

User Centered Design

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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.

This is a romance about Emily and me. It's got microprocessors, lust, economics, commuting, and sex. If this isn't what you're looking for in a story, fuck off and read something else. Even better, write something yourself.

I'd gotten an email on the account I use for posting to usenet groups. One of the things I do on the side is build gadgets using single chip microprocessors called PICs. I watch a number of usenet groups dealing with the things, and often post what I hope are answers to questions people have, building gadgets when I feel like it.

This request was for a fairly simple and specific motor-control gadget. Press a button and hold it, the motor turns on. Release the button and the motor turns off. The trick is the gadget learns the "on" and "off" times and repeats them until the button is pushed again, and it trains to new times. Sounded pretty easy; I'd never built one before.

We traded emails; I needed more detail. What kind of motor? How big? What were the ranges of on and off times? Does it need to run on batteries, self contained, or can it be built into a larger enclosure? Do you want automatic shutoff after a preset time? Do you want indicator lights or beeps?

I learned quickly that my client was a high level software type, with no hardware background. When I asked if it was an AC or DC motor, they didn't know. Okay, does it run on batteries? Yes. How many of what size? Two small ones. Make that a negative hardware background, but we're making progress.

I was getting frustrated and needed more information -- email was just too slow. I sent out my work phone number and told them to give me a call so we could talk details. I had the code pretty much worked out, using a small PIC to control a blue LED in time to a pushbutton. The critical hardware part was going to be motor control; I needed specifics on the motor.

A few mornings later I got a phone call. I answered and a female voice asked for my email name. Yup that's me, I said. I gave her my first name; she'd get that if she left me voicemail. Her name was Emily. We chatted for a few minutes. She thought she recognized the phone number and asked where I worked; I told her. She told me where she worked, another high-tech company a few miles away.

I don't remember who suggested it, but we agreed to get together to talk at her office. I looked at the schedule on my wall and told her I could be there a little after four, and would need to leave shortly after five. No problem, she told me, that's when she needed to leave as well.

She gave me her extension and told me to give her a ring when I got to the lobby. Then I told her I'd be wearing a black leather jacket, white shirt, and a black tie with red chili peppers on it. "Really?" she squeaked over the phone. I laughed; she really did squeak. I told her it was a hard tie to miss. She started laughing and said she'd see me later that day. Was there something familiar about that laugh? I was looking forward to meeting her; I'd spent too long focused only on work. Jennifer was gone; it was long past time for me to move on.

Now for economics -- I work in the Silicon Valley; it's a great place to work. It's also a rotten place to live; housing prices are astronomical. So I live in what's called the "East Bay" and commute on the bus. It works out well; company employees get free bus passes. The bus stop is a couple of blocks from my house, and I get dropped off right in front of the office. The bus is comfortable; the seats recline, and it beats the hell out of driving at least an hour and a half twice a day in ugly traffic. It's also a great way to get out of late afternoon meetings. "Got to go, can't miss my bus!"

I took an earlier bus that afternoon and got off at Emily's place. Her company is also part of the commute program; they have a very nice bus stop right in front of their main building. I went in and gave her a call from the lobby; she laughed when I said hello and said she'd be right down.

A few minutes later as I was standing around in the lobby I heard her call my name. I turned around and realized why she'd squeaked when I told her what I was wearing, and why she'd been laughing. When I saw her I started laughing as well; we'd ridden that damn bus together most days of the week for the last two years. We hugged and we went to a small conference room off the lobby.

That Emily, the one from the bus; she's about my height, long black hair, good waist, and strong slender legs. Her Hindu heritage blessed her with clear dark almond skin, beautiful oval eyes, and a pair of firm, full breasts that make my mind go blank. She has a wonderful laugh, and the kind of laid-back personality required to survive the commute.

"I couldn't believe it was you," she said when we sat down, still laughing a bit.

I shook my head. We sat together sometimes; I wouldn't mind sitting next to her more often. Neither of us were real conversationalists on the bus, we tended to read or sleep. We swapped books and magazines all the time, even working out an informal trade; I brought along *The Economist* and she brought *New Scientist*. We chatted for a few minutes, then I looked at my watch.

"We could take the express bus and talk on the way, we'd be more likely to get seats."

She nodded. "I thought so too. My bag is ready to go."

"So, I need more details about the motor you want to run."

She lowered her head and blushed a little. I didn't know what to do with that. "Can you get me one to work with? I only need the motor, not the rest of whatever it is." Maybe that would be easier to handle.

She looked up at me with a funny smile, still showing some embarrassment. "I... I can get you one of the motors." Were her nipples sticking out a bit through her blouse?

I changed topics a bit. "Okay, that will be a big help. I still have hardware choices to make. Do you want any feedback that it's working? A light? Sound?"

She responded when I said, "feedback" with a look of shock or surprise, then smiled and said, "No sound, a small light would be okay."

We talked a little more. I let her know that I could either run the motor full off to full on, or possibly let it run at a slower pulsed rate, then kick it up to full, she should think about it. She told me she'd like a way to turn it off quickly; I let her know that wouldn't be a problem.

We took a break to visit the plumbing; she got her bag and we went out to the bus stop. Since it was an earlier bus than usual for us, we got seats easily; where I got on, I usually got a seat, sometimes Emily didn't. I told her I'd be sure and save her a seat from now on.

Once we started out, both of us reclined our seats. I was sitting next to the window, Emily to my right. I looked over to her and held out my right hand.

"Emily, I'm going to close my eyes. I want you to pretend I'm not here, and my hand is the button for your controller. I want you to go through how you'd normally use it, rates, durations, as best as you can figure. I need to know this to set the timing parameters. When you're through, squeeze my hand. Okay?"

She looked a little hesitant, then nodded. I smiled, leaned back, and closed my eyes.

After a bit I felt her hand on mine, it felt like her right hand reaching over. I moved my hand out a little, and she set it on a book in her lap. She started out tapping on the back of my hand slowly, evenly, about twice a second with her middle finger. Okay, I thought, this is easy, tenth of a second sampling will work. Then she started speeding up; tenth of a second is too long a sample interval. Then the "on" time started getting longer than the "off" time, until it was "on" for a little more than a second, and "off" briefly. Then it was "on" continuously for quite a while, a minute or so, then she squeezed my hand.

I pulled my hand back into my lap and thought. Okay, use about five hundredths of a second for the sample interval, and a set of sixteen bit counters. How long do we have to go before we declare "on" continuously? 12.8 seconds would be overflow from the lower 8 bits to the upper 8 bits, a convenient point.

I opened my eyes. Her eyes were closed; it looked like she was perspiring, and breathing a bit fast. "Emily?" I asked. She opened her eyes and smiled, again giving me a sort of blush.

I smiled back. “Like to talk design decisions a bit?”

She said, “Sure.”

We talked about timing; I gave her my initial ideas, letting her know we could alter things; this was just a first hack. She agreed that about ten to twelve seconds was a good point to go to continuous “on” for her mystery motor. We both understood the nature of software; you build the first version expecting to learn a great deal, and expecting to throw it away. When I asked if there was anything else, she surprised me. She lifted the armrest between the seats and said, “I’d like to hold your hand again.”

I held out my hand and she took it in hers gently. Then she leaned on my shoulder and closed her eyes. That seemed to be the thing to do; I did the same, and was soon asleep.

Luckily we watch out for each other on the bus. I woke up with the driver announcing a stop two from where I get off. Emily squeezed my hand; I looked at her and smiled, she had a very peaceful look on her face.

“Where do you get off?” I asked her; she was always on the bus when I got on in the morning.

“The stop after you,” she told me, with a chuckle in her voice and a little blush. What had I said that was so funny?

“Would you like to go out to dinner with me tomorrow?” I asked. “I promise not to talk about the project for you if you don’t want to.”

She laughed. “That would be nice. I’d like that.”

“Good,” I said, standing up and grabbing my bag. “I’ll see you tomorrow morning. Sweet dreams.”

She laughed and blushed again, putting a hand up over her face. I got off the bus wondering what the hell was going on, what was I missing?

I pretty much finished the code that night, testing it with my light emitting diode, and prototyping the motor driver. I sat at my workbench in the spare bedroom pushing the button for a while, then watched as it took over repeating the pattern. I could speed it up, slow it down, or turn it off; not bad.

The next morning when I got on the bus Emily had saved me a seat. “Good morning.” I said as she picked up her bag for me to sit down. She dug into hers and pulled out a little plastic bag with a small motor in it; she had a Band-Aid on her hand.

I took the offered bag and asked, “Cut yourself?”

She laughed and said, “Yes, but not bad, not being careful enough. I’ll stick to software.”

I took the motor out of the bag and looked at it. It was about the same diameter as my thumb, a little over an inch long. It looked like something had been pulled off one end of the shaft. I tried turning it with my fingers; it didn't want to budge. It was either very powerful or destroyed. I'd do an autopsy later.

We talked for a bit about dinner and the upcoming day. She'd made reservations for us for dinner at a fish place we went past on "our" side of the bay; that way we could take local busses home anytime we wanted.

We settled back into our usual morning routine, except that she once again lifted the armrest between the seats, took my hand, and leaned on my shoulder.

We snoozed again, waking when one of her cow-orkers called her name just before her stop. We both sighed and smiled; she touched my cheek with a hand as she got up.

I got a closer look at the motor later that day; it was trashed. I got it to turn, but the brushes were destroyed. But that wasn't what I was thinking about; she'd touched me and smiled. That felt so wonderful, and yet at the same time reminded me of how empty my life was.

I got on the usual bus home that afternoon, saving a seat for Emily. She was lucky; if I hadn't she wouldn't have gotten one. We settled in and I asked, "Read?" Are you going to read on the way home? She raised the armrest in reply, and reclined her seat. I did the same. As I was offering her my hand, she reached an arm around me and pulled me over on to her shoulder. How could I refuse an offer like that?

Our driver announced the restaurant name loudly over the intercom, waking us. Emily must have told him, as it wasn't the usual stop for either of us. We got off together thanking him, and our arms went around each other as we walked from the bus stop.

Dinner was good, but got off to a slow start. I didn't know what to say. We worked for competitors, so we both knew work discussions were no good. I told her I wouldn't talk about the gadget.

After a few minutes, though, she squeezed my hand and said, "Roger, what's the matter?"

I shook my head, closed my eyes, and quietly explained my dilemma. When I heard her laughing softly, I opened them again. I hadn't mentioned that watching her breasts was not doing well for my concentration.

She told me she understood. She was mildly surprised I didn't have a steady girlfriend.

I smiled and told her I was between girlfriends; I'd learned that no matter how well you think a relationship is going, if one person says it isn't going well, they're right. I still wasn't sure what had happened; well, she was sure she'd found someone better.

We waxed a bit philosophical after that. She visited the ladies' room, and when she returned to the table her blouse was unbuttoned substantially, and I could tell her nipples had

perked up. I took a deep breath when I noticed that, then looked in her eyes. She gave me a very intense look and a smile; no accident there.

We more or less split the check. We walked back to the bus stop arm in arm. She'd put on perfume and it was driving me crazy. When we got to the bus stop, we stood there looking at each other.

"Well?" she asked me.

I sighed. "Emily, I'd like to kiss you and squeeze you and..."

I was interrupted by her closing her eyes and pulling me to her. I put my arms around her and we kissed. I held her gently, arms around her shoulders. Too gently it seemed; she turned me around so my back was to the side of the bus stop and pressed into me from hips to shoulders. I felt her waist as we kissed, moving my hands up her back. I could feel her nipples burning into me. She moved one of my hands to her front; I gently squeezed a breast and she moaned as we kissed.

We broke for air a little before the bus arrived. We stood there looking in each other's eyes with the bus waiting there until the driver yelled out, "Next bus is in twenty minutes. You getting on?" She pulled me to the bus; we grabbed our bags and got on.

We didn't get seats, so we stood there in the aisle holding on to each other, then kissing. I didn't know what to do as we got to my stop. Should I ask her to come with me? My indecision let her make the choice. She squeezed my hand and said, "Here's your stop. I'll see you in the morning." With that we got in one more deep kiss, and I got off the bus.

I sighed as I stood there watching the bus pull away. Then my legs went on automatic pilot and took me back to the house. Nothing but junk and bills in the mail; it looked like I had two choices for the evening. I could take matters into my own hands, or I could go for sublimation and work on the gadget. I wanted to take another whack at that motor, and I thought I had something similar in a junk box in the garage.

It only took me a few minutes to find a similar motor in a box in the garage. I took a look at the one she'd given me under a magnifier; the brushes were shot, really worn out. I hooked up my junk box motor to the prototype and tried it. I put the motor between the soldering iron and a large transformer to keep it from hopping all over the bench as it pulsed on and off. I had to add a little more snubbing on the motor and the mosfet switch, but it worked like a charm. I put the switch/LED combination on the end of three feet of wire, and the motor on a longer piece of wire. The remaining circuitry was on a small piece of copper circuit board about an inch on a side. I fooled with the code for too long, finally flicking it in for the night. I have to get up early for the bus.

I was brushing my teeth when I thought of that motor hopping around. Could that be it? I looked at myself in the mirror. That could be it; the timing was right. Oh well, we'll find out soon. I rinsed my mouth and went to bed.

When I got on the bus the next morning I didn't see her at first, then I noticed her farther in the back. I sat next to her; she'd already pulled the armrest up. "Hi. Thanks so much for last night. I..." I spoke as I put my bag down on the floor. When I sat up again she flung her arms around me and pulled me to her. I didn't need encouragement. We kissed and our hands roamed all over each other, touching, squeezing, feeling, digging in with fingernails. At one of the stops we heard a gal walk by and say, "Oh wow. Nerds in lust!" We laughed at that and came up for air. We'd seen and heard some pretty torrid stuff on the bus. I never thought I'd be part of the show.

As we got close to her office I had a hand inside her blouse, feeling her through her bra. She had a hand inside my shirt as well. She made a mad dash at rearranging herself, kissed me once more, and scrambled off the bus leaving me panting. Damn, I didn't tell her about the motor.

A few minutes later I got off at my place. One of my coworkers on the bus, a gal in marketing, complimented me on the show we'd put on. I smiled and thanked her; I hoped we'd do it more often. As we walked up to the building though I could feel a very bad case of blue balls -- I hurt.

I gave Emily a call about half an hour later.

"I don't think I've ever enjoyed a bus ride as much as this morning," I told her.

She laughed, eventually saying, "I enjoyed it as well. And dinner last night."

We chatted for a couple of minutes, then I told her.

"I've got good news and bad news."

"Oh?"

"The good news is that I've got what I think is an operating prototype. The bad news is that the motor you gave me yesterday was dead."

"Hmmm... I'll think about that." She sighed for a bit, then laughed again. "We'll talk this afternoon. Save me a seat in the back."

"I'll save you a seat. I'm looking forward to seeing you again, holding you."

That got a sigh. "So am I. I'll see you this evening. Think about me. Bye."

"Bye." I hung up the phone. Think about her? How could I not think about her? What if my guess was right? She seemed to be interested in me, I wanted her very much, yet was worried about chasing her off. I needed her very much. I thought Jennifer and I had been so happy, things had been going so well. I'd been wrong; it hurt then and it hurt now. I know she was just out of college; she told me, "People grow, they change." I know that; I thought we could grow together, change together. Had I just been a convenient transition out of school, as Susan said? Sigh. Introspection can be painful. But waking up alone in the morning is even

more painful. For the last few months, how many months had it been since she moved out? I'd thrown myself into my work, into side projects, working out. My boss was happy, the people I built gadgets for were happy, so why wasn't I?

That was a very long day, and a very slow bus getting to her office. I smiled when I saw her; she had a big grin on her face. I was sitting next to the window.

"Scoot over so I can have the window," she said. I scooted over and started to stand up.

"No, I'll slide over," she told me. Then she sat on my lap and gave me a slow sensuous wiggle before sliding over to the seat, just as I was about to grab her breasts from behind.

I probably looked dazed; she asked, "Did you have a long day?"

I told her I did; it had gone very slow. I'd also stayed up too late working on the gadget.

She said, "Then you can rest on the way home." She pulled my arm and put a hand around my neck, pulling me into her lap, resting my head on her soft full bosom. I sighed; make that a soft but firm and perfumed bosom; she smelled delicious. I could smell her perfume, feel her warmth, hear the beat of her heart. My mind spun for a while and then I surprised myself; I went to sleep.

She woke me with a squeeze. I took another deep breath of her perfume and kissed her through her blouse, then sat up. "Thank you. I miss naps."

She chuckled. "We should do that more often, it was nice."

"No, it was incredible. See you in the morning?"

She gave me a smile and put a hand on my leg. "I thought I could bring over another motor tonight, say around eight? Would that work?"

My mind almost stripped its mental gears as I went from delirium to shock. The place was pretty clean, I should take care of the kitchen. I'm pretty neat and tidy all in all. Should I give the bathroom a quick going over?

"That would be great. Bring the motor, whatever you need. It shouldn't take long."

She leaned back and with a raised eyebrow said, "I was thinking of bringing my pillow..."

I didn't know what to say. She started laughing and reached up and closed my mouth.

"This is your stop. I'll see you at eight."

I got off the bus. Gee, last night when I stood here I was dazed. Tonight standing here I'm dazed. Oof, I've got some work to do. Pillow? It doesn't matter if I was right or not, I guess.

I headed home and had a quick bite to eat, then did a whirlwind job on the bathroom and the kitchen. I was almost thanking my parents for harping at me all those years and turning me into a neat freak. I live in a little three bedroom house. One of the bedrooms is a real bedroom, one is an office - workshop for electronics and computer stuff, and the third is the library - guest room with a futon. I'd just finished a dusting pass when the doorbell rang.

I answered the door; I guess I was out of breath, because as soon as she saw me she started laughing. She was carrying her work bag, a small suitcase, and a pillow. I stepped to the side and invited her in.

"Been busy?" she said as she put down her things and gave me a kiss.

I was going to answer but got distracted. We kissed and hugged. She handed me an old copy of The Economist; that's how she had my address. "Give me the tour?"

I gave her the tour of the house. She remarked how tidy things were; I told her it was the result of many years of beatings; I kept the place pretty well picked up. She sat down on the futon in the library and leaned back, as if she was trying it out for size. She looked delicious. How was this going to unfold? What should I do?

We ended up in the office. I pointed to the prototype, sitting on a piece of circuit board in a small vise on the bench, the batteries, switch, and motor hanging off on wires. "Well, there it is. Where's your motor?"

She looked around the room a bit. "Can we move this into the other room by the futon?" She picked up the switch and pushed it a few times, watching the motor go on and off at the same rate. Did I see her nostrils flare? The way she looked at that motor, I had to be right.

"Sure," I told her, "I can move it in there."

She hit the switch quickly and the motor turned off. She gave me a very intense look and said, "Good; why don't you move it in next to the futon and get whatever you'll need to connect up the motor; it already has a wire going to it. I'm going to the bathroom and then I'll join you."

She stepped out and I moved the gadget to the little table next to the futon. I got my wire cutters, and the soldering iron as well. I was thinking what other tools I'd need when she came into the room carrying a small paper bag.

"Do these lights dim, or do you have any candles? These are pretty bright."

I hit the switch, dimming the lights down. "How's that? I may have to put them up again to connect the motor."

She smiled and sat on the futon. Her shoes and socks were off; her blouse half unbuttoned. She reached in the bag and pulled out a little plastic battery holder with a switch on the side, a wire going to the other end still in the bag.

“Here. You can cut this off and hook it up. Leave the other end in the bag for now.”

Okay, I looked at the wire; two conductors, should be safe. I clipped off the battery box, stripped the wire ends, cut off my old motor, and spliced the wires together. I looked up at her, waiting for her to make the next move.

“Can you get me a small towel?” she asked. “And dim down the light a bit more?”

“Of course. Be right back.” An encouraging sign; I dimmed the light some more then went to the bathroom and grabbed a towel off the bar.

When I walked back into the room I was stunned. I knew what was going to happen, but I didn’t know what she was going to do. She’d taken off her blouse and her pants, and was taking off her bra. She smiled to me and pointed to a spot on the floor next to her. “Have a seat. I want to show you what you’ve made.”

I sat down on the floor and handed her the towel. Her nipples looked magnificent. She got up a little and put the towel underneath her, then slipped off her panties. She looked me in the eye as she pulled the wire out of the paper bag. At the other end of the wire was an egg shaped thing, maybe two inches long and an inch or so in diameter. She relaxed back on the futon, still looking me in the eye, and put the egg in her mouth for a moment. She seemed to roll it around, turning it, then she took it out and with her legs together slowly slid it down her thatch, using her other hand to spread her lips gently and position it.

Both of us were breathing heavily. I had the erection of my life, and her nipples were crinkled and pert. I thought I could smell her scent as well as her perfume.

She picked up the switch, leaned back, and tapped the button a few times. “Ooh!” she moaned, moving her hips and hitting the button. After a few seconds she let the switch dangle in her hand. In the dim light of the room I could see the LED blinking on and off as she writhed on the futon. I remembered to breathe again. She hit the button again, changing the rhythm, speeding it up. After a few seconds more she changed it again, this time more on than off. I got up and moved to her, touching a breast gently.

Her eyes sprang open, wide with a glazed animal look as she hooked her other hand around my neck and pulled my head to her breast. I latched on to her nipple and put my hands around her waist as she moaned more, arching her back, holding me to her.

After not too much longer I felt her stiffen and a low, long cry started coming out of her. I held her to me, feeling her warmth, tasting her, hearing her pleasure; she squeezed me and pulled my hair, then went limp on the futon and in my arms. I sucked contentedly for a while, then moved to kiss her other breast, then rested my head on her, feeling the warmth of her chest and hearing her heart beating rapidly.

It took a while for her breathing to settle. She moved a bit and I sat up, putting a hand on her knee and moving it slowly up her thigh. I wanted her, especially after that show.

She smiled. “It works. That was great.”

I shook my head. She laughed then growled, “Strip!”

I started peeling off my clothes. She stood up slowly, letting the switch and the vibrator fall to the futon, then pulled the futon out full length. When I was naked she pointed to it and said, “On your back.”

I moved over to the futon and lay on my back. She reached into the paper bag again and pulled out a little foil package, opening it and taking out a condom. She moved next to me on the futon and with one hand caressing my balls, put the condom on me with the other. “Sit up,” she told me, “Please.”

I sat up on the futon, and she sat in front of me, then moved into my lap, taking me into her. I crossed my legs and she rested on me, wiggling into place. I moaned and my eyes closed, I leaned back, my arms behind me propping me up.

Then I felt something else and opened them again; she was sliding the vibrator back, now positioned between the base of my cock and her nether lips and clit.

“Sit up and kiss me, please,” she said softly.

I sat up and put my arms around her, feeling her breasts against me, and we kissed. She moved her hips slowly side to side. I leaned my head down a bit and suckled her again; she’d put perfume on her breasts, something I love.

After a while she pulled my head up again. “Are you ready?” she asked.

I was about to say something when she closed her eyes and tilted her head to the side; I closed mine and we kissed. As I slid my arms around her waist to hold her I felt the vibrator start; that pulse of pleasure when it first turned on was incredible. It seemed there was another pulse when it turned off. She played with the timing for a bit; we were both moaning, she was rocking on top of me.

I couldn’t hear the vibrator, but I felt it throughout my body as it pulsed on and off. I felt her weight on top of me, her warmth. I could feel the warmth of her breasts against my chest, feel her breasts moving as we breathed, feel and hear the warmth of her breath on my cheek, hear our moans. I had one hand at the base of her spine holding her to me, the other up near her neck, feeling her skin and covered by her long hair. Every caress of her hair as she moved, every pulse from the vibrator held between us sent another shock of pleasure through me.

I pulled my mouth away from hers and panted in her ear, “I can’t take much more.”

In response she stuck her tongue in my ear and the vibrator stayed on as she rocked against me more. I slipped back and she leaned forward. I couldn’t hold myself up anymore, I started coming inside her as I heard that low wail start in her again.

I collapsed on my back; she rode me, moaning as I pulsed into her. Finally she pulled the vibrator out of the way and leaned down on top of me, kissing once again.

She slid off me and gave me a nipple for a while. I took a deep breath and moaned as I sucked on her.

“I hoped you liked tits,” she said as she held my head to her.

I flopped a hand up on her waist; she pulled back a little.

I looked at her. She had a wonderful satiated smile. I felt dazed and undoubtedly looked it.

“Thank you for a great gadget,” she said.

“You’re welcome. Thanks for trying it out. I think I could get better with practice.”

She laughed and shook her head, her long hair coming down around her face and into mine. My eyes closed and the world spun a bit more.

“There’s just one problem with it,” she said.

I forced my eyes open as she moved her hair out of my face. “I can put it into a small enclosure, that’s no problem.”

She shook her head gently side to side, then moved back up giving me a nipple. “No, that’s not it. Why should I use that when I’ve got its inventor?” I held on and we rolled on our sides on the futon. A good question indeed. I left one nipple and let my head rest on her chest. “Of course this is only a prototype, we’ll need a lot more testing.” She laughed and squeezed me. I closed my eyes to her warmth and softness, to the feeling and sound of her heart.

We got up after a bit, both on wobbly legs. I laughed as I thought over the last few days, thinking about that motor with the worn out brushes, imagining the hours of ecstasy it took to get that way. I went to the bathroom and posted my French letter. When I got back to the room she was folding up the futon, on her knees on the floor, leaning over it. What a marvelous bottom she has; firm and soft at the same time, such an incredible cushion for making love. I got down behind her and pressed in. She moaned and wiggled appreciatively, getting my interest up again dramatically.

“Ready for another test already?” she asked, wiggling into me.

I put my hands on her shoulders and pulled a bit. “The price of progress.”

She laughed and tossed me another condom. I put it on and she grabbed a pillow and the towel, putting them underneath her. I saw the vibrator snake down again and she leaned forward a bit, spreading her legs.

What a beautiful sight; I felt her gently with one hand, sending shivers down us both, then guided myself in. I slid against her, in heaven again, the sight of her on the futon before me, her breasts squashed out a little on her sides. I felt the warmth between her legs and the smooth

cushion of her ass. I thought I smelled her aroma mixed with her perfume and inhaled sharply as I slid my hands up from her bottom to her shoulders, feeling that soft black mane. I felt the vibrator start up its pulsing again. It felt more distant this time; sitting against the base of my cock had been intense.

“Mmmm... That’s nice,” I said. “Let me know when you’re close to the edge; I think I can last a while like this.”

She moaned and wiggled underneath me. I leaned on her, feeling her back and squeezing her shoulders, feeling her sensuous ass supporting me. She changed the rhythm and I started sliding in and out of her trying to match it. After a bit we got synchronized, then she started calling out, “Faster... Deeper...” I moved with her as best I could; I felt the vibrator go on continuously and I pressed into her as she started her moan. I pressed and wiggled, I was very close as well. Then as we moved it felt like the vibrator touched my left nut; the shock set me off and I froze, pushing and pulsing into her, then collapsing on top, covering my face with her long hair.

It took us longer to recover. We pulled apart and lay in each other’s arms, half on the futon, half off. I heard the mantle clock in the other room strike ten. We both started moving.

“We should get to bed if we want to make the bus,” I told her. “Or, we could just say we’re telecommuting tomorrow. It’s Friday.”

She kissed my chest and said, “No, I’ve got meetings. But it’s a wonderful idea.”

We kissed again standing up on our knees, then cleaned up and went to bed. We agreed on setting the alarm earlier to give us time to shower and get ready in the morning.

The alarm went off and I whacked it. I started to get up when she pushed me on to my back and flipped the covers down. I started to say something, then felt her hands on my cock. I lay back and enjoyed it. She pulled my T-shirt off and knelt between my legs.

After I got hard between her hands she moved and I felt her breasts on me, soft, then hard, then soft again. I started moaning and moving on the bed. I must have said something, because she said, “I’m not going to stop, enjoy it.” Then I felt a hand on my balls, and her soft hair between her breasts. It was too much for me; I gave another moan and came, feeling the warmth spread on my belly.

“Oh God, that was incredible,” I panted.

She laughed and said, “I’ve wanted to do that to someone for a long time.”

“Any time you want...” I laughed.

We wobbled to the bathroom and showered together. I knelt between her legs and started kissing her. She moaned and held me to her for a moment, then said, “Stop... We’ll miss the bus. We’ve got all weekend.”

We managed to get to the bus on time. When we got on, together, a bunch of the regulars whistled and applauded. I felt myself blushing. Emily just smiled. We sat down and collapsed in each other's arms.

I was still half asleep when she kissed me and got off at her stop. "See you tonight," she told me. I gave her a squeeze and a sigh.

I got off at the salt mines and walked in. The same gal that talked to me a few days earlier walked along side and said, "Pretty subdued this morning -- have a long night?" I looked at her and smiled; I didn't know what to say. She laughed and clapped me on the back. "Good for you! Good for you both!"

We necked nonstop on the bus going home. She went to her place to get some more things while I started dinner. She learned that night that just because I'm neat doesn't mean I can cook; she told me she'd do the cooking when we were together.

We worked on the gadget. We toyed with proportional control, switching the motor between a low speed and a higher speed. This was pretty wild work; We'd code a bit on my laptop, then download into the PIC, and she'd lean back on the futon and try it. We'd get to the point where one or both of us was too delirious and we'd make love again. We finally settled on a low thrumming and full speed. Of course by then I don't think she could focus or walk, but then again she didn't care.

Saturday afternoon she was laying on the futon, blissed out, the vibrator thrumming between her legs, pulsing gently. She'd been like that for a few minutes. I couldn't take it anymore. I spread her legs gently; she whimpered a bit, but I put a hand on the vibrator and held it in place. She moaned and relaxed. I knelt down closer to her and slipped it inside her to a gasp, then put my lips in its place. I could feel the heat; her scent was delicious as her curly thatch tickled my nose and the warmth of her thighs squeezed my head. She had one hand on my head and one on the switch. I followed her timing as best as I could; she'd have us moving in synch, then in a contra rhythm. She whimpered a little and I tugged a little on the wire, pulling it taut. Her thighs sprang tighter around my head and she started moaning and moving in earnest, going limp half an eternity later. I pulled the vibrator out of her with a soft pop. On impulse I put it to my lips and tasted it. It was warm and delicious.

That's how the weekend went until late Sunday; she needed to go home to get ready for work. We agreed it had been the most intense development work we'd ever done. And, the most satisfying.

The next two weeks had us sleeping over at one place or the other most nights. She had a small apartment; I convinced her to bring her laundry over and use my washer and dryer rather than feed money into the machines in her building. We squabbled about minor things, learning to live with each other. I quit cooking save for breakfast on the weekends. I also learned that she could eat much spicier food than I could, getting cleaned out by her family Vindaloo recipe. I stayed home the next day, "telecommuting" between my little office and the bathroom.

We refined the gadget, packaging it up to make it portable. Sometimes we used it when making love, sometimes we didn't. She got her period and spent a few evenings with me

massaging her feet while she lay back on the futon, blissed out to the thrumming between her legs. She also gave me the most incredible blowjob I've ever had, combining her lips, her breasts, and her hair, and told me that when her period was over, we were getting rid of the condoms, she was back on the pill.

We love doing things together; I've really enjoyed going out again, doing museums, parks, dining out. She lets me be in charge, lets me think I'm in control. But I know all she has to do is get a nipple in my mouth, wiggle her wonderful bottom up against me, or wave her soft perfumed hair across my face, and I'm helpless. She loves to get me on my back, riding me with or without our battery-powered friend. The only thing I can do is hold on.

And I know when she's helpless as well. She'll start out on the futon with the vibrator between her legs, and after her head drops back, I'll move up and slide a finger deep into her, hooking back to get that magic spot while I move the vibrator around with my other hand. I know she wants me inside her; I want her as well, and once she's at the edge I'll take my finger out and enter her, taking her the rest of the way. Or, I'll slide the vibrator into her and go down on her, feeling her wonderful thighs holding my head and muffling her cries.

*

Another morning on the bus; I got on at my usual stop. Emily was in the back, saving me a seat. I sat down next to her and gave her a kiss. "So when are you going to move in with me?" I asked her once again, almost a ritual greeting.

She smiled and said, "How about next weekend?"

I gave her a big hug. "Oh, thank you." I hugged her and let my hands roam over her body. My left hand came up with a wire sticking out of her clothing. I leaned back and looked at it; a suspicious wire going to a little switch with a light emitting diode. I looked at her and chuckled.

"You said you might not be going in today," she told me smugly. "I didn't want to be bored on the bus."

I handed her the switch. We leaned our seats back. She took a slow breath and tapped the switch gently. I couldn't hear it over the noise of the bus, but I could see her eyes half close and a little shudder go through her. She let her eyes close; I looked down at her hand. She was gently holding the switch, not touching it. I could see the LED blinking on and off. She hit the switch a couple of times setting a new rhythm. I gently squeezed a breast, eliciting a moan and another shudder. As I leaned over to kiss her, I put my hand on her mound and pressed gently, feeling the pulsing vibration. I thought of how rewarding design work was when you have a satisfied customer.

FIN

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