



Chapter VI

"The Pressure Is Good For You"

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.*

The clinic's weight room had enough floor space to rival a large gym, littered with dozens of imposing industrial-sized machines. Instead of the usual stacks of plates, many of the machines had belts and straps that disappeared through slots in the floor, where they must have been connected to some level of variable resistance. A sophisticated design. Lindsey couldn't help wondering how much weight those belts were connected to. Some of the machines looked like modified workout equipment, but others looked custom built. Just like the collection room, everything was brand new.

"So um, I've gotten a *lot* stronger than last time." Lindsey said aloud to the empty room. "I just want to make sure it's alright if I... accidentally break some of this stuff?"

A dry chuckle reverberated through the intercom speakers. "Oh I hardly think the collection room was an *accident* Miss Belmont, you are always encouraged to make *full* use of the equipment. But yes, please... *do your worst*, as they say."

The voice echoing through the speakers had the recognizable Scandinavian accent of Dr. Sveld, another researcher Lindsey remembered meeting years ago, but hadn't seen on her last few visits.

"We are recording everything so the results will be extremely valuable either way, just try not to hurt yourself. It appears you're strong enough to bend steel now, which of course can get quite hot."

"Alright Erik, I'll be careful." Lindsey was glad she remembered the doctor's first name. She enjoyed using it to pierce through the barrier

of anonymity that separated her from her observation team.

The voice over the intercom cleared its throat. "Ahem, nice to be speaking with you again Lindsey. We are sorry things are more impersonal this time around, but like Dr. Rothsdam said, it's partly for our safety, and partly because... well you know. The troubles with your previous arrangement."

Dr. Sveld hesitated, apparently unwilling to go into more detail. He quickly changed the subject. "So, you believe you've gotten stronger! We would love to see what you are capable of! The machine in front of you is a deadlift bar, just use the regular movements like it's a normal bar, we will increase the resistance as you go. We've developed a new system of shared counterweights beneath the floor that many of these machines can connect to. This will allow for more challenging resistance than free weights can provide for most of your major muscle groups."

Lindsey took a moment to stretch and apply some chalk powder to her hands as Dr. Sveld talked. She knew the drill well enough. The machines may have been upgraded, but the routine was generally similar. She bent to grasp the bar, noting the digital screen built into the floor read 300 lbs. The end caps of the bar were linked to steel cables that disappeared into slots in the floor. It reminded Lindsey of the cable car tracks she had seen once on a visit to San Francisco.

The first lift was easy enough, as were the next five reps. The weight was increased by a hundred pounds with each repetition, thanks to the remote-controlled counterweights under the floor. At 900 lbs Lindsey's arms began to shake, and she couldn't raise the bar more than an inch off the ground. The digital scale displaying the

weight began to drop by 10 pounds every second Lindsey continued to struggle. When it ticked down to 860, Lindsey was able to lift the bar to a standing position, but she soon had to drop it again to catch her breath.

“Excellent improvement! You were right, you’ve beaten your previous record by 180 pounds!” Dr. Sveld sounded pleased, but Lindsey knew she could do much better than this. The key ingredient was her level of arousal, somehow that seemed to increase her strength exponentially.

“Well, I’m pretty sure I can lift a lot more. I did some experimenting of my own and I think I figured out that I just need to... well, uhh, never mind. I guess this is my best.” Lindsey found it hard to say out loud that she needed to be turned on to reach the pinnacle of her potential power.

Lindsey decided she didn’t need to go out of her way to prove anything. The destruction she’d caused in the last two rooms had been overkill enough, she felt the scientists had plenty to work with already.

She walked over to the bicep curl machine, looking forward to an exercise that would give her arms a satisfying pump. On her last visit, she'd been able to lift the heaviest dumbbells they had for multiple reps, so Lindsey was hoping to max herself out this time.

The cable-connected curls got progressively harder, in 10 pound increments, but Lindsey muscled through 35 of them before her quivering bicep peak gave out and she had to stop for a breather. The workout was getting her fired up, and that adrenaline rush was

lowering her inhibitions again. It had only been ten minutes since her last climax, but she felt like she would need another soon.

“Incredible Lindsey, just incredible! I have no explanation for what you’re capable of.” Erik sounded awestruck. Once again, Lindsey was disappointed she couldn’t see her team’s reactions with her own eyes, but in between Dr. Sveld’s words, his microphone was picking up fragmented background conversations from other scientists in the room. It sounded like they were having a field day.

The frustrations were starting to pile up in Lindsey’s mind, tangling together like a ball of Christmas tree lights she didn’t want to deal with anymore. Lindsey tried to remember why she was ever worried about showing her benefactor what she was really capable of. The whole experience was making the freckled futa so confused, she didn’t know what team anyone was playing for anymore. Were they helping her? Using her? Or was she just here, in this moment? With all these things to lift. All these things to break.

Lindsey began to massage the bulge running down her leg. She’d chosen to wear the most sophisticated prototype outfit they had for her. A stretchable synthetic membrane bodysuit, the design similar to a full-body wetsuit. Only her head, hands, and feet were exposed, but it clung to every curve. The suit was light grey in color, so it caught all the shadows of her individual muscles in detail, outlined in sharp relief by the overhead lighting.

They’d told her there were sensors built into the suit to record real-time measurements of her pump. As she stroked her bulge through the thin bodysuit, she wondered if it was measuring that too. Lindsey kneaded at her baguette until the dough began to rise, a firm

loaf of girl-dick stretching out one leg of her bodysuit.

“Miss Belmont, if you need to use the collection room again...” The intercom line stayed open, crackling with static. The background chatter quickly hushed on the other end. They had good reason to be surprised, Lindsey had never shown such bold initiative in *trying* to turn herself on before. It was usually the other way around – using all her willpower to *avoid* becoming aroused.

“Trust me, I’ll be able to lift a lot heavier this way.” Lindsey closed her eyes and pretended she was somewhere else. It helped her ease into the familiar haze of delicious arousal. Her cock was stretching the bodysuit to its limits, as her growing shaft tried to rise away from her leg, stretching the synthetic polymer to its limit.

“Let’s all just be adults about this okay?” She said as she continued stroking her bulge, hoping to preempt any objections from the her team. “I want to show you what a difference it makes. I think it’s important for you to see this.”

Lindsey resumed bicep curls with her right arm, now sporting a two-foot erection that created an obscene bulge in her leggings. With every pump of Lindsey’s shredded, vein-covered arm, her cock ratcheted up another notch in size and hardness. It was like her cock was sharing the pump somehow, helping to lift the weight. Lindsey felt the arousal coursing through her like a high-octane fuel. She was past the point of no return, her engine was open full throttle.

The breathless futa lost count of how many reps she was doing. The movement was starting to feel as good as stroking her cock, and she didn’t want to stop. The curl bar grip, however, *did* want to stop.

The steel ring connecting the handle to the cables gave out, shooting off with a *ping* and sending Lindsey staggering off balance from the sudden lack of resistance. The entire floor shook from the force of the underground counterweights dropping from the height of her curl.

"Hate to say I told ya so, but..." Lindsey shook the stiffness out of her right arm and rotated her shoulder casually. "Are the other machines gonna be out of commission now?"

"Not if we built them correctly. The other modules should still be able to use the weight system, even if you damage the individual machines." Dr. Sveld sounded quite confident.

The bodysuit was still holding out, stretching to accommodate Lindsey's massive erection, but still squeezing it tightly with strong compression. It felt wonderful to flex her cock against it.

"There is another bicep exercise you can try, a bar for two hands. It's to your left." Dr. Sveld instructed.

Lindsey approached the new machine, noting the grip bar had large circular plates on each end, as well as cables connecting it to the underground system, apparently for increased challenge. It looked promising.

"The plates are a tungsten-titanium alloy, much more dense than they appear." Erik explained. "It's designed for both arms Lindsey." He added when he saw her wrap only one hand around the center of the bar.

“But my left arm needs a pump now.” Lindsey began curling with slow, concentrated effort. The weight was set to start at 400 lbs. “I’ll switch to both arms when it gets too hard!” Lindsey grunted with effort as the cables added increasing resistance with each repetition.

She widened her stance and turned her hips to the side, so her tentpole of a cock wouldn’t press against the machine. She’d expected to rip the suit with the sheer force of her erection, as she could with any pair of pants she wanted to. But the suit was still holding, stretching to accommodate as big as she got. She had a feeling if she started dry-humping the machine it might put her over the edge. For maximum power, she wanted to keep her nuclear fuel rod at just the right temperature.

Each time the resistance increased, Lindsey put the full power of her bulging bicep into the lift, and felt like she was getting nowhere. Then she flexed her cock as hard as she could at the same time, and it felt like the weight got lighter. The harder she flexed it, the bigger and stronger it seemed to make her bicep swell. She was glad they were recording all this, she wanted answers that would explain how she could do this. But before they could explain it, they would have to see her do it.

On the next rep, the curl bar buckled in the center where Lindsey gripped it, bending into a V shape under the concentrated force at the weakest structural point. The metal shrieked and grew red hot. Lindsey gasped and dropped the bar, her skin scalded by the metal. It felt like she’d just touched a hot stove.

Dr. Sveld cleared his throat over the intercom. “As I said, this one is designed for two hands. Are you alright?”

Lindsey grunted in frustration, slamming her fist against the machine.

"I'll be fine!" She shouted, far louder than she intended to. "I was just looking forward to seeing how far I could go on that one." Lindsey looked around the room at the other machines. Most of them were connected to the underground weights, the one she'd just broken was one of the few with plates.

"Here, how about this? Let's improvise." Lindsey grabbed one of the titanium plates and yanked it free of the bar. The welded steel bolt capping the bar popped off as easily as a bottle cap.

It was surreal how heavy the plate was for its size, 200 lbs but only a few inches thick. Lindsey positioned her legs in a wide stance to support her lower back as she hefted the plate with both arms. It was taking a full-body effort to hold the weight, but she was glad to finally have something to struggle against.

Slowly, Lindsey extended her quaking arms out straight in front of her, holding the plate at arm's length. Beads of sweat were forming on her brow for the first time, even with the chilly temperature in the air-conditioned room.

Her cock was begging for attention, standing at full stiffness against the stretchable bodysuit. She wanted to feel it tear so badly, the anticipation was killing her.

Lindsey lowered the titanium plate down to her hips, resting some of the weight against the base of her cock. She noticed the hole in

the center of the bar was about the thickness of a soda can. A bit smaller in diameter than her cock, but maybe close enough.

Experimentally holding the weight out in front of her cock, Lindsey lined up the tip of her bulging erection with the doughnut hole in the center of the plate. Even just a little pressure against her tip felt incredible – she had to have more.

Lindsey thrust her hips forward, driving her shaft as deep as it would go into the hole. She made it halfway before the friction and pressure were too much for her stretchable bodysuit. The fabric tore around the middle of her straining shaft, snapping back from the tip of her cock like a rubber band. Released from captivity, the redhead's attention-starved dick surged even bigger, pulsing with angry veins.

Using the pleasure of freeing her cock to power her next thrust, Lindsey dragged the plate further down her length, towards her hips. In one powerful stroke, she plunged herself all the way in to the hilt.

The weight hung heavy around the base of her shaft like an oversized cock ring. Lindsey closed her eyes to savor the feeling. The tight constriction of blood flow around her member only served to engorge her further. The freckled futa's monstrous cock swelled visibly longer by inches in a single throb.

Lost in her lust-drunk state, Lindsey staggered forward, her hands finding themselves leaning against the other titanium plate still attached to the machine.

"Oh my god, you guys." Lindsey gasped breathlessly. "I'm like, hulking the fuck out over here. I don't know how, but I'm pretty sure I

get stronger when I'm horny."

With that, Lindsey went on to test her theory in action. She ripped the second plate free of the bar. It felt much lighter than the first plate. That much was apparent as she lifted it overhead, then lowered it behind her head for a tricep extension. Then another. Then several more.

Now her cock was starting to hurt with how much bigger it wanted to get, but couldn't thanks to its titanium shackle. As strong as she was, the plates were clearly too strong for her body to bend. Then again, she'd never tried before, and with the cock ring bottling up her arousal, she might be capable of exerting some pressurized force when her volcano blew.

"Please be careful Lindsey, you could injure yourself if you drop that weight." Dr. Sveld sounded concerned, but to Lindsey it just sounded patronizing. "Do you need help removing the plate? It looks quite stuck. Is it painful?"

Lindsey was tired of all the precautions and safety measures. They were going through all this trouble to test her, but if she didn't take things into her own hands, they'd never see what she was truly capable of. Wasn't that *their* job? Why was *she* doing *their* job on top of everything else?!

Her anger bubbled up like molten lava, and she stoked the fire, letting herself get furious with frustration. She ignored her cock ring plate for the moment, gripping the second plate with one hand on each side, and then squeezed with all her might. Rather than pushing as hard as she could in one quick burst of power, Lindsey found the

key was continuing to apply pressure. Not letting up. Redirecting every ounce of stimulation that came from her exertion back into her crushing grip.

"I can handle it!" Lindsey bellowed, her veins pulsing thicker. Her mountainous traps bulged on either side of her neck as she used every muscle in her body to power the squeeze. "Just... fucking... watch... this!"

The titanium plate folded between Lindsey's hands, bending down the middle as she brought her arms together. The redhead's freckled pecs exploded with sharply defined muscle fibers, her cleavage transforming into a deep, craggy canyon. She roared and pushed herself harder, flexing her cock at full power. The two opposite edges of the titanium plate clanged together as Lindsey folded it completely in half.

The incredible display of power had melted Lindsey's mind. For a brief moment, she was alone in a world of pleasure. A wordless moan escaped her lips as she held the titanium taco above her head, and twisted it in opposite directions in an attempt to mangle it further. *It just felt so good to break things...*

"Guhh!" Lindsey's breath caught in her throat as she convulsed with an orgasm that had been approaching like a storm out at sea. When the climax struck, her cum erupted with such tremendous force she thought she must be dreaming. The constricting plate around the base of her cock was tight, but not so tight it would hold back this hurricane of a cumshot. Instead, it forced her cum through a narrower passage, blasting it out with extreme pressure, like a thumb covering the end of a garden hose.

Lindsey's first jet flew across the room and hit the far wall, leaving a white stripe of jizz streaked across several machines in the line of fire. She tried aiming her blasts down at the rubberized floor dotted with drainage vents, but her cumshots were blasting out with the force of a pressure washer and splattering everywhere, like a wet dog shaking itself dry.

This was getting out of hand. Lindsey flung the weight she'd been holding above her head at the destroyed machine she'd ripped it from. The impact was like a car crash, crumpling the machine into a heap of scrap and sending debris flying.

"Lindsey Please!" Erik shouted over the intercom. "You'll hurt yourself!"

She couldn't hear him over the roaring in her ears. The improvised cock ring had to go. She tugged at it with both hands, trying to pull it off, but she was firmly stuck. So she pulled it back against her hips instead, molding the metal around her diamond-hard body. The plate being so firmly impaled helped Lindsey get more leverage, and before long she was bending the plate in one direction, then twisting it the other way, trying to weaken the metal enough to pull her cock free.

Through all this, her ejaculations had slowed to a dribble, but she was still spurting cum with every squeeze. Lindsey could feel the metal heating up as she worked it, getting uncomfortably hot around the base of her cock, which only motivated her to free herself faster.

With a final burst of desperate strength, Lindsey broke the plate in half, snapping the metal completely along the weakened fault line

down the center. Her body had gotten so used to supporting the extra weight, when she dropped the shattered plates she felt like she was floating away, dizzy with release.

With the dam now broken, Lindsey's pent-up lake of lust began gushing out onto the floor.

Her cum spilled to the ground with less force than before, only shooting a few feet before splattering down on the bench of another machine. She couldn't care less about the mess at this point. The freckled futa closed her eyes and tried to focus on finishing herself off to satisfaction, breathing heavily and milking her meaty monster cock to the last drop. She stroked herself off with one hand, resting her other on the small of her back to steady herself.

"That was... extremely impressive Lindsey, how are you feeling?" Dr. Sveld asked cautiously.

"Never. Felt. Better." Lindsey stretched her stiff muscles, high on one of the best endorphin rushes she'd ever experienced. What Lindsey really wanted in that moment was a lovingly slow and sensual blowjob from Becca, to come down from all this action, but she knew she was spent. Her fires were quenched for the moment.

"Unfortunately we don't have sensors or instruments to measure any of what you just did, but we can try to model the force required and see what kind of numbers you just achieved. I'm quite sure it's the most impressive thing we've ever seen you do. Would you agree?" Erik kept the intercom line open, waiting for an answer. The hiss of static filled the air.

“Yea, probably. I’m sorry about the machines, and the mess. But ya know, you did encourage me.” Lindsey felt her cock starting to deflate at last.

“This is all scientific equipment designed for a specific purpose Lindsey. These machines are basically Mars rovers. We don’t expect to get them back.”

Gee, that doesn’t make me feel like an alien or anything. Lindsey kept the thought to herself. She was calming down, feeling more in control of her actions, but she knew every minute she spent in this lab would ratchet up her frustration, pushing her back towards needing another release.

“I think I’m done for today. Is that ok?” Lindsey always felt guilty asking to leave when she was surrounded by equipment custom built for her, but the clinic always maintained that she should decide when she was too tired to continue.

Plus, she felt like she’d done enough damage for one day. No need to break every single machine in the room... That idea caused a twitch in Lindsey's cock that shivered all the way up her spine. *Time to go.*

“Of course Lindsey, you’ve given us a *lot* to work with here, thank you for your time and participation... and especially thank you for your enthusiasm, you’re really helping us do important work here.” Dr. Sveld sounded genuinely happy.

Lindsey exited the weight room and headed back towards the lockers to find some regular clothes to change into. She hadn’t taken

five steps before she heard Dr. Sveld's voice again.

"Err, one more thing Lindsey, we need you to have a word with Karl on your way out, he has something important to share with you."

Lindsey's heart began to beat faster. This was unexpected, and worrying. It felt like being called to the principal's office. She didn't remember Karl's exact title, but she knew he was *Director of something*, so she felt justified in being alarmed at an unexpected meeting that all the other staff seemed to know about.

"What's it about?" Lindsey asked as she opened a locker, trying to look casual. She didn't know why she was acting like she had something to hide, she was just awkward like that sometimes.

"Best to let Karl explain I think, he has all the details."

Always games with these guys, why can't he just tell me!? Lindsey's temper flared up. She'd been just about to take off the bodysuit and leave it neatly folded on the table. As she looked down at her flaccid cock, hanging to her knee through a hole in the crotch, she remembered the suit was already damaged, and decided to retire it with a defiant fanfare.

Lindsey grabbed two handfuls of the stretchy material in the center of her chest, and jerked her arms apart, ripping a wide tear that exposed her breasts for the cameras.

"See you in six months Erik." Lindsey said coldly as she tore off the rest of the outfit, stripping down and carelessly tossing aside the scraps. She looked straight into one of cameras embedded in the

ceiling and gave it a piercing stare. "Enjoy the footage."

The intercom remained silent as she finished getting dressed.



Taking a left down the hall from Suite 1, Lindsey walked up to Karl's office and raised her fist to knock. Before she could, a voice called out from the other side of the windowless door.

"It's open! In ya come!" Karl's cockney English accent was disarmingly colorful, even endearing. However, his job title – *Director of Data Storage & Security* – as Lindsey could now read on his door plaque, spelled nothing but trouble. Karl's domain of expertise was her least favorite aspect of the clinic. The recording, storage, and micro-management of every frame of footage, of every inch of her body, was something she tried to think about as little as possible.

Karl was the all-seeing eye of this place. Though she never saw him on her visits, she still knew he was there. In Lindsey's occasional nightmares, he became a shape-shifting, malevolent presence, lying in wait at the center of a giant spiderweb, poised to strike as soon as her guard was down.

She'd never seen the inside of Karl's office before, but Lindsey sometimes imagined what it must look like in her dreams. A towering wall of computer screens, with a reclusive, perverted little spider sitting at the center of it all. Basking in the warm glow of his screens, feasting his eight beady little eyes on a lifetime of Lindsey's lewd

performances.

She opened the door to discover an entirely ordinary office, with a tall, gangly, bird of a man seated behind a desk that was far too big for the single laptop it held. Karl's beakish nose dominated his face, but he attempted to offset it with a pair of large, thick-framed glasses that magnified his eyes to cartoonish proportions.

"Brilliant! Absolutely smashing work today Belmont!" Karl stood as Lindsey entered his office. He sounded elated, but he kept swallowing nervously. Maybe that was just one of his mannerisms. She knew Karl's voice well enough, but today was the first time she could recall meeting him in person. She would have remembered his face.

"Come 'ave a seat, Lindsey." Karl gestured towards an empty chair.

"Am I in trouble?" She asked.

Karl hesitated a bit too long for Lindsey's liking.

"... Not as such... no." Karl sat down. "At least I 'ope not, but it might depend." Karl swallowed again. "On 'ow... it 'appened."

"How *what* happened?!"

"Well, ah... I want to preface this by reassuring you that we take yer privacy and the security of yer personal data very seriously."

There they go with the reassurances again, Lindsey tried not to roll her eyes.

"Though I 'ave been entrusted with safeguarding the video and images we gather 'ere to protect yer identity and er, condition from being exposed to public awareness... I regret to inform you – there's been a breech."

Oh, fuck. Lindsey wanted to smash her fist down on Karl's laptop, but before she could react, he held up a hand.

"Now, 'afore you jump to any conclusions! The breech 'ad nothing to do with our security! Wasn't even one of our recordings." Karl hastily supplied Lindsey a more detailed explanation. "We 'ave image recognition software scanning the web and keeping an eye out for any photos it can identify as you, based on all the reference images we have of you 'ere."

"Is someone stalking me?" Lindsey's stomach churned. This development was very unsettling.

"Earlier today, 'bout half-ten, our web crawler reported a hit." Karl spun his laptop around to show Lindsey what was on the screen. "We found this posted to a popular bodybuilding forum online. The metadata shows it was taken yesterday."

It was a photo of Lindsey. Naked. Erect. Smiling. Fingers sticky with strands of precum. Her muscle-bound body was turned to the side in profile, her eyes gazing dreamily down at her cock. Lindsey recognized the carpet. A carpet she had destroyed when—

The changing room...

"Ohmigod." Lindsey buried her face in her hands. "Fuck."

"Any idea what kind of tosser might have taken this? We're still sorting out what 'appened, frankly we could use some leads." Karl's sympathetic smile did nothing to help. "I'm sure you're gutted. I mean, all those gobby chavs gawking while you're starkers like a cheeky bit o' crumpet?!"

"I... I don't..." Lindsey stammered, totally blindsided by the implications behind the photo. How could Becca do this to her? Who else could it have been? "I don't know. I don't... know!" She repeated, trying to convince herself.

"Yep, thought we might have a Porky's type cock up on our hands 'ere. Peephole or 'idden camera or some'it like that. Didn't figure you'd done it on purpose, you being right proper and all. I expect you're not exactly chuffed to see yer nethers bandied about – but do you recognize the background at all? Where it was taken? That'd be a lead, eh?"

Lindsey shook her head slowly. "I don't remember... could have been any... I try on a lot of clothes to make sure they fit." She said distantly, continuing to shake her head.

"No? It was only yesterday." Karl waited hopefully for Lindsey to remember any details. "Bit early to be loosin' the plot innit?"

"It couldn't be from yesterday." Lindsey said firmly. She didn't know why she was saying it, she was just trying to control the damage. She wanted to contain this before someone decided the breach was her fault, for letting someone like Becca get so close to her. Lindsey

made a snap decision.

"I didn't go out yesterday." She lied. "It looks like some changing room in a clothing store but, it can't have been yesterday, so... it could have been any time I guess."

Karl sighed, disappointed at the lack of clues. "Look, I'm only trying to help you Lindsey. Until we know where it came from, we should assume there *is* some tosser out there stalking ya, and if we can't be arsed to find out who, this could very well 'appen again! I'm not trying to scare you, I mean, it's obviously not your fault so... no need for the collywobbles eh? We'll find this wanker if you can just point us in the right direction."

"What are people on the forum saying about me?" Lindsey wanted to see more of the thread, but the candid photo had stolen the spotlight. Karl spun the laptop back around to face him before she could read anything.

"Proolly best not to look really." Karl tried to downplay it. "Lots of people falling ass over tits for ya, though some are assuming it's a fake, which gave me an idea for how to handle the situation. It's quite a cunning plan actually."

"Oh?" Lindsey waited for him to continue after it was clear she had nothing more to add.

"Well how's this – first I bring this picture of you into photoshop and... enlarge your... bits. To be like, impossibly big, yea? A few different versions with exaggerated proportions. That's phase one."

“What? Why would you do that!” Lindsey didn’t think too much of Karl’s plan so far.

“To plant the seeds of doubt that the original picture is fake too! Think of it – if the giddy kippers on that forum already thought the first picture was a bit dodgy, let’s give ‘em some more evidence! Some new, obviously fake versions of the same photo. And then phase two – I photoshop cocks onto loads more pictures of other women, and start posting them to the same forum. Make it look like someone’s ‘aving a laugh? Taking the piss, eh? Brilliant innit?”

“That’s uhh... yea sure, that actually makes sense.” Lindsey was still dazed, but it did seem like this idea could throw the hounds off her scent, at least until another real photo of her popped up. But Karl would still want to get to the bottom of this mystery. He didn’t seem like the type who would give up without trying some extreme approaches first.

“Right! Well I’ll hop to it shall I?” Karl grinned cheekily. “Could be a long night but... all in the name of science, eh? Know wot I mean?” He turned to his computer screen and began clicking. “I’ll try for as many versions as I can, really sew the seeds of doubt ‘ere.”

“Uhh, thanks?” Lindsey felt suddenly exhausted, like she just wanted to go to sleep and pray everything would be back to normal when she woke.

“S’pose you must think I’m mad as a bag of ferrets, suggesting this.” Karl peered at Lindsey quizzically through his thick glasses. “But I’d do anything to keep this research project going... and grotty, biscuit arsed twats like this bloke are *not* going to muck up this whole

study! Not when we're so close."

"Close to what?" Lindsey perked up. The clinic had always been guarded about sharing anything with Lindsey that could be construed as a "result" or "finding" or "conclusion" of any kind. This was the first she'd heard that the project even had a discernible goal. She'd always assumed she was simply the first freak of her kind, patient zero, and the clinic was just gathering as much data as they could while they had a willing subject.

"Oh dear, I may 'ave dropped a clanger there Lindsey, pretend you didn't 'ear that." Karl hunched down behind his laptop like he was taking cover from an incoming hand grenade. "You'll know when you know, but I didn't say 'nuffin about it today, right? I'll get such an ear-bashing if you let on."

Lindsey sighed and shook her head in exasperation. "So the same as always then? I show up, fuck some expensive machines, get paid, go home, and try to convince myself there's actually a point to all this? That it's not just an excuse for a bunch of creepers to film me naked?"

Karl looked hurt. "It's not as if we're just sitting around with our thumbs up our bums all day! I know it feels dodgy when you don't 'ave the complete picture, but I know for a fact there are a lot of brilliant minds 'ere studying the, er... data you're producing for us. Even I 'aven't got the full picture, but I've seen enough to know it's important work."

"Then I'm glad we're *close*." Lindsey replied sourly.

"Oh come off it! I promise you won't be miffed when you 'ear the full story!" Karl returned his attention to his laptop screen. "We'll ring you up in a few days to follow up on this photo situation. Let us know if you think of anything that might 'elp."

"Will do." Lindsey stood to leave. "Thanks for... believing in... whatever it is you're doing." She finished lamely.

The freckled futa felt defeated as she walked out of Karl's office. By the time she reached the front door, she was already thinking of how she would punish Becca for this betrayal. Just yesterday, Lindsey had spelled out for Becca exactly what would happen if she broke her agreement with her anonymous benefactor.

Lindsey wished there could be some other explanation, maybe Becca's phone had been hacked? With extremely unlucky timing? But Becca had still taken the photo, that much was obvious.

As she walked away from the clinic, there was only one thing on Lindsey's mind.

That girl is going to get it.