



**SIZE CHECK 2**  
**POWER COUPLE**

## **Size Check 2: Power Couple**

By Rook Errant

Jenna Raleigh was not a “morning person”, but as a competitive bodybuilder she was no stranger to the ass crack of dawn. Waking up at 5am usually left the powerful futa in a testy mood, so she channeled her ornery attitude into her workouts, and by the end she’d be feeling fit as a fiddle.

The only days Jenna didn’t hit the gym right after waking up – were the days she was hitting the ass of one of the *girls* from her gym instead. Jenna would text one of her many female admirers for an evening booty call, let them spend the night in her bed, then treat the girl to an early morning fuck-fest upon waking.

This was one of those mornings.

The lucky lady sharing Jenna’s bed was Natalie Bramble, a fit and feisty punk rocker with a side-shave haircut and a pair of angel wings tattooed on her back. Nat was one of Jenna’s favorite fuck-buddies. The girl had a hard, tight body that could take a pounding in bed, and still power through a solid workout with Jenna immediately afterwards. Natalie also had a fiery enough attitude to stand up to Jenna’s snark, which made their grind sessions a rare treat for both of them.

Jenna was spooning Nat from behind, arms wrapped around the

naked girl's lean torso. Their combined body heat was warm enough that they didn't need any blankets or clothes. The futa bodybuilder's cock was tucked between Natalie's thighs like a leg pillow. The young woman liked being able to tell when her futa fuck-buddy was awake. Feeling Jenna's foot-long phallus harden up between her thighs was Nat's absolute favorite way to be woken up.

"Mmmm there's my alarm cock, right on cue." Natalie yawned as she wiggled her butt against Jenna's hips, backing herself up into the futa's enveloping arms.

"You thirsty hun?" Jenna whispered into Natalie's ear. "Better start making your pre-workout shake then." Jenna flexed her cock to semi-hardness between her partner's legs. It was growing so fast, there were already fifteen inches of Jenna's fattening dick protruding from between Natalie's legs, swelling bigger by the second. As Jenna flexed her cock harder, the foreskin around her helmet stretched back, revealing an angry purple plum, with a bead of clear precum welling up from the tip.

Natalie knew better than to let any of her "pre-workout shake" spill on Jenna's sheets. She reached between her legs to wrap her hands around Jenna's cock, giving it a firm squeeze, kneading her way up to the tip, where she cupped her hands around Jenna's foreskin-covered glans. Her palms came away smeared with precum.

"Mmm my favorite flavor, is that just for me?" Natalie inhaled Jenna's scent as she licked the salty spunk from her fingertips.

The punk rocker thought Jenna's "protein shakes" were an inside joke only they shared. In reality, Jenna made that joke with everyone she took to bed. As did most futas. When your cumshots were about the same volume as an actual protein shake, only with twice the protein, it was a hard joke to resist.

"Just for you bitch? Who do you think you are?" Jenna whispered lovingly as she rolled onto her back, keeping Natalie wrapped tight in her embrace. Jenna's towering erection speared straight up between Natalie's thighs, pointing towards the ceiling. The girl was already dripping, grinding her crotch against the futa's granite pillar.

Jenna could feel Natalie's hard clit dragging against the top of her thick cock. The sensation may have been as faint as a pea under a mattress, but Jenna was well-attuned to the feeling. She relished the effect she had on women, and for a total-package "10" like Natalie, that went double. Jenna licked her lips.

"Look at the sight of that." Jenna kept her whisper low and sultry. "Tell me. How many times a day do you wish you had this between your legs?"

"Your cock specifically? Or one of my own?" Natalie flexed her quads. She may have been able to crush a watermelon between them, but they were barely putting a dent in Jenna's hardness. The futa was a legend at Hillcrest Gym for a reason. Her demotion to second banana hadn't made her any less impressive to Natalie.

"Tell me both. And do that thing I like." Jenna released Nat from her

embrace and lay back on the mattress, spread-eagle. Natalie arched her back and assumed a yoga pose above her, thrusting her chest upward and stroking Jenna's cock with her flexed inner thighs.

"Yours? Five... maybe ten times a day, tops." Natalie exhaled a controlled breath, her whole body trembling with the effort of the gymnastic quad-job. "Having my own? Every fucking second."

"Lucky for me this is as close as you get." Jenna taunted. "This way you have to keep coming back to me for more. And thank god you don't have your own, the last thing I need is more competition."

Natalie released her pose and dropped her full weight onto Jenna below her, knocking the wind out of the relaxing futa. Natalie's head was cushioned nicely by Jenna's enormous silicone-filled tits. Their lovemaking sessions tended to get a bit rough, because they were both well-aware the other liked it that way.

"That shit's tiring as fuck. Your turn!" Natalie lay sprawled on her back on top of Jenna, catching her breath.

Jenna enjoyed the unique sensation of Natalie's head nuzzled between her tits. Jenna could feel the girl's long, silky locks against her right breast, while her left was tickled by the short peach-fuzz of Nat's shaved side. If only the girl had more fight in her. She was pretty tough for a chick, but Jenna's cock tended to break most female minds. Futas like Kim were another matter, they were immune to her viper's venom, having plenty of their own.

"Quitter. That wasn't even ten reps."

"Fuck you that was like twenty five!" Natalie panted. She reached up to playfully wrap her hands around Jenna's throat, mock throttling her.

"You're all talk. You never take the lead." Jenna pouted.

"You want a real challenge, try Kim." Nat chuckled. She knew Jenna hated any and all references to her best frenemy, especially while in the sack. The shorter, stronger, red-headed futa never failed to tickle Jenna's ego, but nobody knew – Jenna included – whether or not she liked it. Perhaps that was why everyone enjoyed teasing her about it. Jenna sighed in frustration.

"Just sayin. So come on, fuck me already bitch!" Natalie slapped one of Jenna's tits but otherwise remained a lifeless rag doll, waiting for Jenna to manhandle her.

Jenna's phone vibrated to life on the countertop beside her bed. She groaned and reached for it, knowing she might regret it.

"Goddamnit!" Jenna shouted as she slammed her phone back down, instantly regretting opening Pandora's box.

"Is that your guuuurrrrl friend?" Natalie sang, grabbing the top of Jenna's cock and using it to hoist herself up into a sitting position. Before she could get into whatever reverse cowgirl situation she was trying for, Jenna grabbed the back of Nat's head and mashed her face against her throbbing cock.

"Shut up. You know better." Jenna was angry now. "Just for that, no fuck for you today. But you're gonna drink your milkshake like a good girl before we leave for the gym, come on." She forced her cock into Natalie's mouth, silencing any witty comebacks before they came out.

*"Hlkk- eeetttccchhh."* Natalie tried to say something. Jenna used Nat's hair to pull her deeper onto her cock.

"I know, I'm a bitch. But I'm *your* bitch." Jenna was getting tired of how easy it was to dominate her opponents. All opponents save one.

The phone on Jenna's bedside table buzzed to life again, a second text message lighting up the screen. Both messages were from Kim Ableton. The first text was only two words:

*Skip breakfast.*

Jenna began thrusting harder. She knew she needed to finish quickly, but she was distracted now. Thoughts of Kim were dancing through her mind, enraging Jenna as she imagined what the smug bully had in store for her today. Jenna decided to just roll with it, and visualized she had Kim bottoming out on her cock instead of Natalie. What she would give for that... Kim's pretty little lips stretched tight around Jenna's big, thick-

Natalie began choking on the first mouthful of cum Jenna had just unloaded into her. The futa was up on her knees now, holding Natalie's head down on her spasming cock, forcing jet after jet of hot jizz down

the squirming girl's throat.

The second message from Kim, sent 1 minute later, read:

*I mean it, come hungry. I got an extra protein shake for ya.*

Halfway through emptying her balls, Jenna noticed the second message. She grabbed her phone while she continued to pump her fuck-buddy full of spunk. Jenna became even angrier as she read the text. All futas really did make that joke.

\* \* \*

Twenty minutes later Natalie was driving to Hillcrest Gym, with Jenna riding shotgun. Jenna made Natalie drive so she could check her Instagram comments from the passenger seat. It was still dark out, and Nat was still feeling frisky. She missed the morning pounding Jenna usually gave her when she slept over.

"So, when are you gonna admit you got a thing for Kim?" Natalie broke the silence.

"When she stops rubbing it in my face. She has no chill." Jenna sulked without looking up from the glow of her phone.

"Hah! But she has so much fun tormenting you, she basically has no reason to stop." Natalie chuckled. "She loves how much you hate it! I mean she knows you're never gonna stop coming to Hillcrest, so..."



"What she needs is someone bigger than her to put her in her place." Jenna's heat was starting to fog up the windows. "I want her to know what it feels like to *not* have the biggest dick in the room. Maybe *then* she'd appreciate my company. We just need to deflate her ego, pop her bubble."

"We? How did I get roped into this?" Natalie was incredulous.

"You know people Nat. You go on tour. You have groupies, they talk. You know other futas right?" Jenna's voice was remarkably calm considering she was discussing the notorious K.I.M. "Tell me Nat, do you know anyone bigger than me? I wouldn't normally ask, but..."

"Oh how the mighty have fallen!" Natalie guffawed. "I remember the days when Jenna Raleigh was the biggest there ever was and ever would be!"

"Well half of that is still true. I had a good run." Jenna sulked.

"Wow, Kim really did a number on you. Never thought I'd see you half-agree with me about anything."

"Just tell me! Have you heard of anyone that big? Someone we could actually bring to Hillcrest?"

"Hmm. Well you are pretty legendary for your size, and of course Kim is just... fucking nuts... but I have heard about this one chick." Natalie took a deep breath. "This futa my sister is dating, she says she's like, a real grower. Just gets crazy huge when you get her engine revved up."

So big my sis can't even take her half the time."

Jenna wanted to hear more. She knew Natalie's sister – Kristen Bramble, had a reputation for being even more of a hellion than Nat. Jenna couldn't imagine what kind of beast would satisfy *that* girl, her futa girlfriend must be an absolute monster in the sack. This could be the answer... But could Natalie make it happen? The Bramble sisters were notoriously venomous towards each other. She couldn't imagine either one doing the other a favor.

"I know what you're thinking, how do we get her in front of Kim?" Natalie went on. "Well, my sis says her dickgirlfriend is a real big showoff, loves an audience, loves crashing parties. I think if I told my sis about Kim, she'd ride her stallion over to our place at high noon for a showdown."

"You're sure she's really that big?" Jenna asked doubtfully.

"Well, to hear Kris tell it, she's gotten... *this* big." Natalie took her hands off the wheel and balled them into fists, putting her knuckles together, so her forearms made a straight line. Nat was implying her sister's friend's cock was as big as *two* forearms, from elbow to elbow.

"*Nat!*" Jenna grabbed the wheel to steady the car as it began to drift into the next lane. "Ok fine, try to get her to come to Hillcrest for me, would you please?"

"My pleasure! You're not the only one who wants to see that matchup."

\* \* \*

Five minutes later, Jenna and Natalie were walking into Hillcrest Gym as the clock rolled over to six a.m. Kim was running on a treadmill, grinning as she watched them enter.

“Hi Jennaaa.” Kim yelled over the din of the treadmill. “I hope you saved room for breakfaaast!” The redhead gestured to her bulging shorts, caressing the obvious swells of her plump balls. Their shape was clearly visible through the thin fabric.

Natalie knew better than to get between Kim and her favorite plaything. She broke away from Jenna and went to go stretch, noticing Astrid was also at the gym early, limbering up in the corner. Nat took a spot beside her on the mats and started stretching.

“What’s new with you Astrid?” Natalie asked the Swedish blonde. It was likely Kim had taken her home last night, if they were here together now.

“Well I’ve been thinking about changing Kim’s diet again.” Astrid launched straight into it. “I think she’s gotten stronger but her cream isn’t so tasty as it used to be.”

Astrid's first day at Hillcrest had also been the first time Kim’s freckled face appeared on the scene. Kim had singled out the shy blonde to be her special volunteer on that fateful first day, and they'd been attached at the hip ever since. The soft spoken Astrid had barnacled herself onto

Kim, doing whatever the futa wanted, wherever, whenever, so long as she got to stay in Kim's good graces. Apparently her duties now included meal prep.

"I meant what's new with *you*? Haven't seen you in a while." Natalie leaned forward, stretching to touch her toes. She noticed Astrid looked bigger, more heavily muscled than she remembered. All that time in bed with Kim must have been doing her body good. It took a lot of stamina to satisfy a futa, as Natalie was well aware.

Astrid stared blankly at Nat for a second, like she didn't understand the question. "Well, I'm getting leaner!" Astrid lifted her shirt to show Natalie her abs, revealing a shredded eight-pack. "Abs are her favorite. She says she can feel them from the inside! You know, when she's in me."

Natalie winced at the sight of Astrid's ripped abs. She resisted the temptation to reach out and feel them. For a moment Nat imagined the kind of workout Kim must be giving her, but the thought passed quickly as she remembered why she'd chosen to be Jenna's girl. Natalie hated the thought of fighting the other Hillcrest girls for Kim's affection. They were all drawn to Kim's sunny personality and overdeveloped assets, but Nat would rather have Jenna all to herself. Putting up with the buff brunette's self-righteous attitude was worth it, if it meant getting her undivided attention in the bedroom.

Natalie glanced over towards the treadmills to see how her futa friends were getting along. Jenna was powering through some lat pulldowns on a machine to work her back, while Kim continued

sprinting on her treadmill at top speed, her package bouncing wildly with each stride of her muscular legs.

“Need a spot J? Looks like your strugglin’ over there.” Kim taunted. Jenna released her grip on the bar, letting the weights clang down as she stood to face Kim.

“You know you’re not gonna make me hate you any more than I already do, short stuff.” Jenna spat as she stretched out her tight back.

“Hah! And here I thought we’d already established who had the shorter cock.” Kim said breezily as she slowed her sprint to a jog. “But you know me, I’m always down to measure up!”

“Ugh! You know that’s not what I meant!” Jenna huffed, crossing her arms. Kim hopped off her treadmill and walked over to face Jenna. Kim had to look up to meet Jenna’s eyes, but the bulge stretching the redhead’s shorts was already twice the size of the package Jenna was presenting in her skin-tight leggings. Kim gave her hips a thrust forward, her bulge swelling noticeably bigger as she flexed her restrained cock.

“You want your breakfast now or later?” Kim asked sweetly. Since muscling in on Jenna’s turf at the gym three months ago, Kim had learned exactly how far she could push her new friend, as well as which buttons to press to set her off. If Jenna were an elevator, Kim would be the mischievous prankster who presses the buttons for every floor before fleeing in a fit of mad laughter.

“I have to choose?” Jenna replied haughtily. “Why not both? What’s

the matter, don't think you can manage more than one?"

"You know I can hun." Kim was unfazed. "Especially when it's you on the receiving end. I haven't gotten off since last night, and even then I made my gal stop at two – so yea, I can manage."

Kim looked over at Astrid and Natalie stretching on the mats, then turned back to Jenna and gave her a wink. Jenna looked back at the girls and noticed Natalie was giving her a thumbs up. What was that about?

"Ok, help yourself hun!" Kim stood waiting with her hands on her hips.

"Here?" Jenna looked around the all-female gym, counting a dozen women working out. All of them were pretending to focus on their exercises, but were obviously keeping an eye on the pair of futanari, knowing the hour of the inevitable fuck-stravaganza was quickly approaching.

"You know I like an audience." Kim gloated as Jenna dropped to one knee in front of her. Kim's hands remained on her hips, feet planted firmly in a wide stance, forcing Jenna to do all the work.

With a furrowed brow, Jenna yanked the shorts from around Kim's waist and tugged them down her hips, letting the redhead's massive cock spill out, flopping onto Jenna's shoulder. Despite the huge bulge Kim had been presenting in her shorts, she wasn't even hard yet.

Jenna grabbed Kim's meaty python and held it up, revealing the plump, swollen balls hanging heavy below it. The hairless, lightly-freckled orbs were each the size of a grapefruit. Jenna held the heavy sack in her palm, squeezing the taut skin gently. Jenna's stomach rumbled. Was she that conditioned already?

"Mmm, get in there hun. You know how to make me hard." Kim smiled down at her kneeling subject. Jenna swallowed her pride and buried her face in Kim's crotch, lips kissing and nibbling at Kim's swollen balls. Jenna let go of Kim's cock and used both hands to steady herself against the redhead's muscular quads. Kim's thick cock was draped over Jenna's shoulder, where it began to slowly inflate, as Jenna continued making out with Kim's smooth, supple balls.

When Jenna felt Kim's hardening log brushing past her ear, she leaned back and inspected her handiwork. Kim's shaft was getting thicker, but still drooped under its own weight. Jenna used one hand to tug downward on Kim's balls, while she slapped Kim's meaty prick with the other hand. She smacked it hard enough for the sound to reverberate throughout the gym.

"Harder." Kim grinned. "Make me bigger. You know how thick I can get... it's as thick as *you wish you were!*"

Kim loved fucking with Jenna, almost as much as she loved *actually* fucking her. Jenna didn't take Kim's bait. She just stroked her harder, with both hands, kneading Kim's doughy cock, willing it to rise into a full-length baguette.

Jenna licked her lips and moved to put her mouth around the tip of Kim's cock.

*"Hup-bup-bup!"* Kim tutted at Jenna. "Not til I'm hard. You gotta *earn* it you thirsty B."

Jenna stopped herself short and glared up at Kim with daggers in her eyes, then resumed her stroking with renewed vigor. At times like this Jenna tried to just give in, enjoy herself, and let lust overtake her, but Kim made it so damn hard with her relentless taunting.

"There ya go, now you're gettin' me going." The veins were starting to stand out on Kim's cock as it fattened up, swelling thicker and harder as Jenna tugged her off.

Without warning, Kim grabbed Jenna's hair by the ponytail and shoved her mouth full of cock, stretching Jenna's lips wide around a massive, thickening shaft. After a few urgent thrusts, Kim let go and allowed Jenna to set the pace. To her credit, Jenna didn't pull herself off Kim's bucking cock. Instead she inhaled through her nose and pulled herself deeper, managing to swallow a full third of Kim's cock before bottoming out.

"Mmm you're so good at that Jenna." Kim encouraged, her voice dripping with condescension. "You must spend a lot of time sucking your own cock, huh? I sure don't get as much practice as you, I can always find someone to do that for me."

Jenna tried to drown out Kim's words with the sound of her



energetic deep-throating. She loved the cock she was sucking, she just despised the person it was attached to. Or... did she love despising her? Jenna wasn't used to asking herself that kind of question. Before Kim had barged into her life, Jenna never doubted what she wanted out of a relationship, but now...

Kim pulled her shirt up over her head, stripping down to just her sports bra. Her hard nipples were visibly erect through the thin fabric. Across the gym, Astrid found herself rising to her feet, looking at Kim with a hopeful expression. Her head was tilted to one side like an inquisitive puppy. Kim nodded at Astrid, then stripped off the final layer of her sports bra, while Astrid rushed across the gym to Kim's side.

"My girl wants to give you a hand Jenna – and by the look of it, so does yours." Kim giggled.

Natalie was still stretching in the corner, her legs spread wide as she did the splits on the floor mat. The crotch of her leggings was completely soaked through. With Kimberly's gaze trained on her, Natalie began rubbing the protruding nub of her clit through her leggings, as she watched Jenna blowing Kim. Natalie was a Hillcrest regular, she'd been around long enough to know what Kim wanted to see from her audience.

Astrid was topless by the time she reached Kim's side. The blonde girl wrapped her arms around Kim's waist and began sucking on one of one of her big, tantalizing breasts. At the same time, Astrid caressed Kim's ripped abdominals with her manicured fingertips. Meanwhile, Jenna continued blowing Kim like a sword swallower with a death wish.

Attention from one partner was never enough to satisfy Kim. She cupped Astrid's chin and pulled her in close for a passionate kiss. Kim could feel the girl's knees shaking as she plunged her tongue into Astrid's mouth. The sensation of Astrid sucking on her tongue – on top of Jenna sucking on her cock – was enough to send Kim over the edge. With her lips still pressed against Astrid's, she unleashed a firehose of hot, sticky cum straight down Jenna's throat.

"Mnnnnnn..." Jenna moaned around Kim's erupting dick, knowing the vibrations in her throat would only add to her frenemy's pleasure. By the third cumshot, Jenna's mouth was overflowing with thick, futa cream. Still on her knees, Jenna unsheathed Kim's slick cock from her throat until only the head was filling her mouth, and swallowed as much of the redhead's sweet, salty spunk as she could choke down. Kim was still making out with Astrid, her eyes closed in bliss, totally ignoring the way Jenna was gagging on her enormous load.

By the time her ejaculations tapered off, at least a pint of Kim's jizz had spilled onto the ground between Jenna's knees. The puddle of cum was sure to stain the concrete floor, but it would fit right in with the spotty, camouflage patina the floors had acquired since Kim rewrote the rule book to allow fucking anywhere in the building.

Jenna wiped her mouth and burped daintily into the back of her hand as she stood up. Her entire front was dripping with strands of Kim's sticky frosting.

"I could have finished you myself, for the record." Jenna's haughty

attitude made a comeback. "I didn't need her help. I was just about to start pinching your nipples and shit."

"Sorry bae, my little *boob-slut* here beat ya to it!" Kim's eyelids were heavy with post-orgasmic dreaminess. Astrid had resumed sucking on Kim's nipples, just the way Kim liked it as she came down from a climax.

"That was real good Jenna. Remind me later – you owe me another one!" Kim tittered as Astrid nodded in agreement, her face still buried in Kim's chest. The girl's emphatic nodding jiggled the futa's big, freckled tits up and down. Jenna was outraged.

"What? If anything you owe me several *hundred*, you dick-for-brains!" Jenna smacked Kim's cum-covered cock hard enough to send droplets of jizz flying across the room.

"I don't think sooo." Kim chirped in a sing-song voice. "You didn't finish me on your own, *and* you didn't swallow all of it, so... doesn't really count does it?"

"Ugh! What-ever!" Jenna blew a loose strand of hair out of her eyes. "You make the rules! Can we lift now?" The cum-soaked futa pulled off her sports bra and leggings without waiting for an answer. Her own rather impressive cock was standing out ramrod-straight from her hips, with her orange-sized balls hugging it tightly at the base.

Both futas were now baring it all, except for the socks and running shoes they each kept on. Kim finally gave Jenna what she wanted and dismissed Astrid, shooing the dizzy girl away with a wave of her hand.

Kim wasn't just competitive about the size of her cock, she also liked to lift alongside Jenna, matching her exercises and trying to outshine her with heavier weights and more reps.

Jenna pretended she didn't care, but seeing Kim beat her lifts always lit a fire inside her. All of Jenna's life, she'd been self-absorbed with her own superiority, never having met someone who could come close to matching her physically. To see Kim outdo her at every turn was short-circuiting Jenna's brain. She'd never admit it, but Kim's dominance was like catnip to Jenna – it drove her crazy, and she loved it.

Jenna leaned back under the bench press machine, while Kim moved into position to spot her. The redhead innocently flopped her sticky cock right onto Jenna's face, covering it completely, until Jenna head-butted it out of the way.

As Jenna performed slow, controlled reps on the bench press, she realized it felt heavier than usual. Her arms were burning with the effort. Then she noticed Kim's knuckles were white as she gripped the bar to spot Jenna. Wait– she wasn't spotting, she was pulling down on the bar, making it heavier!

Like most things Kim did, this made Jenna furious, but she just smiled and continued powering through the bench presses, pumping her chest full of shredded striations. When they switched places, Jenna returned the favor, leaning her bodyweight down onto the bar as Kim lifted it. If Kim noticed the extra weight, she certainly didn't show it.

Next they moved to squats, where they could both lift at the same time with their own set of weights. Unsurprisingly Kim lifted a full 125lbs heavier than Jenna, and for 3 more reps than Jenna could manage. By the end, Jenna's cock was quivering with firmness and leaking precum. In contrast, Kim's member was hanging down to her knee, still engorged but only semi-hard. Jenna ignored her own stiffness, refusing to acknowledge how aroused she was by the situation.

After squats they moved on to the free weights, starting with triceps. Arms were one of Kim's strongest areas, and she hefted twice the weight Jenna was using for tricep extensions, but only managed to do one more rep than the brunette bodybuilder. On shoulders, Jenna actually beat Kim in reps, but with Kim lifting 50 lbs heavier, it was hard to say who won that battle. Kim was still winning the war by a landslide.

When it came time for bicep curls, Jenna was approaching a level of peak arousal. Biceps were easily Jenna's favorite muscle to watch Kim work. The redhead's biceps were massive and lean, dusted with freckles, and had a thick vein snaking down the middle of each arm. When she got them fully pumped, they tended to hypnotize Jenna like a deer in the headlights. Jenna had always wanted arms like that.

Kim picked up the 85 pound dumbbells, while Jenna chose the 75's. They stood side-by-side facing the mirror, alternating curls with each arm. Kim made sure to match Jenna's pace so it would be easy to count how many more she could do.

At 15 reps, Jenna's arms were shaking with the effort, but she noticed Kim was slowing down too. Jenna pushed harder, feeling her arousal

climb as her eyes devoured Kim's glistening, chiseled arms.

On the 19th rep, Jenna couldn't curl the weight past the halfway point, but she wouldn't give up. The brunette bodybuilder grunted and strained, putting her whole body into the effort. Suddenly Kim switched from alternating arms, to curling *both* arms at the same time, cranking up her intensity and pumping the weights twice as fast as Jenna had been.

It was too much for Jenna, who was still struggling to complete her 19th rep. She felt her cock twitch and release a heavy jet of cum against the mirror. Jenna was straining so hard she didn't even feel her orgasm hit until her 4th rope of cum splattered against the glass. The wave of pleasure rushing up behind Jenna caused her to drop her dumbbells and stagger back a step, her forceful cumshots still reaching the mirror. She couldn't take her eyes off of Kim's bulging biceps. They were exploding in size with every pump, even as Jenna's jizz obscured her view of them in the mirror.

In the afterglow of her climax, Jenna reached out to gingerly squeeze Kim's rock-solid bicep as she continued her curls. It felt like steel under her freckled skin.

"God damn Kim!" Jenna panted. "You're a fucking beast!" She had to resist the urge to start feeling up the ripped redhead's other pumped parts.

"Forty!" Kim dropped her dumbbells and grinned at Jenna, clapping her hands like she was dusting them off. "That was a pretty nice load

Jenna, bigger than usual for you. Did my guns turn you on that much?" Kim raised her arms and flexed a double bicep pose, kissing each of her swollen peaks to tease Jenna.

"C'mere, I know you wanna feel." Kim reached for Jenna's hand, offering her flexed bicep for Jenna to caress. "C'mon, worship me. You know what comes next. Now I'm gonna have to show everyone how I can cum so much more than you, Jenna. Even my second load is gonna make yours look tiny."

"Oh shut it!" Jenna swatted Kim's hand aside. "Everyone knows you're a freak you fucking narcissist! Just get over yourself already!"

"You get over me." Kim replied with a petulant smirk. "Oh that's right, you can't! I mean, you *coooooould* go to any other gym in the world and be cock of the walk, but instead you're here, *sucking my dick* every chance you get!"

The women who had previously been scattered around the gym had all migrated over to the arguing futas, as if they'd been attracted by the gravitational pull of two massive bodies orbiting each other. Jenna glanced back at the semicircle forming around them, considering her next move.

"Just because you catch a lot of flies with vinegar, doesn't mean you couldn't be catching more with *honey*." Jenna said through clenched teeth.

"Nah, I'm good with vinegar." Kim laughed at Jenna's simmering rage,

trying to goad her into boiling over.

“You ass-hat. I just wish—” Jenna paused mid-sentence as she noticed heads in the crowd turning towards the double doors at the gym’s entrance. Someone had just slammed them shut. There were two figures standing in the doorway.

“Woah, jackpot!” Shouted one of the newcomers as she surveyed the scene. Kim and Jenna were facing off, naked, sweaty, and erect, surrounded by a crowd of horny women, with a giant splatter of cum on one mirror, and another sticky puddle by the bench press.

“These guys know how to party!” The second newcomer blurted out, filling the awkward silence. She looked like a college girl, wearing a varsity jacket and track pants. She was cute, *very* cute. Her companion was an athletic, pale goth girl in a short skirt, leather jacket, and combat boots, with a side-shave haircut.

Jenna froze. She’d never seen Natalie’s sister before, but the resemblance was striking, even without the haircut. Jenna turned back to the crowd, searching for Natalie. She found Nat tugging up her leggings, which must have just been down around her knees. When Nat noticed Jenna, she gave her a double thumbs-up, but Jenna could see the girl was staying out of her sister’s line of sight.

So that meant the other one in the varsity jacket must be the futa. The one who was supposed to give Kim a run for her money. But she was so young, Jenna thought, and cute as a button. Her physique didn’t look huge either. It didn’t add up.



"Ooh I call dibs on the jock!" Kim piped up, her voice squeaking with excitement. "Sorry Jenna, you get Ms. Hot Topic 2005." Kim approached the newcomers. The crowd of Hillcrest women parted before Kim like the Red Sea.

The one who must have been Kristen Bramble whispered something in her companion's ear as Kim walked up. The co-ed's snickered to each other, eyeing Kim's pumped, sweaty body up and down, lingering on the third leg hanging between her knees.

"So, first timers obviously. You hear about us from a friend? Or are we melting your minds right now 'cause you were just looking for a place to work out, and instead you met the—" Kim stopped abruptly when she realized the girls were still whispering to each other while she was talking to them. They weren't even listening. "Scuse me!" She snapped her fingers.

"Table for two?" The one in the varsity jacket asked nonchalantly. "We don't have a reservation." She tried to keep a straight face but her eyes were dancing with restrained mirth.

"Uhh, do I need to get her to a hospital or something?" Kim asked the other newcomer. "I assume she's having a seizure, on account of—" Kim pointed down at her cock, with a look of genuine concern.

The newcomers broke out in laughter, unable to contain themselves any longer.

"Ah hah sorry, sorry!" The one in the varsity jacket waved away her giggles. "I didn't realize you'd have such a stick up your butt, Kim!"

Kim's jaw dropped. "You... so you're a fan girl then?" Kim tried to force a nervous chuckle. "Where are my manners. Welcome to Hillcrest! As you can see, we have plenty of cock here for both of you." Kim jerked a thumb back over her shoulder towards Jenna.

"As it happens, so do we!" Said the futa in the varsity jacket. She was so calm and cheerful, like she didn't even notice or care that Kim was naked and sporting a twenty inch hardon.

"I guess you could say I'm a fan girl, but... not one of yours." Kristen said, eyeing Kim like a piece of meat. "I heard about what goes on here. We just came to crash your party."

"If you want a ride, buy a ticket and wait in line. I'm a popular attraction." Kim's feathers were starting to get ruffled. These strangers were up to something.

"See? Told you she's right up your alley." Kristen nudged her partner with an elbow. "Go make friends."

The futa in the varsity jacket stepped forward, offering her hand to Kim. Sensing a trap, but unsure of how to avoid it, Kim shook her hand.

"Name's Felicia Fitzpatrick." She said with a grin. "Heard of me?"

"If I had, you'd know." Kim didn't like the familiar shape this

conversation was taking.

“Nice. I like it better that way.” Felicia was cool as a cucumber, waiting for Jenna to make her next move.

“I take it by your jacket that you’re a cheerleader?” Kim asked with a scornful eyebrow.

“Honorary.” Felicia parried with an eyebrow of her own.

“Huhf!” Kim snorted with contempt. “Got cut during tryouts so they let you be a mascot huh?”

“Actually, it’s because of this.” Felicia reached for her jacket’s zipper and tugged it all the way down in one, swift motion. Felicia wasn’t wearing anything underneath, but nobody noticed her bare chest. The massive, meaty cock that had just flopped out of Felicia’s jacket was now the elephant trunk in the room.

“Just can’t seem to find any uniforms in my size.” Felicia batted her eyelashes at Kimberly. “I’m sure *you* can relate, Kim.”

*This is it – Jenna’s mind was racing – it’s actually happening! She’s already here, and she’s freaking huge! But what if... what if this new girl is worse than Kim? What if she wants Hillcrest all to herself?!*

Kim’s mouth opened and closed several times before she found the words she was searching for.

“Ok, now I see what’s going on. You heard about my reputation and you

didn't believe the rumors. So you came here to see me in action!" Kim tried to sound confident, but the size of Felicia's cock was making her mouth dry. The honorary cheerleader's veiny trunk looked alarmingly comparable to Kim's own beefy python, sagging under its own weight, heavy and pendulous with the potential for growth.

"We didn't come for your autograph." Kristin took out her phone. "We came for your gym. Heard it was up for grabs. Biggest cock makes the rules, right? Well I think my girlfriend's dick is bigger than yours Kim. I wanna see you compare, right here, right now, winner takes all. Show me what you got."

Kim's sunny disposition clouded over, her confident grin wilting in Felicia's shade. Clearly, Kim had something to be worried about if these newcomers knew all about her reputation, but still showed up to size check her anyway. It looked like an ambush, but having never been upstaged before, Kim had no predator-avoidance instincts to protect her from walking right into the trap.

"Finally, some real competition!" Kim flashed Felicia her most confident smile, trying to compensate for her quickening pulse. Kim pointed to Felicia's cock, hanging flaccid to the futa's knee. "Need some help getting that hard?"

Felicia snorted with laughter. "Yeahhh *notsumuch!* All I need is an audience." She stretched her arms above her head and yawned, causing her unzipped varsity jacket to spread open wide, exposing her perky double-D tits for all the girls in the gym to appreciate. As she twisted her lean torso to stretch, Felicia's ripped 8-pack flexed into sharp definition.

Kristin nodded her head vigorously. "Oh yea, she's really good at controlling it. Okay babe I'm recording, all eyes on you." Kristin's phone was aimed at Felicia's dangling cock, ready to capture what happened next for the record books.

"Mmmm good." Felicia purred. "You know I love attention."

Felicia inhaled a deep breath and placed her hands on her hips, legs apart like she was about to start a cheerleading routine, but the only thing that moved was her lengthy shaft twitching and stiffening. Felicia looked around at the assembled crowd of Hillcrest regulars, making eye contact with each girl for a few seconds, just long enough to make it uncomfortably intimate. She drank in their shock and awe like a delicious milkshake.

“Wow, look at you go. That is pretty badass.” Kim had to admit watching Felicia go from soft to hard with so little stimulation was impressive. Then she remembered Felicia’s weapon of ass destruction was aimed directly at her throne, and Kim resumed fondling her own turgid trunk in an effort to keep up.

“Like I said...” Felicia shrugged off her jacket, letting it fall to the floor as her erection rose to stand straight out from her hips. “All I need is an audience, and your girls seem pretty easy to impress.” Felicia’s long shaft still sagged slightly under its own weight, but it was nearly horizontal now, pulsing with more stiffness every second. The honorary cheerleader was standing proudly topless, with her skin-tight leggings hugging every curve of her lower body, right up to the bulging swells of her nutsack cradled tight by her pants.

Felicia kicked off her athletic shoes and padded barefoot over to Kim. She stopped when the tips of their cocks were inches apart.

“I hope that wasn't your only trick hun.” Kim shook another inch or two of hardness into her own stiff meat bat to further her own fluffing up. “I couldn't help noticing you didn't really get much thicker when you put up your flagpole there. If that's all you've got, I'm gonna put you to shame in the girth department.” Kim squeezed her cock with a firm grip around the thickest part, waving it up and down to demonstrate how hard she was.

“What, this?” Felicia took a step closer to Kim, bringing their cocks astern like passing ships. “I’m not hard yet, silly! I’m just big enough to beat you in the length department. Pretty easily I gotta say.”

Felicia took another step closer, causing the tip of her semi-stiff cock to press against Kim's balls. The crown of Kim's meaty dick, however, was still several inches from making contact with Felicia's body. It was hardly scientific, but everyone could see newcomer Felicia had a good bit of length on the incumbent champion Kim.

“Not hard?!” Kim cried in disbelief. “Then what the fuck do you call this?” Kim grabbed a handful of Felicia's cock and squeezed the rigid flesh. Her fingers only wrapped halfway around.

“This is just, like — ready to fuck. It's not, like — I neeeeed to fuck... ya know? I gotta put it in when I'm only semi-hard like this, cause once I'm at full size I can't really go balls-deep, ya know?” Felicia explained casually, twisting her hips so her cock bumped and prodded against Kim's girthy dick.

Kim squeezed at Felicia's shaft again, like she was checking a bicycle tire for air pressure. Her fingers barely made a dent in the supple flesh. Felicia's cock already felt pretty “inflated”, and it was continuing to swell steadily with every heartbeat.

Kim stopped fondling Felicia's dick when she realized everyone was looking at her, waiting for a reaction. She shrugged and folded her brawny arms across her chest.

“Yea, okay. You're hung like a fucking Clydesdale I'll give you that, but there's more to a size check than just length.” Kim said loud enough for all to hear. Murmurs of agreement came from the Hillcrest girls.

Felicia clasped her hands together in excitement and bounced up and

down on the balls of her feet, causing her cock to swing wildly as it continued to throb harder with every flex. "Oh good! I was hoping you wouldn't just run away the second I whipped it out. Now I get to have some real fun! Takes me a minute to get a full hardon going but it's worth it, especially with all these hotties to show off for. Watch me get a real pump going."

Felicia dropped to the floor and began cranking out pushups, her bare back rippling with finely sculpted musculature. The topless futa's cock slid back and forth across the carpeted floor each time she dipped down for another pushup, causing her foreskin to drag across the sensitive ridge of her flared cock head. Felicia's breathing intensified as she worked herself into an even more aroused state.

Kim sighed and rolled her eyes. "Well whenever you're ready, we've gotta see who's thicker. Then we should compare balls, and of course we've got to measure our cumshots and see who has the bigger load. All that factors in to a true size check."

"God damn, this is a dream come true. Finally a real challenge!" Felicia tittered as she bounced back up and dusted off her hands. Her twitching dick was noticeably bigger and thicker now, jutting upwards out of her leggings to stand almost completely vertical, rising to the height of her collarbone. The sight of such an outrageously erect cock caused gasps and moans from the Hillcrest regulars.

"Oh fuck." Kim whispered under her breath. "She really is a beast." The redhead swallowed dryly as her eyes glazed over, taking in Felicia's towering erection. She knew it was too late to back out now. Kim had never been upstaged before. She didn't quite know how to describe the feeling she was experiencing. It wasn't quite jealousy, more like awe.

"What was that Kim?" Felicia teased as she pulled her leggings down to her knees, letting her balls hang freely between her chiseled quads. She placed

her hands on her hips and struck another cute pose, lean muscles bulging in all the right places.

"We're gonna need a... measuring... tape." Kim murmured, transfixed by Felicia's massive erection. The sight was turning her on like crazy, Kim's own stiff cock was leaking precum and aching with hardness.

"I'll do it." Jenna spoke up, measuring tape in hand. The tall, tanned futa walked up to Felicia as she unrolled the tape. "You can't let this bitch measure herself, she cheats all the time." Jenna motioned at Kim.

Felicia covered her mouth as she laughed. "You two are such a cute couple."

"We are NOT a couple." Jenna said haughtily. "We're just both too stubborn to find another gym, so we end up having to share... a lot."

Felicia put her arms behind her head and leaned back, flexing her abs and presenting her cock at full mast for Jenna to measure. "Knock yourself out hun, show everyone how I measure up."

Several girls in the crowd couldn't help noticing Jenna had tucked her own cock back in her shorts to avoid comparison with Felicia. Jenna was still sporting a sizable bulge in her shorts, but she clearly didn't want to be seen next to a monster cock like Felicia's. Jenna knew how to pick her battles... unlike Kim.

Jenna's jaw dropped as she unrolled the measuring tape from the base of Felicia's cock to the tip of her towering shaft. The brunette bodybuilder's voice rose to a shrill pitch as she read out the number. "Fucking thirty-eight inches, holy shit."

Moving on quickly, Jenna's hands trembled as she wrapped the tape



around the thickest part of Felicia's twitching shaft. Jenna pulled the tape as tight as she could, doing her best to throw off the measurement with a lower number, but all her strength was unable to even slightly dent Felicia's rigid thickness.

Jenna looked up and made eye contact with Felicia, who gave her a sly look and a pouty kiss in return. Jenna felt the measuring tape pull itself out of her grip as Felicia's cock flexed several inches thicker, the entire length bulging with hardness to a truly staggering girth.

"Holy fuck." Jenna realized Felicia had just been toying with her, the enormously hung cheerleader hadn't even flexed her cock at full hardness until now. Veins were bulging along the length of Felicia's massive shaft, quivering with stiffness as she held her cock flex for Jenna's measurement.

Jenna leaned in close to read the number, and she was hit with a wave of Felicia's spicy pheromones mixed with her girly-sweet perfume. A single breath of it was enough to make the brunette bodybuilder light headed.

"Forty-eight inches?! Around?" Jenna cried out. "God damn, that might be even thicker than Kim! You two look pretty close in thickness, but I've never measured her bigger than forty."

"Way to play for the home team Jenna." Kim huffed. "You don't think I can get as big as her?" Despite her sour attitude, Kim's own erection was still raging fiercely, bucking and throbbing of its own accord. She'd either been keeping herself hard by stroking herself when no one was looking, or the sight of Jenna measuring Felicia was doing the trick.

Jenna unwound her measuring tape from around Felicia's cock and stepped over to Kim's side. She leaned in close to her red headed frenemy.

"You need to get hard as *fuck* right now and put this bitch in her *place*."

Jenna whispered in Kim's ear in a low purr. "I've seen you get as big as her when you're really turned on. Bigger even. So whatever you want me to do to you later, I'll do it if you get harder than you've ever been for me right now."

Jenna spoke up in a louder voice. "She's not quite at full size, she needs a little fluffing. One sec." Then Jenna leaned in and bit Kim's earlobe, squeezing one of the redheads tits with one hand, while expertly palming her cockhead with the other hand, twisting her fingers with practiced motions, just the way she knew Kim liked it. Jenna had studied the way Kim stroked herself and tried to copy the motions.

"Come on Kim, show them how fucking massive you can get." Jenna breathed in the redhead's ear. "I know you're at least as thick as a soda can when you really get worked up. Do it for me and I'll fucking worship you." Jenna planted a kiss on Kim's open mouth and pressed their powerful bodies together. Kim's cock was sandwiched in the canyon between their muscular midsections, her cock jutting up through their breasts in a double tit-fucking that made Felicia bite her lip in jealousy.

Jenna ground her hips against Kim's, stroking her body against the redhead's surging cock as it grew harder and thicker, responding to the overload of stimulation. Kim's dick pressed against their chins as they kissed, so they both turned their attention to kissing the shiny, slick cock head instead, lavishing attention on it with their tongues as it spewed clear slippery precum.

"Damn, someone should put this on Pornhub." Felicia remarked, noticing several girls were filming the rare display of affection between Kim and Jenna with their phones.

The brunette futa dropped to her knees to shower Kim's large hairless balls with even more kisses, nibbling at the tight, freckled skin of her sac, bathing every inch with her tongue, just the way Kim liked.

“Unhh, good girl Jenna, you’re getting me real fucking hard.” Kim gasped as Jenna reached up to play with her nipples. “Measure me now, I’m ready to fucking explode.”

Kim put her hands behind her back and spread her lats wide, resisting the temptation to stroke herself past the point of no return. Her cock was fearsomely erect, curved upward at a slight angle, with a staggeringly thick girth two thirds of the way down her shaft. The angry red tip was leaking a steady flow of precum into Jenna’s hair.

“Let the record show, I didn’t get a fucking blowjob from Jenna before she measured me.” Felicia was getting annoyed she wasn’t the center of attention. To be fair, anything that distracts from a naked and erect Felicia Fitzpatrick is quite a thing, but the combined sexual energy of Kim and Jenna is also a tremendous sight to behold.

“Don’t worry babe, she’s big, but you’re bigger.” Kristen boasted.

Jenna unfurled the measuring tape along Kim’s bucking cock, holding it against the underside to make the most of it’s upward curve, it was technically the side with the most surface area. Even with all these tricky games Jenna played with the margins – games Jenna had played on Kim herself – Kim’s numbers were still coming up short.

“Thirty three inches long.” Jenna’s voice ached with defeat, but she was holding out hope for the girth measurement. She planted one last kiss for good luck on the tip of Kim’s cock, then wrapped the tape around her thickest part.

“Forty... fuck.” Jenna’s shoulders dropped. “Just forty. She’s got us on both counts. You’re gonna have to blow an epic load Kim, that’s our only hope now.”

"But first, we need a neutral judge to decide on our balls, we're pretty close I think." Felicia said cheerfully. "How about Jenna's girl?"

Natalie grinned. "Happy to help out. I'd say I'm a pretty neutral party here. I hate all of you fuckers pretty equally. For different reasons." She knelt between Kim and Felicia, raising her hands to cradle their testicles, weighing each carefully.

"Dang, you two are pretty evenly matched here." Natalie's eyes were wide, marveling at the impressively oversized nut sacks. They were both clearly on the edge of climax, their skin was drawn tight, cradling their giant balls at the bases of their massive cocks.

Felicia reached out to stroke Natalie's hair, admiring her side-shave while the girl admired her balls. Jenna swatted Felicia's hand away.

"She's mine." Jenna growled.

"We'll see about that." Felicia sang back with a wink. "Hate to break it to ya, but at least a few of these girls are coming home with me tonight."

Felicia nodded at Astrid. The buff blonde had one hand down her shorts, and the other up her shirt, wantonly diddling herself at the cournicopia of cock and tits on display.

"Well, I have to say—" Natalie tugged on both pairs of balls to get their owners attention. "And I hate to take my sisters side here, but... Felicia's babymakers are the bigger, better balls. Heavier, just a bit more massive, and visually they have that nice bottom-heavy egg shape."

"Hey!" Kim cried out. "What about my shape?"

"Kim, your balls are more like silicone balloons, so round they almost look fake, but obviously you cum huge amounts so I guess it makes sense." Natalie stood up and basked away from Kim. "You're a 9. I'm just saying Felicia's a 10."

"Neutral my ass." Kim grumbled. "Of course Jenna's bitch is going to fuck me over."

"She has bigger balls Kim, what do you want me to do?" Natalie grinned at Kim's frustration. She was loving every minute of seeing her girlfriend's rival finally being dethroned. It did create some problems for Jenna, in that they might lose Hillcrest gym in the process, but the simple truth was, Felicia's balls were bigger.

"Ugh, can we just blow our loads already?" Kim groaned. "I'm so close you guys." The redhead's voice trembled as she stroked herself with small motions, edging herself on the precipice of an explosive climax.

"I'm always ready." Felicia said cheerfully. "Where do we shoot?"

"Downwind." Jenna stepped up behind Kim and Felicia, putting a hand on their shoulders and pointing them towards the mirrored wall at the far end of the gym. This section of floor was covered with hardwood laminate, forming the yoga studio portion of the gym's open floor plan.

An opening in the crowd formed as the girls parted, giving the futas a clear shot into their firing range.

Not even waiting for a three count, Kim thrust her hips towards the yoga studio and began stroking herself off with a sigh of relief. It only took a few pumps before Kim was unloading a thick blast of cum to arc across the gym and splatter against the hardwood floor over twenty feet away. With each stroke, another heavy jet of Kim's jizz fired out of her cum cannon, coating the floor with white stripes of futa frosting.

Felicia stifled a laugh, covering her mouth with her hand trying to hide her dazzling smile. "Sorry, just after all this buildup I thought you were gonna go off like a firehouse or something."

Evidently unimpressed, Felicia turned away from Kim's continuing ejaculations to smile at Kristen, then wink at Astrid. Yawning with exaggerated casualness, Felicia began to play with her nipples and thrust her hips rhythmically, flexing her cock in time with Kim's grunts. In a few seconds of hands-free cock-flexing, Felicia reached staggering levels of hardness without a single touch.

After a solid minute of emptying her balls onto the yoga studio floor, Kim's jets began to taper off, and her breathing slowed as she shook out her last few spurts of cum.

Meanwhile Felicia's cock was bucking and throbbing as she thrust it into the air in front of her. Leaning forward, she took the tip of her towering shaft into her mouth and sucked herself off, keeping her hands clasped behind her back.

Felicia kissed and sucked on her cock head with agonizing slowness, expertly bringing herself to the very edge of release without bursting. The cheerleader kept her arms behind her back as she sucked herself tenderly, causing her lean triceps to flex into sharp definition. Her eyes were closed, but the display she was putting on was so erotic she had to be aware of the lewd posing routine she was doing.

Felicia's cock bucked and throbbed, releasing a spurt of precum into her mouth, which she swallowed down with a satisfied gulp. She was ready to blow.

Putting her hands behind her head, Felicia flexed her shredded abs into a

jaw-droppingly defined abdominal crunch, grinning as attention shifted away from Kim's impressive cumshot to her own impending release. She extended a leg with her toe daintily pointed, then flexed her quad into ripped detail, completing the classic "abdominal and quad" bodybuilding pose.

Felicia closed her eyes and let bliss overtake her, as her cock flexed bigger and thicker than ever, finally erupting a powerful blast of cum straight up to splatter against the ceiling.

Felicia held her pose as she let another two jets of cum shoot straight up against the ceiling, before putting one hand on her cock to push it down, aiming it in the same direction Kim had. Felicia's next ejaculation soared over Kim's lake of cum, hitting the mirrored wall at the far side of the yoga studio. Felicia's next three shots all hit the mirror with enough force to splatter everywhere.

It began to dawn on Kim and Jenna that they were truly fucked, Felicia was blowing Kim's load away with impressive force. An avalanche of the cheerleader's thick futa cum splattered against the mirror, coating it from floor to ceiling, and more was spurting out of her terrifyingly big cock every second to land on Kim's load, obscuring it in a flood of Felicia's virile spunk.

She must have cum two gallons, Jenna estimated, maybe three. Where had the lean 5'10" futa been keeping all that? Her balls still looked pretty plump, each the size of a healthy naval orange.

Felicia shook her cock as it spewed a few last streams, flinging the drops everywhere like a wet dog.

"I could keep going but... I don't wanna show off." Felicia smiled innocently at Kim. "Well, I guess I wanted to show off enough to beat you at your little size check game."

“What do we win?” Kristen asked as she strutted up to her sister, slapping Felicia’s cock as she passed like she was giving it a high five.

“Well there’s no championship belt.” Natalie rolled her eyes.

“This is what I want wrapped around my waist.” Felicia beckoned Astrid towards her, undressing the Swedish blonde with her gaze.

“Officially, you just get this place, Hillcrest Gym.” Natalie gestured to the weight machines around her. “They kinda have a policy here – unlimited women, but only one futa at a time. And yea before anyone points out the obvious, Kim has a soft spot for Jenna and let her share the place, but technically they’re out, and you’re in, by the rules they made!”

A hush fell over the crowd, as they realized this was a pivotal moment for all involved. Exclusive fucking privileges to an entire gym of fit beauties was no small prize, but not all the women were sure they needed, or wanted, someone even bigger than Kim to give them an even harder workout. Some were clearly excited, but an equal number looked quite frightened of Felicia’s monster cock, still standing erect at an intimidating size.

“Ugh, *another* gym?” Felicia groaned, stretching the soreness out of her muscles. “I have so many already, and it’s so far away, I don’t even want it.”

Kim breathed a sigh of relief. “Look, you won fair and square, so I’ll take a selfie with you to prove I’m not a sore loser, and uh... you’ll hold the *regional champion* title of cock hugeness.” Kim extended an open hand toward Felicia hopefully.

Felicia took Kim’s hand, but instead of shaking it, pulled her in close, putting her other hand behind the small of Kim’s back like they were about to begin a ballroom dance. “I don’t care about this dump or your dumb titles, but some of the girls here, I wouldn’t mind getting to know better.” Felicia



held Kim tight, pressing their bare tits together.

“Fine, if any of the girls prefer you, they’re all adults, they’re free to go home with you!” Kim glared down her nose at Felicia, bristling at being gripped in the smaller futa’s vice-like embrace.

“Well that was always a given.” Felicia flashed her dazzling smile. “The point is, I won your game, so you’re out, gotta find a new gym.”

“But if you’re not going to be here—” Kim’s anger flared up as she began to struggle against Felicia’s grip. “Now you’re just being a dick!”

Felicia giggled as she wrapped both arms fully around Kim and planted a kiss on her cheek. She ground her hips into the struggling redhead, rubbing their cocks against each other like wrestling pythons.

“There has to be at least one futa at Hillcrest.” Natalie attempted to be the voice of reason. “If you’re not going to be a regular here Felicia, we need at least one futa, it’s only fair to the girls here! You can’t leave us unsatisfied when we’re used to these two!” Natalie gestured at Kim and Jenna’s prodigious dicks.

“Well you say the biggest cock makes the rules right?” Felicia struggled to keep Kim’s arms pinned at her sides, but Kim’s fury was starting to overpower her. “Then my rules are Jenna gets to stay, Kim has to find a new gym!” Felicia shouted loud enough for everyone to hear. Everyone seemed to have an opinion on this new development.

“You fucker! You can’t do that!” Kim twisted around in Felicia’s grip and flung her to the ground. The furious redhead leapt on top of Felicia, proving her superior strength by pinning the futa cheerleader to the ground easily.

“If you’re not here, then you’re not the biggest, and your rules don’t apply,

idiot!" Kim shouted at Felicia as she held her down.

"I don't think it matters what you say if you don't have the biggest cock." Felicia replied smugly, not bothering to resist Kim's iron grip.

"Let's think this through," Natalie stepped into her officiant role again. "If you're not here tomorrow, Jenna's got the biggest cock, and she gets to make the rules, like deciding Kim is allowed back, and when Kim shows up, and she's got the biggest cock, it's back to two's company until *you* show up again. Get it?"

Felicia thought about it for a moment, looking like she wanted to argue, but then getting a better idea. Her angry glare softened to a half-lidded sultry gaze.

"Oh Kim, you're so strong... feeling you holding me down like this." Felicia taunted Kim with mock helplessness like a damsel tied to the railroad tracks. "You know what? Why, I think it's getting me hard again."

Kim thought she felt a chill run up her spine, then realized it was Felicia's growing cock pressing into the small of her back and rising up as she got harder.

"And I changed what I want as my prize for winning." Felicia paused dramatically. "You!"

Kim relaxed her grip on Felicia's wrists and sat back, but Felicia's cock pushed her forward again, bringing Kim nose to nose with the cute cheerleader.

"I don't care about the gym or what anyone else does, but as long as I'm here, I'm gonna make you my bitch Kim. You're gonna be my personal fucktoy any time I feel like visiting, starting right now."

Gasps erupted from the Hillcrest girls, this was a twist they weren't expecting, but perhaps secretly hoping for after seeing the two hugely endowed futas wrestling on the floor.

It seemed everyone was happy with this solution except Kim.

"You mean... and that's it?" Kim was getting lost in Felicia's eyes, inches away and getting lost in the details of her freckles and the slight upturned point of her button nose.

"Yea I don't really care about the rest anymore, I just want to play with you for a while." Felicia cupped Kim's chin and pulled her close, but didn't go in for a kiss. She continued gazing into Kim's eyes and speaking to her, brushing their lips together with every word.

"I know you've never been fucked by a cock as big as mine." Felicia breathed into Kim's pursed lips. "I want to hear the sounds you make when I pick you up and fuck you so full of cum it's shooting out your nose."

Kim was stunned by the bold words spoken in such a loving whisper. She wasn't used to being overpowered like this, not physically, but... sexually. Jenna tried, but Felicia was damn good at whatever it was she was doing. Kim felt like a spectator, eagerly watching to see what Felicia would do next.

The muscular cheerleader bounced to her feet and extended a hand to Kim, pulling her up and swinging her around and over one shoulder, with a move somewhere between a baggage handler and ballroom dancer.

Displaying surprising strength for her compact form, Felicia lifted and carried Kim to a nearby weight bench, planting her down firmly. Then Felicia moved to the head of the bench like she was preparing to spot Kim, but instead dropped her heavy testicles right onto Kim's face.

"Ok Kim, time to show me how grateful you are." Felicia thrust her hips forward, grinding her balls into Kim's face, while her shaft plunged between the redhead's freckled tits. Felicia's cock was so long, her tip reached all the way to the back of Kim's cock, bumping it in friendly greeting. It was clear Felicia couldn't go balls-deep without spearing Kim entirely through. It looked like halfway was the most Kim would be able to take.

"Kiss it Kim, you know you want to." Felicia purred with an evil gleam in her eyes.

*...To be continued...*

