**Gym Adventure**

by kinky shy girl Â©

By the time my boyfriend came home, I was already dressed for the gym. That morning I had mentioned that it had been a while since we went to the gym together. I thought it was time for a nice hot adventure. He took the hint right away and suggested a late workout. It was Tuesday, and only the hardcore regulars would be around after 9:30pm.

James stalked into the apartment with a scowl on his face. I knew he had been having a hard time training the new staff members. He glanced at me, took two steps, and looked back. His frown lines eased a bit, and he asked, "Is that a new outfit?"

I rolled my eyes. "No, you've seen this before." I ran my hands over my white crop top. The cotton-spandex blend hugged my breasts, showing off my natural bounce. James came closer to touch my blue running shorts. I had cut 2 inch slits up the sides to show off my legs. I rolled up the waistband of my shorts and wore them low. I glimpsed my boyfriend's hard-on, and I knew that my outfit was top-notch.

James pulled me into a tight embrace, and I lay my head on his firm chest. When we first met, I was intimidated by his size. He is 6'4'' with massive arms and broad shoulders. As long as he stays away from fried foods, his body fat hovers around 9%. In the past two years, he lifted less and did more cardio. As a result, his build became leaner, and I encouraged that.

He leaned over and lifted me into his arms. I wrapped my legs around his waist and nuzzled my face into his beard. It turned me on that he could just pick me up and carry me all over the place. At 5'1'' I had a fetish for very tall guys. I enjoyed the feeling of being wrapped up into long arms. Our size difference became non-existent in the bedroom. We were a perfect fit, in more ways than one.

After a brief make-out session, he was ready to go. His cock felt rock-hard, and I admired his self-restraint. His touch had made my pussy wet, and I worried that you could notice the damp spot on my shorts. At his request, I took off my knickers and decided to go commando for the night. He was in a feisty mood, and so was I.

When we arrived at the gym, we saw one of the regulars in the parking lot. I couldn't remember his name, but he came over to say hello. He was a young guy, early 20s, intra-mural football player. Nice guy, but he gave off a stoner vibe. He and James chatted a few minutes about sports, and I felt his eyes wander towards me quite a few times. I pretended to listen to their conversation, and I tilted towards him. The evening air was chilly, and I felt my nipples harden. I knew my top didn't leave much room to the imagination, and I could sense that the kid was squirming. I almost wanted to glance down and see how much I was affecting him. By then, their chat had tapered off, and James was ready to go inside.

He patted me on the butt as we walked towards the entrance. He said, "Damn, I thought that guy's eyes were going to pop right out of his head." He chuckled.

He went into the locker room to store his jacket and keys. I didn't bring anything so I waited for him outside. One of the members walked by and said, "Why, hello there!" His eyes flitted on my top, and he blushed a little. I thought it was cute and smiled in response. He gave me a tiny salute and walked towards the exit.

James did a walk-through to check out the crowd. He said it was a small crowd, maybe a dozen in all. The aerobics class had finished earlier, so there were only two or three females around. He suggested that we work out on the second floor. He wanted to do some lifting tonight, and he saw a few acquaintances who could be his spotters.

He grabbed my hand and led me up the stairs. I could tell that he was looking forward to our little adventure. I knew he enjoyed the public teasing as much, maybe more, than I did. When we first started dating, he would buy me tight tops and short-shorts. He said that I had a great body and that it was a waste if I didn't show it off. At first, I felt self-conscious, but I started to enjoy the attention. Since I only dressed that way when I was with him, I felt completely comfortable with myself. He's a big guy, so most admirers know better than to make their stares too obvious.

James said that I was a closet exhibitionist. I'm not sure if that's actually the case. I enjoy dressing up for him, because he likes it. I love how excited he gets when we're out. I love that he can hardly keep his hands from my body. I especially love the hot, sweaty sex we have after our public adventures. I don't know if I'm an exhibitionist. Just a horny girl with a slightly narcissistic streak. I know I look good, and I don't mind if guys notice that either. As long as James is around as a barrier, I feel fine with strutting around without underwear.

When we entered the weights area, all eyes were on me. But just for a few seconds. We were regulars, so the other members acknowledged us with a nod and went back to their routines. We never talked with the regulars, only said hello once in a while. The hardcore regulars weren't there to socialize; they were there to work out and go home.

Still men can't help being men. While James warmed up on the bike, I sat on the mats to stretch. I was in front of the mirrors, so I could several sets of wide eyes aimed at my reflection. I spread my legs into a wide V and stretched my arms towards my toes. One-two, one-two...I glanced at my reflection and saw that my shorts rode up a bit. You could see my upper thighs and just the slightest hint of my mound.

James yawned loudly, and I saw two members jump slightly. I suppressed a laugh and continued my stretching. The crowd was mixed: a few old timers, two college-age youngsters, three middle-aged guys. I didn't really pay attention to any particular person. I thought that if someone wants to peek, then he is free to do so. I enjoyed the attention, but I wasn't there to flirt. There is a very thin line between showing off and flirting, and I knew that well. That's why I didn't really make substantial eye contact with any particular person. Maybe that is being cruel, but that is the arrangement that James established. They can look, but I don't look back. After he was warmed up, James walked towards me with a sly grin on his face. "I think we should work on your arms tonight. I'll help you."

I sat on one weight bench, and he sat on the one next to me. We were both facing the wall-length mirror. I straddled the bench and spread my legs. Again my shorts rode up to my upper thighs. James grinned and handed my 7.5 lb. free weights. I started with bicep curls. As I counted my reps, I noticed how my top accentuated the contours of my breasts. I glanced around the room, and I saw that the entire crew was trying so hard not to stare. Two guys actually stopped their workouts to walk around the floor. One started walking towards me, noticed James' broad shoulders, and went to the water fountain instead.

I was done with my biceps. James gave me 10 lb. weights and went to work on the 65 lb. ones for himself. I did two sets of shoulder presses and kept track of the gazes around us. Most of the guys continued to work on the weight machines, looking at me once in a while between reps. My shoulders were sore, so I dropped the weights on the floor. I stretched my arms over my head and leaned back to stretch out my back. When I was upright again, I saw that my shorts had slipped to one side. Anyone who saw my reflection could see a glimpse of my bare pussy.

"Oops." I tried not to grin.

James stopped his rep and glanced over, then downwards. He raised his eyebrows when he saw my pale flesh. My right hand slowly slipped into the leg of my shorts and touched my exposed skin. My fingers slid deeper and I touched the moist folds of my pussy. I adjusted the leg of my shorts and lightly laid my damp fingers on my boyfriend's thigh.

I heard a low groan in his throat. He whispered, "Ohshit, you're killing me."

I giggled and looked into the mirror again. Oops. Two guys had seen my little show and were turned away, trying to cover the rising hard-ons. I blushed a little.

James put down his weights and suggested that we work on my legs. Now this should be interesting, I thought to myself.

We went to the leg curl machine, and he started with 14 reps. He adjusted the weights when it was my turn, and I went to work. I sat on the bench with my feet touching the floor. Under the guise of adjusting the seat bench, James leaned over and his hands slipped into my shorts. I was so wet that the tip of his finger slid right into me. We both gasped a little, and he recovered first. He said, "Ok, now you're ready." I giggled and went to work.

During my reps, I concentrated on extending my legs, letting my thighs do most of the work. I had fairly strong legs, and I enjoyed doing leg extensions. After one set, I copped a quick feel of my boyfriend's package. As I suspected, he was rock-hard. He pointed his finger at me and said, "Don't do that, you minx."

I pouted. "Why not?"

He whispered into my ear. "Because I don't want to cum right in my shorts. You're driving me up the wall by doing that."

"Doing what?" My hand slid into my shorts. "This?" I pulled down my shorts for two seconds. "Breathe, honey. Don't forget to breathe."

James exhaled with a whoosh. His face was red, and it looked like his head was about to explode. His eyes ran from my face to my lips to my breasts to my shorts and back up to my eyes. He gave me that look. You know, the look that says I'm going to fuck you so hard tonight that your head will spin. I crave that look.

I felt bold. I was warm, wet, and horny. The extra male attention was an added bonus. I didn't know how many were watching, but I could sense that we had an audience. (Later James told me that it was a group of 6 men gathered around us.) I didn't want to look up, because I thought I would lose my courage. If I met someone's eyes, I knew I wouldn't have the guts to do what I did next.

I stared at my boyfriend's mouth, and I pulled the waistband of my shorts down. Not completely down, but far enough. Far enough so you could see that I am completely shaved. Far enough to show my juicy pink clit. Far enough so you could see my fingers caressing my soft skin. Far enough to see me touching, rubbing, and stroking my clit. Far enough to know why face was beginning to look so flushed.

I don't know how long I sat there like that. I remember that James stood up, blocking my body from the mirror. If someone wanted to see the show, they would have to walk towards us. I remember that James looked like a modern caveman, practically panting as I rubbed myself in public. I remember hearing a gasp to my left, a moan to my right, but most of the men were silent. Probably holding their breath to see what happens next. No one spoke a word for fear of breaking the moment.

James was standing very close to me, but he didn't touch me. With his eyes, he asked me if I needed any assistance. I looked away, and I slid one finger into my wet slit. I was probably making a wet spot on the bench, but I didn't think anyone would mind. I still didn't look up at anyone else, but I could hear someone groan and walk quickly away. If I had to guess, I would say he was headed to the men's room to take care of his upcoming orgasm.

My breasts felt sore, swollen, and so sensitive. I took my free hand and pinched my already hard nipples. I heard another low growl, and I knew it was James. I pinched my left nipple, then my right, back to my left. The entire time, my fingers rubbed my clit faster. You could even hear how moist I was. I was getting close, but I didn't think I could come with an audience. I looked down at my clit, and I saw how swollen it was, like a piece of ripe fruit ready to be picked.

If I heard another sigh, another moan, any other person, I would have stopped right there. But everyone was so silent. You couldn't even hear anyone breathe. Later I found out that no one stood closer than 10 feet anyway. I imagine they were all afraid of the intense look on my boyfriend's face.

If one of the staff members had walked upstairs at that moment, I would have stopped right there. But the night shift rarely ever came to the second floor. I had plenty of freedom to do whatever I wanted. At that moment, I wanted to come. I knew I could have asked James to help me out. Sometimes in dark clubs, he would finger me until I was dripping wet. He was not shy, and he loved to fool around in public. We had yet to have intercourse in public, but it was on our to-do list.

I knew he was struggling to keep his hands off me. I liked it like that. I wanted to pleasure myself, and I didn't want any disruptions. Any contact from him would have broken my concentration. I wanted to be selfish. I knew I could make it up to him later.

I felt there was a small audience. The man who had run out had been replaced by another pair of wide eyes. I still didn't look up, but I could sense their frozen stances. I must have been putting on quite a show. I went back to the task at hand. I pulled my shorts lower to show off more of myself. My top suddenly felt too small, and I pulled the spandex up and away from my breasts. That felt much better.

The moment I showed my breasts, I heard a collective gasp. Then silence. I focused on James, and I saw the muscle near his jaw twitch wildly. I smiled and squeezed my breasts together with both hands. I saw his throat muscles swallow, and I knew he was thinking of the last time he had his cock between my oiled-up breasts. I pinched my nipples together, and he closed his eyes for a brief moment. I knew he could picture what I was thinking.

I kept one hand on my breasts, and I used the other to continue stroking my sensitive clit. I rubbed my wet clit with quick, short strokes. James inched closer to me and held onto the machine for balance. His legs barely grazed mine, but he kept his hands to himself. I stared up into his face as I touched myself. My fingers felt like they were on fire. I was rubbing my clit so hard and fast that I didn't even realize how close I was. I wanted to stretch out my orgasm, but I was caught off-guard by how quickly I came.

I grunted when the first sensation hit me. I felt my clit tingle, and my pussy muscles began to clench tightly. It felt like I was melting into my shorts, and I moaned lightly. I didn't make much noise when I made myself come, and this time was no different. My pussy was trembling, and I pulled up my shorts with a shaky hand. I covered my breasts again, and I felt my eyes go back into focus.

I heard someone say "Holy shit," but he was the only one. The others chuckled, cleared their throats, shuffled their feet, and wandered away. One person clapped for a few seconds, and I laughed at that. Mostly the watchers were happy to have witnessed it, and they were ready to go home and take care of their aching cocks.

James grabbed my wet, sticky hand and put my fingers in his mouth. He said, "We need to go home. Now." I made sure that my clothes were back in place and took his hand. Halfway down the stairs, he picked me up and slung me over his shoulders. I laughed as he literally ran to the car.

He drove home like a maniac. By that time, my top was completely off, and my legs were spread wide. I continued to play with my clit while he sped home. He kept saying things like "I'm going to fuck you, fuck you good, fuck you so hard, oh my god, I want to fuck you so badly, going to fuck you so long and hard that you won't be able to walk."

And he did.