said, handing her the flowers.

She laughed. "Thank you, they're quite pretty. And we can open that up right away," she said, nodding to the bottle of wine.

Fred followed her into the kitchen. He sighed; he liked what he saw. He liked the way the soft fabric emphasized her curves, and the way the fabric shimmered as she moved. Her bustline seemed to defy gravity.

"The opener is in the top drawer there," Eileen said, indicating a drawer with a shapely hand, "and the wine glasses are in the cupboard above." She turned, skirt swirling, before she bent over to give him a more tantalizing view as she got a vase out of the lower cabinet.

Fred fumbled in the drawer, momentarily distracted. Too easy, he thought. He was glad he'd skipped going to the gym early, and slept in instead. He had the feeling he was going to need all his energy this weekend.

They moved into the living room, sitting on a large leather sofa.

"This is a very nice place," Fred said, raising his glass.

"Thank you," Eileen said. "I was lucky to find it in such short order."

Their conversation started on work related matters, but soon diverged into other topics. Fred thought things were going well. He was relaxed, and so was Eileen. She was charming, witty, and intelligent. He liked the way she laughed, and the way her top caught the light was most interesting.

After their second glass of wine, Fred asked, "Washroom?"

Eileen nodded. "Down the hall, first door on your left."

Fred emptied his glass and started to put it down. He reconsidered and stood up, taking it with him. The small bathroom was very clean and impeccably decorated. After peeing, he washed his hands, then took the plastic case out of his pocket. He carefully opened it and took out the small applicator. Holding the applicator cover in his left hand, he twisted the applicator base with his right, pulling it down. He turned his left wrist so his watch face was level to the floor, and applied a single drop of a clear, thick substance to the middle of the watch crystal. He recapped the applicator tightly, put it back in the case, and slipped it into his left pocket using his right hand. He smiled at himself in the mirror, picked up his wineglass, and headed back.

He caught the sparkle of her hair, her earrings, and that dress as he walked back into the room. Hmmm -- the lights seemed to be a bit lower now. What wonderful timing...

"More wine?" he asked as he sat down.

"Oh, yes, please," Eileen said.

Fred picked up her glass, pouring some for her and returning her glass, then filling his own. He picked up his glass with his left hand, offered it in front of her, and said, "Thank you for your invitation."

She raised hers to his, smiled and said, "Thank you for accepting."

As they gently clinked glasses together and then moved apart, he managed to brush the back of her hand with his watch.

As he sat back, he glanced at his watch. Eight twenty, and the drop was gone. He relaxed back, and continued the conversation.

Three or four minutes later, Eileen said, "If you'll excuse me for a moment," and hurried off to the bathroom.

Fred allowed himself a quiet laugh as he watched the bathroom door close behind her. So quick -- it usually took ten to fifteen minutes! Might have another winner here!

Eileen hurried into the bathroom; she couldn't wait any longer. She pulled open a drawer, removing a stainless steel speculum. She scraped it against the back of her hand where the watch had touched, removing barrier cream, and the drug he'd put on her skin. She knew it had to include some kind of transfer agent to get it through the skin. There were a few types available, and she'd chosen a barrier cream that should be effective against most. Still, she couldn't be sure.

She thought she felt something while sitting on the couch, but she wasn't sure. They weren't sure of the composition of the drug, but given Baxter's and the lab's overall research focus, it was undoubtedly a neuropeptide. She reached into the medicine cabinet for a wash bottle, and rinsed the back of her hand with an enzyme solution which should break down any remaining drug very quickly. She rinsed the back of her hand under cold water, somewhat pleased that the water beaded up a bit over the area, showing her the barrier cream was still present to some degree.

But what if the drug had penetrated the barrier? She visualized molecules of the drug migrating through the barrier cream matrix, the cream now forming a transport medium which protected the drug on its way to her skin, and from there into her system.

No, this won't do, she told herself. She was starting to hyperventilate. She glanced at herself in the mirror and laughed nervously. The excitement had tightened up her nipples quite dramatically. She put things back in their places, and gathered her perfume sprayer.

Fred noted with interest the slight flush on Eileen's face and her tight nipples when she returned. He'd wiped his watch off on the carpet while she'd been in the bathroom -- he wanted his mind clear.

"Everything all right?" he asked.

Eileen sat down, eyeing him with interest. "Yes, fine," she almost growled.

Fred smiled and took another sip of wine. She was going to be a wild one!

Still, they managed to talk for a few more minutes. Fred glanced at his watch -- twelve minutes -- should hit like a freight train any time now.

He wasn't surprised when a short time later Eileen leaned back on the sofa, moaned and sensuously stroked her breasts. She lifted her head and gave him an unbridled look of lust. She

picked up a perfume sprayer and spritzed perfume on the soft fabric covering her breasts, held out her arms, and growled, "Come over here..."

Fred smiled as he put down his wine glass. He moved over to her slowly, letting her take initiative. She grabbed him, pulling his head to her breasts. He slipped his arms around her shapely waist as she moaned, and he took a deep breath of her perfume, nuzzling her luscious breasts through the tantalizing fabric.

He squeezed her and moved his mouth over a tight nipple... And the world fell out from under him, waves of bliss sweeping him away.

Eileen held on, hugging him to her breasts, enjoying the sensations, and enjoying her triumph as she heard him moan and felt his muscles give way.

From the interview with Doris, she thought she'd only gotten a small amount of the drug into her system; she didn't feel overwhelmed with mind-numbing lust as Doris had described. Still, the tingle that had risen in her had been nice, and he did feel nice in her arms.

"Deep trance, baby, deep trance now," she said, practically moaned, as she moved his head around on her.

She moved to reposition them on the couch, with him underneath her. She knew from her own experience that while he wouldn't be able to move for ten minutes or so, his mind was wide open to suggestion. She also knew how he'd been prepared for her, the phrases they'd agreed to use with him.

"Breathe deep and go deeper, deeper into a relaxing trance," she whispered as she pressed a breast to his face. She smiled as he took a deep breath. She slipped a hand underneath his head, eliciting a slight moan from him. "Sleepy baby, sleepy baby -- you're my sleepy baby, so deep in trance..."

As she spoke to him, taking him deeper and programming him, it almost felt as if Donna was talking.

She remembered that evening with Donna, was it only a few weeks ago? Doctor Choi had asked if she'd be interested in participating in an interesting project. From the way she'd been asked, Eileen assumed it was one of the lab's famous (or infamous) "off the books" efforts. She readily agreed.

That afternoon had been a seemingly normal conversation in Wendy's office, sipping very good tea and discussing their research interests.

But at Donna's house after dinner, Donna sprayed the cashmere top she'd been wearing with perfume, and sat down next to her on the couch, smothering her between perfumed breasts. The sensations had been exquisite. And when she'd opened her eyes, Donna proceeded to give her a strange series of commands, which she obeyed instantly, culminating with sending her into

a crashing orgasm by pulling on her earlobes, then sending her back into trance with a touch and a word.

Over the next week Eileen learned by experience, not only as a willing subject, but also in surprising and training Donna's assistant Terry. She was doing Fred on autopilot now.

Eileen moved his head around on her breasts more as she whispered the words to take over his mind. "You love being my sleepy baby, don't you? Every time I hold you and call you my sleepy baby, you'll go into such a deep trance for me, won't you?"

Eileen recognized other sensations rising in her body besides satisfaction, though.

She slid a hand inside her skirt and undid the snaps at the bottom of her leotard. She moaned as her hand brushed her nether lips as she pulled the leotard up to her waist.

She tried to hold his head with one hand as she reached for the zipper at the back of her neck with the other. She couldn't do it. She sat up on him for a moment, straddling one of his legs. She quickly reached for the zipper, undoing it and peeling off her leotard as her hips started moving on his leg on their own.

She grabbed the perfume sprayer again, spraying her breasts. She leaned forward onto him, pressing him to a nipple. He took her nipple, sucking strongly and taking a deep breath. An erotic bolt shot from her nipple to her clit and she moaned, her hips moving with abandon.

"Suck and go deeper, baby; suck and go deeper."

She held her lower lip between her teeth to keep from moaning. "Suck, baby," she moaned, holding his head to her. Almost there...

She shuddered and gasped, holding him tight to her breast, her legs squeezing his.

As she caught her breath, she moved off his leg. She'd been dancing on something hard in his pants pocket. She smoothed her skirt, smiling at the damp spot she felt, then reached into his pocket. She pulled out a little plastic container which held an applicator. She held it up to the light triumphantly and laughed.

"Gotcha!" she whispered.

"Deeper and deeper, baby," she told him, then moved off, standing slowly, holding on to the arm of the couch for balance and support.

She opened the drawer of the nearby lamp stand and took out a CD player and headphones. She slipped the headphones on his head and started the CD playing. She held her head down next to his ear until she heard sound coming out. She sat back on the floor with a smile. The CD would deepen his trance and give him the next part of his training. It would also give her time to clean up.

She stood up, grimacing and shaking her head and hands. How she wanted to get that damn cream off! She could imagine what it was going to do to her complexion over the next week. But, she didn't know where he would try to put the drug. She'd covered as much as she could with cloth; the rest had to be protected somehow.

She ran upstairs, grabbing her leotard on the way. She turned on the sink, letting the water get good and hot. She got out a washcloth and soap, and started to scrub.

Fifteen minutes later, she thought she'd made a good start, enough to take a break. She picked up the cordless phone next to her bed and dialed a number.

"Yes?" Donna said excitedly, answering the phone.

Eileen laughed. "Everything is fine so far. He's under, listening to the disc. Don't think he knew what hit him."

Donna laughed. "Wonderful! What about his drug?"

Eileen sighed, rubbing one cheek with the washcloth. "A bit of it got through the barrier cream, but not enough to do me in. Actually, it was nice. I've got probably half a cc still in the applicator."

"Good going girl!" Donna exclaimed. "I'll let Wendy know. Call me when you get the encryption keys?"

"You bet. I'm going to have a lot of fun with my new toy. It's a pity he's been such a shit -- I actually like some aspects of the man."

Donna chuckled. "Well dearie, he's all yours now, to do with as you please. You decide whether to keep him or not."

"I know. He is bright, good looking, and healthy. I may try and save him. I'll let you know when I get the keys. And thanks for all you've done -- it's gone very smoothly so far. Be especially nice to Terry tonight for me."

Donna laughed. "If you insist, dear -- I'll let him know it's from you..."

Eileen laughed a bit. "Enjoy -- I'm going to!"

"See you Monday morning, and have fun!"

She returned to scrubbing the barrier cream off her face and neck.

She rearranged herself in her leotard, and before heading downstairs again, grabbed another perfume sprayer, and a container of gel. She felt the sprayer top -- good, it was the

smooth one, straight perfume without the catalyst. The catalyst released the payload molecules contained in the gel, once they'd been adsorbed and crossed the blood-brain barrier. Eileen was still very impressed at Wendy's discovery. She chuckled as she headed downstairs.

The CD still had 20 minutes to go. She held Fred to her bosom for a short while, enjoying an initial response from him, then a slackening of his muscles as the remaining catalyst in her leotard took effect.

She pulled his shirt from his pants, exposing his abdomen. Good -- not too much hair. Maybe it was a cultural thing, but she didn't go for the really hairy ones.

She opened the gel container, then stopped. She ran to her bag in the hallway to get a pair of nitrile gloves. She put on one, dipped gloved fingers into the gel, and then spread it on Fred's abdomen. She knew all too well how long it took for the stuff to work its way out of the system -- at least a week. She knew he'd gotten an application Thursday, but she wanted to be sure. If she kept him, she'd start him on it as an after-shave skin conditioner.

She pulled his shirt down, closed the gel container, and put it and the spare glove in the drawer. She went to the kitchen and carefully peeled off the contaminated glove, dumping it in the trash under the sink.

Then she went back to the living room to wait.

III.

Fred opened his eyes. He was confused. Where was he? He sat up slowly. Ah, Eileen's place. His head felt full of wool. He turned, and saw her.

She was sitting in the chair, smiling. She was so beautiful. He needed her so much.

"Eileen..." he whispered.

"Ai-Ling," she corrected.

He was confused again. "Ai-Ling," he repeated.

She nodded, smiling slightly and repeated it again.

He repeated it with her a few times before he decided to try another approach.

"Mistress?"

She smiled. "Yes, baby?"

That sent a tingle through him.

"Please hold me, Mistress," he cried, getting on his knees and moving towards her.

She looked at him, smiling. "Does my baby need to be held?"

"Please, Mistress."

She pulled up her skirt. She'd left her leotard unsnapped. She picked up the perfume sprayer, making sure it was the smooth topped one, and gave it a short spray between her legs. She scooted her bottom closer to the edge of the chair.

Fred's mouth started to water. He felt dizzy again; he needed her so much.

"May I adore you, Mistress?"

"Yes, you may," Eileen said triumphantly.

Fred moved in between her legs, inhaling deeply, drowning himself in her scent.

Eileen held him with her legs and her hands. Her skirt slipped down over his head, intensifying the sensations for both of them.

"Stop! Enough!" she cried weakly a while later.

Fred pulled away, letting the softness of her skirt fall down again. He rested his head against the soft fabric, kissing her mound through the cloth, inhaling her divine scent.

Eileen rolled her head, still catching her breath. That had been grand! He was resting his head in her lap, his arms around her bottom. She sat up, touching his head.

“Does my baby still need to be held?”

Fred kissed her mound again, and said, “Yes, mistress.”

She looked at the clock on the mantle -- after ten -- time for bed.

“Then come with me,” she said, standing up.

Fred sat at her feet for a moment. He threw his arms around her legs, holding her. She put a hand on his head.

“Upstairs,” she said.

He followed her upstairs. She told him to go to the bathroom, then get undressed and on the bed on his back. The bed was already turned down.

Eileen finished up in the bathroom. She liked how the leotard showed off her body, but it was uncomfortable after a few hours. She almost laughed as she stepped back into the bedroom. There he was, naked on his back, half erect. She’d soon take care of that!

Fred was half in a dreamworld still when he felt the bed move a bit. He gasped as a soft hand touched the inside of his hip.

“Do you want to be my sleepy baby again?” she asked softly.

“Yes, Mistress,” he pleaded.

She stroked his body slowly, sensuously. “If you want to be my sleepy baby, you need to obey me. Will you obey me?”

“Yes, mistress...”

“Good, my sleepy baby...” she said, stroking his body, now using both hands. He was fully erect, and she was getting wetter by the moment.

“All your strength going to your cock now, all your strength to your cock, and you’ll come only when I tell you to, right, my sleepy baby?”

“Oh yes, mistress!” he cried.

Fred was dizzy, all his strength in his cock. He felt her move on top of him, and moaned as they slid together. The only thing he could do was moan as she excited him with her hands and voice, riding him.

Her hands were around his neck when she cried, "Hold me!"

His arms could move again, and they flew to her waist, pulling her down, feeling himself push up against her cervix.

Eileen was so close... He felt so good under her. She leaned forward and pulled his head to her left nipple. He latched on, and the shock took her closer to the edge.

"Sleepy baby," she cooed, "Sleepy baby... So close now, so close..." She moaned, very close herself. "Suck baby, suck!" she commanded, holding his head.

Fred held her tighter, sucking on her, pushing into her.

"Come for me, baby!" Eileen cried out.

Fred felt as if he'd been hit by lightning, pumping into her as she shuddered on top of him.

As their spasms ended, he was filled again with her perfume, still held to her breast.

"Sleepy baby, sleepy baby," she whispered, "deep trance and deep sleep now..."

Eileen held him, rocking gently, until his arms fell away from her sides.

Fred woke early, initially confused. Feeling Mistress by his side, he sighed and held her, moving down to nuzzle her breasts.

Eileen woke to the sensation of a mouth moving on her breast, arms working their way around her. She sighed and moved her hands around Fred's head. She gave him a gentle squeeze, and the moan he gave out sent a tingle through her.

She was quite content to hold him for a while, enjoying being held, and enjoying holding him.

After a while, she knew she wanted more. Moving a hand around the back of his head, she whispered, "Sleepy baby, sleepy baby; deep trance, my sleepy baby." She held and rocked him as he sighed and relaxed in her arms.

"Deep trance now, so peaceful and deep. You'll stay in a deep peaceful trance until I tap you on the forehead. Then you'll count to ten, wake up, and go to the bathroom and clean up. When you've finished in the bathroom, you'll come back to bed, and when you touch me, you'll find that you need to adore me. You need to adore me so much, and you'll adore me until I tell

you to stop. Then you will go downstairs and fix breakfast for both of us, and come wake me when it is ready. Deep trance, my sleepy baby..."

Eileen rolled away from him. She went to the bathroom, cleaning up. When she crawled back in bed a few minutes later, Fred was on his back on his side of the bed. She curled up, then reached over and tapped him on the forehead. She closed her eyes and snuggled in.

Fred woke up. He needed to go to the bathroom. He looked over to his Mistress and sighed. He leaned over and kissed her on the head. "I'll be right back, Mistress," he whispered. He got out of bed as carefully as he could, not wanting to disturb her sleep.

Eileen was just about asleep when she felt him crawling back in bed. She felt a touch, and heard him moan.

"May I adore you, Mistress?" Fred pleaded.

With a sigh and a smile, Eileen rolled to her back. "Yes," she whispered in reply.

Fred sighed as he slid over to her, running his hands and mouth over her delicious body, sliding down her body so he could adore her properly. She was so tangy, then so sweet, and he was so hungry for her.

Eileen finally had enough. "Stop! Stop, please..." she panted. She felt hands drawing her legs together, and felt his lips kissing their way up her body. She smelled her own scent on him.

Fred crawled out of bed, pulling the covers up on his Mistress, and kissing her on the forehead. He took a terry robe off a chair, put it on, and headed downstairs.

With another sigh, Eileen flopped the covers off her shoulders, then pulled the sheet and blanket up to just covering her breasts. She was hot, and exhausted. She laughed a little... The weekend was just starting!

Fred headed downstairs to fix breakfast. He thought about his bag in the car outside -- it could wait. He found the coffee and filters and got the coffee going. He didn't remember what she took in it -- he'd have to pay more attention to her needs. He fixed toast and scrambled some eggs. Leaving things in the oven to keep warm, he set the table, then went back upstairs.

He sighed as he looked at her, asleep in bed, one arm on top of the covers. He got on his knees and put his head close to hers, breathing in her scent.

He kissed her on the neck and said softly, "Breakfast is ready, Mistress."

Eileen sighed and rolled over slowly. She almost laughed at the look of adoration on his face, but remembered what he and his colleague were suspected of doing over the last few months at the research lab.

Still, she reached up and held his head to her for a moment, hearing him sigh with contentment.

"I'll be right down. Set the table."

"Yes, Mistress. How would you like your coffee?"

"Black."

"It will be ready for you," Fred said, kissing her shoulder before standing up.

Eileen got up and went to the bathroom. After cleaning up, she put on sweats, slipping both perfume sprayers into a pants pocket. She felt each, making sure she could distinguish the one with the catalyst -- the one with the little raised dots on the cap.

Downstairs, Fred waited by the table. When he saw his Mistress coming down, he got the warmed plates out of the oven and put them on the table.

Eileen was impressed, but merely looked at him and said, "That will do. Coffee?"

Fred got their coffee. They didn't talk much during breakfast.

When Eileen was through, she asked, "Where is the newspaper?"

"I'll go get it, Mistress," Fred replied.

Eileen stood up. "Then you can clean up the kitchen -- I want it spotless."

Fred smiled. "Yes, Mistress."

Eileen waited for the paper, then went through it quite leisurely, calling out for more coffee at one point. She liked hearing the sounds of cleaning from the kitchen; it sounded as if he was working quite hard.

She'd just about completed the paper when Fred came out of the kitchen.

"Mistress?" he asked.

"Yes?"

"What should I use for the floor?"

Eileen stood up and walked into the kitchen. It was spotless, cleaner than it had been in quite a while. She was quite pleased, and started to feel a pang of remorse, until she remembered what Doris had been through. It was time for some answers, and in the process, some fun.

“The floor can wait. You’ve done a very nice job. There is a brown blanket folded up in the hall closet upstairs. I want you to use the guest bathroom, then get the blanket and come back to the couch.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Fred said with a smile, and headed to the bathroom.

Eileen smiled and almost laughed as she headed up to use her bathroom. She took her time, hearing the hall closet door open and close.

Fred sat on the couch, the blanket folded on the coffee table in front of him. Last night and this morning were blurry, but still intense.

Eileen went down the stairs, back to the living room. She smiled at Fred as she took the soft blanket and spread it on the floor in front of the coffee table. She felt the tingle growing in her.

“Would you like to be my sleepy baby again?” she asked in a low voice.

Fred sighed, his eyes closing a little. “Oh yes, Mistress! Please!”

Eileen nodded. “Off with the robe. On your back!”

Fred eagerly took off his robe and reclined on the blanket.

Eileen peeled off her sweatshirt. Looking at Fred, she was amazed at how quickly he became erect. Well, it hadn’t taken her that long to get wet, she mused.

“Sleepy baby,” she whispered, running a hand over his exposed hip.

Fred moaned and his eyes drifted closed.

Eileen put the perfume sprayers on the coffee table, choosing the smooth-topped one to start. She sprayed a little on the tops of her breasts, spreading it with a hand. She put the sprayer down, then straddled him.

“Sleepy baby, sleepy baby, deep trance for me,” she cooed as she pressed her hips into him and rocked. His moaning sigh sent a thrill through her.

She rocked forward, slipping him inside her, then leaning down to bring her breasts closer to his face. He raised his head, holding her waist as he took a nipple in his mouth, breathing deeply through his nose, a shudder running through his body.

Eileen rode him, enjoying herself. She sat up, feeling him press against her cervix as she rocked. “Hold me,” she whispered. With his hands on her waist, one of her hands went to a breast, the other between her legs to her jewel. She took a deep breath of the perfume, and her

memories of it helped push her over the edge quickly. She moved her hand from between her legs to back between his, tickling his scrotum. At her first touch, he bucked like a bronco.

After a minute or so of delicious strokes, she felt him getting close. She reached for the other sprayer and sprayed her breasts. She leaned down to him, putting a hand under his head, and as she rocked her hips and pulled him to a nipple, she commanded, "Come!"

Fred didn't know how much longer he could last, especially with her hand on his balls. Then he felt her leaning forward, and smelled that divine perfume again. As her hand moved to the back of his head, he forced his eyes open and moved to her breast. Her command, "Come!" struck like a lightning bolt.

Eileen lowered his head to the floor, following it with her body, rocking her hips a little still. He did fill her quite nicely.

After resting on top of him for a bit, she moved off, grabbing the terry robe he'd been wearing, and draping it over him. She wiped herself off as well.

With a sigh and a stretch, she opened the side table and took out the CD player. She got out the second disc, loaded it, and put the headphones over his ears. Once the disc started, she got out the gel and her remaining glove. Might as well make good use of the time.

After she disposed of the used glove, she picked up a notepad and the questions they'd agreed on. She went upstairs to her bathroom to sit and review the protocol. She was going to get some answers.

Fred struggled to wake from more dreams. He moved around a bit, and realized he was on the floor. He blinked his eyes open as he felt weight on top of him again. He let his eyes close as his Mistress pressed down on top of him again. He gave himself once more to her perfume, her softness, and her voice.

The dreams he had weren't nice ones, but at the end he was comforted again, rocking and safe in her arms.

Fred opened his eyes, sighed, and sat up. He felt -- sad, upset with himself, sorry. He looked over and saw Mistress, wearing her sweats and sitting in a chair. He started to move towards her.

Eileen shook her head. She looked at Fred and said, "You've been a *very* bad boy."

Her words struck him like a lash. Fred burst into tears as he moved forward, putting his head on her legs, wrapping his arms around her waist as he cried.

IV.

Ken stopped by Fred's office Monday morning on the way to his appointment with Doctor Ellis. He knocked on Fred's door, and heard a somewhat subdued voice say, "Come in."

Ken entered, closing the door behind him, and sitting down in a chair. He looked at his friend and chuckled.

"My dear boy, you look beat! You must have had some weekend! Details, details!"

Fred smiled and shook his head. "Ken," he said softly, "Ai Ling is an incredible woman."

Ken recoiled back in the chair. "Oho! This sounds serious! What happened?"

Fred leaned back. "She bewitched me. She owns me, and I love it. I hope I'm good enough for her. We spent the weekend in a dream world."

Ken took a deep breath. "Wow... Did you manage to use it?"

Fred smiled and nodded.

Ken leaned forward. "Well?"

Fred shook his head a bit. "We used it together; I don't remember when. I put a drop on one of her luscious nipples, let it sit for a minute or so, then sucked on her until we were both in heaven. I love being held to her breasts." Fred sighed.

Ken frowned, then shrugged his shoulders. "I'm very happy for you," he muttered. After a few more minutes of equally sickening conversation, he excused himself for his appointment with Doctor Ellis.

Eileen walked over to Donna's office. Empty.

"I think she's with Doctor Choi," her admin said.

"Thank you!" Eileen told her, and headed down the hallway. She could feel the extra sway in her hips, and some tenderness.

"They're expecting you," Wendy's admin said as Eileen walked up.

Eileen opened the office door and stepped inside. She looked at Doctors Wendy Choi, Donna Ellis, and David Martin sitting inside. All three looked at her.

"Please! Have a seat! You look as if you've had quite a weekend!" Wendy said.

Eileen blushed a little as she sat down.

“Well?” Donna asked after a moment.

“Things went rather well,” Eileen said softly.

David chuckled. “So it would seem...”

Wendy reached into a picket and took out a small plastic case, and a slip of paper. She gave them to Wendy. “Here’s your sample, and the encryption key for his archives.”

Wendy nodded. Donna took the plastic case. “I thought you said there was half a cc or so left.”

Eileen was a little more relaxed now. She laughed as she leaned back. “Well, there was - when I talked to you...”

“And?” David pried.

“I thought we were going to get a list of victims,” Wendy said, wearing a frown.

Eileen sighed. “We can talk about that later. Something very interesting happened...” She shook her head, smiling a little once more. “I don’t remember just when it was -- time was so skewed.”

Donna nodded. “Yes? What happened?”

Eileen smiled. “I think it was still in the morning. I’d taken him deep, holding him to me, then played one of the CDs. As he started to awaken, I put on more of the catalyst perfume and took him deep again. I went through the protocol we discussed, and got the archive key as well as some other information.”

“And?” David asked once more.”

Eileen frowned a little, still with a slight smile, shaking her head slightly. “When he came out of it, I looked at him and said, ‘You’ve been a very bad boy...’ He broke into tears and threw his arms around my hips, his face on my mound. He cried and cried and cried... He started talking about... Well, I won’t go into that now. It was quite intense.”

“What did you do?” Donna asked in a whisper.

Eileen smiled a little more. “When he started to run out of steam, I pulled him back up to my breasts again, held him, and let him go deep all on his own.”

The others nodded in silence.

Eileen broke the silence a while later. “He was so clingy after that. This morning he told me how much he needed to hold me, and how much he needed to be held. He begged me to let him stay with me.”

“And are you?” Wendy asked.

“For a while,” Eileen said.

“What about the drug?” David asked.

Eileen sighed. “Ah, that was the afternoon, I think. I prepped him, telling him he needed to make love with me and please me over and over again... I woke him, and we went up to the bedroom. I put a small drop of it on my left nipple. I let it sit there for about three minutes, then had him suck on me. God, it was incredible!” Eileen’s head went back, and she ran her hands over her body. After a brief shudder, she raised her head again and looked at the others, a look filled with lust.

“I guess so,” Donna said with a chuckle.

Wendy reached over and ran fingernails over David’s arm. “That sounds like something to try, doesn’t it?”

David said, “Yes, mistress.”

The ladies laughed.

David tried to bring things back to order. “So, other than a few side effects, you’re both clear headed today?”

Eileen was still chuckling a bit. “Oh yes -- we talked technical on the way over here. I might grab him at lunch though, or maybe just before we leave for home, so we can make it there in one piece.”

Wendy nodded and looked to her colleagues. “What’s next? He’s taken care of.”

With a more serious look, Eileen said, “From what I learned, you’re right in that he did most of the discovery and synthesis work. Ken, Doctor Williams, was responsible for the, ah, exploitive phase. Fred wasn’t interested in that at first. I have the feeling Doctor Williams set Fred up in a way where he knew Fred would receive some of the drug as well. Perhaps we can learn more about that.”

Donna glanced at her watch and stood up. “And that’s where I should be in about two minutes, for Doctor Williams’ first session. Won’t get too much out of him today; we’ll make more progress tomorrow. Wendy, have you set something up with his next target?”

Wendy nodded. "Jennifer, yes. Meeting with her this afternoon. Not sure how to approach things."

Donna chuckled, looking at Eileen. The two exchanged lusty glances. "The approach we used last time seemed to work well..." She touched Eileen on the shoulder and left the office.

Phantasy in Progress Rev 9/14/2001

Dr Fred Baxter
Dr Ken Williams
Dr Eileen Chang
Dr Donna Ellis -- Terry -- Hortencia
Dr Wendy Choi -- Dr David Martin
Doris -- a victim
Goth chick -- next recruit/victim

Forever Yours -- F2
By silli_artie@hotmail.com
<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>