



Chapter IV

Part I

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WIP / Patreon Preview

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

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

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

Years ago, when Lindsey's puberty was just beginning to blossom, she began waking up every morning with a full erection already towering above her. Gone were the days when she could hit the snooze button and laze around in bed. Lindsey's alarm clock had been replaced by her alarmingly stiff cock - the new timekeeper of her day. Once her dick was awake, it wouldn't let Lindsey go back to sleep until she gave it some attention. If she ignored it, there was only one guaranteed outcome: she'd have to wash the sheets, *again*.

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

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

She began with a few free weights, then quickly swapped them out for heavier plates when they failed to give her biceps the satisfying ache they craved. By the end of the first week of her experiment, Lindsey's bedroom was stocked with everything she

needed to give herself a serious full-body pump. She had barbells, weights, and straps galore, the only thing she was unprepared for was the extreme way her body responded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lindsey's bedtime ritual began with the stretching of a Magnum Stallion XXL condom a few inches down past the head of her soft dick. She kept over half the length as a reservoir at the tip to catch whatever she released overnight. Even flaccid, the fit around her dick is snug enough not to slip, and it only gets tighter as she stiffens.

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

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

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

The freckled futa couldn't keep herself from smiling, as the familiar

sensation of morning vigor surged through her veins. Lindsey's smile widened to a grin as she remembered she was *supposed* to be enjoying herself. Last week she had decided it was time to experiment again - to test her limits... within reason of course.

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

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

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

Some mornings Lindsey woke feeling so close to the edge of an orgasm, she would stroke herself off, right into the condom, gripping the rubber tight around the mid-shaft to ensure it wouldn't rocket off. She burst every condom she tried this with, but only - she reasoned - because they were already so full. She expected a fresh

condom might hold, but she had never allowed herself the luxury of trying.

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

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

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

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

Lindsey gasped as she felt her cock adding power to her lifts,

almost like it was spotting her. The weight felt like it was getting lighter the more she curled it. The fiercely-erect futa felt like she could continue pumping her right arm forever, so she switched the weight to her left arm and repeated the exercise. After 3 minutes of concentrated pumping, her biceps were tight with the sweet soreness of a heavenly burn.

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

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

Dropping to the floor, Lindsey kept her cock pinned between her pecs as she did pushups. Her sizable breasts created enough of a cushion to keep her cock from touching the floor. Each pushup sent

her cock head sliding back and forth in the slick canyon between her breasts. The muscular striations of her pecs added extra stimulation as her flared cock tip rubbed against the rippling muscle.

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

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

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

The bar was loaded with 60 lbs of iron plates on each side, and the bar itself was 45, giving it a total of 165 lbs. Lindsey slapped another 30 lbs on each side - she didn't have time to fuck around.

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

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

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

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

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

She kept both hands resting on the bar for stability, but her dick was bearing the brunt of the load. Lindsey could feel her throbbing cock lifting the full weight of the bar with each twitch.

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

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

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

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

In that moment, Lindsey felt a fire ignite inside her. As if every muscle on her body was densely packed C4 explosive, and her cock was the fuse about to set it off. She opened her eyes, wanting to see Becca's expression as the climax hit, but of course Becca wasn't there.

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

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

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

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

what she wanted.

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

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

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

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

A brief spark of frustration re-ignited her engine - she wanted

more. Lindsey grabbed the soaked volleyball sock in one fist and tugged it hard, down towards the base of her cock. The sock stretched, and then tore, as the apple-sized head of Lindsey's dick ripped through. She was still spurting aftershocks of cum from her first climax, but the sensation of ripping threads sent her tipping back over the edge.

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

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

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

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

Lindsey stood at the center of the mess and inhaled deeply, filling

her lungs with the spicy musk of her ejaculate, as she calmed herself and surveyed the damage. Her bedroom looked like a Jackson Pollock painting. Three walls and the bed had taken splash damage. In the warm glow of post-orgasmic bliss, it felt totally worth it.

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

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

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

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

