



## Chapter V

### "Part II"

By Rook Errant

"Don't worry Red, I slipped that tumbalina out there a fifty, so they won't get mad if we stay in here a while, she'll cover for us." Becca hung the clothing on a hook and spun to approach her friend with a confident swagger.

Lindsey gasped. "What!? Becca now she's gonna think we're fooling around in here!" Her blush was becoming a permanent feature.

"I *hope* that's what we're doing in here." Becca smiled calmly as she approached her date, holding up the first 'surprise' outfit she'd picked out. Lindsey couldn't make out what it was yet but it looked... skimpy. She frowned.

Becca had to admit – Lindsey was already looking very fetching in

a form-fitting grey hoodie, boot-cut dark denim jeans that flared out at the ankle, but hugged everything from her hips to her knees. The bulge stretching down her leg was obvious, but according to Lindsey these were just her “safety jeans” to go under another layer of clothing. The grey hood of her sweater was bunched around Lindsey’s neck, like a high collar framing her copper-cinnamon hair. Even under the harsh fluorescent light of the changing rooms she looked radiant. Becca shrugged off the unexpected chills she was getting from Lindsey’s casual outfit and summoned up her courage.

“I’ve been thinking Lindz, you would look amazing in a sundress.” Becca held it up between them. She could see Lindsey’s frown right through the sheer fabric of the dress.

Lindsey sighed “Sure, but— obviously I’m only trying this on for you, I could never wear this outside.”

As an answer Becca held up her other hand, with a black bikini top on a hanger, and a black sarong wrap to cover her bottom half.

“For the beach.” Becca grinned.

“I don’t think you’re really supposed to wear one of those with a dress.” Lindsey reached out to feel the fabric.

“Trust me.” Becca asserted.

“I do.” Lindsey shrugged, a bit of tension releasing from her back. She took the outfit. “Wanna turn around?” Lindsey started lifting up her sweater. “I like the look on your face when you see me wearing something new.”

"Anything for you Red." Becca turned around to face towards the only empty corner in the room without mirrors. "But I'm pretty sure I'd still make that face even if you were wearing a garbage bag... or nothing at all."

Becca had to admit she was feeling some butterflies in her stomach – a totally unfamiliar sensation for the experienced huntress. She was trying not to follow her usual script in this situation, but then, did that mean Lindsey was in control if Becca wasn't? How far should she push her influence over Lindsey? What was she supposed to do here as a friend? Becca didn't usually think about what other people wanted besides the obvious: *her*. The conflicted coach opened her mouth to speak as a way of silencing her own thoughts.

"Yea, so I figure that little peekaboo game up top will keep people distracted from what's going on down below. That part's not see-through – you see – so the whole thing is all *expertly* considered by a fashion mastermind!"

"I don't think you can say that if it's not on your business card." Lindsey giggled as she undressed. The sound of jeans unzipping sent another shiver down Becca's spine. She wrestled the urge to turn around.

"I'll have you know Red, I've trained some of the biggest names in the biz, and I've been on THREE magazine covers! And one of them was a fashion magazine, so there!" Becca liked the way her shy client was starting to talk back to her, just a little.

“Oh really?” Lindsey took the bait. “And when have you ever made a fashion statement that wasn’t a fitness brand paying you to wear their clothing?”

“There, you just said it yourself, I get paid to wear free clothes! That makes me a mastermind at something!”

“Oh at more than *one* thing. I’m still asking myself how you talked your way into this room with me.”

“Cause, you’ve always secretly wanted a shopping buddy to give you blow jobs whenever you get too worked up... or whenever she wants to... which is at least once... per store... can I turn around yet?” Becca was bouncing on the balls of her feet impatiently.

“Yeaaa, I dunno about this look Becca, kinda feels like I’m inviting a lot of attention.”

“Oh sweet baby Schwarzenegger!” Becca swore under her breath as she turned around to take in the sight of Lindsey in the white sun dress, reflected from all angles by the mirrors behind her.

The fabric would be very nearly see-through in direct sunlight, but right now her cleavage was somewhat obscured, though the bikini underneath was very noticeable thanks to its dark color. The dress was short, ending just below her hips, so coverage for her nether-region was definitely required.

The black sarong around Lindsey’s waist hung low on her hips and covered all the way down to her knees without revealing any leg, except for a slit that went all the way up her thigh on one side,

allowing a glimpse of muscular quad to peek through. Should Lindsey's conspicuous "third leg" happen to make an appearance through that slit in the sarong, it could easily be mistaken for a flash of sculpted thigh, so thick and veiny was her meaty appendage.

Thanks to the cornucopia of eye-candy presented by Lindsey's upper-body, it was easy to imagine that nobody would be searching below her skirt for stow-aways.

Becca stepped in close, coming eye level with her friend's chin as she reached behind Lindsey's neck, gathering up her fiery hair and bunching it loosely in a side-ponytail with a scrunchie from around her wrist, letting the hair fall over Lindsey's shoulder to cover one breast.

"There, now are you telling me you wouldn't want to walk that around the beach like that and soak up all the attention you'd get?" Becca stepped back to admire her handiwork.

"Yea – if I want to spontaneously generate stalkers out of thin air! What do you think happens when people want to see more of me but can't find out who I am or learn anything about me? They get angry. They go crazy! I've seen it before." Lindsey arched her back and turned from side to side as she looked in the mirror behind her, inspecting the way the dress clung to her narrow waist and tight bottom.

Becca had to admit, she could understand why Lindsey was being cautious. It would be nothing but bad news if a beach full of bros all thought 'The Girl In The Sundress' was 100% female. Lindsey shouldn't have to be the one to break that bad news to however

many horny dudes had her in their sights. But now, if the stunning redhead had *Becca* wrapped around her brawny arm, they'd obviously be a couple to the world at large! *One step at a time you madwoman!*

"Ok I'm getting you that! Now this *next* one definitely is just for me." Becca knew she was pushing it, asking her shy flower to squeeze that bulky body of hers into this tight little number.

She handed Lindsey one of her own personal favorite outfits, in Becca's own athletic-medium size, for optimal body comparison. Ass-hugging booty shorts – and a halter top that left half the stomach and all of the back exposed – made up the entirety of the outfit. It was the kind of thing Becca would wear to lead a class of cross-fitters, and Lindsey would blush just to see stretched over a store mannequin.

"Anything for you coach!" Lindsey perked up as she took the gear from Becca – then paused to clarify. "Within reason. Obviously."

"I can be reasonable." Becca turned around to face the corner again. "I can be so fucking reasonable it'll make your head explode. Hey, try not to rip this one until I'm looking, I want to see that."

Becca knew exactly how this brand would fit on her own lean body, what it did to accentuate her already attention-grabbing glutes. She couldn't wait to see what it would do to Lindsey – or more appropriately – what Lindsey would do to *it*.

"Okay... you can look now, but I think we'll have to buy this one. I already popped a couple seams."

Becca turned around and took in her date's cross-fit attire. Lindsey was stretching the polyester blend to the limit just standing there. She looked like she couldn't raise her arms without her back erupting out of the halter top. The hourglass shape of the last outfit had helped accentuate Lindsey's narrow waist, but this skimpy sportswear was making her look more massive than Becca had ever imagined. From beauty to beast, only still just as beautiful.

"That's ok I'm buying this round. I just wanna see you to rip out of this gear Lindz, I mean really just hulk the fuck out of it for me, would ya? I had no idea that shit would turn me on so damn much!" Becca was starting to regret not grabbing more clothes that were two sizes too small like these... but there would be other stores.

Lindsey smiled wordlessly and spread her arms wide for Becca to inspect, giving her date a chance to take in the view before she started her show.

"Ooh. Nice. That's nice Lindz." Becca chewed her bottom lip as she walked up to stand next to Lindsey, admiring her sculpted figure in the mirror, while her hands began to roam across the redhead's mountainous back.

Becca fell silent as her hands explored lower, fingers wandering to trace the curves of Lindsey's full breasts – unexpectedly soft and jiggly in contrast to her chiseled pecs. As Becca squeezed and kneaded Lindsey's D-cups through the tight sports bra, the lusty trainer's fingers found the erect nubs of her client's stiffening nipples. She tugged at them and earned a coo of approval from Lindsey.

“So did I buy tickets to the gun show or what?” Becca hummed in her friend’s ear. In response, the stacked redhead stretched up to her full, imposing height, and took a deep breath to expand her rib cage, arching her back and causing the overstretched sportswear to creak and pop in protest.

Then Lindsey brought her arms down, hands balled into fists, and squeezed them tight at her sides, causing her solidly ripped arms to explode with definition. Massive bicep and tricep peaks erupted from her chiseled arms, like jagged chunks of stone being dynamited from a mountainside.

The futa’s freckle-dusted chest was bulging and rippling with sharply defined bands of corrugated pectoral muscle as she pushed her flex. Then, in a cascading series of snaps – the bands holding her top together reached their failure point – with each break putting more pressure on the remaining bands until they all burst around Lindsey’s relentlessly expanding torso. The sports bra was pulled apart to threads, revealing her ripped chest heaving underneath.

Becca’s hand instinctively darted between her own legs at the awe-inspiring sight, eager to quench her thirst for self-pleasure. Then she noticed a bulge the size of a one-liter soda bottle straining against Lindsey’s shorts and decided to put her hand there instead. It felt like a high pressure container still factory-sealed, but she knew all that bottled-up fizzy force had to go somewhere. Surely Lindsey would rip the overstretched shorts soon, based on Becca’s memory of how big she’d gotten last time.

Becca wanted to have a hand or two on that package when it came time to open her present. She needed to feel that incredible



cock's bucking strength between her palms again. This time she wouldn't let it slip through her fingers without taking it for a ride – bareback if she had to.

"So was it good for you?" Lindsey giggled as she watched Becca breathing heavily in the aftermath of her bra-shredding flex. Tatters of the destroyed top still clung to her hulking frame.

"You sure know what I like Red." The breathless trainer redirected one of her hands to explore Lindsey's freshly-bared chest, while her other hand squeezed at the bulge tenting her client's shorts.

"Me?" Lindsey ventured with increasing boldness, reaching her left arm back to grab Becca around the waist, pulling her in close behind her.

"Or this?" The buff futa teased as she brought her right arm up in a slow, masterful bicep flex that left her bulging peak bumping up against Becca's nose, just begging to be kissed. So Becca kissed, and licked, and mashed her lips against the quivering mound of raw power.

"Mmm, guess so." Lindsey tittered as Becca moaned in agreement, showering kisses down Lindsey's arm, across her shoulder, and up the side of her neck. Becca could feel the powerful futa flexing her butt rhythmically, clenching her muscular glutes as she thrust her cock forward. Becca could tell her client was trying to pump herself up, coaxing her dick to swell bigger and firmer, making the bulge balloon up in Becca's grip.

When the trainer's lusty kisses reached the nape of her friend's

neck, Becca nuzzled in closer to nibble on her earlobe. Without warning, the redhead turned to meet Becca's busy mouth with a kiss that stopped her dead in her tracks.

Two pairs of lips locked together like magnets snapping into place. Time slowed to a stop. Sounds faded to nothing. For a moment they were each other's entire world. Becca's only thoughts were of quenching her thirst for forbidden fruit, and she was getting her first taste of how good it could be.

The kiss that seemed to last forever ended as the laws of physics overcame questionable overseas manufacturing in an explosion of cock and fabric threads. Lindsey's engorged dick ripped halfway through her shorts, exposing the shaft of her solid, throbbing cock through a webbing of overstretched threads that couldn't hope to contain its expanding girth.

It had happened so fast, and Becca's eyes had been closed since Lindsey first kissed her, but she'd *felt* the tremendous surge of strength that had caused Lindsey's beastly beauty to destroy her shorts. Aftershocks of that first powerful eruption were still causing threads to snap left and right like popcorn. With each surge of Lindsey's still-swelling cock, Becca could feel it twitching and straining in her hands, growing to an even fuller erection.

"You're too much." Becca spoke into Lindsey's lips as they continued pressing them together over and over, even as they each had to take occasional gasps for air. When one spoke, the other kept kissing.

"I don't know why I love your compliments so much." Lindsey

breathed as Becca continued to plant kisses on her lips. "I can't stand it with anyone else but, just listening to the way you talk makes me want... more of you."

Becca leaned back to lock eyes with her friend. "Why, Miss Belmont – I would be happy to undress you with my *words* if that would... *satisfy* your royal buffness?" She punctuated her offer with a quick peck on the redhead's lips, before planting more kisses along her neck, working her way down to Lindsey's heaving breasts. The bare-chested futa was struggling to control her breathing, like she was afraid to break the spell bewitching her coach.

"I don't know if *anything* can satisfy me Becca, even you." Lindsey panted breathlessly. "I always just want more! Of *you* – of *everything* – that's the problem!"

"Why don't you let *me* worry about your problems for a while, and you can work on one of *my* problems, how 'bout that?" Becca underscored her request with a parting kiss, and repositioned herself to stand behind Lindsey, with her arms draped around her neck, looking over her shoulder at their reflections in the mirror.

"Right now I have a problem with how soft and floppy your cock is. Why is it not bigger? Make it bigger please." Becca whispered in her friend's ear politely, then began to nibble on her earlobe. She was getting hungry for the main course.

Becca didn't know how much of the ensuing surge of cock-growth was controlled by Lindsey, and how much was an involuntary response to the honeyed words Becca had been pouring in her ear, but the joint effort was a success. Lindsey's dick surged to full

erection, causing the tent of fabric still stretched over the tip of her cock to tear free, snapping the final shreds of fitness apparel that had been flossing her freckled ass cheeks. Lindsey reached down to tear the last few threads of cloth away, but before she could, Becca's hands darted out quick as lightning and caught her by the wrists.

"Allow me..." Becca whispered into Lindsey's ear as she held the futa's hands away from her package. Drunk on her own lusty fantasies, the trainer leaned in closer, inhaling the cinnamon scent of her client's shampoo, mixed with the spicy-sweet smell of the futa's own arousal. "The last place we go today is going to be my favorite lingerie shop, and I am going to buy you, my sweet little sugar-pop, the most ridiculously. Sexy. Shit."

The idea must have sounded good to Lindsey, because her cock immediately surged bigger and thicker, snapping free of the remaining threads, entirely under its own power – or was that Becca's power?

"We'll start with a lace choker around the neck." Becca switched to whispering in Lindsey's other ear, as she lifted her friend's arms – still holding her by the wrists – and guided Lindsey's hands back behind her head, where Becca gathered Lindsey's hair into a messy bun, depositing it into the redhead's hands. As Lindsey followed Becca's lead and took over holding the pose, Becca began to slide down to her knees, slowly caressing her friend's lean obliques and admiring her rippling abs on her way down.

"A lacy little bra you'd never dream of wearing for anyone but me... A corset that cross-stitches across this fucking twelve pack ya got here." Becca kissed the cobblestone torso to underscore her

admiration. "Heels for sure. Maybe a garter. Some kinda pouch to cradle these big beautiful Irish potatoes." Becca planted another kiss on her date's tight ball sack, lingering for a moment to nibble and let the weight of Lindsey's bean bags fill her mouth, inhaling as they draped heavily across Becca's nose and chin. Lindsey smelled like a cinnamon roll, and Becca's mouth was watering.

"If you keep doing that— Becca wait! Lindsey gasped tapping her friend's shoulder. "I'll cum if you don't stop, these stalls don't even go all the way to the floor!"

"And maybe a garter belt to go around your cock." Becca finished as she stood up, abruptly ending her teasing stimulation. "That'd be pretty hot, right? What a fucking *picture!*" Becca couldn't tell if she was dizzy from standing up too fast, or from inhaling a concentrated hit of futa musk, but the word *picture* had jogged her memory. Becca realized she'd been forgetting about something important she was supposed to do today – an unfinished quest to complete.

"I'll get the next outfit!" Becca spun back towards the corner where the other clothes were hanging. "How about you take a second and— well, just toss what's left of outfit number two in the corner, I'll take care of it." She hoped Lindsey would appreciate the breather, Becca certainly needed one of her own.

Facing the wall, the dizzy trainer pulled out her phone and opened the camera app. She wasn't asking herself whether or not this was a good idea, Becca was simply too invested in pulling off her nudie heist, and now that a tantalizing opportunity had reared its head... *And what a head it was... big as an apple!* Becca blinked away the voice that was almost certainly not her conscience, and reassured

herself she could always decide to delete the photo later... and that was all it took to melt away any further resistance to the idea.

“Outfit number two, we hardly knew ye.” Becca kept up her banter so she wouldn’t appear to be concentrating on her phone too hard. With a practiced swipe of her finger she toggled the three second timer delay on, hit the photo button, and then casually let the phone drop to her side as she brought her other arm up to adjust her ponytail.

Hanging upside down in Becca’s hand, the phone camera pointed straight at Lindsey, framing her in a full-body profile from the side. It was a practiced maneuver, one Becca had used countless times to perv on ladies she fancied at the gym, often in intimate locations like the locker room. Though it was typically a pointless exercise, considering the famously flirty coach could get any of the gym’s clientele to pose for her quite willingly if she simply warmed them up first... but Becca had a pathological preoccupation for her candid snaps.

When she raised her phone screen to check if the picture was any good, Becca forgot to breathe. The words “too good not to share” tumbled through her spinning head. *Not just with Mike, but the freakin’ world! This stallion should be on a stage, glistening in the spotlight! She should be in movies and on magazine covers!* Becca blinked away those unbidden thoughts. *No! You can’t blow her cover!*

Becca was still holding her breath as she absorbed the photo. In it, Lindsey’s hand was gripping her cock, holding it up for inspection while she gazed down at it fondly in a rare moment of self-intimacy. It looked like just before the photo went off, Lindsey’s cock had fired

off a spurt of precum and she'd tried to catch it with her right hand. Her palm was slick with the milky mess, the photo clearly showed the goopy strands glistening between her fingers.

The side angle of the candid picture showed how thick and densely-muscled Lindsey's torso and arms were, and highlighted the bulging curves of her powerful butt. She even had one leg bent at the knee to add some feminine grace to complete her portrait of a "Futa In Repose".

*Well... at least it's a neutral background in this store, she's naked so there's no identifiable clothing, and I could always crop out her face to be safe...* Becca was starting to litigate the decision in the courtroom of her mind, but before her inner angels and demons could make it past their opening arguments, Becca's reverie was interrupted.

"Hey coach, what do you think of... these colors?" Lindsey was waiting for Becca to turn around. The stupefied trainer been so fixated on her photo, she'd forgotten to give her date anything else to try on. Lindsey had leapt on the opportunity by slipping into something special she'd picked out for her coach.

The redhead's freckled bulk was now shrink-wrapped in a skin-tight T-shirt that clung to absolutely every chiseled curve... and it was red. For bottoms, she was wearing stretchy compression shorts intended for bicycling, in navy blue with a red stripe down each side.

"I mean I'd have to wear jeans over these, but I thought you'd like this shirt." Lindsey gave her arm an experimental flex. Her blush was coming back in force, now that Becca was giving her the 'new outfit

jaw-drop' again. "I think I could handle the attention as long as you were with me."

"I will drop-kick the everliving shit out of anyone who looks at you sideways Red." Becca struggled to contain her enthusiasm.

"Well, maybe we shouldn't go someplace crowded then." Lindsey countered.

"Suits me." Becca shot back. "There's so much on Netflix these days."

"Really? I thought you wanted to parade me around on your arm like a— like your trophy girl. Isn't that what these outfits are about? So you can show me off... when we're out together?" Lindsey seemed almost disappointed Becca was being so accommodating, like she'd been expecting to negotiate, or perhaps be pushed out of her comfort zone.

"You don't want that." Becca shook her head as she spoke, but couldn't tear her eyes away from Lindsey's bulging crotch. "So I don't want that. I only want two things hun – you happy, and you all to myself." Becca sounded sincere, but she appeared to be addressing only one part of her client's anatomy.

Lindsey's semi-stiff package was inching its way down her inner thigh as it began to grow again, twitching under Becca's watchful gaze. The swelling tip of her flared cock helmet was beginning to peek out the bottom of her compression shorts by her knee.

"And I love these colors Lindz, I really do." Becca approached and



dropped to a kneeling position in front of her. "But if you don't want to rip this stuff, you'd better take it off now because I need my second breakfast."

Lindsey could see there would be no deflecting her coach this time, the woman had fire in her eyes.

"Ohmigosh Becca— I'm so ready— I need to— But are you sure no one's gonna—" Lindsey was trying to form an argument, but her actions were revealing her true feelings. She was already tugging down her shorts, trying to shimmy out of them, but having trouble getting them past the bulging swells of her meaty ass and thighs. "I mean, what if someone catches us?" She ended up having to roll the shorts down around her knees to free her cock.

Becca waited patiently, not bothering to argue as she kneeled before Lindsey, simply putting a hand on Lindsey's thigh to steady her. The poor girl's thick shaft was jerking and pulsing as she hurried to fish it out. Becca could see it was already slick with pre-cum, soaking into her shorts.

Once freed from captivity, Lindsey's beautiful beast reared up with such ferocious stiffness that her erection pointed up at a 45 degree angle. Lindsey had to put a hand on her iron shaft and press it down, aiming it towards Becca's grinning face.

The experienced seductress knew her claws were in deep now, her prey had stopped struggling. She wanted it. No more tricks required. Becca looked up at Lindsey and watched the futa grip her weapon with both hands like a broadsword. Becca opened her mouth, extended her tongue, and allowed Lindsey to guide her pulsing cock

to her hungry maw.

A surprisingly loud moan escaped Lindsey's lips the moment Becca's tongue touched the flared tip of her pulsing prick. Becca lapped at it like a melting popsicle, careful not to let a single salty drop escape her mouth as she sucked and kissed. She wrapped both hands around what she guessed must have been at least twenty inches of divine girl-dick.

Lindsey pressed her lips together in a tight seal, trying to hold back her groans of pleasure, but found it hard to stay completely silent as Becca stroked and sucked. She had to let faint gasps and little grunts escape every now and then, to let her coach know what a good job she was doing.

Now that Becca's hands were holding onto Lindsey's throbbing shaft, the futa released her own grip on herself, and Becca squeaked in surprise as she felt the powerful cock surge upwards, threatening to lift her off the ground. Lindsey must have been using a lot of strength to hold her dick down at Becca's eye level.

Adjusting her position, Becca muscled herself up and threw one arm over the iron-hard shaft like a pullup bar, using her bodyweight to pin Lindsey's dick down parallel to the floor. Yet with each pulse of her client's cock, Becca could feel it trying to lift her. She made a mental note to put 'cock curls' on Lindsey's workout plan. Becca really wanted to test just how impressive her lifts could get in that department.

Lindsey sighed in ecstasy as she ran her fingers through Becca's hair, while her coach was bobbing up and down on her bulbous tip.

She was holding the back of her coach's head, gently pushing her cock deeper with every thrust, encouraging Becca to take as much as she could.

"Unh– I'm so close." Lindsey was shivering. "Slow down, let me get the ba– baahh–" She tensed her entire body like she was about to sneeze, holding back the crashing tsunami of her ejaculation through sheer force of will.

Becca ended her blowjob, sensing a greater opportunity was at hand. The fit trainer began *climbing up* Lindsey like she was scaling a rock wall, attempting to get into position before her mountain moved underneath her. Becca was trying to get high enough throw a leg over Lindsey's cock so she could straddle it, squeezing it between her thighs. But what she actually did was knee Lindsey in the head trying to swing her leg over.

"Becca what are you– ugh! Doing?!" The distraction actually helped pull Lindsey back from the edge for long enough to reach for her duffel bag, hanging on the wall hook. Even as Becca was climbing all over her, Lindsey's flailing arm found a thermos in the unzipped bag and flipped it open with her thumb.

Just in time, Becca managed to straddle Lindsey's bucking bronco, her weight now fully supported by the quivering shaft. She was leaning back against Lindsey's solid abs, head cushioned between her pillowy tits, with the redhead's enormous cock jutting out between Becca's legs like it was her own.

She began to laugh with mad delight as she saw her reflection in the mirror, the absurd vision of a massive cock between her legs

knocking her mind off axis. The sensation of hot, veiny meat pulsing between Becca's thighs, hammering against her own throbbing clit like a piston, was sparking her ignition, setting off fireworks in a chain reaction that ended in a blinding, white-hot climax.

Lindsey held the empty thermos up to the tip of her cock and let the floodgates open. Her first blast was so forceful it almost knocked the container out of her hand, but Lindsey was experienced enough to know she had to keep a firm grip, one hand on her cock, one hand on the thermos, to ensure she wouldn't spill a drop.

As Becca rode Lindsey's shuddering cock to a blissful orgasm, she had enough presence of mind to reach for the thermos, holding onto it with Lindsey so she could feel the heavy jets of cum pelting the inside surface of the aluminum container. Becca was enraptured by the sight – and sensation – of Lindsey's cock climaxing between her legs. She could feel every rush of girl spunk pumping through Lindsey's flesh pipe, filling the thermos with an insane amount of seed.

Becca lost track of how many shots her friend had fired off, it was difficult to count through the haze of her own orgasm, but the thermos was full by the time Lindsey's spurts began to trail off. She was ready with a second empty vessel, but her last few aftershocks ricocheted off the rim and splattered to the floor of the changing room. It was too hard to control her aim through the pleasure of release.

"Damn girl." Becca sighed. "When are you going to fill ME up like that?" She was still high on an endorphin rush and felt like pushing her luck. She couldn't help noticing the way Lindsey's cock was still

hard enough to support her weight. In fact– it seemed to be getting even *harder*.

“Yes! Ok come on hun, just let me ride this horse cock for a minute, I can take it!” Becca was scooting herself back and forth along Lindsey’s length, squeezing it between her tight butt cheeks.

“Becca no! I’m too big for you!” Lindsey was still gasping for breath, exasperated at Becca’s lack of restraint. “Not a good idea! Not here!”

But the over-heated trainer was oblivious to Lindsey’s protests, she was struggling to pull down her pants, but wasn’t getting very far with Lindsey’s cock between her legs.

Becca yelped as she felt Lindsey’s brawny arms wrap her in a bear hug, pinning her down. The powerful futa wasn’t letting her trainer move an inch until she stopped squirming.

“Don’t make me get tough with you Becca.” Lindsey was using the sternest voice she could muster, but still sounded so young and sweet, Becca couldn’t take her seriously.

“Don’t *make me* MAKE you get tough with me!” Becca giggled as she continued to struggle in Lindsey’s arms, enjoying the way her client’s cock was stiffening and inching its way closer to a vertical position with every twitch.

“You’re not helping.” Lindsey breathed in Becca’s ear. “This just proves I can’t trust you when you get all horny like this Becca, you don’t realize how bad I could hurt you if I get carried away.”

"Ooof!" Becca exhaled as her captor squeezed tighter, knocking the wind out of her. Lindsey's arms felt like solid stone wrapped around her. Becca rasped in protest with what little air she had left in her lungs. "You don't know how much it hurts *not* being full of your cock Lindz! It's killin' me!"

"Sorry." Lindsey eased up her grip so Becca could breathe. "Maybe we do need... just one more... to take the edge off."

Becca gasped with delight as she felt Lindsey's hand slip into her pants. Delicate fingers dragged across her slick lips, probing and exploring Becca's overheated nethers. The brawny futa still had one arm wrapped around her trainer's chest, pinning her tightly to her bosom, while she played with Becca's clit to give the horny woman some relief.

Lindsey's cock was still jutting upward like a flagpole between Becca's legs, reaching a height that put the flared cock head right in front of Becca's pursed lips. The towering dick, waving inches from her face, was leaking precum in a steady flow, but it was just out of her reach. Becca's mind was too scrambled by Lindsey's nub-rubbing to put together a complete thought, so she just held tight and enjoyed the ride her date was giving her.

"Just a quick one Becca." Lindsey was trying to keep her voice down, but they were both starting to moan with every exhaled breath. "Come on, help me."

Lindsey released Becca's arms, once again letting her powerful cock support her trainer's full weight. The freckled futa reached up

and grabbed hold of Becca's shirt, pulling it up to her chin, letting her perky melons bounce free. Next, Lindsey pulled her cock towards Becca, sandwiching it between her exposed tits, smearing precum all over the slick canyon between her breasts.

Becca's hands latched onto the thick trunk like a koala clinging to a tree – like her life depended on it. She began to slide her breasts up and down the slippery shaft, leaning forward to kiss the pulsing tip and bathe it with her tongue.

Lindsey was still playing with Becca's clit, squeezing and rolling it between her fingers, Her other hand caressed Becca's tight abs as they clenched with pleased convulsions.

Becca couldn't help remembering how – earlier that very morning – Lindsey had been gushing with compliments about Becca's shredded abs. The trainer was overjoyed to feel Lindsey groping her eight pack, because it meant the shy futa was starting to go after what she wanted, in more ways than one.

Becca was holding on to Lindsey's cock for dear life, as the redhead pumped her hips, bouncing Becca up and down. The topless trainer was using her whole upper body to stimulate Lindsey's entire length. Becca's hands found their way to Lindsey's balls and squeezed gently, coaxing another hot load of molten love to the boiling point.

"Oh, quick—" Lindsey yelped as she grabbed for the first container within reach. It was the partially-full thermos that caught the second half of her first load. Without thinking she turned it upside down and held it over the tip of her cock, hoping to prevent a bigger mess than

she was causing by dumping it out. Becca also grabbed at the container, eager to feel another of the futa's explosive climaxes first-hand.

The first jet of cum was so powerful, the thermos rocketed out of their grip. They heard it clang against the ceiling as Lindsey's first geyser of jizz rained down on them. Her second shot erupted before either of them could react. It spewed straight up to hit the ceiling again, splattering everywhere. By the third ejection, they were both trying to cover the barrel of Lindsey's cum cannon with their hands to contain the mess, but they succeeded only in blasting back it all over themselves.

The futa's jets were too powerful to contain. Lindsey herself looked dumbfounded at the force of her ejaculation.

"Oh no. How did I—" Lindsey was still shaking with tremors as she slumped back against a wall, lowering Becca so her feet touched the ground for the first time in several minutes. There was cum *everywhere*. The carpet was soaked, all the walls were coated... they both looked up at the ceiling, and for once, they both had exactly the same reaction.

"Shit." They said in unison. The thermos was stuck in the ceiling, firmly embedded six inches into the drywall by the force of Lindsey's eruption. The whole area above their heads was coated with icicles of jizzy frosting dripping down on them.

"Ok new plan." Becca whispered, listening for any reaction from the world outside the changing room.



Silence.

“Fortunately we’ve got plenty of clothes.” Becca’s wits were starting to return as she stripped off her remaining cum-soaked apparel and picked up one of the outfits she’d selected for Lindsey. “I’m gonna go pay for all the clothes and distract them, while you skip outta here wearing whatever covers you up.”

“And just leave all this mess?” Lindsey was shocked. “Becca we have to clean this up! Pay for damages or something!”

Becca was thinking faster now. This was *mostly* her fault – she couldn’t let Lindsey get caught red handed by sticking around to do the ‘right’ thing. There was too much at stake!

“Let me take care of it! You gotta fly under the radar.” Becca was gathering up armfuls of clothing, tossing the clean ones in a bag and leaving the cum-soiled garments in a pile on the floor.

“We shouldn’t have done this Becca!” Lindsey huffed in frustration as she cleaned herself off and got dressed. “I knew this would happen.”

“And I knew you’d enjoy it, so we were both right!” Becca tried to steer them towards a positive mindset to combat Lindsey’s self-defeating attitude. “Lessons were learned.” She poked her head out of the dressing room door to check if the coast was clear.

Becca tried not to react when she saw the tattooed shop girl with hipster glasses – the one she’d bribed earlier to give them some alone time – was lying unconscious on the floor right outside their

changing room. Evidently she'd been spying on them, and had fainted at some point during their outrageous exhibition.

*Well fuck.* Becca's mind raced. She couldn't let Lindsey see this, who knew how much the hipster chick had seen before she passed out? The situation was getting messier by the minute, but the unscrupulous trainer realized it *did* give them an out.

Becca closed the door calmly and turned around, putting on her best 'reasonable adult' voice to avoid alarming Lindsey.

"Ok hun, I'm gonna go out there, and you're gonna stay in here and count to 10." Becca maintained eye contact like she was talking to a toddler. "Then you make a break for it, and I'll meet you out in front of the store after I settle up. That way even if I get caught with this mess, you won't. Capiche?"

Lindsey's brow was furrowed with worry, but she nodded. She mouthed a silent 'sorry' and 'thanks' as she tucked her softening cock into a new pair of jeans.

Becca put her plan into action.

Step one: drag the shop girl into one of the other empty changing rooms so Lindsey wouldn't see her when she emerged. (It worked).

Step two: stuff a fist full of crumpled twenties into the shop girl's pocket to make up for the mess. (It didn't).

Step three: take her bag of un-purchased clothes to the front desk to ring them up without arousing suspicion. (She did).

When the bearded cashier asked Becca if she wanted to exchange some of her 'damaged' merchandise for new ones off the rack, Becca was poised to spin a new lie off the top of her head. She'd gotten as far as "theater troupe" when she heard Lindsey's cheerful voice piping up right next to her.

"Sorry, I did that. Just let me pay for them, it was an accident." Lindsey explained sweetly. She seemed to have a cooler head than Becca somehow.

The cashier swallowed nervously as he looked at Lindsey's beefy arms, then back at the shredded sports bra in his hands. Lindsey upped the ante by pushing a stack of crisp cash bills across the countertop. It was clearly a lot more than the clothes were worth.

"Pleeease?"

She didn't have to ask a third time.



"Where did *that* come from?" Becca accosted Lindsey as soon as they were outside the store. She'd held her tongue at the register to avoid further complicating things, dreading they would hear a scream from the changing rooms as someone discovered their crime scene, but they'd gotten away clean.

"What, the money? I don't want you paying for everything Becca. I

have a budget for... keeping a low profile, and I don't want to leave a paper trail. I have to use cash whenever I do something... incriminating... like that."

"Really now, that's on your list of commandments?" Becca was figuring out Lindsey couldn't really be as naive as she sometimes appeared. The overpowered oddity *must* have gotten herself into *tons* of trouble growing up. Especially going through her teenage years on her own. The fact that she was still here, still holding down her oversized secret, spoke to the futa's skill at hiding in plain sight... or at forcing the outcome she wanted.

"I can take care of myself Becca, I've been doing it a long time." They started to walk to put some distance between themselves and the store. "It's just, I don't know if I can take care of *both* of us when I get carried away. I need you to... ya know, show some restraint sometimes?"

"I thought I WAS! Come on Red gimme some credit for not fucking you into the floor back there!"

"You tried. I didn't let you." Lindsey sounded cross.

"Is that what happened? I remember it differently." Becca's bubbly optimism was relentless. "Sooo... next stop Victoria's Secret?"

"After *THAT* disaster?! I don't think so." Lindsey laughed dryly. "Sorry Becca but I think we should stick to hooking up at the gym, where I don't have to worry about throwing my weight around. I can let loose there, but it's too risky in stores like that."

"But... but..." Becca was giving Lindsey her best puppy dog eyes. "I was gonna take you out tonight... on a date?"

"Yea, about that." Lindsey sighed. "I really can't tonight, another time?"

"I could come over to your place. Pizza night?"

"It's not about going out it's— I have an appointment tomorrow." Lindsey was holding something back.

"So?" Becca wasn't going to accept a vague answer.

"At the clinic. Where they do the... tests." Lindsey had already given her some clues about what went on there, but Becca didn't see what tomorrow had to do with tonight. Lindsey continued.

"I'm not supposed to... cum for 24 hours before I go in. It's actually been really hard to... manage, these last couple times."

"Hmm." Becca rolled with the bad news. She knew she couldn't ask Lindsey to reschedule her important thing for her when they basically had all the time in the world. *Unless...*

Becca checked her phone for the time. "So, when is this appointment again?"

"Tomorrow at noon."

*Damn.* It was already 1:30. Becca supposed she could bide her time and wait a little longer. She would have to make do with another

night in the company of Lindsey Jr. – Becca's new name for her largest dildo.

"How about lunch, are you allowed to eat?"

"That I can do." Lindsey's worry melted into a sunny smile as she accepted that Becca was finally prepared to control herself and play nice. Becca hooked her arm through Lindsey's as they wandered off to find a bite to eat.

They were well out of earshot by the time an enraged shout reverberated from the changing rooms to echo through the clothing store. The shop girl had woken to a very pleasant first 30 seconds of consciousness – assuming she'd been having the hottest dream of her life – before she noticed the puddle of cum creeping into her booth and realized... she had a lot of explaining to do.



Mike cracked open another cold can of beer as he leaned back in his deck chair. He and his drinking buddy Rory were chilling on GRANITE's unspectacular rooftop. It didn't really have a deck, but as they were both trainers at the gym, there was nobody to stop them hiding out among the air conditioning units and working on their tans when they had nothing better to do.

"It's fuckin' criminal the way those judges play favorites man."  
Rory spat as he finished his beer and reached for another. The 400lb bodybuilder's head was comically small (and red) in contrast to his

deeply tanned bulk. Mike didn't particularly enjoy the guy's company, but they were co-workers, and Rory was the only other trainer on staff who was lax enough about his diet to drink with.

Mike's phone buzzed. A message from Becca.

A photo.

"You did it." Mike whispered to himself as he saw the notification on his lock screen, but hadn't yet swiped to reveal the photo. "She got her!" He shouted in triumph.

Then his face froze as he saw the photo.

"What the fucking— *Dick?!'*" Mike sat up and raised his sunglasses to inspect his phone screen, holding it inches from his eyes to ensure he was seeing clearly. He didn't notice Rory approach.

"What'tcha lookin' at faggot?" The buzzed meathead snatched the phone out of Mike's hands, knocked back another swig of beer, and then took a closer look at what Mike was gettin' all gay about.

Beer erupted from his nose in twin jets as he realized what he was looking at. Choking and sputtering, he held the phone out of Mike's reach as the shorter trainer tried to get it back. Rory used his height advantage to take another look at the picture before Mike could grab it from him.

"Is this one of Becca's girls!?" Rory's brain cells were starting to add things up, and neither of them liked like the answer they were coming up with. "How the fuck is that possible?! That's gotta be

fake!"

At that moment Mike just wanted to get his phone back. He was worried the hot-headed bodybuilder would throw it to the ground in anger... Or penis envy.

"Yea I'm sure it is! Gotta be." Mike tried to talk his drinking buddy down from his angry place. "Don't get gay about it dude."

Rory immediately stopped enjoying the game of keepaway and handed the phone back.

"Whatever. You're gay. Why is she sending you that shit anyway?"

"Oh you know Becca." Mike turned his back to Rory and stole another glance at her message. "She's a dick." The blood drained from Mike's face as he read the text Becca had included with the photo:

*no circle jerking lugsnuts! that means no share share!! or i strip yer nuts off!!! luv ya~xoxo*

"What. A. Dick." Mike sighed.