

The Process

© Copyright 2000 - 2001 by silli_artie@hotmail.com

This work may not be reposted or redistributed without the prior express written permission of the author.

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.

Day -12

These are my notes on the Process. I've been working on it for a while now, but started these notes today, as things have moved into high gear. Cindy agreed to spend the four day holiday weekend with me at my cabin in the mountains. That's when things will really start to move.

What is the Process? Simply, it's turning Cindy, my new girlfriend, into Cindy, my sex slave. I want her to remain functional in society -- she needs to keep her job -- I'm not supporting her. I want her to be interested in me, and me alone. When we're alone, I want her to be preoccupied with pleasing me, having sex with me. I want her to do whatever I ask, with enthusiasm, with need. Oh, I want her to enjoy it as well, but that's a purely pragmatic concern -- her feelings are irrelevant, but making the experience pleasurable to her reinforces behavior.

This is going to require big changes. We've made love a few times, and she's got to expect that sex will be a big part of this long weekend together, but still, she's hesitant. She's not interested in going down on me, and doesn't like me going down on her. She won't be on top of me, or try a number of other positions. That's got to change.

Her body could change a bit as well, filling out on top more. Cindy is 28, in good shape, about 5 foot 6, with a 36C bust line. She has very attractive reddish-brown hair, which I'd like to be longer. Her lips could use to be a bit fuller, and her bust line more developed. But I'm an M.D. doing neurochemistry research, not a plastic surgeon. She's bright, and works in the treasury - finance group of a local high tech company. She doesn't make enough to support me, but her income will help. I like her sense of humor.

How do we get there from here? An old prof in med school said people are 95% chemical, 3% electrical, and 2% psychological. God, he was an arrogant old twit! From my work, I know the chemical part is governed by the 10% or so that's neurochemical -- and that part controls the psychological part a good bit as well.

The plan is to change her from the inside out -- neurochemically and psychologically, so she is addicted to me, gets great pleasure from being around me, and from making love with me. Doing this requires I alter her hormonal and neurochemical balance.

The Process

That work will provide the opening for the psychological component. Luckily, Cindy suffers from serious non-migraine headaches. That, in fact, was how we got together -- she was introduced to me as a doctor researching headache treatments, and in her own words, was also "cute and single." She's let me give her oral medication in the past. It will be a delicate dance.

I know generally what I need to do -- I've worked out the approaches over the last few months. They dovetail with my research on CYP2D6 deficiencies, and allied single nucleotide polymorphisms. I need a recent blood sample from her -- micrograms will do. I also need clean samples of various fluids from myself. The synthesis will be interesting, but not difficult. This should be a lot of fun!

Day -10

Hot damn, got my blood sample! She was over for dinner, and made an extended trip to the bathroom -- her period arrived. After she left, I got all the material I needed from the end of a tampon applicator she tossed in the bathroom wastebasket -- I think the sample was less than ten minutes old! I put it in preservative and rushed it to the lab.

Day -9

Her sample was easy, and loaded with hormones. Mine have been more of a challenge. The sperm sample was easy -- Miss November and Miss April helped obtain that. But, collecting uncontaminated sweat and sebum samples is not easy. Bacterial contamination is the issue, and merely scrubbing the skin is insufficient -- the little buggers live in the ducts. After a few tries at different collection approaches, all of them resulting in contaminated samples and raw skin, I had my buddy Brian take a small skin section from my groin. God, that hurt -- he may be an M.D., like me, but he's got a lot to learn about working with live people.

Day -7

After spending a day dissecting my own tissue under a microscope, I figured out how to do things the right way. I went back to working with the earlier samples I got. I also spent two hours with one of our patent people, and some other R&D folks -- they're really excited, and want to file a slew of patents on the technique -- I call it differential amplification. Fine with me -- after the holiday, though.

Day -5

I started the synthesis today. Cindy has a common slip variation in 22q13.1 which results in enzyme pathways I'm able to exploit. She's not going to be happy when I tell her that she's sensitive to components in chocolates which cause her headaches. But then again, that may be just the trick I'll need to kick this whole thing off!

The Process

I can create a very tight cross-link -- being around me, my scent, will be pleasurable to her. This reaction alone will be sufficient to generate psychologically addictive behavior. Well, let's be precise; "addictive" is not technically correct, as she will not require ever-increasing doses to achieve the same effect, and she will not develop a tolerance, both elements of a strict definition of addiction. But her response will be self-reinforcing. The same with my sperm -- it will be highly pleasurable to her. Her body will react to specific and unique surface proteins in my fluids, causing an endorphin and hormone cascade in her. The actual process of forming this essentially immune response will generate a slight fever, and most likely a splitting headache. The agent is highly specific to her, and can be introduced transnasally. I'll mix it into a batch of the chromalyn sodium nasal spray she uses this time of the year to ward off allergies -- that should do the trick.

The hormonal part is actually pretty easy. Wigmann's work established that set of pathways -- her breasts will become firmer and fuller. The hormonal shift should make her more open to bonding psychologically with me. Part of that can go into the nasal spray as well, but part needs to go directly intravenous -- an interesting problem. Two or three doses should do the trick. I'm compensating for the hormone content of her tri-phasic birth control pills -- that complicates matters slightly.

I'm also preparing a sustaining nasal spray, without the forming agent. It won't cause the headaches, but will assist with building and maintaining the immune response.

I've also put together recordings for the hypnosis part of things. With luck, the physical response will set in quickly and make these changes much, much easier.

Day -2

I think preparations are complete. I've modeled responses, as best as our simulations can do them, and they produce the desired results. The in-vitro work I've been able to do supports things as well. I have variations lined up.

The stars are in my favor as well -- she's been having a hell of a time at work, and told me at dinner last night that she's really looking forward to the time alone with me. I told her she could sleep over, and I'd help her relax, but she sighed and told me she had to get back to the salt mines.

Day -1

Hot damn! She's coming over for dinner after work tonight, and spending the night, "so we can leave early tomorrow and beat the traffic!" We haven't had sex since her period was over, and I hope she's horny as hell -- I sure am.

I'm adding this at about one in the morning. God, she was horny. I'd done a mix of one agent and a mild tranquilizer in Astroglide, a lubricant. I massaged it lovingly into her clit and surrounding mucosa. I'm not sure which was more relaxing -- the drugs, or the shrieking orgasms she had. God, when I came, I saw stars. Still, I wanted to pay attention to her breasts, which she didn't want, and I would like something other than missionary variations. I had to sweet talk her

into letting me help her get off, for God's sake. We start for real in the morning -- she's going to change.

Day 0

"Good morning, lover. Doing better this morning?" I asked her -- Friday morning, D-day.

She kissed me. "Yes. You were so good to me last night. I really needed that."

She snuggled up close as I held her in bed. She ran her hands over my body. Okay, it's time to go for broke.

"Need to go to the bathroom first?" I asked her.

She sighed, but said, "I suppose I should."

"I set out the nose spray for you -- you should start straight away so you won't have hay fever problems at the cabin. Then come back to bed."

She got up, and I followed her. "You're right about that," she told me. I stood outside the bathroom and watched through the mirror. She didn't like me in the bathroom with her. She didn't like displaying her body, even though she was attractive. I watched her do two good squirts up each nostril. I used the toilet after her, and we returned to bed for more energetic if constrained lovemaking.

She declined my offer to shower together. I showered first, and while she took her shower, I started coffee and breakfast.

When she came out, she was frowning and rubbing her forehead.

"What is it, Cindy?"

"Oh shit, Tom -- I've been worried for two weeks I was going to get a headache, and it had to hit now."

"That's okay -- go sit down. Want some coffee anyway?"

"Yes. That usually helps. And some breakfast. This feels like it's going to be a whopper."

I held her. "Do you want to stay around here? We don't have to go. I know you weren't looking forward to the drive."

She sighed. "No, Tom -- I want to go. Do you have anything that would help?"

I smiled. "I'll see. Let's see how you're feeling in a while. Have you taken any aspirin?"

The Process

She reached for her coffee cup. "You know that doesn't help. God, these last two weeks have been hell. Ginny on my staff told me she's going to spend the holiday munching Valium."

"I'll help however I can, sweetie," I told her. "Why don't you have a seat while I get breakfast together."

She sat down. I'd debated putting some chocolate in the coffee, but hadn't. That was the right decision. I checked her temperature before breakfast -- she was running a slight fever. Blood pressure was nominal. Things looked very good.

We cleaned up and loaded my car for the trip. It's about a two and a half hour drive, with the last hour or so having some very windy stretches.

"Okay, last bathroom stop before the cabin, unless you want to stop for lunch. How are you doing?" I asked her.

She shook her head. "Let you know in a minute," she mumbled, and headed for the toilet.

I used the guest bathroom, and checked my medical bag. I also grabbed the initial hypnosis disc -- it did successively deeper relaxation, and anchoring. It would allow me to return her to a deep trance very quickly.

When I got out of the bathroom, she was sitting in a chair by the door, frowning.

I got down on one knee. "We can stay here."

She snickered a little, and put her arms on my shoulders. "Tom, feed me drugs -- please. Oh Tom, I've never asked you before, but I need your help now. I really want to get the hell out of here, be with you, but my head hurts so bad."

I raised her head. "Are you sure about this?"

She nodded a little, but frowned. It must have hurt. "I'm painfully sure, Tom."

I smiled. "Okay, this is what we'll do. I'm going to check your temperature and blood pressure again. I'll give you a mild dissociative -- you won't mind what's going on, but will still be somewhat responsive. We'll try that, and if that doesn't help, we'll move to stronger measures once we're at the cabin. Okay?"

She nodded a little, smiling. "Okay."

I nodded. "Let's get you moved into the car first."

She looked hesitant, but let me lead her to the car and buckle her in. "I'll be right back," I told her.

The Process

I stood up and went for my bag. I mixed the dissociative agent with the first hormonal mix, then returned to record her signs and give her the injection.

I checked and recorded her numbers. "Okay, brave girl, give me that arm again."

She saw the alcohol pad I was holding, and then spotted the loaded syringe in my bag. "Needles? Do you have to use a needle? Don't you have any pills that will work?"

I shook my head and smiled. "This will help you right away. Anything I'd give you orally wouldn't kick in for an hour at least, based on what we've had to eat. This will help, sweetie. I promise." She looked very apprehensive. I put on my best bedside supporting manner.

I cleaned her skin with an alcohol pad, then found my markers. "This will bite a little." I found the vein, and gave her the injection slowly. She whimpered. I put a cotton ball over the injection site and folded her arm up to hold it in place.

I held her hand, using it to measure her muscle tone. I put my other hand behind her head, massaging the back of her neck gently. She was pretty well gone in about thirty seconds.

I put the headphones on her, reclined her seat a bit more, and we set off. Once we were on the freeway, I started the disc. I'd watch her hands -- after about twenty minutes, her right hand should drift up a bit if she was responding to suggestions.

A while later, I saw her hand come up out of the corner of my eye. Her hand hovered for a bit, and dropped like a rock. She sighed and smiled. So did I -- it was working. I repeated the recording once on the trip, did disc two once, and took off the headphones about five minutes from the cabin.

"We're here, sweetie," I told her. She smiled a bit, but winced.

"How was your ride?" I asked, walking her into the cabin and putting her on the couch.

She sighed and covered her eyes with a pillow. "Very nice, very relaxing. The sun still hurts though."

I checked her vitals. Temperature was a little high -- that was nominal. BP was nominal. I wish I'd brought blood sample kits with me -- I'd love to see how the process was progressing.

I unloaded the car, bringing in clothes and food. With the last load, she sat up a bit. I got her a glass of water.

"Better?" I asked as she drank down the glass.

She nodded. "Sort of. My head is still pounding. Can you give me more of whatever that was?"

The Process

I sat next to her. “Not until three this afternoon, then I can give you more, if you really need it. Okay?”

She frowned, but she hugged me.

I wanted to see if the discs had done any good. I held her and started rocking her. “Relax for me sweetie, relax and drift down. Relax and drift down, drift away from everything that’s bothering you. Drift into my arms. Relax and drift down.” After about a minute I was holding her up. I let her down to the couch and took her deeper, letting her rest.

She woke about noon, very hungry. I’d left the initial nasal spray at home -- its job was done. I gave her the sustaining one with lunch. Kjellmann and crew say an immune response is formed in a healthy adult in three to five hours or less. The sustaining spray might increase her headache a bit if the response wasn’t totally formed, or it would have no effect. We’d know in 20 minutes or so.

Her headache increased a little. About two thirty I held her again, rocked her, and took her into trance. It took a while, but she eventually melted in my arms. Once she was under, I gave her another injection -- more of the hormone shifter and the dissociative. She whimpered a little. I started her on the next recording, and played that one four times before dinner, once again hiding things before I woke her.

My first dinner at the cabin is always barbecued chicken. I’d gotten the grill going and was about to put on the chicken when she came out and hugged me.

“Feeling better after your nap?” I asked.

She held me and took a surprisingly deep breath, her head on my chest. Was it kicking in this fast?

“Much better,” she said, running her hands over me. “But I suppose you’re going to be a nasty doctor now and tell me I can’t fix us each a strong tequila sunrise.”

I held her and laughed. “Oh, you can fix them, but it may bring your headache back if you drink it. You can give it a try.”

She looked up at me and gave me a kiss. “I’ll take the chance. I had some really nice dreams, even if I don’t really remember them.”

I nodded and gave her a squeeze. She was supposed to tell me what she remembered -- which I’d hoped wouldn’t be much. I could go ahead with phase three, once I was sure of the other responses kicking in.

She had a surprisingly healthy appetite. Over dinner I told her of my conclusions about chocolate for her -- she was disappointed, but thought the pattern fit. I told her a major research effort was in predicting response to different agents and drugs based on genetic variations.

I pushed things when we went to bed -- she should be more receptive to suggestions now. I asked her if she'd like to be on top of me -- something I loved, but she didn't like to do. She smiled and pushed me on my back.

God, she's good. I don't know if she was more receptive and responsive -- she sounded like it. But after she rode us both to incredible orgasms, as she curled up next to me, she took a deep breath with her head on my chest.

"God, Tom -- you're so good. Why didn't I do this last week?"

I chuckled and held her. She gradually moved closer to my armpit. I whispered to her, relaxing her and sending her to sleep. It was hard for me to stay awake -- I followed quickly.

Day 1

She's still in bed as I write this -- I got up early. From what I can tell, Day 0 was nominal. Her inhibitions seem loosened, and she seemed to have a positive reaction to my scent. We can progress on nasal spray alone today, plus oral agents. A booster injection would be advisable if we can work it in.

She came out as I was fixing breakfast.

"Headache gone? Use the nose spray?" I asked as I stirred the eggs.

"Yes to both, thanks to you," she said. She came over to me and gave me a hug and a kiss.

"God, Tom, you smell so good. Or is it breakfast? I'm starving! I feel like I haven't eaten in days!"

I hadn't expected any appetite shifts.

As I set the table, she asked, "What's your schedule today, when we're not snuggling?"

I liked that question. "It looks like the deer have trampled another fence. I should fix it. How about you? What do you want to do?"

She leered at me. "When we're not making love, I just want to lay around and listen to the phone not ringing."

"I like that plan," I told her.

"So, chocolate does it to me," she said.

I turned and saw her holding a chunk of Belgian chocolate I'd gotten earlier.

The Process

“Professionally, I’d say so. I wouldn’t do that if I were you.”

She smiled. “Only one way to find out.”

I shook my head. “That’s not advisable,” I told her.

She frowned as she unwrapped the chocolate. “Where’s your spirit of experimentation, of scientific nature?”

I laughed. She gobbled a chunk of the chocolate. “Boy, this is great stuff. It’s going to be hard to swear off it, if you’re right.”

Half an hour after breakfast, she knew I was right -- her head was splitting.

“Tom, why did you let me do that?” she moaned from the couch.

“Didn’t listen to your doctor, and see what happens? I suppose you want me to make it all better?”

“Oh God, that or shoot me. I thought my head hurt yesterday -- it was completely different from this. You’re right -- chocolate does it to me.”

That was interesting news. The nasal spray hadn’t had any effect on her headache this morning, so her immune system must be converted.

“Okay, I’ll fix you up, and go to work. It means a needle, though.”

“That’s the only way?” she pleaded.

“Afraid so. Or, you can just rest and see how long it takes to go away.”

She sighed. “Bring it on.” She stretched out her right arm.

I loaded up a syringe with the phase two agents and the dissociative, and got the next recording. Five minutes later, she was whacked out, the disc was running, and I went out to fix my fence.

I worked hard for almost three hours, coming in to restart the disc, and then put it and the headphones away. When I finished with the fence, I was hot and covered with sweat, and my clothes were covered in dust. One of the benefits of being in the mountains, though, is a wonderful lack of neighbors. I took off all my clothes outside, and went into the coolness of the cabin.

Cindy was sitting at the kitchen counter sipping a glass of water. She smiled at me. Then she got up and walked closer.

The Process

About two feet away, I saw her pupils react. Her whole body reacted. Of course -- I was dripping with sweat!

“Oh, Tom...” she moaned. She fell to her knees. She took another deep breath, and then to my surprise, thrust her face into my sweaty crotch. She grabbed my backside with both hands and took a deep breath.

“God, you smell so good!” she moaned. She started kissing me, moaning as she did, breathing heavily. That caused the expected reaction in me. As I grew erect, she took my cock in her mouth, something she’d only done once before, and she’d been drunk at the time. She sucked me with abandon, moaning.

I stood there, a hand on the wall to steady myself. Things were going quite well. I closed my eyes and let my head go back.

She tugged me by my cock to the bedroom, and ripped off her clothes. She was in such a hurry that we ended up on the floor, almost falling. She pushed me to my back and impaled herself on top of me. She was wetter than I’d ever felt her before. After three strokes, she moaned and shuddered around me. She’d never come that quickly before. She leaned forward as she continued to rock, holding her head down near my chest, breathing deeply. She came intensely, twice more, before I did. She leaned back and moaned, laughing softly as I pumped into her, then collapsed on top of me.

When we got up to shower, she was all over me. I finally got her up against the shower enclosure with my hand between her legs, and got her off with my fingers. She came with a loud moan and all but collapsed in my arms. I let the water wash us down until we started running out of hot water.

She was acting a little spaced out as we dried off.

“You’re feeling better,” I suggested.

She sighed. “God, Tom -- you are incredible. I couldn’t get enough of you. You felt so good filling me.”

“So why did you stop?” I asked.

She laughed softly. “Because I’m starving, and I wanted to give you a chance to recover.”

I put on clean clothes. We fixed lunch, and she ate quite a bit, taking in quite a lot of fluids. Her blood pressure and temperature were nominal, although her heart rate and respiration were elevated. Those elevated signs were consistent with the noted state of arousal.

We necked on the bed later. She became more and more amorous, taking off all our clothes and pulling me on top of her. I tested one of her trigger phrases, which relaxed her into trance. I moved down between her legs -- she was wet and very tasty. She responded well to oral

The Process

stimulation. I moved up her body and entered her. We kissed, and she soon had additional orgasms. She rolled us so I was on my back, and rode me to orgasm. As she relaxed on top of me, I eased her into sleep, and soon followed.

When I woke up, she was moving between my legs. She took my then limp cock in her mouth, moaning as she did. This was quite unexpected. Her hands were as busy as her mouth, and when I was erect again, she got on top of me and rode me furiously.

Day 4

We spent most of the time making love, or otherwise in bed. Her appetite, both for me and for food, was incredible. I'd brought along some drugs to help with my performance, and made use of them. On our last morning at the cabin, we made passionate love, had breakfast, made love again, and finally got the car packed and got on the road. I used a posthypnotic trigger to relax her once we were on the road, and had her listen to the last recording again. Traffic was ugly, as would be anticipated at the end of a four-day weekend. We stopped for lunch, and I was once again amazed at her appetite.

She helped me unpack when we got home. I could tell she had a reaction to my dirty clothes as she moved them to the laundry room, but she still had some willpower remaining. I invited her to stay, but she told me she needed to return to her place. I gave her a gentle hug and kiss. She thanked me very much for the weekend -- it had been just what she needed.

My overall evaluation of this phase of the Process is nominal. The main unexpected side-effect was her increased appetite. Her conditioning level is good, but will require repetition. I give her two days before she moves in with me.

On Day 0, she had a headache and elevated temperature. Blood pressure throughout was nominal to slightly lower, characteristic of spending so much time reclining. Both headache and elevated temperature resolved on Day 1. Day 0 had her going through the main conditioning recordings while in a dissociated state. Her response to my scent on Day 1 was quite positive. Her sexual appetite for me definitely increased. She was open to suggestion, and did things she'd not done before, such as taking me in her mouth. She has a strong positive reaction to my sweat, to my pubic area, and quite a positive reaction to my semen.

More time is needed to observe hormone-mediated shifts in body composition and structure. That phase could take one to three weeks.

She called about eight thirty that night. She needed to see me -- she missed me. Could she come over? Of course. Could she bring her pillow? Of course, darling -- you're welcome here!

I let her in the front door. I'm glad I closed it behind her, because we didn't make it past the living room. We made passionate love on the floor. She came rapidly, loudly, repeatedly, intensely, and brought me to an intense orgasm. I subdued her with a posthypnotic trigger.

The Process

I moved her to the couch and put on my sweats so I could bring in her things -- she was in no condition to do it. She'd left her car headlights on, the keys in the ignition, and the driver's door open -- that pretty well summed up her state of mind. When I brought in her pillow and two suitcases, I noticed the suitcases were not packed in her usual meticulous, precise fashion. Rather, things looked to have been thrown and crammed in. Dress clothes for work had been thrown across the passenger seat.

The Process so far seems to be a success, from these indications!

We made love again when we went to bed -- it took her a while to get me erect, which she did with her talented mouth and hands. She went to sleep curled up on my chest, breathing deeply.

Day 5

I'll have to set the alarm far earlier -- she was ravenous -- both in bed and at the breakfast table. I managed to spend some time at work doing data reduction and analysis from the weekend. I spent part of the day on a conference call with our biopharm group discussing the techniques I'd developed and disclosed. They were quite interested in their use in production environments.

She was quite needy when we got home, insisting on making love right away. Afterwards, she fixed us a very nice meal, and cleaned up afterwards. I set the alarm for earlier in the morning, and asked her to give me a massage before we went to bed. She complied eagerly, but got quite carried away when I was on my back. She loses all control once she gets to a certain point -- it's quite charming, really.

Day 7

During dinner this evening (after our lovemaking session when we got home), she told me she had to go shopping for clothes -- she needed bigger bras, and other clothes didn't fit any more. She'd lost five pounds, and seemingly gained an inch or more on her bust line. Her hips were fuller, her waist trimmer, and overall she'd lost body fat. She stripped down for me during dinner - - something she'd never do in the past, and the changes really are quite stunning. I remarked that her hair seems more lustrous as well -- and she told me it had grown about a half inch. She sat naked in my lap, and it's a wonder we finished the meal she'd prepared.

She goes to yoga classes at lunch time at her office. She told me she'd made more progress in terms of flexibility in the last few days than she had in the last few months -- and she attributed it to *almost* getting enough of me. I thought we'd end up on the floor again. I've got carpet burns on my left shoulder and both knees already.

We were settling into a bedtime routine -- I'd let her give me a massage, starting with working on my shoulders, or legs. By the time I rolled to my back, she would be losing control and we'd make passionate love, and then curl up together.

Day 8

An interesting new development this afternoon -- our morning lovemaking was intense, Saturday morning giving us the opportunity to take our time. After a hearty breakfast, she went off to do her shopping. It's remarkable how well she functions some times, and how quickly she loses all control in others. The Process has been quite successful.

We needed to complete moving her in to my house over the weekend -- she insisted. So, I spent the morning rearranging things in the garage, making room to park her car, and store more of her things. In doing so, I worked up a sweat.

I was drinking another glass of water in the kitchen when she returned. She was all smiles, talking at high speed about what she'd gotten, and wanting to model things for me. She paused about three or four feet away. I watched her posture and her expression change as she took a deep, slow breath. She smiled and stepped toward me, unbuttoning her blouse.

I managed to get us to the bedroom -- the floor is hard on my back.

As has become common, I let her be on top, and she orgasmed the first time after three or four strokes. That first one seems really intense for her -- after that, things are much easier and more relaxed.

But after that first orgasm, as she was riding me, she made a squeaking, laughing noise. I felt dampness on my belly and chest. I opened my eyes to see her fingering her nipples lightly. She giggled, and put a fingertip to my lips. She was lactating -- producing milk!

I've never been much of a tit man, other than their attractiveness, but after I came and we curled up, she held me to a nipple. Her milk is one of the most delicious things I've ever tasted, and the way she held me was very comforting. From the sounds she was making, she enjoyed it as well. After a while, she shifted position to let me take care of the other side. We went to sleep holding each other.

"Well, that's a very pleasant surprise," she said as we got up, caressing her breasts.

"A delicious surprise," I told her, running a hand over her stomach. It's amazing how the fat has disappeared from her body -- she looked barely twenty, aside from her development.

She held me. "I hope you liked that -- it looks like you've got another job to do, for a while at least. Is this something I should be worried about?"

"I don't think so. Probably just something to do with a shifting hormone balance. We could do some tests, though, if you'd like. Does it bother you?"

She hugged me. "Not at all. I like it, and I think you did, too. I never took you for a tittie man."

I laughed. "I wasn't -- until now."

The Process

We made love on her bed at her place just before dinner. She didn't have much milk -- she helped me check. She did have some that night when we went to bed, though. It's quite a nice way to go to sleep.

Day 11

She's even more dependent on me now. It's amazing how helpless a woman becomes once her hormones take over. Her breasts are moderately full in the morning. She wakes before I do, and holds me to her, when I'm still half asleep, and I empty her breasts before we make love.

If I don't do it again when we make love when we get home in the evening, she's quite full, and in pain by bedtime. I did that deliberately to her yesterday, and by bedtime she was pleading with me. She goes into trance so well under those circumstances -- such strong conscious and subconscious desires to please me. While in trance she confessed that when I'm sucking on her, she's having a continuous orgasm. I strengthened that response.

She's quite horny after not being with me all day. So this evening when we got home, we made passionate love, and then she held me to her, relieving the delicious pressure in her breasts. After that, she let me rest while she prepared our dinner. I reviewed things for work after dinner, while she cleaned up. We went to bed -- she gave me my massage, rolled me over and made passionate love with me, and then held me to her breasts once more. I think I was asleep partially through the first side.

Day 12

She made the remark as we dried off after our morning lovemaking and shower -- she told me I was looking better. I looked in the mirror, and then checked the scale. I'd lost four pounds! I'd been pretty hungry at lunch these last few days, but had kept my caloric intake low -- I'd been worried about putting on weight the last few months. In response to my questions, she confirmed she's lost over ten pounds. She's redistributed it very nicely.

It's got to be her milk that's doing it to me. That's the only explanation. I'd cut down my breakfast a little to compensate for the morning snack she gives me in bed. I was eating the usual salad for lunch. Dinner consisted of a helping of breast milk (or is that two helpings?), then our meal.

I seem to have more energy during the day as well. I'll follow up on this as I can -- I should study her milk, and do blood tests on both of us.

But, that's going to have to wait. The biopharm folks have gone nuts over my inventions -- this is going to revolutionize their production process. What I did to take micrograms of contaminated samples to milligrams of pure material, they envision doing on the kilogram scale. I've been spending far too much time with patent attorneys lately. With any luck, the last of the

patent applications will be filed tomorrow. The good news is this is getting me a substantial bonus and stock option grant.

Day 18

Her menstrual period started on schedule. This was a relief -- I'd been concerned about possible interactions with her triphasic birth control pills. Surprisingly, it didn't affect her lactation -- I didn't realize those pathways could be separated.

There's definitely something in her breast milk affecting my metabolism. I've dropped about 15 pounds, most of it fat. I have more energy, and have started running at lunch, and using the on-site fitness center. This afternoon Monica, another researcher, asked me what I was doing to my hair. When I asked what she meant, she told me the little bit of gray I'd had around the edges was gone. She gave me quite the look.

I did a weight workout after work, and was amazed. I was lifting at levels near to what I'd done years ago, and I was being quite careful and conservative. I also worked up a sweat, and didn't shower afterwards, instead putting on a sweat shirt and sweat pants to drive home in.

That had the desired effect on Cindy when I got home. I went into the bedroom and pulled off my sweats. Soon she'd pulled the rest of my clothes off and was devouring me. I didn't even have to prompt her -- she took me in her mouth, brought me to an intense orgasm, and sucked me dry. Then she held me to a nipple, and moaned as I sucked on her. She left me semiconscious on the bed and fixed us dinner.

Over dinner she asked if I'd enjoyed that. I told her I had indeed. She told me she was glad, as that's what I was going to get for the next few days, like it or not.

She was a little gentler at bedtime, teasing me by rubbing my cock between her breasts before taking me in her mouth to finish me off. That left me delirious as she held me for my bedtime snack.

Day 22

Her period is over. We made love this morning like we've never made love before. And after we showered, I was ready to go again, throwing her on her stomach on the bed, and biting her neck as I rode her. She's eager to try any position I suggest, and shows initiative, although her favorite seems to be on top of me.

We've both experienced significant changes in body composition, and it would seem, metabolism. We went for a run after breakfast. We both had amazing stamina. Have I hit the fountain of youth here? I told her of my weight workouts, getting strength back so quickly. She told me of her progress in yoga, gaining flexibility and strength at a pace which amazed her instructors. When we got home, we made love on the floor. I dived down between her legs,

The Process

feeling her sweaty thighs slide around my head, then sliding up into her, feeling her legs wrap around mine, coming together with her as we kissed.

We went out to lunch, and then did more clothes shopping -- for both of us. My pants weren't staying up, and many of the shirts I had were tight across the shoulders.

We went out to dinner that night.

"Tom," she said during dinner, "I'm thinking of giving up the lease on my townhouse, if it's okay with you."

I smiled and held her hand. I'd been thinking about her a lot the last few days. My initial plan was to prove the Process, and turn her into a sex slave. I'd certainly achieved that goal. What was my next goal? Another slave? I could barely keep up with one, although my stamina had been amazing the last few days.

"That's fine with me. Are you happy?" I asked.

She laughed and smiled, then pulled at her top a little. "Other than being full, I've never been happier."

I smiled. "Feel like dessert?"

She growled, "I know what you're having for dessert."

She was ravenous when we got home. I used one of her triggers to relax her -- I had to repeat it, which told me I needed to spend time on reinforcement. I reinforced the basic triggers as I fingered her to orgasm. She was mine, body and soul. -- or was she? I told her she needed to please me, reinforcing that, and brought her up again.

She rolled me to my stomach and massaged me quite nicely. When she rolled me to my back, she massaged me and teased me very well -- I was surprised she didn't lose control. She had me quite aroused, even dizzy, when she took me inside her. She rode me slowly, and held me to a delicious nipple as she rocked us both to orgasm. I went to sleep in her arms.

Day 23

I only wake up partially in the morning when she pulls me to her. It's so comforting to relax in her embrace as I suck on her. And after we change sides, and she's getting close to empty, her hand starts roaming over my body, and soon I'm more awake, and inside her. And she does it without prompting.

After breakfast, we went running again. We talked about work. I told her I'd been spending a lot of time working on inventions. I seemed to be more productive, more focused at work lately. When I said that, she laughed. She told me she'd never felt more focused and intense in her life -- she'd turned things upside down at work, reorganizing things, and saving the company

quite a bit of money in the process. She owed it all to me. There was a board meeting coming up in a few days, and she expected a big promotion and a raise.

I stopped and held her hands. I asked her if she'd quit and be my kept woman, making a passion pit for us, and staying sexy. She smiled and said she would if that's what I wanted. I kissed her. She moaned through our lips as she inhaled, inhaling the sweat off my face. I wanted her. I felt so strong, so virile. We ran back to the house, and were soon rolling on the bed. I had her on her back, sucking on her breasts, feeling our sweat covered bodies sliding together, feeling her legs wrap around me and squeeze me. I moved up and in to her, and her head went back. Her body twitched in what was almost a seizure as I slid in and out of her, bringing her to that rapid and colossal first orgasm.

We slid apart after I came, both panting. She started kissing my arms, my chest, my stomach. She took my limp cock in her mouth, and licked and sucked on it. My hand found one of her nipples, and rolled it gently between my fingers. She moaned and shuddered. She pulled her head away slowly, then kissed my cock. She put her head down near my crotch. I heard her whisper, "Please keep me." I put an arm around her and held her.

Day 35

My weight has stabilized, as has Cindy's. I lost around 25 pounds, and she lost 17. I did a hormone study on my blood -- by those results, I'm 16 or 17 years old. I may have even grown a little taller. Blood pressure and resting heart rate for both of us are remarkably low. My body fat percentage was down to around 7 percent. Her body fat percentage is around 13 percent -- low for a woman, but her body is stunning. Her hair has a luster that's astounding, and her bust has stabilized at a gravity-defying 36DD. She can wear a "normal" bra most of the time, but when she's around me, she needs to wear little pads, or she soaks things through. I find it quite attractive.

She's had many men make passes at her, but she's only interested in me. We've gone to more parties, both of us getting invited to parties more often. She makes a point of telling other men that she belongs to me, and showing off her figure.

At work, we've both gotten promotions, raises, and bonuses. It's obvious there's been significant shift in mental acuity in both of us.

But her mental acuity goes out the window so easily, and she turns into my sex slave. She needs me so much in the morning, and at night. She's told me how much she needs our routine in the morning, and at night -- holding, making love, emptying her breasts. More than once I've caught her when doing our laundry, holding one of my T-shirts, or a pair of underwear up to her face, breathing heavily, and turning in surprise to see me, and practically ripping my clothes off. Her past inhibitions have disappeared.

The Process has been a resounding success. What now? Should I take on another slave? Monica has been flirting with me at work, especially since she saw me working out in the gym. I've thought about taking her at lunch for a quickie. She's somewhat overweight -- the Process

would do her good. How could I commercialize it, make money on it? I'm not sure. I'll have to think about it.

But right now, it's bedtime. Cindy is kneeling at my feet and moaning that I need to take care of her breasts. I can smell her milk -- it's soaked through her nightie, and it makes me so hungry for her. I do enjoy my bedtime snack, and going to sleep in her arms. I haven't slept so well in years, or woken up so nicely. I really should study what's in her milk that made the change in me -- if I could commercialize that, I'd make a lot of money. Of course with my new stock options and bonuses, I'll be a multimillionaire in a year anyway. I'll have to think about where the Process goes from here.

Day 42

I'm now a Research Fellow, free to work on whatever I want. So far I've kept my ongoing above and below board programs going. I've got a small group now, expanding on my differential amplification technique. I've come up with some interesting variations -- it all seems so simple.

Cindy has also been promoted, to VP of Finance at her company. She showed me a tape of an interview she did for a financial news program -- she looked intense, and so sexy. We were standing in the living room, sipping wine as we watched the tape. She was so proud of herself. I slipped my right hand into my pants, picking up my scent. When the tape ended, I took my hand out and held it in front of her face. She took a breath, and her eyes fluttered. I whispered in her ear, "Suck me." She moaned and went down on her knees, complying with enthusiasm.

There were some tradeoffs I could have made in her chemistry that might have impaired her higher order brain function -- I'm glad I avoided those. Our morning routine has changed. She wakes early, holds and suckles me for a while, then gets up letting me sleep. She goes in and trades stocks for an hour and a half or two hours, then comes back to bed. I empty her breasts, and we make love. We shower together, and I fix us breakfast while she gets in a little more trading. We started with half of our bonus money -- we've cashed out ten times that already, and have a very substantial portfolio -- all in my name, thanks to a few carefully worded posthypnotic suggestions implanted as she was on the verge of orgasm.

She's become quite charming -- she crawls naked back into bed with me in the morning, and I'll ask her how she's doing. She'll start spouting off on margins and stocks and what's moving, and I'll slide a hand between her legs gently, and she moans and hugs me to a nipple. At that stage, I don't think she could tell me nine times seven -- hormones totally in control.

I finally got some Otis Short Form IQ tests from Ben at work. My IQ has gone up about twenty five points. From Cindy's SAT and GMAT scores, I'd say her increase is about the same, possibly higher. Her increase had to be mediated by the endocrine and hormonal changes The Process brought about. But mine? That has to be from her milk. Clearly, something in her milk has brought about the beneficial changes I've experienced, and enjoyed.

I need to study that. I need to do another trial. I don't think Monica is the one. I'm thinking of someone younger, like Joann perhaps -- she's a secretary, just out of junior college,

The Process

unattached with no family in the area. She'd make a good housekeeper for us. She's somewhat skinny on top, so it would be a good test -- after a certain point, does increasing bust size decrease intelligence? Inquiring minds want to know.... She's got good legs. Her bottom could be a bit bigger. She's been making eyes at me. The Process needs to develop further.

To Be Continued
Rev 2006/09/18

The Process

By silli_artie@hotmail.com

<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>