**Gym Games**

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Amazon brings sexual satisfaction right to your doorstep, in more ways than one, or so my wife and I have discovered in the past few years.

You can browse online for items that you will not see in the shops, or at least not on our local high street, like the Feeshow Women's Shiny High Cut Thong Leotard Backless One-Piece Bodysuit Dancewear Gymnastics Swimsuit, which arrived in its silver grey plastic wrap, straight through our letter box.

Of course we have sports outlets close enough to drive to, and the gym we use even has its own small shop, but the sportswear you can buy is pretty standard stuff. Heather has worn lycra shorts and sports bra tops regularly to the gym, and she gets the looks that her body calls out for, even dressed in nothing very stylish, but the Feeshow leotard is something else again.

It comes in several colours and I hesitated between black and gold. The gold is stunning, but perhaps would suit a strip club or a pole dance club more than a suburban gym, so in the end I went for black.

We have a cross trainer in our bedroom, and Heather tried out the leotard there to check that she could work out safely, without the leotard inadvertently slipping to one side, and baring more than either of us intended.

I was pretty satisfied. Heather did not just look good. She looked incredible. Online purchases can be risky. The sizes, especially for items shipped from China, can be smaller than you expect, but the fit was perfect. There was no translucence, but the stretch material clung to every curve and nuance of my wife's body, the wet look black contrasting with the pure milk white of her exposed arms, legs, back and buttocks.

Our cross trainer is set up in one corner of our bedroom, just far enough from the line of fitted wardrobes so as not to impede their mirrored doors. With Heather working the handles and the foot plates of the cross trainer, I was able to enjoy both a direct front view and a reflected rear view of my wife's body in harmonic motion.

The upper part of the front looked like any other leotard. It had inch wide shoulder straps, a scooped neckline that revealed the first couple of inches of Heather's cleavage, but no more than that, and wide cut arm holes that allowed for freedom of movement, but exposed nothing very daring. It was the bottom half that was cut to bare more than most leotards are designed to do.

Most leotards have their leg holes cut to the thigh. Some are cut higher on the thigh than others, but this one was more extreme. It did not even touch my wife's thighs. Neither did it touch her waist on either side. The fabric was shaped from the underarms, diagonally down to either side of Heather's hairless pubic mound. It width was no more than three inches where it hid her navel, and at least an inch narrower where it went between her legs. It covered the essentials, but it was scandalously scant.

Heather's rear view was even better. My wife's buttocks were bare, absolutely nothing covering those delicious globes of flesh. The first sighting of any fabric was at the top of her buttock cleft, and from there it rose to either side of her shoulder blades in an elongated vee, joining the front beneath each arm, and rising over each of her shoulders.

The fabric that comprised that vee was no wider than an inch at any point. Other than that, my wife's back was bare. The Chinese characters tattooed down her spine that we were assured translate to, "make me yours - make love to me", were all visible. So was the butterfly tattoo on her left thigh, the one level with her ass, that gets half covered by her panties and whose intricate patterns deserve more appreciation than they normally receives.

In thirty minutes on the cross trainer Heather burned off four hundred calories and built up quite a sweat. Just seconds later, once she was off the cross-trainer, I had her on her hands and knees on our bedroom rug, the leotard's crotch piece pulled to one side, her slit bared for entry, and that sweat serving as the perfect lubrication for me to slide my cock inside her and reward her for wearing such a daring piece of clothing, with a fucking.

Heather likes to be fucked. In our marriage, making love is not so much a demonstration of affection, but more a way of reassuring my wife that she is fucking sexy, that I just love her cunt, that her body turns me on, and that if we were not man and wife, then I would pay to fuck her, any which way I want to, because her cunt is so divine.

So I fucked her hard. I let her know that the leotard showed her off to perfection. I punished her for being the sexy cunt she is, thrusting hard, and warming her butterfly thigh with the palm of my hand every few thrusts, toying with her pleasure pain erotic need.

Quite why the smack of my palm on her flesh helps my wife to reach her orgasm I have never understood, but some things you do not question. If it works for her, it works for me.

Heather bucked and writhed and pushed her butt backwards as she came, her arms giving way, her head and shoulders falling to the white, deep pile rug, and I kept thrusting, even as she pleaded that it was too intense. I was too close to hold back myself, so she just had to bear whatever intensity she was feeling, until I put out my fire and hers, hosing her deep inside with semen.

That, of course, was just in our bedroom. The gym came later.

Ours is one of the more expensive private gyms that come complete with swimming pool, sauna, hairdressers and beauty therapy. The cost brings exclusivity. Living in a dense urban area brings anonymity. You do see the same faces, and bodies, of those who work out regularly, but you have no idea who they are or where they live.

When we joined, although we have a couple's membership, we agreed not to work out as a couple. Heather does her thing and I do mine. It avoids any sense of competition between us, and leaves us each free to concentrate on our choice of sets, our number of reps, or our target time and intensity on our aerobic sessions.

It also means that occasionally Heather gets chatted up by hopeful males. Her wedding ring does not dissuade them. The philosophy of single guys in gyms seems to be that if it has a cunt, then it is potentially fuckable, and whether it wears a ring or not is totally irrelevant.

So naturally I anticipated some male interest as we drove to the gym together, Heather wearing a pair of leggings and a tee shirt over the leotard. I also anticipated watching her, if from a distance, working out in just the leotard, only to be disappointed.

Heather had gone into the women's changing rooms to put her things in a locker. I was wearing shorts and a teeshirt, and had gone straight into the gym. I did an aerobic stint on an exercise bike to get the blood flowing and was walking to the free weights area when I saw Heather on a running machine, still wearing her leggings.

The leggings were tight, black lycra, with mesh cut outs than ran down the outside of either leg, curving one way on the thigh and the other on the calf. She had left her tee shirt in the changing room, which meant her sides and back were bare above the waistband, but her butt was covered, as were her hips and pubic mound. Her Chinese spine tattoo was visible, but her butterfly was covered.

Walking behind her, I could not see her front, but it really did not matter. The narrow strip of fabric that bared all but her cunt would not be visible. My wife had let her nerves get the better of her. Instead of working out in nothing but the leotard, she had covered up.

Heather's running, as always, was impressive. She had angled the running machine to its maximum incline and was still keeping up a pace. She was already perspiring freely, and she looked good, which she cannot avoid, but just not as daringly revealing as she had been on the cross trainer in our bedroom.

I shrugged inside. A guy can fantasise about his wife baring her assets to other gym users, but that leotard was pretty extreme, and all the other women working out were wearing leggings with their tops, baring not much more than shoulders and shoulder blades. I could understand Heather being wary of being quite so naked in what was still a very public space.

I went down to the free weight to do some resistance work. I picked a pair of sixteen kilo dumb-bells, and a pair of tens. I did a warm up set of bicep curls with the tens and put them back. I got back my breath, and then did a set with the sixteens, the first of three. I worked each set to fatigue, the best way to get real benefit.

That was when my wife walked past.

My wife never uses the free weights area. Few women do. She, like most other women, prefer the safety and security of the resistance machines, with their handles, bars, pads, stacks of flat block weights, vinyl encased cables and pulley systems.

The free weights area has a long, double stand of dumb-bells, ranging from 4 kilos up to something over forty. It also has a separate stand with eight fixed weight barbells, from ten kilos up to forty, and several bars with loose weight discs that can be used to get exactly the resistance that you want.

Heather laid a gym hired towel flat on one of the two free workout benches, then went to the barbell stand and chose the ten kilo bar, well within her capability.

Every guy in the immediate area, and there were only guys, stopped what they were doing, whether mid-set or recovering between their sets, and watched.

Heather sat on the bench, legs apart, feet on the rubber matting floor on either side, the bar-bell resting across her legs. The towel was to prevent her butt from touching the vinyl surface of the bench. Without her leggings, her butt was bare. Somewhere, from when I had seen her running, to arriving at the free weights area, my wife had taken off the leggings, and left them.

She leaned back, all the way, until her back was resting on her towel on the bench.

That alone looked incredible. Her breasts pushed up against the fabric of her leotard. Other than the minimalist piece of gym wear, my wife was naked. From her underarms, down her rib cage, waist and hips, thighs and calves, there was unbroken pure white female flesh.

Stretched out on the bench, her legs apart, she looked ready to be fucked. If I thought that, so did every other guy.

Her slender arms tautened, biceps showing, as she lifted the barbell from her thighs, bringing it over her breasts to hold it across her upper chest. She pushed up, straightening her arms. She lowered the bar-bell. She raised it again. She did it ten beautiful times.

The benches are arranged in rows, five in each of two rows, facing a mirrored wall. She was two benches away from the one I was still standing at, ready to start some press ups as soon as I had selected another set of weight, but distracted by what I could see reflected in the brown toned glass.

I loved that my wife had dared to remove her leggings. I loved that as she had taken the bar-bell from the rack, her back and buttocks had been virtually naked. I loved that from the side, her leg seemed to stretch all the way to her underarm. I loved her bare butterfly tattoo. What I was not so sure I loved was her bare slit.

I guess it happens. Certainly I have put on a pair of underwear and realised that one ball is still outside, and needs to be tucked back in. Or I have zig-zagged on a squash court and realised that not just a ball, but my entire cock, has somehow worked itself free, and is hanging loose. I have missed out on crucial points, waiting for the opportunity to put things back where they belong, and moving less freely in the meantime.

The female equivalent might be failing to adjust the crotch correctly when putting on panties, a thong, a bodysuit, or leotard. Maybe distraction or carelessness, thinking about something else. Possibly a hard session running might dislodge the crotch, work it to one side. Nothing would hang out, the way a guy's prospects would hang free, unsupported, but the woman's pussy would be bared.

I was looking at the reflection of my wife's open legged, hairless crotch, and her slit was bare and exposed to all. What in the bedroom had been a two inch wide strip of fabric covering her pussy, was bunched to one side, and the slit that was my wife's delicious entrance was on show, and obviously, she did not realise.

If my wife was blissfully unaware of just what she was displaying, no one else in the free weights area had missed it. My wife's pussy may not have labia protruding, but her slit is still a slit, and cunt is cunt to testosterone filled guys. This was cunt, and every guy there was staring right at it.

Not that anyone said a thing.

We all just watched. We all just counted up to ten as my wife raised and lowered the barbell that she had selected.

I was still holding the sixteen kilo weights that I had been using for my standing bicep curls. I guess that I should have been faster to put them down, walk the few feet to Heather's workout bench, and suggest that she might want to readjust her leotard.

Two other guys got there first.

They had been on the next bench to my wife, alternating which of them was pressing weight and which was spotting. They were a mismatched pair, one a muscle bound short guy, with spikey ginger hair and day old bristle, the other a lanky black guy with shaved back and sides and wild, untamed, curling hair on top. They both wore work out teeshirts, with scooped out arm holes and backs that bared their shoulder blades,. They both wore loose fitting track suit bottoms.

The guy with the ginger hair did the talking, about not seeing Heather in the gym before, needing to use a heavier weight if it was going to have any real impact, and offering to spot her if she was worried about handling something heavier.

He took the barbell from her one handed, like removing a feather from her hands, and gave it to his mate, suggesting a twenty kilo bar would be better. Heather just lay there, soaking up the attention, her legs still open, feet still planted on the rubber matting of the floor.

The black guy returned with the twenty kilo barbell, and ginger hair moved to between my wife's legs, suggesting she plant her feet wider to give herself a stable base.

To give him a better view of her cunt, more like, I thought.

Heather did as he had suggested, moving her feet further apart. He was not satisfied, knelt right where he was standing, put his hands on her thighs, close to her knees, telling her that even wider would be better, and opening her legs for her to show her what he meant.

Meanwhile the black guy was standing at my wife's head, offering her the bar-bell. She reached for it, and ginger suggested she try for six slow reps, down to her chest and back up straight each time.

I could tell from the direction of his eyes, that he was not so much interested in Heather's handling of the bar-bell, as in her cunt. My view was blocked, but I knew that with her legs as wide apart as he had arranged, her slit would have opened, and he would be looking at the pink sheen of my wife's inner lips.

The guy might had been wearing track suit pants. But I am certain that the fold in the cotton fabric was more than just a fold, and was the outline of his tumescent cock. I am also pretty certain that what was going through his head was nothing to do with how many reps my wife had managed, but how sweet it would be to slide that cock inside her.

I put down my dumb-bells and sat on my own workout bench. I had just had an image in my own head, my wife on a bench totally naked, her head back, the lanky black guy steadily fucking her mouth, her throat distended with his cock head each time he thrust all the way to his balls, while ginger guy was between her legs, rhythmically fucking her cunt.

Heather kept going past six reps. On the eighth she struggled, and the black guy helped her raise it that last time, and took the bar-bell from her.

Ginger hair told her she needed to do two more sets like that, always to make it a minimum of three sets. He still had his hands on her thighs, a little closer to her cunt. If he leant forward, he could tongue it. If he moved forward, he could get out his cock and slide it in. The temptation had to be pretty strong. Only the other people around the area held him back from doing it.

Ginger hair gave the black guy a nod, and he offered Heather the barbell a second time. My wife reached up, taking the weight. The black guy let go, hands cupped a couple of inches below the bar. Heather lowered the bar, and the black guys hands went down, knuckles resting on her chest as she lowered the barbell all the way and then pushed up.

She did not make eight this time. The black guy had to help her with the seventh rep, but ginger hair told her that that was pretty good. She should aim for sex reps on her final set.

His hands had moved. They were now only inches from Heather's cunt. I wondered just how far the guy would go. There was no way that he could try to fuck my wife in the middle of the gym, but even with other guys watching what was going on, he just might risk fingering what was invitingly on offer.

Rest time was over, and the black guy offered up the barbell for the third time. Heather grasped it. The ginger guy was right. All she could do was six reps this time around. I was watching ginger guy more than the raising and lowering of the weight. He was using the distracting of pushing up and controlling the barbell to move his fingers even closer.

The final time that heather lowered the barbell she could not raise it. It would have been a seventh, but there was no way that it would happen. The black guy had the weight in his hands, keeping it from pushing on her chest, but holding it still instead of lifting it away. Heather let go, and let her arms fall downwards.

The whole area went quiet.

Ginger guy moved his hand the final inch. His index fingers touched cunt, stroking and probing. It cannot have been for more than thirty long seconds, but he used that elongated time to turn one hand and slide his thick finger deep inside, fucking her with it.

I had to give the guy credit for his manners. When he had finished, he straightened out the leotard, covering my wife's cunt.

His mate lifted the barbell up and away.

Ginger guy got up.

My wife lay still. Both guys looked down at her. The other guys around started moving weights again. The show was over.

My wife sat up. She thanked the guys for helping her.

The ginger guy reassured her that it had been no problem, and if she wanted a proper workout sometime, it would be their pleasure. It was pretty clear exactly and which part of her body he was offering to work out, and that it was not his finger that he would be using.

Maybe the guys had already finished their own workout, but they left Heather, and headed back towards the changing rooms. Maybe they were not in a fit state to continue lifting weights. It could be difficult, when you have a hard on in loose track suit bottoms, to go back to lifting weights.

Not that my wife had finished.

She got up from her bench and strolled casually along the rack of dumbbells. Finally she chose what seemed to be a six kilo weight, just one of them, and brought it back to the bench where she had been working.

Heather knows her stuff. She may not use free weights regularly, but she knows what exercise routine work out which muscles in the body. I guess she also knows she makes for great viewing for anyone nearby.

She put the weight on the rubber flooring beside the bench. She put one knee on the bench, and leaned forward, using one hand on the bench to support her upper body. Then she reached for the dumbbell. She pulled it to her chest, or as close as she could get, and repeated this ten times. Then she switched to the other side of the bench, and did the same again, working the other arm.

Bear in mind that while my wife's cunt was now covered, her back and buttocks were virtually bare. There was just the inch thin fabric emerging from between her buttock cheeks, rising in a vee to beneath each under arm, and then running over either shoulder.

Bent over the bench, my wife was offering a perfect view of naked butt to everyone behind her. Nobody could have watched those two delicious globes of butt flesh without thinking of taking her from behind, whether sliding their cock into her slit, or using the sweat that she was working up for lubrication, and taking her up the arse.

All five benches behind my wife were occupied. Two white guys, two black, and one Chinese. I wondered if the Chinese guy could decipher the meaning of the characters tattooed on my wife's back, the invitation to fuck her.

Once, at a hotel, Heather had been in a backless dress waiting for me at the bar, when a Chinese guy had asked her quietly how much she charged, taking her to be a call girl. I guess his mistake was understandable.

Meanwhile, my wife's breasts were testing the cut of her leotard to the limit. Bent forward, the effect of gravity on what are decent sized mammaries was beautiful to see. Heather has never liked the comparison with honey dews, but that is the shape they take when she is standing upright, and bent forward, only the stretch fabric of the leotard kept all that soft, ripe flesh from hanging free.

What the leotard could not prevent, however, was the side view of her breast flesh, or the pointed nipple shapes that formed beneath her, covered as her nipples were. I loved what I saw. So did the other guys around.

We do not shower at the gym. It is a neat ten minute drive. Heather had put back on her leggings before we left the gym, but took them off again at our apartment door. She took off the leotard in the lounge. Without my asking, she got down on the rug, on all fours, and just waited patiently.

First, I warmed her butt. My wife loves to be naughty, as she had just been at the gym, but she also loves to be punished for what she does. Like I said before, for whatever reason, the punishment, the mix of pain and pleasure, helps her reach her orgasm.

Her butterfly makes for a perfect target. Instead of alternating left buttock, right buttock, I always focus on its wings, using my fingers more than my palm, left wing, right wing. I also take my time, with longer or shorter pauses between smacks, so that when they arrive on her flesh is unpredictable.

Those pauses also give me time to assess the evenness with which her butterfly gradually turns pink and then red. If part of it goes darker than the rest, then that can be rectified, with a little more attention to the lighter areas. Getting it right takes precision, but makes for a satisfying outcome.

I made her wait again, her buttocks pink, while I took off my shorts and tee shirt. My cock hard, I slid inside her. I started thrusting, and before long my wife was moaning as she came. Some serious exhibitionism, some fingering by a total stranger, some firm smacks on her butt, and the thickness of my cock moving inside her cunt, are all it takes. My wife was in her private seventh heaven.

Of course the exhibitionism had been more than intended, and the fingering totally unexpected, but maybe that was why she had been so ready to fuck as soon as we had got home. Maybe having two guys right there when she was prone on her workout bench, legs open wide, cunt open too, had helped her libido too. I really did not care.

So her leotard had slipped to one side while she was running. It really did not matter. If anything it had led to quite a little scene, one that I had enjoyed watching, even if I was wary about just what ginger guy might do. No harm had come of it. My wife needed a good fucking, and I needed to fuck her just as much. It was all win-win.

So I took my time. I enjoy fucking my wife. Monogamy is no bad thing when you have a good looking woman, happy to play your kind of game, to enjoy that committed monogamous lifestyle with.

Afterwards, while we were drying from having showered, I commented to Heather on the way her leotard had slipped to one side while she had been running.

My wife's answer was brief and to the point.

"Did you really think it slipped?" she asked.

I grinned.

I just love my wife.