



## Chapter IV

### “Industrial-Grade”

By Rook Errant

There was no point staying in bed, waiting for her alarm. Lindsey was up. Very up.

It was still dark outside, but the dim light of her alarm clock painted her bedroom in monochrome blue. Lindsey rubbed the sleep from her eyes, letting them adjust to the shadowy shape looming above her.

As her eyes focused, Lindsey recognized the familiar pattern of her bed sheet, held aloft by her morning wood like a sail hanging from the mast of a ship. She smiled and folded her arms behind her head, arching her back in a cat-like stretch.

Years ago, when Lindsey's puberty was just beginning to blossom, she began waking up every morning with a full erection already

towering above her. Gone were the days when she could hit the snooze button and laze around in bed. Lindsey's alarm clock had been replaced by her alarmingly stiff cock - the new timekeeper of her day. Once her dick was awake, it wouldn't let Lindsey go back to sleep until she gave it some attention. If she ignored it, there was only one guaranteed outcome: she'd have to wash the sheets, again.

The insatiable futa had gotten into the habit of stroking herself awake every morning, as part of a daily battle with her raging extra-strength libido. She always hoped the first fap of the day would put enough of a dent in her sex drive to get her through breakfast and out the front door, before her dick needed a second stroking. Sometimes her gamble would pay off, and her cock would be satisfied with a one-shot pump n' run. But most days, Lindsey found herself wrestling to subdue her semi-stiff cock as she dressed, usually finding it far too big and unwieldy to fit in her pants.

About six months ago Lindsey decided to try a new approach. She clearly wasn't burning enough energy at the start of her day with a single rushed orgasm in the shower before heading to the gym, but she didn't want to spend hours in the bedroom every morning, gratifying herself until she felt fully spent (something she wasn't entirely sure was even possible these days), so Lindsey decided to bring her workouts into the bedroom.

She began with a few free weights, then quickly swapped them out for heavier plates when they failed to give her biceps the satisfying ache they craved. By the end of the first week of her experiment, Lindsey's bedroom was stocked with everything she needed to give herself a serious full-body pump. She had barbells, weights, and straps galore, the only thing she was unprepared for was

the extreme way her body responded.

Right away Lindsey noticed she could lift heavier while sporting a full, unrestricted erection. Usually she made every effort to keep her beast on a short leash while she lifted, subdued by belts, straps, and tight clothes - preferably all three at the same time. As soon as Lindsey tried exercising without all the restraints, she was rocketed to new heights of focused strength. Her stiff cock felt like a nuclear fuel rod powering her morning workouts. She knew she was only tapping a fraction of the raw power it held, but even that was enough to frighten the still-developing futa.

During her adolescent growth spurt, Lindsey trained her mind to separate one kind of pump from the other. She had been afraid of getting her wires crossed, involuntarily associating building her muscles with sexual arousal. She didn't want to give up lifting, or fapping, but the young futa thought she would die of embarrassment if she ever 'popped a big one' in the wrong situation.

Lindsey considered a 'big one' to be any erection so strong and forceful she could do nothing to stop it from ripping her clothing to shreds as it swelled to full size and girth. Thankfully for teenage Lindsey, those big ones rarely struck in situations outside her control, due to a shy disposition and an over-abundance of caution. But unfortunately for "grown-up" Lindsey, the big ones were increasingly catching her by surprise - with her pants up, so to speak. Lindsey hardly felt like a grown-up when she was spending about half her monthly paycheck on porn and sex-related expenditures like wardrobe replacement.

Soon Lindsey grew frustrated with all the extra shopping trips to

replace shredded items. She began to simply buy 5 identical pairs of pants when she found a cute style that hid her package well. Even then, Lindsey worried she was just enabling herself to tear through them faster by planning ahead and making it as routine an act as popping a button. As if tearing denim and ripping through leather belts with the force of her boners was no big deal.

Lindsey even began to look forward to those moments of lusty destruction, relishing the comfort and security of knowing she could let herself go, forget about the consequences of giving in to her desire to just break something. She worried she enjoyed the feeling of being too much to handle to an unhealthy degree.

As her brain chewed on those troubling thoughts, Lindsey was reminded of her present need - by a sloshing sound like a water balloon coming from underneath the tented sheet still covering her lower half. The red-headed futa gripped her shaft through the bedding as she shifted her position, squeezing firmly to ensure nothing slipped.

Ever since an especially messy morning two years ago, Lindsey had started to wear condoms to bed every night, to save on the cost of sheets and pillows she would otherwise soak with her emissions. Sure, the rubbers were a bit uncomfortable, and expensive in her size, but they were clearly cheaper than replacing a full set of bed linens - including the mattress - every time she got too worked up in her sleep. The growing dickgirl went through two box springs in one month before she figured out the condom trick.

Lindsey's bedtime ritual began with the stretching of a Magnum Stallion XXL condom a few inches down past the head of her soft

dick. She kept over half the length as a reservoir at the tip to catch whatever she released overnight. Even flaccid, the fit around her dick is snug enough not to slip, and it only gets tighter as she stiffens.

Over this carefully wrapped package, Lindsey pulls a hair scrunchie, to keep the rubber in place, followed by a knee-high volleyball sock over the shaft, down to the base, where the elastic band kept it snug. The sock was there to keep the condom from feeling cold and wet against her skin, and made the whole thing feel a bit less "dirty" somehow. Plus, she could color coordinate with her actual socks to amuse herself.

It gave Lindsey a little thrill to display only green socks on Christmas, or just black on Halloween. While secretly she would know how deliciously color-coordinated her hidden red or orange cock-sock was. Lindsey had no plans for showing off - so why did she bother? Was it because she knew how sinfully cute a girl like Becca would find her?

Lindsey derailed that train of thought by kicking off the blankets covering her lower half. She unwrapped the bedsheets from around her mast, carefully sliding the sock off of her slick shaft. The sock was still dry on the outside, and the condom was nearly full. It was a pretty good system, she reflected as she hefted the condom to feel its weight. She could tell from the texture it was all pre-cum, she hadn't fired off any shots in her sleep, so she would be fully pent-up for this morning's workout. Excellent.

The freckled futa couldn't keep herself from smiling, as the familiar sensation of morning vigor surged through her veins. Lindsey's smile widened to a grin as she remembered she was supposed to be

enjoying herself. Last week she had decided it was time to experiment again - to test her limits... within reason of course.

It had been several years since Lindsey last measured her personal bests, so she made a promise to herself to re-explore her own developing potential. Sure, the special clinic put her through plenty of tests already, but she never got to see the results, and having an audience was sometimes... problematic.

Lindsey's decision to push her limits eventually brought her on a pilgrimage to GRANITE, to train with Becca. Now that the iconic Instagram celebrity was Lindsey's personal trainer, she'd forgotten all about her self-mandated limit-testing. All her concentration and willpower had gone into controlling herself around Becca. And all of her time away from Becca, Lindsey spent "preparing" herself to be in the maddeningly flirty trainer's presence once again.

Lindsey chuckled to herself as she took in the surreal sight of her cock looming above her, highlighted in electric blue and pre-dawn purple. When she woke like this in the morning - hard as iron - every beat of her heart seemed to spurt another coffee creamer's worth of pre-cum into the ballooning rubber tip. After a night of containing Lindsey's leakage, the condom was getting very full.

Some mornings Lindsey woke feeling so close to the edge of an orgasm, she would stroke herself off, right into the condom, gripping the rubber tight around the mid-shaft to ensure it wouldn't rocket off. She burst every condom she tried this with, but only - she reasoned - because they were already so full. She expected a fresh condom might hold, but she had never allowed herself the luxury of trying.

Lindsey slipped the condom off, shivering as her shaft expanded in the crisp morning air, eager for room to stretch out after being confined all night. She tied the end of the condom like a cum-balloon, and placed it on her nightstand next to the alarm clock. The backlit glow made it look something like a lava lamp.

As sun's first rays began to brighten the room, Lindsey turned to sit on the side of her bed. She reached out to trace a finger along her stiff erection. It was still growing, filling out to a thicker girth, as its firmness went from rubber to iron. She wrapped her fingers around the expanding trunk, squeezing and kneading taught skin padding the rigid core. She brought her second hand up to massage her apple-red cock-head, but a glob of precum welled up before she touched it, as if to caution her against too much stimulation. She leaned down and licked away the salty droplet, then bent further to pick up the free weights laying on the floor next to her bed.

Resting her elbow on her knee, Lindsey began to pump her right bicep, curling the 35lb weights. She didn't bother counting repetitions, her body knew what it wanted.

Each time her bicep contracted at the peak of a curl, Lindsey gave her cock a flex as well, thrusting her hips and causing her stiff erection to twitch and bounce. Before long, her cock was twitching to each beat of her heart, and every sixth beat became an extra hard cock-flex to time up with her bicep curl.

Lindsey gasped as she felt her cock adding power to her lifts, almost like it was spotting her. The weight felt like it was getting lighter the more she curled it. The fiercely-erect futa felt like she

could continue pumping her right arm forever, so she switched the weight to her left arm and repeated the exercise. After 3 minutes of concentrated pumping, her biceps were tight with the sweet soreness of a heavenly burn.

Lindsey stood to stretch her biceps before moving to the next exercise. She gripped the frame of her bedroom door and leaned away from it, stretching her right pectoral to its full range. As she turned to stretch her other arm, Lindsey's erection thudded on the door, causing an involuntary jet of precum to spatter onto the wall. She momentarily considered unwrapping a second condom, but figured the mess wouldn't be too bad as long as she made it to the shower before she came. With all this buildup, it was sure to be at least a "thermos-and-a-half" sized load.

Clasping her hands above her head, Lindsey bent to one side, then the other, continuing to stretch her lean, muscular frame. All the while, her cock was sticking straight out, aching with stiffness. She swayed her hips from side to side, enjoying the weight of her heavy dick swinging and bouncing. She pushed it down with her palm, bending it towards the floor, then released it to spring back up and slap against her cobblestone abs. She tried once more, and on the second attempt Lindsey caught her cock between her breasts. One upside to her unwieldy length was being able to tuck it between her tits like this - especially handy when working out naked.

Dropping to the floor, Lindsey kept her cock pinned between her pecs as she did pushups. Her sizable breasts created enough of a cushion to keep her cock from touching the floor. Each pushup sent her cock head sliding back and forth in the slick canyon between her breasts. The muscular striations of her pecs added extra stimulation



as her flared cock tip rubbed against the rippling muscle.

The pushups were way too easy, but Lindsey was enjoying the sensation of tit-fucking herself, so she kept going for several minutes. On the last few reps, she switched to one-armed pushups, in a vain attempt to give her pecs a harder pump, but she had to stop before she creamed herself right there on the floor.

Standing up, Lindsey walked over to the TRX straps hanging in her doorway. Putting a wrist through each loop, she pulled herself up, causing her back to explode with muscular definition. The futa focused on the contractions of her superbly-developed back, trying to take her mind off her twitching cock, allowing it a moment to cool down. She cycled through variations of modified pull-ups that targeted specific muscle groups in her back. With every rep, her cock seemed to crane itself up to a sharper angle, refusing to be ignored. When her dick began to brush against the underside of her breasts, pointing straight up at the ceiling, she knew she was almost out of time.

Lindsey grabbed a second condom and another volleyball sock from her dresser, and focused on getting her shaft wrapped as quickly as possible. She only had time for one more exercise before she blew. Her eyes flitted around the weights and workout equipment littering her bedroom, trying to decide. Her gaze fell on the two-handed EZ-grip curl bar. Even though she'd already worked biceps, the curls had only been an appetizer, now she was hungry for a real pump.

The bar was loaded with 60 lbs of iron plates on each side, and the bar itself was 45, giving it a total of 165 lbs. Lindsey slapped another

30 lbs on each side - she didn't have time to fuck around.

Grunting as she hefted the 225 lb bar, Lindsey began to power out slow, intense curls, shaking with the effort to keep the movement as slow and controlled as possible. Her cock was raging with hardness, straining against the tight condom - already beginning to fill with spurts of precum.

As she concentrated on squeezing her biceps tighter, thrusting her hips forward at the apex of each curl, Lindsey noticed the shaking in her arms was gone. She was curling the bar as smoothly as if it carried half the weight. Her nostrils flared as she realized what this meant - she was nowhere near her limit.

Lindsey curled faster, eager to feel the burn, but her biceps still ached to be pushed to their limit. She only had another 60 lbs of plates in her bedroom, but she was getting desperate to feel herself max out, so she paused her lifting to increase the weight. Lindsey chewed her lip with anticipation as she added the iron plates.

The muscle-bound redhead lifted the 285lb bar and continued pumping her biceps. Five reps. Ten reps. At fifteen she grunted in frustration, realizing her biceps weren't getting sore - she was only getting more turned on with every curl.

Her entire body was flush with heat, tingling with power and stored up kinetic energy like a tightly coiled spring. Lowering the EZ curl to her hips, Lindsey let the heavy steel bar rest across the base of her cock. Her member was stiff enough to support the weight easily.

She kept both hands resting on the bar for stability, but her dick

was bearing the brunt of the load. Lindsey could feel her throbbing cock lifting the full weight of the bar with each twitch.

She began to press down on the bar with her palms, testing the rigidity of her cock as it reared up against the weight. She scooted the bar a few inches further out from the base of her shaft, making the display of strength even more surreal.

Breathing heavily, Lindsey discovered that flexing her cock against the tremendous weight felt incredible. It was scratching the itch, satisfying her hungry beast with a real challenge, and she felt herself inching closer to release. It was as though the more Lindsey exerted herself, the more pleasure she received, and more turned on she became, the stronger it made her.

The freckled futa inhaled deeply as she felt the first orgasm of the morning overtake her. She hadn't reached the climax yet - she was still stewing in the heady rush of passing the point of no return. In a few seconds, she imagined the condom would be swelling as she pumped it full of her warm juices. As her thoughts danced in the orgasmic bliss, she conjured the image of Becca kneeling before her, hands raised in worship cupping Lindsey's tender balls.

This time she didn't fight the daydream, she closed her eyes and let Becca Bloom's muscular curves fill her thoughts. On her knees, hands working their way tenderly up the length of her sock-covered shaft... Cupping her palms over the tip, waiting to feel the sock bulge with Lindsey's first shot...

In that moment, Lindsey felt a fire ignite inside her. As if every muscle on her body was densely packed C4 explosive, and her cock

was the fuse about to set it off. She opened her eyes, wanting to see Becca's expression as the climax hit, but of course Becca wasn't there.

As the orgasm rushed up behind her like a wind at her back, Lindsey felt so unbelievably powerful, like her muscles were bursting with untapped potential, and she needed to let it out. She needed to break something, to rip something in half to discharge the lightning shooting through her veins. But there was nothing at hand... just the steel curl bar resting lengthwise across her cock.

For a brief instant, the image of what she was about to do flashed through Lindsey's mind, but before she could laugh at herself for imagining such an absurd thing - it was happening. Lindsey's hands closed tight around the angled handles of the EZ curl bar, getting a good grip with her palms facing down, as if she were about to break a wooden stick across her knee.

The redhead leaned forward, the muscles of her back rippling and bunching as she began to apply downward pressure. With the middle of the bar balanced across her savagely erect cock, she pushed harder, but her shaft didn't bend an inch under the increased load, because Lindsey was also flexing her cock with all her might. She had no idea she was about to prove her cock was stronger than steel.

The groan of twisting metal echoed through the still morning air of Lindsey's quiet neighborhood. Like a rooster heralding dawn, the wrenching sound carried far enough to wake several houses on her street. It was followed by a satisfied bellow, as Lindsey finally got what she wanted.

Inside her bedroom, the hulking futa roared with delight as she folded the steel bar in half around her powerful erection. The volleyball sock bulged visibly as jets of thick cum began to swell the condom. She continued bending the bar until she heard a metal klang signifying the iron plates at both ends of the bar were now touching in the middle.

“Ooohh... the fuuuck?!” Lindsey moaned, awash with pleasure like she’d never felt before, dizzy with confusion about what she’d just done. Her eyes were squeezed tight savoring the sensation as she continued unloading heavy cum shots into the condom. How did I...?! Lindsey’s mind cascaded through waves of ecstasy, relishing the sweetness of release. What is she gonna...?!

The sound of snapping rubber told Lindsey the condom was unable to keep up. It burst like a water balloon, but the viscosity of her semen held the mess sloshing inside. The sock sagged under the weight of all the cum, soaking through and dripping down her still-pulsing shaft. Lindsey dropped her hands from the twisted metal bar, letting the upside down U-shape hang on her throbbing cock.

Lindsey opened her eyes and caught sight of her reflection in the mirror on her closet door. The room continued to brighten with the morning sun, and she looked like a goddess now, her hair backlit by golden rays, sweat glistening on her muscles highlighting every curve. Lindsey was enraptured by the sight, but could feel her orgasm starting to fade.

A brief spark of frustration re-ignited her engine - she wanted more. Lindsey grabbed the soaked volleyball sock in one fist and tugged it hard, down towards the base of her cock. The sock

stretched, and then tore, as the apple-sized head of Lindsey's dick ripped through. She was still spurting aftershocks of cum from her first climax, but the sensation of ripping threads sent her tipping back over the edge.

The freckled futa gave herself three quick strokes and then let go. Her thundering cannon released another salvo, sending streamers of thick white seed shooting through the crisp morning air. Cum was raining down all over her bedroom carpet, but Lindsey couldn't care less, she just wanted to ride the feeling.

Watching her own reflection in the closet door mirror, the redhead grabbed the twisted curl bar hanging on her cock and hoisted it above her head. With both hands gripping near the plates, the freckled goddess wrenched apart the folded ends of the twisted steel bar, as she erupted a fountain of cum in the middle of her bedroom. A few ropes of spunk splattered across her mirror, a few made it to the walls, but mostly she soaked the carpet where she stood.

Her satisfied moaning was drowned out by the rending of steel, as the bar buckled in Lindsey's crushing grip. If any of her neighbors had still been asleep, they were certainly awake now.

When she finished twisting the bar like a balloon animal, Lindsey tossed it aside and flexed her biceps as hard as she could, milking the last bit of exertion from her fully-pumped body as the tremors of her second climax began to subside.

Lindsey stood at the center of the mess and inhaled deeply, filling her lungs with the spicy musk of her ejaculate, as she calmed herself and surveyed the damage. Her bedroom looked like a Jackson

Pollock painting. Three walls and the bed had taken splash damage. In the warm glow of post-orgasmic bliss, it felt totally worth it.

“Maybe it’s time for hardwood...” Lindsey sighed. She wanted to ride her adrenaline rush, so the sweaty futa dove straight into cleaning up the mess. She wondered if she could just tear up the carpet... She really didn’t want to explain anything to - or have to pay for - a random carpet cleaning service.

“What’s under here?” Lindsey dropped to a knee and grabbed a fistful of carpet, tearing a strip away to reveal wooden boards. “Nice!” She knew how she’d be spending the rest of her Saturday morning.

Wearing nothing but the tattered scraps of condom and volleyball sock around her mighty shaft, the freckled futa got to work ripping up her jizz-covered carpet, before the spunk soaked through to the wooden planks underneath. She was ready for an easy manual task to clear her mind, so she could think without her cock for a minute and get her priorities straight.

“Hey Alexa, play Becca’s Workout Mix.” Lindsey chirped.



Later that afternoon, Lindsey found herself unwilling to leave the safety of her parked car. She was sitting in GRANITE’s vast parking lot, trying to psych herself up enough to go inside and face her fears. It wasn’t Becca she was dreading an encounter with – it was everyone else.

Lindsey shuddered as she imagined causing another scene in front

of that roomfull of jocks and meat-heads. If they heard her bust a single seam, she'd never hear the end of it.

It was *always* a conversation starter. The guys would be all over her with compliments or blustery bravado, desperate to massage their bruised egos with unwanted advances and inappropriate suggestions. They always wanted something, and never took no for an answer, no matter how sweetly, or *firmly*, she put it.

Before GRANITE, Lindsey had burned bridges at no fewer than 5 gyms by revealing herself accidentally – more like *unavoidably* – before she gave up going to where the weights were, and invited the weights to move in with *her* instead. With the amount of floor space taken up by her workout equipment, it might as well have been a roommate.

Lindsey's morning had been quite productive. She'd torn up her carpet while she was still pumped full of post-orgasmic vigor, hefting furniture and moving it around, filling garbage bags as she went. By the end of her 60 minute playlist, the flushed futa had remodeled her bedroom by revealing a serviceable hardwood floor underneath the ruined carpet.

That put a bounce in Lindsey's step as she ran some early afternoon errands, picked up a few replacement straps and belts to refill her supply after all the recent 'rippages', and cooked some meals for the week ahead.

Meal prep was usually a Sunday thing, but she was feeling so productive – and honestly, so hungry – the famished futa was dumping her food straight out of the grocery bag onto her stovetop grill. Lindsey had always possessed a quarterback's appetite, but lately she was just metabolizing everything she ate straight into muscle. She never felt full these days, always running out of healthy



food before she was satisfied.

Lindsey's culinary distractions kept her preoccupied right up to the moment she put her car in park and adjusted her mirror to check her appearance, remembering exactly where she was, and what she was about to do. Her 5:00 PM one-on-one training session was here, and she hadn't thought about what to say... *at all!*

She'd essentially tricked herself into being in Becca's company again as soon as possible, with *zero* plan of what to do, or how to handle the situation. God, what the *fuck* had she been thinking?! She definitely should have SWOT'd this decision before charging in with guns blazing.

At least she had supplies: a duffel bag with *four* thermoses this time, dozens of rubber bands and belts, and even some fancy new carbon fiber compression bands she could use to restrain herself. She had two of them on now, wrapped around her torso just below her breasts, keeping her cock pinned against herself, pointing straight up with the tip tucked between her tits.

While getting dressed for the occasion Lindsey had decided not to provide an opportunity for more pant-ripping, so she chose a penis position that could go from soft to hard and back without needing to move around very much.

As she drove to the gym, Lindsey discovered she could still give herself quite a lot of stimulation by twisting around her torso and flexing her pecs... so she tried to sit still.

The inexhaustible futa hoped she could take a few 'relief' breaks during the session to avoid any explosive climaxes in front of her coach. But really, how likely was it that Becca would give her any privacy? Wasn't it *just* that kind of wishful thinking that had gotten

her into this soon-to-be-sticky situation?

The procrastinating futu's thoughts were interrupted by the phone in her pocket buzzing. She recognized the muffled chime accompanying the vibration as an Instagram update... and she only followed one person.

Lindsey whipped the phone out of her jacket pocket. Becca had just posted a selfie. Lindsey instinctively doubled-tapped to like it, then blinked as the hearts drifted out of her vision.

Becca must have been pumping her biceps all day, her peaks looked huge and solid, bigger than Lindsey remembered from the giant wall-sized artwork of Becca flexing. It was easy to compare them, since the mural of Becca was Lindsey's new phone background. She'd taken a selfie in front of it during her first tour of GRANITE. It was a popular photo op, but most people who took their picture there probably didn't make it their home screen.

Lindsey squeezed her eyes shut as her mouth began to water in anticipation of seeing those bicep peaks in person. But she had to open her eyes to read the caption.

*I'm comin' for ya Red!*

Her heart began to race as Lindsey realized she might not be able to trust herself around Becca. Her coach was fully in control of Lindsey's reactions. Voluntary, involuntary, was there even a difference around her? How could she hope to resist *any* temptation while she was under her dream girl's spell?

Lindsey searched her feelings and decided that more than anything, she just wanted to find out what Becca would do and say next. What the gorgeous trainer's reaction would be upon meeting

Lindsey's colossal cock for the first time...

Lindsey had dealt with so many negative reactions over the years, she no longer dreamed of finding someone to worship her for what she was. The over-developed futa figured the best she could hope for was keeping a respectful distance from boys *and* girls alike, trying to avoid ruffling too many feathers with her unique physique. But Becca looked at her differently. Becca would *understand*... surely she would...

Finally giving herself permission to step out of her car, the redhead adjusted her jacket, tossing her braids behind her shoulders and slinging her duffel bag across her chest. Putting on her best resting bitch face, she marched towards the gym's front door.

"You're late!" Becca shouted from the second floor balcony as soon as Lindsey stepped inside. All around the gym, heads turned to see who she was yelling at.

"You owe me some pushups Red, get up here on the double!" Becca barked down at her. She was holding the velvet rope aside in one hand, waiting for Lindsey at the top of the stairs with arched... *everything*.

Blushing furiously, Lindsey shuffled across the gym while keeping her head down. She was wearing track pants and safety jeans, with more than a few layers up top, but she was moving carefully to make sure she didn't rip anything during the loud silence that accompanied her walk of shame. It wasn't actually silent – music was blasting from speakers overhead, but Lindsey felt like she was in the spotlight the entire time, until she finished climbing the stairs and was hidden from view of the ground floor.

*Mental note: don't make her angry.* Lindsey didn't want to give

Becca any reason to push her any harder than last time. She still hadn't figured out how to tell her trainer she was playing with a loaded weapon.

"Sorry coach!" Lindsey was blushing hard. "I was here early, I just got... distracted... I was looking at your last post actually." Lindsey felt her control slipping, she was already volunteering more than necessary.

"Oh yea? My fault huh?" Becca grinned. "Am I turning you on that easily?" She put her hands behind her head and started to twitch her biceps, bouncing her peaks as Lindsey's eyes darted between the hypnotizing flexes.

*Ooooooh my... this is NOT a good start!* Lindsey thought in a panic. She was *absolutely* getting very turned on. She took a step back as she adjusted her jacket around her waist to accommodate her swelling shaft.

Her trainer noticed the futa's discomfort. Becca's face fell along with her flexing arms. "Oh you poor thing, you're red as a beet. I was just teasing you hun, sorry if I went too far."

"No, no..." Lindsey stammered. She took a deep breath to steady her nerves – it was now or never.

"I mean... you *do* turn me on. You know you're sexy as hell, and it makes working out with you really fun..." The freckled futa's mind was unraveling. The threads of her thoughts were being teased apart and laid bare by Becca's predatory gaze.

"But I have to control myself because I –" Lindsey's voice caught in her throat. "I don't want to hurt you.... And, I guess I don't want to *be* hurt either... But I'm pretty sure that's what's gonna

happen if we go too far... and that's why I'm trying so dang hard to keep myself from—"

Becca pounced, planting a kiss squarely on Lindsey's still-moving lips. The trainer was a bit shorter than her statuesque student, so she grabbed Lindsey's jaw with both hands, pulling her down into the kiss.

Lindsey felt like ice cream melting around a popsicle stick. She wanted to just collapse into Becca's embrace, but she was paralyzed, overwhelmed by the sensation of her trainer's glossy lips pressed against her own. The scent of a foreign perfume was filling her thoughts, making her dizzy.

Becca broke the kiss off after what could have been 5 seconds – or 5 minutes. Lindsey couldn't begin to guess, she'd been so tantalized by the taste of those strawberry-banana lips she lost all awareness of her surroundings.

"You worry too much Red." Becca was cool as a cucumber. "Aaaaall my clients have the hots for me. They want me to train them because they want this body, I get it! I work out because I love looking this buff, and I love the attention! So... sometimes we have a little fun together." Becca shrugged. She seemed to be volunteering some unnecessary confessions of her own.

"I mean, sometimes we each just do our own thing and keep each other company..." Becca went on, watching Lindsey's reaction carefully. "Or sometimes I just let 'em join my private snapchat and they get a nude selfie every now and then. Everybody's a winner!"

"Becca I don't know..." Lindsey hadn't expected this kind of weaponized sales pitch. It was getting real so fast! Was she being confronted with a decision already? Did Becca seriously rope her into

this intimate conversation not 15 minutes into their session?!

"You know what, it's cool." Becca held up a hand to stop herself. "I know I'm going a little fast, there's a lot to process, and we're kind of... ahead of schedule on this but you just get me so damn *fired up* Red! Mmh!"

Becca bit her lip as she slapped a palm on her well-cut quad, flexing it to shredded sharpness as she tensed her lower body, thrusting her hips forward ever so subtly. Lindsey took note of the signs of arousal all over her trainer, for a moment forgetting they were directed at *her*.

"I – I'm glad you think so Becca." The redhead shifted her weight uncomfortably from one foot to the other. "But maybe we could um, work out now?" Lindsey's cock ached with stiffness confined to such tight quarters.

Becca narrowed her eyes like she was sizing up a Ju-jitsu opponent, saying nothing. Lindsey was afraid of antagonizing the tempestuous trainer, so she kept talking.

"I'm– I'm sure you're used to getting to see all the hard work you put into your clients, and... y'know, I'm sure I'll warm up around you– I'll try to get to the point where I'm comfortable showing off a little more... the way you like... but..." Lindsey swallowed dryly as she locked eyes with her trainer. "You have to promise me something."

"No." Becca held her stony gaze. Lindsey was thrown off balance once more, unprepared for this stubborn response.

"But– you have to promise me that–"

"I don't wanna hear it." Becca cut her off. "My girls get results

from the whole package. You don't get to pick and choose off a menu, Red."

"But you haven't even heard what I'm asking." Lindsey pleaded. "How do you know—"

"Cuz I don't like the look in your eye! Now drop your stuff, take off that jacket, and give me some pushups you tardy little popart!"

A warm tingle washed over Lindsey. She loved the way it felt when Becca bossed her around. All her life, Lindsey had been plagued by indecision. Her unique gifts had opened up so many paths she could take through life, but each felt like a road she really didn't want to go down, because of where it might end. The path Becca presented her, however, was clear and unobstructed... and it appeared to lead straight into Becca's bedroom.

All of Lindsey's anxieties would be swept away if Becca was making all the decisions for her. If it was Becca deciding what to lift and what to eat. When to sleep and when to fuck. If Lindsey simply gave up control and trusted Becca completely, what wondrous pleasures – or disastrous consequences – could be in store?

Lindsey unzipped her outer jacket, one of three she was currently wearing. Becca immediately made her remove another layer. Mumbling something about being cold and wanting to get warmed up first, Lindsey managed to keep her third jacket, as she dropped to the floor to power out some pushups for Becca.

After 50 reps, Lindsey was instructed to switch over to bench press, with no break to catch her breath. Lindsey suspected Becca was trying to punish her pecs. The ferociously erect futa assumed she wouldn't be getting much recovery time this session, so she did her best to make her trainer proud, scrunching up her delicate features

and cranking out bench presses until she heard Becca say stop. But the trainer said no such thing, because Lindsey was showing no signs of tiring.

“I gotta hand it to ya Red, you’re impressing me with this weight! Buuuut–” Becca popped her chewing gum and scribbled something on a clipboard she was holding. She didn’t bother spotting Lindsey as the powerful redhead pumped the 275 lb bar again and again.

“Mark my words, I’ll have you *doubling* these lifts by your next competition, don’t even–” Becca caught herself. “Oh yea sorry, I forgot you’re not doing that.”

Lindsey continued lifting in silence, grateful Becca wasn’t going to press her to compete. She was equally grateful her reclining position on the bench let her stay at full hardness without her posture giving anything away. She could even give herself an undercover tit-fuck inside the jacket. But how long could she expect to get away with this? Was she going to keep pumping until sooner or later, she just *exploded with cum* in front of Becca? How would she explain *that*?

“Ok well, how about this?” Becca stepped into a spotting position above Lindsey, looming into her field of view. “What if we both *pretend* you’re prepping for a contest, but instead you just give *meee* a show when the time comes? I mean, when you’re ready.”

Becca put her hands on the bar and guided it back to the rack, signaling that Lindsey was done with this exercise. Gasping to catch her breath, the redhead sat up and turned to face her trainer, but Becca wasn’t waiting for an answer.

“Pec fly machine, let’s go!” Becca was all business again. “Chop



chop let's dice up those chicken cutlets!"

Lindsey bounded over to the pec machine, eager to demonstrate her freakish stamina. She was sure Becca would be impressed with how much weight she could handle, especially if Lindsey could do the lifting while fully erect.

But there was still the seemingly insurmountable problem of Lindsey's inevitable, enormous, geyser of a cum shot. She was wearing her usual condom and cock-sock combo, but she knew she'd break the rubber before it caught half her load. And with Becca as an audience, with all this teasing and flirtation, who knew what she'd be capable of?

"So anyway," Becca continued "let's call it 8 weeks, and we'll treat it like a show. But *just* for me. And if you still don't feel comfortable with me after spending all that time together training..." Becca purred "Well, you'd be the first."

Lindsey couldn't tell if her arms were quivering with fatigue, or Becca's closeness, as she finally reached her failure point and released the fly machine's handles. The redhead's pecs were now thoroughly pumped. The twin slabs of muscle on her chest felt like hunks of molten iron, cooling slowly as she caught her breath.

Lindsey looked down at the machine's weight rack and saw Becca had moved the pin all the way to the bottom of the stack. She didn't know how much weight that was, but clearly it was enough to push her to the point of maximum arousal. She felt her condom swelling as she leaked precum into overstretched rubber. The confined quarters inside her jacket were getting tighter.

"Actually Becca, I think I might be ready to show you something... today." Lindsey's blood was boiling, but the pressure

stopped just below her ears, her vision and thoughts weren't fully clouded yet.

"See I've got this condition..." She began.

"Condition. Yes, go on." Becca nodded eagerly, her eyes wide and unblinking.

"Well you see... I've got two... two pairs of, uh... Well most people only get to be a, a boy, or— or a girl, but I ended up with the... uh... uh..."

"The best bits of both?" Becca finished helpfully.

"That's uh..." Lindsey was momentarily mortified, until she realized that was exactly what she was trying to say. "Nice way of putting it." She finished with a nervous smile.

"Can I see?" Becca blurted out. Lindsey was shocked she was even asking, instead of demanding. Come to think of it, Becca was taking the whole dick-girl thing *very* calmly!

"Really?!" The shy futa glanced around the empty second floor. "Not out here!" There was nobody in sight, but alarms were going off in Lindsey's head, screaming *Danger! Warning! Stop before you ruin everything!*

"So that's a yes." Becca stated mater-of-factly. The corners of her lips began to curl up in a satisfied smirk.

"Have you... ever met someone like me before?" Lindsey was genuinely curious now, how was Becca keeping so calm and casual about this? She must have dealt with someone like her before.

"Of course not. That's why I wanna see what's goin' on under there." Becca leaned closer, slowly and deliberately taking hold of the zipper of Lindsey's jacket. It was still zipped all the way up to her collar.

*She must think you're just hung like a regular guy.* Lindsey reasoned with herself. *You're totally going to freak her out!*

Lindsey grabbed of Becca's hand, preventing her from pulling the zipper down by clutching her hand tight against her chest. Her eyes pleaded with Becca. Lindsey couldn't form the words to protest any more, she wanted to be touched so badly. Underneath the track jacket, her cock throbbed incessantly, and Lindsey wondered if Becca could feel it through the thin material. The carbon fiber bands around her sternum were doing their job a little too well, the friction was starting to feel unbearably good.

"I think I need a little break." Lindsey managed to squeak out the words. She could feel her heart beating out of her chest... or was that something else throbbing? "I've got a... a cramp, just... uh, let me stretch for a minute."

Becca shifted her gaze to look at something behind Lindsey; the green door to Becca's private changing room.

"Ok Red." Becca's smile widened. "How about a massage?" She squeezed Lindsey's shoulder. "If you're feeling stiff, I could work out some of those kinks."

Lindsey nodded desperately.

Still clutching her coach's hand, the dizzy futa allowed herself to be led towards the green door on the back wall. She hoped the "secret garden" was really as secret as the name implied.



*Omigod what are you doing Lindz?!* She scolded herself as Becca closed and locked the door behind them. It took every ounce of Lindsey's self control not to grab Becca from behind and start tearing her clothes off the moment she heard the lock click into place... but she needed to continue letting Becca lead.

That was Lindsey's only rule today. It had worked out pretty well so far, getting her into this private back room with Becca – literally the girl of her dreams. Lindsey believed that sitting on her hands was the best way – perhaps the only way – to keep herself from getting too carried away with her coach. But there was no place to sit in the narrow room, so Lindsey leaned against the wall with her arms crossed behind her back.

Becca spun on her heel to face her prize with a devilish gleam in her eye.

"Warm enough?" Becca sauntered closer, practically willing Lindsey's jacket open with the intensity of her gaze.

"It's big." Lindsey blurted out. She felt the need to prepare her unsuspecting trainer, now the moment of truth was nearly upon them. "Like... really big."

"So you're saying I'm gonna have to use two hands?" Becca stepped in closer and began to unzip the jacket, her minutes-old promise of a massage already forgotten.

"I'm gonna make a mess when... I... I can't always control myself." Lindsey remembered her duffel bag with the thermoses was

still outside. "We should really be in a room with a drain or something. Do you have towels in here?"

Her words fell on deaf ears. Becca was oblivious to everything but the package she was currently unwrapping.

Underneath the track jacket, Lindsey's form-fitting athletic T-shirt was stretched around her bulging cock. Becca grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it up, desperate to feast her eyes on her client's cock meat.

Lindsey was just as transfixed – by Becca's reaction. She watched her coach's face intently, taking in every detail: pursed lips, flushed cheeks, flared nostrils, eyes wide as dinner plates.

Becca tugged Lindsey's shirt high enough to reveal 12 solid inches of the futa's meaty shaft, pressed tight against her chiseled cobblestone torso.

Becca's hand darted out to grasp the exposed trunk. Lindsey gasped at the cool touch against her burning skin. Becca's fingers tried to close around the girthy log, but she was only able to encircle half of her thickness. Becca tugged on the giant cock, wanting to see more of it, but it was held fast by the hidden straps.

Becca realized she was only seeing half of the picture – there was clearly more cock under the shirt – so she wrestled it all the way up over Lindsey's considerable bust.

They were both breathing heavily, saying nothing. When Becca managed to get Lindsey's freckled tits out, she jerked back as something unexpected flopped out. Becca wasn't sure what she was looking at.

“What’s this?” She arched an eyebrow as she poked the tip of Lindsey’s dark green, knee-length volleyball sock, emerging from the valley between her tits. It was draped across one breast, thanks to the condom inside sagging heavy with pre-cum. Without waiting for an answer, Becca grabbed the water-balloon-ish bulge and pulled.

Lindsey gasped at the sensation of the condom stretching tight, and then snapping like a rubber band as Becca tore it away, taking the sock with it. The condom had been stretched so tight around the widest part of her shaft, it would have taken some shimmying to get it off without breaking, and Becca didn't have the patience for shimmying right now. Or ever.

A ring of frayed latex clung halfway down her shaft, and the compression bands were still holding it securely against her chest, but the full length was finally exposed for Becca to feast her eyes.

“Oh my goody woody wood-ness...” Becca murmured absently, taking in the full length of the readhead’s towering redwood.

“How do you sleep at night? I would be blowing myself constantly.” Becca couldn't take her eyes off the gigantic cock, even for a moment, to look at Lindsey while she was talking to her.

With her arms still folded behind her back, Lindsey took a deep breath and flexed her cock in Becca's hands. It lurched forward, straining against the carbon fiber bands holding it back.

Unfortunately for Lindsey (but fortunately for Becca) the bands were not carbon-reinforced all the way around, and the regular threading that stitched the buckle clasps together wasn't strong enough to hold. Lindsey's cock surged outward, snapping one band, then the second, while Becca gripped it tight, feeling its ridiculous power bucking in her hands.

“Holy fucking-fuck you're perfect!” Becca bellowed at the top of her lungs, all thoughts of discretion evaporating under the sizzling heat of Lindsey’s sex appeal. “What am I going to *do* with you, you beautiful thing?”

Lindsey couldn’t tell whether Becca was talking to her, or addressing her dick directly. The girl hadn’t taken her eyes off the towering 28 inch cock since it first emerged. Lindsey was beginning to feel like a third wheel.

Becca had both hands wrapped around the base of Lindsey's shaft, but she wasn't stroking it yet. The fit trainer was holding it tight in her grip and waving it around, marveling at its ponderous weight and rigidity.

“Ah, that feels really good.” Lindsey whimpered. She could feel her balls brewing up a pint of thick white froth.

Becca swung the gigantic cock so the head thudded against her bottom lip. At last she was gazing deep into Lindsey's eyes.

“I can see where you've been keeping all your tension hun.” Becca breathed over the tip of Lindsey's cock. A bead of clear precum welled up as she spoke.

The desperately horny futa twisted and writhed in Becca's grip. She was fighting the urge to grab a handful of her trainer’s hair and force her mouth full of cock. She could think of little else, so Lindsey clasped her hands behind her back and interlocked her fingers, praying Becca would release her from this heavenly torture soon.

Instead of giving her the release she craved, Becca sank down to her knees, eye level with Lindsey's hips. She yanked down the

waistband to free the futa's orange-sized balls. Letting out a sigh of infatuation, Becca leaned forward to kiss and nibble at the sensitive skin of her sack.

"Please Becca." Lindsey whispered.

"Mmmh???" Becca moaned inquisitively, muffled by the oversized balls filling her mouth.

"I want it, please." The redhead gasped louder. She was ready to say anything if Becca would just stop teasing and get her off.

"Pleeease whaaaat?" Becca sang as she kissed her way up Lindsey's shaft, working towards the tip with agonizing slowness.

"Suck me off Becca. I need it so bad." Lindsey's voice was growing more confident.

"If you insist." Becca grinned devilishly. Taking hold with both hands, she guided Lindsey's dripping cock to her lips, kissing the crown and dragging her mouth across the slick apple-sized tip. The skin was smooth and slippery, swollen tight with Lindsey at her maximum size and hardness.

Becca's mouth stretched wider as she sank lower. The muscular girl was inhaling Lindsey's dick, struggling to get the flared ridge past her glossy lips.

Lindsey was about to warn Becca it wouldn't work when she was this hard – when Becca suddenly plunged ten inches of Lindsey's cock down her throat.

"Unff—" Becca was shivering uncontrollably. Lindsey, unaware of how badly her trainer had wanted this, didn't realize Becca was



already climaxing around her mouthful of cock.

“Ohh, thank you Becca.” Lindsey cooed. She put a hand on Becca’s shoulder to steady her, forgetting she was supposed to be letting her trainer set the pace. Soon she was fondling and squeezing the muscular ridges of Becca’s deltoid, letting her fingers wander to her coach’s chest, finding the bottom edge of her sports bra and teasing at it.

Inhaling sharply around a mouthful of Lindsey, Becca reached up to lift her own top, letting her perky tits bounce free. Lindsey’s fingers traced across the sweaty curves of Becca’s breasts, until they found her diamond-hard nipples and tugged at them. Her hands seemed to possess a mind of their own, carrying out orders received directly from the new generalissimo of Lindsey’s body – the all-mighty cock.

Swallowing another six inches of Lindsey’s sword, Becca moaned with deep satisfaction. The vibrations of her throat electrified Lindsey’s cock, further loosening the lust-addled futa’s control over her own actions.

Lindsey took a step forward, unconsciously trying to drive her dick deeper, forcing Becca to stumble backwards, impaled on Lindsey’s spear. Becca’s flailing hands found purchase gripping the redhead’s muscular butt, squeezing tight and holding herself up while Lindsey dragged her forward.

Continuing another step, Lindsey forced Becca up against the room’s opposite wall. The girl was still moaning, which only encouraged Lindsey to take greater liberties.

Gripping Becca’s head with both hands, the muscular futa began to plunge her pipe-cleaner in and out of her trainer’s throat,

savoring the harmonic vibrations of Becca's moans of pleasure.

Lindsey couldn't recall a time before Becca was blowing her, she was only here and now. Her focus was so narrow, her only priorities were increasing and sustaining her own pleasure.

It was then Lindsey noticed, Becca had one hand down her pants, aggressively diddling herself while she sucked Lindsey's cock. Not ok.

Grabbing her coach's wrist, Lindsey pulled Becca's hand away and guided it back to the massive dick she was already sucking. Lindsey needed more stimulation. *Faster. Harder!*

Becca re-applied herself, wrapping both brawny forearms around Lindsey's cock to cover as much surface area as possible. She stroked with aerobic vigor, using her whole upper body to smother Lindsey with stimulation.

Blissfully lost in throes of ecstasy, Lindsey had no awareness of Becca bottoming out on her cock as she began to erupt with her first climax. Becca had the good fortune to be on an up-stroke, with only the tip of Lindsey's cock in her mouth, when Lindsey filled it to overflowing with her very first shot.

Not to be dissuaded, Becca swallowed as much as she could and rammed the blasting cannon further down her throat. Lindsey was vaguely aware of Becca's brawny arms wrapped around her lower back, pulling her deeper as her second cum shot filled the overzealous woman's stomach.

The feeling of unloading so deeply into a warm belly brought the alarm sirens back at full volume in Lindsey's head. *Fuck! What is she doing?!*

Gripping Becca by the shoulders, Lindsey attempted to push her off, but Becca resisted. She craned her neck down to avoid losing an inch of territory, her legendary biceps bulging as she held fast.

This act of defiance angered Lindsey, she hadn't expected Becca to be so strong. The freckled futa was only allowing herself to tap a fraction of her full strength, until she realized she needed to end this quickly. She'd lost count of how many shots Becca had already swallowed.

Lindsey put one hand around Becca's throat and lifted her off her erupting cock in one smooth motion. The climaxing futa's body was wracked by alternating waves of pleasure and frustration, so she forgot to release her coach from her vice grip. Lindsey held Becca dangling a foot above the ground, as she spurted cum against the wall beside her.

Still grinning inanely, Becca wrapped her hands around Lindsey's forearm, hoisting herself up a few inches to clear her airway, so she could cough up gobs of cum. Even as Lindsey held her aloft at arms length, Becca reached out with her legs, wrapping them around the still-orgasming redhead in an attempt to pull herself closer.

Regaining enough awareness to see what she was doing to Becca, Lindsey released her grip and stumbled a few steps back. She steadied herself with one hand on the wall as she ejected her last few jets into the corner. She was trembling in shame as the aftershocks ran their course.

She'd forgotten her cardinal rule. She'd almost hurt the girl of her dreams – her idol! Maybe she *had* hurt her! Before Lindsey could turn around, Becca pounced on her from behind, wrapping her in a

bear hug.

"S—okay Red! That was fuckin' awesome!" Becca rasped in Lindsey's ear, her voice husky from the recent throat-battering. She hopped off and turned Lindsey around to face her. "You warned me plenty, I'm a big girl."

"I'm bigger!" Lindsey shouted back, tears welling in her eyes. "Don't let me do that again Becca! I'll hurt you."

Reaching behind Lindsey to cup the nape of her neck, Becca pulled her client closer until their foreheads were touching. "That sounds like a challenge to me, Red. I guess I'm gonna have to start training for you, huh?" Her serious expression broke into a sunny lopsided grin.

Lindsey resisted the urge to kiss that silly smile off her trainer's face, and chose a different path. One that didn't involve asking for permission. The engine that powered her sex drive had only been idling for a moment, but already it was kicking into high-gear again.

The hulking futa gently took Becca's hands in her own, lacing their fingers together. She raised her arms, pushing her coach back a step towards the wall with gradually increasing force. Becca sensed the invitation to wrestle, and tried to fight back, but Lindsey overpowered her easily, bringing their hands back to Becca's hips.

She was pinning Becca's arms at her sides, while the muscular trainer's form bulged with exertion as she struggled in vain to raise her arms. Lindsey pulled her in close, wrapping her in a bear hug of her own, and squeezed. Becca was powerless to escape.

"Yea." Lindsey chuckled. "You are gonna have to start training."

It was exhilarating turning the tables on her bossy coach. The foreign sensation was intoxicating to Lindsey. She leaned forward and kissed Becca, inhaling deeply as pheromones washed over her senses.

Lindsey's flaccid member was beginning to harden and swell. Increasingly dangerous impulses and primal urges flooded into Lindsey's brain to compete with her rational decisions. She could no longer tell which thoughts were her own.

Releasing Becca and pushing her away gently, Lindsey caught her breath and watched her cock continue to inflate. Becca was speechless, either from Lindsey's sudden display of dominant assertiveness, or her erection coming so soon after the titanic eruption that still dripped down the wall.

"Becca can you—" Lindsey breathed heavily, "get my bag from out there?" The futa pointed to the door, and put another few steps of distance between her and Becca.

Blinking the stars from her eyes, Becca processed the command, and obeyed without a word. She walked out the door with her sports bra up around her armpits, covered in cum, and returned a moment later with Lindsey's duffel bag, looking slightly more alert. Her wolfish grin was back, but she was still drunk on Lindsey's cocktail.

"You are just *full* of... well, a lot more than just surprises but... yea, surprises. Lotta surprises." Becca rambled semi-coherently as she handed over the bag. "Don't worry 'bout the mess, I got guy. What's in here?" She asked as the thermoses clanked within.

Lindsey took the bag with one hand and started stroking herself with her other hand. Using deft, practiced motions Lindsey slung the

bag over one shoulder, unzipped it, and pulled out a thermos. Flipping the lid open, the fapping futa held the thermos to her tip.

The hollow sound of spunk spewing into the thermos filled the room. Lindsey looked her coach in the eye as she climaxed, half her attention spent observing Becca's reaction, the other half focused on her aim.

Becca plopped down on the floor cross-legged, holding her chin on her fist as she watched her student with rapt attention. She was keeping her distance, proving to Lindsey that she was ready to cool her jets.

Meanwhile, Lindsey's jets were still firing at full blast, as she topped off the first thermos. With this orgasm coming so soon after the first mess, it was conveniently contained in a single vessel.

"I'm so sorry Becca." Lindsey sighed as she tucked her deflating salami under her shirt and pulled up her pants. "This is literally the thing I've been so afraid of doing all this time – using my strength to take what I want – I don't want to be that person Becca. I feel so selfish coming to see you because you're the last person I would want to hurt."

Becca stood, putting her hand over her heart. "I'm touched, really. But– I hope you don't think you can talk your way out of fucking me because that's happening Lindsey."

*Woah*– that was not were Lindsey thought she was going with that.

"Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but I'm riding that big beautiful cock some day Big Red. I don't care if it kills me, there's no way I'd rather go!" Becca asserted cheerfully.

Lindsey had no experience navigating conversations like this. She sensed many wrong answers, and possibly no correct one. So she simply said "Huuuh... We'll see."

Becca clapped her hands once. "Deal. See you tomorrow? I'm only here 5 to noon so make sure you come early." Becca was toweling off Lindsey's cum, and regaining her usual confident bluster.

"I've got some stuff tomorrow to do actually... maybe Monday?" Lindsey zipped up her jacket.

"Stuff? What kinda stuff?" Becca held the door open as Lindsey walked through. "Can I come?"

"I need to do some clothes shopping actually." The futa had never considered sharing this solitary activity with another person, but she supposed girls did it together all the time.

"Ooo yea like what? I'm totally in. Like what kinda stuff? Like sexy stuff?" Becca was giddy imagining playing dress up with Lindsey's mold-breaking body.

"Definitely not!" Lindsey hissed under her breath, waiting at the top of the stairs to finish the conversation before heading down. "I need things to *hide* and *cover* all of *this*!" She waved a hand around her general torso area. Then she realized several people were already watching her from downstairs, so she stopped gesturing.

"Ok you're running the show, I just wanna tag along." Becca patted her on the back and pointed downstairs, giving Lindsey an easy out. "Just text me when and where, now make a break for it, I'll cover ya."

Becca began to start an overly lascivious stretching routine for the benefit of the bottom floor. She put one leg up on the handrail of the stairs, bending to maximize the spectacle of her muscular ass in spandex. As Becca switched on her sex appeal like an electromagnet, stray glances from all across the gym were redirected from Lindsey's covered body, to the trainer's tantalizing topology.

"Thanks Becca." Lindsey was glowing as she turned to go. "It's a date."

Her heart was soaring. Lindsey had never been in love, but she had dreamed of something like this day for many, many years.

Now it was really happening, Lindsey could believe anything was possible. She was seeing the world in a whole new light, and she was very much looking forward to polishing this new facet of herself she had just unearthed.