



## Chapter V

### "Part I"

By Rook Errant

Becca waggled her foot with nervous energy as she sat, legs crossed, alone at a table outside *The Froofie Fruit* smoothie shop. Not the kind of place she'd normally be at 10am on a Saturday – for one thing Becca always drank her smoothies at 5 like a normal person, and this shop didn't even have protein mix-ins, *worthless!*

She'd picked this place because it was adjacent to the outdoor shopping district Lindsey had wanted to see on this... outing that used to be an errand but was now officially a date?

Becca chewed the straw of her smoothie as she waited for Lindsey to arrive. She'd already finished half of her Banana-Berry Drizzle, but she couldn't help herself. She was hungry today... and 30 minutes early.

Yesterday Becca's world had been turned upside down by Lindsey's brain-damaging body, and until Becca was able to drink her fill of that tall glass of water, upside down her world would stay. The predatory trainer's thoughts were playing an endless loop of Big Red's freckled muscles dancing in all their naked, hyper-trophic glory.

Becca was positively aching to see her favorite client again. Less than 24 hours had passed since their moment of first contact in Becca's back room, but the love-struck trainer had spent every hour since that first encounter preparing herself to be with Lindsey again. *Literally* every hour, as she'd fallen asleep last night stuffed full of her largest dildo, in a half-intentional effort to stretch herself out to prepare for Lindsey's tremendous girth.

She just *had* to ride that redhead's massive cock, but she knew it was *way* too big for her. The largest dildo Becca owned was less than half Lindsey's size. She'd fucked herself with it all night long, trying to discharge the sexual energy that was accumulating inside her like static electricity. But the more time Becca spent thinking about her new best friend, the more she felt like a live wire that needed grounding. Sizzling with potential. Dangerous.

Clearly, Becca's attempts to discharge that pent-up lust hadn't worked. Her dreams last night had been full of sexual tension, but no release. A part of Becca wished she'd remembered to switch on that well-hidden, plant-embedded GoPro camera to record her spontaneous back-room tryst with Lindsey. But Becca's other parts were glad she didn't have any incriminating evidence to worry about.

Maybe she could turn over a new leaf with Lindsey, Becca mused. Treat this one right instead of only thinking about her own

desires, using another client to pleasure herself like one of so many dildos... But this one was SO *big*...

Becca jumped in her seat, startled by the phone in her pocket vibrating. She fumbled to answer it quickly, just in case it was Lindsey trying to get ahold of her... but the message wasn't from her – it was only Mike. Becca breathed a sigh of relief as she allowed herself to stop worrying her shy client might be trying to cancel on her.

Mike's text read: *jobs done BB Guns! can't believe you crammed that many dudes in one room, place was a mess. think you owe me two favors now.*

Becca grinned as Mike's old nickname brought her back down from cloud-Lindsey for a moment, and she was reminded of "the before-time"... When she still had room for people like Mike in her life. These days Lindsey was more than just filling Becca's desire for companionship. She was scratching her itch for a real challenge. Now the itch had moved somewhere else, somewhere lower. She texted Mike back:

*Nope you're still at ONE, you owed me for that massage I let you give me last week remember?*

Becca loved tormenting the poor guy, but he really did ask for – and deserve – all the teasing he got. She knew he enjoyed the abuse to a certain extent. Though, maybe this time she had gone a bit too far, making him clean up the pungent, dripping mess Lindsey left behind in Becca's private changing room. The cum had been splattered on all four walls, the ceiling and floor. Becca was actually impressed he'd already finished the job. Did he really think he was

getting a second favor? Becca was already having second thoughts about sharing her prize, but she had to at least deliver on his first 'bounty' before she could consider the debt paid.

Mike sent back the emoji of an eggplant and two full moons. Blue balls. She couldn't blame him, Lindsey was otherworldly-hot. The statuesque redhead hit ALL Becca's buttons when it came to her own bi-sexual preferences. For the flirty trainer, the grass was green on *both* sides of the fence, but Becca couldn't imagine what kind of tortured confusion a supposedly straight guy might endure after lusting after a chick with a dick, even if he was already drooling over the size of her muscles.

Mike was blissfully unaware of just how special Lindsey was underneath her layers, and that would only make his reaction that much better. His dream girl with a dick – it would be the ultimate troll. Becca's mind wandered as she realized today would be the best opportunity she'd have to catch a candid pic of Lindsey – perhaps while she changed – and cross that one off the list. The urge to prank Mike was winning out over worries of getting caught. Mike was just Mike after all, and it's not like Lindsey would ever find out...

As if summoned by her thoughts, Becca's date appeared in the distance, looking adorable as ever in a comfy white hoodie and loose-fitting track pants. The baggy, casual attire wasn't enough to dull the redhead's dazzling gleam.

Lindsey waved as she caught sight of Becca sitting at the outdoor table, noticing the second smoothie Becca had waiting for her.

Becca chuckled to herself as she realized the freckled futa was blushing, despite there being nobody else around. Becca also noticed Lindsey was, like herself, almost half an hour early. A good sign?

“Take a load off Lindz, I got you a Pineapple Gut Grenade, hope you like it!” Becca greeted her breezily.

“Thanks Becca!” Lindsey was beaming as she sat down across from her coach.

“And hey, maybe it’ll make ya even sweeter! I’ll get back to you on that part.” Becca winked.

Lindsey was unable to keep her smile from widening to a full, giddy grin in her trainer’s presence. “You look great today Becca. I mean you always do– but, really... extra good today.”

Becca had no idea what her giddy client was talking about, the trainer was dressed exactly as she always did for the gym: tight sports bra, tight booty shorts, running shoes, and a simple, functional ponytail to complete her standard look. Becca took it as a sign that her client might be as head-over-heels for her as she was for Lindsey.

“I saw your post this morning!” Lindsey bubbled. “It was great. I mean I always do, and they always are, but– well the lighting really showed how cut your abs are, I loved the way you... I mean all of it, but, just the way you were flexing I guess!” The freckled futa was rambling with flushed excitement. Usually Becca was the one having to jump start all the conversations.

“Oh yea? I’m glad you follow me.” Becca grinned cheekily. “How

come you never comment or anything?"

Lindsey looked down at her lap, brow furrowed as she considered the question. "I guess you never seemed real, like you were this perfect character from a movie, or a book. I didn't think if I said anything it would make a difference. You'd just go on being... perfect Becca Bloom, I didn't think there was a place for me in that dream." She looked Becca in the eyes. "Sometimes I'm still not sure..."

Becca leaned forward, putting her hand on the table since Lindsey's hands were folded in her own lap.

"Hey calm your tits Red, we don't need to put any pressure on this..." Becca twirled her index and middle fingers in the air between them in an inscrutable gesture. "Whatever this is, or where it's going. Let's not worry about the rest of our lives—"

Lindsey swallowed nervously at that phrase – *ok wrong thing to say*, Becca took note of her misstep. She tried again.

"And I especially don't want you worrying about anything today, this is gonna be fun! We'll keep it casual. Yesterday was our first time so – I got carried away, but you have to forgive me for having a one-track mind when you were so... *you*. And now that I know what you're... up against... under there..."

*Focus Becca, stay on target!*

"I'm on your side now. Whenever you need help getting off, I'm there for you... as a friend!" Becca added hastily, adjusting her course as she navigated this minefield of a conversation. Becca thought she

knew the territory, and she *thought* she was doing an admirable job of re-adjusting her angle of approach to make Lindsey feel comfortable. "Whenever, or wherever you need that, I'll drop what I'm doing." She finished confidently.

"Um, I need like- the *opposite* of that kind of help Becca! I'm already gonna have to wait a while before we get up." Lindsey clutched her duffel bag in her lap. "See this is what I'm worried about, I can't go anywhere in public with you because you turn me on so bad!"

"I think you mean so *good*." Becca suggested unhelpfully.

"It's a problem!" Lindsey insisted.

*Ok*– Becca reasoned with herself, wrestling with the urge to entice Lindsey into a quickie in the smoothie shop bathroom at that very moment.

*Show her you're on her side, give her what she needs. You know how to be patient, let her breathe a little.*

"Alright, let's talk about something else. Hey, what do you do for a job anyway? You seem like you've got a lot of time to work out, what else do you do with yourself? Student? Stock broker? Streamer?" Becca went back to chewing on her straw. Looking at Lindsey made her lips itch.

"Erm, well that's kind of an involved story." Lindsey shifted in her seat.

“For you Lindz, I’ve got all day.” Becca smiled warmly.

“Umm, I dunno if I really... I think I’d rather–” Lindsey began to push back, so Becca interrupted her hastily.

“Ok new subject, how about your family? Got any siblings? Where are your folks from?” Becca cast out a few new lines, fishing for something her skittish new friend *would* be willing to talk about, but it didn’t look like Big Red was taking the bait.

“Those are all kind of... connected...” Lindsey wavered. “And personal, but–”

Becca drew in a breath to interrupt again, causing Lindsey to pause mid-sentence, waiting for Becca to speak. Becca waved away her interruption and gestured for Lindsey to continue.

“But... maybe it would be good to just tell you, so you understand me a little better. I tend to avoid the kind of people who would ask me about these things... which is unfortunately... most people.” Lindsey’s eyes were beginning to glisten. “But I’ve already broken one rule by showing you and... well now it’s just breaking the same rule again really so...” Lindsey trailed off like she was talking to herself.

Becca remained silent and let the redhead reason her way through whatever dilemma she was having about sharing her past.

“There was this doctor. A family doctor, I think. He was around for as long as I could remember. I never knew much about him but my parents always seemed to depend on him and told me I should



trust him. He was there, at the airport the day... my parents died.”

*Woooahshit this just got heavy.* Now it was Becca’s turn to swallow uncomfortably. At least it was a boner-killer of a conversation, but jeez– this poor girl sounded like she’d had a traumatic enough childhood *without* the freakishly large cock to *further* unbalance her adult life. Becca nodded for Lindsey to continue.

“There was an explosion... it killed 9 people. Two were my parents, and one was... the doctor.” Lindsey took a breath and met Becca’s eye. “They say it was an accident... officially not a bomb, but... it was the doctor. I know he planned it somehow.”

“I’m so sorry Lindsey, that’s gotta be, like, the hardest thing to live with.” Becca instantly regretted her choice of words but Lindsey missed the innuendo, too lost in her traumatic memories. Becca was feeling genuinely empathetic about the sad details of Lindsey’s story, but she was also recalculating her image of what Lindsey’s life must have been like growing up, adjusting the picture each time she could fill in a new detail.

“I’ve always thought he wanted to kill me too. All of us at the same time.” Lindsey continued with a distant gaze. “I don’t know why I think that, I guess I’m just afraid because, I don’t think I can ever know for sure. I don’t understand why it happened. And they were the only family I ever knew.”

“How old were you?” Becca asked leaning forward, shoulders tense with the weight of the backstory Lindsey had just dropped on her. Was everything about this girl larger-than-life? *She sounds like*

*she has a superhero origin story for fucks sake!* Becca silenced her inner tempest to listen more attentively.

"I was twelve." Lindsey steadied herself and continued. "There was a man at the airport that day, who saw what happened. He felt sorry for me I guess, and... he told me what I needed to do to stay safe... he's been looking out for me ever since. Made sure I had everything I needed. That I knew how to avoid getting caught. Helped support me all these years... and he's always kept his word." Lindsey ended with finality, as though she hadn't just planted ten more questions in Becca's mind.

"Wha- so this guy at the airport saw your parents die and then adopted you?" Becca asked.

"Well I- I never saw him again after that day." Lindsey admitted. "It sounds hard to believe I know. But he's supported me this whole time, paying for a place to live, I have a budget for food and... stuff." Lindsey's cheeks began to redden again. "I guess I should have just told you I was a charity case from the start."

"Hey it sounds like you took some real heavy punches as a kid, you shouldn't feel guilty about someone wanting to help you back on your feet. I say take what comes and be grateful for it, ya know?" Becca did her best to reassure the shy beauty, hoping the blooming flower seated across from her wasn't closing up already after just beginning to open her petals.

"I don't know... how I feel about it really." Lindsey went on. "It's hard not to feel like a victim when I didn't ask to have such a... different... life. But it feels ungrateful not to appreciate the good luck

and only focus on the bad.”

“Exactly.” Becca liked where Lindsey was going with this. Her prodigious cock was one of those gifts, and Becca needed to make sure it didn’t retreat back into a turtle shell of insecurity beyond her reach. She was trying to suppress her predatory instincts around Lindsey, but it was hard for the huntress not to steer her prey, even subconsciously, straight into her den.

“There are some... conditions though.” Lindsey looked deadly serious now. “I have to keep my... lower half a secret.” She whispered, glancing around at the empty tables surrounding them. “Or I lose my anonymous benefactors support!”

“Ok, ok, I’m starting to see what makes you tick.” Becca nodded slowly. “So you keep it on the DL and your sugar daddy keeps paying the bills, what’s in it for him?”

“It’s not like that Becca! I told you I haven’t seen him since I was 12! And besides it’s not like I’d have said yes if that was the deal.” The color had momentarily drained from Lindsey’s cheeks – she looked mortified. Becca noted the implication had ruffled Lindsey’s feathers.

“There’s one other condition.” The redhead lowered her voice again to a conspiratorial hush. “Starting on my 18th birthday, every 6 months I go to this private clinic for... tests.”

“Tests?” Becca echoed back.

“Blood tests, measurements... sperm samples. That kinda thing.” Lindsey was starting to flush again.

"Oh-ho-ho! I think I get it!" The pieces were falling into place for Becca. "So your sponsor is someone who wants you all to themselves as a research project huh? No one else gets the scoop, you get the privacy you want—"

"And they get their Nobel Prize, yea something like that." Lindsey finished looking over her shoulder. "Becca, can we, uh, just get going? I don't think I'm gonna get any... easier to handle than this." She glanced down to her lap, signaling she wanted to make an escape before this place got crowded.

"Lead on, McBuff!" Becca intoned theatrically with a sweep of her arm. "Wherever your heart desires."

They stood to leave. Fortunately, because it was so early, and therefore empty, no one was around to notice the wet spot left behind where Becca had been sitting.



"Ya know, when you said you wanted to go clothes shopping, I did NOT expect you to bring me to a camping supply store!" Becca was trying not to heckle her date too much about her choice of establishment, but... there was barely anything *in* this place that even counted as clothing, besides puffy jackets and fishing overalls.

"You're not giving me much to work with here Red, you know I'm not into the 'fully-clothed' look. What are we doing here again?"

"They have a great sock department." Lindsey's lips scrunched up in an obstinate pout.

Becca's mind chewed, then swallowed, then fully digested that statement. "Ooohhhh Hoooo! You randy. Little. Radish! Now I'm picturing you shopping for cock apparel, and– and– no one would know! I love it."

For whatever reason, the thought of socks – especially longer kinds like knee-highs – stretched over Lindsey's leg, got Becca so worked up she forgot herself. Without thinking Becca slapped Lindsey on the back and said "You are cruising for a good hard fuck later tonight aren't you? Well mission accomplished honey, I'm taking you out to dinner and then some!"

"Becca stop!" Lindsey hissed, clutching her duffel bag tightly to her front. "Not here!"

"How about over there?" Becca was starting to feel drunk with arousal, but caught herself before she slipped too far. "Sorry, sorry, let's get your socks and get outta here." As they started to walk Becca couldn't resist adding "and get someplace we can fuuuuck." In as quiet a whisper as she could manage, but her date still heard.

"Oh trust me, you'll get what's coming to you." Lindsey whispered back as the pair headed to the sock department.

20 minutes later they were paying for their haul and moving to the next store. As Lindsey couldn't really try on the socks the way she needed to, it didn't take long, and they were both clearly eager to get

to the good part.



"A sporting goods store? Come ON!" Becca moaned. "I thought I was gonna get to dress you up in lingerie! Ya gotta let me pick at least ONE good place when you're done with your stuff ok? Just one! Puhleese Red!"

"Fine, fine, okay you can pick the last stop!" Lindsey relented. "No promises I'll actually *buy* anything there but... I'll try on whatever you want, okay?"

"More than ok, let's get your jock straps hun!" Becca said a little too loudly.

This time Lindsey glared daggers at her coach, warning her to keep it down. "They have good sports bras and shirts here." She explained indignantly. "Stretchy. Moisture wicking. Fast drying."

"Right, right I keep forgetting you've had to go through a lotta trial and error to figure out how to tame that beast. Sorry I keep giving you shit about the places you shop."

"What's your favorite color?" Lindsey changed the topic as they approached a rainbow assortment of sports bras hanging on racks.

"Used to be blue." Becca smiled coyly.

“Used to? What is it now?”

“I’m sure you can guess.” Becca beamed.



Once Lindsey had gathered all the volleyball socks and tops she needed to restock her closet, they moved on to a “real” clothing store. One with a wide enough selection to satisfy both of them. The store had all the standard departments, and was big enough that the pair decided they should split up, make their selections in secret, then meet by the dressing rooms in 10 minutes.

Becca's fingers drummed with delight along the racks of sun dresses and skirts, swimsuits and sarongs. She already had a dozen things draped over one arm, but - she still had another whole arm to work with!

She was getting distracted by the leggings, imagining how the patterns might look stretched over the topology of her friend's forbidden lower half, but really, Lindsey would look good stretching *anything*. Becca checked her watch – it was time, so she made a beeline for the bras. Lindsey was probably already “stretch-testing her safety jeans” and that sounded like something she didn't want to miss.

As Becca headed to the dressing rooms, she made eye contact with a tattooed and bespectacled employee who was folding something behind a counter. Becca approached the young woman

and leaned in conspiratorially.

“Hi, my uh- cousin, over there is uh- a little big for her age, if you get my meaning, she doesn't always take ‘no’ for an answer if something she wants to try on doesn't fit her, she just wants to be – well she thinks she's smaller than she is – is what I'm trying to say.”

Becca studied the employee's vacant expression, searching for a hint of compassion behind her hipster glasses. All she got in response was an aggressively raised eyebrow.

“Look, she's retarded ok? If she rips anything, I'll pay for it, got it?” Becca was running out of fucks to give, she was so close to being alone with her stallion...



“Red, where are you?” Becca whispered like a commando creeping through deep jungle cover, as she stalked along the row of closed changing room doors. “Do you read me? What's your six! Come in Red do you copy? Over!”

One of the doors opened and a blushing face peeked out. The freckled beauty looked excited to see Becca, but then her gaze drifted lower, to the two heaping stacks of clothes clutched in Becca's arms, and Lindsey's eyebrows shot up in shock, then knitted together in concern. *God she's like a fucking Disney princess, even when she's mad she's just too cute!*



Becca kept the thought to herself as she joined Lindsey in the extra-size changing room at the very end of the row. It was fortunate all the rooms were empty just then, but she knew she couldn't count on them staying that way forever, so she'd have to make the most of their time alone together.