

Forever Yours - Phoenix

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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.

Important Note

This story is presented as a work-in-progress. It's not complete. It may never be complete. If you'd like to see it completed, let me know -- I appreciate comments from readers. Oh, and this story is only posted on asstr -- if you found it somewhere else, please let me know, as it's stolen.

Builds on the stories "Forever Yours -- Night Flight" and "Drip, Drip Drip"

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Doctor Wendy Choi was not pleased. With one hand she tapped the end of her fountain pen against her computer screen, reaching for the phone with her other hand. Information Technology Professionals? Is that what they called themselves? The corporate IT staff wasn't going to feel very professional when she was through with them this time.

Wendy was a leading neuropeptide researcher, very bright, very demanding. As in many other professions, she'd found the Internet becoming more and more important; more journals moving from publishing in paper to publishing in bits, much shorter publication cycles, more sources of information available at her fingertips.

It had started a few months ago. At a big company meeting someone had asked why she spent so much time at a local University library. Her response was simple. The searches she did using the library's computers were easier to do and faster than those she could from her desk, and the searches she did from the library weren't traceable back to her or the company. After removing this harpoon from his back, the head of corporate IT promised to address her concerns before the next monthly meeting.

When she was asked about the new IT solution at that next meeting, a solution delivered to her the day before, she cheerily informed the group that the IT solution was now about as quick as the library's computers, but it did miss about 80% of the references she could find at the library using Alta Vista and Dejanews.

Two days later, a new face arrived from IT. Jenny introduced herself as a consultant brought in to clean up the mess. She started out asking what Wendy needed, how she usually found things, and how Wendy would like to see the information. When Wendy told her this was

the first time anyone from IT had ever asked her those questions, Jenny just nodded her head and smiled; they got along very well.

But now this -- her usual trial search had gone very fast, and picked up a lot of references. From the reference count alone she could see that it had picked up more than she got at the library. Jenny had also assured her that the searches were anonymized. But she didn't understand some of these references -- to newsgroups such as alt.sex.stories and web sites named mcstories and asstr? Wendy had a good idea what the alt.sex.stories site was about, and wasn't sure if she wanted to know about the others.

She paged down through the references again, taking her hand off the phone. Let's give her a chance, she told herself. The first wild hare reference she'd checked out, in an obscure online ophthalmic group, did have promise. The problem of transporting drugs into the eye was similar to the one she faced in dealing with the blood-brain barrier, getting therapeutic agents from the bloodstream into the brain.

Hmmm, as she grouped the "wild" references together, she noticed they were for what looked like the same articles -- she'd spoken with Jenny about weeding out duplicates; they'd both agreed it was better to display them. These were for a group of articles, all starting with "Forever Yours."

Wendy regrouped her list on that term, took a breath, and clicked on the oldest one.

After a couple of minutes reading, Wendy noticed her breathing had sped up a bit; she chuckled -- she wasn't used to this kind of reading. She wasn't sure about the underlying science, if any, but it certainly was erotic.

She read the first story in the set, then the second, which filled in the picture a little better. The third story, though, laid out the author's underlying scheme pretty well. Wendy made some notes, looked at the clock, smiled and rubbed herself a bit between the legs, and went on reading.

After she finished reading the set of stories she blanked her screen and spun around in her chair. She leaned back, feet up on the desk. She found she was squeezing and stroking herself absentmindedly. She'd been tired last night, so she and David hadn't made love; she didn't think either of them would get much sleep tonight.

She thought back to the basis for the stories. The author suggested a two-part drug delivery system; one part used regularly, daily, building up a concentration of an agent in the body, and more importantly crossing the blood-brain barrier. The second part was a trigger or catalyst; a short-acting molecule that caused the first agent to release its payload; in the case of these stories with ecstatic and mind-altering results.

Too bad things didn't work that way, she mused, closing her eyes and stroking more delicately between her legs. She really should bring her butterfly vibrator back in to the office, she thought. She could certainly use it now.

As she slipped a hand under her clothing she thought about her last off-the-books research effort with David. She'd gotten the details from friends on the East coast of a peptide that seemed to induce orgasm in primates. They'd synthesized it and tested it in primates, and it seemed to do as described.

She remembered the first human test, on her. David committed an incredible sin for a postdoc researcher -- he'd changed the protocol by using a different muscle relaxant than the one they'd used with the primates. He'd gotten an experimental mycotoxin derived agent from another researcher. The combination had been synergistic and incredible. David tried it later, as did Donna, who had provided the muscle relaxant with its psychedelic properties.

All three agreed the experience was incredible, intense. They did have one small problem; it was also highly invasive. To be effective, the neuropeptide had to be delivered directly into the cerebrospinal fluid surrounding the brain. You had to get a needle past the skull, past the dura mater, past the pia mater. The primates had ports surgically implanted in their skulls. So did Wendy and David, although their employer would certainly shit large purple bricks if they knew. Donna didn't have one, and while she'd had a wild ride as expected, she'd also had a headache and a low grade fever for a few days afterwards; cerebrospinal taps are neither easy nor pleasant.

Wendy lost that train of thought as she felt her release nearing, an image from one of the stories reappearing; holding a man to her perfumed breasts, knowing an agent in the perfume was releasing peptides in the man, in David, sucking on her breast so eagerly, she could almost hear him moaning, as he was overcome with pleasure, his mind opening up to her suggestions and control, such pleasure, such pleasure, such pleasure...

Wendy's mind drifted as she returned to the real world. Too bad it was just fiction... How nice it would be to be able to deliver their neuropeptide surreptitiously and release it on demand. Their neuropeptide was small; she saw the molecule in her mind. If you could attach to it here, and here, or maybe here, it started looking like a number of lipophilic agents that would even preferentially cross the blood-brain barrier, giving you an increased concentration over normal tissues and blood plasma...

Wendy sat up with a start. It might work! She shook her head and ripped the top page off her notepad, sketching out notes. Returning to her computer, she fired up a modeling program. After a flurry of work, she set the program to grinding; it would now take a while fitting things together, looking for matches, for ways to get there.

She smiled and went to one of her book shelves, pulling out an old copy of the Merck Manual. She opened the thick volume, pulling a pair of nasal inhalers from the center of the hollowed-out book. She blew her nose a few times as she shook the inhalers. Then she took two sprays in each nostril from the blue one, put it back, and sat down. She watched the second hand on her wall clock as she felt the tingle start in, feeling the drugs doing their work. She shook the green inhaler a little more, controlling her breathing, waiting for the two minute mark. At two minutes she gave herself one spray in each nostril and sat back. She could visualize the drugs

from the second spray taking advantage of the momentary conditions caused by one of the agents in the first spray and crossing the blood-brain barrier. She'd need a lot of fluids in the next 24 hours, and no alcohol for a week, but the witches' brew she'd given herself would have her mind going at its peak for twelve to eighteen hours.

She threw herself into her work, evaluating, modeling, intuiting. Her first problem was that her peptide was just too small -- the "payload" had to be at least a certain molecular weight for the scheme to work. She solved this problem by opening up an older encrypted file and pulling out a peptide Donna had run across, one with strong euphoric properties. Almost like the story, she mused, wiping the sweat of her forehead, euphoria and a definite lowering of inhibitions and protective mechanisms. She pulled some strings to get more time on the compute server downstairs so she could get better response on her modeling runs.

"Wendy, Wendy, what is it?"

She shook her head a little, realizing someone was shaking her shoulder. She turned to see David standing there. She smiled up at him, knowing she was covered with fine sweat and had fire in her eyes and a blush on her face.

David breathed a sigh of relief; he'd come by Wendy's office at nine, expecting to hear from her far earlier in the evening. One of his buddies had come around and told him he might as well go home alone; Wendy had pulled strings to get people thrown off their supercomputer so she could run something hot.

As Wendy turned around, David saw the green inhaler sitting behind the keyboard. He sighed and pulled up a chair. He thought he'd recognized an acrid odor when he came in; one of the side effects of the turbocharging drugs.

"Is it that important -- you used that stuff again?" He shuddered as he pointed to the inhaler. He knew what the combination of drugs could do for mental abilities, but he also knew the price one paid.

Wendy laughed, probably too loud she realized. "Yes it's worth it. I'm not going home tonight. You can get me a few cans of 7-Up or root beer though. I need the fluids; I'm probably overdue now. Is it seven o'clock yet?"

David shook his head. "It's after nine. Want to tell me about it? How can I help?"

Wendy looked at him, feeling lust flash through her. She'd never tried sex on this stuff; it would be pretty wild. Maybe in the morning, or when she was ready to crash.

"I've been going since about three. It's too soon to talk about the whole thing. You can get me something to drink, I really need that. Please?" She gave him a smile. "I promise you'll be one of the first to know, and one of the first to try it, lover..."

David shivered at the look of lust she gave him. Okay, it was THAT kind of project. “Okay, I’ll get your drinks. Nothing solid to eat?”

Wendy smiled and shook her head side to side. “No, I probably couldn’t keep anything solid down. We’ll have to talk to Donna about that when we need to do a new batch.”

David stood up and leaned over to kiss her on the forehead. She was hot and sweaty, her entire metabolism turned up quite a few notches.

He raided a few refrigerators on the floor getting drinks for her; she was going through fluids at an alarming rate on that concoction, sweating profusely. When he got back to her office, she handed him a sheet of paper and a disk. He looked it over as she downed a bottle of 7-Up very quickly, ending with a belch that would have made one of his teenage brothers proud.

The paper showed a fairly small molecule, an ester with some definitely weird kinks in it. The disk probably had more details. “Okay,” he said, “what do you want me to do?”

She smiled, holding her stomach momentarily and widening her eyes; David glanced furtively for the nearest trash can in case she was going to lose what she’d just had to drink.

“No, I can hold it,” she told him, taking a controlled breath. She looked up again and smiled. “I need a few cc’s of that, in an aerosol solution, oh say five to ten percent; another batch in an alcohol-based carrier, such as Jikki or Shalimar by Gurlain. I’ll need the first one,” she said, pointing to the disk, “in a day or so, the perfume solution in three or four days. Okay?”

David chuckled; very weird. But, she was his boss, and she was extremely bright -- even without the added boost. “Okay, boss -- I take it this is top priority for me?”

She smiled again and nodded as she opened another soft drink bottle. “Yes, that and taking tender loving care of me when I crash.”

David got down on one knee, checking her pulse with one hand while he felt her forehead with the other and looked at her face. “Want me to set up an IV for you?”

He saw her eyes flick up and to the left momentarily, then close for a few seconds. She reopened her eyes and told him, “Only if I’m still at it in another ten to twelve hours.”

He shook his head. “I hope this is worth it.”

She took his hands in hers. “It is, Doctor, it is. Thank you for your concern. Now get to work!”

David laughed and stood up. “Okay, but I’m going to take over Anita’s machine to set this up. It should only take a couple of hours.” Anita was Wendy’s secretary, her cubicle was right outside Wendy’s office.

“Good. I’ll let you know if I need more to drink or help to the bathroom.” Wendy turned back to her computer and went at it again, sipping from her second bottle.

David sighed and went to Anita’s desk. He made a few signs saying, “Brainstorm -- keep away!” and hung them up outside Wendy and Anita’s offices. Then he got to work.

It took him about three hours to get the automatic synthesis machines in the basement started producing her molecule. From the modeling he did, it should work well in an alcohol-perfume solution. He wasn’t sure what it would do, but he was sure from his own work, and knowing Wendy’s interests, that this was small enough to shoot right into the blood stream and right into the brain. But why? It was too small to do anything.

Wendy was flying. So many things were falling into place; it all seemed so simple. She took a break and had David walk her to the bathroom; not all the fluid she was taking in was going out as sweat. Sitting on the toilet her mind wandered on to secondary effects. Due to normal processes and chemical breakdown, a certain amount of the encapsulated neuropeptides would be released into the system. The effects would be rather nice. She broke into laughter, recalling passages from the stories she’d read suggesting the author knew that would happen.

David heard Wendy cackling in laughter as he waited outside the toilet stall. “Wendy, are you all right?” he asked. He hoped she hadn’t locked the stall door; he hadn’t had to dive under a bathroom stall since he was an intern on the emergency room staff.

Wendy laughed some more. “Yes David, I’m doing fine. Just about through here.” She wiped herself and leaned forward for the door, trying to stand. She didn’t make standing, but managed to flip the door latch. “You’d better come get me though,” she said as she sat back down on the toilet.

David went in and helped her stand and get her underwear and slacks up again as she held on to him. When he stood up, she surprised him by pushing him against the side of the stall and kissing him passionately. He held her, hot and sweaty, feeling her heart pound.

When she stopped he said, “What got into you?”

Wendy chuckled again. “Promise me one thing...”

“Of course darling,” he said.

She stopped and held him, her sweaty forehead on his shoulder. “When I crash, you simply must fuck me silly before I pass out. And do the same thing when I wake up again. Promise?”

It was David’s turn to laugh. “If you insist.” He’d been hoping for a wild ride tonight; well not tonight, but sometime soon it would happen.

Wendy was reinstalled in front of her computer and went back to work. David took cushions from the couch down the hall and put them on the floor outside her office. Medical training saves the day again, he thought. As an intern you learned to sleep anywhere, anytime.

It would work, and work beautifully, Wendy told herself. She came up with a range of carrier compounds with different properties. One family would be good for intravenous administration and ionic skin transport, such as skin lotions. She laughed to herself looking at a closely related second family; they'd be perfect in the acid environment provided by her favorite jasmine tea. In passing she also identified a class that would be very useful for transporting agents to treat Parkinson's disease. There was a legitimate use for this as well.

She started the synthesis engines in the basement going, producing families one and two. She groaned slightly as she saw what the synthesis systems reported, as she feared; it would be a long synthesis, taking the better part of a day. Well, she was going to be seriously off-line for at least that long. She closed her eyes momentarily; she felt as if she had about an hour or an hour and a half to go before she collapsed.

She opened her eyes and wrote up the test plan. She gave it a quick review, then packaged up all the files for the project and encrypted them.

Wendy sighed and let her hands fall into her lap; She turned in her chair to the door. She smiled; as she suspected, she saw a pair of feet protruding into the doorway. "David? David?" she called out.

David woke up. He looked at his watch as he heard Wendy call him again; almost six in the morning. "Be right there," he groaned, sitting up.

He went into Wendy's office as she was leaving Anita voicemail, telling her she'd pulled a very intense all-nighter and wouldn't be in for a day or so, and that David would be out as well, but was to be called if anything happened on the compounds they were synthesizing. One of them used a radioactive tracer, so they'd need to schedule that one for the following day.

Wendy put the phone down and looked up. "My knight in shining armor -- take me home, please."

David helped her up; she gave him a strong hug. "I wish you wouldn't use that stuff."

She kissed and nibbled his ear. "Just you wait. It was worth it, you'll see."

David took her back to their place, got her undressed and in bed. Just when he thought she was on the verge of collapsing, she turned into a sex fiend. He brought her to an ear-shattering orgasm, following her by seconds, collapsing himself on top of her. When he rolled off her some time later she was definitely out, and probably would be for quite a while. He checked her pulse, wiped her up, covered them both, and went to sleep.

David woke up around noon. She was sleeping, recovering. He fixed himself something to eat and dialed into work on their home computer. Their synthesis was going fine; his was just about done. He talked briefly with Anita, making sure both their calendars were clear for the remainder of the week. Anita told him their tracer-tagged material would be ready the following afternoon; David thought that would be fine, and had her schedule the scanner lab and a technician for that evening.

He woke Wendy around four in the afternoon. She was groggy; her vitals still showed she was recovering. He made her get up and use the toilet, then fed her a bowl of soup and some bread. After that, he walked her into the bathroom and showered with her, getting rid of the acrid sweat that covered her, a side effect of the witches' brew she'd used. He sat her in a corner while he stripped and remade their bed.

When he put her back into bed, she smiled and whispered, "Thank you darling." in a sleepy voice. Looking at her, fresh out of the shower, he was tempted to go down on her right then. He sighed, kissed her pert nipples, and pulled up the sheet and blanket.

Wendy still wasn't giving any clues when the two of them returned to work late the following morning. She was recovering well, still a little dehydrated, and not in for anything strenuous. That's what she said, anyway, David thought. Still, he thought she was going to crush his head between her thighs when he'd gone down on her that morning; she seemed to have plenty of energy.

They did their first study late that day. Wendy took the radioactive tracer tagged compound and injected it into the bloodstream of a lightly sedated rhesus monkey. They watched the scanner display as the tagged compound spread through the body and started concentrating in the brain and cerebrospinal fluid.

They went out to dinner while that study progressed, leaving the lab tech to watch things. David was amazed at the amount of pasta Wendy put down; all of hers and part of his.

Back in the lab, the rhesus was out of the scanner and awake again. The compound had moved very nicely, just the way Wendy had expected it to. Wendy dismissed the tech, telling him to take a break and be back in 45 minutes.

"Okay, where's your part?" she asked David.

David was a bit startled. "How would you like it?" His initial synthesis was completed, at least for the compound itself; he didn't have a scented version ready.

Wendy smiled. "Oh, any transnasal form. We'll try it that way first."

David shrugged his shoulders and went to get the solution. He returned a while later with another nasal inhaler, holding it gingerly.

"What's the problem?" Wendy asked, noticing how he was carrying it.

“Don’t want to warm it up; it’s okay at room temperature though.”

She held out her hand and David gave her the inhaler. She had the rhesus in her lap, holding it and petting it softly. They treated all their animals very well.

“Okay honey, you’re going to like this. Hold still for me for a moment.”

Wendy held the spray tip up to one of the monkey’s nostrils and gave a squeeze. The monkey shook its head momentarily; she held it and continued stroking it, speaking softly.

David watched intently. After about ten seconds the rhesus seemed to soften considerably, shaking a little. Where had he seen a reaction like that? He watched a bit more. Wendy said, “Does that feel good, baby? It sure looks like it from here...”

David startled. That’s where he’d seen this reaction. That was one very blissed out primate in Wendy’s arms. Wendy looked up at him with a smile. They checked the rhesus’s vital signs and placed it back in a cage where it could rest; they’d check on it again in the morning. She left notes for the tech to continue tracking at hourly intervals. She was interested in metabolic products, excretion, the usual things.

Outside the lab, walking back to Wendy’s office carrying the inhaler, David asked, “Was that what I think it was?”

Wendy laughed softly. “Yes and no.” Wendy took the inhaler from him. “Want to try?” she asked him.

He gave her a puzzled look. She chuckled, held the inhaler up to her nose, and gave herself a spritz in each nostril. She handed the inhaler back to him.

They walked back to her office and sat down. David looked at her intently.

“No effect. Go ahead, try it,” she said.

David looked at the inhaler, thought for a moment. “So it’s a binary system?”

Wendy smiled. “Right -- I knew I hired you for something besides your body.”

David laughed and put down the inhaler. “So when do we get to try it.”

A female voice from the doorway said, “Yes, when do we get to try it?”

David turned around to see Donna standing in the doorway; Dreaming Donna, the Magic Mushroom Queen, also a highly respected researcher, with some very interesting tastes.

Wendy laughed. "Doctor Ellis, please come in, have a seat. Try what?" she said, playing coy.

Donna sat down and shook her head. "I came into your office yesterday morning looking for you; Anita told me you pulled an all-nighter. I stuck my head in here and it reeked! I aired the place out, and by the way, that batch you used should be replaced -- it's getting pretty old. I'm surprised you hadn't woofed all over the floor."

David hrmpfed; he'd used the stuff occasionally; it took a toll for what it delivered.

Wendy just smiled. "Don't worry. It's obsolete now," she said softly.

Donna leaned forward. "What?" she said incredulously. "What do you mean, obsolete?"

"Not the specific agents, but the delivery mechanism. And I think I know how we can fine tune the agents to reduce the side effects." Wendy chuckled as the image of a molecule flashed into her head; she saw how she could tailor things to turn that acrid sweat into a more interesting and provocative product. She scribbled some notes on her ever-present green engineering notepad.

David and Donna were exchanging glances. "Whatever it is, it's a..." David said.

Wendy looked up, putting down her fountain pen. "Hush. You'll spoil the fun!"

They looked at each other for a while. Finally Wendy said. "Here's the deal. We need to see the rest of the tracer study and do a checkup on our rhesus. If she looks clean tomorrow afternoon, we can get together tomorrow at my place for tea at four, a light dinner, and what could be a most interesting evening."

Wendy smiled and looked at her two co-conspirators. They exchanged glances and nodded. "Good. Of course by then David is going to have to get the other thing I asked for put together. That's going to take you a few hours tomorrow. Can you do that in time?"

David smiled. "Of course. I had Anita get me a bottle of Shalimar on her way home. You know how expensive that stuff is?"

Wendy chuckled again. "And how much do you think the compounds we've synthesized cost?"

David hrmpfed again; the radioactive tracer alone was far more expensive than the small bottle of perfume.

"Okay then, I think we're set. David has his work cut out for him tonight and tomorrow, and you can help me work up our rhesus and do some stability tests on what we've synthesized." she said, nodding to Donna.

“And what am I going to be doing tonight, since it’s almost ten?” David asked.

Wendy leaned back in her chair, letting her eyes half close and gave a low growling laugh. “Silly boy...”

With that Donna stood up laughing and patted David on the shoulder. “You should have checked with Peter -- he’s working on some things that might help.”

David frowned. Wendy said, “Oh, he’s quite good without any assistance.” She thought for a bit -- that would be interesting, a differentiated version, with a little extra for male support; she’d have to talk to Peter and see just how big his molecule was.

David stood up. “Okay boss, let’s get to work.” He pulled Wendy up out of her chair and into his arms.

They returned to the office the next morning. Wendy was glowing; David was looking and feeling a little worn out. When they got to Wendy’s office, Donna was already there, holding a Zip disk in her hand.

“Well, good morning you two. David, didn’t you sleep well? You look tired,” Donna said with a laugh.

“Poor baby,” Wendy said as she kissed him on the cheek. “Get to work -- see you for lunch.”

David shook his head and walked off with a smile. What a woman to have for a boss, he thought. He was looking forward to the work though, he’d lined up the assistance of a very cute lab tech.

“Well?” Wendy said when she sat down and started up her Mac. “How do the scans look? I take it you’ve reviewed them already?”

Donna nodded. “Yup. You’ve hit on something, girlie. Your tagged compound definitely likes the CSF and brain. Metabolized after whatever else you did through the liver and kidneys, but still a good bit present in the brain as the tracer petered out.” The tracer she’d used had a fairly short half-life.

“And how does our subject look?” Wendy asked.

“Looks like a monkey to me,” Donna came back. “I’ve got Terry doing a full workup; we should have a better idea in a couple of hours, but she seemed to be perfectly normal. Want to tell me what you’re up to?”

Wendy smiled. “Nope, not yet. I need to go down to analytical and use the big machine to see how stable things are. Could you get Terry to send me a CC or so of CSF? It should be stable in vivo, but I want to see.”

Donna stood up. "Consider it done. I'll bring it over myself. Anything else?"

Wendy thought, reconsidering. "Anita?" she called out loudly. Her secretary came in. "Good morning! What do you need?"

Wendy smiled. "Thanks for covering for me; I appreciate it. Tell David we're having lunch in my office to review test results; order us the usual from the cafeteria for the three of us, and yourself, would you? And set up my special teapot, we'll be having tea for three."

Donna raised her eyebrows. Some of Wendy's special Jasmine tea -- this must be important.

"No problem," Anita said. "I'll have everything set up for noon sharp."

"Wonderful," Wendy said, standing up. "I'm off to analytical, I'll be back around noon then."

Wendy went off to do her testing, and was joined an hour later by Donna, carrying a syringe with a sample of the monkey's cerebrospinal fluid.

"Good, just in time," Wendy said, pulling up a stool for her colleague.

Donna looked at the computer display tied to the mass spectrometer. A rather good sized lipid was highlighted; the other highlighted peaks were far, far smaller. "Looks like your goodie is fairly stable. Ready to see what the in-vivo sample looks like?"

Wendy picked up the syringe. "Yup, that's next on the agenda." She deftly transferred part of the syringe contents into the automated handling portion of the mass spec, reached over to the computer mouse, and clicked to start the analysis.

Donna looked at her colleague. "Still not talking?"

Wendy smiled. "Nope."

Donna chuckled. "Okay, I can wait. Terry says your animal seems normal, acting as if it's still tranquilized; a little languid, elevated pain threshold, but responsive to stimuli. I looked at the critter, and my professional opinion, based on vast personal experience, is that she's a little blissed out. Am I right?"

Donna was watching the spectrum deconvolve on the computer display. "Might be..." she said, not taking her eyes off the display.

Donna stood up. "Okay, I'll wait, See you at lunch."

Wendy kept her eyes on the mass spec display; Donna left.

Donna had time to do one more run, confirming the compound should be stable in her jasmine tea. She was just finishing up, putting a large “contaminated” sticker on the mass spec column to let the cleanup crew know it had been used with a tracer, when Terry came in.

“Doctor Choi, here’s your rhesus workup,” Terry said, handing Wendy a few sheets of paper.

Wendy took them and said, “Thanks Terry, I appreciate it. How does she look? What’s your opinion?”

Terry was momentarily taken aback. Doctor Choi was also known to the staff as the Ice Lady, and had a reputation for being very demanding, chewing up staff when they didn’t meet her very high expectations. This was a side of her he hadn’t seen.

“She looks and acts like a healthy, happy animal; maybe a bit too happy, as Doctor Ellis says. When would you like a follow up?”

Wendy smiled. “Yes, Donna gave me that report as well. I’d like a 48 hour, with another CSF sample that I’ll analyze. Oh very good, you did liver enzymes. After that, I may want to do another test run.” She looked over the sheets briefly, then looked up. “This is very good work, thank you, especially for doing it on such short notice. I’ll put in a good word for you with Doctor Perkins.”

Terry smiled; this was his lucky week. First, assisting Doctor Dreaming Donna in some of her “private” research, asking him to help out with this, and then compliments from the Ice Lady herself, offering to put in a good word with his boss.

“You’re very welcome, Doctor Choi, my pleasure,” Terry said, bowing slightly and leaving the lab.

Wendy took her notes, samples, and the compound back to her office, practically skipping as she went. This was going to be fun.

She closed and locked her office door when she went in. Anita had set up her special teapot on the warming stand. Wendy was very particular about her jasmine tea; the water had to be just at the right temperature. She turned down that temperature by four degrees, and while it stabilized, she got out her tea.

She opened the container and took a deep breath. It was heavenly; privately “imported” from China -- smuggled was more like it, full of those wonderful jasmine flowers. She measured out the tea carefully and set it aside, closing the container tight again.

When the water temperature was correct, she added the tea, stirring it in the ceramic pot with a glass rod. She leaned over the pot, inhaling the scent. Then she added 15 cubic

centimeters of her compound, stirring constantly, then put the lid on the teapot. She returned her sample rack to a bookcase just as a knock sounded on the door.

“Be right there...” she said, closing the bookcase. She opened the door for Anita, bringing in lunch.

Donna and David soon followed. They sat and Donna poured three cups of tea. When each had a cup, she raised hers and said, “To a successful new project.” Her colleagues joined her in the toast and they sipped and smelled their tea.

Over sandwiches they reviewed stability tests and the status of their test subject. They also finished off the pot of tea, not noticing Wendy only had one cup to the three or four each for David and Donna.

Everyone was smiling and relaxed when they finished; Wendy noticed a slight warm glow herself. As her colleagues were leaving, she said, “Meet back here around four and we’ll head over to the house. Donna, could you stay for a moment?”

David headed back to his office to get back to his other projects, having left the augmented perfume with Wendy.

Donna closed the door and sat down. “Wendy, was there something extra in that tea? I feel something; it should be familiar.”

Wendy smiled. “Yes there was; I feel it as well. But that’s not the main event, I assure you. I’d like you to help me at around...” she looked at the clock on the wall, thought a bit, “three. I need you to take a CSF sample for me.”

Donna nodded. “Okay, but can’t Terry take it? He’s worked up the animal so far.”

Wendy looked at her friend. “Not from the rhesus, from me.”

Donna sighed. “I can take it from your transcranial port, but if you want a lumbar puncture, I’d rather you asked someone else; David is far better at that.”

Wendy leaned over and squeezed Donna’s hand. “Thank you. The port will be fine. I don’t want to alert David; I want to surprise him.”

Donna stood up. She closed her eyes momentarily, then opened them. “You’re working with one of my old compounds, aren’t you dear?” she said with a wry smile.

“Yes, and you’ll love what I’ve done. Your lab at three?”

“That will be fine. Can we use the mass spec down the hall or do you need the big one in Analytical?”

Wendy thought for a moment. “We’ll need the biggie. I’d better call them and tell them not to strip it down yet -- I tagged it as contaminated this morning, but it can be used for my sample.”

Donna headed to the door. “It’s on my way; I’ll take care of it and set up the lab next door for your sample. See you at three.”

Wendy smiled and went back to work, writing up a disclosure on the general idea. When she got to the section of the company invention disclosure form that asked for prior art, she laughed. She’d have to have a talk about that one. She wasn’t sure how to deal with erotic fiction as possible prior art to a patent application.

Shortly before three she left her office, and after visiting the ladies’ room, walked over to Donna’s lab. Donna was there, as was her lab tech Terry. Donna waved Wendy to a chair. She gave Donna a questioning glance.

Donna looked at her friend. “Wendy, I don’t trust my hands; I think it may be something I had at lunch.” She smiled and continued. “I’d like Terry to take the sample. He has my total confidence; he’s been assisting me with some of my own private research.”

Terry was very confused. First he’s asked to set up a sample kit with some very strange parameters, then the Ice Lady comes in, and Donna tells her he’s her new guinea pig and sex slave. Now everyone was looking at him.

Wendy nodded her head. Donna was very good and very cautious. In spite of her wild reputation, she was meticulous and avoided risks whenever possible.

Donna said, “Or we could get David to do it.”

Wendy smiled. “No, Terry will do fine.” She looked at Terry with a smile. “Now I’ll get to witness your technique firsthand.”

Terry was still confused; the measurements he’d been given for the sample were wrong for a rhesus, but he nodded his head. “Thank you for your confidence. I thought you didn’t want another sample until 48 hours. Was I mistaken? Are we talking about the rhesus?”

Wendy gave him a very nice smile, knowing he was going into deep water all of a sudden. “No, you’re taking the sample from me,” she said, looking him in the eye.

Holy shit! Terry thought. Taking a sample from the Ice Queen? He’d rather work with the animals; you could gas them first.

As if reading his mind, Wendy laughed softly and said, “I won’t put up a fight, you won’t need to sedate me... Unless you’d like to.”

Wendy stood up. “Shall we go next door?” The next lab over was set up for working with humans.

Terry stammered a little but found his voice. “Doctor Choi, I’d rather have one of the MDs on the staff perform a lumbar puncture; I don’t feel qualified.”

Donna took Terry’s arm and led him out the door and next door into the lab. Wendy locked the door behind them.

Terry watched as Donna adjusted the examination table; it was already set up with a face cradle. He felt a hand on his shoulder and turned surprised to see Doctor Choi standing next to him, smiling.

“Terry, I’m just like the other primates. We wouldn’t ask you to do something you’re not qualified to do. And if you’d rather not, we’ll understand, really.”

Just like the other primates? What did that mean, Terry thought, as Doctor Choi lay face down on the table. Donna pulled up a stool for him by Wendy’s head and waved for him to sit down; the sample kit was on the instrument table next to him.

Donna looked down at Terry; he still looked startled, confused. She reached over and gently brushed the hair away from the back of Wendy’s head, revealing a spot devoid of hair about half an inch in diameter up and behind her left ear. “She has the standard transcranial arrangement. You’ve already got the depth.”

Terry looked up at Donna and sighed. “This is weird,” he said quietly. Both women laughed softly.

Donna put a hand on his shoulder. “Yes, it is a little unusual. And highly confidential; you are now one of a very small number of people aware of this. Upper management is definitely unaware of this. Now, do you feel comfortable continuing? We could sedate her if you like, she may like that.”

Terry heard Wendy laugh a little, her face in the cradle. This was too weird; the Ice Queen with a sample port in her skull. He looked up at Donna. She was smiling. What the hell, he thought, and answered by putting his foot on the control lever to raise the table, and swung the high intensity lamp over to illuminate the spot.

Wendy sighed with relief as she felt the table rise. They were asking a lot of him, she knew it.

Terry leaned over to the tray, then stopped. He stood up.

“What is it?” Donna asked as he moved to the sink.

He turned on the water using the foot valves and started scrubbing his hands. “I want to scrub up again. I’ll need a pair of sterile gloves, and I want masks for both of us.”

As he scrubbed, he heard Wendy say, “Thank you.”

When he’d finished with his hands, he turned to see Donna had draped Wendy’s head and was waiting to help him put on the gloves. Donna was wearing a face mask and put one on Terry as well.

“Thank you,” he said as he sat down on the stool to get to work. Just like any other sample, he told himself, except the skin is a different color. From the sample depth Donna had given him, he’d thought he was going to be taking a sample from one of the larger chimps. Well, almost. He felt the area identifying the small metal rivet set in her skull beneath the skin. In the center of the rivet was a special plastic plug. The trick was to go through the center of the plastic, not nicking the sides, and go in to just the proper depth to get a good sample.

He scrubbed the area, marked it, swabbed it with a local anesthetic, and then paused. “Doctor Choi, are you ready for me to proceed?” he asked formally.

From beneath the drape, from the face cradle he heard her voice say, “Yes, please proceed.”

Terry sighed again and picked up the sample syringe, removing the safety cap from its fine needle. “Please remain very still,” he said, with extra emphasis on the “Please,” and touched the needle tip to her skin. She didn’t move. Should he stop and gas her? It would only take a minute, and she’d only be out for five minutes or so.

His thoughts started to fly off. He took a breath, refocused, and pushed the point of the needle through the skin, feeling it penetrate, watching the marks on the side of the needle indicating he was well into the plastic central plug. As he inserted it further he turned the syringe slowly, enabling the sharp needle tip to penetrate the membranes surrounding the brain. He was looking with his fingers now as well as with his eyes as he slipped it in to the red mark on the needle. He withdrew the plunger slowly and was relieved to see the glass syringe fill with slightly coloured fluid. He took the required amount of fluid and smoothly withdrew the syringe, setting it on the sample tray, then covering the insertion point with a drug-impregnated adhesive disk bandage.

He sat back and sighed. How many hundreds of times had he done this? How many hundreds of times had he inserted those devices in the skulls of animals, how many times had he withdrawn samples using them, or injected new agents? This was his first time on a human. And who the hell put that thing in her skull?

“All done. Thank you Doctor,” he said, closing his eyes. He felt hands on his shoulders and heard Donna say, “Thank you, Terry. We asked a lot of you.”

Without opening his eyes he pressed the foot lever to lower the table. They took the drape off Wendy, and helped her sit up.

Wendy sat on the edge of the table and smiled. After Terry stripped off his gloves and mask, she took his hands. "Yes, we asked a great deal of you. Thank you so much. Your technique is superb."

Terry bowed his head lightly. "Thank you, Doctor Choi."

She smiled and said, "Please call me Wendy from now on."

Terry sat down on the stool again to catch his breath, closing his eyes. This was all too much. He heard the two ladies laughing softly, felt hands on his shoulders again.

"I think you should rest here for a while. You can take the rest of the day off if you like," said Donna.

He opened his eyes again and laughed, shaking his head. He looked at Donna, then Wendy, then said, "I don't want to know who put that thing in your head."

All three of them laughed. Wendy said, "Good. I'm not going to tell you, not that you'd believe me. Thanks again."

With that the two doctors scooped up their sample and left the room.

On their way to the analytical lab, Wendy said, "He's got very good hands."

Donna chuckled and put a hand on her friend's back "Very good hands dear, an incredibly talented tongue, and the rest isn't too bad either."

They laughed as then went into the lab. The instrument they'd used earlier hadn't been stripped down yet, so they ran part of Wendy's sample, tagging the remainder for storage. After a few minutes as the results came out, Wendy said, "This looks beautiful." pointing at a couple of peaks on the computer display.

Donna frowned as she looked at the display. "That's a pretty strange molecular weight -- bigger than anything of mine. What are you up to?"

Donna thought of what she knew about this whole deal. "Oh my God -- it's a binary. So the second part gets this one to spring open and release... What? How many Daltons?" Donna thought about molecular weights. "A couple of things? Two or three?"

Wendy turned and looked up at her friend. "That's it. Want to find out what?"

Donna looked at the smile on her colleague's face. "Good grief yes. So what I've been experiencing is just normal breakdown?"

Wendy nodded. "Ready to go over to my place for tea and talk?"

Donna sighed. "Something tells me I should bring some clean panties with me."

Wendy laughed as she stood up. "Might be a good idea, but you can always borrow some of mine."

Wendy decided it would be best for everyone to ride over in her car. She had the inhaler and the perfume secured in one of their standard transport containers; she didn't want to risk a leak while driving.

At her and David's place, she started heating water for another batch of tea. She'd decide after the first trial whether it would be "with" or "without." She had a feeling "without" would be just as good, if the rhesus results were any indication.

Wendy moved on to cushions on the floor and was joined by David and Donna. She took the inhaler and perfume out of the transport container and set them on the small table.

"Well?" she said to David and Donna, "Are we ready to give this a try?" Everyone nodded in agreement.

Wendy looked at David and had a flash of lust go through her, remembering those stories again. She decided against the inhaler, going right for the gusto.

David figured it was something wild; he'd felt a little, well, glowing that afternoon. There must have been something in that tea. Then the look Wendy gave him; what had gotten into her the last few days?

"David, go get us some towels, please. Oh, and come back naked," Wendy said.

David nodded and got up to go to the linen closet and get rid of his clothes.

Wendy started getting undressed. She looked to Donna once David was out of the room and said, "I'm going to do him first; it will undoubtedly affect me as well, but not as much. Don't know how much it will affect you. You might want to at least take off your top."

Donna started stripping. They'd all had orgies together. She laughed a little as David walked back into the room, towels strategically draped on his arm carried in front of him.

Wendy laughed a little as well. "Thank you, darling. Why don't you lay down right here. I told you that you'd be the first to try this."

David put the towels down and lay on his back. Wendy propped him up a little and picked up the perfume bottle. "Now all you have to do is enjoy my breasts while I hold you," she said.

David had sniffed the perfume after he'd mixed it that morning before lunch; so had the lab tech. It smelled great, it was one of his favorites, but other than that it hadn't done anything for him. He was a little nervous with anticipation now though. He watched Wendy spray some on her breasts and spread it around with her hand, then lean over and pull his head to a nipple.

He took her nipple in his mouth and inhaled slowly and deeply; she knew he loved this. He felt her hold his head, pulling him to her. He was thinking how wonderful this was, starting his second or third breath when it hit him. The bliss washed over him like a wave, enveloping him. One moment he felt it rushing up, the next he was engulfed, floating in her arms, enveloped in softness, warmth, feeling her nipple, her hands holding him, enveloped in bliss and an intense orgasm.

Donna watched from a few feet away with clinical interest. She could see part of David's face from her vantage point. Wendy had told her how much David loved sucking on her; it looked pretty good from where she was sitting. Then he moaned and seemed to shake and relax at the same time as Wendy held and caressed his head. She looked up at Wendy and saw a dreamy look in her eyes as well.

Then she caught a whiff of the perfume, or had she already caught it? She felt the surge rising in her and moved quickly over to Wendy, grabbing her while she still had the strength, burying her face to a breast and inhaling strongly.

Wendy watched as David held on as he usually did, then after a few seconds moaned and shook, going limp in her arms. She moved her legs a little but kept watching his face; good, he hadn't come on her; she'd wondered about that. There seemed to be a family of these triggers.

The perfume reached her and she felt the bliss as well. She struggled to hold on to him, he felt so good. She should have taken him inside her first, then done this.

She was surprised to feel another touch, then looked to see Donna, eyes half closed, reaching for her other breast. Wendy moved her arm slowly, it was difficult, and drew her friend to her breast, feeling another wave of ecstasy as another pair of lips reached a nipple. She tried to hold on, then bent her head down near her chest and inhaled deeply, trying for as much of the perfume as she could get. As she swam in bliss, the researcher in her tried one last time to guess if the response was limited by the amount of the catalyst, or by receptor site saturation. The thought didn't last long as the bliss of orgasm engulfed her as well.

Wendy shook herself and sat up. She looked at the clock on the fireplace mantle; about twenty minutes had passed. She looked at David and Donna still on the floor, breathing slowly. She reached over and gently checked their pulses -- strong, normal. Donna stirred a little when she touched her.

Wendy closed her eyes, evaluating herself. Still a little blissed out, relaxed, no real side effects. She opened her eyes and looked at David; no side effects other than lust, she thought.

She looked at Donna, who was moving slightly. Might as well test for response to sensation she thought, and reached over and gently squeezed a nipple.

Donna thought she felt something as she was swimming up from the bliss. She moved slightly, reorienting. Wow, what a trip! She started deeper breathing, letting her breath bring strength and sensation back into her limbs when a touch on her right nipple sent her crashing into orgasm again.

Wendy wasn't ready for the reaction she got from squeezing Donna's nipple. She watched as the woman's body quivered, her breath going ragged again, a guttural noise escaping her throat. Donna's eyes then flew open and she reached up and grasped Wendy's arm.

Donna opened her eyes, grabbing Wendy's arm, pulling herself to a sitting position. She smiled and reached over, palming and then squeezing one of her friend's nipples, then moving her other hand over to stimulate both at the same time.

Wendy let her head drop back, letting the sensation fill her as strong sensitive hands sent her into orgasm once more. After a little while she managed to raise her own arms and pull those hands away from her, pushing them away from her waist.

Wendy and Donna looked at each other, sitting on either side of David. They were both breathing hard, still showing the blush of intense sexual release.

Wendy said, "You give him a nipple." and moved to David's midsection.

David was still drifting in bliss. Had he felt something, heard something? He was getting a little cold, but didn't want to move, afraid it would chase away the feeling.

Then he felt hands on his head, pulling him once again to a nipple. He accepted it and started sucking, noticing something different about the same time he felt hands, then a mouth on his cock.

The sensations were too much. He felt himself coming, moaning, shaking, pulsing into the warm mouth around him as he sucked on the nipple being forced into his mouth.

The two women rode him out; Donna holding his head, moving it around as he moaned, and Wendy sucking on his partially erect cock as he came in her mouth.

After a few minutes all three finally sat up. David looked dazed and moved away from the two women.

Wendy's voice reached past his confusion. "David, tell me what you're feeling, now."

David leaned back against the sofa, closing his eyes. "Dizzy, disoriented. Not sure what happened. Wow, so intense, so good." He shook his head a little and raised it, opening his eyes and smiling.

Donna was looking at him, surveying herself. She turned to Wendy. “Wow! I’m still hot -- I think if I’d touched myself I would have exploded again. Is response limited by receptor site saturation, or by the amount of the catalyst present?”

Wendy leaned up against a chair and laughed. “I had the same thought a while ago. I don’t know. It’s an interesting rebound effect though.”

David shook his head again. “What a trip... Promise you’ll keep your hands to yourselves?” he said looking at the ladies.

Donna laughed, Wendy growled, “Not a chance...” then laughed. They all slowly moved up to sitting on couches and chairs; Wendy remained on the floor long enough to go over to the fireplace and start a fire going.

David still couldn’t believe what had happened. Then he saw Wendy on all fours in front of the fireplace, her bottom pointed right at him. He felt the tingle go through him, but remained limp.

As Wendy returned to her chair she saw David looking in his lap. “What is it, lover?” she asked.

David looked up wistfully. “I saw you on all fours and got the hots instantly; it seems some parts of me need time to recover though.”

Wendy smiled and looked to Donna. “I’d thought of doing a slightly different version for men, maybe I should check with Peter on some of his research.”

As they discussed Wendy’s discovery, they went into the kitchen for snacks. David saw the teapot sitting on its warmer. “You’re not thinking about more of that already, are you?” he asked.

Donna looked at him then at Wendy. “From what I remember of the rhesus scans, after your first shot of the catalyst, there was still plenty of the primary present.”

Wendy nodded. “Yes, and we still don’t know if we’ve got receptor site saturation or catalyst exhaustion. I want to fix some more tea, but later. I only had about half a cup today at lunch.”

Donna laughed. “And you fed us four or so. So let’s see some details, girl. I want to know what you’ve got.”

Wendy got her files and they spent a half hour or so going over the details, including her ideas on other delivery approaches, as well as delivery of other agents. They all agreed this was a gold mine.

As they started to throw together dinner, Donna said, “So what started this? How did you get this crazy idea?”

Wendy laughed and stepped away from the sink where she was cleaning lettuce. “For the first time, I can actually say that the IT folks helped me.”

David said, “Your new searcher? You found something on the Net? One of our competitors is working on this?”

Wendy had to sit down, she was laughing so hard. “No, no, no... I’ll show you.”

She reached into a different file and pulled out the stories, shuffling them to put them in a more logical order. She handed the stack to David. “Read the first one, then pass it to Donna. Read ‘em in order.”

She went back to making the salad. After a minute or so she looked over to David. He was reading intently, and she noticed his “interest” under the table had perked up as well. “Well, it’s good to see you’ve recovered...”

David looked up and blushed. He couldn’t believe what he was reading. “Come on, come on, you can read faster than that,” Donna chided. He finished the first, handed it off, and started on the second.

A couple of paragraphs in Donna said, “Oh my Gawd!...”

David chortled, “Wait ‘till you see this one!”

After they’d both read through the stack, Wendy sat down again. “So, I’ve got a question on these,” she said.

David was shaking his head, trying to adsorb what he’d read, trying to believe that Wendy had read these, that she’d done what she had.

Donna smirked and said, “And your question is?”

Wendy pointed at the pile of stories and said, “So do I have to cite these as prior art in my invention disclosure?”

All three of them laughed. Donna, who had more patents than either of the others finally said, “I don’t know. I want to know how you’re going to bring it up to Patricia...”

That set off another howl of laughter; Patricia was their in-house patent counsel, and somewhat of a prude.

“I think you should do it over tea, or after tea...” said David with a straight face.

“Oho... Now there’s a plan...” said Donna.

They plotted and schemed more over dinner. They agreed that this was a much better delivery mechanism for Donna’s mental turbocharger, and one that could greatly reduce some of its side effects.

“And if the primary is stable in the body, it really becomes catalyst driven. You could do it on demand.” Donna suggested.

“No, I don’t think you want the primary too stable -- I think you want variants with a definite metabolic life, even if it’s a few days to a week or two,” David said, concentration evident on his face.

Wendy took his hand. “What is it? You’ve got something.”

David smiled. “Maybe. If you take your carrier idea; remember Donna’s fat melter?”

Wendy nodded. Donna had come up with a compound that was very efficient at mobilizing and metabolizing stored fat. The problem was it wasn’t selective; women tended to lose their bust line first and the troublesome areas last.

Donna said, “So how do you make it selective though?”

David nodded and smiled. “You don’t. You put it in a carrier, with the metabolic enhancer from your turbocharger. It gets adsorbed into fat deposits through the body. Let it accumulate all over. Limited life though, remember? Let it degrade over time.” He was waving his hands, then pulled out the sheet showing the molecular structure of the catalyst molecule.

“Then you drive this through the skin, selectively, by iontophoresis for example, on the areas of interest.”

Wendy was impressed. Donna said, “Ooh... That would work, deplete those sites, and as long as we’re limited by the amount of catalyst, the other sites are spared.” She looked up and grinned. “I think we should seriously consider opening a clinic in Mexico...”

David said, “I was thinking of the French Riviera...”

Wendy laughed. “Well, I was thinking of a little further data gathering on what seems to be our fundamental question...”

Donna said, “How long David can last? We could raid Peter’s lab...”

David blushed but laughed. “No, Doctor Ellis. I believe Doctor Choi was referring to the issue of receptor site saturation as opposed to catalyst exhaustion.”

Wendy held her head up high and said formally “Correct, Doctor Martin. That is the primary issue.” She gave Donna a nod and continued. “But I believe Doctor Ellis has a salient point, one which we can address that in our next phase.”

David nodded. “Thank you, Doctor. I hope my performance will be satisfactory.”

Wendy said, “Doctor Martin, your performance in that regard has always been... Outstanding.”

Donna smirked and added “Well, while you two fluff your, ah, egos, I’m going to pee. I’ll meet you by the fireplace.”

Wendy kept form and said, “A logical next step. I approve. Meeting adjourned for fifteen minutes.”

When they’d regathered by the fireplace, Donna asked, “Wendy, could you get your box of toys?”

Wendy glanced momentarily at David, who said nothing, merely raised an eyebrow. “Sure, why?”

Donna said, “Remember our first test? The sensations were amazing, but that physical stimulation afterwards really brought on the full sensory cascade. I wanted to try some stimulation from the start, see what that would do.”

Wendy nodded. “Good idea; I like it. I had the advantage of stimulation and the results were intense.” She started to move when she noticed David was already standing up. He said, “I’ll go. I’ll get some robes as well. I’m getting cold.”

Wendy blushed as David left the room. She felt he knew something about her toy collection, but not that much. Sure enough, he returned shortly with warm robes for each of them and her shoebox of erotic toys.

Wendy looked at him. “Ah... Just out of curiosity...”

David laughed. “Remember last winter, you ruined a pair of shoes and just **had** to have me bring a particular blue pair to you for your Florida presentation?” Wendy nodded and David continued, “Well, I had to go through every shoe box in the closet to find them.”

Wendy smiled and leaned over to kiss him. “I love you.”

He kissed her forehead. “I know. I love you too.”

Meanwhile, Donna was rooting through the box. She selected the butterfly, fastening its elastic straps around her to hold it in place. Seeing David and Wendy looking at her, she said, “I remember this one -- it was a Christmas present...”

Wendy blushed and David laughed.

Donna picked up the control box and turned the knob to see if the batteries were any good. She had second thoughts just as she turned the switch, but was rewarded by a sensual thrumming and not much else.

“Well, good news folks, the rebound doesn’t carry out this long; I’m still conscious and coherent.”

Wendy said, “How would you like to do it. Perfume or nasal spray?”

Donna arranged cushions on the floor, propping her head and shoulders up a bit. “Let’s go with the spray; it’s more localized and less likely to affect you two, and will give us a better feel for saturation versus exhaustion. Agreed?”

David said, “You feel safe with this? The spray will deliver orders of magnitude more catalyst. I’d feel safer doing this in the lab. What about seizures?”

Wendy nodded, letting Donna speak. “We agreed that we’d designed out the musculature involvement from that peptide. Additionally, the euphoric induces general relaxation. From what I saw of the rhesus scans, I’d bet we’re dealing with receptor site saturation; you gave that little beast one hell of a dose of both components.”

David said, “I agree, it was a big dose, but you’re making a big bet.”

Donna looked over at Wendy, who remained poker-faced. “I understand that. I’m willing to proceed. You know me, if I felt there was significant risk, I’d insist on doing it in the lab, paralyzed and with a full crash cart, and to someone else first.”

Wendy nodded, and David smiled. “Okay,” he said, “just wanted to be sure none of us got carried away -- figuratively or literally.”

Wendy reached over and squeezed his shoulder. “Thank you, David.”

Donna nodded. “Yes, thank you David.”

She plumped up her cushions again and said with a big smile “Now can we get on with it?”

Wendy picked up the inhaler and gave it a few shakes. “Start your engines...” she said, moving over to Donna.

Donna lay back and found the vibrator control, turning it on to mid intensity. She knew that alone would drive her over the edge in a minute or so. “Wait a bit, wait for a big deep breath,” she said as she saw Wendy approach with the inhaler.

Wendy nodded and placed the tip inside a nostril, waiting for Donna's sign.

Donna let the sensation between her legs build. She closed her eyes, breathing slowly through her mouth, then forced out all her air, closed her mouth, nodded her head, and inhaled through her nose. She felt the coolness of the mist as she breathed slowly and deeply.

It hit as she started to exhale. The orgasm was intense, shaking her whole body; the bliss was intense, she was in a cloud of pleasure. She felt hands on her body; each touch brought intense pleasure, dissolving her.

Wendy and David watched intently. Wendy put the inhaler on the table and as Donna started to exhale her head went back and a cry came from her. David reached over putting hands on her neck and wrist, feeling her pulse, watching her respiration. Wendy held her head gently, watching Donna's eyes saccade back and forth quickly underneath closed lids, her breathing ragged but strong.

After a minute or so Donna started relaxing. Wendy reached down and pushed the vibrator into her, squeezing a breast with the other hand. Donna moaned and shuddered again, limbs twitching as Wendy moved her hands. It took a couple of minutes this time for her to settle down. Wendy raised her hands and looked at David.

"Wow," was all David could say. Wendy gave him a big grin. "You take the left, I'll take the right." She leaned over and turned up the vibrator a notch, then leaned over to Donna's right breast.

David leaned down and for the second time that evening enjoyed one of Donna's nipples. They felt her shudder underneath them once more, less forcefully this time, going on for almost a minute, then settling down. David felt Wendy rise up. He started to, then felt a hand holding his head in place. He moaned as Wendy squeezed the back of his head, ran fingers down his side. Finally he sat up.

"My God, I'm hot for you," he panted.

"So I can see," growled Wendy, raking one of his thighs with her short nails.

David started to move to her.

"Let's wait for her. I have an idea, and we'll need her help. Beside, we want one of us semi-coherent, right?"

David squeezed her thighs, moving a hand up to her curly thatch. "Yes Doctor," he said.

He slipped a finger between her nether lips and watched as she let her head drop back. "Oh that feels so good... Please stop..."

David removed his hand. When Wendy opened her eyes she saw he had a finger in his mouth; that made her even hotter.

“How long will we have to wait?” she said, lust in her eyes.

David laughed softly and looked down at Donna, reaching over and turning off the vibrator. “Don’t know; don’t know.”

They covered Donna with one of the robes and waited, taking notes. After about half an hour she moved. David went back to her side and started moving her head gently. “Donna? Donna? You with us again?”

Donna was floating back from someplace out of this world. As she started her deep breathing she felt so relaxed, so at ease. She opened her eyes to see both David and Wendy leaning over her. She slowly raised her arms and let them help her sit up, leaning her back against the couch.

“Welcome back, traveler,” said Wendy, “How was the trip?”

Donna smiled, taking another breath. “We’re dealing with receptor site saturation; the euphoria component was about the same as the first time with a far higher dose of catalyst. The orgasm component though was out of this world; the extra stimulation makes the difference.”

“So we noticed,” said David. “How about the second and third stimulations?”

Donna laughed and shook her head. “Second and third? I was blown away by the first one.”

Wendy recounted what they’d done and what they’d observed, watching Donna’s nipples crinkle up again in the process.

“Part of me felt it, I guess,” Donna said shaking her head back and forth, “but the rest of me was too far gone to appreciate it. Thanks anyway, both of you.” She reached over and gave each of them a squeeze.

“You were delicious,” said David.

Wendy sat back. “Okay gang, there’s one more vote for receptor saturation. I want another couple of votes. I say potty break and then I’ve got one to try.”

Donna moved to her knees. David stood up slowly and muttered, “Science marches on...”

They regathered in front of the fireplace with Wendy rearranging cushions and moving the table a bit to leave a large clear area in the middle of the floor, putting down a towel in the middle.

“What’s your plan?” asked David, moving over near Wendy, gently stroking her back.

She smiled and looked at him, then Donna. “I agree with your stimulation hypothesis. I want to sit up on top of David, let us get close, and then have you give me a squirt in the snoot, then him.” She looked at David questioningly. “Sound okay to you?”

David smiled and squeezed her shoulder. He looked over at Donna. “I’d rather have perfume on her chest.”

Donna smiled. Wendy said, “I know you love tits... So do I... But she’s going to need to hold us up for a while and ease us to the floor gently; I don’t want to break your stem. And we want her to remain coherent, right? Remember what happened the first time? And she was six, seven feet away.”

Donna did indeed remember; it had been wonderful. She reached over and tousled David’s hair. “I agree with Wendy. I promise, you’ll get your fill of breasts.”

Wendy quickly said, “Impossible.”

David laughed. “Okay, outvoted. I agree with the protocol as initially proposed by Doctor Choi.”

Wendy said, “Good. Let’s get started.” She leaned over to David and started kissing him, letting one hand wander to his lap, causing him to draw a sharp breath.

Donna moved over and let her hands roam over both of them, caressing here, gently squeezing there, soon having them both moaning. She slid a hand down between Wendy’s legs; hot and wet. Donna helped as best she could until Wendy cried, “Stop! That’s enough!”

David moved back a little, centering himself in the open space. He leaned back a little and Wendy pounced on him, taking him deep inside her so quickly it took his breath away. He sat up and put his arms around her; they kissed passionately. This was another of their favorite ways of making love, holding out as long as they could in each others’ arms. Both of them knew David loved to let go and have Wendy on top of him, but David held on, supporting her. He felt a hand insert itself between their bodies; he moved a little to give Donna better access. Wendy started moaning quickly, after a bit pulling away from his mouth saying, “I’m ready; oh God I’m ready.”

David left his eyes closed, feeling her squeeze the back of his neck the way he loved. “Yes, hurry,” was all he could say.

Donna picked up the inhaler and held it to Wendy’s nostril, watching her breath. As soon as it touched Wendy’s nose, she exhaled strongly. Donna said, “Slow and deep now.” As Wendy started her inhale Donna gave her a good squirt.

She moved to David. When it touched his nose he exhaled, and she put it in further and sprayed as he inhaled. Then she dropped the inhaler on the floor and pressed them together, up on her knees to hold them. She watched their lips interlock again and squeezed the backs of their necks. She heard both start to moan, saw them both start to shake.

Wendy was so close to the edge when she felt the cool plastic tip of the inhaler press against her lip and nose. She followed Donna's instructions and pulled the cool mist deep, taking a short exhale through her mouth, and then inhaling slowly again.

David felt he could last another ten or twenty strokes, but was getting close to the point of no return. He inhaled deeply, feeling the cool mist, stinging slightly, then felt Wendy's lips on his again.

Wendy felt David's lips and Donna's arms as the sensations overwhelmed her. She thought David should have been first, so she could feel him filling her, how she wanted that feeling, even as the bliss swept her away.

David felt Wendy squeezing around him, so deep inside her as it caught him and threw him over the edge, pumping deep into her, falling again into the bliss.

Donna held on to them, watching them shake, hearing them moan, feeling them start to go limp in her arms. She moved quickly, folding Wendy's legs underneath her, letting the two of them down so David was on the bottom; Wendy had told her how much he liked that. She straightened Wendy's legs, checked their pulses quickly; both strong and regular.

Donna sat back and took a breath. She laughed softly to herself. What a trip! She thought about Terry -- that sent a flash of heat through her; he would be fun. As she enjoyed the feeling, she smiled, thinking of what she'd do next.

Work in Progress Rev 8/3/2000

Like the rebirth of the Phoenix from its ashes, this marks the end of one set of stories, possibly the beginning of another. Time, and your comments will tell.

"Forever Yours - Phoenix"

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