**Jaime is late for the gym**

by Marssipal

 In her rush to get to the gym on time, Jaime makes a mistake that puts her in quite a predicament.

 “Did you find it?” Jaime heard her husband Patrick calling from down below.

 “Not yet, I can barely see up here! Could you pass up the flashlight?” Jaime blindly reached down the hole connecting their attic to the second floor walk-in closet. She waved her hand impatiently until she brushed up against something hard and metallic.

 “Thank you!” she shouted cheerfully down to Patrick as she grabbed the flashlight. She turned it on and could immediately see the entire attic in front of her. “Holy shit!” she exclaimed.

 She heard him respond quickly and with a bit of worry in his voice. “What is it? Are you okay?”

 “Yeah I’m fine,” she answered back, “it’s just dusty as hell up here. Maybe deep cleaning the attic could be next week’s project!”

 She shed more light across the attic until she saw a medium-sized box, covered in a thin layer of dust and inscribed with a faded “Misc.”

 “Bingo!”

 She crawled over to the box and pushed it over to the ladder. Patrick grabbed a hold of it and took it down. The next hour involved them going through the box in their kitchen, trying to decide what had a place in their house, and what would be donated or thrown away.

 Patrick was excited to see an old autographed baseball from a White Sox game he went to when he was younger. Jaime quickly let him know there was no place for it on the mantel in the living room. After some discussion, they reached a compromise wherein he was allowed to put it on a side table in their bedroom. Jaime giggled at her husband’s sudden boyishness as he raced up the stairs to place his memorabilia.

 Jaime turned her attention back to the box. Her eyes lit up as she saw a book laying amongst the trash. “Well hello. Long time no see," she said to herself as she took it out and wiped some of the dust away.

 “Steward High Yearbook, 2009, Go Falcons!” She hadn’t seen her Senior yearbook in ages! She immediately started rifling through the old pages. She chuckled at seeing how some of her friends looked. She couldn’t remember the last time she had spoken with most of them.

 Although, there were only about three of them and if she was being honest with herself, they were never really that close. She started to remember how high school had gone for her. She was essentially an outcast.

 She was reminded again of that fact when she saw her picture. Pudgy cheeks, pale freckled skin, wire-rimmed oval glasses, braces, and long wiry brown hair. She shuddered as she recalled the oversized striped sweaters and mom jeans she used to wear because she was so self-conscious. For as long as she could remember, she was never really the outgoing or promiscuous type.

 When she finally got to college, she took the opportunity to transform her image a bit. The summer before her freshman year she spent working out, she cut her hair shorter, and finally gave her wardrobe a much-needed upgrade.

 She loved the way she looked in the many sundresses, skirts, and tops that she had gotten. It gave her enough confidence to finally get a boyfriend when she was a Junior in college. Boys had taken an interest in her before, but she always felt really awkward and anxious about talking to them. However, Patrick was different.

 He was such a sweet guy, and she immediately became attached to him. She had never been even remotely intimate with someone. She welcomed his physical advances. She could still remember slowly grinding her pussy against his hand the first time he slipped under her dress.

 She loved the way he held and touched her. She found herself increasingly attracted to Patrick and his “dad bod”. When she finally felt his cock, she could remember it felt massive! She took it out that first time and felt her eyes widen as she looked at it.

 “Wow, how big is it?” Patrick chuckled and responded, “6 whole inches”. She couldn’t believe that six inches looked so big. In the few porn videos she had seen before, the men all looked so massive that she assumed it had to have been movie magic. She was even more convinced back then when she saw how big 6 inches was.

 She spent that junior year constantly sucking and fucking Patrick. She hated the feeling of condoms, so she quickly got herself on the pill. The raw sex sessions felt so much better, and feeling Patrick empty his load into her was life-changing.

 By the end of college, she was deeply infatuated with Patrick. So much so, that she never left his side. Jaime had only ever been with Patrick, and she was more than content with that! Now, nearing her 30s, she was excited that they had their own house for the last three years and were planning to start a family soon!

 Jaime’s smile turned to a grimace once more when she glanced back at the yearbook. She happily threw it into the garbage pile, relieved that she was able to grow so much and find some happiness. She began making herself busy by cleaning up the remainder of the box’s contents.

 After a few minutes, she heard Patrick’s voice behind her. “Missing something?” He was holding up her phone. The screen was lit up with a notification. He had a smug look on his face.

 She was always missing appointments or calls since she constantly left the sound on her phone off. He loved to rub it in whenever it made her life harder in the hopes that she would just turn it on.

 “Oh shit!” She immediately knew upon grabbing the phone what the notification was for. She was running late for her workout. “Shit shit shit! Clara’s gonna kill me if I’m late again! I’ve already been late the last two times!”

 In college, Jamie had to work incredibly hard to get the body that she wanted. She worked tirelessly and while she did lose weight and get some muscle tone, she could never get her ass to look the way she wanted it. Still, it was enough to get Patrick’s attention judging by how much he loved to grab it when they started dating.

 A few weeks after moving to their new house in Fort Mill, she decided to grab a gym membership. While she was there, she was approached by a personal trainer. She had gotten pretty good at telling them to screw off but when she saw Carla’s beautiful, round, perky ass… well… she just couldn’t help herself.

 A year later and Carla had sculpted Jaime into the shape of a goddess. Jaime had a natural hourglass figure, and her ass had always been quite large. After a year of grueling work, she had finally toned the muscles in her ass to make it less loose.

 She had turned into a bombshell with cute short brown hair, perky 32D tits, and an ass that turned most heads whenever she wore something form-fitting.

 While she now loved her body, it required an insane amount of upkeep. Which is why she would still get the shit kicked out of her by Carla three times a week in the gym.

 Jamie sprinted to the bedroom and quickly threw on her light gray yoga pants, her white sneakers, and an aquamarine sports bra. She ripped open her purse and groaned as she realized that her keys weren’t in it.

 “I can’t find my fucking keys! Have you seen them?” She yelled out to Patrick. “Nope! No sign of them! You can still probably make it there in time if you leave right now. Just take my truck! Keys are on the counter!”

 She wasn’t a fan of driving such a big car, but she really didn’t want to be late. She snagged the keys, her water, her gym bag, and raced out the door to the sound of Patrick saying he’d have dinner started when she got home.

 She was about halfway to the gym when the Bluetooth in the car started to ring. She was getting a call from Carla. “Hey, I’m really sorry but I blew a tire on my way in and the tow service says they’re gonna be about an hour. I can refund you the money or we can move you to a different trainer for the timeslot. My friend Jordan is free, and they just started last week! They should be able to give you a thorough workout and we can pick back up on Friday!”

 Jamie hated missing workout days since the next meeting would always feel rougher on her body. She’d never met this Jordan girl but if Carla vouched for her, then she figured she may as well go for it!

 “Don’t sweat it Carla, shit happens! I’ll just meet with Jordan today instead and I’ll see you on Friday!” she replied.

 “Okay great! I’ll let Jordan know that you’re gonna meet with them today and I’ll see you on Friday!” after apologizing again, Carla hung up. Jaime was a bit nervous about having to see a different trainer, but she did feel reassured since they came recommended by Carla.

 She got to the gym and headed on in. She was immediately a bit perplexed. She usually turned heads when she went out in her workout clothes, but this time felt different. She just felt more eyes than usual.

 She turned her attention to the front desk and greeted the man behind the counter “Hey Ron! How’s it going?” Ron looked up from his computer and met her with a smile. “Hey there Jaime! I’m doing well. Jared just found out that he got into NC State so we’re pretty excited!”

 “That’s awesome news! I’m so happy for you guys! Let him know I said congratulations!”

 Ron’s pride was very apparent on his face as he thanked her and gave her a locker key. She gave a brief farewell and headed over to the locker room to put some of her things away. She noticed that a few women were giving her the side-eye as she walked over to her locker.

 She wasn’t sure why she was getting so much attention today. That is, until she walked by a mirror. With her mouth agape, Jaime realized that in her rush to leave the house on time, she hadn’t changed out of her black lace thong.

 The sharp color contrast between her dark thong and light leggings made it look as though her pants were see-through! She rushed over to her locker and ripped open her gym bag. She was praying that she had remembered to switch out some of the panties that were in there.

 She only had one other pair. A single dark gray cotton thong. She sighed in disappointment as she realized that she had no underwear that would be light enough to not be noticeable under her leggings. “Well, at least these aren’t lacy” she muttered to herself as she switched out her risqué pair for the slightly less offensive gray ones.

 She looked at herself in the mirror. This pair definitely wasn’t as bad as what she had on when she walked in, but it was still pretty obvious that she was wearing a thong underneath her leggings. She turned slightly and looked at the obvious outline of the thong hugging the curves of her upper ass as it thinned out into nothing between her taut buttocks.

 Looking at her front, she realized that the thong fit her so well that she could see the slightest outline of a camel toe between her legs. “At least the camel toe isn’t too noticeable,” she reasoned to herself.

 She quickly glanced at her watch and realized that she should probably get moving to the workout area where she would meet Jordan. As she walked over, she could feel the eyes locked onto her butt. She felt so self-conscious with so many people looking at her. A small part of her was enjoying it though.

 She felt a warmth forming in her lower abdomen as she slowly embraced her situation. She adjusted her posture so that she was standing up straight. She pushed her chest forward slightly so that her nipples formed tiny little bumps on her sports bra. She let her hips fall into their natural sway, which she was sure was only making her ass look all the more delicious. Her heart was practically pounding as she rounded the corner into the workout area, a sly smile forming on her face.

 She hadn’t ever felt like this before. She had always been very proud of her body and enjoyed stares when they just made her feel attractive. But now, the stares felt different. There was a hunger to them, a strong desire. She didn’t just feel attractive. She felt sexy. She felt her pussy beginning to swell with arousal.

 As she was putting her gym bag down, a voice yanked her out of her own mind and back to reality. “Hello, are you Jaime?”

 “Yes, can I help yo…?” her voice trailed off as she turned around. Her eyes met a man with light brown skin, built strong and sturdy, about 5’11 with curly jet black hair combed to the side, and the most radiant set of green eyes she’d ever seen. He stuck out his hand and spoke. “I’m Jordan, Carla let me know that I would be your trainer today. Nice to meet you!”