**Gymnasium Games**

by [Grey\_Eyes](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1165080&page=submissions)©

I took an evening job at the Sports Centre, just a gopher on reception, I did not even rate a seat, if a visitor asked where the squash courts were, despite the big map behind us, I would be dispatched to show them. I hunted down missing kids and lost handbags, I helped out in the canteen, I was a crash dummy for the Judo and Karate instructors when they wanted to demonstrate something. And like all the girls I learned to dodge the Manager.

He insisted we call him "Colonel" and he looked the part with a white handlebar moustache, fierce eyes and a large bald patch.

Before anyone got a job, male or female, you had to try on the uniform first and parade for him. I was interviewed with another girl, Deborah, older than me. We were handed a little bundle each and directed to a changing room by the Colonel's secretary, a vague blonde whom rumour had it spent more time on the Colonel's desk than sitting at her own.

Deborah and I found we had the uniform of the place, short pleated blue skirt, white pumps and a white polo shirt with a logo at the left breast.

"I can't wear this!" Deborah protested, holding the skirt up to herself. "It is way too short!"

I said nothing, she must have seen the other staff the same as I, the men is tiny shorts and the women in these brief skirts, it was the uniform of the house and we wore them if we wanted to work there.

I changed and after some more complaint so did Deborah, she had a black bra on which showed as a shadow through the thin shirt, my own plain white was thankfully anonymous.

The secretary waited for us and we padded after her and were ushered into the Colonel's office. The door closed firmly behind us. I noted the office windows were shuttered with blinds, apart from a couple of metal filing cabinets the only furniture was a huge wooden desk, totally clear of clutter, a big leather chair on which the Colonel sat and a small trim chair on the visitor side of the desk. On the walls was an aerial view of the sports centre and some certificates.

The colonel glowered at us and then barked for us to turn around, we did so and put our backs to him, stayed that way long enough to glance at each other and fidget a bit. "Turn back," he snapped. We faced him. "Are you fit?" He demanded.

"I was netball captain at school," I replied.

"What position?"

"Field goal."

He grunted, it was hard to tell if he approved. "You?" He glared at Deborah. "What sport?"

"I swim," Deborah sounded defensive, nervous, I was surprised, the Colonel sounded fierce but he had not threatened us at all.

He made a growling sort of cough and then relaxed back in his chair, it tilted obligingly. "Show me, jump up on the desk."

We looked at each other again, each asking silently if we had heard right. "Jump!" He roared. I did, it was a stretch but I landed solidly, Deborah less so, she clutched at me as she teetered on the edge of thee desk and nearly dragged us both back off, but I got my arm around her and helped her steady.

The colonel was looking up at us, swaying the chair slightly from side to side, I tugged at my skirt, it would not go any lower. "Again, until I say to stop."

I landed lightly, knees bent, my skirt fluttering up as I flew, turning I jumped back on, more confident this time and landing with more grace, then down and up again until I began to pant and my face was flushed. Deborah was jumping up and down too, sometimes in sync, sometimes we passed in opposite directions. The Colonel stopped us when we were both up on the desk, breathing hard, shirts clinging. He got up and walked all the way around the desk, examining us minutely.

"You'll do," he said grudgingly. "see my secretary next door."

"The dirty old bastard!" Deborah exploded when we returned to the changing rooms, clutching a folder each with forms to fill and rules to read.

"What?" I asked, surprised.

"Him, that old sod, he... " Deborah paused, looking at me, then shook her head in wonder. "Never mind!"

The Colonel was a pincher. He demanded the staff jog everywhere and as any girl dodged past him he would strike and reach up your skirt and grab a fold of knicker and flesh and deliver an eye stinging pinch, then chortle as if it were some game we played and he was the winner.

We put up with it, there was not a lot of option, any attempt to introduce a union was ruthlessly dealt with. The Colonel was a quick to fire as he was to pinch and we knew he was right in his frequent lectures, there were plenty ready to take our place.

The money was not great, but as jobs went it was pretty neat.

Deborah and I had been working there for just over two weeks when while nursing coffee in the staff lounge Danny, one of the male coaches, told us there were ways to make extra on the side.

"Doing what?" Deborah challenged at once, suspiciously. Debora was studying music at college, she was saving to buy herself a flute, but it was slow work as she tended to spend most of her weekly wage on new clothes.

"Private coaching," Danny shrugged. "That sort of thing."

"Don't suppose there is a lot of call for netball coaching," I sighed, the lure of extra money wafting back away.

"We always need assistants to demonstrate," Danny said. I rubbed my arm, it was bruised from helping demonstrate back kicks.

"Well, it is up to you," Danny finished his coffee and grimaced, it was vile stuff spewed out from a battered old dispenser. "But if you are interested there is a private Badminton class tonight after we close, we can always use extra bodies."

"I have never played Badminton," I admitted.

"Just a bit," Deborah allowed.

"Does not matter if you are good or not, all that is required is enthusiasm, lots of it!" He winked.

"And what does it pay?" Deborah asked.

"Depends," Danny tossed the plastic cup into the bin. "It is a buyers market."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Deborah demanded.

Danny placed a finger to his lips. "Ssh, look, stick around tonight and check it out, at the very least you will get a free game of Badminton, and you never know, you might like to earn some serious money." He left then, leaving Deborah frowning after him. I waited, we had quickly established she was the brains of our friendship, she was very world wise to my eyes. She was smaller than me, I was a gangly 5ft 7inches, still skinny and awkward, she was a petite 5ft 2 inches but perfectly formed with a classic hour glass figure, all soft curves and a pouty mouth and a frizz of curly light brown hair. I still wore mine long but kept it in a pony tail while at work.

"It stinks," she decided. "How can they use the centre after it is closed?" She worried at her lower lip with her fine little white teeth. She glanced at me. "But I suppose we could check it out, I am sick of using the rusty flutes the college supply."

And that was decided, I would never have dreamed of questioning wise Deborah.

In the event it all seemed above board. At closing time some of the staff left as usual but in the staff room Danny and one of the lifeguards -- Mark - stayed with Deborah and me and four other girls, I only knew two of them, Karen and Jennifer, both supervised the toddlers pool, Karen was a laughing, slightly plump woman in her late twenties, her dyed blond hair in a tidy bob. Jennifer a dreamy eyed willowy girl with a slight Asian cast and jet black hair cut short. The other two women were not in uniform and I guessed were part of the day staff, they were both leggy brunettes wearing short white tennis skirts, spotless trainers and plain white T shirts.

Most seemed old friends and chatted and laughed together, but Karen was clearly a stranger to the clique as were Deborah and I.

Deborah and I were both astonished when the Colonel entered the staff room and greeted everyone in a friendly matter and surveyed Deborah and I briefly and rather speculatively it seemed. "All set?" He asked brightly. "Good crowd tonight. He glanced at us again and I saw him look us both up and down openly.

We trooped after him down the corridor to the smaller of the three gyms, the one normally used for aerobic classes. A badminton net had been strung and spots illuminated the court area, but the sides were in near total darkness. I could just make out people sitting on chairs and piled matts and felt a stirring of stage fright, I had lied, I had actually played Badminton at school, but I was too clumsy to be any good, all I ended up doing was taking ineffectual swipes at the shuttlecock.

But my worries were needless, the two men split is off into two teams of 7, Deborah going to the other team, bats were passed around, and yellow and black vests with numbers on the front and back, I was in Yellow, number three. the Colonel retreated to the shadows and the game started.

It was just fun, the team captains exhorted and cheered their teams, commiserated at the many misses and insulted each other good naturedly. The audience cheered us on too and I was laughing as I dived and went sprawling in yet another miss.

The Colonel stopped the match with a strident blast on his whistle and we rested, panting, some collapsing to sit on the polished floor. It did then occur to me this was an odd way to teach Badminton, but no one seemed to mind, there was a festive feeling in the air.

"Take a break," the Colonel told us. "Changing room."

We filed out, the four veteran girls giggling and whispering together, I glanced back, the two male captains were stood by the colonel and were not following us. The big door swung shut and we joined the others in the changing room. The other women were on the bench seats and seemed excited, even nervous, Karen in particular was fiddling with her racquet and kept dropping it.

Jennifer put an arm across her shoulders. "You'll be fine, trust me!"

"How many do you suppose there are?" one of the brunettes speculated.

"Twenty at least," Jennifer replied, giving Karen a little shake.

"What is going on?" Deborah demanded suddenly, planting her little fists on her hips.

"Badminton," Jennifer retorted coolly, her eyes though were bright with excitement. "That was the free bit, you can leave if you want, but I am staying for the money."

Karen dropped the racquet again, Jennifer retrieved it for her. "I don't think I can," Karen whispered.

"You look great," Jennifer assured her. "You'll see, you have the biggest boobs here, they will want you." "What the hell?" Deborah gasped.

"The next game is played nude," Jennifer told her, meeting her gaze. "They have our numbers, they will each put money on the girls they want to see play naked, if it is enough you go back out and earn it, you keep everything they put on you, the Colonel and the boys split the admission."

"That is..." Deborah stopped, lost for words.

"Very profitable," Jenny retorted. She shook Karen again. "Just imagine you are at a nudist camp, it is no different."

Danny came in then, without even knocking. He had a pile of white envelopes with number written on them, consulting them he handed one to each of us. "Leave it on the bench if you are not stopping," he said, and left with a cheeky wink.

Karen tore hers open with shaking hands and gasped, there was a wad of paper money in it, I could not see how much but Karen stared at it round eyes. "Told you!" Jenny laughed, she stood up and with perfunctory movements stripped off her uniform top and unhooked her white lacy bra. "Come on Karen, your old man will never know," she let out a dirty laugh. "Unless he is out there of course!"

Karen clutched the envelope to her chest. "God, don't say that!"

Thee brunettes were down to just their trainers and were swinging practice shots with their racquets, the seemed completely at ease. Both had trimmed their pubic hair to little triangles of down, but Jenny kicked off her skirt and panties to show a totally bare pussy, it made her seem vulnerable and more naked than the others.

Karen stood up and with hesitant movements began to undress also, Jenny was right, when she unclipped the sturdy bra she wore her breasts bounded free and hung like golden globes in the lights, her nipples were very dark and large in both diameter and jutted out as big as the tips of my thumbs.

Deborah tossed her envelope down un-opened on the bench and whirled about, her face set and angry. "Come on," she told me.

I did not move, I had not been aware of opening the envelope but I had, and my fingers leafed through the money nested in it.

The amount made me dizzy, it was in fives and tens, £85, more than I had ever held in my life, more than I dared dream of saving. Deborah was staring at me as if I had grown horns.

"We just have to play, nothing else?" I asked.

Karen paused, she had stripped to her panties but seemed unable to go further, a small lap of fat hung over them, it made me feel confident for a rather sad reason, I knew I did not have the curves of the other women, but there was nothing to sag.

"Play Badminton, and they will probably want us to do some other stuff, cartwheels maybe, but no one touches us."

I set the envelope into an empty locker and peeled off my polo shirt and folded it on top of it.

"Amanda!" Deborah cried outraged. I ignored her, the skirt followed the shirt and then my bra, I was still a rather late developer, but they swung a little as I bent to peel off my skirt. Some men had paid £85 to see what I had under my clothes, that was a powerful confidence booster. I tossed my panties into the locker, came up on the toes of the white pumps to make my boobs bounce some more and picked up my racquet.

Deborah just stared at me, open mouthed. "It is just a laugh," Jenny told her, she reached out and gently hooked her fingers into the hesitating Karen's panties and eased them down, revealing a thick dark bush of hair.

Deborah grabbed up her discarded envelope in a quick gesture and tore it open, counted the contents with her eyes. I could not tell how much was there but her eyes widened in surprise. "Just think of those rusty flutes," I told her.

"Your insane," Deborah told me. Then, as if blaming my sanity made it okay she sighed, and quickly stripped. I had to tear my gaze off her, she was like some perfect Barbie Doll, head high she was the first out and we followed her back to the gym.

A cheer went up as we walked in, one behind the other. Jenny waved and laughed, Karen covered herself with her hand and hung her head. The brunettes strutted like catwalk models.

Danny and Mark split us back into our teams and we faced off, but this time they withdrew to leave us to it. The game was no better played than the previous, but the cheers were thunderous, I got into it and for chunks of time forgot I was nude, it was only when another player collided with me, which happened a lot, that I was abruptly reminded of my condition.

It was hard not to laugh really, we darted about and it seemed everywhere I looked boobs were bouncing up and down as we jumped for shots, it was such an odd spectacle. I could imagine doing it in an open air court in some nudist camp as jenny had suggested and was sure I would not blush once. But here, in the familiar gym, in surrounding dark, my face flamed constantly as my eyes passed from one naked girl to the next.

We played again until we were coated in sweat and panting, at which point Danny and Mark sprinted out and collapsed the nets, to shouted suggestions they then hauled out some mats, a vaulting horse and a spring board. With one either side of the horse we were each directed to run up, jump with legs spread wide and slap hands down on the top. I had no problem but occasionally a woman mis-timed it and went sprawling, but the boys caught her effortlessly each time and launched them over safely. The horse was then turned lengthwise to us and we were set to jumping and front rolling over it.

Ropes were then strung out, dangling from the ceiling, I went up effortlessly, though the rope felt very strange to my naked breasts and thighs. I tapped the top smartly and looked down to see I was the only one, as at school the other girls were struggling, Deborah though with a grim expression managed it all the way up and hung next to me and waved at the cheers from the darkness below, when she met my eyes she looked a little wild and exhilarated.

I went down fast, hand over hand and I knew the burst of applause was for me and bowed to all four walls.

The men then re-arranged the mats and we were each directed to one and told to take off our trainers, they then walked through us, directing us into a series of exercises, star jumps, sit ups, lifting into a crab, then pedaling the air, a series of stretches until we were all stumbling with exhaustion. The Colonel blew his whistle and strode out like a ring master at a circus. "Give them a hand gentlemen!" He started to clap and the enthusiastic response flowed round the room. We were motioned to stand, link hands and bow, circling to face each wall and the applause rising each time, then we were set to running out of the gym to shower and change.

Deborah did not shower, she dressed with tight lips and stalked out, clutching her envelope and not looking at me. It was sadly the end of my first real friendship. In the shower I was now one of the gang, we were all high in colour, joking and chatting with me and speculating how they would spend the money. Even Karen had loosened up and told us she had deliberately slipped on the horse to get a good feel off Mark and Danny, reducing us all to gales of laughter.