

# Lewis Crane

Mistress  
Klein's  
Femdom  
Gym



It's too early when you swipe in to the gym. The air inside is cold and stale, the lights blinding. It's Saturday morning, so normally you would be nursing a hangover that would make the fluorescent glare unbearable, but it's been weeks since you had a drink. But even after all these weeks, 5:30 am is still too early. You're bleary-eyed and nervous. You feel her presence in the gym. You know she is in here.

She is somewhere past the cardio equipment, through the forest of isolation machines and multi-function towers and mountains of medicine balls. She is in the back, waiting.

You sling your bag into a cubby hole and shuffle across the linoleum. Your head is down, but your eyes searching. You know she sees you. But she is hidden. Looking about, you see only yourself, transposed from many angles across the gym's mirrored walls. You're slovenly in your basketball shorts and stained gray hooded sweatshirt. Do I look bigger? The hoodie doesn't hang off your bones nearly as badly as before. Before-

"You're late."

Sophia Klein sits side-saddle on an incline bench, leaning her elbow against the padd. Her long black-sheer-stockinged legs are crossed elegantly at the knee, a sliver of bare white thigh visible just before they disappear beneath her pleated black skirt. She wears a white cloth short-sleeved button-down shirt that molds her ample frame. Wavy locks of chestnut hair tumble past her dimpled cheeks and hang about her throat. Her hawkish brown eyes fixed on you.

"Late?" you stammer. You swivel to double-check the clock on the wall behind you. "But"

Sophia snaps her fingers. Your head snaps back to her instinctively. She's watching you, a faint smile playing about her soft, full lips. She crooks a finger. "Come here."

You obey and enter the free weight area. As you near her, she halts you with a raised hand. "You know the drill," she says. "Get that sweatshirt off."

You clumsily tug the sweatshirt over your head. The undershirt sticks to it, and your hair tangles in the neck-hole. You pull yourself free and toss the hoodie aside. Mistress Vayntub's mouth turns up slightly at the corner. "Now the shirt."

A flush rises in your cheeks. But you can't resist. The voice and its promise compel. You lift the corners of your t-shirt and slide it up. It clings momentarily to your upper back, straining against your emerging latissimus. Shirts never used to do that before. You stand with your naked upper body exposed, hands instinctively trying to cover the soft parts you are ashamed of, the parts you've hated since you were old enough to know.

Sophia pushes herself upright, one stockinged leg sliding over the other, and rises in an elegant motion. Slowly, she steps toward you. Her eyes burn. A black leather riding crop dangles loosely from her hand. You stiffen to full height, chest thrust out, arms at your sides. You dare not look down, but you cannot bring yourself to make eye contact with her. You simply stand stock-still like a soldier at inspection, staring into nothingness straight in front of you.

Sophia patrols in front of you, scrutinizing you. Her eyes work over your body. She purses her lips. "Not terrible," she murmurs to herself. "There might be hope for you yet."

You glance at yourself in the mirror. It is true that the past few weeks have been a wonder for your physique. Your arms and shoulders are puffed up, and your potbelly has receded. Still, you are hardly an aesthetic marvel, especially compared to the other meatheads who frequent this gym.

Sophia prods her riding crop into your soft belly, squishing it. Your cheeks burn. “What did you eat last night?”

“After dinner?” you stammer. Your mind races. What was it?  
“Nothing.”

Sophia's eyes narrow. They search you, prying, pulling, already knowing. Knowing before you do. She says nothing. She knows she doesn't need to. The memory swims back. “Oh,” you say. “Nick had some friends over. We ordered pizza.” You look down. “I ate a piece.”

Sophia pushes the crop harder into your stomach. “I knew it,” she says, clicking her tongue. Her eyes bore into you. “Do you know what I did last night?”

You shake your head “No, Mistress Klein.”

She laughs. “I went to a film premier downtown,” she tells you. “It was terrible, but at least I got to dress up,” A smile plays on her lips. “A dozen guys must have approached me. Hot guys. Rich guys. Models. Guys you've heard of.” Your stomach churns. The thought of these guys hitting on her makes you sick. Your eyes are fixed down.

Her gaze softens. “I blew them off, though. Do you know why?”

You shake your head. She gestures around the gym with the riding crop. “Do you see anyone else here?”

“No.”

“That's right. It's five-thirty in the morning. Every one of those guys is asleep now. Passed out drunk. Probably with someone they'd never met before last night.” Your eyes meet. She brings the riding crop up to your

face and lightly traces your cheek with the leather snap. “And here you are. With me. Again.”

She looks back down at your naked torso. “You're looking pretty good,” she says. The crop prods your chest. “Starting to beef up. I like it.” The crop traces your sternum down past your belly button to the hem of your shorts. “Take these off.”

You slip the shorts down past your shoes and step clumsily out of them, revealing your red briefs. “Look at those thighs,” she whistles, poking at your legs. “They must have doubled in size.” The crop runs up the back of your thigh to glute. “That barbell work is doing you wonders.” She smacks your butt playfully with the crop. It stings. You exhale. There is a stirring inside your briefs.

She smirks. The crop lashes forward again, slapping your thigh. “Enough,” she barks. “Get over to the rack.”

You obey. The pegs are already set at perfect height, the bar just below your shoulders. Sophia walks back to the bench where she was seated. “Start warming up,” she orders over her shoulder.

You grip the bar and swing yourself beneath to rack it behind your shoulders. The mirror flatters your cocked arms and shoulders. Behind you, Sophia faces away, rummaging through a bag. Pressing up with your thighs, you unrack the empty bar. Its once-daunting weight is now familiar. You suck in a breath, puff your chest out before you, and squat down to the floor. When your legs reach parallel, you exhale, driving yourself back up. Effortlessly, you repeat this motion four more times. It is second nature to you now.

You rerack the bar and load it. One forty-five pound plate on each side. One hundred thirty-five pounds total. It used to be your goal. Now it's a warmup. You clip the weights in place. Grip the bar. Swing under it.

Unrack. Squat. Hamstrings taut. Hip drive up. Squat. Rerack. Load more weight.

When you reach one hundred eighty-five pounds, her hand grips your shoulder. You startle and start to turn, but her hand is firm. Her breath is hot on your ear. “Looking good.” Her voice is a low, throaty growl. “You're almost ready.”

She fastens a black leather collar around your throat. Her hands lightly brush your skin. She tugs on the dangling pink leash, jerking you upright. “Go on,” she says.

You unrack the weight and step back. The leash is slack, but one jerk could send you crashing to the ground. She stands behind you in the mirror holding the leash, fixated on your bare back. You breathe and squat down deep, then drive yourself upward. The bar is getting heavy. A dull burn starts spreading through your legs as you warm up.

Sophia tugs you backward with the leash, leading you away from the bar. You obediently rack more weight onto the bar and continue until you have reached two hundred and fifteen pounds. Your working weight. But she stops you after one rep.

“Drop those babyweights and add another plate.” Two plates per side. Two hundred twenty-five pounds. You've never squatted that much before. Can you even do this?

She senses your hesitation, and pulls hard on the leash. “Come on,” she barks, “get moving.” She drags you by the leash over to the plates, where you mechanically deload the twenty-five, the ten, and the five. You bend down and pull out another forty-five. It is ominous. You load the weight and follow suit on the other side.

Sophia pulls you back to the center of the rack. You lean forward and grip the bar with both hands and look yourself in the eye, breathing.

Sophia lands a stinging smack on your butt with her hand. “Come on, big boy,” she says. “Show me what you've got. This should be easy for you.”

You swing yourself underneath the bar, breath deep, and unrack it. It hangs against your back like an anchor. You stagger a few steps back, drawing focus. Into the mirror. Deep breath. Chest out. Then the descent.

You drop like a stone. As you reach parallel, the weight drives you to the floor. You strain to keep yourself level. “Hip drive!” Sophia shouts. Pushing the air out of your lungs, you drive through your glutes, forcing yourself upward. You manage it in a clean motion, straightening your back. *One.* You suck in another breath and repeat.

“Get parallel,” Sophia reminds you on your third rep as you drive up. Squatting again, you focus on the tight stretch in your glutes as your thighs lock out before driving up. This one is a struggle. Sweat beads on your forehead.

“One more!” she orders. “Keep those knees apart!” You suck in a breath, drop down to the squat, then start to drive up. Your legs shake. Your hamstrings strain, taut. Slowly, agonizingly, you push yourself upright. Then you stagger forward. The bar clatters back into its pegs.

“Well done.” Sophia's voice is distant, almost underwater. You suck gulps of air. Throbbing waves wrack your thighs. You lift each leg, the numbing dullness rolling through. Sophia gently pulls you backward by the leash until you bump into her. She cradles your back against her bosom. Her free hand tousles your hair. “I knew you could do it,” she purrs in your ear, keeping just a little tension in the leash. “Good boy.”

You smile despite the pain shooting through your thighs. Her lips brush against your ear, sending a tingle down your spine. You start to turn toward her, but she twists your head forward by the hair. “Uh-uh,” she chides. “You’re just getting started. You haven’t earned anything yet.”

“Sorry,” you murmur, still breathing hard.

“Excuse me?” An edge in her voice.

“I’m sorry, Mistress Klein.”

“That’s right.” She pushes you forward, away from the soft warmth of her body. “Put your hands on the bar.” You obey, leaning into the barbell and gripping it.

“Don’t forget your place.” She swings the crop forward, cracking it hard against your ass. “You’ve got to earn everything you get from me.” She swats you again, the crop smacking hard against your aching glutes. You inhale sharply. “You’ve got to work for it.” She smacks you again. “You’ve got to sweat for it.” Another sharp smack. “You’ve got to prove yourself to me.” Again. “You want to kiss me?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Earn it!” she cries, whipping you. “You want to touch me?”

“Yes, Mistress!”

“Earn it!” Another blow. “You want to taste me?”

“Yes, Mistress!”

“Earn it! You want to fuck me?”

“Oh, god, yes, Mistress,” you cry.

“Earn it!” she roars. “Pick up that bar!”

You swing yourself underneath and hoist the bar onto your shoulders. You step back, draw a deep breath, sink down into a deep squat. Driving your hips through your feet, you power yourself upright.

“Good boy,” Mistress Klein says, “keep going!”

The stinging red welts raised by your whipping blend with the bar's internal strain on your muscles, muddling the sensations and making the lifting easier. Adrenaline fuels this set. Down and up. Down and up. You struggle only with the final rep, shaky legs finally powering you upright.

You stagger forward and rerack the bar. Delayed agony then radiates from your hamstrings, nearly dropping you to your knees. You hang, from the bar, panting, supporting your spaghetti legs.

“Excellent,” Sophia exults. “Perfect form.”

You scarcely notice the riding crop brushing your back. “Water,” you croak.

“What?” A hard edge in her voice. In the mirror, her eyes narrow. You shut your mouth tightly.

Sophia jerks you backward with the leash. You stagger around, nearly collapsing to the ground. She grips the leash near your collar and pulls you

in close to her face. “What did you say?” she growls. Her breath on your face is dizzying. Her lips are lush and full and in your face. Her eyes burn.

“Water,” you gasp, “please, Mistress.”

“Water between sets?” she hisses. “You little brute. How dare you?”

You tear your eyes away from her. “I’m sorry, Mistress.”

She jerks the collar up, forcing your head up. “Look at me,” she orders. “You only have one more set. Do you really need a break?”

“No,” you stammer. “I’m sorry.”

“You’re sorry what?”

“I’m sorry, Mistress.”

She squeezes your cheek hard, pulling your face closer. “I thought you were pushing yourself.”

“I am.”

“I thought you wanted to be more of a man.” Her lips are inches from yours.

“I do,” you whisper.

She pushes your face away from her disdainfully. “Turn around.”

You turn and grip the bar. Sophia brushes the riding crop up the back of your thigh. “Are you ready?”

You pinch your eyes shut. Your last set still burns in your thighs. “Just a second,” you tell her.

“No problem,” Sophia says sweetly. She whips the crop back and slaps you hard on the ass. The smack echoes in the empty gym, and you have to grit your teeth to stifle a yelp. “Start whenever you're ready, big boy. But-” she cocks her arm back and delivers another stinging blow. “I'm going to beat that doughy little ass until you do.” She whips you again, and you sag forward, hanging off the bar.

The slaps ring out, raising welts over your backside with remorseless precision. “Are you going to show me you're a man?” she hisses between blows. “Are you gonna earn your rewards?” Another slap. “Or am I just wasting time with you?” Slap. “I could have any man in the world. Why should I settle for a wad of cookie dough if he isn't even going to try?”

At this, you unleash a primal grunt of anguish. Swinging beneath the bar, you unrack it and take two steps back in a smooth motion. With a breath, you sink down. Your mind is blank. Your exhale turns into an animal grunt as you drive your hips upward. Pausing only to suck another breath, you sink down deep and drive yourself up again.

“Good!” Sophia calls, “Keep going!”

Another squat. Your knees start to buckle with this one. You suck air. You drop for the fourth. The bar is a locomotive on your back. A jet engine. The earth in Atlas' arms. It overwhelms you as your thighs reach parallel. You drive upward, slowly, agonizingly, and stall. From deep inside your stomach, an ancient, terrible noise pours forth. A primal roar, a scream, a defiant shattering cry. You force your body upward to complete the rep.”

“Last one!” Sophia says.

You drop for the final rep. But it is far too much. As you leave parallel, struggling upward, your glutes give out. Your hamstrings fail. “Oh, fuck,” you groan. You fail. You fall. Backward, flat onto your ass. The bar crashes into the safety pins, and your back crashes painfully into the bar.

You lie there in your exhaustion and ruin. Broken. Your body aches. “I’m sorry,” you mumble, “I’m sorry.”

And she is there, kneeling beside you. Her smooth hand against your bare, heaving chest. “There, there, baby,” she coos. She cradles your head in her arm, softly stroking your hair. Her dark eyes warm and grateful. “You were wonderful.”

“I failed,” you murmur.

She smiles. “You pushed yourself to the limit. That’s more important than anything.” She caresses your cheek. “I am so proud of you for that.” She leans in. Her soft, full lips press against yours. She holds you close, kissing you with tender passion. And you melt into her, consumed entirely into her love.

All too soon, she pulls away. A playful smirk on her face. “That’s all you get for now,” she says. “We’re just getting started.”

She gracefully rises, pencil skirt flouncing. “Still want that drink?”

You nod. She tugs on the leash, pulling you to a seated position. “Get on your knees.”

You struggle painfully to your knees, soreness wracking your body. Mistress Klein turns back to her bag and bends down. Her skirt rises,

exposing the smooth creamy backside of her thighs. Your eyes follow her legs as they disappear beneath the skirt, lingering up the full curve of her backside through the skirt. A stirring in your briefs.

Sophia retrieves the water and turns back to you. “Open your mouth,” she orders, tugging on the leash. You drop your jaw. “Let me see that tongue.” You obey, allowing your tongue to fall out. “Good boy.”

She uncaps the water bottle and sprays a stream against your tongue. It shocks and splashes you, wetting your face and splattering off your neck. You squeeze your eyes and attempt to swallow. “Drink it down,” she coos, sending another jet against your face. It ricochets off your lips. She clicks her tongue. “Come on, now, puppy, keep that mouth open. Otherwise you'll spill all over.”

You struggle to with another stream of water, greedily quenching your throat. Your mouth overflows, and a half mouthful spills down your chest.

Sophia laughs at this, a full, hearty laugh. “Good boy.” She tosses the water bottle aside. “On your feet,” she says with a firm tug on the leash.

Still sputtering from the drink, you rise. Your thighs burn. “Now unload that bar and set up the bench,” Sophia orders. You scurry to the sides of the bar, removing the clips and packing the 45 lb plates away. As you move back and forth, Mistress Klein lands several idle slaps on your thighs and butt with the crop. “Hurry it up, boy,” she says, smacking your quad as you kneel down to wheel the bench into the rack. “Double time.”

When the bar is set, you sit down on the bench. Sophia drops the leash to the ground. “Start warming up,” she orders, turning away from you. You bench press five reps of the empty bar, dropping it down to your chest and focusing on pushing through your palms. The empty bar stretches your pecs and your muscles start to loosen.

You rerack the bar and start to load two twenty-five pound weights. As you bench your way from ninety-five to one hundred thirty-five, Mistress Klein rolls another free bench over and positions it directly in front of the rack you occupy. This is her observation seat.

You knock out a rep at one hundred fifty-five, then move to add ten pounds to each side. “No,” Sophia snaps. “You're doing one hundred eighty-five today.”

You hesitate for a moment. “Hurry up!” she snaps. You strip a ten off and replace it with the twenty-five, then follow suit on the other side. You return to the bench, sit down, and take a breath.

Sophia flounces down to the bench in front of you, her elegant attire incongruous on the scuffed neoprene. She coyly crosses her stockinged legs. “Are you nervous?”

“No,” you tell her. “I got this.” You lay back. Plant both feet. Arch your back. Suck in a deep breath. Unrack the bar. Your elbows shake. You drop the bar to your chest and drive it up. One. Two. Three. Four.

“Last one!” Sophia cries. Digging deep, you force the bar back up, locking your elbows out. You chest burns. You rerack the bar, breathe deep, and sit back up.

“That's my baby,” Sophia smiles. She scans your body. “Look at you,” she says, “you're getting so big and strong.” Locking eyes, she bites the corner of her lip. “Look at that chest!”

Slowly, she uncrosses her legs, sliding one smooth stocking over the other. Her heel drags lightly across her calf. She faces forward, her legs parted slightly, knees knocked. With faux modesty, she drops her hands to the middle of her skirt. “Trying to sneak a peak?” she chides, tracking your gaze.

“No,” you blush.

“It's ok,” she says. Her hands slide down her thighs to the hem of your skirt. “I know how bad you want this.” Teasingly, she inches the skirt up until you can nearly catch a hint of her creamy upper thigh. Your heart catches in your throat. The stirring returns in your briefs. “Don't you?”

“Yes, Mistress Klein,” you murmur, shifting in your seat. There is definitely some blood flow to your lower half.

Sophia laughs. “Are you getting turned on?” She slips a heel off and teasingly draws her stockinged foot up your leg, her toe tickling the hairs on your ankle. “You are, aren't you?” With balletic control, she slides her foot down your thigh. Your penis strains against your briefs. The foot presses against it.

“Well now,” Sophia giggles, “what's going on down here?” She kneads the ball of your foot against your rock-hard cock, massaging it. “My little boy is all excited now.” You murmur wordlessly, senses swimming.

She stops. You look up. “Do you want me to keep going?” she asks. You nod. Sophia presses her foot firmly against you, the pressure sudden and slightly painful. “Then give me another set!”

You fall back and grip the bar. Her toes curl around your shaft, stroking it. You suck a deep breath and unrack the bar. As you move it into position, she increases her foot's pressure on your cock, stroking it hard through your briefs. You suck another breath and drop the bar to your chest.

“That's it, baby,” she purrs as you push the weight up, her foot teasing harder. “Give me another one.” You obey, dropping the bar to your chest. Her foot grinds against you. Exhaling, you drive the bar upward.

“Look at those big, strong muscles,” Sophia growls. She slips her other leg over your thigh and begins kneading you with both feet. You suck air and drop the bar again. “Watching you strain gets me so wet.” You heave the bar up.

“Another,” she urges. You obey. “I have such a nice reward for my little pet doing so well. But you've got to earn it.” Your elbows lock out. Her feet nearly drive you over the edge. A hot load stirs inside you.

“One more, baby,” she urges. “Show mommy what you can do.”

You fill your lungs and drop down for the last rep. Her feet are torture. The bar touches your chest. “Come on, baby.” You cry out as you drive the bar up. Your arms shake and you nearly lose your force. But finally your elbows lock. The bar clatters against the pegs. You sit up.

"Wonderful," Sophia exults. She is resting her elbows on the bench, her feet thrust forward into your lap. Her thighs are visible halfway down her skirt. Her cheeks are flushed, her breathing quickened. “It's starting to get warm in here,” she says, reaching up. Slowly, deliberately, she undoes the top button on her shirt. You swallow.

She smirks at the obvious yearning on your face. "What is it?" she asks with faux innocence. She grins. Her hands glide up her stomach, teasing the bottom curve of her generous bosom. "You want to see these?" She caresses her voluptuous breasts through her shirt, massaging them hypnotically. Her eyes shut, and she throws her head back, revealing a sliver of flesh from her pale throat down to just beneath her sternum. She growl-moans, savoring her own touch, The stockinged feet press harder against your throbbing shaft, which is threatening to explore.

"Oh, god," you moan, the heat rising in you. You are nearing the point of no return.

Sophia stops. "What is it?" She presses her foot hard against you. "Oh, my god," she laughs, "are you about to cum?"

"No," you answer weakly.

She pulls her feet away. "Liar."

Need and frustration gnaw at you. Your cock throbs painfully, straining your briefs. Reflexively, you reach for it.

In a flash, Sophia seizes the riding crop and cracks a stinging slap against your hand. Yelping painfully, you withdraw. "How dare you," she scolds. "You dirty boy. Stand up."

You rise. Sophia eyes your bulge. "Take those off," she orders, hooking your waistband with the crop. You comply. You slip the briefs down. Your cock strains slightly against the elastic before springing free. It bounces free, sticking straight outward, stiff as board. Its heaviness is painful.

Sophia eyes your fully-erect member. "It is a very pretty toy," she murmurs, gently caressing it with the leather crop. Your cock twitches violently at this contact. Sophia eyes you with sinister intent. "But I can't have you enjoying yourself before you've even finished your workout." She brings the crop down, whipping the shaft of your cock. You yelp and startle, a flash of hot pain shooting through your body. "You haven't earned anything yet," she says through gritted teeth. She slaps your cock again, harder. You cry out. Despite the pain, your cock is still painfully swollen. She smacks it again, the sharp crack ringing out. Tears sting your eyes. Your knees buckle.

"What's wrong?" Sophia sneers. "Had enough? Do you want to give up?" Another slap.

"No, Mistress Klein," you choke out.

"Are you sure? You know you can just walk away." A harder slap.  
"Hands behind your back. Spread those legs" You obey

With a deft flick of her wrist, she lassoes your swollen cock with your pink leash. Her flesh never touches yours. Using the leash, she raises your cock to a sharp upward angle. "Do you want to go home?" she hisses. She brings the crop up, painfully smacking your red, tightening balls. You stifle a scream.

"No, Mistress Klein."

"Do you want to go back to your couch,"

SLAP

"and your pizza rolls,"

SLAP

"and your video games,"

SLAP

"and your stupid chinese cartoons?"

SLAP

"No, Mistress Klein!" you sob, nearly bent double.

"Then give me another set!" she roars.

Immediately, you drop to the bench, plant your feet, arch your back, suck a breath, unrack the bar, and start pressing. The sharp stinging on your genitals and the dull burn in your pectorals merge into an ecstatic burn. You fire off the first rep effortlessly, fueled by pain and and adrenaline.

"Again!" Sophia cries. You complete another rep. "That's my good, strong boy," she says. "Watching you gets me so turned on."

Another rep. Difficult. Your arms are shaking.

"I'm dripping wet thinking about those strong arms around me," she says. "Don't you want to taste my sweet, juicy pussy?"

Straining profusely, you drop the bar for another rep. "I might even let you slide that big hard cock inside me," she growls. "If you deserve it."

You struggle mightily to lift the weight and lock your elbows out. "One more," Sophia purrs. Not possible. "Push that weight like you're gonna push that dick inside me." Well...

Fighting through your shaking arms, you drive the bar up to full height. Exhausted, you let it crash safely against the pins. You are too tired to even sit up. Instead, you lay dizzy and panting on the bench.

"Wonderful," Sophia says, "that was wonderful, baby." You start to sit up, but she places a cool, smooth hand on your thigh. "Don't get up."

She brings the water bottle over. "Open your mouth, puppy." You obey, your gasping mouth hanging open. Your tongue lolls. She squirts a jet into your mouth. You savor the cool splash against your throat and lips and

face. "That was a new record for you, baby," she says. "I am so proud of you, puppy."

You smile weakly. "Thank you, Mistress Klein."

"I think you've earned a little reward. Don't you?"

"Whatever you say, Mistress Klein."

She laughs. "Now there's a good, obedient boy." She tosses the water bottle down and glides over to the bench. "You have earned a treat." Spreading her stance wide, she walks over you, thighs straddling without touching you. The hem of her skirt brushes lightly down your thighs, gliding over your sore and aching genitals, The light tickle of the fabric sends spasms through your cock again.

Sophia stops just over your stomach. She looms over you from the bench, her heavy voluptuous breasts and soft face shadowed in the light above. She grins. Her left hand moves to her chest while her right teases down to her thighs. "It's so hot watching you work," she growls, idly undoing another button. "Watching you strain and struggle." She massages her breast underneath the shirt. "Knowing how badly you want to make me happy." She presses the other hand between her thighs. "Knowing how badly you want me. Knowing you'd do anything to get me. It drives me crazy."

Despite the sharp pain, your cock has stiffened again. It aches for contact, for completion. You swallow hard.

She unbuttons again, displaying the full heaving curve of her chest as she massages it, her cheeks flushing. "Do you want to see how badly you turn me on?"

"Yes, Mistress," you whisper.

She slips her other hand beneath the waist of her skirt, furrowing the fabric down to the meeting between her thighs. "Oh, this is getting me so worked up," she moans, her eyes half-closed, rubbing herself. You watch transfixed as she rubs her breasts and her cunt, working herself up, her full lips parted, panting softly. The hem of her skirt gently tickles your stomach. It is almost enough to send you over the edge alone. She stops. She looks at you. A grin on her face. "See for yourself," she says, slipping the hand out of her skirt. "Open your mouth."

You obey. Sophia brings her glistening fingers to your face. "Smell." You inhale deeply, the bright, earthy scent dizzying you. She presses two slippery fingers against your lips. Obediently, you part them and allow her to slip them into your mouth. You suck greedily on the fingers, savoring her taste. "Good boy," she says. She squats down, nearly sitting on you. Her thighs radiate heat against your. "Suck it all down."

Your lips cling to her fingers as she withdraws them. "Do you like how I taste?"

"Yes, Mistress Klein," you breathe.

"Are you ready to lick that cunt?"

"Yes, Mistress Klein!"

She shakes her head. "Bad, bad boy," she says, clicking her tongue. "You think you've earned that? After two measly exercises?"

Your cheeks burn. "No, Mistress Klein."

She laughs. "I have to admit, you've done a very good job so far," she says. "So I'm not going to punish you for that. But you certainly haven't earned this pussy. Not yet." She takes a couple steps back, slowly grazing her skirt over you again. "You have earned something, though."

She settles her bottom down between your legs on the bench, her cool thighs on top of yours. Gracefully, she crooks her left leg at the knee, resting the sharp point of her heel on your bare chest. It digs painfully into your sternum. She slips her thumbs into the top of her stockings. With slow luxury, she slides the stocking over her thigh, unveiling her creamy, perfectly shaped thighs. Her face is pouty innocence as she slips the stocking over her knee and brings it down around her smooth calf. When she nears the end, she pulls the heel off and tosses it aside. Then she carefully slips her delicate foot out of the stocking. She drops the empty silk stocking onto your chest. She stretches her leg out, just above your head, luxuriously spreading her toes.

"Nice to be free," she laughs. She rests her foot on the bench, nestled against the back of your head. She follows suit with the other leg, teasingly slipping the stocking down to reveal her thick, perfect thigh before discarding the heel and letting the stocking fall on your chest.

"Are you ready for your reward?"

"Yes, Mistress Klein."

She leans back in the bench and extends her delicate, dainty foot to your face. It hovers inches above your head. "Smell first," she says.

You inhale. The high, sweaty sweetness prickles your nostrils, shivering down your body. Your exhale is a low, pleasurable rumble. Sophia guides the foot over your face as you inhale, introducing you to the arch, the toes, the ball. Your cock begins to stir again. "That's a good boy," she breathes. "Are you going to take care of Mistress' feet?"

“Yes, Mistress,” you whisper. She delicately presses the ball against your chin, the toes twinkling just above your nose. “Lick it.”

You run your tongue down the arch. Sophia shivers and giggles as you lap slowly and longingly. She is smooth, salty warmth. You kiss and lick down the arch to the ball as she guides her foot. “Good boy,” she pants, a flush rising in her face from your exertions.

She lifts the other foot and presses it against your mouth too. The two delicate, damp feet are half-suffocating. With muffled pleasure, you alternate between the two, your lips and tongue massaging and caressing as she pushes them faster across your face.

“Open,” she says, pressing her toes against your mouth. You obey, and she pushes a foot inside. You close your lips around it and suck greedily at the toes. From far away, Mistress Klein breathes heavily. She pushes deeper. Her foot is so delicate and dainty you can accommodate it halfway down the pad without issue. As you suck and lick, she presses the other foot into your throat and chest, a delightful, painful pressure.

“That's my baby,” she moans, forcibly pressing the other the other foot into your mouth. “You're doing such a good job.” She scoots forward across the bench, pressing her ripe, firm ass against your crotch. Her smooth bare thigh skin against yours. As you continue to suck and lick her feet, she grinds her ass against you. Through her moist cotton panties, her swollen mound rubs presses the base of your now-throbbing cock. You twitch helplessly.

She tosses back her thick hair, nearing frenzy. The hot, pulsing mound between her thighs rubs relentlessly against your cock. Her feet press your cheeks and throat and eyes and invade your mouth, demanding your attention. She grinds and presses and drags and pokes, greedily craving every inch of them to be attended to. Her rocking hips and butt buck hard, nearly taking you to the limit. Heels and toes and arches pushes hard against your face, crushing your lips, blinding your sight, overwhelming

your senses. All you can do is let your tongue hang out while she drives herself wild. Your cock twitches against her pubis, nearing eruption.

She stops abruptly. Her feet rest against your throat and forehead, out of reach of your still-seeking tongue. “Good god,” she laughs, panting. “That was nice.” Her forehead is beaded with sweat, and her breath comes in sharp pants. She flashes a broad smile, glittering between her flushed cheeks. “Good boy,” she says, slapping your thigh. With a groan, she pulls her feet away and sets them back on the floor. “That's enough for now.”

As she rises, she deliberately rubs her soft, sodden panties over your stiff cock. You shiver, nearly exploding. She laughs at this, then gives your leash a sharp tug. “Come on, boy,” she says, dragging you to your feet. “We've got some more work to do.” She points to the bar. “Rerack those weights. Then set the bar up on the ground. It's time to deadlift.”

Your dizzy ecstasy drains to dread. Deadlifting. Your legs are already jelly from the heavy squat set. And now you have to pull your heaviest weight of the day. As you robotically strip off the weights and drop the bar to the ground, the pleasant musty sweat of her feet still permeates your nose and mouth. Yet the fear mounts in you. Your manhood shrinks.

Sophia watches through narrowed eyes as you drop the empty bar to the ground and pull it for some warm-ups. “What's with the boo-boo face?” she says. “Are you tired? Nervous?”

“No, Mistress Klein,” you answer, racking a plate on each side. You squat down and pull the bar to your waist, watching your form in the mirror.

“Liar.” She rummages through her bag as you continue your warmup. “I know you're tired. So I've got some motivation for you.” She turns to you with an evil grin on her face. She is swinging a black leather flogger, its dozen tails dangling ominously.

Swallowing hard, you turn back to the bar. You try to put the fear out of your mind as pull it up to your waist, concentrating on the burn from your hamstrings through your glutes to your back. As you scurry to grab more weights, she flicks the flogger playfully at your bottom. “Hurry up, boy,” she says.

She is a spider in the web as you continue your warmup, the flogger dangling threateningly by her side as she observes you. You squat to pull two plates on the bar. “Stick that butt out,” she snaps. You obey. “I love that juicy boy rump. Looks good enough to eat.” She cracks the air with the flogger, startling you. “Move it!”

Finally, you prepare two hundred seventy-five pounds. Your heaviest ever pull. Mistress Klein positions herself behind you as you squat down. “Pull!” she cries. You drive up through your legs. Time stands still as you strain against the inertia, your every muscle taut. Finally, the bar moves. You whole body shaking, you drag the bar upward to your waist. Finally, you lock it out, your chest thrown out at the apex. Just as you do, the flogger whips through the air. It pulverizes your back with an almighty crack. You wince but stand strong, the bar in your arms.

“Down!” Mistress Klein orders. You carefully lower the bar to the ground. “Again!” she cries. You suck air and deadlift the bar again, straining to pull it upright. As you level off, the flogger cracks painfully against your back again. You squeeze your eyes shut, biting off a scream. “Down!”

“Again!” Squat. Strain. Lift. Crack. Angry welts raise off your back. That must have drawn blood. “Down!”

Gasping, you let the bar fall to the ground and gasp for breath. “No!” Mistress Klein howls. “Don't drop it!” She whips you without mercy, the flogger tearing your flesh over and over. No longer in control, you howl in helpless agony as she flails you. “How dare you stop, you pathetic little worm!”

Tears sting your eyes. You squat, grip the bar. Tense. Hesitate. It's too much. You can't.

The flogger cracks brutally against your back again. "You're wasting my time!" she screams. "Pick it up!"

A stolen glance in the mirror strikes lust and terror in your heart. She stands tall on her bare feet, flogger in hand, her shirt unbuttoned to the sternum revealing a sliver of bra, her thick hair wild, her soft eyes flashing. "Now!"

You drive through your feet, slowly, agonizingly hoisting the bar up. The weight will tear you limb from limb. You level the bar out at your waist, shoulders thrust back, then lower it to the ground.

"Last one!" Sophia cries. You squat down and grip the bar. Panting. Gasping for air. Your body is screaming. "Pull!" You cannot do it.

"Pathetic!" Sophia screams, pulverizing you with the flogger. "You dog! You worm!" she bellows, punctuating each curse with a blow. "You weak little sissy bitch. Pull that bar up right now."

Your eyes squeeze shut. Time stops. You are lifting the whole earth. No, you are pushing the earth away. You drive down through your howling glutes and thighs. Nothing. Then, faintly, slightly, just on the edge of consciousness, a movement. Your back strains. The bar twitches. With a roar, you inch the bar up. But you can't do it. Your grip is slipping. Your arms are shaking, Your limbs are shattered. You lose momentum just a few inches off the ground, straining desperately to lift the bar.

"Pull!" Sophia shouts. "Finish it." Trembling, you inch the bar up past your knees. "That's it," she says as you raise it past your thighs. "Shoulders out! Keep that back straight!"

Shuddering, you reach deep within, fighting every muscle and fiber of your body screaming for you to drop the bar. You lock your shoulders out. In the mirror, you've never looked stronger. "Done!" she calls.

You squat to set the bar back down and slip. It clatters heavily to the ground. With a rush of blood to your head, your legs buckle. You stumble backward. Sophia rushes behind you and wraps her arms firmly around your waist. You fall against her. Gently, she helps lower you to the ground. You lay in her lap, legs and back screaming, the red bloody welts on your back nearly blinding you with pain.

"Good boy," she whispers into your ear. She gently ruffles your hair, stroking your head. "That was wonderful." The pain, the triumph, the relief, the agony- all of it washes over you. You pinch your eyes tight, but you cannot stop the tears from flowing down your cheeks.

"There, there," Sophia coos in your ear. "You did it." She squeezes you tight, cradling you against her soft bosom. "I am so proud of you, baby." She rocks you gently, nuzzling your neck. "Your body is getting stronger," she says into your ear, "but what I love about you is your heart." Her breath is hot on you. "The way you struggle with that weight. How you push yourself. And you never give up."

You let your head fall back against her, sinking deep into her ripe chest. "You're a good boy," she whispers, "good sweet boy." Her hand slips down your chest and over your stomach, tickling and teasing its way between your thighs. "How's my little man feeling?" she asks, cupping your flaccid penis and balls. "Does he still have some energy for me?"

Despite the agony still wracking your body, your teased and tortured penis responds immediately to her touch. "Yes, Mistress Klein," you whisper. Your penis unfurls and swells as she strokes it. Within seconds you are erect again, your cock throbbing. She wraps an elbow around your

throat and pulls your back against her, squeezing nearly hard enough to choke you. She increases the speed of her strokes. You writhe in her hands.

“What a nice, hard cock,” she breathes in your ear. “You got hard so fast. What a good boy.” You moan wordlessly. She squeezes your shaft. “I can feel all that cum inside you,” she purrs, stroking. “Are you going to give it all to me?” She quickens her pace and tightens the grip around your throat, nearly strangling you. She bites your ear painfully, seizing the lobe in her teeth and gnawing hard. “Are you ready to cum?” she hisses.

“Yes, Mistress Klein,” you cry out as the heat inside you begins to boil over.

She stops abruptly, letting your penis fall. It spasms helplessly. Sophia laughs. “You didn't really think I was going to let you cum yet?” she asks.

“Oh, god,” you cry, your body consumed by ravenous despair. “Please.”

“I know, baby. It's cruel,” she says, her eyes sympathetic. Then a wicked smirk breaks over her face. She smacks your cock with a flick of her wrist, her fingers rapping the swollen shaft. Your entire body shudders in her arms. “It's for your own good.”

“Please, Mistress,” you gasp.

She pulls your head back firmly by the hair, drawing your face to hers. “Are you begging me?” A hint of scorn. “You should know better.”

You squeeze your eyes shut, frustrating gnawing at you. Sophia smirks. “It's ok, baby,” she says. “You're doing a wonderful job. And you're past the hardest part. The reward will be worth it” She releases her grip and rises daintily to her feet. You look up at her. Her torso is stained with your

blood, blood she drew from your back with the flogger. It splatters her rumpled, unbuttoned shirt. It is smeared crimson over her full, pale chest, painting the partially revealed curve of her breasts. She picks up your leash. “We still have some accessory work to do.”

You float through the rest of your workout in a dreamlike haze, exhaustion and lust and pain consuming your thoughts. Sophia orders you to do dumbbell curls while she stands behind you, pinching your nipples raw. “Get that nice pump going, big boy,” she growls, slipping her tongue in your ear. She twists your nipples harder as you grind out another set.

After curls, you lie back on the bench for tricep extensions. As you struggle to pull the bar over your head from the ground, Sophia straddles your chest and rubs her pubis hard against your naked chest. “You're such a beast,” she moans, bucking back and forth against you. “My horse. My bear. My stud.” She presses her hands into your chest and grinds harder into you as you continue lifting. “Don't you dare stop. Watching those big muscles swell gets me so hot.”

When you finish your arm work, Sophia pulls a stretching mat over. “I know you're tired,” she says, “but I've got one last exercise for you. Something for that core. You're going to do some planks.” She pats the mat with her foot. “Down on the ground,” she orders. You sink to your hands and knees, positioning yourself for an abdominal plank, and look up for your cue.

Sophia looms over you, her ripe, curvy body glistening with sweat. A mischievous smile plays on her lips. She slips her hands up her skirt, revealing her thick, smooth thighs up to the waist. She hooks her thumbs in the band of her sodden cotton panties and teasingly tugs them down, revealing a plump mound edged with close-trimmed curls. Your heart pounds.

Teasingly, she bends at the waist, slowly tugging the panties over her plump, perky ass and down her thighs. Once over her knees, she lets the

underwear fall to her ankles, steps out it and kicks it aside. “Ready?” She hunches down to a seat on the mat in front of you, legs spread. Slowly, she pulls her skirt up. Her thick vulva is swollen and aroused, already opening. The pink lips glisten. She props herself with her elbows and pushes her hips off the ground. “Start,” she orders.

You raise your knees off the ground, stretching your abdomen out between your hands and feet. She brings her hips up to your face. The rich, ripe scent of her damp cunt dizzies you. You inhale the sweet, earth smell deeply. Her short curls tickle your nose. “Don't just stare at it,” she growls, “eat it.”

Your abdomen straining with the stretch, you obediently slip your tongue against her labia. “Slowly,” she says, gripping your hair with a free hand. She guides you as your lips spread hers wider. Your tongue glides over her slick, delicate flesh. “That's nice,” she coos as you spread her open. Hungrily, you burrow your tongue into her hot, wet cunt. The taste and smell and feel are your heaven. Your home. You grind your face against her, tongue lapping firmly from her vagina to her clit, kissing, sucking, massaging. She grinds her hips against you.

Your body is torn between the burning stretch in your abdomen and the unearthly glory of her sweet cunt. You channel the pain into your hunger, devouring her flower with desperation. Finally, you begin to buckle. She stops you. “Ok,” she pants, dropping her hips to the ground. “You can take a break now.”

You drop to the ground, your abdomen crying out, your face slick, her scent all about you. She allows you a few moments of rest, stroking your hair as she rubs her swollen vulva inches from your face. Then she taps you on the head and thrusts her hips back into the air. You need no second bidding, fixing your mouth on her dripping cunt.

For two more sets she thrusts her hips to your mouth, grinding herself against your tongue as you plank. She writhes and moans, working herself

into a frenzy. On the final set, your strength fails. You slip forward. Sophia allows you to fall, pulling you down to the floor with her. But she continues grinding your face against her. “Don't stop!”

Relieved from the strain of the stretch, you are finally able to focus your attention fully on pleasing her. You grip her thighs and burrow deep. She forces your head against her by your hair, grinding your face against her pubis. You lap relentlessly at her, broad wet strokes up and down her clitoris. Her breath comes in ragged gasps. “That's it,” she says, “keep going!”

The tremor begins in her thighs. It shudders outward from the epicenter of her pleasure, shivering through her body. She cries out, guttural, animal moan from deep inside her. You keep licking, driving her through the orgasm as her hips spasm and twitch against your face. Finally, she loosens her grip on your hair. A luxurious smile spreads across her face.

“That was so good, baby,” she giggles. She cups your chin in her palm and locks eyes. “What a good boy you are.”

You grin shyly and look away. “Thank you, Mistress Klein.”

She pats your head. “No, really,” she says, stroking your cheek. “You were wonderful today. All day. I am really proud of you.” She flashes a mischievous grin and pats you firmly on the head. “I think you may have earned a reward.” She stands. “Get yourself cleaned up. Then meet me in the sauna.”

You stagger to the shower, scarcely able to move your stiff, aching body. You are exhausted, yet still dizzy with lust. Her taste clings to your mouth and nostrils. In the shower, the cool spray stings the welts and cuts that cover your back, butt, and thighs. You gingerly wash the sweat, grime, and blood from your body. The pain swirls down the drain.

You step out of the shower and dry yourself off. Then you wrap a towel around your waist and head for the wooden sauna door. Your heartbeat quickens. You open the door.

Sophia reclines nude on a towel. Her pale, milky skin glistens with beads of sweat. Her slender back arches, thrusting her full, pert breasts in the air. She fixes her soft brown eyes on you and smiles. “There’s my big boy,” she says, shifting her thick thighs and sitting up. “All clean for me?”

You nod. She looks down at your towel. “Take that off.” You obey hesitantly, revealing yourself to her. She leans back. “That’s better,” she says. She pats the bench beside her. “Come.”

She guides you to the bench and lays you face-down against the wooden surface. Then she straddles your butt and uncorks a tube of oil. “You were so good today,” she says, drizzling the oil over your aching back. “These muscles are starting to get big. You’ve come such a long way from when I found you.”

She begins to gently knead at your muscles, slicking the oil over your back. It stings against the raw welts she raised with the flogger. You groan deeply as she works your shoulder blades. “I could tell when I first saw you in here,” she says, her thumbs digging deep beneath your blades. “You looked pretty of silly, of course. With your socks and your running shoes and your basketball shorts. You were chubbier, too.” She rubs down your arms. “But I still noticed you. Noticed that you were always here. Noticed you trying new things. Taking advice.”

She drizzles oil over your triceps and rubs your arm with both hands. “And of course, I noticed you were always looking at me. Always watching. It was so cute.” You flush, glad she cannot see the embarrassment on your face. “I don’t meet a lot of guys with that kind of dedication. Most of them have spent their entire lives being told how wonderful they are. It’s a turn-off.”

She switches arms, rubbing the bicep hard. “That's why I decided to make you my little project. The way your eyes lit up the first time I asked you to meet me here. I thought you'd fall over dead.” She laughs. “Of course, you had no idea what you were in for.” She grinds her fists against the small of your back, prompting low groans of ecstasy. Leaning forward, her breasts slide over your shoulders as she kneads around your hips.

She slicks up your butt and thighs and massages them with her full weight, long slick strokes from the back of the knee up to your glute. “I guess I didn't, either. I had no idea what a perfect little submissive boy you could be for me. Or how much I would really enjoy torturing you.” Muffled pleased moans escape your lips as she works your thighs and ass for a few more minutes.

She smacks your butt hard. “Turn over.” You obey. She straddles your waist, her vulva grinding against your crotch. Your cock stiffens immediately. She oils up your chest and shoulders and rubs deeply. The swelling in your crotch brings a smile to your face. “Dirty boy,” she says. “I feel that.” She wiggles her hips, teasing you. You are dying to sink yourself into you.

She cocks her head back, reading your thoughts. “You don't get to fuck me yet,” she tells you, “not today.” Your heart sinks. “I know, I know,” she says, patting you gently. “But you're making such good progress. I've got to give you something to strive for. Maybe when you can bench two plates.” She wiggles her hips again, her curly pubic hair and slick cunt teasing your swollen cock. “Don't worry,” she says, “I'll take care of you.”

She oils up your thighs and massages the tissue deeply. Teasingly, she nears your groin, brushing your balls by faux-accident. She grinds her palms into your thighs, releasing tension and pressure inside them. Then laughs.

“Such a good boy,” she says. “You deserve a reward.” She grips your cock, slicking it up with oil and stroking it softly and slowly. “Such a nice big cock,” she says. “It's going to feel so good inside me- eventually.” She massages your balls with the other hand, teasing you. The seed stirs in you, agonizingly from so much denial.

Sophia releases your cock and balls. They pulse desperately. She grins, then slips her hand under your knees and raises them. She pushes your legs back until your thighs touch your chest, exposing your ass. Sheer vulnerability. “Such a cute butt,” she giggles. You are too exhausted and aroused and taken aback to say anything before she begins smearing oil on your ass. Your hole, never before touched by another, tightens and twitches at this foreign sensation.

“Mistress,” you begin, squirming.

“Shh,” Sophia soothes, pressing your thighs into your chest. “Just relax.” She tenderly circles her slicked-up fingers around your hole, teasing the spongy flesh. To your surprise, it feels nice. More than nice. It is electric heaven. She presses hard with two fingers, massaging your rim. “Doesn't that feel good?”

“Amazing,” you moan, pressing yourself into her. Your cock throbs.

She grins slyly at you from between your legs. “Just you wait.” She presses harder. Pressure. Then yielding, as her finger slips inside you. You gasp. The stretching, massaging pressure down your hole is a new, overwhelming.

“Breathe, baby,” she soothes, “open yourself up for me.”

Shaking, you draw in a breath and exhale in a slow, measured rhythm. As you breathe out, she slips another finger inside you, spreading you

wider. She gently works her fingers in and out of your well-lubricated hole, the massaging, stretching thrusts opening you. “Do you like that, baby?”

“Yes, Mistress Klein,” you answer.

“Grab your knees,” she orders. You obey, reaching up to hold your own knees back against her chest, freeing her hand. “Good boy. How about this?” She works her fingers inside you to the knuckle. Her fingertips press hard against a something inside you. It sends spasms through your body.

“Oh my god,” you pant, waves of pleasure wracking you. Your cock nearly bursts at this shocking sensation.

“That's the spot, huh?” she says. She presses her fingers hard against that firm, hot nut of pleasure inside you, massaging it deeply. “Good boy,” she grins, “I love those dirty little moans.”

She grips your cock with her free hand and squeezes it tightly as she pumps her fingers in and out. Her breasts heave and sway as she works your shaft in one hand, your hole with the other, driving you closer and closer to the edge.

“Don't stop,” you cry. She fucks you hard with her fingers, her knuckles slamming up against your perineum. Your whole body is on fire.

“I feel it,” she pants. “You're going to cum, aren't you?” She grinds her fingers hard against your prostate and squeezes your cock in firm, measured strokes that keep you right on the edge for several delicious, agonizing moments. Finally, the pleasure consumes you. The morning's worth of teasing, denial, buildup, agony, it boils over in an almighty flood.

Sophia gives one final hard downward stroke. A shuddering cry escapes as your entire body begins to spasm. Your throbbing cock twitches

violently, then explodes. spurts of hot semen spray across your chest and stomach. She continues fucking your prostate as you splatter your stomach and chest with rope after rope of cum.

Finally, you finish. Slowly, she slips her fingers out of your stretched-out hole. “Wow,” she giggles, raising an eyebrow at your saturated body. “That was a big load.”

You cannot answer. Instead, you lay back, panting, your elbow across your face, waves of pleasure still washing over you.

Sophia. “Was that a nice reward?”

“Oh, yes, Mistress Klein,” you gasp

She reaches down and swipes a hand over your torso, mopping up strands of your cum. “And what do you say?”

“Thank you, Mistress Klein,” you breathe.

“Good boy. Open your mouth.” You obey. Smiling, she presses her hand against your mouth, her fingers slipping through your lips, feeding you your cum. “Suck.”

Without hesitation, your lips draw the fingers inside your mouth, sucking greedily at the seed. The warm, cloying, salt taste puckers your lips, but you obey, sucking your cum from her thumb and swallowing it down without question. She wipes another splattered rope from your stomach and feeds it. “Good,” she coos as you suck it from her fingers. “Lots of protein in that. Well done.” You continue obediently eating every drop she feeds you until she is satisfied. “That's my good boy.”

After showering again, you meet in the hallway by the water fountain. Although early, the gym has begun to fill up with the working crowd, who crowd the cardio machines and other equipment. Sophia is now dressed casually in jeans and a polo shirt, her thick hair combed back in waves. A lovely smile flashes across her face when she sees you.

“Hey, baby,” she says, throwing her arms around your waist.

“Hey, girl,” you reply, tucking her head against your swelling chest. She is soft and delicate in your thick arms.

“Breakfast?” she says as you walk out of the gym.

“Sounds great,” you say, “where do you want to go?”

She shrugs and nestles deeper against you. “You decide.”

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