



Chapter VI

"Part II"

By Rook Errant

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 breach."

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 breach '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.

“Prolly 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.