**Missy's Demeanour**

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To anyone else, she was just another late afternoon customer.

Missy slowly strolled around the store with no particular item or purchase in mind for now, although she knew with absolute certainty what she would be buying today. After all, she daydreamed about it more often than not. The posters of hot bodies and fad celebrities modelling the latest thing in sportswear held no appeal for her, and she was oblivious to the crass and overstated neon advertising that bombarded the senses. She was in the store for a variety of reasons, one of which was to provide fuel for fantasies.

Occasionally she would let her fingertips brush gently against an item that pleased her, leaving a wave of gently swaying cloth in her wake as she moved up and down the aisles. She cast her eye over the arrays of tempting clothing while passing, pausing now and then to conduct a tactile examination of a particularly appealing piece. To anyone on the outside looking in, Missy was a demure epitome of sophistication and poise. Inside, she was feeling the first, unmistakeable, and not altogether unanticipated stirrings of arousal.

She mused to herself as she effected a studied deliberation of some leggings, "What is it with me and stores like this? I set one foot inside and instantly turn into a raging slut."

Rhetorical question really. Missy was a closet exhibitionist; it was as simple as that. Oh she had never really acted on her tendencies, at least not in any kind of brazen way. To be honest she wasn't sure she was brave enough. She knew though that she liked to work out, she liked to look good while doing it, but above all else, she liked the thought of other people in the gym checking her out, it got her hot. There was something about sportswear that got to Missy on a primal level. She wasn't sure if it was the way wearing the gear made her look and feel or the way it made others, especially hot guys, look at her. A mixture of both she suspected.

Missy was proud of her body. She worked hard to keep it looking good, and when she was dressed for action, be it ready for a workout, or in a drop-dead gorgeous high powered business suit, she felt empowered. Being dressed to kill made her feel in charge, confident, and able to take on the world.

Her fantasies always involved good clothes, at least up until the point they were removed. One of her favourites was to imagine herself working out in the gym. She'd be wearing a front-zip sports bra with a sexy little razorback tank-top over the outside. A pair of hot tight knee-length leggings such as those she was standing in front of would show off the curves of her behind and thighs to best effect, and of course, it being a fantasy, she had conveniently 'forgotten' to put panties on underneath. In her mind's eye she was the only female present and there were invariably several hot guys straight out of her favourite movies around her, checking her out intently as she went through her routine. Needless to say the fantasy always ended with her being roughly taken on the floor of the gym by a guy while one or more others looked on. It was a favourite of hers, and lying in bed at night she had used her fingers and brought herself to an intense climax on more than one occasion as she feverishly played and replayed the fictional events over and over in her mind.

Missy knew ultimately what she was going to buy today. In fact, given recent events she was probably more familiar with the brands and ranges in this place than the employees who worked here, but there was no need for them to know that just yet. Missy was quite content for now to savour the feelings of physical arousal that were bubbling up in her at the thought of multiple pairs of eyes covertly checking out her body as she paraded herself before others.

Missy came to with a start and realised she had allowed herself to drift off. She shook her head and took a deep breath, as if doing so would inject a little clarity.

"For God's sake get a grip girl," she muttered silently to herself. "You're not here for cheap thrills, time enough for that at your next CrossFit session."

The pep-talk didn't work. In her heart of hearts she knew that cheap thrills was precisely why she was here, but with a conscious effort of will, she chose to ignore the devil on her shoulder for now and forced her mind back to the events of two days ago.

She had gone for a new job. A job she really wanted to get, and one of the reasons she was here today was to further her chances.

The particular store she was in was owned by one of the biggest sportswear chains in the country, and the position she had applied for was PA to the Chief Executive. It was more money than she had ever earned before by some considerable distance and an added bonus was that the company was located right here in her home town. It was early days yet but Missy had a good feeling about this. She felt she brought a lot to the table; she was smart, attentive, organised and had the requisite skill-set. She could handle people, discourse on a variety of subjects, and was organised in her approach.

She had attended an initial interview with the outgoing PA. She remembered vividly the nerves in the pit of her stomach as she sat on the large leather couch outside the interview room at the downtown offices.

Faceless executive types had scurried past her as she sat. Missy had felt small and insignificant as she waited, glancing up at the forbidding oak door abutting the CEO's outer office. Eventually the door had opened and a diminutive, middle-aged woman in a smart business suit had beckoned her in and invited her to sit. Missy did so. The other woman was dressed impeccably. Her hair was tied back into a long ponytail, and she wore a small and rather out-of-place unicorn brooch on her lapel.

"Alice Symmonds," she introduced herself in a business-like manner. "Tell me about yourself."

By the end of the interview Missy felt she had done quite well. She had talked eloquently about her skills, demonstrated a good product knowledge and even answered the phone a couple of times. By the end Alice was smiling, and told her that the next step would be a second interview, this time with Mr St John, the CEO.

"I think you may be what we're looking for," she began. "However, you should know that Mr St John is a rather exacting man. He doesn't suffer fools gladly; doesn't suffer them at all to be honest." Missy listened attentively.

"When you come for your next interview, be prepared," Alice smiled at her. Was that a sympathetic look in her eye? "He will ask you...unusual questions. Make sure you know what you're talking about and you should do just fine."

Missy returned to the present. Her second interview was scheduled for two days from now, and she was determined to make an impression.

She sauntered up the lingerie aisle for the second or third time and stopped at the range of sports Bras. This was, after all, part of the reason she had come here. Her pulse quickened as she reached up and fingered, and then took down, a front-zip bra that she had her eyes on. It was black, with a tastefully understated dark purple trim. Perfect for CrossFit, and of course had the added bonus of ease of accessibility for any inquisitive fingers that may want to sample the delights within when worn.

She mentally slapped her own wrist "Stop it, time for that later."

CrossFit training was something new for Missy. She'd only been attending sessions for a short time, but already found the content and levels of exertion necessary to be to her tastes. The mixture of high intensity training and its broad strength and conditioning approach to all-round fitness levels appealed to her competitive nature.

"It makes my ass look great too." she thought privately to herself, resisting the temptation to check herself out in a mirror as she passed.

"Dammit!" She was doing it again. "I am such a slut sometimes," she ruefully acknowledged.

Her next training session was tomorrow, and Missy figured after the success at her first interview, she was justified in treating herself to some new gear. A little market research, purely for preparation purposes, couldn't hurt either. She grinned inwardly to herself in recognition of the flimsy excuse.

Missy's secret fantasies left little room for choice when choosing the rest of her new attire. A figure hugging razorback tank-top, and tight knee length leggings in the same black and purple trim quickly joined the pile of items chosen to try on, and she looked around for the dressing room.

"May I help you?" a soft, feminine voice enquired from just behind her.

Missy turned. Standing there was a woman. She looked to be in her late twenties. Her name tag clearly identified her as an employee of the store.

"Hi, I'm Anna-Maria," the woman introduced herself with a smile. She was several inches shorter than Missy's 5'10, and had short black hair and a gorgeous pair of expressive blue eyes that framed her dark complexion. "How may I help you today?"

"Um, the dressing rooms?" Missy enquired.

"Sure, just over this way." Anna-Maria led the way. Missy noticed she was wearing leggings similar to those she was about to try on herself.

The dressing rooms were in the back of the store, and were little more than a series of alcoves with a full-length curtain that could be pulled across each.

Anna-Maria turned to her. "Do you need help trying anything on?" she enquired, pulling back one of the curtains to reveal the small space behind it.

Missy glanced at Anna-Maria and blushed. The sales assistant had a faint smile on her lips that could only be described as 'mischievous'. "I think I'll be fine," she replied.

"Ok." Anna Maria's smile deepened, and she looked Missy in the eyes. "Call me if you need me," she said in a considerably softer voice.

Missy's blush grew deeper. She was no stranger to the pleasures of being with another woman but always felt a bit tongue-tied and shy when the flirting was as direct as this.

After Anna-Maria had turned away, Missy stepped into the alcove and drew the curtain closed after her. She turned to face the mirror that occupied one wall and stared straight at her reflection as her fingers moved to the top button on her blouse.

Missy's hair was long and straight, down past her shoulders. The thick auburn locks shone under the artificial light and her reflection smiled back at her, approving, as her fingers worked at the buttons. This was absolutely her favourite part of buying new clothes.

All thoughts of job interviews momentarily banished, she finished undoing her blouse and let the garment slip from her shoulders. Her bra quickly followed and she stood topless for a moment before turning slightly to admire her slender figure in profile. She was quite tall, and often received compliments on her long legs.

Missy picked up the sports bra and put it on, her enticing breasts crushed together under the tight fabric as she pulled up the zip. She was pleased with the end result, and her thoughts drifted back to her earlier fantasising as she realised just how little effort it would take to remove it. She felt a tell-tale tendril of heat between her legs.

Undoing the top button of her jeans she quickly shimmied out of them and stood in her panties, allowing herself a quick half turn so as to admire the curve of her ass in the mirror. She bent down to pick up the leggings, and glanced out through the narrow crack at the side of the curtain to make sure nobody was near.

Eyes fixed on the gap, she sucked her index finger into her mouth and swirled her tongue around it, and then slowly slid it down inside the front of her panties. She caressed the front of her shaved mound and then started to lightly rub her clit in a lazy circular motion, using only the faintest of pressure. She could see all the way into the store from this angle, and her pussy got rapidly wetter as the excitement mounted at the thought of how naughty she was being. She was fingering herself in a store full of people clad only in panties and a bra, nothing but a thin veil of material between her and total exposure. She closed her eyes, leaned back against the wall and added a second finger, increasing the pace. Her breathing became ragged as she concentrated on the exquisite feelings of pleasure her busy fingers were producing as she rubbed her pussy.

"Well, someone looks like they're having fun." Anna-Maria's voice came from just outside the curtain.

Missy's eyes shot wide open and she stifled a shriek. Her hand retracted from inside her panties like a bullet from a gun, and she clutched the leggings to her front as she realised Anna-Maria was standing right there, no more than two feet away from her on the other side of the curtain.

"Oh my fucking God!" thought Missy, on the verge of panic. "She was watching me. Oh my God!"

The curtain slowly moved to one side and Anna-Maria stepped in, drawing it shut behind her. Missy stood rooted to the spot, unable to speak or move. She felt like a rabbit caught in the headlights and her heart was racing.

Anna-Maria put a finger to her lips in a shushing motion, and leaned forward. "I'm on a break," she whispered. "The manager is on his break too. We've got a few minutes. If you want me to leave all you have to do is say so, but I don't think you will."

Missy opened her mouth to reply but couldn't find the words. She watched, mesmerised as Anna-Maria sank to her knees before her and reached out with both hands. An involuntary jump rocked Missy's body as the fingernails of two hands lightly made contact with her lower thighs and tantalisingly, started to gently scratch their way upwards.

Electric jolts of pleasure shot through Missy as Anna-Maria's nails continued their subtle work. She felt helpless as this woman slowly scratched with the faintest of pressure up the outside of her thighs toward her hips. Missy's breathing became erratic, and she bit her bottom lip as she struggled to maintain her composure. She felt her will fading as the sensations took over her being, and allowed herself to be pushed backwards until she was once again leaning up against the wall of the alcove. The leggings, the last vestige of respectability she had been holding against herself, fell to the floor. She didn't even register it.

Anna-Maria's fingernails reached the junction of Missy's thighs and slowly continued on their journey, trailing over the outside of her panties, brushing against her hips, onto her belly, and upwards towards her breasts. Missy screwed her eyes tightly shut. Her pussy was so wet. Part of her couldn't believe what was happening to her; wanted it to stop, and wanted to be anywhere else but here. Another part, fast becoming dominant, wanted these delicious feelings to continue for ever.

As Anna-Maria's tantalising fingernails reached their apex, she shifted position and slowly stood up. The gentle scratching was replaced by a slow caress as her hands gripped Missy's waist. Anna-Maria leaned inward, her breasts pressing against her semi-willing partner. Her hands travelled sensuously around Missy's waist and dipped down into the rear of her panties to cup her ass. She tenderly kissed Missy on the neck and then breathed softly into her ear.

"I don't even know your name."

"Missy," eventually the tortured reply came.

"Do you know what I think Missy?" whispered Anna-Maria. Missy could only shake her head.

"I think you'd like me to get on my knees and lick your pussy."

Missy exhaled. A surge of lust and unfettered excitement overloaded her senses, and she didn't trust herself to speak. She was turned on beyond all belief, and the wanton language of this complete stranger only served to heighten her need. Her eyes were still tightly closed, as if somehow not seeing what was happening to her would make it less real.

"There's more to it than that though yes?" breathed Anna-Maria into her ear. "I think the thought of getting caught gets you off."

"No." Missy insisted with a murmur. She knew her denial sounded feeble.

"You were finger-fucking yourself in the middle of my store," continued Anna-Maria's soft, whispered voice in her ear. "You get off on doing it to yourself in public don't you? Well now I'm going to do it to you, and at any moment someone could catch us."

"Please." whispered Missy. She wasn't sure if she was pleading for Anna-Maria to continue or stop. Desire and horror raged through her in equal measure.

Anna-Maria sank to her knees once again, and with a swift movement, yanked Missy's panties down, in one fell swoop reducing them to a tangled ribbon of material around her thighs.

Missy reflexively reached down, and succeeded only in entwining her fingers in Anna-Maria's hair. She gasped as the Anna-Maria leaned forward and blew gently on her clit. "No, you mustn't!" she hissed.

"Yes. I must," countered Anna-Maria, and with that, she dipped forward and buried her head between Missy's legs.

Missy sucked in a shuddering breath as Anna-Maria's tongue sought out her wet pussy. Her lips formed into a perfect 'O' and she gasped and writhed as Anna-Maria probed ever inwards and lapped insistently at her slit, pausing occasionally to flick her tongue over and around her clit. Missy's fingers gripped Anna-Maria's hair tightly and she started to gyrate her hips uncontrollably. She forced her knuckles between her lips and tried in vain to smother a groan of ecstasy as first one, and then a second finger was thrust deep into her pussy. Her thighs and knees trembled as she unconsciously spread her legs as far as the ravaged panties would allow. As the hot young woman between her legs sucked and lapped at her clit, the insistent and rhythmical finger fucking she was on the receiving end of relentlessly brought her closer and closer to orgasm. She lost all sense of time and self-awareness as her body surrendered completely

Anna-Maria looked up at Missy's face and smiled as she saw the contorted expression of pleasure on it. All pretence at finesse abandoned, she started jamming her two fingers in and out of Missy's pussy as hard and as fast as she could, letting the ball of her thumb tease the ecstatic woman's clit as she did so. Missy slid downward, gasping hard, face flushed. Her legs spread wider as Anna-Maria used her free hand to lower her panties further.

"You're going to come aren't you" she said. It was a statement not a question. "You're going to come on my fingers in a store full of strangers." Her hand kept up the pace.

"Yes!" hissed Missy. "Oh God yes, I'm going to come. Please."

"I think the only thing missing now is an audience, don't you?" Anna-Maria casually asked, and with that, while redoubling her hard fingering of Missy, she reached behind, and flung the dressing room curtain open as wide as she could.

The effect on Missy was electrifying. She clamped her thighs together around Anna-Maria's hand, and with a loud groan and a shudder, descended into the white-hot fire of an intense orgasm. Both hands clamped hold of Anna Maria's wrist with a vicelike grip as she bucked and writhed on the floor of the dressing room. A deep crimson blush spread from her cleavage, up her neck and into her face as she came hard. Her pussy pulsated and spasmed and she gasped for breath as the all-consuming climax washed over and through her entire body. She quivered and shuddered on the floor as Anna-Maria's fingers firmly but slowly massaged her through the lightning bolts.

Missy struggled to find the power of speech as she resurfaced. "Please," she whimpered. "Please close it."

Anna-Maria leaned over and kissed her tenderly on the lips. "Relax," she whispered. "The store closed twenty minutes ago. We're alone."

Fifteen minutes later Missy sat in the back of the store drinking coffee with Anna-Maria, her new purchases in a bag at her feet.

Missy looked at Anna-Maria "That was a pretty mean thing to do, letting me think we could be caught" The playful smile on her lips robbed the accusation of any real spite. Her pussy was still tingling in remembrance of the amazing orgasm she had experienced at the other woman's hands, and she still couldn't quite believe what had happened. It felt surreal to be sat casually chatting and drinking coffee with a woman who only minutes before had made her come with an intensity she had never experienced before.

"Oh come on," protested Anna-Maria. "You came harder than anything I've ever seen before. I thought you were going to pass out! And, might I add, it wasn't until after I had opened the curtain. Face it, the thought of people watching you gets excites you."

"Oh, and you'd be the expert I suppose?" replied Missy. "Tell me, do you make a habit of molesting your customers in the dressing room?"

Anna-Maria chuckled, leaned forward and said, "Only the ones I catch fingering themselves in said dressing rooms."

Missy blushed; she had no answer to that. She stared at Anna-Maria for a moment and then they both burst into laughter.

They chatted for a while about all the usual stuff. Sex, jobs, hobbies, dreams and aspirations, sex again. Anna-Maria had moved to the area around five years ago with her extended family. Work in the sports store was a stop-gap while she saved enough cash to put herself through school.

Missy was considering telling her about the job interview when her phone went off. She bent down, rummaged through her bags and grabbed it, quickly thumbing in her passcode and looking at the screen. It was a text from Alex, her CrossFit trainer.

"Sorry Missy. We'll have to reschedule tomorrow. Problems with the water supply at the gym, the whole place is crawling in contractors." She read.

"Fuck!" Missy swore under her breath.

"Problem?" enquired Anna-Maria over the top of her coffee mug.

"My CrossFit session tomorrow just got cancelled." She lamented. "Dammit, I was looking forward to that."

Anna-Maria's eyebrows rose as she finished the last of her coffee. "I may be able to help you there," she announced. "My cousin, Rob, has opened a gym near here. He's desperate for new clients and is offering introductory sessions for free. I know they do CrossFit there as well as a whole bunch of other stuff. You should call him; I know he'd be delighted to hear from you."

"Oh I'm not sure," replied Missy. "I kind of want to stick with what I know."

"Live a little!" exclaimed Anna-Maria. "You'll love him! In fact, I'm going to call him right now." She reached for her phone.

"Oh no, really," protested Missy. "There's no need, I'll just reschedule." but it was too late. Anna-Maria had already dialled.

"Rob, Hi," she said into the phone. "I have a friend here who's looking for a new place to work out. She's into CrossFit, can you help her?"

Missy was a little overwhelmed by the pace of events, and could only listen as Anna-Maria chatted to her cousin on the phone. Given what had just happened in the dressing room, she couldn't help but wonder what she was getting herself into here. A small part of her was noticeably excited at the prospect of once again venturing into the unknown. When she found herself daydreaming about how she would look wearing her new gear in a gym full of strangers she knew that she was probably going to take Anna-Maria up on her offer.

Missy let go a deep breath that she hadn't realised was being held. "Admit it. You're a bad girl." The thought was disturbing, exciting, and liberating.

"He wants to speak to you." Missy was jolted back to reality as she realised the phone was being offered to her. Anna-Maria covered the mouthpiece, and with an exaggerated whisper announced "He's Australian, you might have trouble understanding what he says. If in doubt, just say 'No worries'."

The phone was thrust into Missy's hand before she had a chance to respond. She took a deep breath, put it to her ear and said. "Hello?"

"G'day Missy, name's Rob" came the response. "You need a CrossFit session I'm told." The male voice was unhurried and deep. "I'm starting up a Gym downtown, Anna-Maria probably told you. You're welcome to come along for a session if you'd like. Let's see how we get along. Tomorrow morning Ok? First session free of charge. There'll be some other folks there too"

"Ok, sounds good," replied Missy, feeling anything but good. Butterflies were doing somersaults in her stomach. Rob gave her directions and they agreed on a time.

Missy said her goodbyes to Anna-Maria and went home.

The next morning came soon enough and as Missy got ready for her visit to the new gym she stood naked in the bedroom and contemplated what to wear. A pair of red panties that were more lace than panty dangled from her hand as she pursed her lips in indecision. The new gear she had purchased yesterday was a forgone conclusion; the only decision left to make was whether she was brave enough to forgo panties and enjoy the thrill of working out without them in a gym full of complete strangers. Missy admired herself in the mirror as she imagined in her mind's eye how she would look. Decision made, she casually flicked the panties across the room and donned her new attire without them. The leggings showed off the curve of her ass to delicious effect without being overly obvious, and the tank-top only served to accentuate her curves over the new sports bra. Missy threw on a pair of sweatpants and top and left the house. She had to admit to herself, she was excited and nervous about this in equal measure.

A short cab ride later Missy arrived at the address Rob had given her. It was in a business park on the outskirts of town that had clearly seen better days. From the outside, the gym's three storeys looked nondescript. Missy guessed it used to be a warehouse of some description. The windows were blacked out, and the red-brick facia was discoloured with the dirt and grime that blatantly gave away the building's age. The only thing that distinguished it from any of the disused buildings thereabouts was the large advertising banner over the front door, obviously new, and emblazoned with the name of the gym. It felt more like she was going to an illegal warehouse party than anything else. She located the front door and gingerly pushed her way in, finding herself in a foyer reminiscent of a seedy 30's speakeasy. If it weren't for the fact she could hear music blaring out from beyond the large double-doors in front of her, she would have fled.

Unsure whether to proceed, Missy hesitated. At that moment, the inner doors in front of her burst open, and a man strode out, wearing nothing but a pair of gym shorts.

He was tall, and didn't see her at first. His hair was short, black and wet; in fact he was wet all over. Rivulets of water poured off him as he entered the foyer and he was clearly angry about something. He had a towel in one hand and a phone tucked under his chin into which he spoke in a low dangerous voice, oblivious of Missy's presence.

"I'm not interested in what problems you're having. We've all got fucking problems. What I want to know is what you're going to do about it?" The Australian accent gave him away. This had to be Rob.

The man was straight out of a beachwear catalogue. Tanned, two days of stubble, intense blue eyes, and muscles where they had no right to be. Missy couldn't help but subtly cast an appraising eye, waiting for him to notice her. He had an impressive set of decorative tattoos that extended from the left side of his neck down across his shoulder and onto his chest and upper arm. His hands were huge, he could have encircled Missy's waist with them

His eyes flicked up, and Missy found herself staring directly into them. She tentatively raised a hand in welcome and mouthed "Hello."

"Just send someone over as soon as you can." He abruptly finished the call and looked at Missy.

"G'day." He grinned. "You'd be Missy?" He reached out a large hand and crushed hers in his grip. Water dripped as he gestured at himself. "The name's Rob. Sorry about the mess, burst water pipe. Come on through, let me show you around."

Missy followed him through the doors and found herself in what looked to be a large, high-ceilinged warehouse area. A metal staircase spiralled up to an open plan mezzanine floor on one side and a bank of climbing ropes dominated the far wall. The white brickwork walls were covered in framed prints of sport-related art. The floor area was dominated by exercise stations containing every conceivable type of apparatus and machinery. Exercise mats were strewn everywhere and rows of kettlebells,

Music was playing from some hidden PA system and Missy saw that there were around half a dozen other clients in. A few well-built guys were working out at various free weight stations, a guy was going at it on the rowing machine, and a couple of women were running on treadmills. Glancing up, Missy noticed that much of the ceiling was covered in Mirrors.

"Helps folks see what they're doing," explained Rob, following her gaze. "So, what do you think to the place?" he enquired.

"Looks great," replied Missy with a smile. "This place must have cost you a fortune. It's got everything."

"I was lucky enough to get a good investor," replied Rob. "It's been a dream of mine to open a place like this for ages."

Missy smiled at him again. "Where do we start?"

"Let's get you warmed up first," said Rob. "I'll partner with you today if you like, God knows I could do with blowing off some steam after the morning I've had." He finished drying himself as he spoke and casually threw the towel into a corner.

Truth be told, Missy was already feeling a little 'warmed-up'. This guy was hot.

They launched into an easy routine of light jogging and stretching. Rob moved comfortably and easily and Missy found herself relaxing in his presence as she concentrated on loosening up. Out of the corner of her eye she caught a couple of the other male clients flicking surreptitious glances in her direction from time to time. She was conscious of the fact that her quickening heart rate wasn't only caused by the exercising.

The workout progressed. Rob led her over to a vacant pull-up bar and Missy got into position underneath. He moved to stand behind her. She could feel his presence closely, and her eyes closed momentarily as she felt his large hands gently come to rest, one on each hip.

"Ready?" He murmured into her ear. Missy nodded.

His hands squeezed her hips tight as he effortlessly propelled her upward. She grabbed hold of the bar and started her reps. Robs left his hands lightly on her hips throughout, and gently eased her to the ground when she finished. She stood there panting after the exertion and he turned her around. "I'm not done with you yet," he said, and grinned at her. Missy's heart skipped a beat.

Over the next forty minutes or so, Rob worked her mercilessly. They moved from station to station as he put her through a punishing set of reps. He wasted no opportunity to get close to this gorgeous girl, subtly touching and positioning her as they moved from piece to piece, correcting her form when required, whispering words of encouragement as he made her work. He didn't fail to notice the lack of panty line under her leggings.

Missy was in heaven. A couple of the other clients in the gym had stopped what they were doing altogether and unashamedly watched as Rob led her around, putting her through her paces. She felt - on display, and loved it. The slight touches of her partner had been slowly stoking a fire within her.

Finally it was finished. Missy couldn't remember a time when she'd worked so hard. She stood, bent forward with hands on knees, fighting to catch her breath. Sweat was pouring off her. Rob threw her a towel. "Come on, let's get you relaxed. I'd say you've earned it."

"Relaxed?" Missy panted.

Rob pointed up to the mezzanine floor. "Up there; chill-out area." He ambled off in the direction of the staircase. Missy followed him wearily. There were still a couple of other clients in the gym and she made eye contact with a guy on the rowing machine as she passed. He winked at her and grinned.

The top of the staircase revealed an open-plan lounge area covered in plush carpet. A low set of railings ran around the perimeter, affording a vantage point for an onlooker to lean and watch the activities on the gym floor below. A mismatch of assorted weight benches and giant exercise balls served as furniture.

Rob dragged and positioned a long weight bench so its head was next to the railings. "Take a load off," he invited Missy, gesticulating.

Missy slumped down on to the bench. She gratefully accepted a bottle of water from Rob, took a long slug, and watched with interest as he fished in the pockets of his shorts and produced what looked like a small T.V remote.

"Everything in here is pretty much automatic. Watch," he said. He pointed the remote in the general direction of the entrance and pressed a button. The harsh fluorescent lighting above their immediate area dimmed noticeably.

"Cool eh?" he laughed, draped his towel around his neck, and sat down on the bench next to her. "Turn around," he ordered. "Straddle the bench, lean forward and rest your head on the railings there."

Missy did so. She could see straight down onto the gym floor below. The guy on the rowing machine was going at it hard. A girl was running on a treadmill and a couple more guys were chatting over by the climbing ropes. She liked it up here. There was a voyeuristic aspect to looking down and watching everyone else work out that appealed to her. She was about to say again to Rob how much she liked his place when the gentle pressure of his large hands trailing up her back and coming to rest on both her shoulders drove all coherent thought from her mind.

Rob straddled the bench and shuffled forward, riding pillion behind Missy, and deliberately started to work at the knots in her shoulders and neck. He leaned forward and muttered under his breath. "Is this Ok? I always think a good massage straight after a workout is the best thing since sliced bread." His fingers started to slowly move down her spine, kneading and probing at the muscles she'd been using so hard just a short time earlier.

It was more than Ok. Missy could feel the post-exercise tension flowing out of her in waves as Rob's magic fingers continued their work, and the fires of arousal which had been present ever since Rob had manhandled her around the gym were slowly and steadily building up.

"Rip my leggings off, bend me over this weight bench, and fuck me rigid right here in front of everybody," was what she wanted to say. A coy "it's nice," was what she actually said.

Robs fingers worked lower and lower, reaching the base of her spine, and then reversed direction and started travelling upwards again. They stopped at her waist and rested there a moment. Missy had half an eye on the people below, most of her attention was on the intense and pleasurable feelings Rob was bringing forth. His hands roamed back up to her shoulders and then started to travel down her arms. He squeezed his way down her biceps, onto her forearms and finally took her hands in his. Slowly, he guided her hands behind her and placed them onto his thighs.

Missy made no attempt to remove them.

Rob let his fingers wander around to her midriff and leaned forward. She felt his body pressing up against her back as he whispered in her ear. "Missy, I want to take your top off."

Missy held her breath. She wanted him to take her top off more than anything. Hell, she wanted him to take everything off. The question was; did she dare let him? There were people going about their everyday business not twenty feet away from her, albeit twenty feet away and below, and out of immediate sight. Her mind whirled with possibilities and potential repercussions. She didn't know this guy, although she was undeniably attracted to him. She didn't know any of the people below either. Perhaps that was an advantage? Her mind drifted back to the events with Anna-Maria the day before; she could feel her pussy getting wet, and she bit her bottom lip.

The decision was taken out of her hands. Rob reached forward, lifted up her knees and swivelled her around to face him. Her legs straddled his and she stared into his eyes.

"What are you doing?" she whispered.

"Anything I want to," he whispered right back at her, and without another word he crushed her to him and kissed her.

The kiss was hard and passionate. Rob's mouth engulfed Missy's and she surrendered to desire as his tongue probed and his lips mashed against hers. His arms folded around her and he squeezed her tightly against him. She locked her arms around his shoulders and returned the kiss with a fervour she had never known.

Rob slid his hands down and gripped Missy's waist. His fingers curled underneath the bottom of her tank top and took a firm grip, then slowly started to move upward. Missy's eyes widened.

"I told you," he growled. "I want to take this off." In one swift motion he pulled her top up and off over her head. Missy was riveted to the spot. With one hand Rob sent her top sailing over the railings. The other, he firmly planted on her right breast and squeezed. Missy was too far gone to notice the sound of the rowing machine downstairs had stopped.

Rob planted dozens of hot, electric little kisses over her face and neck before slowly moving his attention downward. He shuffled backward on the bench, pulling Missy towards him and then tenderly laid her down on her back. She stared upwards, captivated by her reflection in the ceiling mirrors as this man thoroughly and completely seduced her. If she titled her head back far enough, she could see the gym floor reflected in the mirrors. There was no-one there.

Rob moved up and over her before leaning forward and letting his full weight pin her to the bench. He kissed his way slowly down her neck and onto her cleavage, and then took the zipper of her sports bra between his teeth and slowly started to move downward.

It was as if time had slowed down for Missy. She could hear every tooth of the zipper pop open as Rob slowly undid her bra with his mouth. She writhed under him and her hands reached round to grip and knead his firm ass.

With a final flourish, Rob finished his oral undoing of Missy's bra. It fell open and she shrugged it off. Her breasts lay exposed before his gaze, nipples standing proud as he drank in the sight. Missy was too far gone in lust to care about consequences or think rationally anymore. He bent forward and clamped his lips around a nipple, tongue flicking back and forth over it. Missy gasped as jolts of pleasure hotwired themselves to her brain. Her hands ran over Rob's back and up into his hair as he shifted his attention from one nipple to the other, and then back again.

Rob sat up, reached under Missy and pulled her into an upright position against him. His mouth searched out hers as his hands slid down her back and into the waistband of her leggings. She groaned as his hands moved downward to cup the cheeks of her ass, and groaned again as they squeezed hard.

"Forget to wear panties today did we?" murmured Rob.

"I did it on purpose," was the breathless reply. It was the first time she'd ever told anyone that she liked to do that.

Rob took hold of both her hands and stood up in front of her. He gently placed them on his shorts over his hips and stroked her fingers. Missy gripped the material tightly and slowly started to pull his shorts down, revealing the contours of his groin and the trimmed lines of black curly hair. Her breathing deepened as she sinfully revealed his uncut cock. It noticeably hardened before her eyes, and Missy let the shorts drop down to his ankles and leaned forward. She blew gently on Rob's cock before starting to kiss all around the area below his navel and downwards. A quick glance upward revealed that Rob had closed his eyes. He let out a soft moan as she languidly let the tip of her tongue trail down his belly and into the junction of his thighs, just to the side of his rapidly hardening manhood.

Missy revelled in his musky scent as she swirled her tongue over the tip of Rob's cock before slowly licking up and down the entire length of his shaft in a delightfully teasing manner. Rob let out an audible gasp as Missy licked her lips before engulfing him in her mouth. She took him in as far as she could, sucking him to full attention. Her hands reached round and clasped his ass cheeks hard, pulling him toward her as she unhurriedly started to bob her head back and forth. Missy kept up a swirling action with her tongue as she sucked Rob, varying the pressure and intensity as she bent to the task at hand. She knew she was good at blowjobs, she'd been told as much too often for it to be in doubt and she let her fingernails gently scrape up and down the front of Rob's thighs as she pleasured him. Rob's breathing was becoming erratic, and she could feel him shivering as she worked. Her pussy was soaking, and she daintily let one of her fingers slide down inside the waistband of her leggings and started to trail serpentine circles of pleasure over her engorged clit as she bent all her efforts toward giving this man a blowjob he would never forget.

"Oh my god!" she thought to herself as Rob started to thrust his cock in and out of her mouth. "His knees are actually trembling! I thought that kind of thing only happened in smutty stories!" She stifled an excited giggle. It probably wouldn't do to burst out laughing at this juncture.

As she sucked Rob harder and faster, a faint flutter of movement in her periphery caught her eye. She glanced over, and froze motionless, completely transfixed. Rob's cock continued to throb in her mouth.

Rowing machine man was standing at the top of the stairs. He held Missy's top loosely in one hand. His eyes were wide with amazement and his mouth was slightly open. Rob remained oblivious to the presence of the stranger.

Missy felt...wanton. She'd been caught red-handed with a guy's cock in her mouth, and the thrill of excitement that coursed through her body at the realisation was beyond compare. The last vestiges of any inhibition within her melted away and she resumed sucking Rob's cock with renewed vigour. Her hands wandered up to play with her nipples as she maintained firm eye contact with the stranger. She winked at him, and was rewarded with a quizzical raised eyebrow and a faint grin.

"God girl, I'm getting close," announced Rob in a guttural tone. His gaze was firmly fixed on Missy's bobbing head, and he still hadn't noticed the audience of one. Missy was confident she could keep his eyes on a more interesting view.

She released his cock from her mouth, looked up at him with her best innocent expression, and softly uttered two words.

"Fuck me."

It wasn't a request.

Rob reacted predictably. With a growl he reached out with one of those enormous hands of his, grabbed a fistful of Missy's hair and forced her back down into a supine position on the bench in front of him. With his other hand he roughly grabbed at the waistband of her leggings and yanked them down around her thighs. Two more yanks saw them clear of her legs and off over her feet. They went sailing over the railings.

Missy lay there naked and grabbed at him. Rob collapsed onto her with an animalistic grunt, allowing his full body weight to crush her into the bench. She reached up and entwined her fingers into his hair, pulling his face into the crook of her neck, preventing him from seeing their audience. Rob bit her on the side of her neck, causing Missy to gasp with excitement. He grabbed both of her hands, and raised them above her head, pinning them into position above her head. Missy was wild with desire, knowing she was about to be fucked in front of a complete stranger had sent her over the top in spectacular fashion. As Rob kissed and nuzzled at her neck, she turned her head and made eye contact with the guy at the top of the stairs.

"Go get them," she silently mouthed. She hoped he understood.

Rowing machine guy turned silently and descended the stairs.

Rob kept her hands pinned above her head as he kissed his way down her neck and onto her breasts. His tongue played over her nipples in turn, causing Missy to squirm in delight.

With a groan, she raised her legs up over Rob's hips, and locked them together behind the small of his back. Rob released her hands and she immediately reached down with one and grabbed his cock. With the other she pressed his face into the crook of her neck, away from where she hoped the stranger would reappear.

Rob was undulating on top of her. Missy, struggling to maintain coherent thought, positioned his cock at the entrance to her wet pussy and then moved her hand up to embrace his wide shoulders and gasped into his ear. "Fuck me. Oh God, fuck my hot pussy!"

With a moan, Rob slowly drilled into her. Missy's eyes widened as she felt every inch of him penetrate her willing pussy, filling her to the brim. The exquisite fiery sensation of completeness threatened to overwhelm her as he inexorably started to fuck her, the rolling motion of his hips working in tandem with her own as she met his every thrust with one of her own. His gasps of pleasure echoed her own.

Missy looked to her left. Rowing machine guy was standing there at the top of the stairs, her top and leggings clutched in one hand. Rob continued to thrust rhythmically into her, his body pressed into her and his moans reverberated as every stroke of his cock caused her to quiver in pleasure and clench her pussy around it. She gasped as the stranger used one hand to lower his shorts, revealing his hard cock. He started to stroke it, all the time maintaining eye contact with Missy as she was fucked mercilessly on the weight bench. Sweat was dripping off Rob and running in trickles between her breasts. At that precise moment, she wouldn't have cared if he had walked over and joined in. Rob took her gasps as a sign of encouragement and redoubled his efforts.

"I want you to come for me." In the heat of her passion she only vaguely registered that the words had come out of her mouth but she wasn't sure to whom she was saying them. Rob increased the pace of his thrusts, and both his and her moans grew louder as their bodies slapped together and she felt the first stirrings of orgasm start to build within her. Missy kept her eyes fixed on the stranger as he started jerking his cock faster and faster.

Her moans of delight became more and more pronounced as Rob fucked her into submission. He nipped at her neck and breasts with his teeth and his groans grew louder. Missy knew Rob was too far along to stop now even if he did notice their impromptu audience, but she hoped he didn't. She kept her eyes firmly fixed on the stranger as the thrill of being watched in this most intimate of acts caused her to groan and shudder with excitement.

Rob's enormous hands squeezed her hips almost painfully as he pounded her hard, head buried into her neck. Missy moaned and gyrated against him. Her legs were flung out wide as she gave herself utterly to the man between her legs, the illicit excitement of having someone watch her being ruthlessly fucked driving her over the edge.

The stranger jerked his cock furiously and held Missy's leggings out in front of him. His face contorted almost as if in pain, and his legs buckled slightly as with a silent groan he shot furious jet after jet of sperm right into the gusset of Missy's leggings. Rob groaned loudly, and she writhed and squealed in delicious agony as she dissolved into the most intense orgasm she had ever had. Her pussy contracted hard and her whole body wracked with spasms as she felt the familiar hot spit of Rob's orgasm pumping into the deepest recesses of her pussy as he came inside her, panting frantically.

Rob collapsed on top of her, shuddering in the aftermath. Missy stared at the stranger who had just come all over her leggings.

"Go," she mouthed.

He dropped her leggings and top on the floor where he stood, turned and left without a word. Missy vaguely wondered how she was going to explain their mysterious reappearance to Rob.

"Wow girl! That was intense, you are something else," Rob whispered as he lay on top of her.

"You'll never know," she thought to herself.