Advanced Biology Lab

by Linda Loring (address withheld)

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A jealous female lab technician gets even with a female

colleague by manipulation. (F/machine, nc, forced orgasm,

voy, spank)

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I work as a technician in a health research laboratory.

We end up handling some pretty scary stuff. A lot of

the work we do has to do with AIDS, and we also have

some defense contracts involving research into ways of

counteracting biological warfare. All in all, we work

with a good many substances no human should come in

contact with, or even take a chance on breathing.

Substances like that are handled in a special section

of the laboratory. No one is allowed in the room when

it's in use. Sealed containers are passed in through a

sort of miniature air-lock, and once the inner door of

the lock is opened, the containers are opened and the

contents moved around using special mechanical arms.

The mechanical arms are manipulated from a control

room. From the control room you can see into the lab

through thick, airtight windows. You can't see into the

control room from the lab, ordinarily, because the

laboratory area is brightly lit while the control room

is fairly dim.

The whole set-up is amazingly high-tech. The eight

mechanical arms can reach anywhere in the lab, and

their "hands", each with a "thumb" and two "fingers",

have tremendous strength but are also capable of

precise movement, even in microscopic dimensions.

Normally we manipulate the arms and their hands by

putting our own hands into special glove-like fixtures

and moving our own fingers the way we want their

mechanical counterparts to move. Larger or smaller

movements require separate controls, and a whole

sequence of movements can be programmed into the

computer, which then controls all movements. We can

interrupt the computer's control if something

unexpected happens, reposition things manually, and

tell the computer to pick up right where it left off.

There are six videotape cameras in the lab, and they

can be directed to cover any part of the room from

almost any angle. The special video recorders are in

the control room, and when we need to make a

presentation to someone outside the lab, signals from

those recorders can be fed into a standard VCR and

recorded in full color onto regular videotape.

All of this equipment is, as I said, normally used to

work with deadly viruses and other toxins. But, as I

recently discovered, it can be put to other uses as

well.

The discovery took place late last Saturday night. I'd

been working on an experiment using several laboratory

rats. It wasn't my job to give them food and water, but

the weekend staff sometimes "forgets" to take care of

the animals in the contagion room. My rats were already

pretty weak, and if they went all weekend without food

and water, they'd probably be dead by Monday morning,

and I'd have to start the experiment over from the

beginning.

I'd fretted about the rats all day, and finally, after

coming out of a late movie a little before midnight, I

decided to go over to the lab and check on them myself.

I pulled into the parking lot behind the lab, noticing

absently that there was another car parked down at the

end of the dark lot. I did a double take when I

recognized the car - it was one of those little Mazda

two-seater jobs, and it belonged Kristin, a/k/a the

"ice queen".

Kristin was the newest of the research biologists,

having come to work at the lab only two months earlier.

She was a real whiz with the computer system that

controlled the mechanical arms in the contagion room,

but that wasn't the attribute she was best known for.

The severe clothes she wore couldn't hide the fact that

she was really stacked, and I had to admit that her

pale blonde hair and her face weren't bad either.

All of us females in the lab, researchers and

technicians alike, were jealous of the way the men had

drooled over her at first, but from what I'd heard,

none of them had been able to get to first base with

her. That was why some of them had begun referring to

her as the "ice queen".

Usually when one of the women's cars stayed in the lot

all night one could infer that she was spending the

night elsewhere, after a successful date with one of

the men who worked in the lab. That seemed unlikely,

from what I knew of Kristin's reputation, but I decided

that her personal life wasn't any of my business

anyway, and went inside.

The outer door of the building used a regular key, and

then I had to use first another key and then a

specially coded magnetic card to get into the secure

area of the lab. By the time I'd made it through the

last door I was aware that the lights were on in the

contagion room. That didn't surprise me a lot, because

the weekend staff was often careless about the lights,

too. Still, I was curious enough to slip into the

darkened control room in order to see, without being

seen, whether someone was in the C-Room, as we called

it.

Someone was there, all right, and the sight just about

blew my mind! Kristin lay on her back on one of the

work counters, totally nude, her clothing in a pile on

the floor. That would have been astounding enough, but

what made the scene really incredible was that the

"fingers" on one of the mechanical arms were fondling

one of her breasts while those on a second arm were

busy amidst the pale hair between her legs! Incredulous

at what I was seeing, I sat down to watch.

The computer beside me was on and the screen indicated

that it was in the "engaged" mode, which meant it was

controlling the mechanical devices in the C-Room.

Kristin had obviously done a little extra-curricular

programming, and from what I could tell she seemed to

have done a very good job!

I couldn't hear anything from the next room, but

Kristin's head and body were in constant motion as the

mechanical digits caressed first one breast and then

the other, pulled gently at her engorged nipples, and

glided easily in and out of the dark slit that was only

half-hidden by her silky pubic hair.

I stood up quietly and slipped a blank tape into the

VCR. I didn't know what I might do with the tape, but

the way my own juices were starting to flow, I

suspected that I was going to want to watch this scene

again - in living color, no less! It was while I was

loading the tape that I noticed a third mechanical arm.

It was motionless now, but Kristin plainly didn't

expect it to remain so, because its padded fingers were

clamped around the base of the largest dildo I'd ever

seen!

For some reason the sight of that dildo really pissed

me off. I can't explain exactly why it bothered me so

much, but here was a woman with the most perfect body

I'd ever seen, or even imagined, who could have any man

she even looked at. But instead of taking any of the

offers she'd had, she'd constructed her perfect

mechanical lover, and now she was waiting for it to

fuck her!

If she were really ugly, maybe I could accept what she

was doing. For Kristin to do that though, seemed like a

gesture of contempt for the rest of us, who had to

settle for mortal lovers and their fragile egos, their

clumsy foreplay, their sweaty bodies and their

ordinary-sized cocks that so often had to be coaxed

laboriously to life.

Without any definite plan in mind, I switched on the

video monitor in the control room, so I could see and

hear what was being recorded on the video tape, and

disengaged the computer. Kristin looked surprised as

the magic fingers stopped their kneading and probing,

and then astonished as the hand that had been toying

with her pussy moved up to her waist.

Astonishment gave way to alarm as I used the arm to

roll her onto her stomach. She began to struggle,

making incoherent sounds, but I pushed two of the

mechanical hands into the small of her back to hold her

in place on the flat counter. I hadn't decided what to

do next, but the sight of her perfect ass, wiggling as

she tried vainly to get her knees under her, gave me an

idea.

I spread the arms slightly and opened their fingers to

grip Kristin firmly on either side of her narrow waist.

With their immense strength the mechanical arms had no

trouble lifting her off the counter. I swung her into

the middle of the room, where she hung suspended by her

middle about five feet off the floor, head down, boobs

jutting, legs kicking and arms flailing helplessly.

"Stop it", she yelled, "whoever you are! Put me down,

now!"

I offered no response as my eyes searched the C-Room

for a suitable object. I found a perfect one on another

work counter - a 50-centimeter scale. It was like a

ruler except that it was made out of thick, clear

plastic, twenty inches long, two inches wide and about

a quarter of an inch thick.

I activated the third arm - the one holding the dildo -

and Kristin, looking upside down between her legs, must

have seen it move, because she started screaming and

kicking wildly. "No! Don't you dare touch me with

that!", she shrieked. She relaxed a little when she

realized the arm was moving past her. I fully intended

to make use of the dildo, but not just yet.

Opening the mechanical fingers, I dropped the dildo on

the counter and picked up the plastic scale. It took a

little maneuvering to get the hand to hold the scale

properly, clutching it near the end and locking the

fingers so that a minor flick of the mechanical "wrist"

imparted considerable speed and momentum to the heavy

scale. Then I moved the arm into position behind and

slightly to the side of Kristin's creamy white ass.

All I knew about spanking I'd learned as a child, bent

over the edge of the kitchen table while my mother

applied a yardstick to the seat of my jeans or, on a

few occasions, to my bared bottom. That had taught me

that spankings were both painful and humiliating, and

those were precisely the sensations I wanted the ice

queen to experience.

I gave the mechanical wrist an experimental flick, and

was rewarded with a sharp yelp of pain through the

control room speaker. The plastic scale had landed on

the left cheek of Kristin's ass, but it hadn't bounced

away as I thought it would have if I'd been holding the

scale in my own hand. I tried a lighter touch, but it

was evidently too light, because Kristin didn't make a

sound.

In a matter of minutes, though, I became quite adept,

if I say so myself. Each swing of the makeshift paddle

resulted in a satisfying yell from Kristin and left

another pink blotch on the silky skin of her bottom. I

picked up the tempo as I became more confident, and let

the scale wander over the backs of her thighs as well

as her ass. In almost no time the ice queen was sobbing

and begging for the paddling to stop. She hadn't been

spanked as a child, I guessed, or she'd have more

endurance.

I responded to her pleas with a blistering flurry of

smacks that really covered the target area and had

Kristin kicking and screaming. Any effort she might

have made earlier to keep her legs closed was

abandoned, and the video camera had perfect view of her

wet beaver - though it couldn't have been as wet as

mine was!

Then I moved the arm over to the other work surface and

laid the scale carefully on the edge of the counter. I

picked up the gross-looking dildo and began moving the

arm back toward Kristin. She saw it coming and began

shrieking in protest again.

I decided that I enjoyed being the spanker instead of

the spankee enough that I could let Kristin decide when

she preferred the dildo to the paddle. I dropped the

dildo, picked up the plastic scale, and resumed my

attack on that perfectly shaped ass.

By that time I was becoming a real virtuoso, and the

feeling between my legs was leading me to think that I

should take up bare-bottom spanking as a serious hobby,

if not a full-time profession. Kristin yelled and

begged as I peppered her immobilized butt and flailing

thighs with dozens of stinging blows.

Once her ass and the backs of her thighs had turned a

nearly uniform shade of crimson, I stopped the spanking

and exchanged the scale for the dildo again. Again

Kristin protested when she the saw the mechanical

fingers grasp the plastic cock, but when I put it down

and moved toward the scale, she quickly said "No, no

more of that, don't hit me any more!" She said nothing

as I moved the dildo slowly toward her.

The camera had a clear view of Kristin's pussy but I

didn't, so I halted the arm carrying the dildo a couple

of feet away from her, and used the other robot arms to

turn her until she was facing almost directly away from

me. Then I had to move the camera so that it had

essentially the same view I did, and zoomed it to

provide a close-up shot.

I wondered suddenly, as I swung the third arm around

and thrust the flesh-colored dildo toward Kristin's

glistening cuntlips, if this was how a man felt as he

prepared to shove his dick into a woman's waiting

pussy. Too bad, I thought, that the mechanical

appendages had no nerves; it would have been a blast to

feel what a man feels at the moment of entry.

Kristin groaned as I touched the tip of the dildo

against the outer lips of her pussy. I increased the

pressure, watching in fascination as her clitoris

flattened and her lips spread to surround the enormous

phallus. I pushed harder, and Kristin gave a sharp cry

as two inches of the ribbed dildo sank out of sight.

By that time, I was sure, the latex-covered plastic was

well into her vagina, and I must have the angle about

right or she'd be screaming her head off. My own pussy

convulsed with envy as I gave the control a shove and

buried another seven inches of artificial cock in the

ice queen. The moan that came through the speaker

didn't sound much like pain.

I pulled the dildo back several inches and pushed it in

again. The movement required almost no effort, and I

marveled at how quickly Kristin had adapted to an

object of that size. I started stroking in and out,

wishing again that the dildo had nerves and could

somehow transmit to me the sensations it was feeling. I

wondered if any man had ever been inside the ice queen

to feel those sensations.

That thought resurrected some of my earlier anger, and

I decided that I'd be damned if I was going to stand

there fucking some woman who thought she was too good

to get screwed by a flesh and blood man - especially

when I had a nice vibrator at home that I'd been

neglecting lately.

I stopped thrusting with the dildo, which provoked

little whimpers from my colleague in the next room, and

quickly programmed the computer to continue with a

four-inch back-and-forth stroke, along the same axis,

for another fifteen minutes, then to withdraw the third

arm, lower the other two near the floor, and separate

them.

Fifteen minutes would be plenty of time for the ice

queen to get her rocks off a time or ten, and then to

start imagining the scene the next morning when the

weekend crew came in and found her suspended naked and

being humped continuously by computer-controlled device

that only she knew how to program. It would also give

me plenty of time to get out of the building and

several miles away before a much-relieved biologist

could start trying to identify her unknown tormentor.

I let the VCR record the first gasps of ecstasy, then

popped the tape out and slipped it into my purse. I

left the recorder on, so Kristin would know she'd been

on candid camera, and hurried out to my car. I could

check on my mice the next day.

Kristin cleaned up well; there was no sign of her

nighttime adventure when I went by the lab about noon

the next day, although I did notice that the plastic

scale was nowhere to be found. My mice had been fed and

watered, and were doing as well as could be expected,

considering the stuff I'd injected into them.

The first item on the agenda at our staff meeting on

Monday morning was an announcement that Kristin had

resigned. No one knew just why, but the director wished

her well, in absentia, in whatever her new endeavors

might be. And I've decided to learn everything there is

to know about programming the computer that controls

the mechanical arms in the C-Room. The vibrator was

comforting, but I've thought of some experiments I

might like to conduct here on my own, late some

Saturday night.

END