**Leaving the Gym**

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**Leaving the Gym Ch. 01**

Melissa climbed into the cream colored SUV and tossed her bag on the passenger seat, and eased her wet ass and legs onto the hot leather seat. After shutting the door, her hands dropped numbly to her lap, and she exhaled...welcoming the privacy of her car after the surreal events of the past hour. What began earlier that afternoon as a titillating dare to herself, quickly veered into an unexpected and mindblowing rollercoaster ride...and ended in a thrilling and nerve wracking dash from the gym. Her body felt like it had just finished an exhausting, hour and a half hot yoga class, and she needed some time to get her head together, knowing that she'd have to switch gears soon...and in a very major way. Going from pretty much a complete slut...obscenely displayed and disheveled, and still reeking of sex, with a mix of semen and her own cum still oozing from her cunt...to a mom who'd be picking her daughter up at school in about twenty minutes.  
  
She still found it hard to believe how fast it all had happened. Early in their evaluation, she had told Steve the truth, or at least some version of it, about rushing to get to the gym, and why she was barely dressed in a pair of threadbare, see through tights and tiny tank top with no underwear.  
  
It's true...she was in a rush, as usual. Admittedly, the struggles she had to get to school on time way back as a teenager, had kind of carried over into her adult life. But on this morning, it was not because of her daughter Lexi, and getting her ready and out to school on time, which is the story she told Steve. Her ex husband had picked her up early in fact. And after they left, she went online to quickly respond to a couple of emails, and after getting off the phone with a girlfriend who had returned her call about making dinner plans, she had every intention of showering. And with plenty of time to dress and get out of the house for her fitness evaluation at the health club.  
  
But the air conditioner in her bedroom was on the fritz, and the night before had been really warm and humid. She had kicked off the sheet and woken up a couple of times, sweating and restless, and had used her vibrator to try to relax herself, and get back to sleep. When she had finally gotten off the phone that morning, she knew that she needed a shower pretty badly.  
  
Normally, she'd just go to the gym funky and shower afterward. But today wasn't normal...running four miles on the treadmill, or sweating on the elliptical machine or in a class. Today she'd be in the small office that she'd seen numerous times on her way to a spin class, getting tested by one of the hunky trainers that she had occasionally seen in the weight room. Or maybe the lean, forty something female trainer with the sexy butt that sometimes led her favorite spin class.  
  
Lifting her arms up high, she turned her head in and immediately caught the pungent body odor coming from her armpits. And bending down, she could also easily smell her crotch and ass...her pussy had gone from wet to semi-dry numerous times since the day before, and her dried secretions and sweat radiated out of her like a musky perfume.  
  
It was pretty much a no brainer...or even a necessity, to take a quick shower, or at the very least wipe down with a washcloth at the sink. But she was still so fucking horny. And that was her problem. For the past month or so she was masturbating every day, and numerous times. And it was getting worse, sometimes even consuming her thoughts. When she felt like this, whether it was at home in her bedroom or at her desk at work or driving somewhere...she had to touch herself.  
  
So, glancing at the time on her phone, she plopped down on the unmade bed and snatched the vibrator out of the nightstand drawer, and pulled her knees out wide to get a quickie in. When she brought the vibe up to her mouth to wet it, she saw that it was crusted most of the way up the shaft with her dried juices, and she eagerly brought it under her nose to inhale the tartly sweet aroma. The heady odor instantly triggered her brain to one of her long held fantasies, and a frequent one lately...which was to be with another woman.  
  
Absently toying and pulling on one of her thick nipples, she began to lick and suck the dried cum off of the soft pink silicone, imagining that she was eating another women's fragrant pussy. This time it was Jeannie, the spin instructor from the gym...and definitely the type of older woman that Melissa was attracted to, and thought about, as she drifted into her fantasies. She was naturally thinner and leaner than Melissa was, and usually wore just a small sports bra top over her clearly enhanced breasts, with matching cutoff tights.  
  
They had developed a casual friendship over the half year or so that she had started taking the once a week, late afternoon class that she taught. Mostly just chatting and small talk, while people drifted in and set up their bikes. And one time the two of them stayed after for fifteen minutes or so to talk about working out, and their kids. There were times that Melissa would look up at Jeannie from her bike, late in a hard class as everyone was pumping through a grueling hill, and feel an extra charge as she watched her sinewy yet feminine body pedaling hard. She'd be dripping sweat like everyone else, and she saw how the hint of her large round nipples pushed through her soaked, and well padded sports bra. It made her wonder if they were as big as her own were, and if they got hard just as easily. She imagined being out with her one night...both of them dressed slutty at a bar and drinking margaritas or cosmos, and their talking and laughing slowly growing more intimate as they got more and more buzzed. And a friendly grab of an arm to emphasize a story, or a reassuring squeeze of a shoulder in agreement, gradually turning to playful caresses of a hip...or a soft touch of a cheek with the back of a hand. Or maybe a glancing brush of a finger along her breast, and then asking her about the nipples she had wondered about as she watched them appear in her sweat soaked top...and fantasized sucking on, and rubbing against her own.  
  
The dried juices on the vibrator dissolved with her saliva, and she savored the pungent taste and aroma, and ran her hand down over her smooth mound and onto her clit, and into her thick gaping lips.  
  
God...she was already so wet, or more likely she had woken up that way. Pushing the vibe deeper into her mouth, her tongue searched for every bit of her dried secretions, and her brain folded together the images of deepthroating a thick, hard cock along with her lapping at Jeannie's delicious, bald and oozing cunt. Her fingers played in her lips, and then dipped between them to bring some of the wetness up to her protruding clit, being careful to circle around lightly so she wouldn't come too fast.  
  
Thinking back to her youth and teen years, Melissa felt that she had a heightened sexuality and physical nature...even before she understood what that was, or really meant.  
  
Among her tight circle of four adolescent friends, she was seemingly the first to discover the unspoken compulsion, and joys, of discreetly rubbing up against the bars at the swingset in school, or humping her pillow on sleepovers, as they laughed and shared stories and jokes and crushes, while eating snacks in a dark bedroom with flashlights illuminating the ceiling. And later on in her teens and early adulthood, on the few instances where she saw other girls undressed or changing in the locker room at school, or in a gym, it seemed to her that in some ways, her body...or parts of it...looked different than theirs did. Or maybe she was just more self aware, and at her young age, also self conscious about it.  
  
Her breasts weren't the biggest by any means, but she noticed that her nipples were way bigger and more developed...they seemed almost distended, compared to the other girls. And they would get stiff very easily...and not just when she was aroused.  
  
Like the time in Mr. Kennedy's twelfth grade history class, when one of the idiot boys made a comment about her high beams...how you could see her coming from a mile away, and even on a foggy night. And more than loud enough for everyone to hear. She had sat redfaced and quiet, with her head down and hands pressed under her thighs, pretending that she was the only one who didn't hear it. Of course she had a bra on under her shirt...back then she would have been mortified going to school without wearing one, not to mention that her mother would have absolutely killed her if she didn't. But it did little to help...there they were, her hard nipples boring through both layers of cloth for everyone to see. And for no good reason, it wasn't even cool in the room.  
  
She remembered that Mr. Kennedy had yelled at the jerk, and did his best to diffuse the moment and steer the class into an assignment. But afterward she noticed him awkwardly glancing at her a couple of times, and she thought, her chest. And her face burned even more, knowing that there was nothing she could do to stop her hardened nubs, which were on complete display through her white tee shirt.  
  
And her clit was definitely larger than the few that she had gotten a glimpse at...either in the changing room at the community pool in the summer, or in the locker room at school during senior season of soccer practice.  
  
There was one time when she had snuck in her brother's room, while he was out with his college buddies, and found the magazines that he kept under his bed. She remembered poring through them...intensely curious, and also fascinated by seeing all these beautiful and sexual women opening themselves up in all sorts of positions. And with no shame, but proudly...even brazenly. Just the variety of their different shaped bodies mesmerized her, and she stared at page after page of breasts and nipples, and gorgeous asses and pussies. She remembered the one model, an athletic looking brunette with a small chest and long legs, who had a little strip of pubic hair and a clitoris and pussy that looked almost like her own did. With a pronounced fingertip of a clit poking out from its hood of skin, leading down to thickly developed pussy lips. It was silly, but she had felt such relief...just knowing that there were other women who looked like her, and that men could be turned on by them too. And that she wasn't deformed, or some kind of freak.  
  
She couldn't even see her friend Sarah's clit, when she managed to peek at it as they changed after basketball practice. And in college, a boyfriend had even asked her if she had ever taken steroids. She wasn't sure what he meant, and just assumed it was from her athletic and slightly muscular build. But he told her it was because her clit was so big, like ones he'd seen from nude pics of female bodybuilders.  
  
For many years, throughout her twenties and during her marriage, she made sure to always wear padded bras or nipple covers under her dresses or tops, and to almost never go out without having underwear on. But as she neared thirty, and especially the past couple years after her divorce, her libido had gone steadily up, and now seemed to be going through the roof. And maybe it was from being in this place of almost constant horniness, along with a growing hyper awareness of her body, that compelled her to want to show it more, and at times to even wantonly display herself when she was out in public.  
  
Now, it wasn't unusual at all for her to wear one of her light summer dresses with nothing on underneath, or replace her padded bras with sheer ones. And the embarrassment she used to feel as people stared at her hardened nipples poking though her top or dress, had gradually turned to excitement. If she was going to run out to a store or grab a coffee, and she wasn't with Lexi or meeting up with one of her friends, she'd leave the house without wearing anything under her tee shirt or dress...and pretend to not notice as servers at Starbucks and guys passing by stared at her. It made her nipples tingle and crinkle up even more, and when no one was looking she'd sometimes tweak and pull on them to amp herself up.  
  
But she had to be careful doing that though, because they would usually start to leak at some point...and then it was practically impossible to turn them off, until she came and had some time to calm down. God...she remembered the first time THAT had happened.  
  
It was in line at Target, casually watching the young, flustered cashier stealing glances at her while he was ringing up items for the customer in front of her. She had left the house wearing a comfortable and snug tennis dress, that came up to about mid thigh, with her running shoes...and nothing on underneath. The soft, stretchy material caressed her body as she walked through the store, heightening the awareness of her breasts and ass and pubic mound...and making her feel like she was practically naked, with just a thin layer of cloth between her and the people passing by.  
  
She had gotten plenty of stares...most were furtive, sideways peeks and quick looks before shifting their eyes away. She noticed that women would sometimes look for a second or two longer, maybe incredulous or disgusted that another woman would walk around like that. More than once, when she was alone in an aisle, she'd run a hand over the hardened crests of her breasts...thrilling at the tiny sparks that coursed through her tits and down into her belly and pelvis. And then when she was in a quiet corner of the store in the pet food section, she squatted down with her knees splayed apart to quickly slide a finger along the soaked lips just under the hem of her dress, while she rolled a rubbery nipple through the pliant material. She remembered that it was one of those days where she felt like she could cum at any moment...like her body was literally vibrating with sexual energy.  
  
She was enjoying watching the poor young cashier, and wondering if he had a hard on...and what it might look like, as she began to empty her cart onto the back of the conveyor belt. A tap on her shoulder surprised her, and she turned to face an older woman, maybe in her seventies, who leaned in and spoke in a quiet, comforting tone.  
  
"Sweetie...I dont know if you realize it, but you're leaking."  
  
She gestured to her chest, and Melissa looked down and saw the small dark stains in the light blue material covering both of her nipples...the one covering her left one was larger, maybe two inches across.  
  
She remembered feeling that familiar flush of embarrassment, but it was accompanied by excitement too...and a reflexive and almost instant muscular reaction to clench her butt and abs, and push down into the pressure that had been building in her cunt.  
  
She turned towards the woman and looked down innocently, then lightly touched the saturated cloth over her left nipple with her index finger, and shivered as she felt the firm, bumpy ridges underneath.  
  
"Am I? Oh geez...I really am. You know...thank you for telling me. Sometimes this still happens...even after all these months."  
  
"Well...dear, having once nursed myself, I understand how that is. But you should really wear pads over them when you go out...just to cover yourself."  
  
When she bent to reach into her cart to retrieve the final things she had, her heavy breasts pushed wetly into the elastic material, and the urge to touch herself...any part of herself, was powerful. The cashier was finishing up with the woman at the front, and she saw him struggling to appear casual as her ogled her chest, while he rang her up. Turning back to the older woman next to her, she saw the sour look on her face...and it spurred her to pull her shoulders back and lift her tits up even higher. And when she spoke, it was in a loud, clear voice.  
  
"I know...I tried those pads, but my nipples are just sooo sensitive now...and always hard. It just hurts me to wear them...or anything else under my clothes."  
  
The elderly woman looked shocked, her eyes going from the semi transparent thimbles on Melissa's chest, to back up to her face, and her thin lips burrowed to a crinkly frown.  
  
She shook her head and turned back to her cart.  
  
"Well...it's not decent if you ask me. Being out in public looking like that."  
  
Melissa vividly remembered the moment, and how she felt when she said that to the woman, loudly enough for the young cashier and even the customer in front of her to hear. It was a watershed moment for her...the first time in her life, and now in this sexual awakening that she was going through, that she had stood up and asserted herself. And when she did, it was like this hot electrical pulse had traveled from the tips of her breasts through her belly, and down to her groin. She felt almost giddy, and bit her lip and pushed hard into her asshole again, and felt her pussy contract. If she did it again she thought she might cum right there on the floor.  
  
It was such a powerful moment for her, and the minutes that followed...with her and the scowling old woman, and young awkward cashier, ticked by slowly and silently. And were so deliciously excruciating, knowing that the slightest touch to her clit would have sent her to a crashing orgasm.  
  
On the way out, pushing her cart through the wide, automatic sliding doors and past the big red concrete Target balls, her legs felt rubbery and crotch wet and full...like she was walking with something wedged between her thighs. And she definitely recalled pulling over to the side of the parking lot, before the entrance, and hurriedly putting her seat back and feet up wide on the dash, as she fingered herself in shuddering waves that splashed all over the console and seat.  
  
She was deep into remembering and reliving all this, enveloped in the taste and smell of herself, when the phone rang again, and it jolted her up to look at the clock.  
  
Had fifteen minutes really gone by? She was so close to cumming, but knew that she had maybe five minutes to get out of the house and still make her appointment time. Grunting, she pulled the vibrator out of her pussy and licked it clean before tossing it on the bed, then jackknifed up to get dressed. Grabbing a worn tee shirt off the floor, she hiked one foot up on the bed and reached way under her ass to pull it firmly over her ass and crotch...starting from back over her asshole and through her lips. A shiver ran through her as the shirt dragged over her pulsing clit, and lifting it to her face, she saw a glistening, opaque smear. But even more than that was the smell... acrid and pungent, and bringing it close to her nose to inhale made her mouth water.  
  
Jesus...this was another thing that had been building over the past few years, and was something she would have been way be too embarrassed to share with even her closest friends. Or anyone.  
  
That along with her nearly constant horniness, and growing desire to wear less clothes and show off her body, she had also found herself becoming more and more aroused by her own body's smells. Incredibly so, in fact. And it was all her body's odors...like her armpits that morning in her bedroom, or the heavy, rich scents coming from her pussy and ass...even her feet after taking her shoes off after a long day. It was like the funkier that she got...peeling off her sweaty clothes after a hard run, or becoming aware of her pussy after being wet for most of the day...the more turned on she got.  
  
Some mornings after masturbating in bed before getting up, she'd wipe her leaking pussy with a dirty thong that she had worn the night before, before stuffing it deep inside herself and getting dressed to head out. All morning and into the afternoon she'd be aware of it...restless and distracted the whole time that she worked at her desk, or met with someone in the office. And clenching the walls of her cunt against the wadded lump of elastic and cloth like she was doing sets of Kegel exercises.

The first time she remembered stuffing her pussy and going to work, she had put a foot up on the toilet seat in the bathroom stall, and snaked a finger knuckle deep into her lips to drag the wet thong out when she had to pee. Her groin pulsed at the memory...and of how she stayed upright to piss that day, just moving her foot off the seat and up onto the metal housing by the flush handle...spread wide with her damp thong pressed to her nose and mouth, while hot urine streamed from her open cunt. When she was done she wiped herself off with it and stuffed it back inside, but left a few inches hanging from between her lips, so she could feel it sway between her thighs as she walked. Just a fraction lower and her coworkers would be able to see it dangling from between her thighs, just under the hem of her dress. What would she tell them? What could she?  
  
And then back at her desk, the strip of cloth tickling her asshole as she sat off the edge of her chair, with her legs open as wide as she dared, while toying with her throbbing clit.  
  
And then there was another time she remembered, because it was on a date only two months ago.  
  
They had met through a friend that she worked with, and it was actually their second date...the first one was really just a brief meetup for coffee. They ended up going out a total of three times, and after the third time she knew that even though he was easy on the eyes...and she was definitely game for even a casual hook up at the very least, there just didn't seem to be all that much chemistry between them. At least that's how she felt from her end. He just seemed to be very into himself...in a way that kind of turned her off. And especially early on when you figure if anything, he'd be making an attempt at putting his best self out there. Or at least doing a better job of faking it.  
  
But when she showed up at the restaurant for that second date, she'd already masturbated that morning. And during the drive there, she pushed up her dress and snaked two fingers under the waistband of her thong to tease her herself, periodically dipping down into her thick lips to coat her fingers with syrupy lube, and then bring them back up to spread around her clitoris. It had felt sooo good...listening to a dance station on the radio, tingling and skating along the fringes of her second orgasm of the day, and not wanting that blissful ride to end. But she did too good of a job of edging herself, and had arrived in the parking lot seeping and swollen, and frustratingly close to cumming. But she was already running late, so when she parked and shut the car off, she pulled her hand out from between her legs and smelled her glossy, sticky fingertips...then licked them clean before heading in.  
  
She also reached around to check the back of her dress when she got out, and didn't feel any wet spot. She had reluctantly worn one of her padded bras, thinking that she might not have wanted her nipples to be on display as they ate. And now that they were rock hard, she was...surprisingly, glad that she did.  
  
But as they sat at the table making small talk over a drink, and catching up from the first meeting and looking at the menu, she felt fidgety, and distracted by the small thong she had on underneath her light summer dress. The elastic strip of cloth was digging into her asshole, and her swollen lips and clit strained against the tightly stretched fabric. Fuck...she was turned on by her earlier orgasms, and touching herself in the car had only made it worse, and she did her best to appear normal as she squirmed on the leather chair. But she needed to touch herself badly...and even more, to have something inside her cunt. She wished she had went ahead and ordered that remote vibrating egg device that she saw on her IPad a week earlier. It was apparently all the rage with the cam models and girls doing porn online, and it looked totally hot and synched with her phone...but she had balked at the price.  
  
Her date was droning on about his job, and his recent promotion...and she leaned forward and attempted to appear super interested, while keeping her hands on the sides of her seat next to her hips. It was easy then to just lift her butt up an inch and quickly pull the bottom of her short dress out from under herself, then settle her bare ass back on the warm leather. And then just subtly lift and shift each cheek from side to side, spreading them apart until her thong bit painfully into her asshole and crotch as she pressed her flattened ass hard into the seat. She sipped at her drink and laughed as he finished a story, while her hips rocked almost imperceptibly, sawing the tight cloth deeper into her anus and crotch.  
  
Possibilities flashed through her mind...of sliding her thong off under the table, or just making chit chat while secretly rubbing her clit. Or maybe both. If it was a different guy sitting across from her, one who she felt attracted to, or even better...crazy about, she could do that and way, way more.  
  
God...she wanted to, and so badly. But with the right person. Someone who felt the same way as she did, and wouldn't judge her or be repulsed by the things that made her crazy with lust. The thought thrilled her, and she still remembered that feeling today...it was like she had turned a corner somehow, and began to really embrace her hypersexuality, and the idea of sharing it with someone else. And with no shame or limits.  
  
But this guy wasn't the one, and it was getting harder to keep her focus on the conversation and casual dinner thing they were supposed to be having.  
  
Excusing herself to go to the bathroom, she lifted her damp cheeks off the seat and grabbed her bag to find the ladies room. It was one of those bathrooms that had two enclosed toilet stalls with one common sink, and a chair in the corner. She looked underneath...both stalls were empty, and she quickly locked herself in the back one, and hung her bag up on the hook inside the door. Hiking up her dress, she stripped off her damp thong, and buried her nose in it while she urgently rubbed her clit to a knee buckling orgasm...then fingerfucked herself until cum splashed out into the toilet, and down one leg.  
  
She was still trembling with small aftershocks as she listened for the sounds of anyone coming in. Not bothering to clean her dripping crotch, she just pushed her thong deeper up inside her cunt than she ever did before, and left it in while she pissed. And didn't wipe when she finished. Before she unlocked the stall, she took her bra off and shoved it in her bag...and then walked cockily out the door and back to their table, with her crotch and the inside of one leg wet with cum and piss, and her nipples jutting through her thin dress.  
  
When she got back, he smiled and started to say something, then stopped and stared...his eyes going from her chest and then back up to meet hers, and she looked right back at him as if nothing at all was different.  
  
He mumbled something and haltingly launched back into some boring details about the new car he just got, and she remembered thinking...if he had reacted differently or turned her on more, the night probably would have ended with her sucking his cock in the parking lot. Or fucking him right in his drivers seat and flooding his lap and the floor of his car. But when they left the restaurant later on, she ended up going straight home, and had to lie on her back with her legs up to her chest to dig her thong out, it was so deep in her pussy. When she finally hooked her index finger around an edge and dragged it out, saturated and strong smelling, she covered her face with it again and furiously rubbed herself to a another huge orgasm.  
  
It was crazy, how vivid these memories still were for her...and she absentmindedly pulled on one long nipple, as she lazed on her bed with her legs open.  
  
But she was cutting this razor thin, and barely had any time to get dressed and be out the door, so she scooped up the black tights that were laying on the floor by her hamper. She had worn them a couple days ago to just kick around the house with. In hotter weather, and when they were newer, they used to be one of her go-to pairs of running tights. But now she always wore a thong with them, because they were worn really thin...especially around the ass and crotch. Looking down at the stretched and almost see through fabric, she just pulled them on over her bare legs and hips, and when she tugged the crotch up against her pussy, her chest tightened...knowing she'd be showing herself clearly through the threadbare cloth. Well, might as well just go for it.  
  
She fished around in her second from the top dresser drawer, and came out with a small, pink, ribbed tank top, and tugged it down over her bare breasts. And got another heady rush from her unwashed body odor coming from under her arms. Then she pulled on her running socks and laced up her sneakers and was out the door.  
  
Now, sitting in her seat in the parking lot of the health club, her body began to relax...her muscles sinking into the hot leather, and she noticed the heavy fatigue creeping into her thighs and calves. She had been standing for most of the hour in that hot cramped office, and alot of it was spent tensed and bent over, not to mention her muscles going through huge spasms and straining from too many orgasms to count.  
  
She looked in the rearview mirror at her still damp and matted blonde hair, and what little was left of her lip gloss, smeared around her mouth. The car was hot after being in the sun, and it already was starting to reek of her sweat, and cum covered clothes and body.  
  
She looked down at herself and had to push down a swell of panic...how was she going to pick up Lexi from school looking and smelling like this? She turned to look in the back seat, hoping she had forgotten about a tee shirt or old sweatshirt that was left behind. Nope...there was nothing there.  
  
She checked the clock on the dash...ok, no need to rush, just take a few minutes to get yourself together and figure things out.  
  
She opened all the windows up to let some fresh air in, and to try and get some of the odors out...but inhaling the strong scents coming off of her body and clothes was like kryptonite to her, and made her lean back and close her eyes...and open up her thighs.  
  
When they had heard the knock on the office door, she was crouched tight on top of Steve. He had just gotten hard again, his dick slapping up against her sopping wet pussy and ass, and she had urgently lifted up to get him back inside of her. The memory of his huge cock pulsing in her, not even twenty minutes ago, made her mouth water and pussy throb in her sticky tights.  
  
They had frozen still when they heard the loud knocking, but when it kept on going and the voice said that his next appointment was already waiting for him, I think they both realized the predicament they were in.  
  
Lying in a hot, carpet soaked room that reeked of sweat and pussy and cum, sticky and naked, with their clothes in a damp pile.  
  
He motioned to her with a finger at his lips to be quiet, then answered loudly.  
  
"Jimmy...thanks! We're just finishing up in here. Tell her to wait upstairs and I'll be there in a couple of minutes."  
  
They heard him grunt something, and then walk away. Steve's mouth found hers again and he pulled her ass down harder onto him, and she yelped and exhaled into his mouth as his cock drove deep into the back of her cunt to mash against her cervix. She was way past just being wet...after a bunch of massive orgasms, along with him having pumped what felt like gallons of cum into her, the inside of her vagina had become a liquid furnace. She angled her hips and squeezed hard with her cunt muscles as she lifted up and rammed back down on his thick pole, shuddering as it plowed into her deepest recesses. She was panting again, and felt the contractions and exquisitely delicious pulses rippling from her groin up to her belly and chest, that were the early signs that very soon, she'd be cumming like crazy...again.  
  
His mouth broke from hers, leaving a single strand of saliva from her bottom lip to his, and he spoke quietly.  
  
"Shit...this is gonna suck sooo much...but you need to come off of me, then we have to somehow pull ourselves together and get out of here."  
  
He made a frown and exhaled, as her cupped her chin in his hand and pushed his thumb into her mouth.  
  
She closed her eyes as she sucked on his finger, and mashed her ass down one last time, savoring the sensation of his cock pressing deep up inside her. Fuck...what felt like all the way up to behind her bellybutton. Then she grunted and pushed up slowly, savoring each inch that emerged from her thick lips until he popped out with a wet squelch. Once she was free of him she just stood up from her crouch, and then it was pretty much a frantic scramble to untangle saturated clothes, and fumble with still laced sneakers.  
  
There wasn't anything in the room that they could use to wipe themselves off with, so they put on their clothes the way they were. Trying to get her soggy tights on was an exasperating battle of tugs and pulls, as they stuck and resisted every inch of the way up her gummy legs. From mid thigh up, they were mostly translucent now, and the crotch was a gooey, whitish mess where her pussy juices had seeped through earlier. She kind of sucked in and grimaced as the cool and acrid stickiness came up tight against her pussy and the juction of ass, while a hot surge of their freshly mixed cum began to flow from lips and add to the already saturated cloth.  
  
But as bad as that was, her top was worse.  
  
The thin, pink tank top was still wet...basically see through now from being soaked with sweat and milk...and once on, her tits and nipples were on total display. Like wet tee shirt, up on stage visible.  
  
She kneeled down to put on her socks and sneakers, and looked up at Steve. He was pulling his soggy shirt on, trying to get it over his muscular shoulders, and his shorts, at eye level with her, were just obscene...stained dark in spots while other patches were crusted with either his or her cum, and his still stiff cock tented out in front. He looked down at her after getting his shirt on and shook his head.  
  
"Wow...we look terrible. Well, you look fucking incredible. But...yeah, this is not good at all."  
  
She stood up and right away felt how soaked through the whole crotch of her tights were, and looked down to see how bad it looked. Her lips would have been clearly outlined in front, but were actually obscured somewhat by the whitish stains that permeated through the dark cloth. She didn't know if that was a good or bad thing, but the sensation she had of cum seeping out of her lips was a concern. And if her threadbare tights could contain it all. And she needed to decide what to cover when she stepped out the door...her straining breasts and nipples, or the mess below her waist.  
  
"Ok...I think I can get away with this. I'm going to use my bag to try to cover some of my chest...what do you think?"  
  
Steve was scrambling to clean up the small work area in the room...he had gotten it somewhat straightened up, but she felt the carpet under her feet squish as she walked, and looking left, saw that the low cabinet was streaked with drying lines and splashes, from when her tits sprayed out milk during her wrenching orgasms. And everything just reeked of cunt, and cum and sex.  
  
He turned to look at her, and she saw that his cock had started to go down...now it was just an impressive looking bulge instead of a straining tent. But there was a large growing stain from him leaking after his recent erection, that added to the couple of dried discolorations from earlier on.  
  
"Yeah...as bad, or good, as your pussy looks in those tights...I'd probably go with keeping your bag up high and in front of your chest as you go through the gym and past the desk. Anyone looking over at you is not going to know what to make of your tights, it looks like you sat in a puddle of glue, or paint...or something. But up top is way more noticeable...like you won first place in a wet tee shirt contest. Definitely eye catching."  
  
He smiled at her, and took the manilla folder with her paperwork in it off of the chair.  
  
"At least you have your bag. I'm going to keep this down in front of my shorts when I head out of here, and hope I can find another pair somewhere...or even take one from the lost and found bin if there's one in there."  
  
She stepped into him and they kissed, their tongues making light and playful contact, and she looked up at him.  
  
"That was so fucking amazing baby...I'm still kind of reeling, you know? And already missing your cock pounding in me. You have my number in there...you'll text me later?"  
  
He smirked back at her like he was thinking about it, then grinned.  
  
"Are you kidding? This is only the beginning. So yes...you'll be getting a text from me. Count on it."  
  
His hand went to her cheek and then downwards to lightly trace around her breasts, and she shivered when his knuckles brushed across her sensitive and sore nipples.  
  
"Okay...I'm gonna leave first. You wait maybe thirty seconds, and then come out. Just leave the door open so this room can start to air out."  
  
He kissed her forehead and winked.  
  
"Just act normal and make your way out and upstairs, you'll be fine."  
  
"Okay, baby...good luck."  
  
He turned and walked to the door, then opened it and was out.  
  
She waited a bit while listening to the sounds of talking and weights clanking and banging...and hoping that no one came by to look inside. Finally, she slung her bag over one shoulder and held it flat across her chest, where it mostly covered her tits, and walked out into the gym. A couple of guys working out at a cable machine nearby looked over at her, and she saw one of them say something to his buddy. The image flashed in her head of just walking right towards them, and asking a silly question while lowering her bag to reveal her wet and showcased breasts. And thrusting her hips forward to show them the travesty of her tights, molded into her saturated and bulging pussy.  
  
But the obvious thing now was to move quickly and quietly, while drawing as little attention to herself as possible. She felt a familiar surge of panic well in her belly...but it was mixed with an incredible rush of excitement, and she felt her body move in spite of herself...almost independently...and watched the eyes of the two gym guys grow wider as her bag came down from her chest.  
  
She held it in front of her waist and opened the top to look in, as if she was searching for something, and felt her nipples tingle sorely as they jutted through the thin pink cloth. It seemed to have gotten a little quieter in the area near her, and as she pretended to root around in her bag, doing nothing more than running her fingers haphazardly though the pile of stuff in there, she caught a glimpse of another figure approaching the guys by the machine.  
  
"Goddamn...do see that?"  
  
"Fucking incredible...I've never seen tits like that in my life."  
  
Melissa's heart thumped in her chest and her nipples were throbbing painfully...she knew that even the slightest touch now would start them leaking. She was venturing into an uncharted and wildly exciting, but also kind of scary place.  
  
This wasn't a checkout line at Target, standing next to an old lady...but looking like a cum covered porn slut in a gym, with horny guys nearby. Her hands were trembling slightly, and it was only half on purpose that she fumbled her bag and watched it fall to the rubber floor, and open to spill out her lipstick and keys, along with her eyeliner and a compact case.  
  
Her legs moved kind of stiffly, as she turned around to face away from the men standing about twenty five feet behind her, and keeping her legs locked straight at her knees, pushed her ass back at them as she bent over to gather the items from her bag.

"What the...?"  
  
"Shit, man...I dont believe it."  
  
"Fucking unreal...what a fucking slut."  
  
Her pulse hammered in her temple as she hung forward over the contents of her bag and just toyed with them...while she clenched her ass cheeks and squeezed down with her internal muscles, and literally felt a glob of cum pulse through her lips and spread hotly into the worn and matted elastic cloth that molded itself to her crotch and cunt like a second skin. She wondered if in the high overhead lights of the gym, the fresh, sticky cum that had to be seeping through her tights was visible from where they were standing.  
  
And she sensed a presence behind her and to the right...someone else closer to her than the other men.  
  
Kind of mechanically, she began to pick up individual things and carefully drop them into her upturned bag...while ever so slightly shifting her heels out to widen her feet by a few inches, and bending just a bit at the knees. This arched her back and spread her ass open even further...literally pushing her swollen and drenched cunt back at them. Her mouth was open and dry, and breathing came in shallow pants.  
  
She had never had an orgasm without touching herself, and wondered if it would happen now...here in the open floor of the gym.  
  
The men had grown silent...she thought that they must be stunned, hardly believing what their eyes were seeing. And for the moment at least, frozen in place like she was.  
  
It was one of those surreal moments where she felt almost high, like she had taken a long hit off a strong bong or joint, and was also in a way floating separate from herself...that out of body thing that sometimes happened to her when she was beyond aroused, or in the middle of an explosive orgasm. Seconds ticked by as she clumsily reached for her compact case, and she heard the person off to her right take a step closer and mumble something. But there was a tiny, barely audible voice at the back of her raging mind...far back but crearly audible...whispering to her that she should straighten up and leave.  
  
Quickly.  
  
She heard it...but it was buffeted and overrun by the pulse in her ears and her heaving chest and the throbbing in her pussy and clit. And she's not sure how long she would have been rooted to that spot, or maybe ended up kneeling with her ass high in the air, glistening and spread, as her tights were yanked to her knees and she was fingered and mauled by a group of men until she gushed cum all over the floor. While other people watched, and some fled in disgust or ran out to call for help. Or joined in.  
  
But she was jolted out of herself when she glanced back through her open legs and saw a single, thick droplet of creamy white fluid stretch and fall from the juncture at her thighs and splat onto the black rubber floor. She heard a gasp, and saw movement as she looked back at the men through her thighs. One had broken off from the other two, and was moving in her direction.  
  
"Fucking...god..."  
  
A shadow crossed her body and she sensed the person behind her on her right, and then a hand high up on her ass. And fingers pulling her cheek out...opening her up.  
  
Then a young sounding voice croaked.  
  
"Your pussy...it's, ummm...dripping."  
  
Adrenaline coursed through her, and her mind flashed to Steve...where was he? This was where he worked. She came here for classes and to run on the treadmill. Her daughter...Lexi.  
  
She straightened up reflexively and the hand fell off her ass, and she tucked her bag under her arm and calmly but quickly started walking towards the hallway and away from the men behind her. She heard talking...someone saying something to someone else, and a voice calling out to her, and footsteps. But she didnt look back or slow her stride, and soon she was passing the open, double doors of the spin class, with people milling about and setting up on bikes. One young woman looked up at her as she walked by, but she was moving fast and passing a turnoff to the locker rooms...and then up a small flight of stairs to the landing that led to the entrance. She kept her bag by her side as if all were normal, and walked past the front desk, where she was completely ignored by the young girl buried in her phone.  
  
Two women were sitting on a low leather bench by the front doors, and when they saw her they stopped talking and stared...one up at her mostly exposed chest, the other one's eyes leveled at her hips. She actually heard the wetness of her crotch as she walked, and as she slowed nearing the doors, she could smell the acrid odor wafting from up to her. She stopped maybe two feet from the women...with her ass at eye level with the one sitting closest to her, and pretended to fish through her bag for her keys.  
  
She knew that they could see the wetness seeping along the bottom of her asscheeks and along the inside her thighs, soaking through the tights. And that close to them, the woman sitting nearest would surely smell her. She thought of dropping her keys, and bending to pick over them up while sticking her ass right in their faces...pretty much like she just did in the weight room. But she knew she wouldn't...and that it was really time to get out of there.  
  
Then there was rustling sound, and she saw from the reflection in the glass of the front door, the woman closest to her get up and move away...and with a grimaced look on her face.  
  
"Unbelievable...they let a slut like that in here? Disgusting."  
  
Hearing that...being called a slut, it thrilled Melissa. She reached for the door and turned to look back at them, making sure to twist enough so one breast and thimbly nipple were in full view, and flashed them a bright smile before walking out.  
  
"Have a nice day!"  
  
She opened her eyes and glanced at the clock...shit, she had to get going.  
  
Easing her seat back up and forward, she hit the start button, leaving the rear windows partially open to hopefully diffuse the smell from her body and clothes that now permeated the SUV. Lifting her sodden ass and thighs off the hot leather, she twisted to look at her seat, and sure enough, there was a dark stain where the center of her ass had been...no doubt from the all the secretions still leaking from her pussy.  
  
Shit.  
  
There was nothing in the car for her to cover it...could she use the small rug mat from the floor behind her seat? No, it was way too big...and when Lexi saw it, it would only raise more questions. She looked again...there was nothing in the back seat, and she hurriedly got out and ran back to open the hatch, and look back inside the rear compartment.  
  
Fuck...there should have been a few reusable shopping bags in there somewhere, but they were in the kitchen from her last food run. Of course. Then she saw it folded next to the side molding...an old baseball cap that Lexi's dad had given to her, and one she didn't wear all that much. That would have to do. She grabbed it, closed the hatch and got back into the car, being careful to keep her ass up off the seat. Then she flattened the hat out best as she could, and held it over the stain, and carefully sat down.  
  
She felt her asscheeks settle over the ridges and hard bill of the cap...hopefully that would absorb the wetness still flowing out of her. Jesus...between how much he had pumped into her and all of her own juices, she'd never in her life leaked this much, and for this long.  
  
Lexi had band practice today, and Melissa hoped she was done early and waiting, or at least on her way out, when she pulled around the side of the school next to the fields and close to the side doors that she'd be coming out of.  
  
The windows were open as she drove along the busy commercial road from the gym, and to her nose at least, it seemed that the smell of pussy and cum had dissipated somewhat. She chided herself for being so impulsive and leaving the house earlier the way she did, wearing so little while knowing that later on she'd be picking up Lexi.  
  
She shifted her ass slightly, and opened her legs to reach down and feel herself through the tights. Christ...she was still soaked through in the middle, and sneaking a quick look down she saw her seeping, engorged lips surrounded by large stains were drying to an off-whitish color around their edges. And showing herself like she did in the weightroom before she left had only made it worse. The smell coming up from her seat was powerful, and she fought the impulse to reach down to play with herself.  
  
Fuck...if she had smelled herself like this at home in her bedroom, it would have ended with her spread wide on the carpet with her knees pulled back into her chest, and her fingers or a dildo jammed deep into her cunt...cumming like crazy. She closed her thighs and settled in on the hat, hoping like hell that it was soaking up enough liquid to keep her seat from being ruined.  
  
Turning off onto a pretty, tree lined street and into the main circle in front of the school, she followed it around to a turnaround that led to the parking lot on the side of the building. She pulled into a parking spot next to another SUV, and shut off the engine. It was hot out, but she'd try to keep the windows down for the drive home even though she knew Lexi would ask why the air conditioning wasn't on. She reached for her phone and was startled by movement...a person, popping up at her window.  
  
Shit...just what she needed right now.  
  
"Melissa? Is that you?...Hi!"