**Back to the Gym**

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It's summer of COVID-19 and I just turned eighteen. My mother remarried last September and I moved out on my own. I left home just as COVID began and jobs were hard to come by. Lots of girls like me had no money to buy food or pay the rent. Things didn't turn out all that bad for me though. I found a nice little apartment and mornings I worked at the restaurant two doors up. All we could do because of COVID was takeout so we started making up breakfast sandwiches and coffee and selling them down at the dock to fishermen heading out to fish or pull traps. I wore my thong bikini and guys bought every day and we made good money.

With so many girls broke and no immediate prospects bosses and landlords began to pressure girls to exchange sex for jobs or rooms to rent. I knew people, being local, and they would help me pretty much so I wasn't really bothered, at least at first. One big thing I missed was going to the gym, closed by the pandemic. The gym owner was young and kind of nice looking and actually was kind of a friend of mine so I went to him rather sheepishly and offered him a blow job in exchange for a key to the closed up gym.

To my surprise, and relief, because I really did like him and didn't want him to think I was too much of a slut, he asked not for a sex act but for me to pose for him in the nude for some bodybuilding pictures to use as come-ons for when the gym reopened. He figured if girls saw pictures of me looking good from working out they would come to work out. And guys would quickly follow. I did look decent, having lost weight from not being able to buy enough to eat. What I didn't figure was that half the town would end up seeing my nude pictures.

This came about just about April first. Our seaside town had been closed for about two weeks and the local economy depended heavily on tourism which generally began to pick up each year at about this time. Most of the downtown businesses were restaurants, retail shops and bars. Except for a few oddball places like the food store and the bank and the drug store and the post office everything was closed. And those were short staffed and treated like Fort Knox.

I was really lucky with my breakfast job, working at the bicycle shop, making subs for take-out and a few specials for guys who saw me hawking breakfasts at the dock every morning just about naked. The specials included washing pickup trucks in my bikini and dancing topless in bars that were supposed to be closed but weren't if you knew the secret handshake. A couple of Friday nights I danced nude on the stage of the art deco movie theater downtown but we were closed down by the police when guys started openly to queue on the sidewalk to get in.

Later dancing in the nude became quite the thing. A lot of girls came over from Ireland to work for the summer and when there were no jobs they needed some ways to make money. A lot of them were virgins and wanted to remain so, which I greatly respect. So they would dance in the nude to get money after things opened up some and more gatherings were permitted. Some of them also took it in the bum for money so they satisfied the bosses and still remained virgins. In fact I met my first roommate Ciara after she was forced to take it in the ass when she refused to do it as God intended. Later she became my first female lover and later still it was my turn to take it in the bum. But back to the bodybuilding picture story.

The best part of my day was the morning. I'd get up at five, shower and dry my hair and climb into one of my bikinis. It stays cold mornings in Maine until almost the Fourth Of July, though where we were by the ocean it was moderated a little. There wasn't too much snow. I wore outdoor boots to keep my feet dry and an Eisenhower jacket to keep me warm above the waist. The jacket was short, like Eisenhower jackets were, so my just about bare ass showed rather fully, and if it wasn't too windy I could leave the front open some so my just about bare boobs showed rather fully too.

At about twenty to six I'd head two doors down to the breakfast place, being careful to zip up the Eisenhower jacket so as not to appear too whoreish to the rest of the staff including the wife of the owner. She and two other girls stayed at the restaurant while the owner and I were down at the docks. They sold takeouts through a window that opened onto the front porch and made and delivered more stuff to bring to us downtown. At first the other girls considered me a slut but we split all tips, the majority of which were slipped into my bra by satisfied customers, and then the other girls liked me better. Anyway, I helped myself to a sandwich and coffee and the owner and I loaded up the truck and he drove us down to the dock.

Before I moved to town I had never been at the dock so early in the morning, preferring to go bicycling in the park and then to the beach when I was around. We would arrive at the dock at six and there would be some folks already coming in. Fishermen that is, maybe the occasional kayaker. And they were indeed almost all men. Some fished and some pulled lobster traps, and those last should probably be called lobster men but it's simpler to just call them all fishermen. I enjoyed them. They worked hard and were almost always strong and hardy types. They were polite and looked me in the eye when I dealt with them, not at my boobs or my ass. I was, after all, somebody's daughter. I never got the idea they judged me. I was working and they were working. It was a reality of life.

There were three generations of fishermen. The sons, the fathers and the grandfathers. The boats belonged to the older men and were passed down to the younger ones, as near as I could determine. They were all decent to me but only the sons really talked to me and though they were nice few smiled. They were working, after all, and the pandemic had hurt restaurant sales and thus their sales. When they gave me a tip they put it in my tip jar, not in my bra or down the front of my bottoms. When they saw me on the street they nodded as they passed and maybe then kind of smiled. They did not try to chat me up. None of them asked me where I lived.

Come June the fishermen congratulated me when I graduated from high school, though there was no graduation ceremony due to the pandemic. There hadn't even been any classes since March, at least at the school. We learned online. No matter the fishermen knew a high school diploma meant better jobs. No one asked me if I was going to college. That was not on their radar. But they knew even McDonald's hamburgers wanted a high school diploma. Of course we had no McDonald's because, COVID or no COVID, that would hurt restaurant sales. I was always surprised we had even a Subway sandwich shop.

I think I mentioned elsewhere that at some point someone filed an attractive nuisance complaint against me with the police for wearing my thong in public. Such a complaint was similar to a barking dog complaint except in this case rather than being a pain in the ass the nuisance attracted people, thus leading to traffic jams or some other inconvenience. I was never officially contacted but very soon after starting work I knew every cop in town and they told me about the complaint and that the police chief quashed it. Local merchants welcomed anything that might attract people to town even at six in the morning. In fact soon we stayed till about ten AM. I hope I helped bring people in but an army of nearly naked girls could not make up for the enormous cruise ships that no longer arrived off the coast almost daily.

Speaking of armies of naked girls, and as I previously mentioned, I was due to get naked at the local gym to have my picture taken flexing various muscles and hoisting various pieces of exercise equipment. All in the name of attracting paying customers once the gym re-opened. I met with the gym owner to discuss arrangements. He did regular photo sessions, when the gym was open, for people wanting a record of their progress. Many were girls my age who sought to firm up their behinds doing the new exercises like hip thrusts which targeted the gluteals. The gluteals being the muscles in one's behind. Well, I had a pretty decent behind due to years of goblet squats, reverse hyper extensions, pull throughs on my knees, you get the picture. I also had a decent rack due primarily to the fact that I had inherited one from my mother.

All of which to say the gym owner had the appropriate equipment to do a photo shoot. I also had some experience with being photographed in my birthday suit and knew about stuff like not wearing tight under clothes beforehand that would leave marks on the body and not eating a big meal which would distend one's tummy. I knew how to shave myself clean without leaving marks. Older men often preferred girls with no hair down there because in their day they never had a girl like that. I had no tattoos which, if large, can disguise one's muscle definition. One wears no jewelry and, of course, no sanitary protection. Minimal make-up, another distraction, and no tan marks since it was not yet beach season. Squeaky clean hair which I always had. We were set, it seemed. Not a pro, he never asked me to prove I was eighteen. I suggested we wait a week until I had officially graduated from high school. It would look better. And we waited.

So ten days later on a Sunday afternoon I walked over to the gym. Crossing the park it was deserted, testimony to the economic situation. On the other side of the park, on the other side of the street from the gym, were two police cruisers side by side, thus partially blocking the street. But it hardly mattered since there was little traffic. We had agreed on having cops for witnesses. It was best for both me and the gym owner to have witnesses since I was going to be buck naked, and cops seemed a good choice.

I did not bring a companion, which they say you should as a safety feature, nor did I do that thing where you say if I don't call Susie in one hour and say I'm OK the cops will come. As I said earlier I liked and trusted the gym owner. I had spent a lot of time at the gym and he never rapped with me or patted my ass while I did squats or anything. And all of the cops had already seen me naked except for what little was covered by the string bikini I wore to sell them morning coffee or maybe totally naked when we were busted when I was stripping at the closed movie theater. I let myself into the gym, using my shiny new gym key, my reward for doing all this.

I had brought a couple of bikinis. He needed some clothed shots he could use in his public advertising. We would do those last so I would not have any clothing marks on me when we did the nudes. Right now I wore only a reversible under which I was naked. I reversed the reversible. I was still naked. He had a high end SLR and described to me what kind of lenses he used. He had some reflectors and some fill lighting but no light man. Some guys would have invited their buddy to hold the reflectors so said buddy could see me naked. He would upload the images he recorded and we could review them in real time to make sure we were getting what we wanted. I say what we wanted. It was, of course, his shoot but I had told him I wanted no X-rated stuff, no pussy shots, no bend over and crack a smile stuff, not that I said it that way to him.

I weighed myself on the gym scale. I was 113 pounds. I had been 124 pounds before the gym had closed in March so I had lost 11 pounds due to not having enough money to eat properly. I stood in front of a full length mirror and pulled my reversible up to my chin. As I mentioned I was naked under the reversible and was thus now naked on the scale. I looked pretty good, actually, for bodybuilding that is, since the lost weight showed more muscle detail. I had been trying to get protein all the while so as not to lose what muscle I had. My boobs looked OK except they are largely fat and I had lost some of the that. My bare ass looked good because I was still doing my goblet squats and pelvic tilts. Three cops came in the door so I lowered my reversible to where it belonged.

I knew all three of the cops. One was a female who had been present when they busted the theater where I was dancing in the nude. They always brought a girl cop when they knew a female was the person of interest in whatever incident they were investigating. Since the theater thing was a bunch of people violating COVID which was civil, not criminal, and the nude dancer was eighteen no one was arrested. I was glad the cops were there. Being nude with just the one guy would have made me feel a bit strange even though he was a good guy but it introduced a level of intimacy that wasn't warranted with someone who was not my acknowledged lover. Having the cops there made it a performance and I could perform comfortably in the nude in front of several people and there was no intimacy, in fact the opposite. I was just a naked girl offered up as a private fantasy.

Everything was ready so we started. I pulled my reversible over my head, took off my sandals and voilà, I was naked. I was also horny and my nipples hardened like the proverbial pencil erasers. We started with just some basic bodybuilding poses. And I mean bodybuilding, not the fitness or figure type of poses girls do in contests which include turning around and sticking your ass out. He took a few test shots and then tweaked the lighting and tried again and things looked good. And all the while I got hornier. We started with upper body stuff from the front like front double bicep and hands on hips. My arms and shoulders looked good for a girl and the lost weight gave me at least the shadow of a six pack down my tummy.

Regardless the name of the front upper body poses, if the model was a girl they featured her tits. And mine, of course, were bare. And decent size, a big B or small C, if you know bra sizes. The cops said and did nothing but the two guy cops appreciated finally getting to see them unobstructed by my bikini top. And so, I think, did the gym owner. And thinking about them thinking about me made me hornier. I hadn't been laid in weeks since my friend and I at the bicycle shop stopped hanging out. Of course when I had no boyfriend I often went months without getting laid but knowing that didn't make me feel less randy right now.

Next came some ab shots. Or what were supposed to be ab shots but which also featured an excellent view of my bunny hole. None of them had seen that before. Even at the theater as soon as the cops came in I covered my snatch with both hands. By the time we got to putting my hands behind my head and flexing my abs and my thighs I was glistening wet down there with no hair and no hands to hide it. We did some leg stuff from the front, thigh shots, and there were more bunny hole shots. I would have killed to be able to touch myself down there.

We were through with the frontals but I made no move to cover myself. I just stood there and let them look, naked as the day I was born, radiant, shameless, the hot hole between my legs wanting the ultimate fulfillment. People who had photographed me said I had a good body for nude pictures. My gym trained ass did not spread and I didn't show a belly because I didn't have one. My tits were good size but real. I was comfortable being nude and it showed. Being comfortable being naked improves your sex life and being photographed nude makes you more comfortable that way. Getting laid was a lot more fun after I started getting photographed.

The front of me finished we looked at the result on the screen so I ambled over next to the gym owner and the screen. Whenever you read about how to model they always mention having a separate area for changing and wearing a robe in between actual photo taking sessions. We didn't do that. I'm not very modest, as you may have figured out, and I didn't care what these people thought about my body. I stripped naked at the beginning and stayed that way. I was naked so the gym owner could photograph me that way and knew the cops could see me that way. After we finished a set and we looked at it I stood happily next to him with my bare ass in the wind even though books say I should cover up. As long as the shoot continued I was comfortable with nothing on.

Meanwhile we had to redo some of the boob shots because my bare breasts were big enough to cast a shadow the way the reflectors were set. Maybe we did need a light person. Anyway, I turned around and we did the back stuff. Mostly rear double bicep shots and hands behind the head, then hands on hips. Real bodybuilding stuff instead of fitness. He took a lot of ass shots, straight on and at various angles. My glutes looked pretty good because I was able to do a lot of body weight stuff at home and posterior pelvic tilt practice. I was very sensitive about my asshole showing in shots but clenching my glutes it never did. I declined to do a straight on most muscular from the front because there was no hiding my by now glistening genitals.

It might sound weird to agree to pose naked and then worry about what showed but all nude photography is not created equal. When I first did it we had pasties for my nipples and tape for my pussy if I wanted them and the pose allowed it but I decided against them. The idea was to pose in the nude, to show my body as God made it and so I did, with nipples and a pussy. But it wasn't supposed to be porn. Nothing I ever did was in any way near explicit. Showing off my mountain flower too flagrantly was not on the agenda. It wasn't really necessary anyway. I don't have really big tits but you can bounce a quarter off my tummy and my ass and that's what I wanted to display. A girl who took good care of her body.

I did have a pussy, though, which is what made me a girl and I was proud of it but careful how I used it. I had to answer for myself how much, if any, pussy to show. Good photographers, and that did not include the gym owner, have the skills to make you look naked as a jaybird without showing your bunny hole head on or, for that matter, in focus. I did want in my first few shoots to preserve for posterity exactly what I looked like straight out naked so a few snatch shots were called for. Some photographers will tell you that in order to really say you'll pose nude you have to show pussy but it's bullshit. It's like actresses in movies, you sign up for what you want to show and that's what you show or they get someone else. And sometimes they do but it's not like I'm going to miss out on Vogue by not doing real cunt shots.

Next we started some exercise stuff, much of which meant moving the lights. While we were doing that the police lieutenant came in. I don't know how many cops our small town has on duty on a Sunday afternoon with no tourists about but we now had four of them in one place where the chances of a crime being committed were minimal. Anyway, the gym owner got a standard gym bench and staying where we were I sat side to and did some curls and some hip thrusts and some ab stuff lying down. Then we went lights and all to a bar where I could do some pull ups which not a lot of girls can do. They turned out to be some of our best shots. I cross my ankles when doing pull ups which spreads your knees so in some shots everybody gets a good look at what I just said really makes me a girl. From the back my ass looked tremendous and I was happy with some of the detail in my back itself and there was no real hint of my asshole.

Finally we were done with the inside stuff. The gym owner wanted some shots outside on the street showing me naked in front of the shop with a clear view of the name of the place. After the nudes we would do the bikini shots I mentioned earlier for legitimate ads. So we emerged on the street, four cops, the gym owner with two cameras and me. Me still being naked. I carried my reversible and my bikinis and laid then on the hood of one of the cruisers. As before the park was deserted and there was no traffic but there were indeed some people watching trying to figure out what three cruisers were doing there. We proceeded with the nudes and I feigned indifference to the few spectators. I donned a bikini and we did those shots and we were done.

I went back into the gym, stripped in the bathroom, took a leak and wiped my privates which were still leaking because I was still horny. I put on my reversible and my clogs and re-emerged on the street. It was just before four o'clock and the lieutenant invited the gym owner and me to eat with the cops at the Italian joint across the park. The restaurants were closed for COVID but city workers could eat at either of two places in town. It was only a hundred yards to the restaurant but I got to ride in the front seat of the patrol supervisor's car, after squeezing in under the console, because they could not leave the vehicles behind. Like the little girl I am I enjoyed it. The lieutenant good naturedly refused when I asked him if I could talk over the police radio.

We had a fine dinner, certainly the best meal I had had since the arrival of COVID. We sat at a huge round table meant for about a dozen to realize social distancing. There was a large salad, pasta with sausage and very good bread. I was still leaking from my pussy and could smell sex on myself and was grateful for once for social distancing. I was offered a beer but declined whereas I was not of age. The cops drank except for the lieutenant because their shift ended at four o'clock. Tough shift. After, the lieutenant drove me home. Again I enjoyed riding in the cruiser.

Back home I was happy to have gained access to the gym and had enjoyed my photo shoot. I was still ragingly horny. I stripped naked and lay on my bed on my back and began to finger myself. In a minute I was ready and turned over on my tummy, pushed my face into my pillow, put my hand between my legs and, using the middle and ring fingers, had a loverly time.