

*Commission #47 -
Post-Workout*

Barbara: Sorry, honey... Let me call you back.

James: Again?
You hired Isabella, again?



James: You had her coach you just yesterday!
You understand how much money this is costing
us, right?

Barbara: Oh, what does it matter to you anyway...
Aren't you late for work or something...?



James: Good god...
You're going to be the death of me, woman...

Barbara: Yeah, yeah... Whatever.
Anyway that's her, let her in and make yourself
scarce.

Door Ring!

A 3D animated scene showing a woman with long dark hair, wearing a brown sports bra and leggings, standing on a white porch. She is holding a black bag and looking down at her back. The porch has a dark wooden door with glass panels. To the right of the door is a stone wall and a potted plant. The scene is set during sunset or sunrise, with warm lighting and long shadows. The background shows a blue sky and some trees.

Isabella: Urgh...
(My back... I think I overdid it last night...)



James: Ah! Isabella, come in, come in!
The missus was just expecting you.

Isabella: Heya, James!
Gotta say, I did not expect to be back so soon!

James: Aha, right...
Neither did I... Neither did I.
Anyway! Make yourself at home, she'll be in the
living room, waiting for you. I gotta head to work
so I'll leave her in your hands!



Isabella: Heya, Barba--
(Dios Mio!)

Barbara: Isabella!
How wonderful to see you again!





Barbara: So!
Shall we get started then?

Isabella: R-Right...
Let's get to work!

15 Minutes Later...

Isabella: That's it...
You got two more left.
Don't give up now!

Barbara: *GROAN!*





Isabella: Come on now, Barbara.
Only two more and you can take a
short break...

Barbara: *GROAN!*
I-I CAN'T!
N-No, that's it. I'm done with this set...
I honestly can't lift my torso anymore?!



Isabella: Yep, that's it.
Spread your arms as wide as you
can, keep those feet together...

10 Minutes Later...



Isabella: Yeah...
Get as low as you can reach...
Stretch that as-- Back...

And now back up.

Isabella: Now, straighten up.
That's it, arms up high.

Now speak to me, Barbara...
You seem awfully tense today, is
there something on your mind?



Barbara: W-Well... I worry I might bore you...

Isabella: Nonsense.
I'm not only here as a personal
coach, but as a friend. Now speak,
unload, relax, I'm here to listen.

12 Minutes Later...

Isabella: I see...
So, he doesn't give you the same attention as
he did 8 years ago...

Barbara: Right!
He's changed. Even at night, he's not the same,
it's like... Oh, I don't if I should say it but... Ah,
whatever... H-He doesn't give me ENOUGH!

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black leotard, is leaning over a person who is lying on their back on a black yoga mat. The person on the mat is wearing white leggings and has their legs bent. The woman is looking down at the person with a concerned expression. In the background, there is a red exercise ball and a wooden floor. The scene is set in a room with wood-paneled walls.

Isabella: You mean to say, he doesn't satisfy you anymore?

Barbara: Yeah... I mean, lately this marriage has been going downhill... It has been for a while, to be honest... Like, am I to blame? Maybe I've gotten too big? He doesn't find me beautiful anymore?!



Isabella: He would be an incredible fool to think that way; you're an incredible woman, Barbara. I think James doesn't realize how really lucky he is... A woman like you would be blessed and worshipped by many others in many different kind of ways... Some that may satisfy your very need that you've been missing out on for years.

Barbara: R-Really...?
But what makes you say that?



Isabella: W-Well... I-I think any woman would think so...

Barbara: Would you bless and worship me?

Isabella: I-I erm... Y-Yeah, I mean, of course!

Barbara: Would you do so now?

Isabella: B-Barbara?

Barbara: Well, I mean that is you, that I'm feeling in-between my crotch, right? I noticed no pockets with those leggings you're wearing...



Isabella: O-Oh! I-I'm so sorry, Barbara!

Barbara: Oh no, y-you have nothing to apologise for, Isabella. I-I mean it's perfectly natural!

Isabella: Y-Yes, wait, what? N-No! I mean... I-I think I should go...

Barbara: Wait, why?! I-It's okay, I mean I don't mind! Actually, I kinda knew about it anyway...



Isabella: Wait, y-you did?

Barbara: Why do you think I keep calling for you, dummy? I've known ever since we've met, and I've been waiting a long time for someone like you...

Isabella: B-But what about Jame--

Barbara: Screw James. I want you. I want you now.



19 Minutes Later...

SMACK!

SMACK!

Barbara: N-NRGH! G-GOD, IT'S SO BIG!
AR-ARGHHH...! FUUCK!

Isabella: *GRUNT!*
Carajo!
So f-fucking tight?!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Isabella: **GRUNT!**

I guess James didn't have the means to stretch out this coño, huh?!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Barbara: N-NRGAHHH...! I-I CAN FEEL EVERY INCH OF IT?! IT HURTS SO FUCKING GOOD!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Isabella: **GROAN!**

YES! It's driving me nuts! I can't get enough of it! TAKE IT DEEP! I'M GONNA BREED YOU LIKE THE CHEATING WHORE YOU ARE!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Barbara: A-ARGGHHH...! YEESSSS!

A woman with long dark hair is sitting on a white sofa in a modern living room. She is holding a large, realistic-looking foot in her hands, looking at it with a concerned expression. In the background, a man in a blue sweater and white shorts stands near a wooden door, looking surprised. The room has wood-paneled walls, a large window with a blue abstract painting, and a glass coffee table.

James: Hi, sorry, hope I'm not interrupting, I left my ba-- **WHAT THE FUCK?!**

Barbara: W-What...? W-Was that James?!



Isabella: Ah, James!
No, you weren't interrupting, I was simply helping out with your wife.

James: Y-You mean, you were banging her...?!
(JESUS?! THE SIZE OF THE THING!)

Isabella: Well, yeah... That's what I meant.
It appeared Barbara had some needs that have been left unfulfilled for a long time.

James: B-But... S-She's my wife...?!

Isabella: I think you're missing the point, James... I'm here to help. And I'm not finished, so you can sit and watch the rest if you'd like...

Barbara: *PANTING!*
I-It's alright, James...
L-Let her finish...



10 Minutes Later...

Isabella: *GRUNT!*
T-That's it... Don't you run away from this...

SMACK!

SMACK!

Barbara: URGHHH...! CHRIST!
T-THIS FEELING!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Barbara: It's been so long!
I love it, don't stop, keep going!

SMACK!

Isabella: **GROAN!**

Oh, don't worry baby... I'll drive my cock into your
plush pussy with these wide, thick hips anytime of
the day!

SMACK!

Isabella: *GROAN!*
Ngh... F-Fuck... I-I'm getting real close!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Barbara: GOD YES! POUND ME!
FUCK ME INTO THE FLOOR!
BREED ME!

SMACK!

Isabella: *GRUNT!*

HE-HERE SHE COMES!

Barbara: ARGH! YE-YES! GIVE IT TO
ME! I WANT IT! I WANT IT ALL!
NGHH! AA-AAHH!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

James: Wa-Wait, what?! Y-You're gonna pull
out, ri-right?!



Isabella: *GRUNT!*
YE-YEAGRAHHHH...!

Barbara: A-AAAHHH! I-IT'S SO WARM!
S-SO MUCH...! IT'S FILLING ME
UP...!

Isabella: *PANTING!*
Whew...
A big load... For a big woman...

Barbara: *PANTING!*
That...
Was...
Amazing...



A scene from a video game. On the left, a muscular woman with a very large, exaggerated physique is shown from the back, wearing a black bikini bottom. She is holding a small, black and white dog. In the center, a man with short brown hair, wearing a blue V-neck sweater over a white collared shirt and light-colored pants, stands with his hands slightly out. The background is a modern interior with wood-paneled walls and a ceiling with recessed lights. A brown leather armchair is visible on the right.

James: B-But what if she gets pregnant?

Isabella: Oh, James...
I'm pretty certain she now is.

James: B-But to have kids...?

Isabella: That's yours and Barbara's decision...
I don't really care what you do with it... This
will be the first of many so...

James: Y-You forgot your clothes by the way...

Isabella: Dios mi-- Yeah, I'm going to have a shower, James...
Gosh, you're a bit slow, aren't you...?
No wonder Barbara was moaning about you...

Barbara: *Mumble*
B-Best...
Workout...
Ever...

The End