Gym fantisy

by dicks4u2002 ©

William’s gym fantasy:

By the time my partner 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 there

wouldn’t be many others around after 9:30pm.

William stalked into the apartment with a scowl on his face. I knew he had

a hard day at work. 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 top. It hugged my breasts, showing off my natural bounce. William

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 partner’s hard-on, and I knew I picked out the

right outfit.

William pulled me into a tight embrace, and I lay my head on his firm

chest. When we first met, I wanted him then and still do just as much

today.

He leaned over and lifted me into his arms. I wrapped my legs around his

waist and nuzzled my face into his neck. It turned me on that he would

just take me in his arms and hold me tight. I enjoyed the feeling of being

wrapped up into his long arms. 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 vagina

wet, and I worried that you could notice the damp spot on my shorts. I

never wear knickers. 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. He and William chatted a few minutes, and I felt his

eyes wander towards me quite a few times. I pretended to listen to their

conversation; I leaned back against the truck. 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 he was squirming. I almost wanted

to glance down and see how much I was affecting him. William 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 locked on my top, and he blushed a

little.

William 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 start

our work out.

He grabbed my hand and 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 skirts. He said that I had a great body and that it was a waste

if I didn't show it off. I felt completely comfortable with myself. He's a

big guy, so most admirers know better than to make their stares too

obvious.

William 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/nasty girl with a slightly narcissistic streak. I know I look good

and 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.

Still men can't help being men. While William warmed up on the bike, I sat

on the mats to stretch. I was in front of the mirrors, so I could see

several sets of wide eyes looking 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.

William 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 they were 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 eye

contact with any particular person. Maybe that is being cruel, They can

look, but I don't look back. After he was warmed up, William 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. William grinned and handed me

the free weights. I started with 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

actually stopped their workouts to walk around the floor. One started

walking towards me, noticed William and went to the water fountain

instead.

I was done with my biceps. William 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 others 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 vagina.

"Oops." I tried not to grin.

William stopped 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 lips. I adjusted the leg of my shorts and lightly

laid my damp fingers on his 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 others had seen my

little show and were turned away, trying to cover the rising hardons. I

blushed a little.

William 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. 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. After adjusting the seat bench, William 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.

I concentrated on extending my legs, letting my thighs do most of the

work. I had strong legs, and I enjoyed doing leg extensions. After one

set, I copped a quick feel of William’s package. As I suspected, he was

rock-hard. He pointed his finger at me and said, "Don't do that, you nasty

girl."

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."

William exhaled. 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 attention was an added

bonus. I didn't know how many were watching, but I could sense that we had

an audience. (Later William told me that it was a group of 6 men and 3

women 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 William’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 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 my face was

beginning to look so flushed.

I don't know how long I sat there like that. I remember that William 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 William 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

others were silent. Probably holding their breath to see what happens

next. No one spoke a word for fear of breaking the moment.

William 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 William. 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.

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 I would stop the show.

If one of the staff members had walked in at that moment, I would have

stopped right there. But the night shift rarely ever came around. I had

plenty of freedom to do whatever I wanted. At that moment, I wanted to

come. I knew I could have asked William 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 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 stares. I must have been putting on quite a show. I

went back to the task at hand. I pulled my shorts lower to show more of

myself. My top suddenly felt so confining, and I pulled it 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 William, I smiled and squeezed my breasts. I saw him swallow,

and I knew he was thinking of the last time he had his penis between them.

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 too continue stroking

my sensitive clit. I rubbed my wet clit with quick, short strokes. William

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 moaned when the first sensation hit me. I felt my clit tingle, and my

vagina muscles began to clench tightly. It felt like I was melting into my

shorts, and I moaned loudly. I make quit a bit noise when I come, and this

time was no different. My vagina was trembling, I gathered myself together

and I pulled up my shorts up 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 they were the only one. The others

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 the ach between there legs.

William 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.

I love you Terrie Jane William