**Gym Bunny**

by[Knickers](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=250202&page=submissions)©

Rick was staying in LA a couple of weeks on business and asked his buddy Dave if he could use his local gym. But when Rick arrived, he was a little disappointed with the place. It was a real dive, small, kinda run down looking, though obviously in the middle of some much-needed redecorating. The sign over the door, faded and shabby, read "Coach Farley's Gym".

"Maybe I should go someplace else," Rick wondered as he eyed up the gym's grubby interior. "There's a Dickmann's a few blocks from here, I go to one in New York and it's pretty good."

Dave grinned. "Dude, Coach Farley's gym may look a little worn out, but it boasts something you won't find in any of those faceless chains."

They walked through reception, Rick noticing the dust on the floor, the yellowing posters of body-builders, and the cracked and peeling paintwork. An old guy in a grey tracksuit sat behind the front desk reading a Ringside magazine.

"Hey Coach, how's it going?"

"Hiya Dave," the grey-haired man returned his greeting. "Not too bad, now that I can afford to spruce the joint up a bit."

"This is Rick, he's staying in town for a while, be OK if got a guest membership?"

"Sure, sure," the Coach replied. "I got a membership form to sign out."

As Rick scribbled a few details down, Dave asked the Coach in a sotto voice, "So, is Nicola in today?"

The Coach laughed. "Just came in a couple of minutes ago."

Dave could barely contain his excitement. "Come on, let's go!" he hustled his friend.

As Rick followed him into the gym, the first thing that struck him was that no-one seemed to be actually working out. There were a bunch of guys, some of them with free-weights, a couple on the rowing machines, and a few on treadmills. But none of them seemed to be actually doing anything other than staring.

Then Dave nudged him, and he realized what it was they were all staring at.

Seated at one of the weight machines was the most beautiful girl Rick had ever seen. And, to his utter amazement, she was completely naked except for sweatbands on her forehead and wrists, and a pair of Reeboks.

She was tall, lithe and athletic, with a rich, all- over tan (evidently, it wasn't just in the gym she spent time nude!). Her perfect breasts stood out firm and proud, glistening with sweat. Rick's eyes traveled hungrily over her body, watching her arms ripple and flex as she pumped the weights, admiring her flat, toned stomach, and settling at the brunette patch of public hair that rode high just above her pouting pussy lips.

The girl was so engrossed in her exercise program, she didn't notice that Rick, Dave and every other man in the gym was busy leering at her. Even the lucky guy who was spotting her was having trouble concentrating on his job. Rick looked at him enviously, as his hands slid under Nicola's bare arms guiding her in her work- out.

"Jeez!" murmured Rick. "Does the old guy know she's in here buck naked?"

Dave grinned. "Of course he does! Come on."

They jumped onto a spare couple of treadmills to warm up. Rick couldn't keep his eyes off the bare beauty, and it was a lucky coincidence that the machine has been arranged to allow him to watch her while he ran.

In fact, Rick noticed, all the equipment in the gym seems to have been arranged to allow the male spectators to enjoy the view. The walls were lined with mirrors, and no matter where he looked, Rick got a good looked at the sexy nude babe.

After a while, she stood up from the machine. Her whole body was slick with sweat, and her boobs heaved up and down as she puffed from exertion. Her training partner grabbed a towel and began the enviable task of wiping down her bare body.

"Phew!" she cried, wiping licks of sweat off her breasts with both hands. "That was some work-out." Rick detected an unmistakeably sexy Australian huskiness to her voice.

"Who is that chick?" he whispered. But before his pal Dave could answer, she spoke out again, address her congregation of voyeurs.

"I'm gonna hit the sauna," she announced. "Anyone wanna come join me?"

There was a general shout of agreement from the men in the gym. As the naked girl sauntered out of the weights room, the guys fell into step behind her, their tongues hanging out. Dave followed to, with Rick curious as to where all this was heading.

Rick was pretty surprised to discover there was only one steamroom in Coach Farley's Gym, and it was apparently co-ed. Nicola peeled off her sweats and kicked off her shoes before heading in. There was a mad scramble from the guys to get rid of their own clothes and follow her into the sauna.

A little surprised by all of this, Rick took his time. He'd only just joined this gym fifteen minutes ago, and here he was following a gorgeous naked Aussie chick into the steamroom with a whole lot of other men!

Rick and Dave finally entered. At first, all he could see was plumes of steam choking the air. And then the humid mist parted, and Rick once again set eyes upon that heavenly body.

She was lounging on a bench, her head tossed back so that her chestnut-colored mane of hair splayed across the marble tiles, the very picture of sensual repose. She had a towel with her, but it was tossed casually across her shoulder so that it did little to conceal her spectacular nudity.

All the guys were clustered around her, grinning stupidly. They had towels as well, all forming tents over their eager crotches.

"Hey Nicola," Dave greeted her, "I've got someone with me who'd like to meet you."

She raised her head and greeted the boys with an adorable smile.

"Nicola, this is my best buddy Rick from New York City."

"Hi there, Rick," Nicola replied, stretching out an elegant hand. "My mates call me Knickers." Again Rick was intoxicated by her rich Australian accent.

He dumbly returned the handshake, although he'd much rather have his hands on some other part of her delectable anatomy. The whole situation was so surreal, like a sex fantasy come to life.

"Good to meet you," Rick said at last, unable to tear his gaze away from her fantastic pair of tits. Lucky beads of sweat clung her bosom like tiny jewels. Nicola noticed he was giving her breasts more attention than her face and playfully laughed in her melodious voice.

"Yknow," Rick said at last, "in New York it's pretty rare to walk into a gym and see..."

"A beautiful naked girl working out?" Nicola finished his sentence with a naughty smirk. "Well, Ricky, you just sit yourself down next to me, and I'll tell you the whole story."

She patted the seat next to her, and before you could say "nice rack, sweetheart", Rick had made himself comfortable, squeezing himself against Nicola's luscious naked body.

"Well," she began, not minding Rick's hand creeping up her thigh, "it all started like this..."

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Coach Farley looked over the latest batch of bills on his desk and let out a sigh. His debts were mounting, and it looked like he was about to lose his livelihood.

It had always been his dream to open his own gym, and he'd done just that back in '53 when he returned from Korea. In its heyday, Coach Farley's Gym had been the best gym in West Hollywood, with membership numbering in the hundreds.

But times were changing. Big business was squeezing out the small-time operators like Coach Farley. Huge chains like Dickmann's were where the young folks liked to go in this day and age. And it was beginning to look like they were winning.

Without warning, the door to the Coach's office swung open. Standing there, smirking an oily smirk, stood the man who was personally making Coach Farley's life a living hell: Winston E. Prickk, manager of seven Dickmann's gyms across LA, and always looking to increase his little fiefdom. Tall, thin, dressed in an immaculate suit, the greasy tick epitomised everything the Coach despised about those big corporations.

"Coach Farley," he murmured. "I see you're taking yet another futile look at your finances."

"Get outta here, prick," the Coach barked. "I ain't finished yet."

"It's pronounced 'Pry-ick'," he sniffed. "And you should treat me better, Coach. I'm the only thing standing between you and financial ruin."

"I told you before and I'm tellin' you again, I ain't selling you my gym and that's final."

Prickk laughed. "Oh you will, Coach, you will. But for your stubbornness I'm lowering my offer to $22,000."

The Coach reared himself up from behind his desk. He might be 67 years old, but he was still in perfect health.

"You get your slimy ass outta my gym right now," he growled, "or I'll show you just why I was a welterweight boxing champ-een back in '57!"

If Prickk was alarmed at this threat he didn't show it. "Mark my words, old man. One day soon, the sign outside this decrepit old gym will read 'Dickmann's', and I'll be the one running it. You don't have any other choice: either you sell up to me, or you'll go bankrupt."

With a heartless chuckle, he turned around and marched out of the Coach's office.

Coach Farley slumped back into his chair. Prickk was right- he didn't have much choice. If he couldn't raise membership by the end of the week, he'd have to sell his beloved gym or end up penniless...

The next day found the Coach sitting in reception, brooding over the membership books. Only five members! And one of them still owed their fees.

What he needed was some way to drum up business, generate some buzz in the neighborhood to get people flocking to his gym again. What he needed was... a promotion gimmick.

But what?

Just then, the door to the women's locker-room opened and out strolled a vision of loveliness. She was damp and wearing nothing but a towel, which she clasped none-too-carefully about her with one hand, showing off her long, lean legs and a generous helping of her tasty cleavage.

It was Nicola, of course. Coach Farley didn't have too many clients at the gym, and the sexy Aussie starlet was unforgettable.

"Sorry to bother you, Coach," she said in her sultry accent, "but the women's shower is out of shampoo again."

"Here ya go," replied the Coach, getting a spare bottle from under the counter and putting it on reception.

"Thanks," said Nicola, reaching for it. As she did so, her towel came loose, unfurling to reveal her wet, nude body. To his delight, the Coach got a brief flash of the best pair of tits he'd ever seen in his.

"Opps!" laughed Nicola as she recovered her towel. "Better cover my boobs!" Tucking it in so that it once more barely covered her chesty charms, Nicola smiled.

"Thanks for the shampoo, Coach!" With a saucy wiggle of that delicious tushie, Nicola disappeared back into the locker-room.

Coach Farley's pulse raced, and he waited for his erection to subside. He was waiting for a while.

Nicola Baron (or 'Knickers') was a would-be starlet who'd recently moved to Hollywood. She oozed sex appeal, and always seemed to dress to show off her fantastic bod. In her line of work she had to look great, and came to the Coach's gym almost every day.

The image of Nicola wet and naked as her towel opened before him was permanently burnt into the Coach's brain. In all his days, he'd never seen a babe as hot as her! And she'd just waltzed into the gym reception practically naked and given him the best show of his life.

The old man's mind was working now. Nicola was just the thing he was looking for. There always seemed to be more men around when she was working out. Nicola was already a member of the gym, all he needed to do was a bit of marketing, to make the most of Nicola's... assets.

But the big question is, would she agree to do it? Would any young woman willing flaunt her nubile body just to save Coach Farley's run-down old gym?

Nicola re-emerged a few minutes later, this time fully dressed in a t-shirt that stretched tight across her bra-less bust and a pair of cut-off Daisy Duke denim shorts.

"Bye, Coach, I'll see you again tomorrow."

"Just a moment, Nicola," the Coach stopped her. She paused at reception, looking at him inquisitively with her baby blue eyes.

"As you mighta guessed, the old gym ain't what it used to be,"

"That's OK, Coach. The place may be a little dusty, and in need of a few splashes of paint, but as long as I can get a good routine in, it's all I need from my local gym. And besides, the guys here are really friendly."

I bet they are, thought the Coach as he stared at her boobs practically bursting out of her top.

"The thing is, Nicola, times are pretty tough right now. If I can't get outta debt, Dickmann's'll buy me out, and the ol' gym'll never be the same again."

"Oh, bugger," Nicola replied, crestfallen.

"I've got a bit of a business proposition for you. Ysee, I was thinking of hiring someone to help drum up membership. I was kinda hoping you could help out."

"Me?" Nicola asked. "What can I do?"

Stroking his chin thoughtfully, the Coach eyed up the gorgeous brunette model. "Well, you'd sort of be the gym's... mascot."

"Hmmmmmm." Nicola wrinkled up her pretty face as she considered it. Coach wrung his hands nervously, waiting for her response.

"I'm sorry Coach, the answer'll have to be no. I'm really busy with things at the moment, I just landed this part in a movie called 'Bikini Bandits'."

Coach Farley's face fell. If he wanted to save his gym, he'd have to think of some other way.

What would he do now?

As if drawn by his misery, the front door of the gym swung open and in sleazed the slimebucket himself, Winston E. Prickk, carrying what looked like a life- sized cardboard cut-out.

"Hello, Coach. Thought I'd save myself some time and pop in now to size up what's sure to become my new gym."

The Coach glared at Prickk, but was so depressed he couldn't bring himself to say something nasty.

"I brought along one of the advertizing cut-outs of our new spokesmodel, see how it looked in this old dump."

Prickk turned the cut-out around. The spokesmodel was a slim, beautiful (if rather small-breasted) woman with a glorious mane of raven-colored hair. She was wearing a sexy blue leotard and seemed to have a look of haughty disdain on her pretty face.

The cut-out had the oddest effect on Nicola. She glared at it, her face turning a deep red.

Prickk smirked at her. "Hey there, toots. I'll be glad when this old fossil is gone and you'll be \*my\* client." He noticed her glowering at the cut-out. "Like it? Get used to it, baby, cos when I'm here you'll get to look at her every day!"

Clearly angry about something, Nicola turned to Coach Farley with a determined look on her pretty face.

"Coach! I've changed my mind. I will help you save this gym!"

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The next day, Nicola showed up ready to perform her duties as the gym's official mascot. She presented herself for inspection to Coach Farley in his office, posing to show off the new set of work-out clothes she'd bought.

"Well, Coach? What do you think?" Nicola asked.

He stroked his chin thoughtfully, critically examining the sexy starlet. Nicola was wearing a hot-pink leotard with a scooped neck right down to her navel, a pair of very short red nylon shorts, and a matching tiny red boob-tube. It was very sexy, and revealed alot of her delicious curves. Nicola's lovely long legs were bare, as well as her arms. The leotard showed off her well-toned stomach and cute belly- button, while the narrow boob-tube scarcely covered her tits, putting Nicola's impressive cleavage on display.

Sure, she was sexy. But was she sexy enough?

"I hope you don't mind me doing this," said the Coach. "I know it's kinda an old fashioned advertizing trick, using a gorgeous babe in very little clothing to promote the gym."

"Oh that's OK," Nicola replied cheerfully. "I do loads of modeling assignments just like this all the time." She giggled. "Believe me, a girl's got to be prepared to show off a little if she really wants to succeed in this business."

The Coach smiled. "We need to get you looking as sexy as possible, to win the kids back from Dickmann's. Hows about we start by losing the shorts?"

"Sure," said Nicola. She slipped her hands into the waistband of her shorts and slipped them down her smooth legs, kicked them to one side. She posed with her hands on her hips. "How's this?"

Coach Farley licked his lips. The leotard clung snugly to Nicola's body, and was especially tight around her crotch. He guessed the starlet had just had one hell of a bikini wax, cos he couldn't see a single hair and that leotard didn't leave much to the imagination down there.

"Turn around," he instructed. Nicola obeyed, giving him a good look at her fabulous ass. The cut of her leotard was even more revealing back there, the two half-moons of her butt-cheeks were completely uncovered.

It was good... for a start.

"What would you like me to do?" Nicola asked.

"For now, just do your routine as normal. But act real friendly with all the guys. Remember, it's your job to let them know they'll have a lot more fun at this gym than any other."

As Nicola strode into the weights room, everyone stopped to stare at her. Nicola had been going to Coach Farley's for a couple of weeks now, and had got more than her fair share of admiring glances, but never had she walked in wearing such a hot outfit that practically put her pussy on display.

The Aussie starlet felt a familiar flush of pleasure tremble through her body. Nicola was fast becoming addicted to exhibitionism, and Hollywood was giving her plenty of opportunity to show herself off. There were only three guys present, a very small audience by her standards, but an audience none the less.

Nicola smiled coquettishly to them. They stared back, leering at her lycra-clad body. She sauntered over to one of the treadmills and climbed on. Gradually, the guys went back to their own routines, but their attention would drift towards the gorgeous starlet.

It was hardly surprising. Nicola worked herself up to a healthy trot, her boobs bouncing up and down. It was certainly a distracting sight, and Nicola was the focus of everybody's attention.

"I should introduce myself," Nicola announced. "I'm Nicola, but my friends call me Knickers. Coach Farley has just hired me."

"Hired you?" asked one of the men (named Dave). "Hired you for what?"

"I'm the gym's mascot."

The two others (Tony and Pete) dropped their weights and gathered round Nicola's treadmill.

"Mascot?"

"Yknow," Nicola explained. "I dress up in sexy little outfits, get my training in every day, and you guys get a nice show."

Three pairs of eyebrows rocketed skyward.

"Plus the Coach wants me to be real 'friendly' to everyone, if you get my drift."

They couldn't believe their ears. Coach Farley had hired eye-candy for the gym?

Nicola stepped down from the treadmill.

"Tony, would you mind spotting me? I want to do some bench presses."

"Sure," he replied enthusiastically.

Nicola spread her legs wide to straddle the bench. The guys let out a collective gasp. Any pretence of modesty her leotard offered vanished, as Nicola laid back on the bench, the narrow crotch of her outfit barely covering Nicola's cunt.

As she pumped the barbells, Tony and Pete were treated to the sight of Nicola's luscious red pussy lips. The boys clustered around, enjoying the show. Their heads were practically between Nicola's thighs, but she didn't seem to mind. Dave gulped, trying hard to concentrate on the task of spotting Nicola.

"Wow!" cried Pete. "This is way better than any strip club!"

"Yeah," replied Tony. "Pity I didn't bring any dollar bills."

Nicola laughed. She handed the barbell to Tony and sat up.

"Remember, you've got to tell all your friends what a great place Coach Farley's gym is."

They nodded enthusiastically. No doubt about it, everyone they knew was going to hear about what was going on at the Coach's old gym!

Next up for Nicola was reverse leg curls. She laid face down on the bench, pumping her legs in the air. This gave the guys an excellent opportunity to watch Nicola's bare ass rising and falling. It was hard to tell who was enjoying it more, Nicola or the boys!

The sexy starlet ran through the rest of her routine. As she pumped a set of free-weights, she explained that a daily exercise program of aerobics and weight training was a necessity to help keep her body looking great, but she didn't want to put on a lot of unsightly muscles. The guys only half listened, they were more interested in watching, wishing Nicola was pumping something other than dumbbells.

"Phew!" said Nicola when she was done. "That was a great work-out. Whenever I hit the gym, I always come away feeling so aware of my body." With cat-like grace she stretched, showing off her amazing physique.

"I'll be coming to the gym every day at about this time," Nicola announced. "I hope you'll be able to join me again tomorrow."

As she walked out the door, Nicola glanced down at Pete's crotch and smirked. "Looks like the only muscle that you guys got to tone up was this one!" she said playfully, tweaking his cock through his shorts.

The next day, Coach Farley was none too surprised to get calls from seven new guys, all wanting to join the gym. They didn't even mind that he'd raised the membership fee.

When Nicola came in for her daily exercise routine, she laughed when the Coach told her the news.

"I guess word is starting to get around!"

"It sure is, honey." He cast a lascivious eye over Nicola's choice of work-out clothing for today. The gorgeous starlet was wearing a hot-pink thong, and a very, very, \*very\* tight lycra boob-tube that clung to all the right places and beautifully showcased Nicola's 38-inch tits.

"What do you think?" she asked, doing a twirl. The Coach swallowed back the drool and replied, "The best way to advertize a gym is with a gorgeous body. Preferably one without too many clothes on."

Nicola smiled. As a professional model she loved showing off, flaunting her exquisite form for an audience. She didn't mind too much if the job required her to be nude. In fact, the fewer clothes she wore the better. Nicola had only just arrived in LA to launch her movie career, and she was already beginning to enjoy the sensation of being naked around a bunch of gawping men.

She entered the gym and greeted everyone with a cheery wave.

"Hi guys!"

They turned to look at her, big dumb grins plastered across their faces. Nicola strode over the treadmill, noting with pride the way her audience stared at her bare ass. She was even more pleased to see that there were now more of them watching her.

After a twenty-minute run that left her bathed in sweat, Nicola stepped down from the machine to start her weight training. But first, she'd need someone to spot her...

Nicola cast an eye around the assembled hunks. They were all trying to look nonchalant, as they got on with their own work-outs, but it was obvious they'd much rather be leering at the semi-naked starlet.

She recognized one of her admirers from yesterday.

"Pete, would you like to spot me?"

His face lit up, and he disengaged himself from the rowing machine. "Would I???!!!"

As Nicola bent over to grab a pair of hand-weights, the guys let out a sigh of lust. She lingered in the bent-over position, letting everyone enjoy the view. And what a view! Nicola's thong disappeared between her smooth ass cheeks, leaving her shapely posterior practically bare.

When she finally stood up straight, Pete bounded up behind her like a eager puppy. Nicola started pumping her arms, raising them over her head and letting out a deep breath with every exertion. Pete did his best to spot her, gently gliding his hands over Nicola's biceps to give her support in case she needed it.

Of course, being so close to such a gorgeous babe had quite a powerful effect on lucky Pete. Standing on tip-toe, he could look right down her front at her sweat-slicked boobs straining away inside her lycra top. It wasn't long before Nicola could feel his erect cock brushing against her backside.

"I'm going to work on some incline flys now," Nicola told Pete, taking a seat on the incline bench.

"That's a chest exercise," he replied. "It doesn't look like your hooters need much developing." He slipped his hands under Nicola's arms and gave her boobs a quick playful squeeze.

She laughed. "Oh, I think you guys greatly appreciate a firm, toned bust." As she worked the weights, Nicola jokingly recited an old rhyme:

"I must, "I must, "I must increase my bust. "The bigger the better, "The tighter the sweater, "The boys depend on us!"

All eyes were on Nicola's breasts. The particular exercise she was doing, heaving the weights back and thrusting her chest forward, put an enormous amount of strain on her top. Everyone knew that it was only a matter of time before something gave...

With a THWACK! Nicola's top snapped off and went flying across the gym, leaving her boobs completely bare.

Nicola let out a gasp of shock, but didn't try to cover her tits. "Opps!" she giggled. "I'm sure you guys don't mind if I finish my work-out topless?"

"No!" they cried in unison.

If there was any possibility that the men in the gym might actually do some exercising, it was gone now. Nicola set about finishing up her routine with her breasts bare, seemingly unconcerned that everyone was getting a good eyeful of her chesty charms.

Of course, that was the point!

The word quickly began to spread about the T&A show that was going on at Coach Farley's gym. Every day, more men joined up, and every day Nicola showed up for her work-out in more outrageous and revealing clothes. And every day, after she was done exercising, she walked out with her boobs bare, waving a cheery see- ya-later to her male admirers.

Within three days, Coach Farley saw 50 new members join his club, all eagerly enquiring as to when Nicola would be next coming in.

"Calm down, folks," he told them. "Our special gym mascot comes in every weekday, and she's always dressed to please. She's an actress and a model, and has to work real hard to keep her gorgeous physique in tip top condition. And when you join Coach Farley's Gym, you get a close-up look at just how hard she works."

At this rate, thought the Coach, I'll be able to pay off my debts by the end of next week, and then start those refurbishments I've been thinkin' of.

So, Nicola got to keep her body deliciously toned and trim, the guys all got to drool over her bare tits bouncing around as she did so, and the Coach was finally getting back in the black. Everyone was happy, except of course Winston E. Prickk.

When he arrived at the Coach's gym on Friday morning, he expected the old man to be broken and despondent, but nothing could be further from the truth.

"Ah, Prick!" drawled Coach Farley from behind the reception desk. "Welcome to my gym. I take it you're here to sign up?"

"It's Pry-ick," he snapped. "What's going on here, Farley? Why aren't you broke?"

Before the Coach could answer, the door to the weights room swung open, and out strolled Nicola. Prickk's jaw dropped. The gorgeous Aussie starlet was wearing a slinky white leotard, the top rolled down to her waist to leave her bare breasts swinging.

Prickk watched on in surprised as the half-naked babe sauntered up to reception, completely unfazed by her nudity.

"Coach, I was thinking, there are so many guys signing up now that we should start a roster of who gets to be my training partner. It's more fair that way, yknow, making sure that everyone gets a turn on me." She giggled. "Opps, I mean a turn \*with\* me."

"That's a great idea, Knickers," he replied. The Coach would've been casting smug glances in Prickk's direction, but when Nicola's tits are in the room, its all you can do but stare at the free jiggle show.

"Wh-who is this?" Prickk gasped, wiping the drool from his lips.

"Nicola Baron," she greeted him, extending her hand. "I'm the club's mascot, helping the Coach out with a 'recruitment' drive." Her blue eyes smouldering with passion, Nicola ran her hands along the undersides of her boobs, causing them to wobble provocatively.

"Hubba, hubba," murmured an entranced Prickk. "Can I join up?" Then he shook his head. "What am I saying!!??"

Tearing his gaze away from the bare-breasted beauty, Prickk glared at the Coach. "Turning your club into a titty bar won't work, Farley! Sooner or later people will get bored with the view and come back to a real gym!"

The Coach laughed. "You wanna bet on that, you little pip-squeak?"

"Sure as my name is Winston E. Prickk!"

"Knickers, you're my expert on public relations. Hows about we go and see just how eager my clients are to give up exercising with a buck-naked angel to go to some crappy Dickmann's?"

"Whatever you say, Coach," replied the perky Nicola.

The three of them trooped back into the weights room, Nicola flanked by the Coach and Prickk. The moment she entered, everyone turned to look at her. Nicola certainly had a way of lighting up a room, especially with her hooters hanging out the front of her leotard.

"Hi, guys!" Nicola greeted them. "Hey, we were wondering, would you like to stay here, at Coach Farley's Gym, working out with me, or would you rather be at a Dickmann's Gym?"

All the men exchanged incredulous glances, but before they could reply, Nicola had more to say:

"Before you make your minds up, I have a small announcement to make. I'm afraid that Coach Farley's Gym will no longer be offering a topless mascot to cheer up your daily work-out routines."

This was quickly followed by a gasp of astonishment. Prickk, thinking Farley had lost his cute little gimmick, smirked.

But wait! Nicola still had more to say:

"Instead, Coach Farley's Gym will be offering, for your pleasure and entertainment, a \*full nude\* mascot. Whaddaya say to that, boys?"

Nicola's declaration was greeted by a roar of approval from her admirers. It quickly turned into a chant. "Off! Off! Off! Off!"

With a shrug of her shapely shoulders, Nicola slipped her thumbs into her leotard. "Looks like from now on I'll be saving a few bucks on my work-out wardrobe!"

As the guys eagerly gathered round to watch the strip show, Prickk fumed. "Dammit Farley! I guess you win."

"Don't you think you should be slinking out with your tail between your legs, eh, Prick?"

"In a second. I just want to watch Nicola take her clothes off."

And who wouldn't?

Surrounded by a roomful of slavering men, Nicola teasingly began to slip the leotard off her body. Guided by her fingers, the silky little slip of material slithered downward over Nicola's hips, inch by inch baring more of the starlet's gorgeous physique in all her naked glory.

At last Nicola yanked her leotard right off, exposing her immaculately trimmed muff to the whole gym. The guys had seen many a tempting glimpse of Nicola's moist nether lips over the past week, but this was the first time they'd had the pleasure of seeing her naked pussy in all its glory.

A burst of applause rung through the gym, shot through with piercing wolf-whistles. Nicola wiggled her backside, letting the unwanted garment slide down her thighs and fall at her feet.

The Aussie beauty basked in the glow of adulation elicited by her impromptu striptease right in the middle of the weights room. She loved being the center of attention, and showing off her best assets was always guaranteed to get her noticed.

Nicola was completely naked now except for her sneakers and sweatbands. She posed for her admirers, turning so that everyone got a good look, her full breasts bobbing with every movement. As she showed herself off, Nicola couldn't help but notice the lustful way the guys were eying up her delicious curves.

"So," she asked casually, "I take it no one has a problem if I work-out nude from now on?"

"NO!" came the single reply with many voices.

"Well," said Nicola happily. "Time to hit the showers. Who'd like to scrub my back?"

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"And that's why the guys at my local gym are really sweet and don't mind me working out nude," said Nicola as she finished up her tale.

"Wow!" said Rick. "What a sexy story." By now, his hand had crept up Nicola's thigh and was between her legs, his fingertips gently brushing against her dripping pussy lips.

"Can you imagine that?" Rick continued as he groped Nicola's juicy bits, "someone saving their business by using a sexy naked girl to entice customers. I bet it would make a great movie."

Nicola giggled. Things were getting pretty steamy, and not just because they were in the sauna. Her stunningly beautiful face was flushed red with the excitement of being naked in a room full of horny men, their sweating bodies pressed tightly against her bare flesh.

"I was wondering, Rick," Nicola murmured, "if you'd like to help me out with my wrist exercises."

"Wrist exercises?" he replied, mystified as to what she was talking about- until Nicola slipped her own hand between his legs and wrapped it around his erect penis.

I big dumb grin spread across Rick's face. "Sure, Knickers! I'd be glad to lend you a helping hand."

Nicola smirked. "I think for this routine, it's my hand that'll be helping you."

Gently she began to stroke his cock, running her delicate digits up and down his shaft. As she did so, Nicola's soft blue eyes stared into his, a flirtatious smile dancing on her lips.

Rick's pulse began to race, his breathing becoming shallow. This might be Nicola's work-out, but he seemed to be the one doing all the exertion.

Nicola started to pick up the pace, squeezing his cock in her fist with a deliciously firm grip. She certainly knew what she was doing as she expertly jerked him off.

Rick slumped back on the bench, opening his legs even wider. Wiping a damp lick of her hair away from her face, Nicola bent down over Rick's lap, her forearm resting on his naked thighs.

When he first saw Coach Farley's run-down old gym, Rick never imagined he'd wind up in the steamroom receiving a first-class hand job from a gorgeous model!

"Good boy," Nicola murmured, "You like that, don't you?"

"Uh-huh," he replied, sweat dripping off his face. His dick was slippery with pre-cum, nicely lubricating Nicola's hot palm. That oh-so-nice feeling of sexual pleasure rose in his loins, and he felt orgasm approach.

"Time to change hands!" Nicola suddenly squealed with glee. Rick was momentarily disappointed as her right hand disengaged itself from his cock, but an instant later her left was firmly wrapped around his quivering member and Nicola was wanking him again.

"Oh yeah!" he groaning. "That hits the spot."

Smiling to herself, the sexy little gym bunny pumped away for all she was worth. Rick squirmed in delight at her tender ministrations, as Nicola brought him to the brink of ecstasy.

But before he could come, Nicola stopped. Obviously, she had more in store for Rick, and all the other guys.

"Time to hit the showers, boys," Nicola announced. She picked herself up off the marble bench and sauntered out of the steamroom. Everyone followed quickly behind.

By now, Rick was used to the unusual arrangements of Coach Farley's gym, and the fact that Nicola waltzed nonchalantly into the men's shower block didn't surprise him in the least. It was a large communal block, with plenty of room for everybody.

Nicola turned on the shower, letting the steaming hot water cascade over her head, wetting her long brunette hair, and washing down her naked body.

Then she took Rick by the hand, guiding him under the showerhead. He let out a slight gasp as the warm water splashed over his own body, running like a waterfall down his chest and sploshing over his erect penis.

The starlet turned to face Rick, their soaked bodies barely touching. Nicola was as tall as him, her smouldering blue eyes level with his own. Rick's prick, stiff and eager for the hot little gym bunny, brushed against Nicola's well-toned abs.

She placed her arms around his neck and murmured, "lift me up." Rick complied, grasping the nude girl by her hips and lifting her into the air. Nicola wrapped her luscious long legs around Rick's waist.

He could feel her warm body close against his own, her boobs pressed against his chest, trembling with desire as he held her in his arms. Nicola wiggled her bottom to position herself, and then slowly, slowly, the starlet lowered herself onto his throbbing cock.

Rick felt an intense yet pleasant warmth flood over his cock as Nicola's vagina steadily enveloped him. Lubricated by her salivating love-juices, Nicola's velvet box slithered eagerly over Rick's penis, greedily slurping him in inch by inch.

At last Nicola bottomed out, her cunt deliciously stuffed to bursting point, she gave out a satisfied gasp and hugged herself tight against him.

The others stood around, watching their coupling, each of them waiting for their own turn.

Without further ado, Rick commenced fucking the starlet, bouncing her up and down the length of his pole. Hot and moist, Nicola's pussy guzzled greedily on his cock with every stroke, her flesh clinging tightly to his. Water from the shower continued to spray over their furiously-fucking bodies, adding to the slippery mix of sweat and love-slime.

Nicola enjoyed sex immensely, losing herself in sweet sticky rapture. Her performance was accompanied by a litany of squeaks and squeals as the gorgeous model eagerly impaled herself up and down on Rick's dick, over and over again.

The handjob Nicola had given him earlier in the steamroom had made Rick pretty excited already, and it wasn't long before she could sense the organ buried deep inside her womb start to throb in impending climax.

"Oh God!" cried Rick, his muscular body wriggling in orgasm. A moment later, Nicola felt that wonderfully gratifying sensation of hot cum being pumped into her pussy. Rick's cock continued to spurt for a few seconds more, filling the groaning starlet with his sperm. As if reluctant to let go, Nicola's rippling cunt-muscles persisted in squeezing Rick's prick, milking out the last few drops.

"Wow, that was great!" Rick gasped as he lowered her back down. "I wish my local gym in New York had a mascot just like you."

"Thank-you," Nicola replied modestly as she dismounted from her partner. With a deliciously obscene squelch his cock slurped out of her dripping pussy. "I try my best."

But Nicola hadn't finished her work-out yet. Although she hadn't cum herself yet, there were still an awful lot of guys left. They stood around, clutching their purple erections, waiting anxiously for their turn.

It was a good thing Nicola was still horny.

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