**Tina the Gym Tease**

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*Note: A woman can wear whatever she wants and should be free from the threat of being raped. Carry on. :--)*  
  
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Monday it was HU$TLE THE MU$CLE.  
  
Wednesday it was GLUTES THAT SALUTE.  
  
Friday it was I'M WEARING TOO MUCH FABRIC.  
  
These were the annoying slogans that Tina -- the newest member of the gym -- wore across her ass this week. The teensy weensy boy shorts she wore had caused a couple of accidents already: Jim had been paying more attention to her than his weights, dropped them on his foot and sustained fractures so that he'd missed the marathon he'd been training to run for a year. Mike had been watching Tina so intently that he'd slipped in a puddle of his own sweat, hit his head on the floor, and had gotten a mild concussion.  
  
Where did she think she was -- a Jennifer Nicole Lee workout video for fuck's sake? And she knew what she was doing -- getting the attention of every guy in the gym. She made sure to bend over extra low to show off her sizable tits, glistening from sweat. She made sure to spread her legs extra wide when she did squats, displaying the sweat--soaked, puffy crotch of those damn shorts. And she did push--ups with her ass in the air -- what the hell?? She did all this in front of the big bank of mirrored walls, often surreptitiously glancing up and smirking directly into Jake's eyes.  
  
Jake had asked the manager to talk to her about it. Even after the two accidents that had already occurred the manager refused to even tell her to put some damn pants on. The manager was a rough old pervert and insisted if anyone was stupid and careless enough to have an accident staring at some chick's ass then that's what they deserved; It left the gym for people serious about fitness. The old perv would peek through the blinds of his office windows especially to watch her, where he usually sequestered himself in there, blinds closed, door locked, and refused to acknowledge any knocking.  
  
Jake was pissed. His friends weren't careless or stupid. They were just red-blooded males. And, somewhere deep inside his rising anger, Jake just barely acknowledged that he was a red-blooded male, too, and wouldn't know so much about her showing off unless he was watching her himself.  
  
Today, Sunday, BIG FUN nearly caused Jake to have an accident himself.  
  
She was doing those push-ups with her ass in the air again. He was seated on a lat machine directly behind her and he could clearly see that this time she'd gotten her boy shorts a size too small: The crotch of the shorts she wore were soaked through and crowded in between the bald, plump, blushing lips of her pussy.  
  
Jake was working the lat machine with extra zeal, glaring at her soaked pussy, trying to focus on anything but the throbbing hardness of his cock and the heaviness of his balls. His mind was bouncing between lust and guilt and anger over wanting to bang the chick who'd caused his friends' injuries. He was pulling at the lat machine harder every minute, dangerously so. He forced himself to look away but immediately felt his eyes drawn back to her damp, cursory hoochie shorts, completely displaying her glistening, pouting pussy lips ... And thought of his friends ... And --  
  
He felt her eyes on him. He looked up into the mirror and found her smirking right at him ...  
  
C L A N G!!!!  
  
She startled and then froze, wide--eyed and no longer smiling.  
  
Jake had abruptly let go of the lat machine's handles, causing 400lbs of weight to hit the floor. He was huffing and puffing deeply, just glaring at her in the mirror. She didn't move, frozen with her ass still stuck in the air. Jake imagined that she had just realized that they were completely alone in the gym ... with no one to stop him from working out a little frustration.  
  
The manager had decided to go home early as his gout was acting up. He'd left with Jake, Tina, and a couple of other people in the gym, leaving Jake with the key. The other two guys had stopped by the lat machine long enough to murmur something about Jake being lucky and wishing him BIG FUN. Then they'd left -- leaving Jake and Tina alone together.  
  
Silence reigned as Jake continued to glare into Tina's eyes. She sobered and began to rise from the floor.  
  
Jake heard himself casually say, "You know, I like you where you are, Slut. Stay right in that position."  
  
Her face immediately clouded with fury and she shouted, "Who the fuck do you think you're talking to, Muscle Head?!!"  
  
Her scream bounced off the gym's concrete walls as Jake chuckled and started to rise from the lat machine's seat. Tina nimbly hopped up from the floor and whirled around, putting her hands on her hips. "I said who the fuck do you think you're talking to? Cuz you're not talking to m -- "  
  
"Shut up." Jake strolled towards her and came to stand dangerously close in front of her. He crossed his arms, looking down at her, amused, but with a sharp edge of anger.  
  
Her eyes widened and her mouth dropped open. She stood that way for several seconds, apparently struck dumb that someone would talk to her like this. She took a breath, her eyes filling with more fury, and was about to speak --  
  
"I'm so sick of you, Slut. You prance around here like the show is all yours, wearing those ridiculous hoochie shorts. You probably know everybody has seen your pussy, right? You probably practice in the mirror to get your poses just right. Am I right?"  
  
Her jaw snapped shut.  
  
Jake laughed shortly. "Right. And I bet you've been called a slut before, too."  
  
"I work hard for this body; I have a right to show it off. And I can see that big dick of yours about to poke me in the belly, Muscle Head; you must not mind my hoochie shorts too much." She ended smugly, "Am I right?"  
  
Jake didn't like to be reminded of that. His dick and balls really were aching like all hell ...  
  
And then he thought of his friends, injured because of this slut's shameless teasing. He suddenly didn't feel like laughing at her. He suddenly felt like fucking her brains out to show her what happens to a tease.  
  
As this was all going through Jake's head it was also playing out across his face. Tina again realized they were completely alone in the gym. She also realized how thick the walls were and how isolated the gym's location really was. Any potential screams would go unheard and unanswered.  
  
She backed away from Jake. "You know what? I don't have to take this shit off a muscle head like you. I'm outta here." Without thinking too deeply about it she turned her back on him.  
  
This infuriated Jake.  
  
His hands shot out and roughly gripped her by her upper arms. He yanked her back to his front, stabbing between her thighs with his hard-on. She squawked indignantly and struggled ineffectually against him, kicking up her knees and trying to jerk away from him. She only managed to rub the hot dampness between her legs back and forth against his dick. He felt a thrill of excitement that she struggled so hard and he held her so easily.  
  
"LET ME GO, YOU FUCKING -- "  
  
He pressed the side of his face to hers and hissed into her ear, "You're not going anywhere until I teach you a lesson, Slut."  
  
Tina stopped struggling, caught on the hard look in his eyes reflected in the mirror. Tina raised a knee, about to slam her foot down onto his but Jake abruptly tossed her onto the bench next to them so her thighs were splayed open across it, her torso touching it, facing the mirror. Before she could regain her balance and raise up off the bench he was on top of her. This time with his dick nestled up between her ass cheeks. One of his giant hands was on her back, securely holding her down against the bench. She kept struggling and cursing him. He just kept his hand there and waited her out.  
  
Tina was getting really alarmed. She was getting really turned on but she was also getting alarmed.  
  
She'd wanted this guy to fuck her silly since laying eyes on him. But she didn't know him from Adam. He might actually hurt her but, as strong as she was, she would basically be helpless to do anything about it. She may have gotten herself into something she couldn't get out of ...  
  
Still, her body was responding to the rough play, the struggling against him without being able to budge more than an inch, her pussy and breasts rubbing against the bench, and his hard cock pressing against her body ...  
  
Tina eventually accepted squirming wasn't doing anything more than turning them both on. She stared at him in the mirror, silently fuming, waiting for him to make a move.  
  
"That was cute. Are you done now?"  
  
"FUCK YOU, MUSCLE HEAD!!"  
  
He leaned forward, pressing her into the bench and thrusting his dick between her pussy and the bench. He said, "Nah. I'd rather fuck you, Slut." Tina felt his fingers brush her pussy. She was wriggling again, having some idea what he was intended to do.  
  
Jake reached between them and yanked the tie of his shorts undone and pulled out his aching dick. He squeezed it further between her crotch and the bench, pushing back and forth, back and forth. This was rubbing maddeningly against Tina's clit and the sensitive lips of her pussy. She gasped, tensing up, pushing her hips down, trying to make the space between her mound and the bench too tight for his dick to keep driving her crazy. It only felt better to both of them. Tina was breathing hard into the bench having looked away from his eyes in the mirror to keep him from gaining satisfaction from her obvious arousal.  
  
He said over her, "That's it, Slut. I know that feels good. You want some more?"  
  
"Get the fuck OFF ME!"  
  
"Nope. Not done yet." Jake reached between them and wrapped his fingers around the narrow crotch of her shorts. He yanked at them, not tearing them but stretching them out away from her pussy. He returned his hand to her pussy, felt the slipperiness there and rubbed his knuckles up and down her slit, pushing them in between her lips, brushing at the opening to her cunt, then finding her swollen clit and rubbing at it.  
  
Tina shook and tried to pull away from the slow grinding of his knuckles. He pressed harder on her back making it even harder for her to move. "Bastard!" she breathed out.  
  
Jake said, "Just admit you love this, you little slut. I can tell -- your cunt is sopping wet. You want more, don't you? I'll give you some more, Slut."  
  
Jake shoved three thick fingers into her cunt. Tina bucked her hips upwards and further onto his fingers. She was so tight. The only thing that kept the pain from being more intense was her slipperiness and the pleasure of him rubbing the pads of his fingers at her G--spot. Jake started to thrust his fingers in and out of her cunt. He went deeper and harder each time.  
  
Tina was gasping, clutching the bench and clutching at his fingers with her pussy. She had abandoned all pretense of not enjoying it. She moaned, panted, and ground her clit into the bench and her pussy onto his fingers.  
  
Suddenly, Jake evacuated his fingers from her hot, slippery cunt. Tina tried to regain her composure. She heard a smacking noise and looked into the mirror. Jake was sucking at his thick fingers, staring hard at her, a smile around his digits.  
  
"Mmm. You taste good, Slut. Smell good, too."  
  
She gave him a hard glare in exchange for his amused look.  
  
"I think I'd like to feel that tightness around my dick, Slut ..."  
  
"Don't you dare. Don't you fucking dare -- "  
  
Tina started to struggle again. She immediately stopped as she was about to make herself come rubbing her clit against the bench.  
  
Tina didn't want to come yet; She wanted to feel his dick inside her first.  
  
Jake rubbed his cock up and down her slit. She gripped the bench, breathing hard, trying to hold off an orgasm. Tina tensed her body, waiting for Jake to shove his dick into her. She expected some pain -- she could tell from the bulge in his pants and from him rubbing his dick between her and the bench that he had a fat cock. She knew it would probably hurt at first but she didn't care: she wanted him to fuck her brains out.  
  
Tina felt him move closer to her, pressing the head of his dick against the opening of her cunt. Instead of shoving his dick into her he steadily pushed. Vaguely it began to hurt, the fat head of his cock stretching her open.  
  
She gasped, "Just do it, fucker!"  
  
He didn't answer, only continued to slowly push into her cunt. It was hurting Tina but it felt so fucking good at the same time. Tina got impatient; she growled and shoved her hips backwards as much as she could manage, shoving his cock into her pussy. Tina cried out in satisfaction.  
  
He growled into her ear, "That's it, Slut. That's what I wanted to hear." Jake began slowly pushing his dick in and out of her wet heat. He was glancing across her G-spot, making her jump each time, and squirming because he was rocking her swollen clit into the bench.  
  
He suddenly halted his movements. His dick and balls were so swollen like they'd never been before, so achy but in a very good way, and he intended to draw this out.  
  
"Beg me for it, Slut."  
  
  
Tina didn't move or speak.  
  
"Beg me or I'll stop altogether." Tina felt a rising panic at the thought of Jake discontinuing to fuck her but didn't want to beg for it. She did have some pride left after all.  
  
Suddenly she recalled how long he'd been hard: ever since before the others had left, a half hour to an hour ago. He wasn't going anywhere before he fucked her until his balls were empty.  
  
Tina pretended to struggle again, only serving to send tight vibrations through his aching balls and flexing the muscles of her cunt around his cock. She was dangerously close to an orgasm --  
  
"That's it, SLUT. Keep wriggling; You're only making it feel better." He pulled out slightly and pushed back in, teasing her sensitive cunt. Without wanting to her hips raised up, her cunt searching for his dick. He pulled back completely, leaving her feeling empty and swollen.  
  
"FUCKER!!!" she screamed in frustration.  
  
He merely replied, "Okay" and started viciously slamming his powerful hips into her so that his dick was stabbing and filling her slippery pussy. Slapping noises from skin hitting skin and his dick in her wet cunt echoed off the gym's walls.  
  
She yelled out and writhed like a trapped wildcat and clawed at his forearms, which did nothing but lay raw slices across them with no effect on him except to excite him further. He kept up slamming at her pussy, feeling it flexing around his cock and suddenly noticed that she was gasping and shaking.  
  
At first he thought she might be crying. The red fugue of lust and anger cleared long enough to realize what he was doing...  
  
Then he realized she was having an orgasm. A very strong one from the looks of it. And from the feel of it: Tina's shaking was increasing in intensity every second. Her eyes were squeezed as shut as her tight, quivering little cunt around his dick. She was biting her bottom lip so hard he was sure she'd draw blood. She was obviously trying her damnest to turn off the orgasm or at least not moan -- but she failed at both. Tina was making helpless noises that were part sharp exhalations from her nose, and part broken moans in her throat.  
  
Jake was loving this, and started again to fuck her hard. This time she was letting out loud, helpless, shuddering moans. Her orgasm continued, squeezing his cock more. He briefly considered she probably did Kegels as well as work the rest of her body's muscles. While she was doing her damnest not to come he was doing the same. He was nowhere near done with this accident--inducing little slut.  
  
Finally her shaking and moaning lessened. Her pussy was still grabbing jerkily at his dick. He stopped moving his hips, pinned her to the bench with them and looked into the mirror. She was huffing and glaring at him. She gasped on an exhausted huff, "Fucker."  
  
He grinned and again replied, "Okay."  
  
He raised up, wetly pulled out of her sopping cunt, grabbed her ponytail and yanked her backwards. Her face contorted in pain but she didn't cry out and only fought a little before giving in to the painful tug of war. He yanked again and she ungracefully landed on her ass at his feet, her stretched out hoochie shorts half--way up her thighs.  
  
"Nothing else to say, Slut?"  
  
She glared up at him -- still panting deeply, covered with sweat and pussy juices, looking absolutely furious -- but she refused to speak.  
  
"Hmm. I liked it better when you were screaming, Slut."  
  
She spontaneously decided to keep silent. She wouldn't give him the pleasure of her anger if that's what he wanted. She focused on calming her breathing and stared resolutely off into a corner.  
  
He frowned. He wanted her to be screeching angry or begging helplessly or both. It was no longer about doling out justice for his friends. It was now about working this damned ache out of his balls.  
  
He was considering what to do with her next ...  
  
"OW, DAMMIT!!"  
  
Jake had taken her by the ponytail once again and yanked her upwards. She was obliged to get on her knees or hang painfully by her ponytail. He tugged her head backwards so that she had to look up at him. He was just staring at her. She held his look without revealing any emotion. Though she wouldn't have admitted it to him, she was hoping he wasn't done with her ...  
  
She suddenly forgot the plan to not speak when he mumbled, "You wanted that all along, didn't you?"  
  
"What??"  
  
"You heard me. You've been giving me eyes ever since you got here. I bet those times your shorts were wet it was from your wet pussy and not so much from sweat. Am I close to the bulls eye there?"  
  
He wasn't just close; he'd hit the bull right in its eye. "I would say 'fuck you' but you'd probably just take it literally."  
  
"I really want you to look me in the eyes and tell me you've never thought about me fucking you over one of those benches, just like I just did."  
  
She had -- numerous times -- but had no intention of letting him know that; she kept silent.  
  
"Right, right" he drawled. "Well, what else have you thought about? Giving me head, maybe? I'm up for that."  
  
A little thrill shot through her pussy at the thought. She hoped he didn't see a shade of anticipation cross her face. He did.  
  
She said, "So how do you figure I won't bite your dick right off?"  
  
"Because you know better," he said staring her dead in her eyes. "And you'll be too busy enjoying it."  
  
"You're talking yourself into something that's not gonna ha --  
  
Jake reached down, shoved all his fingers into her mouth, stretched it open and shoved his cock in her mouth as far as it would go.  
  
"GLAWP!!" Tina voiced.  
  
Jake shoved it in further, gagging her. "If you bite me I'm going to hurt you, Tina." He stared into her eyes to make sure she knew he was serious. "Roll your lips over your teeth, Slut. I know you know how to suck a man's dick."  
  
"ICAW!"  
  
"What was that, Slut?" Jake pulled his dick from her mouth.  
  
She sputtered, coughed, and said "I can't suck your dick, Muscle Head. It's bigger than the head on your shoulders -- which I'm not at all surprised by."  
  
He laughed. "You weren't complaining when I was shoving it in your pussy a minute ago."  
  
Tina had nothing to say to that.  
  
"I just proved it's not too big, didn't I? It was just in your mouth."  
  
"You can shove it in there but I can't get any suction going around that fucking tree trunk. You're on steroids, aren't you? I just bet -- "

"Steroids have no effect on penis size in adults, Slut. This is a 100% God-given gift. It's a gift I'm generously sharing with you. Now open up that big mouth of yours."  
  
Tina clamped her mouth closed and glared at him. She could taste her own juices in her mouth and had to stop herself from licking them off her lips. She wanted badly to suck his cock, lick his balls, and nibble at his powerful thighs -- but she wasn't going to make it easy for him, especially not since he'd wanted her to beg.  
  
Jake smiled, grabbed her suddenly by her ponytail, and yanked backwards very hard.  
  
"AH!" Tina yelled.  
  
Jake shoved the fingers of his opposite hand into her mouth. He started shoving them in and out of her mouth, making sure to hold her jerking head so she couldn't pull away. He pushed his fingers farther back into her mouth and wiggled his fingers at the back of her throat.  
  
She gagged and had to hold back vomiting. He pulled his fingers from her mouth as she coughed several times.  
  
He was getting rough; she was loving it.  
  
"So basically I can shove whatever I want in your mouth, Slut. It might as well be my dick. Ya think?"  
  
She coughed more and looked up. "You -- "  
  
Jake shoved his dick into her mouth again. He put his hand at the back of her head and roughly pushed it forward into his hips. She threw her hands up onto his flexing thighs. Every time she tried to pull back he just pushed her head further towards his hips.  
  
Tina felt the heat and hardness of his cock filling her mouth, smelled his musky scent mixed with the scent of her cunt, and tasted her own juices. She gagged again, feeling the spasms in her stomach and throat that come before throwing up. She tried to pull back one last time and he shoved her head forward. She couldn't hold back the vomit this time. He somehow knew and yanked her head away from him so she threw up a clear sticky fluid onto the floor. He held her by the ponytail as she coughed and wiped the vomit away with her forearm.  
  
Tina had never been so fucking turned on in her entire life.  
  
He pulled her head back so they were looking at each other again. He was smiling. "Okay?"  
  
She knew he wasn't asking if she was okay. He was asking if she understood.  
  
When she didn't answer he frowned and grasped her ponytail harder. He began to grip it tighter and tighter --  
  
"OKAY!!" she yelled.  
  
She was surprised when he completely let go of her ponytail. He just stood there looking down at her, apparently intending to give her no further incentives than he had already.  
  
She gave him one last glare and then lowered her eyes down his body. He was so fucking big in general. She felt like a delicate little doll in front of him and loved the power he exuded over her. He was heavily muscled but in a just right way; not grossly exaggerated like others in the gym. He was hard all over and she wondered how much longer he could keep that hard-on. She hoped a long long time; her pussy was still aching for another beating.  
  
She raised higher on her knees and looked at the job in front of her: He was so thick. A few big veins were showing along his shaft. The fat head of his cock was blushing red. His balls were big and pulled up tight under his cock. He was probably dying to come and she admired his will power.  
  
He jerked his hips forward, stabbing her in the cheek with his cock. He frowned at her and sighed, exasperated. "Slut, you -- "  
  
Tina gobbled his cock in one mouthful.  
  
"Mmmm!" Jake said and inhaled deeply. His abs, hips, and thighs flexed as he gave his hips a little push forward. She felt his dick pulse and some pre--come squirted into her mouth. She tongued his dick around into one cheek so she could make sure to fully taste his come on her tongue. It was hot and delicious and she wanted more of it.  
  
He was right, she was very familiar with this particular sex act -- it was one of her favorites. Tina rolled her lips over her teeth just like she was supposed to. She found that it wasn't as hard as she thought it would be to get some suction going around his cock. She sucked harder, his cock flexed again, and even more come came out this time. It was enough to nearly fill her mouth around his dick. She swallowed but a little dribbled out down her chin with some of her saliva.  
  
"Mmmmm," she moaned, vibrating his dick.  
  
"Fuck!" Jake gasped. He began steadily fucking her mouth in short, slow strokes. He put his hand on the top of her head but didn't push.  
  
More pre--come shot forth, this time spilling out of Tina's mouth completely and dripping off her chin, onto her breasts. She kept sucking, moving her head back and forth with Jake's strokes. She raised her hands to his balls and cupped them, pulling lightly at the skin and rolling them back and forth. Then she got fancy and started using various strokes, pressures, and levels of suction around Jake's cock. He was gulping air, moaning, and moving his hips a little faster.  
  
"I knew you'd be good at this, Slut," he gasped.  
  
Tina sucked Jake deeper into her mouth and very very lightly bit down on his dick.  
  
Instead of backhanding her or at least yanking on her ponytail Jake gave out a long moan, shivered hard, his dick flexed several times, and three large spurts of pre-come over-flowed from Tina's mouth. Her chin was covered in it and it was running down between her breasts.  
  
Jake stroked in and out of her mouth a little faster. She kept up with his pace, humming and occasionally bearing down on his dick with her teeth. Every time she did he moaned louder, pushed harder, and expelled more come, which she could just barely swallow. Now long strings of come and saliva were dripping from her chin and running all over her large breasts. She pulled her shirt down enough to squeeze her breasts and play with her nipples. Her breasts were slippery with come and spit.  
  
Jake stroked harder, reaching the back of her throat and said, "That's it. Make me come, Slut. Make me -- "  
  
Jake exhaled hard several times and then moaned deeply. He shoved his dick to the very back of Tina's throat, his dick swelled and he began filling Tina's mouth with hot, thick come.  
  
She kept sucking and tried to swallow as much as she could but immediately realized she couldn't keep up with all the come spurting out of Jake. It burst from her mouth, covering his balls and thighs, and running down her chin, throat, and breasts.  
  
Jake pulled out and started jerking his dick with his hand. His come kept flying at her. He covered her face with it and then directed the last few lesser shots onto her breasts, which she held up for him and smoothed the come around on.  
  
While Jake caught his breath Tina swiped at the come on her face and hungrily sucked it off her fingers. She leaned forward and started licking more off his dick, balls and thighs. Jake stood breathing deeply and watching her, wondering if his heart would ever slow down and his breathing return to normal. He couldn't remember the last time he'd gotten head that fantastic, if ever. He knew it was partly due to him needing to come for nearly 2 hours but it was also due to this slut's skill and sex factor.  
  
Tina had licked Jake clean. She was disappointed there was no more come to for her to taste and thoughts were running through her head of how to get him to fuck her again.  
  
She leaned back and looked up. Jake was frowning thoughtfully.  
  
"What?" she asked.  
  
"Do you have any idea how dangerous you are?" Jake asked.  
  
Tina thought he was giving her a compliment in the form of a joke but then saw Jake looked very serious.  
  
"My friends were injured because of you showing off your assets. They were too busy paying attention to you to pay attention to what they were doing. One dropped weights on his foot and fractured it and another slipped and got a fucking concussion ... And judging from that befuddled look on your face you were completely unaware. Correct?"  
  
"I ..." Tina didn't know what to say. She was in fact completely unaware, just like he said. "No, I ... I didn't know that. I know who you're talking about but I thought they were just -- "  
  
"Careless and stupid?" Jake interjected.  
  
Tina sobered. "No. I didn't know it was -- "  
  
"Your fault?" Jake finished for her.  
  
Tina sat sorting out her thoughts about this information. She meant what she said about having a right to show off her body but never wanted anybody to get hurt because of her having some fun. Thinking back on all the careful, vain posing she'd done in the name of showing off she was suddenly embarrassed by her ridiculous behavior.  
  
"Look, I was just -- " Tina was about to say "having fun" but Jake didn't look like that's what he wanted to hear as the reason for his friends' injuries. "I don't know what to say ... " she finished lamely.  
  
"You're going to say sorry to my friends. And then you're going to start wearing some damned pants when you work out and stop showing off like a -- "  
  
"Slut?" Tina finished.  
  
"Right," Jake asserted.  
  
Tina pulled her shirt up over her breasts. She got up from her knees and stood looking up at Jake. She didn't believe an apology was appropriate -- after all, she hadn't dropped weights on anyone's foot or knocked anyone upside the head -- but she could certainly visit with the injured parties and see what came up from there. She didn't want any bad blood between her and the others in the gym since she liked coming there, and not just because it was a good place to show off since the members were mostly guys.  
  
"Jake, I'm not going to apologize for my behavior. I can wear what I want. I will talk to your friends though, as a gesture of good will. I don't know where it will go from there -- "  
  
"Maybe it can go the same place it went with me." Jake raised an eyebrow.  
  
Tina raised both of hers. She remembered the guys he was talking about; they'd both been pretty cute ...