

PREPUBLICATION NOTES:

The Chill Pill Chapter Four

That bar fast became my regular hangout. A fair amount of variety, and once I had an in with the staff, I figured, why not just make good use of it? The bartendress, Rachael, was a one-of-a-kind cock-sucker, and was plenty hot too. After I got her to dose the owner, getting Lindsey and Kristi on staff was a cinch. Rosie got a second job there after work. And if I drank on the clock, drugged and fucked their customers at my whim, and never did a lick of work... well, my boss never seemed to mind.

Sure enough, I'd never loved a job more. It's not hyperbole to say that for a while, I literally got hard every time I walked in the door. I brought Rachael home with us on the regular, and had her give lessons to the other girls on how to give head. She was only too happy to do it, and remained adorably impressed by the hot girls I picked up to bring home with us.

("How the heck do you do it Sean?")

"Shut up and blow me, Rach.")

The only downside was that keeping the entire clientele dosed was time-consuming, and my meager chemistry set at home simply couldn't keep up with production needs. What's an aspiring evil genius to do? So I did the obvious thing. I went back to R&D to find more efficient means of production, and more potent means of distribution.

After about four months of loving labor, I had finally made two significant break-throughs. The first was a liquid version of the pill. Much as I'd become enamored with my little chill pill, feeding them to people, or having to wait for them to dissolve in fluids, was a liability. I'd already had a couple people find a tiny bit of pill undissolved in their drinks and pitch a fit; paranoia had fast become a way of life when it came to dissemination.

The fluid version had a few advantages. First, and most obviously, it didn't need to dissolve. No more pills, no more sneaking them into drinks and dealing with angry women whining about why it was taking me so long to bring them their drinks.

(One customer had threatened to have me fired for standing around at the bar instead of serving her the cosmo she'd ordered. Little did she realize I was fingering Rachael behind the bar, and she'd interrupted us pre-orgasm. Once her pill kicked in, I'd fucked her up the ass and sent her home naked. She belatedly apologized, so I didn't get her a tattoo like I'd considered.)

The second advantage to the fluid form was that it was significantly more potent. It dispersed more quickly into the bloodstream, and didn't need some of the calcifying agents that just diluted the potency. In layman's terms, only a couple milliliters was enough to make them ready to respond to the catalyst.

With my new medicine in hand, all I had to do was get my hands on a more sophisticated delivery mechanism than the simple rig I'd set up at the bar, which was basically just an IV for a drink gun. The new system was electronic, precise, sleek and efficient. I maxed out one of my credit cards – what I'd once thought of as my dad's credit card, but ever since I evicted him from the house his stuff really felt more like my stuff – just buying the few I needed for the bar.

Of course, none of this did anything for my production problems. As luck would have it, however, Rachael solved that one for me while I was refilling the distributor on one of the bar's taps.

“God, I think your dick is the most delicious thing in the entire bar,” she said before sucking it into her mouth.

(That wasn't part of the solution, but I just loved it when she talked like that. I'd met with the boss, and now her flattering me and kissing my ass was part of her job description. And Rachael was a damn hard worker.)

I patted her on the head and tried not to let her blowjob make me drop the serum canister as I was replacing the now-tapped one from last night.

“Duhn yuh juh ruhpluh thuh luh nuh?” Rachael asked as she commenced a series of deliciously slow up-and-down strokes of the mouth.

“Yeah, I replaced it last night, but then that trio of girls celebrating their friend's promotion showed up with hollow legs and sucked the whole thing down.”

“Deh jeh eveh reh houd?” she asked after a moment, licking up and down my shaft.

“I don't really run out, but sometimes I have to take a night or two off to let my supply catch up with demand.”

“Iunghhayazavahmuhhuhgabuh?” she posited

<I>If you liked what you read and want to help me produce more of it faster or just toss me a tip, please visit my patreon page (<http://patreon.com/icebear>) and become a patron. I love to hear from readers, so also feel free to email me (svalbarding@gmail.com).</I>