



# Chapter VI

## Part I

By Rook Errant

“Okay, you got this.” Lindsey whispered under her breath, taking a moment to collect her thoughts. The freckled futa was standing outside the unmarked entrance to her special clinic, waiting to be buzzed in. There was no sign, no address, just a mirrored glass door tucked inconspicuously between a dentist’s office and a private law practice, in a boring business park full of unremarkable buildings. The clinic wasn’t listed in the directory, but Lindsey knew exactly which door to use. She’d been coming here since she was 18.

There was no buzzer, and she didn’t have to knock. The glass door looked like a mirror from the outside, but anyone on the inside could see through it like a window. Sometimes visiting this special clinic made Lindsey feel like a secret agent... but just as often made her feel like a criminal about to be interrogated. This place had a lot of those one-way mirrors inside too, it was kind of a theme with their decor.

*They're gonna know something's different... how can I keep this from getting out of control?* Lindsey's thoughts were racing.

To put it mildly, Lindsey was *concerned* about the new levels of strength she'd reached since her last visit to the clinic six months ago. The lab technicians always tested her strength and recorded the heaviest lifts she could manage, but feats like twisting her barbell into a pretzel were sure to surprise the scientists, damage their equipment, and most troubling of all – were guaranteed to require further testing. More measurements, more data, more visits to the clinic that made her feel like a lab rat.

The buzzer startled Lindsey, making her flinch as the door's deadbolt unlocked with a heavy *thunk*. She hadn't decided how to play her hand yet, but she took a deep breath and stepped across the threshold anyway.

Before her eyes could adjust to the indoor lighting, she was greeted by a friendly woman's voice, one she recognized well.

"Lindsey! So good to see you again honey, how's life?"

Janet the receptionist was one of the better parts of Lindsey's visits to the clinic – as the first person to welcome the nervous futa when she arrived, and the last to shoo her out the door when the testing was done so she could get back to her life.

"Hey Jan, I'm good thanks... Better, actually!" Lindsey was fond of the matronly blonde receptionist, and she tried to give her the warmest greeting she could muster up. Janet felt like an aunt, or the

kind of family friend you'd only see twice a year. There was a motherly quality to Janet's voice, but she also flirted often enough to make Lindsey blush, which didn't make it any easier to gossip about anything juicy.

"Better? Hot damn!" Jan leaned forward across her desk, treating Lindsey to an eyeful of cleavage. "Does that mean my little stallion finally found a special lady to treat her right?" Jan winked conspiratorially. "I won't tell, I'm just happy you're happy."

*How did she—* Lindsey was speechless. Janet's guess was unnerving in its accuracy.

"How about your training, still packing on muscle like it's going out of style?" Janet started typing something on her keyboard as she continued to make small talk. "You look a little fuller. Your team's gonna be happy if you're as lean as last time and this much bigger!"

Lindsey shrugged. "Yea, still training, don't see that ever stopping, I just get stir crazy if I'm not getting enough exercise."

"Oh I'll bet you do hun." Janet flashed her a devilish grin. "How about your third leg, still growing like a beanstalk? I'm not supposed to tell you this but, your team has a pool going... on some of your stats, ya know?"

Lindsey turned bright red. *No, you shouldn't have told me that!* She mentally counted up all the one-way mirrors in the clinic. There was one in each room, even out here in the reception area. She gave the mirror a sheepish smile.

“Yea. Still growing.” The blushing futa knew she couldn’t keep her extra inches a secret, no point in beating around the bush there, but she was still worried her dramatically increased strength would get her into some kind of trouble, or at least make them demand more of her time.

“Lovely, they’ll be so pleased.” Janet finished whatever she had been typing and looked up at Lindsey. “With all the new data they’ll collect today I mean, lots to consider I’m sure.”

“Well that was the deal.” Lindsey sighed.

“Deal? What do you mean honey?” Janet seemed confused. Then Lindsey remembered that the facility staff weren’t supposed to know about the circumstances of her living arrangements – that her anonymous benefactor supported her living expenses as long as she reported to the clinic every six months for testing, and followed the strict rules of non-disclosure of her “condition”. As far as the staff here knew, she was just a volunteer. A willing participant donating her time to science. She’d never mentioned her stipend to the staff, or discussed the terms of her agreement, because that had been part of the deal. All the secrecy made Lindsey feel like she was breaking some law, but she’d gotten used to “selective honesty” as a life strategy.

“Oh, nothing, just that... the team told me I was probably going to keep on growing for a while.” Lindsey put on a cheerful face. “I’m game for whatever tests you’ve got, happy to give it my best shot! Or, uhh... shots.” She glanced nervously at the mirror again, hoping she wasn’t causing any nosebleeds back there.

“Such a ray of sunshine you are dear.” Janet’s eyes wandered up and down Lindsey’s statuesque physique. She was wearing a tight short sleeved tee shirt stretched over her upper body, with baggy cargo pants concealing her lower half. On test days Lindsey didn’t feel quite as modest, knowing she’d be bearing it all for the peanut gallery, but she still had her boundaries.

Lindsey didn’t like not knowing who was behind the glass, despite the reassurances that it was always the same team of trained professionals that had been monitoring her for the past 5 years. *Trained* professionals... Lindsey found it hard to believe there was a training manual to prepare someone for *her*.

“Alright, they’re ready for you hot stuff, try not to melt anything this time.” Janet quipped with a wink. The receptionist had a history of sending Lindsey on her way with an overly saucy remark, like she knew she could get away with it as long as she got the last word. “Noori is waiting for you in Room 1, she’s very excited to see you!!” Janet went back to her typing, but the sly smile on her face lingered.

The first door down the hallway from Janet’s reception area was open. Lindsey dropped her forced smile and headed into the room without another word. The sign read **Suite 1: Weights & Measures**.

*Let’s get this over with.*

Lindsey found Dr. Noori Patel hiding behind her clipboard in the measuring room, trying not to let Lindsey see she was grinning from ear to ear. The cute, 20-something Indian doctor couldn’t hide her excitement, she was bouncing on her toes as Lindsey entered the room.

“Miss Belmont, thank you for being on time! As you can imagine we are all quite eager to see how you are progressing at this critical stage of your development.” Noori’s dark complexion was flushed. “If you’ll step over here Miss, I will get started with taking some measurements.”

Lindsey closed the door behind her. Noori was stretching on a pair of latex gloves with a little too much eagerness for her liking. This was only Lindsey’s second time seeing Noori at the clinic. On the last visit, Noori had taken the initial round of measurements and then disappeared for the more *intimate* parts of the testing process. Lindsey wondered how long the cute doctor would stick around this time. Their first encounter seemed to have made quite an impression on the young woman.

“Shoes off please, let’s start with your height.” Noori stepped over to the measuring device on the wall and waited for Lindsey to join her. “Six foot six! And two hundred ninety-three pounds. That’s three inches and thirty pounds in six months. At 23 this is quite remarkable, that you are still experiencing such a growth spurt! A Body Mass Index of 33.9, it must be influenced by your high muscle density. Clearly a result of your most unusual puberty– well this is only my guess– not something I have ever seen before!”

The five-foot doctor looked up at Lindsey as she stepped in close to wrap a measuring tape behind the tall redhead’s wide back. Lindsey couldn’t remember the order the measurements were usually taken, but it felt like Noori had jumped straight to measuring her chest, ahead of her soft penis length and girth. Usually they measured that early so they could get a flaccid length recorded, before the rest

of the process started making her hard.

“I’m sorry Miss Belmont but I’m required to ask– have you changed your bra size since your last visit?” Noori was clearly savoring getting to ask the statuesque redhead, especially while standing nose-to-nipple.

“Yes.” Lindsey replied timidly. “One size.”

Noori nodded eagerly and wrote down her measurements. “Fourty-six triple D. Waist next, raise your arms for me please.”

Lindsey swallowed nervously as she inhaled the young doctor’s perfume. It was earthy and fruity, and reminded her of Becca.

“Now your hips, Miss...” Noori seemed to be just as affected by her proximity to Lindsey’s package. The young woman’s hands trembled slightly as she wrapped the measuring tape around Lindsey’s hips, taking special care to tighten it across the front of the futa’s bulging pants. Despite the baggieness of her cargo pants, and the usual thigh straps holding her package in place underneath, Lindsey was still presenting a noticeable bulge.

The freckled futa felt her cock twitch involuntarily as Noori tightened the measuring tape, giving it a gentle squeeze to ensure the baggy clothing wasn’t skewing her results. The swelling throb was subtle, but Noori had a front-row view. Her eyes widened as she saw the measuring tape loosen by a few inches, stretched by Lindsey’s growing bulge.

“Oh my. Please excuse my forwardness, but...” Noori stood up and

took a step back, tearing her gaze away from Lindsey's tightening pants and meeting her eyes in a show of professional restraint. "I forget that you've had to disrupt your usual... routine. You must be in some discomfort. Perhaps you should visit the collection room first, and then we can resume the measurements, if that would be more comfortable for you Miss Belmont?"

"Actually, yea. That sounds like a pretty good idea." Lindsey was in no mood to delay her release another minute. She was proud of herself for making it the requisite 24 hours without exploding, but it hadn't been easy, especially after her shopping date with Becca yesterday. Last night she'd resorted to binge-watching Ken Burns historical documentaries to keep her mind from straying to sexy thoughts. It had worked well enough, but her dreams had gotten pretty weird.

Noori swiped her key card on a wall console to open the door to the collection suite; a 20' x 20' square white room, equipped with a tile floor like a shower. The floor had a gentle slope leading towards several drains placed strategically throughout the room. It was clear this place had been designed with Lindsey's unique requirements in mind.

**Suite 2: Sample Collection** was filled with glass and stainless steel machinery, large tanks joined by a tangle of plastic pipes and tubing. It all looked pristine, like a brand new science lab, and entering the room made Lindsey feel like a bull walking into a china shop.

Noori lingered in the doorway, unable to join Lindsey inside the room. The clinic maintained a strict privacy policy for the "intimate" stages of testing. Of course, Lindsey was still under close observation,

thanks to the large mirrored one-way glass that covered one wall of the collection room, and of course there were all the cameras capturing every detail at a high frame rate for slow-motion playback. A visit to the clinic usually only lasted about an hour, but the team of scientists would spend the next 6 months “reviewing” the data they collected today.

“I trust you remember how everything works, if you need any help just use the intercom button over here.” Noori was still lingering in the doorway, clearly disappointed she couldn’t stay for this part. “Use whatever equipment you like, it’s all ready to go. Come back in when you’re ready.” Noori began to close the door, giving her sad puppy dog eyes.

Lindsey’s mouth opened and she heard a voice that sounded very much like her own saying “You can leave the door open... if you want, I don’t mind.”

Noori stared at Lindsey like a deer caught in headlights. It took a second for Lindsey to realize that had been *her* voice. *She* had said that!

Lindsey spun around in a flush of embarrassment, turning her back to Noori as a wave of delayed self-consciousness crashed down on her. *What are you thinking? ARE you thinking?!* It didn’t feel like something the shy futa would normally say, but after 24 hours of keeping her cock on a short leash, Lindsey’s dick was starting to make wild grabs for the microphone like a drunk bridesmaid who insisted on giving a toast.

Lindsey tried to rationalize. *Well, it’s not like Noori couldn’t just be*

*watching through the cameras, or in the next room watching through the glass, right? But why did you have to make it weird? Now Noori has to decide, you made it so weird!*

Lindsey didn't dare look back over her shoulder to see if Noori was still standing in the doorway. She'd done enough damage already, she couldn't risk entrapping this innocent doctor in an inappropriate situation. Noori would likely face consequences if she took Lindsey up on her invitation to watch.

*Holy fuck I need to cum, let's get this show on the road. Short and sweet.* Lindsey tried to put her various observers out of her mind and channeled her frustrations into her cock, funneling it full of her raging emotions.

Lindsey walked towards the milking machine, distracted by the tightness in her pants. It felt like a baseball bat, hot from laying in the sun, had been tucked down her pant leg. A loud snap broke the awkward silence, as one of the bands around Lindsey's thigh gave out. She was heating up quick.

The milking machine was shaped like a pommel horse with a six inch diameter hole at one end, ringed with a lip of smooth and stretchy pink rubber. The chassis of the machine was glass, like a fish tank, so the full length of Lindsey's shaft would be visible as it thrust through the sleeve-like opening. At the back end of the tank, a vacuum tube would draw excess fluids into a larger storage tank a few feet away. The whole contraption was bolted to the floor on four sturdy steel legs, and there were helpful gripping handles on the top and sides of the machine to help its user achieve full-power thrusts.

Lindsey didn't bother unzipping and attempting to fish out her uncooperative erection, she simply pushed her pants and underwear down her hips, letting them drop to her ankles. She unclasped the two remaining carbon fiber bands before they broke. The thought occurred to Lindsey that her observation team might like to see her break them – *for science* – but there would be plenty of time for strength tests later. Right now she needed to uncork her pent-up pressure.

The fearsomely erect futa stepped up to the machine and pushed her cock against the opening, inhaling a sharp breath at the sensation of cold lubricant. It felt icy against her molten hot helmet, but did nothing to deter her savage erection. She was already leaking copious spurts of pre-cum with every twitch of her cock, so she forged ahead and got to work thrusting.

*No sense drawing it out, they'll be getting enough of a show in the weight room.* Lindsey still hadn't decided if she was going to display her full strength when it came time to measure it. She would probably be able to destroy some of the equipment designed to test her limits, considering what she'd done to the barbell in her bedroom. Actually, she was already thrusting pretty hard right now – Lindsey noticed as the sounds of squeaking metal brought her back to the moment. Each powerful surge of her hips was making the machine wobble, steel bolts straining to keep it grounded.

*Well, that's what this machine's for, isn't it? They got me into this state, now they're gonna see what I had to hold back to make it here without exploding!*

On previous visits to the clinic, technicians had told Lindsey she

should consider the machines disposable. They always needed to build new ones capable of measuring her "rising levels of output", which tended to increase enough between sessions that the machines needed to be rebuilt whether she broke them or not.

The technicians had also said the grip handles on all these machines contained electronics that would measure her grip strength. Lindsey squeezed harder. The milking machine was only designed to collect her sperm samples, and accommodate as much girl-spunk as she was able to pump out. It wasn't supposed to be testing her strength, but if they were studying her so closely, they could probably learn a lot watching her fully let loose. Lindsey reassured herself with the technician's words one more time... *disposable*. Then she let loose.

Lindsey's thrusts became so powerful one of the steel bolts was yanked from the floor, then a second. The machine now swayed back and forth in time with her slamming hips, twisting the metal of the remaining two legs. She did it as effortlessly as a child twisting a paper clip until it broke.

Lindsey squeezed the handles as hard as she could, and was rewarded with a metal *ping* that did not sound like it was supposed to happen. She squeezed harder and heard the same *ping* in the other handle. Lindsey was starting to revel in her strength as she reassured herself this was what the scientists wanted.

The fuck-frenzied futa had no idea how long she'd been at it, she was so close to the release she'd been craving, she ripped the machine fully out of the ground and cradled it as her orgasm hit, releasing a heavy jet of cum inside the glass box.

Lindsey leaned back and let out a barely-audible gasp of release. It was drowned out by the torrent of thick, viscous futa milk splattering the inside of the tank. She plunged her cock in as deep as it would go, reaching nearly all the way to the back end of the machine, where the vacuum disposal tube was connected. Her next shot fired straight into the tube, the suction gobbling it up like a hungry, hungry hippo.

After a few more heavy cum shots, Lindsey resumed her thrusting, using the crushed hand grips to pull the machine against her hips as hard as she could. She was still cumming as she slammed the machine against her body with fast strokes, feeling like she was cresting the wave of a second orgasm even as she was still spasming from the first.

The machine must have weighed several hundred pounds, considering the inch-thick glass, steel frame, and electronic components, not to mention the gallons of Lindsey's cum sloshing around inside. Yet she hefted it as easily as a bag of groceries, and pulled it up and down her cock like an oversized sex toy.

*Not enough. Keep it going. More pressure. More suction.* Lindsey's cock was in full control of her body now, and she was crushing the machine against her hips in an effort to reach the suction tube with the tip of her cock. She was still inches away.

Lindsey redoubled her efforts, and pumped herself into the machine at full power, forgoing the thrusting and instead squeezing as hard as she could. One of the glass panels shattered, crystallizing into hundreds of blunt, pebble-sized shards. Cum spilled onto the floor as Lindsey squeezed harder, giving silent thanks to the designers

of the machine that they had thought to use safety glass. Then again, it wasn't like it was the first time she had shattered their glass containers before; last visit she'd done it with the volume of her cum alone.

The other glass panels exploded into shards, as Lindsey crumpled the steel frame to half its size, firmly sinking her cock into the suction tube and lodging it tight.

The freckled futa felt herself reach a plateau as her copious cum shots leveled off, and she released the machine, letting her cock fully support the weight of its twisted metal frame. The base of her cock had grown thick enough to split the circular rubberized opening. The suction tube was the only part of the milking machine still intact, and even that had split with a wide tear from the thickness of Lindsey's pulsing phallus.

The storage tank by the wall was half full. Lindsey put her hands on her hips, catching her breath as her ejaculations finally stopped. She was still rock-hard, and she knew Noori would need to measure her flaccid at some point, but she was in-between right now. She wanted to cum again, just to clear the pipes. Hopefully her head would follow suit.

"Is there any way to turn up the suction on this thing?" Lindsey asked loudly to the unseen observers she knew were watching. *Ugh, right. The intercom.* Lindsey grunted in frustration at the silly intercom box on the wall. She knew there were dozens of people watching and listening by various means. The farce that she had some kind of privacy in here was laughable, and inconvenient. The button was all the way across the room but she was balls-deep in the

milking machine.

“I can help with that, Miss Belmont.” A voice from behind her made Lindsey jump – she’d forgotten about the open door. Throwing a glance over her shoulder, the pants-less futa made momentary eye contact with Noori, who was poking her head into the doorway. Noori’s head disappeared back into the measuring room, her voice wavering from out of sight.

“I’m sorry, I could have done it earlier, it before you... started. I should have asked.” Noori remained out of view as Lindsey extracted herself from the machine, and pulled up her pants, leaving her dick hanging out. She wished she hadn’t gotten the young doctor tangled up in this lawsuit waiting to happen, but she had to say something now.

“It’s ok, you can come in. Here, let me just–” Lindsey turned to face away from the door, but it was hard to preserve any modesty with the giant mirror in the room. She picked up the wreck of the milking machine and ripped the tube off the destroyed metal frame, then slipped her still-erect cock into the tube as far it would go. It was a strange form of modesty, but at least she was covered up now, not showing any skin – except Lindsey’s plump balls were still hanging free.

Noori’s first few footsteps into the room were slow and cautious, then she darted over to the instrument panel to make the necessary adjustments to the vacuum suction tube. Lindsey couldn’t help watching her in the mirror, and made several more sizzling seconds of eye contact, whenever Noori couldn’t resist looking up from her work.

“Woah!” Lindsey gasped as she felt a noticeable increase in the suction power. She began sliding the tube up and down her cock, it just felt too good not to at this point. She heard Noori scurry out of the room while stammering apologies.

“S– sorry Miss– I put it at full pressure– I’m not watching, you just– sorry!” The doctor retreated back to the measuring room. Lindsey laughed at Noori’s reaction, her stress melting away as the machine sucked her like a champion hot-dog swallower.

“Thank you Noori!” Lindsey called after her. “This feels amazinnggg! *Unghff!*” Her release arrived unexpectedly quickly, she was cumming by the end of the word *amazing*, and an amazing load it was. The suction felt like it was absolutely draining her balls. She watched the level of cum rise inside the storage tank until it reached the top. But she still had more liquid love to give.

Lindsey continued stroking the tube slowly up and down her cock in small movements, coaxing more and more syrupy jizz out of her thundering cannon. The glass in the storage tank cracked, but didn’t shatter. Her endless ejaculations eventually clogged the suction pump, and the tube quickly backed up, sending Lindsey’s spunk jetting back out against her hips, soaking her clothes. She pulled the tube off and stepped back from the spreading pool leaking from the machine she had just “retired.”

Lindsey stroked the final few ejections of her cum towards one of the drains with practiced aim, and then began stripping off her clothes. The clinic had plenty of spare clothing for her, including stretchy sports-wear for working out, as well as comfortable street

clothes she could leave the clinic wearing. Lindsey bundled up her jizz-soaked clothes and tossed them in a bin as she approached the corner of the room with a built-in shower. A tug on the chain hanging overhead yielded a hot rainfall from the spigot above, rinsing her clean of her sticky sheen of fluids.

Lindsey wrapped herself in the fuzzy white bathrobe hanging on the wall, and padded back into the measuring room to join Noori.

“Ok, I seriously hope you don’t get in trouble for that, because it was totally my bad.” Lindsey entered the room with an apology, only to find Noori was no longer in the room.

The intercom system crackled to life. “It’s alright Lindsey, we saw what happened.” A male voice said knowingly. “Don’t worry, Dr. Patel won’t suffer any repercussions. We could see you were trying your best to remain... impartial. We know we’re asking a lot of you Miss Belmont.”

The door opened and a new face entered the room. It was a different female doctor, older than Noori. Lindsey recognized her as one of the clinic’s regular measurement-takers from a few years earlier.

“Hello Lindsey. They’ve asked me to complete the measurements today. Don’t worry Noori is... fine.” The older doctor’s laugh lines crinkled. It looked like the woman was trying to suppress a chuckle as she recounted Noori’s condition. “Come on now, let’s see it while you’re still soft. We both know how you get.” The woman gestured brusquely for Lindsey to open her bathrobe.

Lindsey had to read the doctor's name tag to recognize her as Dr. Dana Rothsdam Ph.D. The grey-haired woman's businesslike attitude made it easier to open her robe and flop her docile dick onto the steel table. The cold surface also made it easier to stay soft.

Dr. Rothsdam stretched her measuring tape down the length of Lindsey's lengthy softie and clicked her tongue thoughtfully.

"Twenty-seven inches, my goodness Lindsey, no wonder you made short work of that machine in there – and ten around, you're right on track for Dr. Sveld's projected model."

"So uh, you were watching that then?" Lindsey noticed the doctor flinch, ever so slightly, before recovering with a warm chuckle.

"Of course not dear, they just told me what happened. Remarkable as you are, we do have other subjects besides you dear. Surely you don't think you're the only person we study at this facility." Dr. Rothsdam seemed to be laughing a little too hard at her own joke. "Now, let's get those other measurements out of the way and get you on to the next room, shall we? Right bicep now, un-flexed, if you please!"

Lindsey took her dick off the table, closed her robe, rolled up her sleeve, and held out her arm, as the doctor busied herself with her measurements, directing Lindsey on when to flex and when to release. Something wasn't sitting right about the doctor's reaction.

"Can I ask... how many people are watching me, back there?" Lindsey wasn't really expecting a straight answer, and she didn't get one.

“Just your team Lindsey, the same ones who have been observing you at every session. You met them all on your first visit, do you recall? I introduced you to all of them dear. We don’t allow lookey-loos back there!”

Lindsey sighed as the doctor kneeled to measure the flexed circumference of her quads. The repeated reassurances didn’t make her feel any better, there were still *people* back there. For all she and Dana knew, they had their noses pressed up against the glass right now. Or worse.

The freckled futa felt her cock rising unbidden out of her bathrobe, but she just let it happen. Her full length would have to be measured eventually. She knew all the flexing would get her worked up enough to conclude the measuring session with her erect length and circumference. Dr. Dana pretended she didn’t see it, though she did have to duck her head to avoid hitting the rising shaft as she bent lower to measure Lindsey’s calves.

Lindsey kept up the small talk to avoid feeling uncomfortable about the whole situation. “So are you... making any progress with the research on me?”

“You know I’m not the one to discuss that with you dear.” Dr. Rothsdam chuckled with a reassuring smile. “But on your way out today, I would like you to have a word with Karl, he has a few things he wants to chat about. Best to hold your questions until the end for him dear, mmh? Now, would you like to do the honors?” Dana handed Lindsey the measuring tape with a smile and a nod, then turned to leave the room.

Lindsey appreciated the gesture, allowing her to measure her own cock to make it a *little* less gratuitous.

"Just over by the mirror, if you please, so the cameras can see the numbers. Thank you dear!" Dr. Rothsdam called out as she closed the door behind her.

*Well, that made it a little more gratuitous.* Lindsey found herself annoyed by the constant reminders that the entire situation was positively *dripping* with sexual impropriety. The clinic's thin veneer of discretion only underscored how much the entire thing was engineered to get her cooperation. Just enough privacy to ensure she played along, but despite what the doctor had said – there were no shortages of lookey-loos behind the glass, Lindsey was sure of it.

*Fine, they're paying for a show, they're gonna get a show.* Lindsey's temper was rising, she didn't feel like trying to hide her "abnormal" body anymore. The half-hearted attempts to cover up only made her feel like she was losing a struggle to preserve her modesty. *Well fuck modesty.* Lindsey sneered as she dropped her bathrobe to the floor, baring her towering erection for her unseen audience on the other side of the mirrored glass.

Lindsey locked eyes with her own reflection, and slowly, confidently, approached the glass. She hoped it looked like she was gazing right through it, staring straight at some pervy technician on the other side, probably drooling on his keyboard. She got close enough for the tip of her cock to press up against the mirror. She took another step closer, making her slick cock head drag across the surface as it smeared a trail of precum up the glass.

Lindsey wrapped one hand, then the other, around the thickness of her shaft. Gently, she tapped it against the mirror, coaxing a bit more firmness into the rigid pole.

“Just making sure I’m at full size for you.” Lindsey grinned mischievously at her reflection. A seductive note was sneaking into her voice. “I want to make sure you have the best... data... possible.” The flushed futa punctuated her remark by slapping her cock against the glass, harder now, enough to rattle the entire pane in its frame. *Let em’ sweat a little, show em’ who’s boss.* Lindsey was starting to suspect that voice in her head was actually her dick talking again.

Lindsey gripped firmly around the base of her cock with both hands, arms rippling with muscle as she stroked slowly up her length to just below the crown. She squeezed out a half-pint of precum with her single, slow stroke, like she was milking a tube of toothpaste for the very last dollop.

The smirking futa cupped and squeezed at one breast, flicking and tugging at her nipple, as her other hand slowly worked her shaft with an iron grip. Her cock swelled visibly under her attention, turning an angrier shade of red, veins pulsing as it hardened to a fearsome rigidity. Lindsey was keeping her breathing slow and controlled, bringing herself to maximum arousal as best she could.

Lindsey was good and hard now, her cock spearing upward between her tits like an artillery cannon, pointing to the ceiling under its own power. She let go and indulged in a few quick flexes in the mirror to further solidify herself. Triceps, side abs, chest – at the flexed peak of each pose her cock seemed to inch slightly longer.

When it started feeling a little too good, Lindsey reached for the measuring tape, then returned to the mirror. She'd decided to give them a closer view than they were expecting.

The redhead held the measuring tape up against the glass, letting it hang down next to her shaft. Then, she pressed her entire upper body against the mirror, causing her breasts and cock to smooch up against the one-way glass. She positioned the measuring tape so the bottom end was pinned against the glass by the base of her girthy shaft.

*Thirty-eight inches!* Lindsey tried not to let her surprise show. She maintained a smoldering look focusing on a point past her reflection in the mirror. She let go of the measuring tape, now that her body was sandwiching it against the glass. Lindsey took a moment to raise her arms above her head and stretch, letting out a relaxed yawn as she arched her back.

Keeping her arms raised, Lindsey crunched her upper body forward in a bodybuilder's abdominal pose, working her hips to slide her cock up and down the glass. *I'm always biggest right before I cum, this is the best way to be sure!* Lindsey decided to take her show to the next level.

Placing her hands on her hips, Lindsey began thrusting with more purpose, now trying to get herself off against the slippery mirror. She could feel her cock continuing to stretch out, throbbing harder the more she stimulated herself.

Leaning her upper body back but keeping her hips against the wall, Lindsey put both arms straight out in front of her, palms pressing her

cock against the glass, giving herself even more stimulation. The measuring tape was still pinned to the glass by her cock, sliding up and down with every thrust.

Lindsey closed her eyes, and tried to forget about her audience. She thought of Becca, imagined she was the only one watching. Lindsey *wanted* to show off for Becca, wanted to impress her in new ways every day. The scary part was how close she was to actually being able to live out that fantasy. But the fear also brought excitement, which helped push her over the edge to release.

Lindsey's first shot hit the glass at an angle and left a neat trail of cum so thick it stuck to the mirror without sliding down. She stopped thrusting and held her spasming cock fully against the mirror as her next shot blasted out. Lindsey gasped for breath as she realized she'd been holding it for a while, and couldn't help moaning as the third orgasm of the hour coursed through her. The first two had been bigger loads, but she'd enjoyed this one the most, despite the lack of fancy toys.

After a full minute of frosting the mirror with her fluids, the satisfied redhead staggered back and leaned against a table. Her thoughts started rushing back in.

"Sorry. I know that I shouldn't be so... like that. I think it's a side effect of having to, you know... for a day. I'm not normally like this, I don't know what came over me." Despite the apologies, Lindsey felt a swell of pride looking at the cum-streaked mirror. She hadn't let her shyness hold her back. She'd shown off and... felt good about it.

*A few more measurements to take.* Lindsey's cock was still full and

engorged, though now drooping at a 45 degree angle, as she walked over to a table with a series of weighing scales. She knew the drill well enough to do it herself.

There was square of nylon fabric on the table, with steel cables connected to two sides of the square, like a miniature stretcher. Lindsey wrapped the fabric around and underneath her cock like the bun of a hot dog, and then hung the cables on a central hook connected to a weight scale. The fabric hammock cradled her cock, sagging under the weight.

"Twenty-six point six pounds." Lindsey called out. Having slaked her lust for the moment, she was done spicing things up for the peanut gallery. She moved on to weighing her balls using a more traditional flat scale. She splayed her sack onto the scale and watched the numbers on the digital screen scramble for an answer, before settling on a result.

"Fourteen and a half pounds." Lindsey announced. "Remember that's *after* the three times, so... maybe round up." She couldn't resist pointing it out. In this environment, it was easy to be proud of exceeding expectations. That didn't usually happen in her life outside the clinic... except perhaps with Becca.

"Okay I'm ready for the weights!" Lindsey poked her head into the adjacent room labeled **Suite 3: Training Facility**, to see Dr. Rothsdam entering from another door on the opposite side. Lindsey was still naked from her measurement show. "Should I get dressed for this?"

"We would prefer that dear, it does make the footage a bit... easier for some of your team to review." Dana held a tight-lipped smile,

unwilling to let any more details slip out.

The freckled futa retrieved a set of spandex workout gear from the lockers in the measurement room. She knew exactly which one contained the stretchiest outfit. Come to think of it... she knew what was in all these lockers. Where were all the lockers for everybody else?

"This is where I'll leave you today dear, Dr. Sveld is going to guide you through over the intercom. We're keeping the room clear for safety, but will be observing from next door, so just shout if you need anything!" Dr. Rothsdam paused at the door, like she was about to say one last thing, but thought better of it and disappeared without another word.

Lindsey got dressed and entered the weight room feeling relaxed, loosened up, and powerful. She was ready to push herself, and she found she was actually looking forward to see how far she could go in a more official setting than her bedroom. She had come to the conclusion it was better to be open about her abilities.

There was no point trying to pretend she wasn't stronger than any human had a right to be. Lindsey had already blown her cover by crushing the milking machine, and that feat had clearly required some kind of superhuman strength. Whatever hoops they made her jump through next, they were sure to be more challenging. There was no going back after this.

Lindsey shrugged and stepped up to the first weight machine. *In for a penny, in for a pound.*

*To be continued...*