

## **Size Check**

By Rook Errant

Jenna was feeling so pumped up from her workout, she knew her back looked like an anatomy chart. She was giving the girls behind her a good show. The brunette bodybuilder took her time checking herself out in the locker room's long countertop mirror.

She watched her biceps bounce as she ran her fingers through glossy chestnut brown hair. Her eyes drank in her own muscular reflection, giving herself pouty kissy faces while tracing her fingers along her chest and shoulder veins. She pretended not to notice the dozen women behind her, staring at her from the lockers.

The eye-catching bodybuilder was Jenna Raleigh, and she was carrying out her posing practice in full view of the women's locker room at Hillcrest Fitness.

As Jenna ran through her poses to check her conditioning, the girls at the lockers fumbled with their clothes. They were all moving unusually slowly. No one wanted to break the spell. The self-absorbed bodybuilder was taking her time.

One of those gawking girls, a Swedish blonde named Astrid, was a first-timer to the event. Astrid had overheard some women from her yoga class whispering about the legendary Jenna Raleigh's workout schedule. They were so secretive about the information, it made this locker room sound like a covert meeting place.

Eavesdropping, Astrid heard Jenna was notorious for her spontaneous, ladies-only backroom posing sessions. They happened whenever Jenna lifted enough heavy weights to get her testosterone flowing like lava. As a first-timer, Astrid was unaware Jenna was a futanari... The women from yoga class hadn't mentioned that detail.

Astrid swallowed dryly as she continued getting dressed by the lockers, pausing frequently to glance at Jenna's muscular back, trying not to make it too obvious she was staring. In the mirror, Jenna caught Astrid's look, and held her eyes for a hot second. The bodybuilder tensed her bicep into a chunk of granite, holding it inches away from her pouty lips, watching the Swedish girl for her reaction.

Astrid's cheeks flushed a deep crimson, and she instinctively grabbed her backpack to continue changing. She needed to maintain some pretense for staying in the locker room. So she shimmied out of her jeans and kept her eyes on the floor while she changed into her shorts, just in case Jenna was still watching. The bronzed goddess was making her heart beat so fast she might as well skip cardio for the day.

Astrid unclasped her bra, and blushed again as she dared another look in Jenna's direction. The bodybuilder's tits were enormous, stuffed into her tight neon sports bra, spilling out the top. Astrid's pale mounds were barely a B-cup, hopelessly outclassed by the bodybuilder's huge breasts.

Jenna chose that moment to caress her abs seductively, tracing her way up the underside of her heaving breasts. Then she hooked her thumbs under the bottom edge of her sports bra, and pulled it up over her head with a slow, yawning stretch. Astrid tried not to gasp.

Jenna stood topless in front of the mirror, flexing her thick pectoral muscles one at a time, making her chest dance for the captivated onlookers. Astrid was hypnotized by the bouncing orbs, forgetting herself for a moment at the impressive display of muscle control. Instinctively Astrid's arm rose to cover her chest, feeling her own modest pecs. She imagined how that power would feel in her hands. Then she noticed Jenna was watching her again, smiling wide at Astrid's obvious fascination.

Astrid jumped as she felt a hand touch her back. One of the other women changing by the lockers leaned in to whisper in her ear.

"Careful honey, if you keep encouraging her she's gonna give you the full show..." The woman raised her eyebrows suggestively.

Astrid managed to tear her eyes away from Jenna's bouncing tits for a moment.

"Full sh...? What- Oh! No I would never..." Astrid stammered.

The Swedish girl was interrupted by the sound of the locker room door swinging open, breaking the hushed reverie. All heads - including Jenna's - turned towards the new arrival. Like an old west saloon, the newcomer sauntered into the room like she owned the place.

The new girl was slightly shorter than Jenna, dressed in baggy cargo pants and a hooded sweatshirt. A duffel bag was slung over one shoulder, and her striking red hair was tied up in twin ponytails, making her look like she might be a cheerleader. The new girl was astoundingly pretty, but exuded a completely different kind of confidence, when compared to Jenna's haughty glare. The freckled redhead's sly lips were

twisted in a mischievous smirk.

The new girl walked up to the mirrors right next to Jenna and dropped her bag, casually unfazed by the display of shredded, contest-shape muscle beside her.

"Look at you hot stuff, these girls payin' for the show?" The new girl smirked as she chewed her gum.

Jenna smiled coldly and let a moment of silence hang heavy in the perfumed air, before breaking it with a chuckle. Her shredded abs flexed and bulged to accompany the girlish sound.

"Call it a perk of coming to *my* gym. You're a new face... guess you didn't expect to see *this* today huh?" Jenna arched her back, casually flexing all the muscles of her chiseled upper body into fine, grainy detail.

The new girl popped her chewing gum. "Nope. I'm just scopin' this place out. Ya know, trial run, see if I like the people here... *Your* gym huh?" The redhead snorted as she eyed Jenna's topless figure. "You with the management or something?"

Jenna was speechless for a moment. The girls by the lockers braced themselves for a display of Jenna's legendary attitude. They no longer needed to pretend they were doing anything but watching. They were now officially spectators to a heavyweight prizefight.

"Nice tits by the way." The new girl continued. "But if you want people to think they're real you should probably keep your shirt on."

Incredulous gasps escaped the crowd of onlookers. Jenna's head

jerked to one side, as though she'd been slapped. Her nostrils flared. The new girl wasn't even looking at Jenna anymore, as though she'd lost interest in the sculpted tower of muscle standing topless beside her.

"Excuse me? Who the fuck do you think-" Jenna began, but she was interrupted by the newcomer turning to face her.

"Kimberly Ableton, heard of me?" Kim grinned unabashedly, enjoying taking the wind out of Jenna's sails.

"No." Jenna huffed, choosing to proceed cautiously. She couldn't figure out what game this new girl was playing, acting like she had an ace up her sleeve. Jenna decided right then, she would fuck this impudent slut into the ground. But first, she needed to establish her superiority.

"Never heard of you." Jenna held her poker face.

"Cool." Kim flashed a big grin. "That makes it more fun for me."

Behind them, the girls at the lockers started to whisper again.

"Do you know what's going on?" Astrid asked the woman next to her. Heavy breathing was the only answer she received.

All the girls around her were practically shivering with anticipation. Even Astrid had forgotten she was only half-dressed, as she followed the collective stares back to the main attraction.

"Listen sweetie" Jenna growled, "when I say it's *my* gym, I mean I won it fair and square. If you think you can *compete* with me, you don't

even know what game you're playing."

To emphasize her point, Jenna reached down to her crotch and grabbed a handful of her baggy sweatpants. But her hand closed around more than just empty cloth. She grabbed hold of something long and thick, and shook her handful back and forth, to make its full length obvious through the loose fabric. It was clearly over a foot long, and as thick around as a soda can.

Astrid's view of the scene was obstructed by Jenna's muscular back, but she could read her body language easily enough. The bodybuilder's cocky attitude clearly came from having the biggest dick in the room.

Kim snorted. "Jeez, is this how you treat all the new girls?" The freckled redhead twisted a lock of her hair around her finger as she chomped her gum loudly. "Why so anti-social? Can't we share the fun?" Kim batted her eyelashes with mock innocence.

Astrid leaned close to her neighbor at the lockers and tried again. "What are they talking about?" This time she got a murmured answer from a girl with glasses.

"Jenna doesn't let other futas muscle in on her turf. She's totally gonna size check this bitch. Oh I hope it's a close one..." The girl was clutching Astrid's arm tight, as they both watched Jenna stroking the bulge in her pants. It looked like she was getting hard.

"Size Check? What, you mean their... they *both* have them!?" Astrid stammered. The girl with glasses continued to whisper in her ear.

"Every time another futa comes to the gym Jenna says the same thing..."

Right on cue, Jenna launched into her familiar speech. The girl with glasses mouthed the words along with her, starry eyed.

"Hillcrest girls deserve the *biggest* cock they can get their hands on. *Only* the biggest. There's only room for *one* dick-girl at this gym, because I made the rules and I don't like to share." Jenna turned to face Kim, her imposing physique looming a full foot taller than the shorter redhead. All the while Astrid was treated to a side view of Jenna's hardening cock tenting her sweatpants.

Kim didn't flinch, or even break eye contact. "Biggest cock makes the rules huh? Sounds about right. What's in it for you?" She grinned wider. Kim knew she was making Jenna furious.

"Smallest cock finds a new gym." Jenna taunted. "The biggest cock gets *everything* Hillcrest has to offer." Jenna eyed the girls at the lockers meaningfully. She lingered on Astrid a moment, before turning back to Kim. "Think you're bigger than all the other pricks that didn't measure up? I'm calling a size check, let's find out!"

"That's it? Just a dick measuring contest?" Kim scrunched her nose sideways. "You sure you don't want to arm wrestle instead?"

"*This* is the only arm these girls care about honey." Jenna reached into her sweatpants and hauled out the longest, fattest, veinest piece of meat Astrid had ever seen attached to a person. The thick trunk of Jenna's massive girl-penis was covered in criss-crossing veins. They ran the length of her jaw-dropping cock, right up to the foreskin stretched

thin over her bulbous cockhead.

Watching from across the room, Astrid's breath caught in her throat. She'd seen cocks before, but nothing close to this big and powerful. As far as Astrid was concerned, it was bigger than the biggest dick she'd ever dared to imagine. She'd heard futanari were bigger than men, but she'd never met one in the flesh, let alone a futa bodybuilder in contest shape.

Jenna hefted her prodigious length and shook it lazily in Kim's direction, giving the crowd an eyeful. Based on the way Jenna's cock still sagged under its own weight, Astrid guessed she wasn't fully erect. She couldn't guess at how much bigger Jenna might grow.

"Now I get you," Kim's smile spread wider across her freckle-dusted cheeks. "you're just a basic bitch who gets away with this peacock bullshit because nobody around here is big enough to put you in your place."

Jenna thrust her hips forward, spearing the air with her stiffening shaft. "Are *you* big enough?" Even from a distance, Astrid could see the bodybuilder's thick veins throbbing under her skin, as Jenna's member swelled before everyone's eyes.

"I want *you* to answer that for me." Kimberley said as she leaned back against the countertop, turning to face the crowd of gawking girls.

"And they're going to watch." Kim smiled at her audience with a predatory grin. She was pinning them down with hungry eyes, sizing up each one in turn.



“How about you hun, you look like you’re dying over there. Wanna give me a hand with the big reveal?”

Astrid stared back at Kim, as the words slowly reached her brain. It took a moment before she realized the redhead had given her a command, not an invitation. Astrid found herself stepping forward before she’d even considered what she was walking into.

“Yeah I thought you might.” Kim chuckled as the dazed blonde approached her in a trance. Kim continued leaning back against the countertop, presenting herself for the Swedish girl’s inspection.

Jenna watched the display with growing unease. Her hand was still wrapped around her own meaty cock, but her attention was riveted on the scene unfolding next to her. Not even Jenna was immune to Kim’s magnetic personality.

Astrid stopped in front of Kimberly and hesitated. The situation was so surreal, she kept forgetting she was there in the room and not dreaming the whole thing.

“Your doin’ fine hun, take your time.” Kim smiled reassuringly. “Just have fun with it.” Under the spell of Kim’s confidence, Astrid was powerless to do anything but obey. She stepped in close and reached for Kim’s belt, blushing and avoiding eye contact. Kim gently pushed Astrid’s hands lower, guiding them to her zipper.

The slow unzipping sound echoed through the tiled locker room. Everyone was holding their breath. Astrid glanced up into Kim’s eyes for reassurance, before plunging her curious hand down the futa’s pants.

At first, Astrid thought she was feeling Kim's muscular leg. As she traced her fingers along the thick veiny trunk, reality sunk in. Astrid's knees grew weak for a moment, but Kim's hand steadied her.

"Go on hun," Kim whispered in her ear. "Take it out for me."

Fortunately the futa's member was still soft, or Astrid's task would have been impossible. Even fully flaccid, the sheer amount of cock Astrid was trying to tug through the small zipper opening was a challenge. Kim enjoyed watching her struggle. After a few tries, Astrid managed to get both hands into the hole to fish out Kim's leviathan. Once she'd squeezed the flared head of the beast through the opening, the rest of the monster spilled out of confinement.

Astrid had been so engrossed in her task, it took her a moment to process the colossal penis now hanging before her. To imagine it belonged to the cute, sassy Kim was too much to comprehend. The disconnect was short-circuiting Astrid's brain. She dropped to her knees and felt a wave of heat rush over her. She was too dizzy to stand, too enamored with her front-row view. Even Jenna's eyes were glued to the elephant trunk hanging out of Kimberly's fly.

"God damn... what kind of supps are you taking?!" Jenna broke the silence, trying to regain control of the situation. It was hard to be sure from a quick eyeballing, but Kim's cock seemed to be about as large as Jenna's, and Kim was clearly not even erect.

Kim turned around to face the mirror, standing beside Jenna at the countertop. The shorter futa gathered up her flaccid dick and flopped it onto the counter, placing it side-by-side with Jenna's shaft for comparison. The girls behind them leaned in closer to see what they'd

all been waiting for. Fortunately, the mirror gave them an excellent view of the showdown.

Jenna's erection was still wavering several inches above the sink, held aloft by its own hardness. While Kim's thick snake lay sprawled heavily across countertop like a slumbering dragon.

Jenna's cock was slightly bigger. There could be no doubt about that, seeing them side-by-side. But everyone watching was thinking the same thing - the difference in hardness meant Kim would probably grow even bigger once she was aroused.

"Close but no cigar," Jenna tittered nervously "you put on a good show, but I've still got a couple inches on you..." Kim ignored her and turned to back to Astrid.

"Thanks hun, you're a good sport." Kim offered the blonde girl a hand, helping her up from her kneeling position. As she stood, Kim pulled her in closer, catching her lips in a surprise kiss. Astrid instinctively closed her eyes, as she collapsed into Kim's embrace.

Jenna watched in horror as Kim's cock surged into life, growing thicker and fatter, gaining inches by the second. With each heartbeat, new veins popped up criss-crossing the length of her throbbing shaft.

"Holy fuck..." Jenna gasped under her breath as Kim's cock flared angrily, swelling to impressive hardness at a terrifying speed. It rose steadily upwards from the countertop like a zeppelin inflating to take flight. With each passing second, Kim's hardening cock grew longer and thicker.

Kim held her kiss with Astrid until she became fully erect. As Jenna looked on, her own penis began to wilt involuntarily. In a span of about 20 seconds and a single passionate kiss, Kim had gotten rock hard, demonstrating impressive control of her libido.

When a clear droplet of precum welled up from the tip of Kim's bucking cock, she broke off her kiss with Astrid. With Kim's strong arms no longer supporting her weight, the dizzy girl slumped back to her knees. As she slid out of Kim's arms, Astrid reached weakly for Kim's inflated dick, like a drowning woman grasping for a life preserver. But the futa turned away from the quivering girl, finished with her fluff toy for the moment.

Jenna was speechless. She watched Astrid on her knees shivering, and wondered if she was having an orgasm. Astrid herself wasn't quite sure, her senses were so overwhelmed.

Kim slammed her meat-bat down on the countertop, rattling the Tampax dispenser on the wall. In the stunned silence that followed, the freckled futa blew her chewing gum into a round, pink bubble. The loud pop made Jenna flinch.

"What do you think hun?" Kim asked sweetly. "Got any trash talk for me now?" Kim's eyes were wide in mock innocence, waiting for Jenna to tell her what she wanted to hear.

"I... I can't believe you're bigger than me." Jenna replied in a quavering voice. Murmurs rippled through the audience of girls by the lockers. Their queen was being de-throned.

"But how *much* bigger? That's the question I want you to answer."

Kim wasn't letting her off that easy. "You gotta get hard again so we can compare, or it's not a fair fight!" Kim pointed to Jenna's deflated dick draped on the countertop.

"Here, I'll make it easy for ya." Kim pulled her hooded sweater up over her head, taking her shirt with it in one graceful movement. Underneath, her bare, freckled torso was revealed, densely packed with solid muscle. Her cobblestone abs elicited gasps and sighs from the crowd of girls watching.

It had been difficult to for Jenna to guess what Kim was hiding under her baggy clothes. Now Jenna was twisting with jealousy, her stomach tying itself in knots as Kim's sweater came off, revealing her huge, natural breasts. Jenna got a good look at the underside of Kim's freckled tits as the sweater lifted them up before they bounced free. There were no plastic surgery scars underneath to match the ones on Jenna's enhanced chest.

"Ok I'll say it!" Jenna wanted to end this humiliation. "The gym is yours alright? You beat me at my own game."

"That's it? Your game is too easy... I'm not done yet." Kim gestured to her bucking erection. It was a wonder she hadn't cracked the granite countertop with her sledgehammer of a cock. The thick shaft was covered in throbbing veins, coursing with power and virility. She looked ready to explode and she wasn't even touching herself.

"Your gal here got me so nice and hard," Kim stroked Astrid's hair affectionately as she gazed down into her wide doe-eyes. "I feel like unloading this cannon, and I think those girls back there are gonna lose their minds if I don't." Kim grinned wider than ever, noting Jenna's cock

was still struggling to harden up to its former size.

“Come on hun you got me into this state,” Kim beckoned Astrid to stand. “Why don’t you do the honors?” She didn’t have to ask twice. Astrid rose to stand behind Kim, as if she were being lifted by puppet strings.

Still bare-chested, the modest girl wrapped herself around Kim’s muscular torso from behind. Lost in passion, Astrid kissed the freckled redhead’s neck, while her hands explored all the bulging hardness within her reach.

Jenna watched Astrid’s small hands trying to encircle the base of Kim’s thick column. The poor girl’s fingers were shaking as she traced down the thick veins that ran along the shaft, until they extended past her reach.

As Astrid nuzzled Kim’s neck from behind, the futa reached back to cradle Astrid’s head over her shoulder. The move brought Kim’s flexed bicep right up into Astrid’s face, where the blonde girl immediately began to kiss and lick the hard muscle. Kim pulled her in tighter, mashing the pretty girl’s nose and lips against her bulging bicep. With both of Astrid’s arms reaching around Kim’s narrow waist to grapple with her gigantic cock, the Swedish girl looked like she was in heaven.

Jenna had to admit, Kim Ableton had the best body she’d ever seen. She felt a twinge of arousal rush through her veins.

Kim noticed the way Jenna was starting to stiffen up. She released Astrid from her headlock.

"Hey hun let's give the home team a little love too." Kim winked at Jenna as she pulled one of Astrid's hands away from her cock and guided it over to Jenna's.

The Swedish girl did her best to tug and pull on both cocks at once, but her eyes never left Kim's reflection in the mirror. Giving in to temptation, Jenna allowed her eyes to wander over Kim's outrageous body as well, the sight bringing her back to full stiffness.

"Ahh, there we go." Kim sighed in satisfaction as Jenna's cock filled out, the foreskin stretching back to reveal her swelling tip. "Now you can tell me how much bigger I am."

It was plain as day for the whole locker room to see. At full size, Kim was bigger. Several *hands* bigger if one used Astrid as the unit of measure.

Mixed feelings of arousal and humiliation battled within Jenna. Astrid's rubbing felt so good, and Kim looked so sexy, Jenna just wanted to keep the party going and get her rocks off. But Kim was toying with her.

"Fuck I dunno, you're a lot bigger ok?" Jenna's brow was furrowed in anguish. "We don't have to measure, you win, alright?"

"Hey I didn't make the rules," Kim giggled, popping her chewing gum. "But since *you* did, you should remind me... what do Hillcrest girls deserve?"

"Oh fuck off." Jenna swatted Astrid's hand away from her cock.

She was done playing along. "You can have them. Enjoy." Jenna crossed her arms, but found she couldn't stop watching the show.

Astrid already had both hands back on Kim's dick, squeezing and kneading the veiny flesh that covered an iron-hard core. Her entire face was flushed beet-red, as she tried to milk the colossal cock she couldn't fully encircle with a two-handed grip.

"Aww that's no fun, don't you wanna finish?" Kim implored. "I wanted to see you fill that sink!"

Jenna wrinkled her nose in disgust. "Ugh, gross. Who wants to clean that up? At least fuck her in the shower, Hillcrest has rules you know!"

"Biggest cock makes the rules, remember?" Kim smirked as Astrid continued to work her crankshaft. "But unlike you, I share my toys like a big girl. So I tell ya what, you can keep coming to *our* gym and fucking *our* girls... *if* you do me a favor."

Jenna rolled her eyes. Her arms remained crossed.

"I'm serious, you can be second banana if you do this one thing for me." Kim reassured her.

"What is it? No cumming in the sink!"

"Just say yes. I promise it's not the sink."

Jenna sighed in frustration. "I really don't want to find a new gym, so whatever it is you want, let's do it quick."



Kim grinned and reached into her back pocket, pulling out her smartphone. Without a word she raised it up, framing a picture of herself and Jenna side-by-side in the mirror.

It's probably just her Snapchat, Jenna told herself. Who cares what this bitch's followers think? Jenna's cock was already out, so she gritted her teeth and pulled down her waistband to make a show of presenting herself.

"Give us a little room hun?" Kim nudged Astrid back. "Hands off the merchandise for a sec, we gotta do this right." The freckled futa smirked as she snapped the photo of herself and Jenna comparing dicks.

"Ok, knock yourself out." Kim laughed as she tucked the phone back in her pocket, and Astrid leapt at her with renewed hunger. All the talk about the sink had gotten her hornier than ever. The girl's delicate hands wrapped around Kimberly's cannon and stroked it with a renewed sense of urgency.

"You better not be—" Jenna began, but she was interrupted by a loud grunt from Kim.

"Ungh!" Kim's cock bucked in Astrid's grip, as she unloaded a shotgun blast of cum against the mirror. Astrid's hands pumped up and down, like she was reloading, priming the cannon's barrel with a fresh round.

"Unff!" Kim blew another messy load against the mirror with surprising velocity. "Hnng!" Thick white ropes splattered the countertop.

Jenna didn't react, even when a droplet of Kim's spunk landed on her cheek. She was frozen in place by the display of overwhelming sexual power. Astrid had barely touched her, but she was spewing like she'd been edging for hours.

Kim leaned back and whispered in Astrid's ear, as her cum cannon continued spurting hot jizz. The girl gasped and dared a quick glance in Jenna's direction, before aiming the bucking cock straight down into the sink.

Despite the half-dozen shots already splattered across the mirror and countertop, Kim was showing no signs of slowing. Her first few blasts into the sink came with such force, most of the cum splashed back out. With each bucking salvo of spunk, the fluid level in the sink rose visibly.

After twenty volleys of high-potency futa cum, the sink was filled to the brim, and the countertop was slick with Kim's seed. She noticed Astrid's hands were no longer squeezing and kneading at her cock. Turning to look behind her, Kim found Astrid collapsed unconscious on the ground. She'd fainted from the sight (and perhaps the smell) of Kim filling the sink with her salty-sweet girl-spunk.

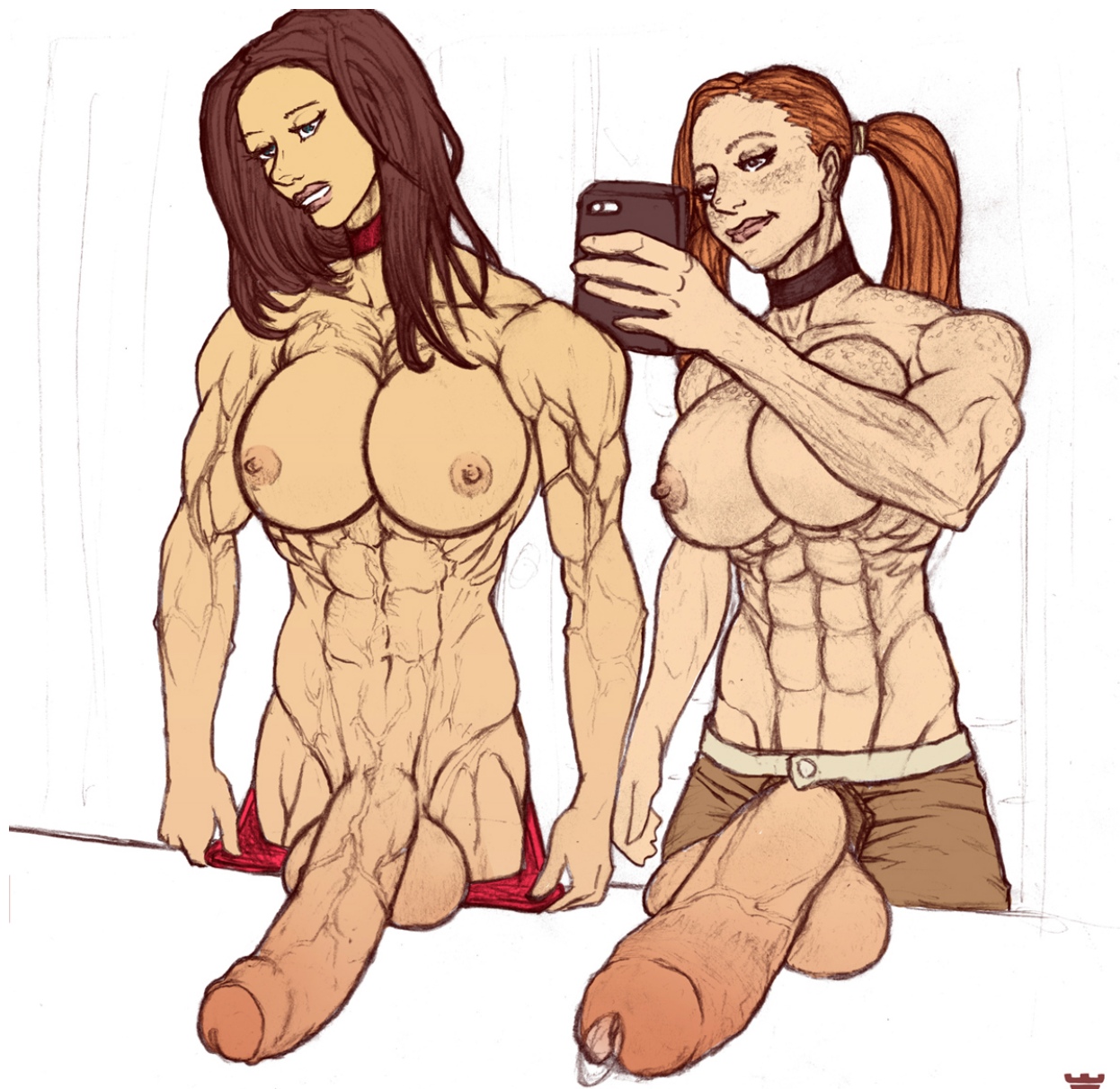
"I hope you're not expecting *me* to deal with this." Jenna huffed.

"Well somebody's gonna have to." Kim shouldered her duffel bag and began to walk towards the exit. "Not it!"

Jenna stood staring in disbelief as Kim - still topless with her dick hanging out - sauntered casually towards the door, leaving a trail of destruction in her wake, as well as one unconscious girl covered in cum.

Moments later, Jenna's phone buzzed with a notification. Still in a daze, she pulled it out of her pocket. She'd been tagged in a new photo:

#Secondbananna



ROOK