**Her Thong Workout**

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(This is a sequel to a previous story about Jennifer and Mark in the "Toys and Masturbation" section titled "Her Panties")

Jennifer wanted to show her ass to Mark, her boss. She had a crush on him and had recently learned that he was interested in her as well. Even more exciting was the apparent fact that he was sexually aroused by her ass. That knowledge gave Jennifer a thrilling sense of power and she wanted to explore just how far she could go with that.

Just the day before, she'd inadvertently overheard Mark and another co-worker discussing the fact that some woman at Mark's gym had been exercising in a thong-back leotard. After masturbating the previous night and then falling asleep, Jennifer had awoken early and while she lay in bed, started to formulate the plans for further teasing Mark and exploring this sexual side of their relationship.

She went to work earlier than usual, arriving shortly after the time when Mark usually showed up. As she walked into her group office area, she turned to look through his open office door. He looked up from his computer and smiled at her. "Hi Jennifer. You're here early again." His face reddened slightly and Jennifer smiled, remembering yesterday's experiences.

"Yeah. I'm following your example and hitting the gym early in the morning." She replied.

"Why's that?" He asked.

"Partly just to try something new. Also, I figured it would be less crowded."

"Was it?"

"Mostly." Jennifer paused, hoping her plan would work. "But I don't like my gym very much."

"Which one do you go to?"

"The Athletic Club, not far from my place. It just seems kind of worn down or something."

"That's not good." Mark replied. There was a small pause and Jennifer wondered if she should be more direct. Then he asked, "You should try my gym. It's pretty new, everything's shiny." He laughed.

Jennifer smiled, feeling glad he'd brought it up. "Which one do you go to?"

"City Gym...there's one just two blocks..." He started to point south.

Jennifer took a step into his office, "Oh yeah, just down on 19th street. I've walked past that place. You like it?"

"Especially at 4:30 in the morning. I'm often the only one there." He said.

"Perfect." Jennifer thought to herself. She spoke, "Maybe I will. It would be nice to have a good place so close to the office."

Mark paused again and Jennifer was thinking of what to ask next when he spoke, "Hey, I have a guest pass. Do you want to use that? I could show you around."

"That would be great. Thanks!" Jennifer said feeling giddy inside.

"When?"

"Sooner is better for me. I'd like to switch if it's the right fit for me. Tomorrow?"

"Sure. And you want to try that early? I could go later if that would be easier." Mark said.

"No, change is good. I can be there at 4:30 if you're there too."

They made arrangements to meet in the lobby at 4:30. Jennifer left his office and walked to her cube. She sat at her desk quietly, pondering her plans. Her pussy was feeling more and more tingly by the minute. Yesterday had been the first time she masturbated at work and she knew she wasn't going to get any work done until she did it again. Still, she held out for about an hour before finally giving in. She could feel the moisture of her arousal in her panties.

Today she was better prepared. She stood up from her desk and walked toward the private bathrooms with her purse. She locked the bathroom door behind her, set her purse on the counter and immediately undid her pants. She stepped out of them and carefully hung them up. She turned back to the mirror and looked at her reflection. She was wearing one of her new thong panties purchased the day before. The front of the crotch was visibly damp as she spread her legs.

She turned around and admired her full, round ass in the mirror. A fantasy was forming in her head and she whispered to herself, "So, Mark, you like how my ass looks in a thong?" She patted one side of her smooth bottom and watched it jiggle tightly.

She whispered again, "Oh you do, I see you like it. I can see your big penis getting hard in your pants. I'm causing that reaction, aren't I?" She smiled and started caressing her wide, rounded cheeks.

Still whispering, she said, "Oh, you wish you could touch my ass? Is your penis completely hard now? I bet you'd like to see my pussy too." She turned around and gently took the front of the thong panty and pulled it aside exposing the soft, thick dark pubic hair covering her genitals.

"There you go, big boy," she whispered and spread her legs, thrusting her hips forward, "this is my pussy. I'm not sure I can fit your big cock in my pussy but I want to try. Is it fully hard yet?" She pouted her lips, "Oh, not yet? Let me help."

She turned around again and slowly rolled the thong panties down over her ass, watching her reflection in the mirror and applying it to her fantasy. Her bottom looked absolutely beautiful, she thought. The thong slipped out of the crack between her cheeks leaving her bare bottomed. She spread her legs a little further and let the panties slide down her legs. She stepped out of them, now completely naked from the waist down. She slowly bent at the waist, legs spread wide, and watched her full pussy mound come into view. It was topped with cute dark curls of hair. The lips of her pussy were swollen with arousal. She spread them carefully with her fingers and saw how wet she was. Her eyes traced over her genitals and upward to her pink, puckered anus.

She whispered, "Yes, someday, Mark, maybe I'll let you fuck my ass, but right now, I need your big cock in my pussy. See if you can squeeze it in there?"

With that she turned and opened her purse. Inside the main compartment she opened a zipper and then carefully took one of her favorite dildos out. It was bright blue and very soft, shaped realistically like a man's penis. She often masturbated with a vibrator but didn't feel comfortable with the buzzing sound in the work bathroom even though she was alone with the door locked. She loved the feel of this one, especially when she slid it all the way in to the base which was shaped like a man's balls. She loved the feeling of those big, rounded balls pressed up against her pussy.

She bent again to examine her pussy. She was very wet and felt that she wouldn't need lubrication. She positioned the rounded head of the dildo against her pussy lips and slowly slid it back and forth, across her outer lips back toward the base of her vagina and then forward again toward her clitoris. Her eyes closed and she moaned softly. She worked it back and forth a few times, feeling the slickness of her own lubrication. Then gently, she pressed inward and felt her lips slowly spread and start to engulf the head of the dildo. "Oh Mark!" She whispered urgently, "You're so big."

Her legs quivered for a moment as her pussy lips slipped over the ridge of the dildo's head. She turned the dildo back and forth with just the head inserted into her vagina. Her genitals were giving her that warm, sensitive feeling that she was close to orgasm. "What?" She whispered, still in her fantasy, "You want to slide in? You're looking at my ass and think you might lose it? Ejaculate before you get in? Do it, lover...fuck me."

Then she slowly pressed the dildo further into her vagina. She felt the walls of her pussy sliding wetly over the soft yet firm surface of the dildo. It was not particularly long, only about five inches, and so she was able to push it slowly all the way into herself until she felt the soft, rounded balls press up against her clitoris. "Oh my gosh!" She sighed. Her pussy was so wet. Flashes of pleasure were starting to course out through her body. She pulled the dildo slowly out, watching in the mirror as it came out. It was glistening wet.

"Oh Mark! Push it back in!" She whispered, full into her mind's fantasy. She slid the dildo all the way back in and again, her knees almost buckled as the dildo's balls pressed against her clitoris and she felt the orgasm coming on. "Oh gosh! Oh gosh!" She moaned and then started to whimper as she closed her mouth, not wanting to be too loud. The orgasm washed over her body filling her with warmth and amazing pleasure.

Finally the orgasm subsided and she was able to stand up straight. She turned around and slowly washed the dildo in warm water. She dried it with paper towels and slipped it back into the inner compartment of her purse. After yesterday's wet spot incident and with her pussy still sensitive and slick, she was better prepared today. She took a panty liner from her purse. She stepped into her panties and pulled them up to mid thigh, then carefully applied the liner to the wet crotch of the panties and snugged them up over her pussy which tingled in pleasure at the sensation of further touch. She closed her eyes and carefully cupped her pussy in one hand, sighing in pleasure and thinking about trying for another orgasm.

She shook her head and let go of her pussy. "No, I have to get back to work. More later...lot's more tomorrow." She smiled at herself in the mirror and thought about her plan as she stepped into her pants, did them up, washed her hands and left the bathroom to head back to her desk.

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It was hard waking up that early the next morning but once Jennifer got her mind focused, she was instantly wide awake; both excited and nervous about her plan for the morning. Her bag was already packed. She put her hair into a pony tail, brushed her teeth, changed into yoga pants and a T-shirt and headed for her car. About half an hour later she was walking into the lobby of the City Gym. Mark stood up from a chair and smiled warmly at her. "Hey! You made it."

"Of course." She smiled back. Mark looked great. He was already in his exercise gear: a loose tank top that revealed nicely formed shoulders and arms along with loose athletic shorts that hung to his knees.

Mark glanced briefly down at Jennifer's attire as they turned toward the front desk. She was glad that she decided to wear her tight yoga pants. They showed off her curves very nicely and she had no underwear on beneath the skin tight pants. Mark used his guest pass to get her into the gym and walked her down the hallway pointing at features of the gym as they went. He stopped outside the women's locker room and suggested that they try out the weight room first after she was ready. He pointed again to let her know where he would be waiting.

Jennifer smiled at him and walked into the locker room. It was quiet and empty. She selected an empty locker and set her bag down. She took several deep breaths, not sure whether she had the courage to proceed with her plan. She sucked in another deep breath and stood straight, willing herself to continue.

Quickly, she pulled off her T-shirt and her regular bra. Her breasts swung free in the open air. Then she pushed her thumbs behind the waistband of the yoga pants, kicked her athletic shoes off, and peeled the tight pants down her legs, stepping out of them one leg at a time. She put her shirt, bra and pants into the locker and stood still for a moment, reveling in the feeling of being completely naked in the same building as Mark.

Normally, she was quite modest in the locker room and changed clothes quickly but since the whole purpose of this morning was sexual, she felt no rush, especially because she was alone. She walked down the aisle of lockers and toward the vanity mirrors and sinks. She looked down at her naked body as she walked. Her breasts weren't large but also weren't small. She thought they were quite perky although they had softened over the years. They wiggled with each step and were topped by large round, pale brown aureola and nipples that were stiff with arousal. She wished her tummy were sleeker, but for a woman in her 30s, she felt comfortable with her body and thought she looked good. She stepped in front of a mirror and looked at her naked body. The dark triangle of her pubic hair looked sexy and she ran her fingers through the hair, pulling it out a bit and enjoying the softness of it. She twisted to one side and then the other watching the extended curve of her bare bottom stick out as she moved. She looked toward the entrance of the locker room: no door, just two corners to block view from the outside. She imagined Mark not being able to resist and walking into the women's locker room and finding her standing in plain view, completely nude. She felt her pussy start to tingle again and suddenly felt nervous. She hurried back to her locker, her breasts bouncing vigorously as she jogged.

Back at her locker, she took a sports bra from her bag. Normally she didn't exercise in just a sports bra although plenty of women did. This time, she planned on it. She pulled the tight black bra over her head and shoulders and slid her arms into place. Then she pulled the front of the bra down over each breast snugging it firmly down and massaging each soft mound of flesh to make sure it was completely contained.

She went back into her bag and pulled out the shorts she intended to wear. They were extremely short boy-cut style shorts, a size too small and not cut quite right for her wide, feminine bottom. She bought them about a year ago thinking they might be useful for exercising on hot days but found that her bum didn't quite stay in place when she wore them. She stepped into them and pulled them up. Right now, they were barely decent. They covered her pussy tightly revealing only hints of the shapely curves of her labia. The lower edges in back on her bottom barely ran along the lower orb of her butt cheeks.

She moved, stretching left and right, forward and back, and then jogged in place for a couple of seconds, all the while feeling the shorts wedge up between her bottom cheeks and into her pussy lips. She walked back in front of the mirrors again. From the front, the shapes of her pussy lips were much more visible now with a clear seam between the lips in the middle and two more seams forming a V shape on either side. She turned around and twisted to look at the rear view. The shorts had worked all the way up between her bottom cheeks and her face reddened as she saw how exposed her ass was. At least half of each cheek was completely on display with the leg band riding high and curving up over the orb of each buttock. It almost looked like a thong but not quite.

Jennifer took a deep breath and walked back to her locker. She sat down and put her shoes on then put everything away. She closed and locked the locker. She carefully tugged the shorts down reducing the wedgie affect both in her pussy and especially pulling the leg bands across her bottom down so the shorts looked decent again. Then she carefully walked out of the locker room and toward the weight room.

The weight room had glass walls and she saw Mark sitting on a bench working a dumbbell before he saw her. She kept walking, watching him, toward the entrance. Before she got to the door he noticed her and looked over, smiling. She opened the door and walked in. Again, she caught him glance down at her body very fast and then look away. Her heart raced as she crossed the weight room.

He stood up, setting the dumbbell down. He said, "You look great. I'm sorry, but I just have to say that."

She felt herself blushing and smiled coyly at him, "I'm not the only one who does."

His face reddened and he started to say something, paused, then finally spoke, "Well, do you already have a routine?"

"I do." She replied, running through her plan in her mind.

"Cool. Need any help?" He asked.

"No, I think I can find everything. I'll ask if I do need help, though."

"Good."

Jennifer turned and walked to the free weights. She lifted two ten pound dumbbells from the rack and walked over to wall covered with floor to ceiling mirrors. She would start with her calves. She stood in front of the mirrors with a dumbbell in each hand, legs spread about a foot apart, and slowly, steadily lifted to her toes and then back down. In the mirror she saw Mark go back to the exercises he'd been doing when she came in. She knew this exercise would give him views of her back side and would show off the length of her legs and firmness of her leg muscles for him. At first he wouldn't look at her but eventually she noticed him glancing on occasion. She tried to focus straight forward so it didn't look like she was watching him. More and more he glanced over at her. Once when she thought he was watching she came down to her heels a little faster knowing the bounce would cause her bottom to jiggle. Through her peripheral vision, she could tell he had noticed and wasn't turning his head quickly away like the times previous. She stretched up and then jerked down again, feeling her bottom bounce. He was still staring. She tried very hard not to smile and finished that set less smoothly than she normally did, maximizing the bounciness of her bottom for his viewing pleasure.

She finished the set and saw him look away again. She walked to the weights rack and picked up two five pound dumbbells. She returned to her previous location. He was doing a different exercise but still on the same bench positioned so he could see her. She took a couple of deep breaths for courage. She could feel her shorts were starting to wedge a little higher but could see that they weren't too obscene yet. "Now or never," she thought to herself. Her next exercise would be squat lunges which would completely wedge her shorts up into her bum and pussy showing him just about as much skin as if she were wearing a thong.

She glanced at him and he wasn't looking. She smiled and then started the first set. Standing straight with a dumbbell in each hand she stepped forward with her right foot while squatting down, leaving her left foot in place until her left knee almost touched the floor, then she stood up straight again. With the first stride she felt the shorts slide across her ass and pull up tightly between her legs. She felt much more open air on her bottom. She tried to keep a straight face and went through twelve reps of each leg. When she stopped she bent at the waist and set the dumbbells down on each side, standing up straight and breathing smoothly. She looked at her reflection in the mirror. The legs of her shorts were much higher now, the front was wedged between her pussy lips on the sides and up the middle giving a clear view of the shape of her labia. She could tell, even without seeing, that most of her bottom was uncovered just like a thong. She glanced at the reflection of Mark. He was staring at her butt and didn't see her looking at him. She watched him for a couple of seconds before he glanced up and noticed that he'd been caught looking. He turned away quickly and Jennifer couldn't suppress a smile then while she watched his face go bright red.

She bent and picked up the dumbbells again starting into the next set. She watched from her peripheral vision and Mark couldn't seem to stop himself from looking. Finally after looking at her ass at least half a dozen times, he completely turned his body so he couldn't see her and rubbed his face vigorously. Jennifer squelched a little laugh and finished the lunge exercises.

She went back to the ten pound dumbbells and the next exercise didn't make it any easier on Mark. She carefully bent at the waist, keeping her back straight, working the muscles in the back of her upper legs and completely showing off her barely covered ass in the process. With each bend down she felt as if she were in some sort of porn pose, bending at the waist, legs spread, showing off her ass and pussy. Her shorts were pulled so tightly up between her ass and against her pussy that she worried that one or both of her pussy lips might actually slip out. She kept doing the reps and sets, occasionally catching Mark glimpsing at her ass when she was bent even though he kept trying to turn away.

She finished with sets of single arm rows, kneeling on a bench, one leg extended, lowering the dumbbell with one arm and supporting her body with the other. These exercises, with her shorts pulled up between her ass cheeks, seemed to be the final straw for Mark. He stared openly at her as she started her first set. Her bottom was up high and pointed at him. The crotch of her shorts was wedged between her cheeks and tightly over her pussy mound. Her breasts were dangling down, looking much larger in this position, as she slowly rowed the dumbbell down and then back up. Finally he stood up and walked to the other side of the weight room working on a machine facing away.

Jennifer wondered if she'd pushed him too far. She finished the sets and put the dumbbells back on the rack. It had been a good workout and she felt a sheen of sweat all over her body. She glanced over her shoulder at her reflection and her objective was confirmed, the back of the shorts were completely wedged up between her large, rounded cheeks looking just like a thong. She felt her face redden a little and felt some embarrassment. Maybe this had been a bad idea. She tugged the back of the shorts down to be semi-decent and walked over to the water fountain, taking a drink. Then she walked toward Mark. She worried about his reaction.

Mark stopped his exercises and looked up at her. He smiled warmly and Jennifer's worries ebbed away. He said, "You work really hard. Good job!"

"Thanks. You too." She smiled back at him.

"Not today...you know, feeling kind of, well, unfocused." He stood and stretched his arms over his head to one side and then the other. Jennifer admired his biceps and felt her pussy start to tingle again. She hoped she wouldn't make a wet spot again.

"Why? What's up?" She asked and tried not to sound too coy.

He looked at her, putting his arms down, appearing a little deflated, "Well, you know..." One eyebrow went up, when she didn't speak, he went on, "Not sure."

Jennifer glanced down and sucked in her breath, the front of his shorts tented out with his erection. She looked away quickly and felt her face starting to heat up.

He looked down at himself and then sighed, "Um, sorry."

Jennifer looked back at his face and tried to smile, "Hey, completely natural. I understand how boys function."

"So you noticed?" He asked.

"Um, kind of hard not to notice. You need to be careful with that thing..." Jennifer couldn't believe what she was saying, "in a weight room...sticking out so much, don't want it to get pinched or anything." She glanced back down at his crotch. The tent seemed to grow a little higher and she could clearly see the thick, rounded head straining against the loose shorts.

"Good advice, I'll be careful."

Jennifer thought about the next phase of her plan. "So, how much time do you want to spend?"

"No rush." He said.

"Should we try out the pool?" She asked and was embarrassed when her voice cracked.

His face reddened a little more, "Um, yeah, that's cool. You remember where it was?"

"I do. I'll meet you there." She replied quickly and didn't wait for his response, heading directly through the door and towards the locker room.

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Jennifer stood in the still empty locker room in front of the mirrors wearing her new swimsuit. It was a tight one piece fashioned after a women's competition swimsuit with one exception, the back was a thong style cut. The front sleekly encased her body, her breasts held tightly. Her eyes wandered down across the gentle curve of her tummy toward the triangular sweep between her legs and the subtle bulge of her genital mound. She turned around and looked at her rear view. The back, contrasting to the front, was almost not existent. Straps crossed her back and merged into another piece that met straps around her waist just above her hips and then narrowed into a triangle of material positioned directly above and between her large, bare ass cheeks. The material disappeared between her cheeks leaving them looking nude.

She took a deep breath and watched her breasts swell up, nipples becoming more visible through the tight material. Then she walked across the locker room towards the exit that led to the swimming pool. She stopped in the shower and turned it on hot. She stood beneath the streaming water, drenching her hair and all of her body. She pushed her wet hair back and turned the water off, looking down at the swimsuit's appearance when wet. It was shiny and even sleeker and to her surprise, her nipples and aureola were slightly visible through the wet material.

Shocked, she walked back to the mirrors and looked. Her initial impression was confirmed as her aureola were slightly, but unmistakably visible. Worried, she looked down at her crotch. At least the liner there obscured the view and her triangle of pussy hair wasn't visible. She looked at her backside again. Beads of water stood out on her bare cheeks, droplets ran down her long muscular legs. "I look hot." She thought to herself and she walked toward the locker room exit to the pool area.

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Mark waited in the deep end of the pool, treading water, his head still spinning from what he'd seen. Now he knew for sure that Jennifer had heard every ounce of his conversation the other day including his talk about the woman wearing a thong at the gym. Granted, Jennifer hadn't been wearing a thong in the weight room, but after she started working out and it pulled up, it may as well have been a thong.

He had a split mind. On one hand, he was elated beyond description to realize that Jennifer was obviously showing herself off to him. On the other hand, he felt ashamed that he'd so obviously ogled her body. He shook his head, "What else was I to do?" He thought to himself, "Her body is amazing, the most amazing ass I've ever seen and the way her pussy mound looked...Oh my gosh..." His thoughts stopped as Jennifer walked into the pool area.

They were alone. She was wet from the shower. Her one piece suit clung to her voluptuous body like wet tissue paper. As she drew closer he couldn't help but stare down at her body. Her breasts jiggled and his mouth dropped open when he realized he could actually see her aureola...large and round. He was stunned. You work with somebody for so long, you get to know them, but then you never see their body, and then, when you finally do, it's like you're meeting somebody entirely new. How could Jennifer, the woman he'd known all these months, have been with him so many hours at work and yet he didn't know what she looked like? Her breasts, her nipples, her ass. He'd give anything, he thought, to see what she looked like completely naked. What color was her pussy hair? What type of pussy did she have? She appeared to have full, puffy lips which made him even more aroused. And that ass! That amazing bottom. He realized he was staring at her pussy and he looked up at her face as she stood at the edge of the pool looking down at him with a bemused expression.

"Hello. Are you in there?" She asked.

He sighed and felt his face go bright red, "Yes, I'm here, and worse off than I was before." He felt his penis, which had subsided a little, now surging into a full erection again.

"Worse off how?" Jennifer asked.

"I think you know." Mark replied.

Jennifer laughed...she actually laughed, "At least your, well, you know...that part of you is safer in a pool than a weight room."

She bent over and he caught a glimpse of her heavy breast cleavage as she did so. She sat down at the edge of the pool and swung her legs into the water. He swam toward her and stopped at the edge of the pool, not willing to get out and display his full erection which would be completely on display in a wet, clinging swim suit. "Jennifer, I'm confused."

"About what?" She asked.

"The other day, that conversation...what happened, I'm sorry. I don't want to do the wrong thing and make you feel uncomfortable or anything."

"I don't feel uncomfortable. Quite the contrary...with you, that is."

"Really?" He asked.

"I wouldn't be this way if I didn't feel ok with it." She smiled again.

"So you are...you know, doing these things on purpose?"

"What things?" She asked.

"Can I be blunt?" He asked.

"Yes. Please."

"Your shorts...how they fit, conformed to your curves that is. Your swimsuit is not very modest...somewhat transparent. The way you were exercising...almost as if you were showing off...and then the other day in the office, the whole...well, the panty thing and what you did. Am I misreading this?"

"How do you read it?" Jennifer asked.

"You're going to make me say it?" Mark pressed.

"You might as well, you were the one who suggested bluntness."

"I feel like you're showing yourself off, sexually, to arouse me." Mark sighed. "There, I said it."

Jennifer paused for a moment, looking thoughtfully at the water. She didn't reply. She looked down the length of the pool. At the other end, where it was shallow, there was a low basketball hoop at the edge of the pool. Her eyes seemed to brighten and she said, "Hey, let's play water basketball."

Mark felt a little disappointment at the lack of a direct response. He was about to say so when she pulled her legs out of the water, stood up and started walking toward that end of the pool. Mark's mouth dropped open as he saw the back of her swimsuit for the first time. He was stunned, staring at her nearly naked bottom as she walked away. Her hips rocked back and forth accentuating her wide feminine curves. He watched her full bottom jiggle and flex and felt his penis start to twitch involuntarily.

She looked back over her shoulder, "Come on, big boy, can you play ball?"

Mark shrugged. There was nothing left to hide, he thought. He pulled himself out of the pool and followed her. He glanced down. His swim trunks clung to his thighs and crotch. His penis stood straight up. The full length of his shaft was visible behind the clinging wet material. The shape of his penis head was visible. He looked back up to watch her bare bottom as they walked. His penis twitched more.

She grabbed a ball from the bin near the hoop and walked down the steps into the shallow end of the pool. He approached and she turned to look at him. Her eyes dropped to his crotch and immediately went wide. She said, "Oh!" and put her hand over her mouth.

He sighed again as he walked down into the water. Her eyes were glued to his genitals. He said, "I'm sorry, I can't help it. You look amazing."

She laughed and turned away, shooting the ball at the basket and getting close but not quite sinking the shot. She turned back, "You're the one that looks amazing. Look at your massive chest." She moved closer to him and actually ran her hand, gently, briefly over his chest. "I love this hair. So masculine. I'm not even going to comment on what's down there." She pointed daintily with a finger at his waist, "But that is impressive too."

She stepped back, turned and went down into the water, swimming toward the ball. Mark caught glimpses of her bare bottom as she sliced through the water. She grabbed the ball and shot again, this time swishing it. "Good shot!" He said, wading toward the ball.

"I am pretty good. I grew up with brothers that loved basketball." She replied.

Mark was impressed and even more attracted to her. He shot and missed.

She laughed, "You'll have to do better than that." And then they both lunged toward the ball.

Then commenced the most surprising fifteen minutes of his life with another woman. She was a fierce competitor as they played the game, each trying to get the ball into the basket, over, around, even under the other person. They splashed and swam, lunged and jumped, and before long they were blocking each other out, bumping up against each other, pressing and pushing. Jennifer seemed to be every bit as aggressive as any other guy and Mark loved it. The fact that her body was curvy, smooth and amazingly soft only made the experience that much more powerful. At times she jumped on his back and he felt her soft, expansive breasts pressed against him with her legs wrapped around him. She was particularly good at pushing him aside with her lower center of gravity and her powerful hips.

Throughout this play he stared plenty at her body and she didn't seem to care. Her breasts, even more visible through the soaked material of her suit, were amazing. They bounced and swung as she moved. Her bare ass was the most amazing sight of all. It was powerful and muscled and yet incredibly feminine. His erection didn't die down at all, in fact, it flared even more and he started to feel moments of extreme sexual arousal. Unfortunately, he didn't catch the warning signs in time and at one point, Jennifer grabbed the ball. With her back to the hoop and him between her and the hoop, she started backing up, pushing him toward the hoop with her hips and bottom. She backed straight on and with each shove, her beautiful bottom pressed up against his hips and crotch with his upright erection pressed between the cheeks of her ass.

Mark stopped trying to resist and Jennifer noticed. Instead of being quite as aggressive with an objective of getting closer to the hoop, she kept pushing back with her hips and bottom but with a more intense, slower motion. She pushed her ass against his hips and he looked down at the thong back of her swimsuit disappearing between her beautiful cheeks. He felt his erection twitching. Warmth was spreading through his crotch. She pulled away and then pushed back again, gentler this time. Her cheeks wrapped around his upright shaft and he felt his balls tightening. Vaguely, distantly, he thought, "Oh no..." But he couldn't move. He could only stare down at her beautiful body. He looked up at her wet hair. Her face was turned to one side. Her eyes were large and shining and she had a half smile on her face. Then she pushed back one more time. Her bottom cheeks encased his erection warmly, softly, persistently and he felt the orgasm coming on. This time he said out loud, "Oh no! Unnngh..."

His penis jerked and started to spasm. The orgasm surged through his body and he looked down at his cock. He felt the first spurt of semen shoot out into his wet trunks. Nothing visible. "Oh!" the pleasure was unbearable. The second spurt of semen jetted from his cock and he could see a little of the white liquid press through his trunks. The third spurt of semen came out and oozed heavily through his trunks, now clearly visible. The water was shallow enough here such that both of their hips were above the water level. The result of his orgasm was oozing through his trunks. "I'm sorry...I'm sorry, Jennifer."

"What?" She stood up straight and turned around, a questioning look on her face as his erection continued to spasm, filling his shorts with more semen that seeped through the material and started running down the bulge of his cock on the outside of the wet trunks in a large, white rivulet. Mark's body was almost frozen. He couldn't move.

He said again, in a low voice, "I'm sorry."

Then Jennifer looked down at his crotch. Her mouth dropped open and her eyes went wide, "Oh my gosh...is that...what?"

Finally Mark's penis stopped squirting semen but it was still visibly twitching and the damage was done. A huge amount of semen was running down the front of his trunks in an unmistakable way. His erection was still completely visible behind the wet clinging material. Mark didn't know what to say.

"Mark, is that what I...I mean...did you ejaculate?" She looked up at him. He was still frozen. She looked down again and to his amazement, she dropped the ball into the water and slowly reached out with one finger. Time seemed to slow down as her finger approached his crotch and then electricity lanced through his system as her finger touched his erection through the wet, semen covered trunks.

"Oh!" He said. The pleasure was amazing and his penis started jerking again.

She slowly ran her finger up his shaft collecting a large amount of the semen and then she pulled her hand back and rubbed her finger and thumb together through the slick liquid. She stared at her fingers, looking strangely mesmerized. Finally she spoke, softly, "I've never done that to a man before."

He tried to speak, "I, well...um..." He felt as if he were going to burst with humiliation.

Then she smiled and looked up at him, "I made you come, just by showing off and pushing myself up against your cock. Wow!" She laughed.

Her smile and laughter released all the tension in his body and he sighed, "My gosh, Jennifer...I didn't mean to, honest...I just go so aroused, so excited."

Jennifer looked up at his eyes for a while and then surprised him again when she took a step closer, standing just before him, she stretched up and gently kissed his mouth. Her lips were amazingly soft. She smelled wonderful. Her breath was warm and gentle. Her eyes fluttered as she pulled away and her smile was soft, seductive and cute. "You are quite a man." She said.

He felt stupefied. He tried to speak, "I, uh..."

She laughed again and then turned abruptly and walked toward the edge of the pool. He watched her amazing, thonged ass as she strode up the steps of the pool. She looked over her shoulder, "See you back at work." And with that, she walked around the pool and into the women's locker room.

Mark shook his head again, feeling dazed. He ran over the whole morning in his mind. Moments later he realized he was still standing alone in the pool, semen all over the front of his swim suit. He hurried out of the pool and into the men's locker room.

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Jennifer stood under the stream of hot water in the shower. She'd gone back to her locker, seen that nobody was around still, and stripped the wet suit off, walking back to the shower completely naked and feeling powerfully sexual. Her pussy was raging with arousal and she felt tingly all over. "I made Mark ejaculate!" She thought, over and over, in her mind.

The hot water felt amazing over her chest, on her sensitive nipples, down over her belly and between her legs, over her delicate parts. She adjusted the jet of the shower head and positioned herself for how she used to masturbate when she was younger. She rocked her hips forward and spread her legs, exposing her genitals as much as possible to the stream of water. She put her fingers down on either side of her hot pussy and spread her outer lips, exposing the sensitive inner lips and the little hood over her clitoris to the stream of water. She snapped her neck back and cried out in pleasure, "Oh!" The water pounded on her pussy, rushing over her clitoris and she felt the orgasm coming on, "Oh! Oh! Mark!" She cried as the orgasm rocked through her body. She stood in the open shower, alone in the locker room, completely naked, legs spread, bottom on display, her muscles flexed, coming and coming.

She stayed in the shower for five minutes, teasing her pussy into three separate orgasms and thinking about a fourth when she heard a locker door open. Quickly she released her pussy and stood up straight, trying to act normal. She listened, knowing that she was standing fully nude in the shower for everybody to see without even a towel nearby. She washed her hair, washed her body, glancing into the locker room. She saw nobody. Eventually she turned the shower off and walked embarrassed, wet, and jiggling back towards her locker. Just as she was approaching the aisle where her locker was, a locker door closed and another woman, older, came around the corner. Jennifer covered her breasts with folded arms, feeling exposed but trying to look like she was cold and not embarrassed. The woman smiled, not glancing down at Jennifer's body, and Jennifer nodded back. Jennifer turned the corner and glanced back, the woman was walking away without another look.

"Oh my gosh." Jennifer sighed. She opened her locker, took the towel out and started drying her naked, tingly and wonderfully relaxed body.