

# lemonzsaauce

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## ... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

I go by the pen name j.j. scriptease and I've been writing fan fiction on and off for almost a decade and a half now, predominantly of a lemon/erotica variety. None of the places I've posted my stories on however quite felt like home, whether it be due to the design or structure of the website, the restrictions imposed on saucy content, or anything in between. And thus, I thought it would be neat to have a personalised hub for my fan fiction works.

I teamed up with a developer buddy to create a site called [lemonzsaauce.com](http://lemonzsaauce.com) where you can find ALL my literature along with extra goodies – like downloads in PDF format, seeing the artwork that inspired the fics, and subscribing for new story and chapter updates!

The site does cost money to keep up and running. If you enjoy my work and would like to help with maintenance (or would simply like to support me), please feel free to visit [lemonzsaauce.com/donate](http://lemonzsaauce.com/donate) to make an offering - no pressure, and it's not necessary at all :) - any amount from a dollar up will be very much appreciated.

Thank you for reading! I hope this piece of writing lives up to your expectations.

- j.j. scriptease

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## DISCLAIMER

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*This is a work of fan fiction borrowing characters from the Pokémon universe, which is trademarked by The Pokémon Company. I do not claim ownership over any of the original characters, images or settings present here and make no profit from publishing this story.*

## WARNING

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*This work of fiction is Rated MA and only suitable for mature audiences. It may contain explicit and offensive language, adult themes and graphic descriptions of a violent and/or sexual nature.*

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**J. J. SCRIPTEASE**

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**BEA-TING THE HEAT**

(A Pokémon Fanfic)



**Synopsis**

With the prestigious Galar Gym Leaders Conference only months away, Bea faces a mammoth obstacle in her pursuit to reclaim her peak physique.

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# Bea-ting The Heat

*A Pokémon fanfic by j.j. scriptease*

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Bea's reflection in the full-length mirror sparked a frown of concern. Her critical gaze lingered on her thighs and abdomen, where the hours of arduous exercise and gallons of sweat she had poured into carving her chiselled eight-pack abs seemed to have faded away. The once-pronounced abdominals that had punched through her snug bodysuit had now given way to a less inspiring midriff that hinted at encroaching love handles. While her arms retained their lean, defined form, her legs had grown rounder—her thighs in particular, thicker and lightly touching in the middle. However, it was her bosom that bore the most dramatic development; her breasts, once characterized by their modest pertness, now exhibited a generous plumpness, their roundness and fullness quadrupled from their previous state. This transformation hadn't bothered her until her timed sprints across the training grounds began to reveal the toll of her chest's newfound weight.

As the esteemed head of Stow-on-Side's Gym and a relentless perfectionist, Bea recognised the importance of upholding her reputation, especially with the upcoming Galar Gym Leaders Conference a mere four months away.

A faint chime disrupted her ruminations, signalling an incoming call. Caller ID showed 'Nessa.' Hm. Nessa, leader of Hulbury's Gym, occupied a select spot within Bea's tightly-knit circle of confidants. Beyond her pokémon companions, Nessa was the individual Bea considered closest to embodying the title of 'best friend.' Despite their connection, the sight of Nessa's name flashing on her phone screen stirred a sense of trepidation. Bea contemplated whether she had forgotten something of great importance.

"Hello," Nessa's voice rang through, brimming with a touch of urgency, "we *are* still on for brunch today, right?"

It was at that moment Bea realised her oversight. Glancing at the Hitmontop clock on her wall, Bea regretted her previous commitment as the hands inched closer to noon. "Nessa, please could we—"

"You're thinking of rescheduling again, aren't you?"

Bea regretted disappointing her, but pressing matters demanded her attention. “Yes, I’m afraid so.”

“Let me guess,” Nessa continued, “you’re standing in front of the mirror right now obsessing over the way you look?”

Bea felt a pang of surprise at how accurate Nessa’s assumption was. “Possibly.”

Nessa sighed. “I told you a million times, Bea, you look fantastic. Your fitness level is beyond what most people achieve, even now.”

Bea questioned whether Nessa’s assessment would hold true if she could see her current reflection. “I appreciate your flattering words,” Bea’s voice held earnest, “but I must regain my peak form before the conference. You understand, right?” Given Nessa’s role as an active supermodel beyond her pokémon training, Bea assumed she would grasp the significance of maintaining a certain image.

“Of course you would say that,” Nessa replied with a wry chuckle. “Well, look, I know how stubborn you can get when you set your mind to something, so I have a proposition that may interest you.”

“You do?”

“I would’ve offered to be your training partner myself,” she explained, “but I’ve been swamped running the Gym and juggling my other commitments lately.”

Bea understood the demands of being a Gym Leader all too well, how it could take precedence over personal matters. If not for the influx of Trainers challenging the Stow-on-Side’s Gym, Bea would’ve kept a keener eye on her declining physique, probably wouldn’t have indulged in the buckets of sweets and chocolates her devoted fans sent her either.

Nessa continued with her proposition, “So, what if I call my cousin, Nickolas, instead? He’s a seasoned personal trainer,” her voice carried enthusiasm. “Can be a bit kooky at times, and has this weird obsession with super sweet energy drinks, but when it comes down to putting in the work, no one puts it in better than he does. Trust me, having Nickolas by your side could make a world of difference. He’s more than capable of helping you achieve your image goals.”

“...Nickolas?” Bea hesitated at the thought of hiring a stranger as her personal trainer. Beyond being Nessa’s cousin, Bea knew nothing about this Nickolas character, his background or his capabilities. Would it be wise to entrust her fitness journey to him? She could ill afford any setbacks in her race against time. Four months was but a blink away. Polite but firm, she thanked her peer for the recommendation but held her ground, determined to forge ahead with her solitary training regimen.

Nessa, however, remained steadfast in her insistence. She firmly believed Bea could trust Nickolas and he would be the ideal match for her objectives. Highlighting her cousin’s willingness to conduct house calls, Nessa emphasised Bea’s sessions could seamlessly integrate into her routine without any disruptions. Bea found herself torn between her preference for tried-and-tested independence and her most-trusted confidant’s unwavering endorsement.

After a lengthy back-and-forth, they came to a compromise: Bea reluctantly agreed to have *one* trial session with Nickolas, purely to satisfy Nessa’s persistent urging. Despite her reservations, Bea valued Nessa’s concern and trusted her judgment, albeit cautiously.

To her astonishment, the doorbell chimed within half an hour of their phone call ending. Nickolas’s prompt arrival indicated he understood the urgency of her situation. At the very least, she could appreciate his respect for her time.

Uncertainty filled Bea as she swung open the front door, unsure of what to expect. The specimen before her was nothing she could have imagined. Nickolas stood on her doorstep, donned in a dark-blue tracksuit, his skin mirroring Nessa’s dark shade. His athletic attire barely concealed his muscular physique. Towering over her, Nickolas’s height was easily twice Bea’s; his head and shoulders extended above the door frame, his presence commanding the entire entryway.

A pang of self-consciousness struck Bea, acutely aware of her own petite stature juxtaposed against his imposing build.

While she had faced opponents larger and stronger, human and pokémon alike, the sheer magnitude of this man made her feel remarkably small and vulnerable. Her heart quickened, intrigue and apprehension coursing through her veins. Rather than shrink away, her innate competitive spirit entertained the notion of a sparring session, an opportunity to test her martial arts skills against the odds. She liked to believe proficient technique could

overcome any challenge, outdo any discrepancy in reach or weight advantage. Yet, this challenge, if it were to be undertaken, would have to wait until after their trial session.

“You may enter.” Bea stepped to the side.

As Nickolas ducked inside, his gym bag dainty in his grasp, she took a closer look at his face. His head was shaped like the perfect rectangle, and his chiselled features gave him an air of rugged handsomeness, despite the overall simplicity to his looks. She took note of his eyes—deep and dark, they held a sense of mystery, yet his strong jawline and square chin exuded a confidence commanding attention.

“Nickolas,” his voice chimed, extending a mitt-sized hand. “But all my friends call me—uh, well, never mind. Bad habit, hehehe.”

The sudden turnaround in his greeting stirred her curiosity. “All your friends call you what?”

A sheepish laugh escaped him. “Oh, it’s just a little something from my Alola days. You know how it goes, growing up with those silly nicknames and such.”

Bea shrugged. All anyone ever called her was Bea. But she had always assumed nicknames symbolised a certain bond, a connection between comrades. “Does it fill you with embarrassment?”

His laughter came like a warm breeze sweeping away any awkwardness. “Nah, not anymore. I mean, I hated it at first. Was constantly made fun of in school, but I guess you could say...I’ve grown into it.”

He must’ve grown deeply into it indeed, if he had almost offered it to a total stranger like herself. Nonetheless, she didn’t intend to stir up any ghosts from the past. “I shall stick to Nickolas then,” she decided.

“All right.”

“Bea.” Her own hand met his in a gesture of reciprocity. But as her smaller palm nestled into his, she couldn’t ignore how his mitt dwarfed hers, swallowing it almost entirely. A tingling current raced up her arm, the sensation catching her off guard. It wasn’t just the size of his hand that astounded her; it was the raw strength she could feel in his grip.

He cleared his throat, his voice now a resonant timbre. “Honour to finally meet you, Ms. Bea,” his words flowed with a newfound assurance. “Nessa told me a lot about you.”

“She did?” Bea asked, curious. “For instance...?”

A subtle smile touched his lips as he folded his arms in a relaxed posture. “Oh, just how determined and driven you are,” he revealed. “And how you’re not one to back down from a challenge, no matter the odds.” His eyes gleamed with an appreciative glint, as though he had glimpsed a facet of Bea holding genuine intrigue. “A little uptight but—”

“Uptight?” Bea interrupted, her brow knitting in perplexity.

Nick raised his hands in a hasty placating gesture. “Oh, it’s not a big deal. Really! I’m sure she didn’t mean it in a bad way. I think all she was trying to say is you have high standards for yourself, your pokémon and your Gym, and you expect nothing less than excellence from everyone else, too.”

“I see.”

“Yeah,” he continued, “she just thinks it will do you a world of good to loosen up from time to time, have a little fun, you know?”

No, she didn’t know. Bea’s life *was* fun—perhaps not everyone’s ideal of fun, but she found great pleasure in challenging herself and pushing her limits, relishing the satisfaction that came from achieving her goals. The rush of victory after a tough battle, the pride of seeing her Gym thrive under her leadership, and the camaraderie with her pokémon and fellow Trainers brought her a unique joy. It all meant something; she simply could not subscribe to the idea of fun for fun’s sake.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Bea acknowledged, her tone signalling the end of that particular avenue of discussion. He was here for hard work and grit after all, not fun. “Are you ready to begin, Nickolas?”

“Always,” he affirmed, rubbing his hands together as he surveyed his surroundings. “So, what are you trying to achieve exactly? Any specific areas you’d like to target?”

“Yes,” Bea said, matter-of-factly, “I’m looking to focus on my abdominal region.” Her concerned hand traced her midsection over the spandex. “I yearn to see my abs through this

bodysuit again.” Her gaze then shifted southward. “And it appears my thighs could use some attention as well.”

Genuine puzzlement crossed his brow. “What’s wrong with your thighs?” He took a closer look, trying to understand her perspective.

She couldn’t believe he didn’t see what she saw. “Can you not tell? They have gotten bigger and lost some definition, too.”

But Nickolas grinned in response, his words surprising her. “That’s not so terrible, Bea,” he said, a hint of playfulness in his tone. “In fact, a lot of guys prefer girls with slightly thicker thighs these days, just like yours.”

His comment caught Bea off guard, and a faint blush threatened her cheeks. She wondered if he genuinely spoke for ‘a lot of guys’ or if he was expressing his own admiration of her physique. And was it honest or merely a compliment he deployed to ingratiate himself with new clients?

“Oh, come on now,” she responded, downplaying his assessment. “I would not say my thighs are anything special.”

Nickolas raised an eyebrow, not buying her attempt to deflect his praise. “Oh, trust me,” he continued with a twinkle in his eye, “there’s something captivating about those thicc thighs. They’re strong and shapely, like majestic pillars supporting an impeccable temple.”

“They are?” Bea scrutinised herself once more, struggling to accept they were discussing the same features.

Her modified karate gi, though striking and stylish, seemed to play a teasing game with the skintight bodysuit beneath. The white shirt covered her ample bust, cut-off at just the right angle to reveal a hint of her midriff and the fading imprint of her navel. Around the crotch area, however, the gi’s coverage became tantalisingly scarce, her white and orange shorts ending where her spandex-clad thighs began. Nickolas’s eyes appeared to linger upon them longer than necessary to gauge her conditioning, their shapeliness showcased between the snug fabric and her white kneepads. Her tan skin gleamed under the room’s illumination, its warmth contrasting with the black fabric that fiercely embraced her sinuous thighs, emphasising their rounded contours. By ‘thicc’ she imagined he meant her thighs were curvy without being fleshy, showing a subtle trace of fading definition. The visual interplay between

the loose-fitting gi and the form-hugging bodysuit accentuated her allure, a harmony of physical prowess and femininity that she had intended when designing her uniform—prior to the subtle shifts in her physique.

It dawned on her Nickolas might not have witnessed her in peak form, thus rendering his current praise contextually detached. “Trust me,” he said, “I’ve seen many legs in my time as a personal trainer, but your thunder thighs are quite the sight. Bet you could crush a watermelon between those things.”

Well, she had never tried. Bea found herself caught in a mix of flattery and self-consciousness, his compliments an unfamiliar note in the symphony of her achievements. She was used to being praised for her fitness accomplishments, but Nickolas’s focus on her thighs felt... different. Not overtly invasive yet not entirely detached, his compliments occupied a space between professional and personal. Considering he was her close friend’s cousin, Bea gifted him the benefit of the doubt, opting to interpret his kind words as a trainer’s tactic to instil confidence in their client.

In a bid to reciprocate, she gave Nickolas a swift once-over, her eyes skimming over his figure without lingering. “You do not appear to be terribly out of shape either,” she said, while avoiding direct eye contact.

Nickolas chuckled. “Why, thank you, Ms. Bea. You know, your midsection’s nothing to fret over either.”

“You mean this?” She pinched at the area around her waist, her fingers grazing the hint of excess flesh she aimed to shed.

“Meh, that’s barely a thing,” Nickolas dismissed nonchalantly. “It’ll vanish before you know it. To be honest, I’m not sure you really need me here. You’re already looking pretty darn good, better than most people that hit me up.”

“Yes, well, ‘pretty darn good’ is not good enough. I’m aiming for excellent.”

“Is that right?” Nickolas’s grin widened. “I think we’ll get on just swell! Should we kick things off with some warm-ups? We need to get a good stretch going.”

Bea nodded in agreement. “Sounds like a plan.”

“Great.”

Nickolas unzipped his tracksuit jacket and hung it on her coat rack, revealing a well-defined muscle shirt beneath. Her gaze traced the contours of his powerful arms, a silent appreciation for the raw strength they held within. They exuded a tangible aura, their solidity reminding her of the power of a Tyranitar's embrace. Her eyes lingered over his massive biceps, a spectacle of muscularity, substantial and robust, girthier than her 'thicc' thighs.

A fleeting notion drifted through her mind, pondering the feasibility of executing an armbar takedown against such a sturdy opponent. It would be a challenge, no doubt, but her confidence remained steadfast. If she could secure the hold, she held little doubt victory would be well within her grasp.

"Ms. Bea?" Nickolas's voice cut through her fleeting thoughts, snapping her back to the present.

Bea swiftly refocused her attention. "Ah, yes," she replied, her voice poised and composed. "Let us proceed to the training area."

She reminded her towering guest to watch his head as she guided him through the hallways towards the training area. The soft glow of sunlight streamed through the windows, casting a warm ambience over their path. As she led, Bea couldn't shake the odd suspicion of Nickolas's eyes lingering on her posterior. Thankfully, that was one area that had remained unchanged, her glutes as taut and pert as she had always preferred. She wondered if Nickolas's studious gaze had wandered in that direction. A nagging suspicion tugged at her mind, tempting her to glance back and confirm her intuition.

However, Bea resisted the urge to look over her shoulder. Instead, she focused on the task at hand, keeping her voice steady as she gave directions. "We'll take a right here." She pointed towards the corridor leading to the training area. The sooner they arrived, the sooner they could get down to business, the sooner she could put aside her suspicions.

With each step they took, her sixth sense intensified, but she maintained her composure. The hallway seemed to stretch on, almost teasing her with its elongation. She chided herself, recognising her thoughts were veering into the realm of overthinking. Whatever Nickolas's supposed gaze may or may not have conveyed, it was likely innocent.

Finally, they arrived at the training area, a dedicated space in her house, meticulously designed to meet her rigorous workout needs. She had cleared it of all furniture, leaving a

vast, open space in the middle where she could move freely and perform various exercises. The room had high ceilings allowing her to jump and kick without restriction, and large windows on one side provided natural light, creating an energising atmosphere.

“Here we are, Nickolas,” Bea announced, her voice steady and poised despite the undercurrent of her musings. She motioned for him to remove his shoes, inviting him to join her on the cool floor with bare feet.

“You know,” Nickolas interjected, “you could just call me Nick.”

“Very well, Nickolas.”

Along the walls of the training room, a range of gym equipment stood proudly, each piece serving a specific purpose in her rigorous training routine. There were sturdy punching bags of different sizes and shapes, inviting Bea to unleash her powerful strikes upon them. Speed bags hung from the ceiling, encouraging her to work on her hand speed and precision. Free weights and resistance bands were neatly arranged in one corner, ready to challenge her strength and help her build the muscle she needed to excel in battle. A pull-up bar spanned across another wall, offering her a chance to test her upper body strength. Motivational posters adorned the walls, featuring inspirational quotes and images of legendary Trainers and karate masters, constantly reminding Bea of her goals and the champions she aspired to join.

Nickolas nodded, impressed. “Great setup you got going here. I’m really hoping you sign up just so I have an excuse to come back, ha.”

“Beg your pardon?” Did he seriously assume she’d extend another invitation without evaluating his training approach first?

“Never mind. Just a silly joke,” he added with a sheepish grin.

“Ah.”

“Anyway, let’s get started with some warm-ups then?”

Nickolas reached into his gym bag and retrieved what appeared to be a bottle of vibrant, yellow fruit juice. Downing its contents in hearty gulps, he then crushed the plastic container within his grip. Bea glimpsed inside his bag, surprised by the large assortment of

colourful beverages he had brought along. Alolan fruit smoothies, perhaps? Whatever they were, they infused him with a burst of vitality, setting the stage for their session.

Bea and Nickolas moved through a series of stretches and exercises to prepare their bodies for the workout ahead. As they went through the motions, they stole furtive glances at each other, discreetly appreciating the fluidity of form and technique, and perhaps, a hint of something more.

During their warm-up routine, Bea's movements caused her now substantially larger breasts to sway and jiggle within the confines of her snug attire. With each stretch and twist, her chest performed a sultry dance of its own. A newfound sensation graced her senses as her nipples brushed against the fabric of her bodysuit, a delicate friction sending sparks of awareness coursing through her. Amid the intensity of her rigorous training regimen and her unwavering focus on her pokémon, she had somehow remained oblivious to the astonishing transformation her chest had undergone.

More than once, she caught (or imagined she caught) the burly trainer's eyes linger on her smooth legs. His eyes seemed like magnets, irresistibly drawn to the captivating contours of her thighs. Partly clad in the sleek material of her bodysuit, her thighs radiated a tan and creamy allure, a canvas touched by the soft glow of filtered daylight. Beneath the surface, her muscles played a symphony of motion, rippling beneath the extra layer of flesh she aimed to shed. His subtle glances made her feel, perhaps, she hadn't lost all the physical grace of her peak form.

For her part, Bea unintentionally stole glimpses at Nickolas's rippling form through his muscle shirt. His physique was impressive, and she found herself secretly appreciating the way his muscles flexed with every movement. Only countless hours of hard work and commitment could result in such a well-defined physique. The mutual respect they harboured for each other's dedication was clear as day, and maybe Nessa wasn't far off in recommending him after all.

Inadvertently, her gaze lingered a fraction too long on Nickolas's chest. When she finally looked up, a sly grin met her eyes. A swift turn of her head concealed her flustered reaction, and she completed the last of her stretches facing the opposite wall.

"Okay!" Nickolas clapped his hands together, signalling the end of their warm-up. "Now that we're all fired up and raring to go, let's get down to the nitty-gritty, shall we?"

Bea couldn't agree more, eager to dissipate the precarious tension that had been building up. "I'm ready."

"How about we start lightly?" Nickolas suggested. "A hundred squats."

"Two hundred," Bea countered. "Do not underestimate me." Sure, she might've been out of practice, but back in her prime, she could breeze through four hundred squats without breaking a sweat.

A frank chuckle escaped Nickolas. "I'll try not to. Let's start."

Under Nickolas's guidance, Bea began. Squats, a strategic choice to hone her quadriceps and hamstrings, struck at the heart of her thigh-focused aspirations. It was comforting to know he had been paying attention to her fitness goals. As she delved into her reps, her would-be trainer's attentive presence enveloped her, his watchful eye delivering corrections and commendations.

"Keep your knees aligned with your toes," he coached. "That's it. You're doing fantastic, Ms. Bea."

His encouragement acted as a catalyst, pushing her to complete more reps than she thought possible. The familiar pump coursing through her legs made her feel alive and focused, reaffirming her passion for working out. This was exactly the challenge she had needed.

Taking turns between sets, Bea and Nickolas delved deeper into their squats, each urging the other to exceed expectations. Whenever Bea rested, she watched Nickolas perform the same number of reps she had just completed, impressed by his own strength and stamina. He led by example, proving he was capable of every demand he made of her. She appreciated the authenticity of his approach.

Fuelled by burgeoning confidence, Bea decided to elevate the intensity, and proposed turning their squat routine into a friendly competition. A squat-athon. Nickolas chuckled, amused by her enthusiasm and willingness to challenge him.

"Game on!" he accepted with a confident grin.

Bea grinned back, feeling a rush of excitement. It was exhilarating to train with someone who not only understood her goals but also pushed her to excel. As they continued

their squats, the friendly competition between them added an extra layer of motivation, and their camaraderie deepened.

Alternate squats became the name of the game, a back-and-forth dance of one-upmanship as they vied to match or surpass each other's PRs. Despite the discrepancy in their physical statures, Bea's shorter yet powerful legs matched his strength rep for rep. While the friendly rivalry infused a sense of amusement into their training, his dedication as her personal trainer never wavered. Even during his rest intervals, he maintained a watchful eye on her posture and technique, ensuring her training remained effective and injury-free.

Amidst their light-hearted rivalry, Bea noticed a shift in their dynamic. Nickolas's demeanour seemed to relax, his corrections replaced with more frequent compliments. Sometimes, his words of affirmation lingered in her ear. In one instance, as she executed barbell squats, he circled around her, scrutinising her form from different angles. As she rose, clenching her butt cheeks to engage her glutes, he let slip a wistful "lovely" while eyeing her back thighs and rear. Swift to prevent any possible misinterpretation, Nickolas amended his remark, emphasising her "lovely form." Bea had never had her form described as 'lovely' before, though curiously enough, it didn't bother her.

Whether real or imagined, it felt as though Nickolas invested an inordinate amount of time observing her 'lovely form' before circling back from behind her. Her brow glistened with sweat, each breath drawn in heaving gasps as she executed every squat with unyielding determination. The weight of the barbell on her shoulders challenged her, but she pushed through, focused entirely on her workout. Amidst her exertion, the discreet glances directed towards her prominent bosom escaped her notice. She didn't allow herself to be distracted, even as her overgrown breasts jiggled with each rising repetition.

As the workout intensified, so did Nickolas's proximity. He grew increasingly comfortable standing in close quarters whilst offering his feedback. Bea found herself both distracted and intrigued, a whirlwind of stimuli enveloping her as the mingling scents of sweat and adrenaline infused the air. She could feel the closeness of his body radiating heat. Was he intentionally pushing her boundaries or was she reading too much into the situation?

As Bea neared the end of her set, she concealed her astonishment when Nickolas effortlessly lifted the heavy barbell from her shoulders, as if it were nothing more than a paperweight. The stark contrast between her struggle and his ease was almost surreal. If that

wasn't enough to unnerve her, he proceeded to add even more weight to the barbell's ends before executing the same number of reps she had just completed.

After witnessing Nickolas's display of strength, Bea wondered if she shouldn't target his legs as potential weak points instead. The idea of overpowering his upper body strength seemed laughable now. If she ever had to take him down in a real fight, it would require a different approach altogether—one involving speed, precision, and perfectly executed techniques.

"Right," Nickolas said, interrupting her secret strategizing. "Let's take five. So far, so good. You've really impressed me, Ms. Bea."

She relished the satisfying burn in her thighs, the workout already taking effect. "I thank you for your guidance, Nickolas."

"It's Nick."

"Alright." As he retrieved another fruit smoothy from his bag, Bea's curiosity resurfaced, buoyed by their shared exertion. "What might your nickname be?"

He nearly choked on his drink. "You're still stuck on that?"

She shrugged. "I'm only curious."

He crushed the bottle and lazily kicked it towards the other empty. "Alright, I'll spill, but you've got to promise not to laugh."

Bea adopted her best poker face, which wasn't too different from her usual temperament. "Do I strike you as the giggly type?"

He sized up her composed expression and gave in. "Alright, no promises required. So, growing up in Alola, my nickname was..." He took a measured breath. "Dickolas."

Bea's expression shifted from curiosity to empathy, a twinge of regret tugging at her for asking. "I am sorry you had to endure that," she offered, recalling his past mention of being bullied. Nevertheless, she remembered him sharing how he ultimately owned the nickname in defiance of his tormentors. "Well, hey, look at you now. They would not dare mock you if they crossed your path today."

A confident smirk played on Nickolas's lips as he flexed his well-defined muscles, eliciting a subtle shudder from Bea. "Definitely not." He laughed full-heartedly.

"I shall stick with 'Nick'."

He winked and flashed a thumbs-up. "Alright, then. Next up, let's move on to sumo squats."

Nick strolled behind Bea, his presence casting a commanding aura as he prepared to guide her through the proper form for their next exercise. However, she hadn't fully recovered her stamina, and the fatigue made it challenging to position her feet. Leaning down over her shoulder, the towering fitness instructor carried authority in his voice.

"Spread those legs," he whispered, his tone low and intimate, "nice and wide."

His words seemed innocuous, just a simple instruction to open her stance. But the way he said it, the deep huskiness of his voice, the proximity of his lips to her ear, sent a rush of tingling curiosities through Bea. A part of her envisioned those same words uttered in a setting far more intimate than their current workout session. She was glad he couldn't see the tinge on her cheeks.

"Ms. Bea, did you hear me?" Nick's voice brought her back to the present.

"Y-yes," she stammered. "Wider..."

"Yeah. Like this." He knelt down, his sizable hands coaxing her calves and adjusting her stance. His touch, gentle yet charged, sent a shiver of electricity up her legs. "That's it," he affirmed, his voice coaxing a breathless exhale from her. "Now, begin."

As she executed the sumo squats, her athletic thighs glistened with a sheen of sweat, accentuating their rounded contours. The droplets of moisture clung to her tan skin, casting a golden-brown shimmer that would've made her already enticing legs look even more delectable to Nick...

She couldn't help sense his eyes wander over her thick thighs and glutes, fixated on the way her athletic shorts hugged her butt. With each wide squat, her taut ass cheeks clenched and released, causing her white and orange shorts to be swallowed into the snug embrace of her bodysuit. The outline of her pert buttocks teased him through her clothes, and with each repeated movement, her cheeks exhibited a remarkable display of strength and

control. Unlike a few other parts of her body, not a hint of excess flesh or wobble plagued her posterior; instead, her ass appeared to be sculpted from pure muscle, firm, unyielding and commanding.

For a long moment, Nick fell silent altogether, no compliments nor suggestions to better her form. She wondered if he wasn't entranced by the spectacle unfolding before him, the rhythm of her up-and-down motions, coupled with the sight of her sweat-kissed thighs, the sheer might of her hungry, fabric-eating cheeks. It felt as though he might be staring a hole through her clothes. And yet, the possibility didn't stall her focus one bit.

He soon joined her, renewing their squat-athon, but after completing six sets of sumo squats each, they shook hands, acknowledging a truce as neither was willing to admit defeat in their light-hearted competition. Nick gulped down a third vibrant energy drink while Bea drank only half of her bottled water, allowing the cool liquid to refresh her parched throat before pouring the remainder over her head and chest, cooling herself down from the heat of the workout.

A pause, a breath reclaimed, allowed them to regroup before Nick embarked on their next endeavour. "Alright!" he said with boundless energy. "Let's shift our focus to those abs now." He scanned the room and noted the unforgiving, solid floor. "We'll need some exercise mats for this next part."

"Of course. I shall retrieve some. Allow me a minute," Bea replied, pivoting to fetch the mats from another room. "Feel free to make yourself at home."

"Oh, make myself at home?" Nick echoed, seeking clarification.

Bea paused in the doorway, a bit perplexed by his response. "Yes?" She wondered why he sounded uncertain.

"You're absolutely sure about that?" he inquired once more.

"Positive," Bea reaffirmed. "I shall return briefly."

She left to retrieve the exercise mats, expecting to find Nick waiting for her when she returned. But as she re-entered the room, her eyes widened in surprise. Nick had taken her invitation to 'make himself at home' quite literally—stripped down to nothing but a snug pair of black workout shorts!

Her heart skipped a beat as she took in the sight of a near-naked Nick. He showcased his well-defined muscles, bathed in a soft sheen of sweat from their rigorous workout. His traps stood like commanding peaks, his shoulders bold plateaus. The dark-brown shade of his skin contrasted beautifully with the darker shade of the shorts, making his physique even more striking. A warmth rose to her cheeks as she struggled to find the appropriate words.

“What in the...?” she stammered, her gaze faltering.

Nick, unfazed by his state of undress, offered a nonchalant grin. “You said I could make myself at home,” he replied, his voice laced with humour. “And this is how I’m most comfortable during workouts.”

Bea’s mind raced, torn between bemusement and a flicker of uncertainty. Nonetheless, her resolve to maintain professionalism prevailed. “Uh, well, I spoke in a more figurative sense,” she managed to say, her tone steady despite her internal surprise. “But if you are most comfortable now, I suppose that is what matters.”

With a deep breath, she focused on the task at hand, laying out the exercise mats. Bea reminded herself she was Stow-on-Side’s Gym Leader, accustomed to dealing with all sorts of challenges and unforeseen situations. She couldn’t let this momentary distraction derail their training session.

“Before we begin with sit-ups,” Nick said, “there’s one thing we need to address. I noticed, during our squat-athon, your posture can sometimes be stiff, and dare I say, *uptight*.”

Bea frowned. *Not this again...*

“I suggest we start out with some yoga stretches, you know, just to loosen you up a bit.”

“Hm. Alright,” Bea droned, still uncertain about this notion of her needing to loosen up. She’d prove she was just as flexible as she was sturdy in stature.

He proposed a variation of the Happy Baby Pose. Bea followed his instructions, lying back on the mat and bending her knees to draw them toward her chest. Keeping her tailbone and lower back grounded, she bravely opened her knees wide, pulling them as far up to her sides as she could manage. It was a challenging pose, requiring much flexibility, but Nick assured her it would help release tension in her lower back, hips, and groin area. Bea

stretched to her limits, her parted legs reaching so far back her kneepads touched the mat, flanking her torso. While she sensed a smidgen of the benefits he had espoused, what struck Bea most as her eyes swept over her body, was the glaring extent to which the pose left her crotch exposed.

With her legs spread and bent on either side, the position inadvertently accentuated her pelvic region. Despite her composed demeanour, a flicker of alarm crept in, making her acutely aware of the intimate outline pressed against her clothing. Her modified gi did little to conceal the lushness of her mound, which took on a striking prominence in the pose. The contours of her sex asserted themselves, the lewd shape protruding like a succulent plum, yearning to be savoured through the white shorts clinging to her bodysuit. Bea's cheeks coloured as she grappled with the intimate exposure. The softness and fullness of her nether lips bore resemblance to a ripe peach, their tender and fleshy texture lusciously plump and imprinted in detail against the fabric. Even her clitoris announced itself through the shorts, the delicate shape of her pleasure centre subtly outlined, a small yet undeniable presence adding unexpected sensation to the pose.

Much with Nick's encouragement, Bea maintained her open-legged position through the yoga stretch, though she questioned whether she was performing it correctly. His constant reassurance inspired some confidence, yet a trace of self-consciousness lingered. She had to remind herself this moment was about pushing her boundaries and proving her flexibility on both physical and mental fronts.

A subtle spark of intrigue ignited within her as Nick mirrored her pose on the opposite end of the exercise mat. Her eyes widened in disbelief, confronted with the astonishing flexibility of a man of his formidable stature. The juxtaposition of his thick, tree-trunk legs drawn back with the same litheness as hers underscored a riveting twist in their training session.

Recalling the spirited squat-off challenge she had initiated earlier, she contemplated whether this was his way of returning the one-upmanship. It appeared Nick was not one to back down from a challenge either, and his determination to match her in this pose spoke volumes about his competitive spirit.

The air thickened as their bodies held the mirrored positions, a charged energy crackling between them as the crotch-off persisted.

Bea couldn't ignore the proximity of her instructor's 'equipment', a mere breath away from her own protruding mound, any slight movement and she might just brush against his...

She tried to clear her mind of the mortifying possibility.

Amidst the charged silence, Nick's voice broke through, a calm and steady anchor in the brewing storm of wayward thoughts. "Breathe in, breathe out," he encouraged, trying to maintain an air of professionalism despite the smouldering atmosphere. "Clear your mind and let go of all and any distractions."

Bea closed her eyes, though a gnawing curiosity tugged at her, urging her to steal a covert glance. One grey eye cracked open, and what she saw sent a jolt of shock through her, quickly masked by a gulp and a veneer of collected composure.

Across her was a bulge of epic proportions, almost too massive to be real. Her pronounced imprint appeared modest compared to the much larger, much more prominent shape he produced. Its elongated, banana-like curve strained against his spandex gym shorts, hinting at a girth bordering on the otherworldly. Alongside the coiled shaft, a cluster of smaller bulges nestled against the fabric, each one rivalling the size of her Ultra Balls.

Her attention wavered from his breathing instructions, her mind ensnared by the proactive spectacle before her. The sheer enormity of his bulge spun her into a spiral of wonder and intrigue. Could it be a natural phenomenon, a true marvel of anatomy? Or perhaps it was a calculated display, a carefully orchestrated ploy to evoke fascination. Perhaps, he had simply stuffed something in his shorts.

And then, a realisation struck her with the force of a lightning bolt – Dickolas. The nickname took on an entirely new meaning in light of the sight before her. Could it be Nickolas had earned that name not simply due to the rhyme, but because of an early display of his... sizeable attributes?

In the steamy atmosphere of the room, his bulge took on a life of its own, becoming a mesmerising focal point Bea struggled to ignore. While he engaged in his breathing exercises, his eyes closed in serene concentration, she covertly indulged in her own examination. Her feigned inhalations and exhalations mirrored his, though her mind was far from the meditative state his instructions had intended.

The distinctive tip of his bulge appeared to stir, as though it had a mind of its own, pushing against its constraining fabric, almost longing to reach out and stroke her thinly veiled mound. Her pulse quickened. The heat radiating from her own crotch was undeniable, a tangible warmth contrasting with the cool air of the room, her nethers growing fuller and more sensitive. Her breaths came quicker now, shallower, her heart pounding as her imagination ran wild...

She envisioned a daring encounter where his manhood broke free from its restraints and confronted her face-to-face like a propped-up Onyx. In the thrilling fantasy, her sex reacted in an instant, spewing a powerful jet of excitement through both layers of her clothing, leaving his shorts drenched in her arousal. And in his response, his own ejaculate erupted—

“And, breathe out...” Nick’s voice broke through the haze of Bea’s thoughts as he slowly opened his eyes, catching her doing the same. “And? How was that?” He smiled, appreciating her cooperation. “More relaxed?”

Bea had to clear her throat, her voice betraying a hint of shakiness as she responded, “Yes.” She paused, stoicism steeling her resolve. With a firmer tone, she repeated her affirmative response.

On the inside, she scolded herself for letting vulnerability slip through her facade. She needed to regain control, to cloak herself in professionalism once more. Though her body still tingled with the echoes of excitement, she couldn’t let it cloud her judgment.

“Great! Ready for the next exercise?” he asked.

Bea welcomed the idea, as she would’ve any idea that added distance between their heated groins. With a subtle exhale of relief, she sat up from the provocative pose, her movements careful and deliberate to avoid any inadvertent contact with his obscene imprint.

“We’re going to do sit-ups next,” he suggested.

“Alright, Dickol—ah, Nickolas. Ugh, Nick!”

“Huh?” His smirk was as subtle as it was mischievous, but mercifully, he chose not to comment on her Freudian slip. “Okay, let’s get into position.”

Nick positioned himself on his knees before her, his broad legs creating a stable foundation for her feet as she settled into the sit-up posture. Her lower legs slid beneath him, and the powerful strength of his thighs secured her in place. The positioning was familiar, an exercise Machamp often helped her with, except for one, little difference...

Nick was taller than her Machamp, significantly so, which placed that massive bulge of his atop her elevated knees.

The heaviness of his junk weighing on her kneepads sent a surge of heat coursing through her body, freezing her in the sit-up position. And if that wasn't distracting enough, the bulge rested directly in her line of sight; with every sit-up, her gaze would inescapably be drawn to it.

"Alright, Ms. Bea," Nick said, unfazed by the awkwardness of their positioning. "Let's just do ten for now to check for proper posture."

"U-understood..." Bea folded her arms behind her head, preparing to start her reps, but she couldn't ignore the persistent distraction before her. "Um... can you change your shorts?" Her voice wavered, a faint blush colouring her cheeks.

Nick's eyebrow arched in surprise. "What's wrong with my gym shorts?"

"They're... revealing and distracting me from the workout," she finally admitted.

His gaze shifted from her to his black spandex and back again. "They're the same fabric you're wearing," he pointed out, conveniently leaving out the fact her karate gi covered her skintight bodysuit. "These are my favourite workout shorts. They are designed to provide maximum comfort and flexibility during training. But if they bother you that much, I guess I could just get rid of them—"

"That's not what I meant," Bea interjected, cutting him off abruptly. She sighed with resignation. Given the history of his past torments regarding his endowment, the last thing she wanted was to insinuate it was problematic in any sense. "Never mind. Let us proceed. I'm doing ten, right? Then I'll start."

As Bea began her sit-ups, she could feel the solid support of his body, a grounding presence allowing her to push herself to her limits. The rhythm of the exercise was familiar,

each movement a deliberate effort to engage her core muscles. Yet, the bulge remained an unavoidable presence, its prominence and proximity impossible to ignore.

Every time she ascended, the bulge loomed large in her view, like someone had dumped a large spandex-wrapped boulder on her kneepads. With each sit-up, she noticed more and more intricate details: the tufts of jet-black hair bursting from his strained waistband, the defined contours of his shaft—her mind filled in what little blanks remained, imagining its shape and texture. A magnetic allure coaxed her gaze back to his crotch with every rep, stirring a blend of curiosity, trepidation, and fascination.

Not only had Nick captured her attention with his presence, but he had also managed to awaken her senses, especially her sense of smell. With each repetition, she caught a strong whiff of his natural scent, a heady combination of sweat and a hint of cologne. It mingled with the air, creating a hypnotic effect, drawing her in like a freshly baked chocolate croissant. The close proximity between their bodies and the heat of the workout created an atmosphere seeping with Nick's essence, and her body couldn't help but react to the raw masculinity emanating from him.

Her calves grazed the inner expanse of his thighs, the touch innocuous yet laden with unspoken tension. The contrast between her soft, sun-kissed skin and his rugged, tough exterior was striking. Sweaty masculinity hung in the air, inviting her to take a good whiff, to embrace the raw sensuality of the situation.

Nick's gaze, ravenous and unrelenting, devoured the contours of her sinuous form. So intense, she could sense the weight of his obsession on the thick, thunderous legs he had been so keen to laud. A fine sheen of sweat coated her tan thighs, glistening, dressing their shapeliness to mouthwatering effect. The beads of moisture followed the curves of her legs, tracing pathways accentuating the tender suppleness of her flesh and the underlying strength of her muscles. The same muscles that had already been ignited by the earlier exercises Nick had guided her through now found themselves further ignited by the scorching intensity of his unabashed gaze.

Despite herself, Bea could still hear his husky voice echoing in her head, ordering her to spread her legs. Nice and wide.

Her bustling bust was not spared from the effects of her exertion either. The sweat-drenched top of her karate gi clung to her curves, moulding itself to her voluptuous contours.

In perfect harmony with each sit-up, the material stretched taut across her chest, accentuating the natural sway and enticing bounce of her breasts. As a result of glistening sweat and the water she had poured over herself, her white cutoff top took on a translucent quality, granting teasing peeks at the bursting form and dimensions of her bosom beneath.

Lost in the intoxicating rhythm of her movements, Nick had long since abandoned any attempt at counting her sit-ups, the word “six” echoing in vague repetition as his focus was captivated by the mesmerising undulation of her chest. Her tally of reps might’ve paused, but the tension between them escalated beyond countable measure.

A charged undercurrent of desire and anticipation hung heavily in the air, each breath carrying with it the unspoken acknowledgment of the hunger binding them.

Bea, in a valiant attempt to channel her focus, zeroed in on the mechanics of the sit-ups, all in a bid to wrest her mind from the intoxicating atmosphere. Yet, the irrefutable evidence of Nick’s arousal lingered, and with each rise, she couldn’t help but notice the bulge atop her kneepads, stirring as if yearning for a response.

As the tension swelled, so did the manifestation of his libido, the bulge growing ever more prominent under the seductive influence of her voluptuous, sweaty form.

Bea flushed. Unable to handle the mounting tension any longer, she shut her eyes and focused on her breathing, hoping to quell the heady grip threatening her composure. She sought refuge in the hazy darkness behind her eyelids. Yet, her efforts seemed to backfire, intensifying her other senses; the mingling scents of their sweat inundated her nostrils, and the sleek touch of her shins against his well-defined thighs sparked an unavoidable static.

The Galar Gym Leader Conference! That should’ve been the primary focus, the sole reason for having him here. Four months...

No matter how hard she tried to steer her mind toward her goal, the image of Nick’s glaring bulge was imprinted on her consciousness. She could feel it, the weight of it on her kneepads, taunting her, daring her to unglue her shut eyes. Unbeknownst to her, as she persisted with her blind sit-ups, his bulge persisted in stretching his spandex.

The tension in the room and in his gym shorts alike became unbearable.

*SPROING!*

His manhood burst free from its cramped prison, springing out and extending before him.

Bea, consumed by the rhythm of her exercise, remained blissfully unaware of the swift unveiling, until she completed her next sit-up, bringing her face up against a sleek and rounded sensation. She froze, fingers still interlocked behind her head. The intoxicating scent of Nick's masculinity filled her senses, emanating from the object she had just poked her nose into, now hovering close to her nostrils. She sniffed it inquisitively, the warmth and muskiness of his essence swirling around her, and hesitantly opened her eyes to reveal the shocking sight—Nick's engorged manhood throbbing inches from her face!

An unnerving anticipation crackled in the room as her wide eyes remained transfixed on the head of his exposed phallus. The reality of his situation hit her like a powerful wave, shattering any lingering doubts she might have had about the contents of his shorts. It was real alright, raw, and unapologetically stiff and ready, just *throbbing* with want and need. Each heartbeat reverberated in her chest like the rapid flutter of a caged Butterfree, the glorious revelation of Dickolas rendering her speechless.

Her breath hitched in her throat, caught in a mesmerising stand-off, a wordless duel of enthrallment where neither dared to make the first move. In the midst of the charged atmosphere, her gaze was drawn inexorably to his engorged tip. A rush of heat flooded her cheeks as she traced the wet blot on her nose back to the gentle brush against the leaky head of his erection. The powerful musk radiating from his genitals filled her personal space, wrapping around her like a sensual fog, making her heart race and her thoughts whirl in a dizzying dance.

Had he... done this on purpose? The situation felt highly unprofessional, but she had to admit she might have contributed to the less formal session when she challenged him to that playful squatting contest. Little did she know it would lead to this...

She felt the accusatory gaze of his swollen mushroom tip pointed at her, as if insisting she was the cause of its abrupt emergence. His erection stared back at her trembling eyes, its presence now impossible to ignore, a tangible culmination of all the longing and intensity he had displayed while ogling her throughout the workout.

This time, Bea wasn't imagining it. It was too vivid, too raw, too heady. The full length and girth of his sudden reveal exceeded her wildest imagination, showcasing a stark

contrast between the darker, almost primal hue of the veiny shaft and the tender, pinkish head hovering close to her lips. Utterly astounded, she couldn't fathom how such impressive length and girth had been tucked into the confines of those tiny, black shorts—albeit, barely.

*Arceus, it is so close...*

The true nature of this 'accidental' exposure was a question that burned in her mind. It seemed too confrontational to be mere happenstance. Was Nick intentionally testing the boundaries of their competitive game, seeking to push the limits and elevate their interactions to a new level?

Her thoughts drifted back to when she had pulled off his yoga pose; embarrassing as it were, she liked to think she had risen to the occasion, and broke free from any perception of being too 'uptight.' But this, this was a bold escalation beyond her expectations. To flaunt his massive member so blatantly, to lay it so bare before her gaze. So brazen and daring, it left her questioning the depths he would sink to just to outdo her.

What would Nessa think?

After she had vouched for her cousin's professionalism? Here he was, all but thrusting his manhood in Bea's stunned face, a blatant and provocative challenge to every notion of decorum. And Bea just... let it linger there...

What would Nessa think of *her*?

Bea knew she should have told Nick to stuff his enormity back in his tiny pants, to restore the integrity of this try-out session. This wasn't at all what she had in mind when she insisted he make himself comfortable in her home. Should she kick him out? She could, but...

Still frozen in her sit-up position, Bea felt the tension reach its crescendo, coiling tightly like a spring on the verge of release as their sweat-slicked bodies radiated a stifling heat.

Bea's internal voice screamed at her to stop this dangerous game before it went too far. She had to regain control of the situation before things spiralled even further.

Upon opening her mouth, intending to put an end to the escalating standoff, the faint breath from her parted lips brushed against the tip of his throbbing erection. The unintended contact was like a spark igniting a powder keg, setting off an eruption of epic proportions.

An overpowering surge of pent-up arousal splurged out of his phallus with the force of a powerful hose, catching Bea completely off guard as it splashed across her face at point-blank range. She never saw it cumming. His meat-canon pulsed intensely, the gushing release beyond his control. Helpless, he could only watch in alarm as the white torrent plastered her features in a thick coat. He hadn't anticipated such a powerful reaction to Bea's mere breath, but there was no stopping it once it started. The moment was raw, primal, and both of them were taken aback by the intensity of the blast.

It felt as though a bucket of scorching, pungent liquid had been thrown at her face, drenching her in its sticky embrace. The deluge cascaded down her features like a melting mask of essence, leaving trails of warmth across her skin. His twitching phallus leaked the last few dribbles, adding to the glistening mess that now spilt onto her chest.

Suddenly, the room fell into a precarious silence, the aftermath of his premature explosion enveloping them in a heavy shroud of musk. Nick himself remained on his knees before her, his thighs still securing her feet to the mat, while Bea hadn't moved an inch from her sit-up position throughout the spontaneous facial.

The sudden and intense outpouring of his arousal had struck them both like an awkward gut punch, freezing them in a state of silent surprise. A thick and heavy hush saturated the room as they grappled with the vulgar reality of what had just occurred. The only sounds to break the stillness were the trickling remnants of Nick's passionate outburst, his cum dripping from Bea's face and hair, forming a warm, sticky pool on the exercise mat beneath her.

*This is...*

Her cheeks burned red beneath the hot splatter of semen. A flicker of annoyance crossed her features, aghast at her personal trainer's lack of self-control. Up until this point, he had done so well to demonstrate his discipline, too. She looked about ready to jump up and knock his block head off his shoulders, but she didn't—not yet—simply sat there simmering in his sticky mess, intrigued by the faint hint of sweetness laced in its pungent aroma.

Nick, recognising the annoyance etched on Bea's face, stammered, ready to apologise for losing control. But before the words could escape his lips, a surprising change swept over her features. Her annoyance melted away, evaporating under the weight of a newfound intrigue. Eyes closed, her tense features relaxed, like a canvas slowly being smoothed by an artist's brush, and then she leaned forward...

A tender kiss touched the swollen tip of his erection.

The sudden display of affection stunned Nick, especially towards the very tool responsible for her sullied visage. Bemusement filled him, but so too did an upsurge of lechery at her lewd response. His member throbbed anew, and without warning, a second wave of heated release gushed forth from his meat-canon.

The room spun as rapture coursed through and out of him, leaving him disoriented by the overwhelming rush of relief.

This time, however, Bea showed surprising composure as she prepared herself for his second cumming. With a sense of daring, she wrapped her lips around his erupting tip, taking him in with deliberate intent. Her hands moved sensually over her ample breasts, pressing them against her thighs while maintaining her sit-up posture. The sight before him was shamelessly lewd yet unavoidably captivating. Her lips sealed around his throbbing member, her eager mouth accepting his essence with a fervour that left him breathless.

Bea's cheeks bulged and swelled as she accommodated the influx of semen. Her body responded to their heightened intimacy in kind, a jet of excitement shooting through the bottom of her bodysuit, leaving telltale stains on the exercise mat beneath them. Once her bloated face was fully laden, she swallowed him all down, her cheeks hollowing as she gulped every last drop.

She stuck out her tongue and presented an empty mouth, a triumphant declaration confirming she had fully taken him down and conquered the predicament he had thrown in her face. Nick, stunned into silence, could only gaze at her in awe and defeat. He had thought his daring exposure might fluster her, but instead, she had met it head-on and used it to her advantage. Basking in her subtle victory, a surge of satisfaction and empowerment washed over the Gym Leader.

A gentle, almost startled murmur slipped from between her lips, carrying a note of surprise. “Oh... it’s rather... interesting...” The taste gracing her tongue was unexpected, but welcome. A fusion of sweetness, saltiness, and a touch of bitterness danced upon her taste buds.

*Men do not taste like this...*

Without hesitation, her finger swiped across her cheek, capturing more of the intriguing essence, and brought it to her lips. Her mind connected the dots to the vibrant assortment of colourful drinks he lugged around in his gym bag. They must have had something to do with his distinct, fruity flavour.

Now that Bea had swallowed his bitter-sweet seed, turning the shock of his exposure upon him, she couldn’t imagine how he could possibly top *that*.

The room held its breath as they grappled with the lingering uncertainty in the air.

Before a single word could be exchanged or a move made, the abrupt intrusion of Bea’s ringing phone shattered the charged atmosphere. The shrill tone reverberated, slicing through the tension like a knife, and Bea felt a strange mixture of relief and annoyance at the interruption.

“I must attend to that,” she declared, making a fleeting escape from the awkwardness that had settled between them. “It may be something critical concerning the Gym.”

Bea rose from the mat, putting some distance between herself and Nick as she reached for her ringing phone. With her back turned to him, she covertly continued to pick and eat at the cum warming her face, her lips curling into a subtle, secret smile as she savoured the fruity tang in his emissions. She did her best to hide this peculiar indulgence from his eyes.

A swift glance at her phone’s screen confirmed it was Nessa calling. Bea wiped the side of her face that her phone would touch, then answered the call, licking her sullied palm dry as she did so.

Nessa’s voice chimed through the line, inquiring about the progress of the training session with her cousin.

Bea hesitated, her tone attempting to convey an air of nonchalance while keeping aware of Nick's half-naked presence lingering behind her. "The training session with Nick? Well, it's..."

Nessa's concern deepened, her words tinged with apprehension "Yeah? It's...? Oh God, tell me something didn't go wrong?"

"Something like what...?"

"I don't know." Nessa's sigh carried the weight of her worry. "I know you have your unique way of doing things. I'd hate if I convinced you to take a chance on something new and it all blew up in your face."

Bea cleared her throat, a hint of irony trapped in her voice. "Well..."

"Well?"

"It's... you have nothing to concern yourself with, Nessa."

"I don't?" Nessa's tone took a sudden turn, a touch of triumph in her voice. "Ha! I knew it! Nick's the best, isn't he? Is he putting you through your paces?"

That was one way of putting it.

*Hm. Wait a minute...*

Bea couldn't shake off the suspicion there was more to Nessa's call than just a friendly check-in. The timing felt unnervingly precise, and the fact Nessa was specifically asking about the training session raised Bea's suspicions.

"Nessa, be forthcoming," she pressed, "Was this whole thing simply a setup?"

"What? A setup?" Nessa sounded surprised. "What do you mean?"

Bea's suspicions lingered, and she hesitated before responding. "Hm. I'm merely considering the timing of this call following what just transpired—"

"Uh, what just transpired?" Nessa's interest was piqued.

Bea felt her cheeks warm, thankful Nessa couldn't see her over the phone. "Never mind that. My question remains unanswered."

“No,” Nessa replied, her voice sounding a touch uncertain, “it wasn’t a setup. Like, not completely...”

“Not completely?” Bea rolled her eyes. “Nessa.”

“Seriously. I thought you could do with a workout partner and I still think Nick’s the perfect candidate. Now, did I think he might help you loosen up in more ways than one? Sure, maybe, but I promise that wasn’t my intention! I didn’t put him up to anything if that’s what you’re asking,” Nessa insisted.

Bea took a deep breath, her mind conflicted but her heart wanting to believe her closest associate. “Alright. I must go now.” She decided to reserve her final judgment on Nessa’s involvement for later. For now, she had a more immediate concern to address—the half-naked man standing in her home, potentially a co-conspirator in an elaborate scheme.

She hung up and confronted Nick, who was readjusting his gym shorts. Averting her gaze, she brought the concerns raised by her conversation with Nessa.

“Setup?” Nick asked, affronted. “None of this was part of any plan. I only came here to train you.” Bea narrowed her eyes at him sceptically. “Although, I do admit,” he continued, “after seeing you in person, I couldn’t help himself.”

Bea quelled the faint blush threatening her cheeks, masking her own admission of attraction. The scent of him on her skin still strong, the taste of him lingering on her tongue—she guarded her expression from giving too much away. “Anyway,” she said, observing him reach for his sweatpants, “you can’t depart just yet. Our business is yet to be concluded.”

Nick’s eyes flickered, curiosity mingling with surprise. “Oh yeah?”

Bea straightened her posture and cleared her throat. “A sparring match,” she proposed. “Let us find out if you can handle a real challenge.”

“Heh, you’re just full of challenges, aren’t you?” A spark of excitement ignited in his eyes, the thrill of competition mirrored in his demeanour. “Really think you’re a match for me?”

Her eyes flashed with determination. “Afraid, are you?”

Nick chuckled. "Alright then, you're on," he said. "But I should warn you, I'm not going to go easy on you."

"Good." Bea grinned, mischief shining in her eyes. "Because neither shall I."

She charged at the towering personal trainer, not affording him a moment to put his pants back on. Nick, clad only in his gym shorts, narrowly avoided her flying kick, impressed by her speed and technique. Swift as a panther, she slid underneath his legs and vaulted onto his back, attempting to secure a sleeper hold. Despite her best efforts, her much smaller frame made the attempt look more like a child clambering for a piggy bank. Nevertheless, Bea didn't back down. With a fluid swing of her body, she manoeuvred into an armbar, taking him down to the floor and cinching her limbs around his bulky arm.

"Nice," Nick commented despite his disadvantaged position. "Knew those thicc thighs of yours would be as powerful as they look."

Focused and determined, Bea paid little heed to his compliment, her concentration set on coaxing his submission. "Surrender while you can," she urged, aware it would be difficult to maintain the hold for long. "Tap!"

"Tap?" Chuckling, Nick rose to his feet effortlessly as Bea clung to his arm like a tenacious Skwovet trying to take down a sturdy Oak tree. Her astonishment mounted, realising her armbar had little effect. "So, you like wrestling, ey?" he teased. "How about a tombstone piledriver?"

With swift ease, he spun her upside-down into position, his arms securing her small torso, as if threatening to drop her on her head. In this gravity-defying moment, Bea found her upside-down face a breath away from his bulging crotch.

"No matter how big they appear," she mused with a defiant smirk, "they all suffer the same weakness."

Bea scraped her tongue downwards along his bulge.

A jolt of surprise coursed through Nick as her assault had its intended effect, eliciting a strained response from the behemoth. "So, playing dirty, are we?" His legs wobbled as the devious lick disrupted his balance. But he was keen not to let her sneak attack get the better of him.

With Bea upside-down in his secure grasp, Nick carried her out of the training room and up the staircase, each step adding to the thrill of their impromptu bout. As they ascended, Bea persisted with her unconventional tactic, licking his bulge over the shorts with increased vigour. Her resolve to gain the upper hand before reaching their destination was unwavering. Each purposeful lick aimed to weaken his grip enough to allow her to wriggle free.

The electricity between them was overflowing as they reached the top of the staircase, the finish line in sight. Nick surged forward, his pace hastening toward the bedroom door, while Bea redoubled her licking efforts, hoping to break him down in the last stretch. The pivotal moment loomed before them, and neither was willing to yield.

Summoning a final burst of energy, Nick kicked the door open with his foot. He stepped inside, crossing the threshold just as Bea executed a skilful manoeuvre to escape. Flipping forward out of his clutches, she landed in a crouched position, letting the blood rush down from her head.

A smirk played at the corner of his lips, impressed. "You've got some moves."

"Yes, I'm aware." She turned on her heels and launched herself at him again.

"But so do I," Nick countered, sidestepping and catching Bea in mid-air. He spun her round and slammed her back against the wall. Trapped between a rock and a hard place, she struggled to wriggle free, her legs flailing on either side of his muscular torso. The nature of their contest took a sultry turn when his lips crashed into hers in a searing kiss.

Bea's resistance melted away.

Her initial struggle gave way to a delicious surrender as the heated pull of his kiss overwhelmed her. Despite having licked her face clean, the lingering scent of his essence persisted, though it didn't slow down his passion one iota, eating her lips with insatiable hunger. Their fiery passion intensified, their bodies pressed close, hearts beating as one. Her hands roamed across the dark landscape of his sculpted back, tracing the contours of his strong shoulder blades. As the one-upmanship progressed to tongue wrestling, his obstinate bulge pressed against her, the thinness of his spandex leaving little in the way. The friction ignited a wildfire between her legs, spreading wanton heat to every corner of her being.

He broke the kiss, his voice a sultry whisper. "Surrender?"

“Never,” Bea responded on instinct, as she would in any scenario that question was posed to her.

Suddenly, Nick’s hips surged forward, a forceful thrust pinning Bea against the wall, with deliberate pressure targeting her yearning heat. A suppressed grunt escaped her lips, the abruptness of the motion breaking through her resolve.

Nick grinned with satisfaction at provoking such a reaction, inflicting the first cracks in her hardened façade. “Even the toughest cookies crumble when I get through with them,” he purred, a blend of silk and danger in his tone.

The defiant Gym Leader responded between ragged pants. “We’ll just have to see about tha—”

Another assertive thrust silenced her retort abruptly, wrenching a gasp from her parted lips. He allowed her a moment to catch her breath before repeating the motion, each thrust of his hips stronger and more insistent than the last. As he pressed her back against the wall, her bosom got squashed between their bodies, the sensation of his chest against her breasts overwhelming, exhilarating. She could feel the hard contours of his muscular torso against her soft curves, the contrast between them stirring a fierce craving within her. From a vantage point outside her window, her petite form would’ve disappeared behind the burly stature pinning her to the wall, leaving only her dangling limbs visible from his sides.

Her legs, once full of fight, now flailed about his waist with each forceful thrust, the strength in her thighs waning under the bulgy barrage. She clung to him, desperate for purchase, circling her arms over his broad shoulders as he dry-humped her against her bedroom wall. Although, the friction between their groins was anything but ‘dry’, an observation he was all too eager to share.

“Is that a Squirtle in your pocket?” he teased, “Or are you really, *really* just happy to see me?” He punctuated the taunt with another sharp hip thrust rocking her back against the barrier.

There were very few moments in Bea’s life she felt small and defenceless, and this might’ve topped them all. He kept her pinned against the wall with his relentless hip movements, the temperature between her legs reaching a fever pitch. She felt the full force of his powerful frame with each thrust, felt his hardness through her shorts, through her

bodysuit, and her own excitement wetted him through both layers. Bea shuddered to imagine the intensity she would've been experiencing if no clothes were in their way.

"You're going down, Ms. Bea," he promised in a husky whisper.

The gravity of his threat became evident as he stepped back. With the absence of his strong frame holding her up, she slid down the wall precariously. The soft thud of her landing was almost drowned out by the thunderous beat of her heart. She was trying to steady her shaky legs when he dragged her away from the wall and pushed her in the opposite direction. Though he barely put any force in the shove, Bea lurched forward, stumbling onto her hands and knees at the foot of her bed.

"Surrender?" he asked again.

Her defiant resolve remained unbroken; she turned her head to face him, her upturned gaze meeting his as he loomed over her with unwavering confidence. "Not a chance." His commanding presence filled the room, so tall it appeared as though his towering figure reached the ceiling fan from her vantage point.

Nick crossed his arms and scoffed at her defiance. "I was hoping you'd say that." As he reached for his waistband, her eyes were drawn to the protuberant lump in his shorts. Her heart skipped a beat, knowing exactly what was about to happen.

With a quick, strong motion, Nick pulled down the spandex, revealing his impressive length, and this time, Bea witnessed it spring out up close and personal, the throbbing beast whipping free with a violent *FWAP* of air.

Although recently familiar with his proportions, she couldn't help but gawk at its dramatic re-emergence.

"Love what you see, don't you? Yeah, you do." He smirked. "I could tell from the start. Don't you worry," he continued, slapping his manhood in his palm as he closed the distance between them, "I have this big, old slab of dark chocolate for that sweet tooth of yours."

Her eyes went wide with surprise, realising he had worked out her weakness.

Unlike before, Nick wasn't content to let her endure a tense-filled, passive admiration of his manhood. He took matters into his own hands, his strong fist curling around her scalp,

his fingers tangling in the strands of her silver hair. With an assertive tug, he directed her face toward his swollen tip.

In a tone blending mockery with lust, he teased, “I mean, you still are thirsty, aren’t you?” His words hung in the air, dripping with sordid implications that made her mouth go dry.

Before she could respond, he wound back his left hip and swung at her, his impressive length coming at her like a throbbing, fleshy baseball bat. The impact of his firm smack against her cheek turned her head and sent a thrilling jolt coursing through her.

Nick’s voice carried a playful arrogance as he continued, “You see, I was nice before, but since you want to take me on, you’re going to learn to respect this dick.” Each of his words held a potent promise, and he punctuated them with a firm slap of his phallus against her other cheek, the sound resonating through her bedroom and heightening the sultry ambiance.

Despite the sinking feeling of relinquishing control, Bea’s determination to surpass his expectations blazed within her. Amid the swirling mist of their competitive rivalry, she felt herself drawn to embrace the intensity of the moment, not to mention the prospect of bathing in more of his fruity essence. When he prodded his bulbous tip against her lips and commanded her to “open up,” she found herself yielding without hesitation.

Nick pushed himself forth, inch by inch, his swollen tip parting her lips and invading her mouth. Her eyes widened as she felt the fullness of him, her tongue instinctively working to accommodate his size. The sheer magnitude of him overwhelmed her, and she had to suppress the urge to gag. She struggled to find her rhythm, to match his movements as he probed inside her orifice with reckless abandon, her stuffed mouth dripping spit and precum. Beads of sweat formed on her forehead, and she closed her eyes, focusing on aligning her throat with his pelvis and keeping his pace.

Bea’s demanding schedule rarely afforded her the luxury of indulging her carnal desires, but in those rare moments, she had never encountered anything half as big as the monstrosity currently exploring her mouth. She refused to back down though, refused to surrender her competitive edge, even as the corners of her eyes watered and his length crept down her throat. Suppressing any impulse to pull away, she continued to take him in, her

unwavering effort met with low groans of approval. His carnal affirmations only spurred her on, assured her she was exceeding his expectations and meeting this new challenge head-on.

Trainer and trainee fell into a passionate rhythm, her apprehension giving way to a spirited desire to conquer the throbbing manhood sliding on her tongue, to coax more seed from his seemingly bottomless sack.

With one hand, she stroked his girth in a firm grip, her head moving in tandem with his relentless thrusts. Filling the air were the explicit sounds of her lips sliding wetly along his shaft and the chugging noises as she scooped down his size. His clasp on her hair tightened, his hips moving with unrelenting force testing her limits, the lewd squelches of her oral ministrations mingling with his primal grunts. With a final, powerful thrust, he reached the deepest recesses of her throat, making her choke on it before pulling out his glistening length, leaving her gasping for precious breath.

The sight of her on her hands and knees, panting and dishevelled, brought a smirk to his chiselled features. “Impressive. Someone really loves their chocolate bars.”

Keen to test her further, Nick clasped her dishevelled locks and hoisted her back to her feet with one arm. But suddenly, Bea’s determination flared once more and she shook her head free from his grasp. In a burst of strength, fuelled by her competitive spirit, she grabbed his arm and tugged back hard, sending them both crashing onto the bed—well, almost; although doubled over, Nick managed to stay on his feet, using his free arm to support himself while Bea attempted to ensnare him in an ever-elusive armband. “C’mon, this again?” He chuckled. “Just don’t know when to quit, do you?”

“I shall not cease until I defeat you,” she retorted.

With a strained growl, he hauled himself up, pulling Bea along like a tenacious Mankey clinging to a sturdy branch. Shaking her grip loose, he dropped her back onto the mattress, her fingers slipping from his arm. He straddled her waist with his powerful knees, imposing his superiority, then reached down and tore off her cutoff shirt, exposing the skintight bodysuit clinging to her mountainous chest. Bea gasped, caught off guard by the ease with which he undid the fabric she had meticulously designed for her modified gi. While awe shaped her features, excitement surged through her veins, her nipples standing tall and stiff, threatening to puncture through the black spandex.

His eyes gleamed with a primal hunger as he licked his chops, savouring the sight before him. Without warning, he ripped open her bodysuit with targeted force, creating a sizable tear that bared her left breast. Her large, pink areola came into full view, surrounded by soft, tan flesh beckoning him. Crimson spread across her nose and filled both cheeks. She attempted to thwart him from exposing the other, but he clasped her tiny wrists in one large hand and pinned them above her head, rendering her powerless to stop his advances. Using his teeth and free hand, he tore away the fabric covering her other breast, exposing it to his ravenous gaze.

His towering figure wasn't content with showcasing his wrestling prowess; he was also driven by a burning impulse to establish dominance over her. He held her writhing form beneath him, like a Pyroar asserting its strength over its prey. His large, calloused hand gripped and kneaded one of her soft, fleshy mounds—the softest part of her mostly-toned body. Bea found herself powerless to resist as he singled out one of her exposed breasts and stuffed his mouth.

The moment his lips closed around her erect nipple, a torrent of pleasure surged through her, electrifying every nerve ending. With her wrists captured in his firm grasp above her head, her bare feet curled and wriggled involuntarily at the foot of the bed. Intense waves of rapture swept from her chest to her extremities, a cascade of shivers coursing down her spine. The fight in her arms began to wane, her struggle to maintain composure gradually succumbing to the slick ministrations of his deft tongue.

His prowess over her was undeniable, and as much as her competitive spirit urged her to fight back, the destabilising blend of dominance and gratification left her mesmerised, weakening under his advances. The contrast between his brute strength and the gentle, almost reverent touch of his lips and tongue on her sensitive flesh sent her senses into overdrive, blurring the lines between rivalry and yearning.

A hitched breath and a low, sultry moan escaped her lips as he continued his indulgent feast upon her bared breasts, murmurs of ecstasy and surrender slipping into the air. Each tender stroke of his tongue, every electrifying touch had the barriers she had built around her pride crumble, exposing the vulnerability she had kept hidden for so long.

His feverish dining evoked helpless whimpers from the hardened Gym Leader. Yet, his appetite remained voracious, a hunger that could only be quenched by having more of her.

His large hand slithered toward the spandex sheltering her wet heat. Bea's senses jolted awake, realising his intentions, and she tried to wrestle back control, not quite ready to surrender *that* part of her yet. She squirmed and wriggled, managed to wrap her thighs around his waist, but his powerful frame proved too bulky to overturn.

With casual ease, Nick flipped her over onto her chest, as if she were a mere plaything, a life-sized plushie in his hands. Her heart pounded in her chest as she tried to gather her bearings, but there was no respite. She had encouraged him not to hold back, and he was proving himself true to his word. With an assertive grasp, he took hold of her waist, lifting her bottom into the air, then tore the back of her shorts open, followed swiftly by the back of her bodysuit.

The cool rush of air against her exposed skin paired with the heated intensity of his gaze sent a precarious shiver up her spine. Her breath hitched as she felt the raw power he wielded over her, his commanding presence both frightening and thrilling. Memories of his intense gaze while she squatted under his watch flashed in her mind, only now, her most intimate parts were on full display for his prying eyes—puffy with arousal and slick with lust. Such a dirty man, Bea thought, before she realised his hands had released their hold on her; she could have easily moved out of his reach, but instead, she found herself willingly maintaining her provocative pose, propped up and vulnerable under his penetrative gaze.

“Sorry, Ms. Bea,” Nick said, recognising the invitation in her posture, “you put up quite the fight, but that pussy belongs to me now.”

His hand came down with a sharp smack on the small of her back, causing her to gasp in surprise and compliance, maintaining her bent-forward position. Her rear end was now on full display, tan cheeks peeking out from the torn fabric of her bodysuit.

The mattress dipped beneath their combined weight as Nick positioned himself behind her.

Anticipation gripped her throat.

And then, it happened—the bulbous head of his phallus nudged her slick entrance, parting her delicate folds and easing its way inside. Her eyes flew open, shock and ecstasy flooding her sensibilities as he breached her walls, his impressive girth exponentially filling the wet confines of her desperate cunt. The sensation was tremendous, an intense stretch

unlike anything she had ever experienced before, her nether lips expanding around his considerable size. Pain and pleasure fused at her core, had her fingers clawing at the sheets beneath her as her body adjusted to the intrusion.

The swell of her own ardour overpowered any discomfort. Her back arched, an unspoken invitation for him to delve even deeper, and he did not keep her waiting. His fingers dug into her hips as he began to move, setting a steady pace that left her gasping and spilling moans, her resistance crumbling with each testing thrust.

His voice, dripping with a mixture of triumph and taunting, mocked her as he revelled in his ascendancy. “Not so tough now, are you?” he goaded, the words punctuated by the unrelenting drive of his hips, each motion staking his claim over her trembling form. “Regret taking me on yet, Ms. Bea?”

Her words were swallowed by a chorus of sensual moans and groans, her voice reduced to an incoherent melody of bliss. The answer would have been a resounding no if she could articulate it, for she didn’t regret a single moment of this fiery encounter.

And by the sounds of him, he didn’t regret compromising his professionalism either.

A guttural growl tore from his throat. “Argh! You’re so tight, so wet,” he murmured. “You’re driving me nuts.” Losing himself to his basic instincts, the burly trainer plunged himself within her over and over again. His violent pelvis collided against her taut cheeks, and the room filled with the loud sound of their impacts, a resounding concerto of passion and domination. The force of his pounding propelled her body forward, anchored only by his stabilising grip on her hips. Her buttocks became his canvas, her cheeks reddening under the merciless assault of his passion. He gave her a different kind of pump now, stronger than any her squats had generated. Her arm was pulled back, her face pressed into the pillow, an irrefutable display of his dominance, asserting his complete control over her smaller stature.

“MMMPH?! HRRNF!” Her moans were muffled by the pillow, but the sound of their bodies coming together echoed through the room. The forceful claps of his muscly frame against her muscly cheeks reverberated like thunder, the aftershocks of each impact sending ripples through her flesh. The weight of his dominance bore down on her, and the bed creaked and groaned under the force of his robust ploughing, threatening to collapse beneath them.

“...UOOOHH! I’m gonna stuff my spunk into your pussy!”

As he announced his seedy intentions, a rush of amazement engulfed her. How could he possibly have anything left after already unleashing two hefty loads (not that she was complaining)? His stamina defied all logic, and Bea couldn’t help but feel a sense of empowerment, knowing she had awakened something wild in the consummate professional. They had both lost control, and yet somehow, found a strange strength in their supposed shortcomings.

Of course, there was nothing short about Nick. Standing tall, his imposing figure effortlessly lifted Bea off the bed from her all-fours position. Her back pressed against his solid, chiselled torso, her voluptuous form melding against his as her feet dangled at his knees, the contrast between their sizes striking. What was left of her tattered shorts fell to the ground, leaving nothing but her bodysuit clinging to her sweaty form, revealing three strategic holes—the bottommost between her legs, where his manhood impaled her and formed a noticeable bulge at her core.

The Giga Machop of a man found the strength and dexterity to sustain his powerful thrusts as he held her upright in midair, her black bow askew in the throes of passion. Her pussy stretched around him, enveloping his girth with each forceful entrance. The lubricious sound of their joining created a chorus of lust, the wet squelching accompanied by the crude slapping of his upswinging sack against her sex. Her juices flowed freely, cascading down onto his large sack, further lubricating their intimacy. The mix of their fluids and the explicit sounds created an ambiance of primal coitus.

Suspended in his embrace, she felt a cross between vulnerability and exhilaration, as if she were weightless, lost in the heat of their athletic romp. Every thrust sent waves of pleasure coursing up her body, and she clung to the bulky arm he wrapped around her face, her moans smothered against his stifling forearm. So engrossed in owning her completely, he probably wouldn’t have felt it if she bit into his flesh.

The red-blooded behemoth couldn’t resist the allure of her large, perky breasts peeking out from the holes in her bodysuit. “What’s with these tits?” His rough hand grasped one of her breasts, squeezing and pulling the supple flesh away from her chest, teasing her erect nipple between his fingers. “Walking around the gym with melons like these, aren’t you ashamed?”

Embarrassment and arousal flushed her features. While she had never been ashamed of her physique, her overgrown breasts had been a recent source of concern, but Nick's crude fascination with them and his direct comments ignited a primal response in her. She found herself surprisingly turned on by his aggressive behaviour. Despite his insinuations, Bea had never dressed to provoke or otherwise distract challengers at her Gym, not deliberately; she didn't need to resort to underhanded tactics to secure any victory.

Nevertheless, there was no hiding the voluptuous turn her physical development had taken, her new curves filling out her gi and bodysuit a little more fully than they used to. The personal trainer's rough fondling addressed her worry head-on, or tits-on as it were, transforming her concerns into a new source of delight.

The clash between dominance and submission, aggression and surrender, played out in the way his hand explored her new curves.

Spent, Nick eased himself backwards onto the bed, landing with Bea's back atop his chest, their groins still locked in lust. He continued to grope her breasts from beneath her, but was taken aback when she turned her head and planted a deep, stifling kiss on his lips. As they moaned into each other's mouths, Bea slowly stirred her hips in his lap, guiding his movements as he surrendered control to her slower, more sensual pace.

With her towering opponent now flat on his back, Bea slithered her way into a power position. Sliding out of their union, she turned over on his broad torso, propped herself up and straddled him around the midriff, all whilst distracting him with scorching kisses. Her hands explored his chiselled chest, tracing the contours of his muscles with a hunger matching his own. She could feel his lonesome erection leaning against her lower spine, eager to re-enter the warmth and tightness of her sex. But Bea had something else in mind, something he least expected.

In a sudden burst of boldness, she leapfrogged onto his face, smothering him with her drenched and musky heat.

Her nether lips swallowed his gasp of surprise. Suddenly, Nick found himself caught between struggling for breath and succumbing to the intoxicating trap of her most intimate regions. He tried to free himself, half-heartedly at first, but Bea's strong, sweaty thighs cinched around his head, a vice-like grip keeping him trapped. She remembered how he had

admired the strength of her thighs, and now, she was using them to her advantage, just like he had imagined her crushing a watermelon—only in this case, his head was the watermelon.

She had him where she wanted him and rubbed it in his face, her dominance sopping wet and stifling. His tongue lashed out, exploring her most intimate recesses, flicking across her sensitive petals, grazing her clit, venturing into every crevice within reach as he desperately tried to weaken her hold. A cry of unrestrained ecstasy burst from her lips, filling the room with a primal melody, and her hand swiftly moved to muffle the sound, cheeks burning with embarrassment.

Bea relished in her dominant perch as his oral assault grew more fervent, a last-ditch effort to free himself from her hold, a willingness to eat his way through her bald muff if he had to. Despite his most desperate attempts using cunnilingus as a means to weaken her grip, Bea remained seated on his face, her control unwavering, until finally, Nick tapped out, signalling his surrender by patting her hip.

Grinning triumphantly, Bea released him from her embrace, a long strand of her wetness connecting her pussy to his lips when she dismounted him. Nick lay there, breathless and dazed, his face glistening with her essence. The room was heavy with the heady scent of sex, sweat and sensuality, as Bea basked in her victory.

Nick took a moment to catch his breath, his heart still racing with adrenaline and lust. “Oh, I’m not through yet,” he declared, his voice low and husky.

He sprang back to life with a mischievous gleam in his eyes. Before Bea could react, his hand closed around her ankle, pulling her back across the bed with an impish growl. Bea squealed, a playful contrast to her stoic demeanour as the Stow-on-Side’s Gym Leader.

As they tussled on the sheets, the atmosphere was charged with a different kind of energy, one more playful and teasing. Their movements were fuelled by a mutual need to explore each other’s bodies, and the skirmish became a pretext for their hands to roam freely.

Bea tittered as she flirtatiously evaded his attempts to pin her down. The seductive game of cat and mouse was inundated with a sensual undercurrent they both played into. In the disarray of their frantic tussle, her kneepads wound up stripped off her legs while the tears in her bodysuit expanded further, revealing more of her intimate areas. He took every opportunity to touch her big naturals and grope her inner thighs, revelling in the thrill of the

chase while they rolled around on her soft mattress. Bea felt lighter in spirit and body as he tossed her around as easily as he had tossed her heavy weights. As their wrestling match intensified, his sheer power ultimately granted him the upper hand, positioning him firmly atop her supine form. With a primal assertiveness, he secured her small wrists, keeping them wide apart and out of his way.

Their eyes locked, filled with longing and heat, anticipation intensifying.

Nick's gaze, like a searing caress, traced the contours of Bea's body, drawn to the thick, creamy thighs that had tantalised his senses from the moment he laid eyes on them. This time, however, he couldn't contain his admiration. Gone was the need for a suggestive whisper urging her to spread them nice and wide; now, Nick went ahead and forcefully spread them himself.

In a brisk, confident motion, he raised her legs up, bending them at the knees and pinning them to her sides, the scene reminiscent of the Happy Baby pose she had practiced on the exercise mat. Only this time, her torn bodysuit offered no restraint, exposing every explicit detail of her protuberant mound: her nether lips, engorged and swollen, and her emboldened clitoris, emerging from its protective hood begging for attention. The evidence of his recent probing left her sex agape, the scent of her arousal wafting into the air, driving Nick wild with lust. His eager erection twitched at the proximity to her inviting warmth, while her chest rose and fell rapidly.

As his swollen tip inched closer to her entrance, her breath hitched in yearning and anticipation, but his advance came to an abrupt halt mere millimetres away from the glistening folds of her need.

"Look at you." A mocking tone dripped from his words, his voice a heady concoction of lust and playful taunting. "You want it bad, don't you?"

Longing and helplessness etched across her features as her eyes trembled at the imposing erection breathing down her entrance. Bea stood at the precipice of surrender, her autonomy fading as she lay on her back, her legs spread wide by his commanding hands, rendering her vulnerable, exposed, and undeniably at his mercy. The inescapable reality of her predicament settled upon her like a heavy curtain—she was ensnared in a position impossible to manoeuvre out of. The strength in her thighs, once a source of empowerment, now waned, incapable of pulling him closer, unable to bridge the tantalising gap between their aching

bodies. Despite her proud demeanour, a shy nod betrayed her silent plea for him to proceed, to scratch the deep itch only his impressive length could reach.

But Nick's dominance demanded more than a timid concession. "Say it. Tell me how bad you want this cock, Ms. Bea."

Her cheeks flamed with embarrassment as she grappled with her own vulnerability, the battle between longing and pride, between craving gratification and admitting her weaknesses. Lust's pull proved too much to bear, urging her to acquiesce, her voice a soft murmur at first, a fragile admission.

"I want it..."

"What? You're going to have to be louder than that," he urged, his insistence igniting a renewed blaze of heat within her. "You want what, Ms. Bea?"

Blushing deeply, she forced the words from her mouth. "Please, grant me the pleasures only your manhood—"

"No. I told you to tell me that you want this *cock*."

Stunned, she grappled with his demand for explicit language. "Must I?"

"Say it. Say you want this big, black cock."

"Nick..."

He ratcheted up the tension, the rhythm of his hips creating a slick dance as he rubbed against her engorged mound. The sultry friction of his shaft against her folds ignited a fierce, primal moan that reverberated from deep within her. "You're not gonna get this dick until you say it," he insisted, escalating the intensity of the slippery friction. "Drop the formality, girl, tell it to me plain and dirty."

The notion of articulating her desires in explicit terms sent a flush of mortification across her skin, and yet, her body betrayed her, soaking in arousal that couldn't be denied. Her vulnerability was on full display, her need so palpable it bordered on desperation, trembling beneath him as his commanding length brushed against her clit. Shameful excitement forged a carnal urgency within her. Each fervent movement of his hips stoked the flames of her heat, propelling her to the brink of a passionate abyss.

She couldn't hold back any longer.

"Give it to me," she pleaded, her voice quivering with need. "I crave it... I ache for it..." Her voice wavered, but her longing prevailed as she summoned the words he sought, "...need that... big, black cock..."

As her blush deepened, Nick's grin broadened, a wolfish glint in his eyes. "I know you do," he husked, "you're so fucking wet." As if to underscore her eagerness, he slapped his teasing manhood against her sodden lips, the wet sounds reverberating in the room.

"Please, Nick, give it to me..."

"Give you what?"

"That big, black cock!" she beseeched, desperation lacing her words. "I need it."

"Louder," he demanded, the fervent friction along her folds teasing her relentlessly.

"Please, give me that big bla—"

He breached her walls unceremoniously, a powerful thrust plunging him deep into her tight wetness, sending a burst of elation through every fibre of her being.

"Aah!" Her gasp trembled with surprise and relief, her breaths stuttering as she welcomed the girthy intrusion. The clammy grip of his palms pressed her bent legs down, her upturned feet bobbing up in the air while Nick reached new depths of penetration. It was almost too much to handle, the plethora of sensations threatening to consume her, and yet, her fervent hope was that he wouldn't stop.

She marvelled at how he managed to fit it all inside her. Again and again. And again. The rhythmic sounds of their joining, a sensual cadence of *PLAP, PLAP, PLAP*, filled the room, punctuating the air like an erotic heartbeat. Her eyes fluttered with awe as she watched his ginormous dick disappear inside her, an earthy tapestry of contrasts—his dark shaft against her beige complexion, the white froth of her arousal smearing a ring around his girth. The initial pain gave way to a tidal wave of unbridled pleasure, her little body writhing beneath his big, bulky form as his cock plunged in and out of her slick passage.

Nick's primal growls and grunts, untamed and feral, merged with her own whimpers and moans, a chorus of raw passion as he humped his newest potential client into her mattress, subjecting her whining bed base to a test of endurance like none it had ever known.

"So fucking tight!" His voice was a passionate growl. "Love the way I pound that pink, little Gym Leader pussy, don't you?" His words emerged in between ragged breaths. The moaning and groaning Gym Leader nodded, but he insisted on hearing it in words. "Tell me how much!"

"Mmm, aah... ooh, Nick... I love the way you—AAAH—pound my pink... little, Gym Leader pussy!" Her voice quivered as the admission left her lips, a confession of her pining woven into every syllable.

"Yeah, slut." His approval resounded with a sharp slap against her outer thigh.

"Arceus, yes!" Her voice gained an urgency of its own, propelled by an unquenchable thirst for more. "Fuck me, Dickolas! Fuck my wet, little cunt!"

Her ratchet exclamation caught them both by surprise. Bea had never been so loose and unrestrained with her use of language, but the words came from a deeper part of her, the pits of her primal core, the pits Nick drilled into with every plunge of his colossal tool. Her unfiltered cries, laced with profanity, marked a newfound liberation, an unabashed surrender to the tempestuous storm engulfing them both.

Nick's forearm swept across his sweaty brow. Shifting his hands from the back of her knees, his grip encircled her fleshy waist. As her legs floated down and settled round his hips, her gargantuan tits spilled to the sides. Any lingering apprehension Bea had about her potential love handles vanished in the way he warmly embraced her every curve. With his grip around her soft waist, he ploughed into her with renewed fervour, his enormous battering ram punching her insides with as much vigour as her stretched cunt would allow. The powerful rhythm of his thrusts sent her luscious breasts into a wild sway, their vigorous motions jumping upward to graze her flushed visage.

Her euphoric cries crescendoed, uninhibited and unapologetic, a vibrant chorus painting the air with the colours of liberated desire. The melodic strains of her pleasure reached heights she scarcely recognised, the high-pitched noises escaping her lips a testament

to her dissolving inhibitions. Her boundaries of control were shattered, and she no longer held the need to rein in her vocalisations.

She marvelled at her capacity to withstand the relentless pounding Nick delivered, an experience not every woman could endure, she imagined. He fucked her like a man desperate to reclaim his pride after succumbing to her unorthodox face-sitting manoeuvre. Each forceful thrust set out to punish her cunning cunt, her puffy lips flushed and reddened from the unrelenting impact of his pelvis. If there were any doubts before, she held nothing but respect for his manho—his big, black cock—now, and anybody within a 20-metre radius of her house knew it, too.

Bea's thoughts became a swirl of forbidden delight, the thrill of being taken by a brutish stranger in her own bedroom, the very space where she should have held the ultimate authority. Instead, she surrendered to the raw intensity of Nick's vengeful pounding.

Bea remained suspended between conflicting emotions—undecided on whether to direct her gratitude or frustration towards Nessa for orchestrating this encounter with her cousin. Nessa had hoped he would loosen her up, and well, mission accomplished; her previously 'uptight' walls were now stretched and filled by his monstrous thrusts. Bea was certain her tightness would never be the same after Nick was done piledriving his cock into her. Arching her back off the rocking bed, her silver hair spilled onto the sheets, and Bea's passion was laid bare. Her tongue lolled out the side of her mouth, a subconscious display of the ecstasy he had evoked from her.

"Auugh...!!" Nick howled, a crescendo of raw pleasure surging through his being as he reached the pinnacle of his ecstasy. "This karate bitch... your pussy's clamping down so tight!!" His euphoria was punctuated by the instinctive clench of her pelvic muscles. An earth-shaking grunt emerged from his lips as he fulfilled his promise, releasing a third, explosive *SPLURT* that painted her inner sanctum white.

Instead of spilling it all into her womb, Nick reserved a fraction of his release, then withdrew his pulsating cock and guided its leaky head into her panting lips. He cradled her head tenderly while the remaining surge of his climax flooded her mouth, his sac convulsing as it emptied its contents. Her lips closed around his oozing cock, and Bea embraced her role with fervour, draining him like a famished child savouring a big, black bottle of man-milk. Her head bobbed eagerly as she stroked his shaft in a tight fist, moans of satisfaction escaping

past the girth of his tip. She marvelled at the striking contrast between the monstrous countenance of his veiny shlong and the saccharine cum it released. A contented burp escaped her lips, a small droplet of essence blemishing her cheek as she completed her indulgence, sated and satisfied.

“Wow, Ms. Bea,” Nick breathed, his big, tasty cock softening across her shoulder while they both came down from their passionate exertion, “your reputation as a fierce battler is rivalled only by your fierce sweet tooth.”

“I... I couldn't help it...”

“Hah... hah... that sure was a ball drainer. And I ain't complaining. Look at this—” He positioned himself behind her, his dense thicket of pubic hair nestling her head, then reached down and spread her legs back as wide as he could, unveiling the creamy aftermath of their fervent union. The combined juices gushing from her wrecked pussy filled him with a sense of accomplishment, and the hot, steaming pool it formed on her dishevelled bedsheets bore witness to the intensity of their trial session. “I can't believe you're a Gym Leader with a lewd body like this.”

“I can't believe you're a personal trainer with professionalism like this,” she fired back, her breath still uneven from the pleasure they had indulged in.

“Heh, touché.” He collapsed beside her, both of them spent. Their bodies glistened with sweat as blissful exhaustion washed over them. “Just so you know, I've never done this kind of thing with any of my clients before.”

“Right...” Bea responded, her uncertainty about his words lingering. Regardless, she opted not to dwell on it too much. Nickolas had more than fulfilled his purpose, conducting a workout session she hadn't realised she needed. But that was done. “You must take your leave now.”

Her abrupt change in demeanour caught him by surprise. “What? No post-session cuddling?”

“I simply have no time for that.” She needed to get back to work. As she attempted to sit up however, her body protested, compelling her to relent and allow her sore pussy a moment to cool before resuming her duties. Noticing the lingering traces of his flavoursome semen oozing out of her cunt, Bea scooped some on her fingers and brought it to her mouth.

“Mmm... exquisite.” Suddenly aware of his gaze fixed upon her, she swiftly changed the subject. “Oh, and I presume you won’t be sharing what transpired here with Nessa, correct?”

“No way,” Nick insisted. “We may be cousins but we’re not *that* close. Our little secret, yeah?” He winked.

“Agreed.”

“Great. So,” he said, pressing his forefingers together shyly, “does that mean... you will be booking more sessions?”

Bea rolled her eyes, a faint smirk hiding at the corner of her lips. “I do not believe that would be wise. We barely got through *this* session.”

“Oh, come on, you’re not gonna admit that was a good time? Where else am I gonna find a woman strong enough to take the full brunt of good, old Dickolas at his best?”

Bea shrugged. “It should not have happened in the first place.”

“Yeah, you’re right.” He sounded disappointed. “Well, if you ever change your mind and need help reaching your fitness goals, hit me up, okay?”

“Uh, sure...”

Bea deleted his number as soon as he left her house that day.

...

Nessa wrapped up another victorious Gym Battle, nodding to the defeated challenger as he slumped. “You did good,” she said, giving him a thumbs-up. But the boy remained crestfallen. “Train a bit more, and you’ll have another shot at the Water Badge.” She patted his cap before sending him off. As he left, she let out a tired sigh, weary not just from the battles but also from empathising with her opponent’s disappointments.

Just then, her phone rang, and she noticed Bea’s name flashing on the caller ID. Very curious. It had been a week since she had recommended Nickolas as a personal trainer for Bea, and the lack of communication had left Nessa wondering how the training session had gone.

Bea's voice was as composed as ever on the other end. "Hello, Nessa. I've been fine. Better than fine, actually. My training has been going exceptionally well. I feel more focused and determined than ever."

Nessa sensed the enthusiasm behind her words and grinned. "Wow, that's fantastic to hear." Maybe her training session with Nickolas didn't go as badly as Nessa assumed. "Sounds like a certain somebody helped you loosen up pretty good," she teased.

The line fell notably silent. Nessa was about to ask if she was still there when Bea finally gave a measured response. "Nick did provide some assistance, but my progress is primarily due to my dedication and hard work."

Nessa laughed. "Of course, of course. No pain, no gain."

"Although," Bea added tentatively, "Nick *is* the reason I called."

This piqued Nessa's curiosity even further. "Oh? He is, is he?"

"He, uh, neglected to carry all his belongings from my quarters, and I just happened to realise I'm no longer in possession of his number. Would it be too bothersome to ask you to send it once more?"

"Oh sure, I can do that!" Nessa bit back on the temptation to ask a follow-up question. Bea was a private person after all, and pushing it would only make the conversation awkward.

"Thank you," Bea said, with audible relief in her voice.

...

Bea ascended the hefty flight of stairs, choosing exercise over the elevator's convenience. The building exuded an air of sophistication and prosperity, and she admired the elegant architecture and lavish surroundings. Clearly the residents in these parts weren't doing too badly for themselves. As she approached his condo, she knocked on the door, only to be caught off guard when it swung open abruptly, her knuckles nearly rapping against Nick's bare chest. Surprise lingered in her eyes as they involuntarily trailed down to the infamous gym shorts highlighting his larger-than-life bulge. She promptly averted her gaze.

“Uh, why are you not clothed?” she asked, her rosy face turned to the side.

He shrugged. “This is how I prefer to train, keeps me focused.”

*Interesting. It would seem he had indeed been truthful about his training habits.* Then again, maybe this was all another strategic move on his part? She wouldn't be so easily swayed again.

Without looking his way, she extended her arm and held out the tracksuit jacket he had left at her place a week ago.

Nick flashed her a teasing grin. “And here I thought you'd come for a rematch.”

Bea's own smirk couldn't be suppressed. “Rematch? I seem to recall you being the one who tapped out.”

“True, but you could barely stand after I was through with you,” Nick retorted, “I'm impressed you're on your feet so soon,” he said, his eyes unabashedly tracing the contours of her tan thighs. She had arrived in a new, crisp rendition of her famous gym attire, unripped and pristine.

Bea felt her cheeks begin to flush, but she quickly composed herself. “Anyway, this is for you, too.” From behind her back, she produced a shopping bag overflowing with the colourful Alolan drinks he had shown an obsessive liking for.

“Wow.” His expression lit up with delight. “All those for me?”

“It wasn't much trouble.” She handed over the gift. “I happened to come across them in the PokéMart while I was en route to your abode.”

“Just 'happened to come across them', huh?” he asked, a hint of scepticism in his voice. “Well, thank you, Ms. Bea—”

“It's Bea.”

“Ooh... thank you, Bea.” He smiled pleasantly. “Say, while you're here, why not come in for a bit?”

“I... have a lot of matters to attend to, so I shall take leave of you at this point.”

“Oh, come on, the weights and barbells will survive five minutes without your gentle caress.” He pushed the door open wide enough for her to enter beneath his arm. “And trust me, you’ll appreciate the view.”

She had to admit, the upscale surroundings of the building had left a favourable impression on her way up. “Five minutes. Only.”

“Of course.” He beamed.

...

Two young Trainers strolled down the street, still riding the high of their recent Tag Battle victory. Engrossed in comparing notes and strategies, their conversation came to an abrupt halt as a guttural scream pierced the air, echoing from high above. The vibrant city sounds seemed to hush for a moment as both Trainers raised their sights, their curiosity piqued by the unexpected outburst.

To their astonishment, the source of the commotion was a raunchy scene unfolding on the balcony of an elegant, upscale building. A striking, silver-haired woman, in the throes of passion, had her big, bare breasts bouncing and jiggling wildly over the railing, her swollen nipples dancing in the open air. Behind her stood a dark, towering, shirtless figure, pumping away with great enthusiasm. It was an astonishing scene to happen upon.

Something about the woman’s appearance struck a chord with one of the boys. “Wait a minute,” he said, squinting his eyes to get a clearer view, using his hand to shield the sun, “Isn’t that Bea, leader of the Stow-on-Side’s Gym?”

The other boy scoffed dismissively, incredulous. “What? You’ve never met Bea, have you?” He shook his head in disbelief. “Not a chance in hell she’d ever be caught doing something like that. That’s just some random cosplay slut that looks like her,” he casually judged.

“Ha. You’re probably right,” the first boy conceded, a sheepish grin forming on his face. He brushed off his initial thought, chiding himself for even entertaining the idea. With a collective shrug, the two Trainers resumed their stride, leaving the distant symphony of passion to fade into the background of the bustling city.

...

Nessa found herself immersed in the electric ambiance of the Galar Gym Leaders Conference. The air was charged with a blend of excited conversations, friendly banter, and the unmistakable camaraderie shared among Gym Leaders hailing from every corner of the Galar region. As the bustling crowd flowed around her, Nessa found herself engrossed in a spirited discussion with Milo, doing the most to convince him they were indeed rivals.

Amidst the sea of fellow Gym Leaders and other high-ranking personalities in the sphere of the Pokémon League, Nessa's thoughts couldn't help but drift to Bea. The formidable leader of Stow-on-Side's Gym had taken a deliberate sabbatical from her responsibilities. The reason was a closely guarded secret, known only to a select few, her resolve to reclaim her prime condition for this very occasion. The rumour mill had churned, speculating on the nature of her absence, but today marked the grand unveiling, the culmination of months of intense dedication and training.

Nessa and Bea had maintained contact, but she hadn't seen Bea in person for months now, and she was eager to witness the outcome of her unyielding devotion.

As the excitement in the room continued to build, the door swung open, and all eyes turned toward Bea as she entered. However, the room fell into startling silence, for Bea was glowing in a way no one had anticipated. Nessa's eyes widened as she noticed the prominent baby bump adorning Bea's tummy. She abandoned her ongoing discourse with Milo and hurried over to greet her friend.

Words tumbled from Nessa's lips, her surprise unabashedly evident. "Oh my God, Bea, are you—"

"Not a word from you," the heavily pregnant Trainer retorted.

Nessa covered her mouth with her hand, suppressing a giggle. "Not even 'congratulations'?" she teased.

Bea met Nessa's jest with a sidelong glance, the corner of her lips quirking in a subdued smile betraying her unspoken amusement. "This is all your fault, you know."

"You're welcome," Nessa cheered. "I guess you won't be needing a training buddy anymore, huh?"

A tender touch graced Bea's belly as she replied, her voice carrying a gentle warmth. "Not likely. I seem to have acquired three of those now."

"Triplets?!" Nessa squealed, unable to contain her excitement. The sudden attention she garnered from those around them prompted a swift apology, her cheeks tinted with a faint blush. "Sorry about that," she muttered to Bea, her composure gradually returning. With a conspiratorial glint in her eyes, she leaned in, her curiosity piqued. "So, just how many training sessions did you and Nickolas have, anyway?"

Bea's face turned beet red. "More... than I expected..."

"More than two?"

"More than fifty." Bea's eyes widened as she quickly covered her mouth, attempting to swallow the words that had slipped out.

"Bea!" Nessa's chiding tone held a mix of surprise and amusement.

"I know, I know. It's been quite the fucki—ahem, pardon me. It has been quite the wild and unanticipated journey."

Nessa raised an eyebrow, her grin growing mischievous. "Since when do you use that word?" She shook her head with a smile. "Definitely been hanging around cuz too long. You dirty little... I didn't think you had it in you." She playfully nudged Bea's arm. "Looks like my cousin did a banging good job, alright." Her wiggling eyebrows added a suggestive flair. "I know it's not what you envisioned—"

"It's fine," Bea interrupted. "You are correct. It's not what I envisioned, but surprisingly, it doesn't concern me any. For your information, Nick and I shall be moving in together and he's agreed to help with the workload at the Gym. Everything appears to be falling into place where it needs to." Nessa gave her a warm smile. "However," Bea added, "I still expect a whole chest of diapers from you."

Nessa chuckled, a touch of bashfulness in her expression as she rubbed the back of her head. "I guess that's only fair."

**THE END**

**Author's Notes:** This one is a novelisation of sorts, centred around a series of short comics illustrated by woohyoot featuring Bea in compromising workout positions. The scenarios can be quite as whacky as they are arousing. I was inspired to write this fic after reading a few. Anyway, hope you enjoyed it!

Thanks for reading! Please help me become a better writer by sending me your feedback. Whether you hated it or loved it, I'm open to hearing all opinions as long as you're genuine and respectful about it. You can drop a review at [lemonzsauce.com](http://lemonzsauce.com) or hit me up at [reviews@lemonzsauce.com](mailto:reviews@lemonzsauce.com). I do my best to respond to all reviews.

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...

Special credit goes to *woohyoot* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artist's work here:

<https://www.patreon.com/Woooo>

As always, thanks again for reading! Have a nice day and take care!

*Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.*