

Overlooking the installation, it was all Sam could do to stop herself from cackling; to think, they called that assignment a “high-risk” one when there weren’t even any airborne patrols or armored vehicles lining the perimeter. She’d done worse purely for sport, making it downright ridiculous for her handlers to warn her that she was about to kick the proverbial hornet’s nest by slipping in to steal whatever it was that was kept inside Vault C-17, section thirty-six, fifth drawer from the top; that was as much as she cared to remember from the briefing at least, with everything else having been shoved to the back of her head, as usual. For the vixen, assignments like those had become her bread and butter, to the point where she barely recalled her old life before joining the program; it had only been a couple of short years, but in that time her way of being had changed so radically that Samantha might as well just not be the same person she used to be, and in quite literal terms as well. She was warned, right from the start, that the sort of genemodding that was required to grant her the physical attributes needed for the supersoldier program would leave her utterly unrecognizable: from a measly five-foot seven (albeit in peak physical condition) to a towering nine feet tall, coupled with a suitable addition to just about every muscle group in her body; surprisingly enough, everything worked in tandem to give her the appearance of a trained endurance athlete who just so happened to lift on the side, rather than a grotesque parody of reality that was only achievable by way of synthoil and depriving oneself of water. No, she was an *amazon*, a title that was entirely self-attributed, but that no one in their right minds dared to contest whenever Sam decided to trot it out; besides, she wasn’t exactly *wrong*, not when she could easily crush skulls between her thighs if she so wanted it, or snap spines purely by dropping her bust on top of an unsuspecting head. It just so happened, however, that it hadn’t always been like that, even after the genemodding itself; while the height and overall build were granted to her by the initial treatments, her additional curves certainly *weren’t*. Rather, an unforeseen side-effect of the several courses of modifications had been a complete overhaul of her endocrine system, which just so happened to have been nearly completely subverted in service to Samantha’s libido. It was hard to notice at first, given that the physical exercise required of those in the program served as a perfect outlet for the participants’ more base urges, but as soon as Sam was afforded some more personal time, she began noticing that her body didn’t quite like it whenever she went for any extended period of time without *relief*. Not only did her arousal rise to levels that were, frankly, completely absurd, but her physical form itself began to change... mostly in an outward manner. If she wasn’t careful, the vixen would end up going a couple cup sizes bigger and a few handfuls fatter around her ass and thighs every single day, or at least until she relented and gave her needy self what it was begging for. It did little more than stave off the inevitable, however, as it became clear that without frequent stimulation, her body would just keep demanding attention, growing thicker in an apparent attempt at attracting any potential mates. And while Sam couldn’t deny that the idea of having a built-in growth system was anything short of *immensely* alluring, the point of joining the supersoldier program wasn’t to turn herself into a stacked and bulky dominatrix, it was to become a *soldier*, who typically didn’t work well with bodily proportions that legitimately got in the way. Then again, it was a win-win scenario as far as Samantha cared: she either got bigger, or

she got leave to fuck the nearest boytoy who'd say yes, giving her pretty much whatever she could ever want, provided she didn't toe the line too much. She obviously did, and at least a few of those occasions were actually deliberate; much as having a bust large enough to cover a significant chunk of her chest or an ass so wide she needed to be careful around doors were a tad bit impeditive for some missions... they were still there, and being there, they were there for Sam to not only make use of herself, but *put* to use with whoever wanted to come help the super soldier "blow off some steam" between missions. It, too, became a sort of competition, a marathon to see who could last the longest; with most of the top brass looking the other way for as long as the assignments themselves were completed within allotted time scales, it became normal for the large team of handlers around Samantha to each take turns being the next one up on the "chopping block", so called because, to date, no one had ever managed to outlast the vixen. Nor, in fact, did anyone really expect to; that wasn't the point, after all, of them volunteering to nearly have their pelvises crushed or their heads squeezed so hard they felt like they could explode at any moment. So things progressed, with Samantha deliberately pushing herself to the very edge just to see how far she could go before an official reprimand, not only abiding by her body's needs, but *improving* upon a form that many others would already call perfect, until what was left was a nine-foot giantess with a penchant for growing taller, bustier, thicker and more musclebound whenever she felt particularly horny. The last growth spurt alone, which she deliberately extended as far as she could feasibly do so before her own mind broke in half, had helped her grow the extra few inches needed to cross that next integer in height... and, coincidentally, it had taken place long enough that Samantha was already feeling the effects of sexual deprivation. It was part of her habit of deliberately making things harder for her, born purely from how most of her missions were, by that point, so easy for her to complete that they failed to provide any sort of challenge whatsoever; what was a helicopter to someone who could jump higher than they could fly? What was a tank to a vixen who could deflect a shell in midair? What were *bullets* to a gorgeous body that was effectively about as resistant as carbon nanoweave? Thus, if her job wouldn't give her the challenge she needed, she would just *make one*, even if it meant endangering the mission; hell, *especially* if it meant endangering the mission, since at least then there was a chance of failure, rather than it being a simple matter of time. And on that occasion, against the advice of just about everyone in her team of handlers, Samantha had deliberately deprived herself of sexual gratification for about a week or so, usually enough for the first signs of growth to make themselves known; indeed, though she couldn't be certain whether or not it was just her imagination, Sam could swear that her skintight bodysuit felt tighter and harder to put on than it normally did, which as far as she was concerned was exactly what she wanted out of that experiment. Though, that was hardly enough; her body itself might give her something to work with, but if she wanted to prove that she was in charge, that she and *she alone* called the shots, then the only way to do so was to take an already supercharged libido and make it even *worse*: hence, the bottle of pills she had snuck on her person before before airlifted a couple of miles off the target black site. The vixen had procured them from a friend of a friend, smuggled them in via regular correspondence by threatening the

people whose job it was to check it for potential contraband that she'd smother them with her own tits if they ever opened her mail again. Hard to tell if that even worked as a *threat*, but the fact of the matter was that the pills arrived on time and no one said anything about them; victory number one, soon to be followed by victory number two as she snuck them with herself when she boarded the helo, and now, as Sam uncapped it and unceremoniously dumped the entire contents of it down her throat, victory number three. In truth, the medication wasn't meant to do anything too out of the ordinary, as it was just a bog-standard aphrodisiac; useful for behind locked doors, certainly scandalous outside of a bedroom, and borderline *dangerous* for use out there in the middle of enemy territory. No one in their right minds would subject themselves to an extra-strength dose of a substance designed to make one too horny to think straight, but Sam wasn't someone in her right mind; she wanted a *challenge*, and if that meant deliberately going out of her way to be so aroused throughout the whole mission that she left a trail wherever she went, then she wasn't going to second-guess herself. The effects were, thankfully, nearly immediate, with her body temperature slowly rising and her legs quivering slightly as the need for something long, hard and girthy to be shoved between them grew along with the *intense* need to howl at the moon over her head. It was an odd reflex to be sure, probably thanks to some more canid DNA used in her genetic improvement, but one that even Sam wasn't ready to indulge in; it was embarrassing, and frankly, it would just give her away, which as far as she cared was cheating. If her enemies wanted to find her, they'd better be ready to *work* for it, though given how much she needed to moan, that probably wouldn't be too hard all things considered. Samantha barely managed to get up and walk for a couple of steps before her entire body froze... apart from her right arm, which needed to remain mobile in order to do *something* to the burning sensation coming from between her legs. Just a single touch was all she needed to have her mouth drop open and her tongue loll out, eyes rolling upwards as she gently rubbed herself through the adaptive synthskin layer she was dressed in; it was a convenient function of it, that the material was capable of fully molding itself to every curve in the wearer's body, which just so happened to let the vixen trace the contours of her somewhat puffed-up mound, even if it didn't offer enough give that she could do something about her more intrusive thoughts without ripping the suit apart; while Samantha was content in the knowledge that it would only be a temporary embarrassment, she didn't feel like explaining why the suit had been torn open in her nethers alone. Still, walking was significantly harder than it should be, though given the rabid infusion of aphrodisiacs she had given herself, Sam couldn't exactly blame anything other than her own actions; it became a simple matter of learning how to put one foot in front of the other while ignoring the way her soft thighs rubbed against one another, or how the synthskin suit seemed to just not be there at all, so great it was at mimicking actual touch sensation. To think that she had two whole miles to go, as well as climbing down a mountainside, left her reeling and wondering whether the idea had been *that* good to begin with... but then all it took was for her to rub her lower lips again a couple of times for such doubts to melt away, leaving only a mewling vixen in such serious need for relief that the thought of using someone at the black site in the valley below didn't seem like that stupid of an idea. Still, she was supposed to be a highly trained

soldier, not some random fix in heat, which meant her *job* was to push back those thoughts and focus on the mission proper; after all, had she not deliberately pushed herself to the edge to prove that she could withstand the additional challenge? It would look terrible on her record if something as simple as *arousal* managed to get the better of her, doubly so on an assignment as easy as that one. Sure, every step she took made her whole body quiver as electrical jolts coursed up and down her spine like there was no tomorrow, to say nothing of how the few hardened plates she was wearing over her synthskin layer began to feel somewhat tighter than usual; all of this was expected, as was the increased sense of heightened arousal, therefore, she must've accounted for it when she decided it was a good idea. It was oddly difficult for Sam to remember exactly *what* she'd been thinking back then, given the hazy cloud of horniness that had so intruded so impolitely upon her senses; the vixen vaguely recalled a few details, something about her believing herself better than what others thought of her or somesuch. Really, what mattered the most to her was getting down to the black site, because at least then she could complete her mission and go home for an extended marathon with whoever was brave enough to come into her room when she called for the "next one" to come service her. The trek down was... significantly harder than expected, owing to the aphrodisiacs *truly* kicking in about a quarter of the way to the valley below; the initial impact was bad enough, but as soon as the chemical compound was being properly pumped through her bloodstream, Sam could barely *think* about moving without her nethers *gushing*, not at all helped by how the synthetic suit she was wearing did absolutely nothing to hide the sensations that came from her thighs rubbing together. Really, it was a confluence of inescapable factors at that point, what with her body having improved upon itself in such a way that the vixen truly *couldn't* escape some form of stimulation just by *being*; the difference, of course, was that most of the time she wasn't hopped up on high-potency arousal boosters *designed* to make people lose themselves in the throes of passion, so that made things slightly more difficult than they would've been otherwise. Still, she eventually made her way down, taking far longer than she normally would; by the time she did, her synthskin suit was noticeably tighter around her entire form, though not yet to the point where it was ready to burst. Thankfully, that honour was only given to the handful of armor plates she had glued on her limbs and torso, strategically located more to give her a means of deflecting blows than they were to stop ballistic impacts, given that her skin was already effectively bullet resistant to an absurd degree. Sam thought about removing them, given how heavily the straps were digging into her, but something made her stop; it wasn't so much a voice as it was a disembodied will, making itself known through neural impulses that took a short while to be translated properly. It was a familiar presence, most likely the same animalistic beast that revealed itself whenever the vixen locked her bedroom door with someone else inside with her, rearing its head now of all times thanks to how eagerly Sam had fed it with that bottle of pills. It told her not to remove any of her plating, any of her attire even, for to do so would be to forgo the privilege of bursting free from it, and the pleasure that would come from seeing herself outgrow her own gear. That *was* one of her guilty little pleasures, wasn't it? To wear clothes when she knew she was undergoing a growth spurt, just to see herself ripping them to pieces by sheer virtue of being the way she was?

Why not take it a step beyond, and truly prove to herself that she had the ability to do even more, to outright destroy military plating through the power of her growing form? It was certainly an alluring thought, so much so that Sam had to catch herself before her hands went between her legs again, and one that the vixen was intent on following, even if it *did* become slightly uncomfortable as she made the final approach to the black site itself. Mercifully, its defenses were just as barren as they appeared to be from her vantage point back on the mountainside; presumably, those in charge of the compound were relying on it being built in the asscrack middle of nowhere to do most of the heavy lifting, plus the fact that it was constructed in such a way that the only way to approach it would be through wide open terrain. Given those circumstances, having a simple security perimeter with cameras and automated searchlights wasn't *that* ridiculous of a security decision, though clearly whoever was in charge of the operation had never dealt with someone like *her* before. It was a testament to her skills that Samantha had never actually used her synthskin suit's in-built stealth capabilities; if she actually *wanted* to, it would be incredibly easy for her to activate them, causing the skintight layer around her body to expand upwards to cover her head before reflecting light around it in such a way that she would be invisible to the naked eye... apart from her own eyes, but still. Yet, at no point had Samantha used this function, preferring instead to rely on her infiltration training; both because it was simpler than having to deal with the inherent confusion that came from having an invisible body, *and* because it presented a much greater challenge for her. Thus, when she saw that in between herself, hiding behind one of the last rocks at the base of the mountains, and the closest perimeter wall of the compound was nothing but several hundred yards of open terrain... well, she was just giddy, really. Though, at that point, it was hard to tell whether it was because of what she was *seeing*, or what she was *feeling*, given that the arousal had reached a point where even Sam's iron will wasn't enough to keep one of her hands from openly caressing her needy lower lips, slowly rubbing her soaking mound in a vain attempt at satiating some of the intense hunger it was continuously making her feel. Maybe, she thought to herself, she could appease the beast for just long enough that she could get in, fetch whatever it was she was meant to get, then get out; it wasn't until she realized she'd been standing in the same spot for over ten minutes without doing anything other than pleasuring herself that the vixen came to terms with the fact that she had to do *something* about what she was going through. Obviously, the best solution was to make good use of that cover she had found to take her suit off and do what had to be done; she was far enough away that any of her moans could be misconstrued for wildlife, plus the patrols didn't seem to head out that far, leaving her relatively safe. Then again, to do this would mean to admit that she couldn't control herself, that she *was* a slave to her own desires and baser needs, rather than a super-soldier gifted with the ability to subvert her own willpower in order to make it do whatever it was she wanted it to do. For Samantha, being able to complete that mission without getting off first had become something more than a mere self-imposed goal, but rather, a *statement*, evidence that she was the uncontested master of her own physical form. Once she'd proven that, *then* she could afford to cut loose and do whatever her instincts were telling her to do (there were enough voices there that it became confusing, honestly), seeing as she'd have

nothing to prove by then. Therefore, regardless of what the *sensible* option was, the only *realistic* one was for her to keep going, even when it became evident that her equipment wouldn't survive the trek over to the black site off in the distance. Not that it particularly mattered; just as long as *she* got there, whatever she had on was entirely secondary, as the actual suit itself was there just in case she had to deal with more extreme atmospheric conditions or the occasional death laser. Seeing as neither were likely (at least according to what Sam recalled from the briefing), then worrying about the synthskin layer remaining in one piece was, frankly, a complete waste of time; besides, if it *did* rip open, it would only serve to expose her body in the most scandalous of ways, which could serve as a trump card just in case she needed a quick getaway, or a way to infiltrate any areas protected by keycards or any other such security measures. That said, it was far easier to consider this than it was to go through with it; words were cheap, thoughts even more so, but at the end of the day, Sam still had to drag herself across several hundred yards of open terrain, criss-crossed by high-power searchlights and probably ranged for artillery, without being seen, all while trying to hold back a dozen moans from escaping her throat with every second that passed. It didn't help that she had to stick close to the ground, dragging herself over it and coincidentally giving her tits and nipples one hell of a workout; the synthskin suit worked very much against her in that case, with it offering just enough protection that it didn't chafe, while not at all reducing sensory feedback, leaving the vixen's already sensitive buds practically *screaming* for her to do something about how engorged they were. Didn't take long before she felt the familiar tightness in her chest either, signalling that her bust had begun to grow as well, nor the overwhelming sense of pressure in her thighs and rear, the precursor to their own size boost arriving soon. It would all culminate with her body temperature skyrocketing in preparation for her entire form bulging outwards with additional height and mass, a process that wouldn't stop until she did something that that raging monster inside of her screaming its lungs out about wanting to fuck someone, or at least getting someone *to* fuck her like a wild animal in heat. It was impossible not to think in those terms, especially not when she had to hold still to avoid a searchlight and was left alone with nothing but her uncontrollable thoughts, her eyes tightly shut, her mouth closed and her fists clenched as the vixen did her best to hold onto the last vestiges of her self-control. She was going to have to make use of the black site's personnel, this much was evident; as much as it would endanger the mission, it was either that or start pleasuring herself there and then, and at least *thinking* about getting to ride a cock once she reached her destination gave the vixen something to do, a goal to reach, an objective to keep her mind off of what a terrible idea it had been to take those damned aphrodisiacs before starting her assignment. Still, it wasn't the time to start berating her old self; the chemicals were in her bloodstream already and she couldn't afford to perform a full cleaning out there in the middle of nowhere, so the only possible route was *forward*, through whatever challenges lay ahead. It just so happened that said challenges would mostly consist of her trying not to jump the bones of the first person she saw. Amazingly, though it took her long enough that part of her wondered just how close the dawn was, Sam *did* sneak her way close enough to the compound that she could feasibly sprint towards the outer perimeter without anyone seeing her... not that she would,

given that it would cause enough rubbing of soft flush that she'd most likely collapse before she even got to the midway point, presenting herself as a perfect target for the myriad security cameras scanning every possible inch around the metal walls. It was a conundrum, truly, and one that would only get worse the longer she delayed finding an answer for it; the aphrodisiacs weren't going to wait for her to make up her mind, nor was her body going to *stop* growing just because she didn't know what to do next. Every second she spent not moving towards her goal was one more that she lost in the ongoing battle against herself, enough so that, after just a handful of seconds, the vixen had no option *but* to force herself to stand so she could run as quickly as possible. *Miraculously*, not only did she succeed in reaching the base of the outer walls, slamming her back against it with a thud loud enough that she was certain *someone* must've heard it, but she did so without letting out any more noises than strictly necessary; then again, both of her hands were firmly clasped over her mouth, keeping all the moans either in or slightly muffled, so that certainly helped. She had to close her eyes, doing her best not to look down and see as her bust billowed outwards and her lower body thickened far in excess to what it usually did during her horny episodes, the end result of her blatant disregard for her own personal safety; had it only been the aphrodisiacs *or* the deprivation period, perhaps it would've been a lot easier to handle, but with both of them stacked together? She had better odds of winning the lottery than she did of resisting her own instincts, making it nothing short of a statistical impossibility that she somehow managed to focus enough on her mission to actually remember to make use of her synthskin suit's abilities before it was completely torn apart. She could already hear it straining under her expanding form, and if not for its natural elasticity, the whole thing would've already been ripped to shreds; the armor pads on her chest had already been left somewhere in the approach to the black site, and the ones on her arms didn't survive for much longer after the vixen found her way to the compound's perimeter, with her having to quickly reach for them when they snapped off, lest they fall to the ground and give away her position. Had this happened behind locked doors, it would've been the most erotic experience Sam had ever gone through; unfortunately, it taking place where it did... didn't exactly take away from the pleasure of it, really, though it did sour it somewhat by how she didn't have someone to share it with, nor was at liberty to express herself in her usual way. The one thing she *wanted* to do was howl at the moon and loudly demand that someone come fuck her silly, but sadly, she couldn't yet do that, not until she was inside the black site and found an isolated guard, at least; to that end, the vixen pressed on a very specific section of her synthskin suit, its surface shifting to reveal something akin to a small, wrist-mounted control panel, one that she used to activate her equipment's in-built invisibility mode. It wasn't the best of ideas, especially in the state that she was in, but rather her tripping forwards and having to pull herself back than having to climb a wall while dragging her nipples all over a flat surface; with how *sensitive* those things were, everyone and everything in a hundred mile radius would hear her scream on first contact, let alone the several feet of vertical climb that would be needed. Jumping was right out as well; Sam simply lacked the willpower and presence of mind needed for those sorts of acrobatics in the aroused state she had placed herself in. Thankfully, the synthskin suit was still intact *enough*

that it could stretch itself over her head, then bend light around its surface such a way as to make it, and the vixen underneath it, invisible to the naked eye, barring of course Sam's *own* eyes; were the effect to be extended to them, she'd be left blind, and while *normally* the vixen would be more than capable of navigating through scent and touch, she wasn't exactly confident on her ability to concentrate at that point. Getting in was, fittingly, just a question of dragging herself around the perimeter until she found the main gate; it was obvious that the people who built that complex weren't going to install an automated gate when they cheaped on exterior defences by just using a bunch of metal sheets stacked vertically next to one another. Hell, there was only a single interior guard tower, with the surveillance equipment and searchlights mounted on individual poles rather than on a proper wall. This made it surprisingly easy for the vixen to just slip on through unnoticed, though the presence of armed guards at the entrance somewhat increased the difficulty by virtue of there being *people*, and *people* meant that Sam could finally do something about that thirst she was feeling. It took all of her self-restraint to keep from jumping the nearest guard to her, and even then she got *far* too close to them for comfort, almost brushing one of her tits against their shoulder purely to see how they would react. The vixen could barely recognize herself, given her usually more professional demeanour; perhaps, she thought to herself in a brief moment of total lucidity, this was what was keeping her anchored down: the understanding that this was *entirely* unlike her, thus, if she fully succumbed, she'd have been wrong about herself, and that just wouldn't do. This simple thought was enough to buy her some more time away from the aroused insanity that had been most of her journey so far, though by the time she located and reached the building the vault was built underneath, the vixen was all-but back to her previous lusty self, eager to sneak inside and close the door behind her. This simple act felt as if it had some significance, though her sex-addled mind couldn't quite tell what it was; all she knew was that when doors were closed, fucking happened, and being as needy for a good lay as she was, Sam was eager to find out just who was waiting for her on the other side. It was with an immeasurable amount of disappointment that the vixen found out that most of the interior was completely deserted, most of the personnel seemingly either asleep or guarding the approach to the site itself on the outside; she even went so far as to upturn what looked to be a clerk's table, hoping perhaps to find someone hiding underneath, but to no avail. As she turned her suit's invisibility off, there was no one there to actually *see* her, leaving the vixen desperate for anything, *anyone* who could help her with the increasingly bigger problem that was her out-of-control libido; she was split, a small chunk of her still wanting Sam to focus on the mission, still begging her to just find the vault, collect the target item from within and then get out before anyone could see her, since, after all, she had a *guaranteed* supply of eager volunteers back home who would be more than happy to take her up on her offer. Yet, the biggest part of her, the same one who insisted that fucking the nearest consenting person was a perfectly good idea even in the middle of enemy territory, was entirely unconcerned with whatever the mission was; Sam was horny, Sam was in need of someone to fuck, and thus, her prime directive should be to locate someone who'd be willing to go along with it. Bunch of military personnel out in the middle of nowhere, suddenly faced with an amazon several feet taller than them,



possessed of a bust big enough to crush their spines and an ass so wide they could vanish underneath it if she sat on them? Curves which were *growing*, in fact, making them that much more delectable? Sam would be surprised if she *didn't* find someone who immediately jumped at the opportunity... but, then again, what would happen next? She'd jump someone's bones, probably get everything out of her system, but in the process alert everyone to the fact that she was *there*, and thus ruin both the mission and her future prospects of not being a prisoner in some damp cell somewhere. And while having plenty of free time for herself was certainly something she wouldn't say no to, Sam couldn't help but think that someone like her wouldn't just be allowed to pleasure herself whenever she felt like it, not without a few stunprods being deployed to keep her in line. It was the eternal battle between immediate and delayed self-gratification, one that the vixen was hard-pressed to fight even at the best of times, let alone with her mind being so clouded by her arousal that the synthskin coating over her was already beginning to tear open in places, even its immense resistance not enough to handle a pair of hips wide enough to bump against both sides of a doorway, or a bust that seemed to *want* to cover most of her torso and beyond. Of course, this did very little but further drive her to new heights of passion and pleasure, and soon enough Sam had one hand to the nearest wall and another between her legs again, biting her tongue to keep from making too much noise as the pitter-patter of droplets falling on the ground filled the air instead. It was stronger than her, and by the time she was done, weak-kneed and trembling all over, at least she'd staved off the inevitable by yet another indeterminate, yet certainly very short amount of time. In that short moment of clarity, the vixen turned to face the one door she could see in there besides the entrance, the one that was certain to lead further downstairs; if she recalled her briefing correctly, the vault itself had been dug below ground, protected by multiple layers of security both active and passive, none of which *should* have been an issue for someone like her. Sadly, Sam wasn't really there, or at least not the same one that usually was; instead, in her place, her handlers now had a suspiciously similar substitute that just so happened to be more interested in finding a cock to ride than she was in accomplishing anything productive, leaving Sam to stumble around trying to find a way down after the door opened into a long hallway filled with nondescript doors. Each one had a sign next to it, but if ever she had known what the numbers and letters meant, she certainly didn't anymore, not through *that* haze of lust she was experiencing. Her one option was to open each one and take a peek inside, hoping that she didn't accidentally stumble into a guard rec room or something as unfortunate as that... yet, simultaneously, *desperately* hoping that she did, given that she found her odds of success were quite good if she actually decided to throw down with a small group of opponents; how else was she supposed to take her urges otherwise? Fate, however, was not so kind as to hand her a reward on a silver platter, not without making her *work* for it first; given that every step she took only make her problems worse, Clara was more or less running on borrowed time being paid back with absurd amounts of interest, her body effectively incapable of functioning properly anymore without her finding some way to vent the excess horny energy built up inside her. Be it via her hands, rubbing her tits against the wall while grinding her whole body against it as she imagined herself being railed by some unfathomably

huge boy toy, or even just *screaming* for someone to come push her into a mating press, anything was fair game as far as the vixen was concerned. Past a certain point, it became less of a matter of stealth and more a question of where all the guards were; considering how unashamedly loud she was being, any decent garrison would've already jumped her the moment she first made any loud noise, *especially* that close to what was supposedly a top-secret underground vault. That she was allowed to carry through regardless, unopposed except by her own body's need for attention, was nothing short of bizarre, enough so that, even through the thick haze of lust she had imposed on herself, Carla still managed to find it odd... though, in her case, it was mostly because this meant no dicks for her to ride or legs for her to plunge in between to make good use of her tongue, rather than any more practical concern. There *should* have been people there, and yet there weren't, forcing the vixen to do whatever she could to stave off the inevitable meltdown; eventually, she had to stop entirely in order to bring both hands to her lower lips, hoping perhaps that doing so would help satiate the raging beast within her. It was certainly *pleasurable*, that much was true, but even after the third or fourth climax rolled around, it didn't seem to do much to take care of how needy she felt; of course, her body would never be satisfied by anything other than an actual lover, an actual *person* with whom she could lay with. It was its one demand, and considering just how many volunteers she usually had back home, it wasn't even an unreasonable one; yet, stuck in the middle of enemy territory and already feeling the effects of her uncontrolled growth spurts when she hip-checked the walls around her without even trying, Carla was unable to tick that one checkbox, forced as she was to make due on her lonesome. It didn't occur to her that the more she forced it, the more she tried to resolve the problem using only whatever she had around her, the worse the problem became; it was an unfortunate cycle, where her own arousal made it impossible for Carla to realize she was only making herself hornier, which in turn obscured her self-awareness further, cementing a downwards descent from which there was very little chance of escape. Not that the vixen particularly *wanted* to leave it behind, at least not the version of herself which was in control; perhaps the more professional side of her would balk at the notion of abandoning a mission because she felt like getting stuffed with a cock fat enough to make her feel her insides being rearranged, but the primal aspects of her dumb lizard brain wanted nothing *but* that, even if it meant throwing everything down the drain to get it. Thus, Carla's trek through the complex and into the vault, maintained purely through momentum by then, was one filled with every sort of lewd, scandalous noise her mind could cook up, all in the hopes of finding someone, *anyone* who would be willing to step up to the ring and take her on. By then, her synthskin suit had already ruptured in multiple places, with both hardened muscle and soft pudge escaping from the gaps in equal measure, promising handfuls of pure bliss to anyone daring enough to both approach and *touch* the growing giantess; her whole form, in fact, was bulging outwards at a steady pace, enough that her head soon bumped against the ceiling whenever she bothered to straighten her back. Naturally, this meant it took some time before Carla realized what was happening, given her usual issues with posture whenever the arousal got too high, and by the time she did, it was far too late to do anything about it; with the top of her skull inches away from the metal plating above it, even with her

hunched over, her thighs thick enough to cover a significant portion of the hallway she was in, and a bust of such large dimensions that it had begun to encroach upon her waistline while spilling over the sides of her torso, one would be forgiven for thinking that she was more of a special guest than anything remotely resembling an elite agent. Indeed, given the sort of noises she was making, one would be hard-pressed to imagine that the vixen had ever understood what the concept of stealth even meant, which only made it more baffling for her that no one bothered to show up. Usually, whenever she got *that* rowdy, it wasn't long until at least one or two eager little things showed up, wanting to have a good couple of hours trying to tame a wild beast that refused to be ridden by anyone who lacked the willpower to go all the way; all she had to do was open her mouth and let her brain take care of the rest, and there'd be a knock at her door followed by *someone* who was either sent to take care of her, or happily volunteered for it. Yet there, in the middle of the desert, inside a black site maintained by a government agency that didn't technically exist, *surrounded* on all sides by a metal wall patrolled and held by armed guards, Carla found herself screaming for someone to perform a great number of atrociously lewd acts, only for no one to respond. It baffled the mind, or at least it did hers; little did the vixen know that her actions were *not* going unnoticed, and it just so happened that no one wanted to be the unlucky bastard who was sent in to try and fix the problem; while she *had* slipped into the base itself without anyone picking up on it, her loss of control once heading down to the vault ensured that she tripped every alarm put in place, alerting the security personnel to someone having breached their innermost security perimeter. However, when they turned to actually *see* what was happening in there, and saw through the security feed a colossal, somehow-growing vixen that left behind her several scratch marks on the floor and walls, despite the fact that those were made out of steel plating... well, it was certainly a surprise, to say the absolute least. A possibility like that had *not* been part of anyone's training, certainly not even after they were recruited for the black site garrison; they could handle regular trespassers, even exceedingly sneaky ones, but for them to see no one at all, only to then be confronted with a giantess like Carla, was too much for anyone to truly handle. For a few moments, the security crew believed it had to be some kind of prank: their coworkers had somehow meddled with the camera footage and deliberately tripped an alarm in order to record their reactions or something similarly idiotic, because clearly that vixen *couldn't* be real; it wasn't until someone burst into the main control room, covered in sweat and looking ready to collapse from exhaustion, that anyone began to take the threat seriously. The giantess was real, the young canid said, he'd seen her with his own eyes; a likely story, but given the oddly realistic combination of sheer terror and inexplicable arousal that painted the soldier's expression, the security crew had little recourse but to at least act like they were taking the threat seriously. For Carla, this meant an uptick in the number of times she *swore* she saw something off the corner of her eye, only to turn her head and see nothing there; she was unaware that she wasn't imagining things, that there *were* armed guards waiting behind every corner. They just happened to not want to be the ones to die a horrible death by overexertion, preferring to let their colleagues take the plunge; seeing as they were all thinking the same thing, this quickly turned into a game of cat-and-mouse, where the

latter severely outnumbered the former, yet still knew they stood no chance of winning a straight-up fight. There were a handful who were more open to the idea, precisely because of what they knew was in for them if they stood in front of that vixen, but seeing as their bosses didn't want them "wasting time" on unorthodox approaches, they resolved to hold their fire; no sense marring a body as stunning as that one, even if they knew said body could bend them in half and keep going for hours afterwards as if nothing had even happened. Meanwhile, the vixen was stuck in a loop, constantly turning around to try and check if what she "saw" off the corner of her eye was really there, then spending a couple of seconds moaning loudly enough to rattle some of the reinforced windows in the corridor, then spotting another shadow and starting the process all over again; she hadn't really moved any closer to the vault in several minutes by then, and in fact the very idea of the vault itself had slipped from her mind entirely. Her only concern was to *fuck*, to find someone who could take her rabid energy and *not* collapse underneath it and then make good use of them; it hardly mattered if they were friend or foe, just as long as they were *willing*, then she was more than happy to open her legs and invite them to try their luck. They wouldn't make it past the three-minute mark, that much she was certain of, but it was the thought that counted; anything other than having to deal with herself using only... well, herself, which was only digging the hole she was in even deeper; wouldn't take long before Carla was on her back, writhing in agonizing pleasure, gushing openly and unashamedly with just as much gusto as she was calling out for anyone, literally *anyone* to show up so she could jump them and the two (or more, she wasn't picky) could have some fun. It was honestly impressive how much her body refused to give in to all the energy it was expending; anyone else would've collapsed long before reaching that state, but for Carla, it felt that the more she moved around, the more of herself she placed into this unending process of seeking a mate and growing hornier because of it, the more energized she became. Like she was drawing from some form of aetherial battery, her body was a wellspring of power unending, a raging inferno that could only truly be quenched by one brave enough to stick their hands in the flames and keep them there until they were singed to the bone. A sacrifice, yes, but a necessary one as far as she was concerned, because *she* certainly wasn't going to give up; her arousal was the important factor in any equation that could possibly be drawn up, and if anyone wanted to say otherwise, they were more than welcome to say so to her face, since at least *then* she'd have *someone* there to pick up and use as a stress relief toy. Heavens above, just the thought alone was enough to make her whole body spasm; no wonder she didn't take aphrodisiacs like that most of the time... though, why didn't she? The experience was *rapturous*. It was through sheer luck alone that Carla found her way to the last hallway before the vault itself, though by that point it was less a matter of her skillfully navigating the underground complex and more her simply tripping over herself and forgetting where she was, following by collapsing a couple of walls and finally ending up sprawled all over the floor; she was, after all, literally unable to keep herself from (trying to) fix her arousal problem, which of course meant her hands had better things to do than pick locks or hack through security systems. They had two chest-obscuring breasts to squeeze and knead, two asscheeks big enough to crush a car to plunge into, two thighs of such immense softness that to

*not* sink her fingers into them would be downright criminal; she had her whole body, ready and waiting for someone, *anyone* to come and give it the stimulation it both needed and, at that point, outright *required*. It wasn't just a question of the vixen being horny and wanting to have someone address that issue; her body had transcended this state and dove straight into one where release became a *requirement*, the same condition it found itself in whenever the vixen deliberately kept herself from experiencing climax for several weeks, rather than the couple of days it had been. There wasn't even any part of her left that could consider how terrible the aphrodisiac idea had been; the agent's entire brain had been consumed by lust, animalistic in nature, *bestial* even, lust that demanded that someone come satisfy it lest it burst forth into the world and bring about a terrifyingly lewd regional apocalypse. That is, as far as the vixen could feel it; in reality, she was stuck on the ground and more or less unable to do aught but writhe around in blissful agony as her body burned up from lack of proper gratification. She was certainly making a racket, especially when she bumped into one of the walls and sent shockwaves coursing through the entire complex; with her body having grown to surpass the fifteen foot mark, with curves that far exceeded what she should reasonably be able to carry on even such an enormous frame, all of her body had become a mobile disaster area. Even *if* the vixen managed to get back on her feet, all she'd succeed at was balancing on them for a few seconds before promptly collapsing once again, lacking the willpower and physical prowess to keep herself from tripping over like an idiot at the pleasure wave that came crashing into her; woe betide any of the poor fools watching her from a distance who happened to get too close, for they wouldn't have a second to consider how foolish their mistake had been before their bodies were broken in multiple spots in what would be the most explosive climax of their entire lives. They'd survive; Carla wasn't wont to literally finish off her partners even in the most destructive of orgasms. It was just that she was so pent-up that, frankly, the vixen had completely lost track of how strong she was in such a state, especially with all the extra growth; this was made more than obvious when she tore apart the wall panelling entirely by accident, sinking her fingers into the cold metal and somehow managing to pierce straight through it, throwing the wreckage in random directions whenever her arms moved back so she could grope herself once more. In fact, through sheer happenstance, the vixen *did* indeed succeed at finding the vault itself, though by that point she was too far gone to really do anything with it... though not necessarily so as to make the vault useless, at least to the guards all trying their best not to be seen. It was the best idea they had, given that no one was about to put their life on the line to try and directly contain a monstrous giantess like the one tearing their base apart from the inside out; besides, the vault's framework was supposedly strong enough that it could withstand a nuclear blast, so surely it would be able to take a rampaging, sex-starved vixen for the duration of their arousal meltdown... surely. The suggestion trickled up the command chain, followed by a reluctant agreement being passed back down: the main door into the storage room would be opened remotely, giving Carla somewhere to (hopefully) head towards so they could then lock her in. No one really gave much thought to the possibility that the vixen might genuinely be able to break out of the vault, nor did they *want* to think about it, given what it would mean in practice; they

had a plan, even if one that was full of holes, and anything was better than standing around doing nothing while they waited for an answer to fall into their laps. Thus, the guards took advantage of a small lull between two of the giantess' pleasure spikes to issue the command, the circular steel door's locks activating loudly enough for even Carla to hear; the sound was familiar to her, given that she'd heard it a million times before in so many other places: metal sliding on metal, the sound of a vast, industrial-sized lock opening. It was what she was sent there to do... wasn't it? She had a faint recollection that she had a job to do, that she was tasked with accomplishing... something. It was hard to tell what it was, given that most of her mind was preoccupied with getting her rocks off and then finding more and more inventive ways of doing it all over again, but when she opened her eyes and looked up at the opening vault door a few feet away from her, it struck a chord: she was *meant* to go in there. Why, she had no clue, but she was *certain* that was the case; granted, it was easy enough to say it, not so easy for her to get on her feet and *move* given how heavy she'd become. Even if the aphrodisiac wasn't still busy turning her body into a dysfunctional hormone storm, having to carry around a pair of milk-filled tits large enough to nearly graze her knees while spilling over several feet from either side of her would be a challenging task all by itself; at least her ass and legs had packed on considerable weight as well, though taking a step was still a considerable balancing act given how heavily her center of gravity had been affected. Still, with plenty of help from the walls (which were oddly fragile all things considered), Carla forced herself into a standing position, trailing milk and femcum behind her whenever she took a step closer to the now-open vault. It was huge, far bigger than the piddly corridor that led to it, promising ample space for her to roll around in and lose herself even more to self-exploration; indeed, by the time she was halfway to the door itself, the vixen had already forgotten why she was standing up to begin with, moving mostly by momentum rather than any real purpose. It was what she was built to do: surpass limits, including her own; if this meant doing something that she felt was right, even if she had absolutely no idea *why* she was doing it, all while powering through more arousal and horny energy than she'd ever experienced in her entire life, then she would do it. It was part of who she was, a promise made to herself in a distant, hypothetical state of being where she actually had a brain to use, and even through the haze of mindless lust, this promise meant *something*; it was the last thing driving her forward, giving her the energy needed to cover the last few feet before she had to climb into the vault proper... at which point, lacking any further drive, the vixen promptly plopped forward, two hoses of milk erupting each her swollen teats once gravity pushed her body weight onto her colossal mammaries. Acting quickly, the guards watching this scene from afar hurriedly ordered the folks at the control station to close the vault doors as quickly as possible, before the giantess turned around and realized what was going on; that they managed to do so was a testament to just how terrified everyone was, considering that such an order had to go through multiple levels in the chain of command that all got ignored for the sake of locking away the most dangerous thing inside the complex at the time. Even with how slowly the large steel slab moved back into place, Carla failed to notice that anything was out of the ordinary; she was too busy being draped over her bust, hands holding onto a pair of teats that

were too fat and heavy for her to do anything but use them as milking handles, desperate to try and reduce the pressure she felt inside of her. It wouldn't do anything, of course; no matter how much cream was pressure-hosed out of her, more would be produced to replace it, in a vicious cycle that ensured Carla's breasts would only ever get bigger. Bigger tits, which obviously meant her body had to compensate by giving her a larger rear in order to support and counterbalance the weight, which itself led to thicker thighs for better mass redistribution; all of it linked to her body billowing outwards thanks to the raw sexual energy she was afflicted by, leading to a series of growth spurts that very rapidly had the vixen taking up a significant chunk of the vault's interior. It came as a genuine surprise to those watching through the cameras; everyone involved assumed that, given the chance to calm down, the giantess would eventually reach a point where she couldn't possibly get any bigger, especially since she had once been small enough to sneak into the base without getting noticed. Surely, they all thought, this vixen would reach a maximum theoretical size, and then slowly go back down once her arousal began to die out; they couldn't possibly have guessed that not only would Carla *not* stop growing, but her growth would start *accelerating*, compounding on itself thanks to her body having gone completely out of control. It was the sort of worst-case scenario that her handlers tried their best to avoid at all costs, the exact same one that justified having an entire team of handlers that were dangerously eager to bed the vixen even when they knew they would get strained muscles and torn ligaments out of the experiment. It was the point of no-return, whereby Carla achieved a state of perfect sexual nirvana that she actively chose not to fight against, leaving her at the whim and mercy of her own hormones; it would've been bad all on its own, but with the aphrodisiacs coursing through her system, a terrifying prospective was just made even worse, leading to plenty of panicked calls on the part of the guards when they realized the vault's reinforced walls were *buckling* and *bowing outwards* as a result of the vixen within it quickly outgrowing all available free space. Soon enough, the whole base would be rumbling yet again, Carla screaming until her lungs ached, *begging* the heavens for someone to fuck her, so thoroughly starved for something to fill her that even her hands weren't enough anymore. She didn't care that she was underground, didn't care that she was in the middle of enemy territory; she didn't care that her body had reached and then surpassed the thirty-foot mark, nor that her assets had engorged themselves to such a degree that she'd be pinned down even if she *wanted* to move. All that mattered was taking care of that burning blaze within her

... and she couldn't well do it from the inside of a vault, now could she?