



Chapter III

"Keep Calm And Lift Heavy"

By Rook Errant

Becca breathed in the chilly morning air as she jogged up the concrete steps leading to the front doors of her gym. The building's shape reminded her of an Aztec step pyramid, looming against the dark purple sky. Like the temple of an ancient primal deity.

GRANITE, god of the grind.

She was taking the stairs two at a time this morning. The spring in her step seemed to intensify whenever she thought about her newest client. This one was a gem. One to be careful with.

Becca fumbled with her keys as she attempted to open the door with one hand, holding her coffee and phone in the other. GRANITE was open 24 hours, but the front doors stayed locked in the early hours. Most of the lights were still off inside. The FitBit on Becca's wrist told her it was 4:45am.

Enough time to get a solid workout in before Lindsey made an appearance. Becca wanted to be nice and pumped when her new client came back for her free personal training. Not that she had any idea when the gorgeous freckled girl might be coming back. They didn't have a session scheduled.

Becca's thoughts hadn't strayed from the redhead since she'd last seen her, the afternoon before. The trainer hoped she hadn't spooked her prey by coming on too strong. This lioness could be patient. She could wait by the watering hole all day, lying in the tall grass, knowing her gazelle would eventually re-appear.

So Becca hit the weights. And then she waited. Her regular client check-ins came and went. She breezed through them on autopilot, hardly bothering to comment on her trainees' conditioning.

"Getting nice and wide in the lats there, Mar—" Becca glanced down at her clipboard "Marissa! Nice V-taper."

The trainer's eyes barely registered the flexed muscles in front of her. She could only visualize the things Lindsey's spectacular back had done to the grey hoodie. Had it really only been yesterday? Lindsey's lats put Marissa's to shame. But clients paid for platitudes.

"Yup. Yup. Lookin' great girl. Keep on that cardio." Her clients became a blur. Cookie-cutter girls. They all looked great. They all looked the same. They all fit perfectly into their clothes... but Lindsey had something these girls didn't have. And Becca wanted it more than she was allowing herself to admit.

As the day stretched on, she tried to keep her thoughts away from how Lindsey's first session would go. She didn't want to

overthink it. She trusted herself to play it cool in the moment. If she had a plan, things could go wrong. Without a plan, she could simply pretend to... not be a pervert?

"Keep it above the belt." Becca warned herself as her thoughts wandered during the afternoon lull.

"What's that B?" Mike asked, pulled out of his conversation with another trainer.

"Oh, nothing, just having a weird day." Becca took a swig from her paper cup at the water cooler. Mike studied her.

"She'll come back. They always do, for you." He turned to face the mural of Becca on the wall.

"We don't have an appointment on the books." Becca sighed as she turned to follow his gaze. Now they were both staring up at Becca's biceps painted on the wall.

Becca flinched, startled as Mike clapped his hand on her brawny shoulder. "Becks, you don't know your own strength. Us mortals, you see, we're powerless to resist you." He gestured up at the giant flexing figure on the wall. "I'm grateful you only use your powers for good." Becca tried to keep a straight face as Mike continued. "See, we all worship you for a reason. You got Big Red in your pocket."

A slow smile crept across Becca's lips as Mike spoke. This crafty motherfucker was buttering her up because he really did want that picture of Lindsey. His reward for setting up the hoodie ripping incident. Becca had to admit, this was why she kept him around. Big Red. She liked that one.

"I'm gonna use Big Red. That's mine now." Becca grinned at

Mike. Then she eyed his hand, which was still resting on her muscular shoulder. "Am I getting charged for this massage?" Becca tensed her shoulder, causing her shredded delt striations to bristle under his touch. Mike's hand leapt away like he'd gotten an electric shock.

"Woah! You know it's freaky you can stay like that without an offseason?" Mike chuckled awkwardly, trying to change the subject. "Yea, you like that one? She's Big Red. You're Juicy Fruit. Match made in heaven. Hey you ever do that as a kid, chew two different flavors at once?"

Becca's face became serious. "Thanks by the way, for setting her up... if I didn't say it before." Her voice was heavy with sincerity. "That shit was the absolute tits, dude."

"Yea, about those tits..." Mike rubbed the back of his neck as he exhaled slowly, staring with exaggerated innocence at the floor.

"I haven't forgotten!" Becca swatted in his direction. "I'll be real though, you might be waiting a while." She checked her wrist. 4:45pm. She was starting to lose hope.

"Showing up is half the battle." Mike said as he crumpled and tossed his water cup. He began walking towards the machines where his clients were waiting for him. "Looks like you're halfway there."

Becca watched her friend go, letting his words sink in for a moment. Then she turned to look behind her, and her heart began to race. She bared her fangs in a predatory grin, like a huntress catching the scent of her prey on the wind.

Lindsey Belmont was back. And it looked like she was dressed for... snowboarding?



Lindsey stood in the doorway of the gym, backlit by the golden afternoon sun. The redhead was bundled up in what appeared to be a matching snow jacket and pants, complete with hood and buttoned collar. Even without the hood down, she looked a little funny standing there fully clothed, while everyone around her was at least half-naked and sweating.

Becca watched from her balcony as the skittish redhead ducked into the women's bathroom near the entrance. The poor girl must still be embarrassed about making a scene the day before. Becca would make sure things went differently today. She had planned that much. They'd be training upstairs on GRANITE's exclusive second floor.

Becca kept a velvet rope at the bottom of the stairs to the second floor, blocking access for everyone who wasn't on her short list of personal clients. She was trying to make it feel like a VIP club, but really it was just a yoga studio up there, with a few more weight machines. Two mirrored walls, a hardwood floor, and a half-balcony overlooking the gym was all that lay beyond the velvet rope. But it was private, and she controlled access, so Becca planned to keep the guest limited to herself and Lindsey today.

The second floor was empty now. All Becca had to do was wait for the shy girl to emerge from the bathroom, so she could hustle her up the stairs like Lindsey's personal bodyguard.

Minutes passed, and Becca drifted towards the racks of free weights. She found herself hefting a pair of 30 lb dumbbells, absent-mindedly pumping out a few slow bicep curls while she waited. She kept one eye on the bathroom door, managing to squeeze in over

fourty reps before the redhead reappeared.

Biceps stinging with the delicious pain of her pump, Becca began to tie her hair back into a ponytail, flexing her arms while she gathered up her long dark tresses. She allowed her unwitting prey to scan the gym, searching for Becca's recognizable figure. Becca was tempted to make eye contact early - to catch Lindsey staring at her bicep show - but she resisted. Let her feel like she's in control... for now.

Becca continued to stare ahead, slowly flexing and fixing her hair while keeping the redhead in her peripheral vision. When Lindsey got close, Becca allowed herself to react. Like electromagnets flipping on, Becca's eyes locked with Lindsey's, and she felt them tug at her like a tractor beam. The personal trainer gripped her bench tightly.

"Shit- sorry you startled me there, I was just spacing out between sets." Becca bounced to her feet and raised her hand in a friendly salute. "You came back! Glad to see you again Big Red. Let's get you upstairs before anyone starts asking for autographs."

This appeared to catch Lindsey off-guard. The shy redhead laughed nervously, letting some tension out her shoulders. Becca noticed her client seemed to appreciate it when she didn't have to do any of the talking. Becca extended an arm towards the velvet rope, and let Lindsey lead the way.

"You came at a good time, nobody's upstairs so we've got the whole place to ourselves." Becca hooked the rope back across the stairs behind her as she followed Lindsey up, and threw a stern look across the gym to Mike, who had been eying them from a distance. This velvet rope was Becca's metaphorical tie on the doorknob for the other trainers who knew her. When Becca was having a private

session with a client, you kept your distance if you wanted to keep your job.

"I like your new wardrobe." Becca lied, as they reached the top of the stairs. "But we're gonna start with some cardio to get warmed up, so you probably want to take it down a layer."

Lindsey shifted uncomfortably. "I'm pretty warmed up." She mumbled. "Can we just start lifting?"

Becca crossed her brawny arms across her chest and planted her feet in a wide stance, bracing herself at this first sign of resistance. She could go into full drill sergeant mode at a moment's notice if she needed to. Those crossfit girls liked a salty tongue to get them motivated. But she kept it playful with Lindsey.

"Young lady, are you going to tell me you don't want to eat your veggies next? I shouldn't have to tell you why it's important not to skip cardio." Becca lectured with mock authority. "Also, it's leg day. Because your trainer says so. Don't forget, people pay me for this abuse!"

"And to use the weights..." Lindsey gestured meekly towards the rack of free weights by the wall.

"Oh we'll get to the powerlifting, don't you worry, but I've got to give you the 'Becca Bloom experience' first. So you know what you'd be missing by going to any other gym!" Becca was persistent in her efforts to reel in her trial member.

It looked like Lindsey was better prepared for wardrobe malfunctions this time, with her many layers of jackets. Becca was getting desperate to strip her down.

"You can keep the jacket, but those pants have gotta go! Come on Red, time for cardio!" Becca began to jog in place, fishing for a laugh, or at least a smile. Instead she got a blush, but Becca could tell the ice was melting.

"Do you have a place I could get, um, changed into my running shorts?" Lindsey looked down at the floor as she spoke, avoiding Becca's infectious smile.

Her shyness was unbearably cute. Becca marveled at how the statuesque bodybuilder could be so afraid to show her beautifully sculpted figure. She had clearly worked hard to build her physique, why wouldn't she want to reap the rewards?

To Becca, the rewards were obvious; fans, followers, financial security, and fantastic fornication. The trainer wielded her own figure like a weapon, and cared for it just as diligently, keeping her sharp edges honed year-round. What could Lindsey do with her own weapon, if she weren't too afraid to use it?

"Yea, of course, I've got a private changing room up here you can use." Becca pointed. "It's that green door on the back wall there."

Lindsey nodded her thanks and made a beeline for the door. Becca watched her go, savoring the anticipation of what she was about to see. Big Red was in her pocket now.

Becca had named her changing room the "secret garden" and decorated its mirrored walls with hanging plants and ivy vines. She liked styling her girls after exotic flowers, with herself playing the role of nurturing gardener, helping them to grow big and beautiful. It all played into the "Bloom brand" the way she thought of it.

To the left of the green door, there was a second, narrower

door. White, with with a brass nameplate in the center. Becca's name. She never told anyone that it used to be a supply closet. She'd begged the gym's owner to let her repurpose it as a "private office". Now it contained a tiny desk with her laptop, a few stacks of papers, a box of t-shirts, and several dozen Quest Bar wrappers. There wasn't room for much else.

Becca ducked inside the narrow "office" and closed the door behind her. She flipped open the laptop and waited for it to boot up. She knew she might not see anything, but she couldn't resist trying. Not when it was this easy. The screen lit up to display a grid of camera feeds. Security cameras, showing every corner of the gym, from the front desk to the climbing wall. She minimized that window and clicked an icon on her desktop labeled "garden_cam". This one, the gym management didn't know about. Because Becca had installed it herself.

A new video window popped up, showing Lindsey in the next room, right in the middle of changing. The camera wasn't the best quality, and it was tucked into the corner to avoid detection, but Becca was being treated to a grainy, pixelated striptease at a stuttering fifteen frames per second. She'd take it. She just needed a peek to satisfy her curiosity. What if she never got the chance again?

On more than one occasion, Becca had used this hidden camera to record her "spontaneous" trysts with clients. After weeks or months of planting the seeds, Becca would push the temptation over the edge by joining her client in the private room. She'd send them in first and casually follow a few steps behind. Once Becca began her innocent striptease, the girls were never able to keep their hands off her. She was proud that her clients always made the first move. It showed how much control she had. But Becca didn't feel in control now. She was glued to the screen, her eyes ready to devour every frame of Lindsey's forbidden body.

The redhead already had pants down, but she was facing away from the corner with the hidden camera. Crazy hamstrings. Becca leaned in closer as she saw Lindsey had something on her right leg, was it a tattoo? Three dark bands encircled her right upper-thigh. Then one of them dropped away, leaving only two bands. Becca realized they were brown leather belts. But why? Was she wearing a holster or something? Becca couldn't tell with her back turned. The redhead kept fumbling with her odd belts. An injury perhaps?

When all three bands were gone, Lindsey turned to the side, and treated Becca to more than the peek she'd bargained for. There was a... a... baseball bat with a sock on it? In between her legs... A very phallic shaped... baguette? Wrapped in a cloth napkin? No, that was definitely a sock stretched over the end.

Becca was having trouble processing what she was seeing, but before she could register the big sock-covered cock for what it was, Lindsey was hefting her stiff erection, lifting up her shirt, and tucking the towering meat bat under her sports bra, in between her freckled tits.

Holyfuckingchrist- was that her dick? HER dick? Her DICK?! Becca's fingers drifted to her mouth, and she unconsciously ran her nails across her pursed lips. This wasn't supposed to happen. Becca hadn't even realized this was something that COULD happen. But she didn't have any more time to process it. Lindsey had already stepped into a baggy pair of workout shorts and was coming out of the changing room.

Becca squeezed her eyes shut. Everything was happening so fast, was this a dream? A prank? Had Mike set this up?

She told herself to take a deep breath and stick to the plan.

Then she remembered she didn't have a plan.

Just the deep breath then.

Becca opened the door, and stepped out to meet her new best friend.



Don't be a pervert... Don't be a pervert... Becca repeated in her head like a mantra. Her brain was struggling to process Lindsey's cock, like a snake trying to swallow an elephant. She could still visualize the long shaft tucked under Lindsey's sports bra, it was already burned into her retinas. And yet she still couldn't tell herself it was real. No matter how much she wanted it to be. Don't be a pervert... Don't be a pervert...

"Cool. Ok, so let's get some, uh, some cardio out of the way." Becca avoided making eye contact while she led Lindsey to the treadmills. "Or elliptical if you like but, you seem like a no-nonsense kinda... girl?" Don't do it Becca, don't blow this....

"Yea, the treadmill's good." Lindsey offered. Now Becca was noticing the high-pitched, feminine sound of the redhead's voice. But that dick had been so big and masculine, it made Becca wonder, did she have balls to go with—

"Are you going to do incline? I'm doing incline." Becca blurted out to interrupt her own thoughts, cranking the difficulty higher than she intended. For a moment panic washed over her, as she considered how deep that shaft must be able to penetrate. This was all so crazy, Becca thought. But it explained a lot didn't it? Yes, yes it did. It helped explain why the redhead was so friggin' built for

starters. But it raised so many more questions than it answered.

Becca realized she hadn't heard Lindsey's answer about the incline, whatever it was. They were both jogging in silence now. Becca dared a glance over and saw the redhead was closing her eyes. In frustration, or ecstasy, she couldn't tell.

"The secret to getting through the cardio is to have a buddy." Becca broke the silence cheerfully. "I do cardio with my clients most of the time, that's how I get all my conditioning in. Keeps me honest."

She glanced over again, desperate for some help with the conversation. "So I'm sure you can tell I've got a million questions on day one, but I'm trying not to be a pest."

"Thanks." Lindsey answered, a little too quick on the draw for Becca's liking.

"But the one thing we DO have to talk about, if you ARE going to train here..." Becca continued, "are your goals. Gotta have goals."

Lindsey continued to jog in silence for a moment, before venturing "Stay in shape?"

"Contest shape?" Becca forgot about Lindsey's cock for a moment and saw an opportunity to satisfy her curiosity about her amazing conditioning. "Just looking at your legs, I can tell you'd place top 5 physique, lightweight bodybuilding even. Do you compete?"

Lindsey suppressed a giggle. "That's definitely not my thing. I'm not a big... shower."

"Just a grower, huh?" Becca was starting to regain some

momentum. "Yea I can see that, for the love of the muscle eh? Well I don't mean to pry. It's just if you want the whole meal plan and weekly countdown thing, you kinda have to pick a show to prepare for. Or you have to give me a DATE, at the very least." Dinner and a movie sounds nice, Becca added mentally, but kept her mouth shut.

Lindsey shook her head, cheeks darkening. "I know it looks like I'm in contest shape, but I actually look this lean... well, pretty much all the time these days. It's really hard for me... not to workout. Kinda hard to explain..." She continued jogging in silence, offering no further details.

At least she'd opened up a little, Becca reassured herself. That showed trust. That was progress. Equilibrium was returning to her world, and she remembered she was in full control of the situation.

"Well fortunately for you Big Red, you don't have to explain anything right now. I need to go check on a couple things downstairs, but you're gonna give me another 10 minutes on the hamster wheel, and then we're hitting the weights!"

"Aye-aye captain." Lindsey chirped.

Look at us, how cute. Becca held her poker face as she took the stairs down two at a time. Lindsey seemed relieved to have a moment alone.

Becca hurried downstairs, where nothing important actually needed checking on. Except her throbbing clit. She ended up dodging into the women's bathroom to avoid running into anyone. She needed to actually make a plan now. Things were getting serious.

Becca ended up in the very same stall Lindsey had retreated to earlier. That meant Lindsey's monstrous cock had been loose in the

ladies room. How could she actually be hiding that thing?

Now that she had some privacy, Becca whipped out her phone, and stuffed her other hand down her pants to play with her swollen clit. She typed “transgender penis size range” as the immediate curiosity she wanted to satisfy.

The results were mostly clinical medical papers, and the numbers she saw made Becca’s jaw drop. She’d heard about this whole third gender thing, but she thought the size rumors were just rumors. A silly stereotype. But Lindsey was measuring up to the search results, and that was driving Becca over the edge.

She put down her phone and leaned her head back, letting her hand work her clit, over thoughts of Lindsey’s monster cock. Becca’s face was pointed up towards the ceiling when she noticed a blob of white goo near the fluorescent light panel. Was that... Lindsey’s protein shake? Had she been fapping in here? Could she possibly have—

Becca’s orgasm hit her like a bolt of white lightning, twisting her body tight as she imagined the force of Lindsey’s geyser. She shook her head in a daze as she waited for her wits to come back to her.

This was real. It was really happening. And if she played her cards right, she could wind up breaking her bedpost in two with the size of Lindsey’s notch.

Becca smoothed back her hair back as she checked herself in the bathroom mirror. She always found the gym was a handy place to hide the flush of a mid-day orgasm.



Becca jogged back up the stairs to find Lindsey had finished with the treadmill and was over by the free weights, curling 45 lb dumbbells in each hand. Her brow was furrowed in concentration as she watched herself in the mirror. She still had the jacket covering her upper body, her sculpted legs were the only muscle on display, but Becca still found the sight thoroughly intoxicating.

Lindsey noticed Becca approaching and softened her look of concentration.

"Sorry, I really don't like cardio." Lindsey sighed.

I'll bet you don't - Becca thought - not with that giant cock of yours bouncing up and down like a jackhammer...

"Well, of course it's no fun without me here to entertain you. Sorry I had to step away there, let's throw some weight around!" Becca stepped up beside Lindsey and grabbed a pair of matching 45 lb dumbbells. She usually warmed up with 30s but couldn't let Lindsey outdo her so quickly, she had a reputation to keep.

Becca pretended not to notice the way Lindsey's eyes kept jumping to her trainer's pumping biceps, before glancing away. She was bad at hiding her interest.

"If you stick with me Red, I'll help you get arms like these." Becca kept her bicep curls slow and controlled, focusing on the sweet pain of the pump. "Getting that split is all about conditioning. Just like abs, ya know? Made in the kitchen."

Lindsey continued to power out her reps in silence. Becca decided she couldn't stop here.

"I don't mean to be nosy, but I'm dying to see what you're working with under those layers. I mean, you have so much detail in your legs, I can't imagine how..." Becca tried to slow herself. She was getting giddy, but she had to say it. "How good you must look in a bikini."

Becca knew she was playing with fire. So she was surprised to hear Lindsey giggle as she racked her weights.

"Oh I don't ever... I mean I'm really not that kind of girl." Lindsey was tripping over her own excuses. "I mean I know it seems like I could compete but... well I don't think it would go over very well... with anyone."

The redhead turned to face Becca, with a serious look on her face. "I'm sorry Becca, I'm not like one of your girls that can get on stage and show off, I'm..."

Becca reached out and gripped Lindsey's shoulder, steadying her.

"Hey, it's ok hun. You don't have to put on a show for anyone!" The words stung Becca's mouth as she said them. SHE wanted a show...

"Look, I just want you to feel good about yourself. That doesn't have to involve anyone but you... and me. I won't push you to do anything you don't want to, but..." Becca stepped in close, letting her voice drop to a sultry growl. It was time to seal the deal.

"But I've never seen so much potential... all packed into one... amazing..." Becca brushed a strand of red hair behind Lindsey's ear as she stepped in closer. "impressive... gorgeous... package."

Lindsey swallowed dryly. She was paralyzed by Becca's closeness. Her scent.

"Th- thanks, Becca." Lindsey whispered in reverent tones. "I always wanted to meet you in person... but I never thought... I was afraid I-"

Becca's finger brushed Lindsey's lips, silencing her. "Honey, you don't even need my help building your body... You need my help to enjoy it."

Without warning, Becca leaned in to kiss Lindsey on the cheek. It was a just a quick peck, but the contact was electrifying for both of them.

"You're safe with me Lindz, I can keep a secret." Becca whispered in her ear. As the color drained out of Lindsey's face, Becca realized she might have gone too far.

"Whatever it is, I don't care!" Becca added hastily. "I just don't want to lose the chance to train someone as special as you, Big Red."

She gave Lindsey a friendly squeeze on the arm, and winced at what she felt under the jacket. "Damn you are SOLID girl! How big are these frickin' guns?!"

Lindsey's shy blush returned, but Becca was expertly stoking her fires with compliments to keep her from getting too self-conscious about the kiss. Becca was flying blind on this one, but she was starting to feel like she just might stick the landing.

"Oh, I never measure anything like that." Lindsey sighed. "I just like the way it feels to lift heavy."

"Well forgive me for being a size queen Red, but I just gotta know if you're bigger than me!" Becca grinned from ear to ear, showing Lindsey it was all still fun and games.

Lindsey's cheeks were beet red. "Would you, uh... just take my word on it?"

Becca was caught off guard by the certainty of that statement. Lindsey KNEW she was bigger, but was too shy to show off, and Becca found that combination to be utterly intoxicating.

"Such a tease you are! Can't expect me to train you if I can't see what you're workin' with."

"Okay, okay." Lindsey conceded. She began to roll up her right sleeve, and Becca forgot all about her measuring tape.

"Oh, Lindsey..." It was Becca's turn to blush as Lindsey unveiled her chiseled arm, packed with lean, bulging muscles. The redhead watched her trainer's reaction with equal parts curiosity and apprehension, as she brought her arm up into a full flex.

"Fuuuck!" Becca gasped, as her hands lept to feel Lindsey's bicep. All thoughts of pacing herself evaporated from Becca's mind as her fingers explored the powerful arm. She didn't even notice the way Lindsey politely held her flex while Becca traced along her bulging mounds.

"You should be training me! What's your secret!?" As soon as the words left Becca's lips, she stopped herself, remembering she already knew the secret.

Exercising tremendous mental fortitude, Becca tore herself away from feeling Lindsey's arm, and tried to regain her composure.

"It's kinda just... genetics I guess?" Lindsey rolled her sleeve down, stifling the smile starting to form on her lips.

"Yea, you better put those guns away." Becca laughed. "The student surpassing the master is great and all, but let's have you actually be my student first huh? That way I can take all the credit for that bangin' bod of yours!" Becca winked.

Lindsey smiled back at her, and sat up a little straighter, arching her back. "Okay coach, let's give it a shot!" But something about that motion drew Becca's eyes to Lindsey's chest. She had almost forgotten about the iceberg hiding below the surface. Lindsey shifted again and Becca saw it - the stiff, erect cock sandwiched between her breasts was tenting out her clothing as she moved.

Becca's eyes threatened to glaze over as she imagined unzipping the front of Lindsey's jacket. She blinked and shook her head, trying to dispel the fantasy.

"You're gonna love it here. Knock yourself out with the weights, just rack em when you're done and... wipe down the seats. I'm just... gonna go check on..." Becca searched for an excuse to cut her session short.

"Actually I think I better get going too." Lindsey was hunched forward slightly, in a futile effort to conceal her stiffness. "I went a little too heavy yesterday and... I should take it easy."

"Well come in whenever, I'm here almost every day." Becca decided to give her new pupil some space. She had the answer she wanted. "You can check my schedule on the wall there, but I wouldn't recommend spending too much time here when I'm not around. I won't be able to keep the Mikes at bay if you know what I mean."

Lindsey smiled sweetly as she shouldered her duffel bag, clutching it to her breast like a life preserver.

"O- ok, thanks Becca! I'll see you... see you next time!" Lindsey stammered as she drifted towards the stairs. "Thanks for being so cool."

Becca bit her lip as she watched Lindsey go. As soon as the redhead disappeared from view, Becca spun on her heel and retreated to her private office. She needed some private time.

The voyeuristic trainer scolded herself for not pressing record earlier, during Lindsey's hidden camera striptease. She'd been so enthralled by the sight of that sock-sheathed member, Becca had forgotten all about her pervy schemes.

Locking the door behind her, Becca settled into her chair, closing her eyes and sliding her hand down the front of her pants. She was so turned on, she hardly needed any stimulation before thoughts of Lindsey pushed her over the edge.

From across the gym, Mike watched as Lindsey hurried out the front door. The overly dressed redhead was too caught up in her own thoughts to notice the muffled cry echo from somewhere upstairs.

Lindsey may have missed it, but the rest of the gym heard Becca loud and clear. Regulars like Mike knew what the sound meant.

The lioness had a taste for blood, and she would continue the hunt until she cornered her prey.