



## Chapter IV

### "Part II"

By Rook Errant

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 futa'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 poptart!"



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 futu'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.