You Tease Me At The Gym

by Guyanonymous ©

I was just starting my workout when you came in. I was pedaling away on

the exercise bike, and your glowing blonde hair caught my attention out of

the corner of my eye. I was surprised to see you tonight, but it was a

pleasant surprise.

Many of the eyes in the room turned toward you briefly before returning to

their labour at hand. Mine did not. You caught my eyes with yours and

acknowledged my existence, while at the same time sending me the message

that you had something special planned for tonight. I was surprised that

you didn’t come right over to me to say hi, but I guessed you had your

reasons.

I watched you as you bent over at the waist, your beautiful ass pointed

toward the centre of the room. You undid your shoelaces slowly, and after

removing your shoes, slowly slid down your sweatpants. Again, people’s

heads turned to watch you, and this time they lingered more. You were

wearing shorts underneath your sweatpants, and your legs were perfect,

smooth, and firm.

You bent over again, the shorts tightening against the curves of your

butt, your legs stretching out, as you put your shoes back on and did them

up again. There was no doubt you were putting on a show for me, but also

for everyone else in the room that chanced to glance over. I suddenly

realized that I could glimpse the moons of your cheeks with your shorts

being pulled up so hi, and I had to adjust my position on the exercise

bike.

You stood again, and turning toward the room, again looked at me, pure,

raw seduction in your stare.

I watched in silence, my breathing growing heavy from more than pedalling

the exercise bike, as you slowly drew up your sweatshirt. As you pulled it

up, your belly was revealed, and I realized that your shirt must be caught

up within the sweatshirt. You paused just below your breasts and ran your

hand over your waistline slowly, gently caressing the skin. But then you

continued to pull the sweat top up higher, only reaching up to pull down

the t-shirt underneath as the bottom curves of your breasts were becoming

visible.

It was all so seamless, so smooth, and so arousing. I looked away briefly

to see who else was watching you. A few men were looking, none blatantly,

but with furtive glances in your direction. I returned my stare at you to

see you putting your sweats into your small bag. A coy smile was on your

face as you glanced at me, but you looked quickly away and moved toward

the Stairmaster.

I watched as your top moved. I could see your pert nipples pushing against

the fabric. I was stunned by how low the neckline was, clearly showing

your cleavage as you moved. Even more shocking, and arousing, to me, were

the sleeves. I should say, lack of sleeves, as you had cut them from the

shirt, and the armholes started below your breast-line.

As you climbed up onto the Stairmaster, you reached forward to the

controls. I could see the side of your left breast clearly, the soft curve

of the flesh calling to be touched, through the armhole in your shirt. As

you relaxed again, and started climbing, I watched as you settled into a

rhythm. I almost fell off of my cycle when I realized, somewhat lately in

the game, that you were toying with me in the best possible way. I

appreciated the way I could still see the side of your breast as it broke

away from your body, and knew that anyone else who cared to look could as

well.

I was broken from my entrancement by the beeping of my exercise bike and

the sudden lack of tension on the pedals as my program finished up.

I almost pedalled myself off it.

My exercises continued, but half-heartedly. I was too distracted by you,

and my workout was dictated by what I could to while still watching you.

You were working up a significant sweat on the Stairmaster, and your shirt

was clinging to your back. When you finally stepped from the machine and

turned again toward the room, your chest was glistening, and your shirt

was clinging to your breast, your nipples standing firm and erect. You

again looked me in the eye, knowing full well the effect your were having

on me, and I was glad that I was wearing a long shirt.

You moved in the direction of the weight-machines. I wondered what you

would do next, and was pleased that you were moving to the Pectoral

machine. You stood straddling the seat, and stretched around the machine

to adjust the weights. Your shorts, again rode up, showing the crescent

moons of your ass. The sight was amazing, and caused me to become even

more aroused. Before moving back around to sit down in the unit, you

slowly reached back with your right hand and drew it up along the back of

your leg.

You turned now, and positioned yourself in the machine, your knees tight

together, and drew your arms up to the armrests. As you did so, your shirt

was pulled back against your breasts, and the sight was wonderful. Your

nipples were pressed firmly against the damp white fabric, and your

areolas were faintly visible. You started your presses, and the people

near you appreciated the sight of your beautiful breasts pushing outward

and straining the fabric. I moved to another station, beside you, and

watched as the side of your breast became visible with every movement,

only to retreat again.

I waited with baited breath to see where you would go next. I think all

the men in the room did, and even some of the women. The men seemed to be clustered around you, with the equipment farther away virtually empty.

You moved over to the Hip Abduction machine. A few minutes into your

workout, I realized that half the room had walked by the front of your

machine, and I followed suit. I was stunned, and totally aroused, when I

realized that you had not worn any underwear under your shorts. The

glimpses of your lips were brief and vague, but there was no mistaking

what was visible. I think I could even see a glistening, be it of sweat or

something else. I looked up briefly as I walked by, and we were staring at

each other for a moment. Perfect understanding was shared between us, and

I new that this display was all for me.

To be continued……?