Young Gymnasts Take A Tumble (Mf, ff)

by Stevesaint

[Don't read this if you are under the age of 18, or

offended by sexually explicit materials. This is

a work of fantasy fiction, and does not portray

anything I've done, or actions by anyone I know.]

"Young Gymnasts Take A Tumble"

Hello, my name is Andrea. My best friend Kim and

I are 15-year-old gymnasts, and we're pretty good.

We're good enough, I guess, for our folks to pay

an obscene amount of money for us to attend a

famous local camp for Olympic gymnastic hopefuls.

Our coach, an East German guy named Gunter, says

we have potential to be champions, but we figure

he says this to all the girls. Unlike some of the

other coaches we've seen, Coach Gunter doesn't

yell at us all the time. He's very patient and

understanding. Besides, he's pretty hunky for an

older guy, stirring up the raging hormones of all

the girls in those tight spandex outfits he wears

in the gym. Since he hasn't tried to grope any of

us yet, we figure he might be gay. Oh, well.

Because Kim's house is near the gymnastic camp,

I've been staying there for the summer. Kim and I

have found a way lately to take care of our raging

hormones--we discovered her dad's stash of porno

videos. Whenever we're alone at her house, we

play a video and fantasize we're with the guy on

the screen. Some of the videos are crude, with

impersonal sex (it seems to us, but what do we

know?) but some are very sexy. Our favorite is

one where the guy seduces the virgin babysitter.

He is very gentle with her when he takes her for

the first time. The guy is supposed to be older

but he looks like a young stud to us, tanned and

muscular, with a very large looking penis. Since

Kim and I are still virgins, we get really turned

on by the thought of what our first time will be

like. We usually touch ourselves while watching

this video, both of us climaxing noisily, hugging

each other afterwards. Kim likes one of the

videos where the jock is in bed with two girls at

the same time, both of which are shaved bald down

there. We sorta liked that idea, so one night we

shaved each other and have kept ourselves baby-

bald ever since (we laugh about maintaining our

'image').

What image, you ask? And why are we still

virgins? Most of the guys at school treat us like

little kids; what can we expect if we're both 4

ft. 6! Yes, we have tiny bodies, but we're still

budding women, nonetheless. The boys don't seem

to agree, but I think Kim is beautiful: a pretty

face surrounded by short, curly brown hair, with

small, pointy breasts and a tight muscled ass and

great athletic thighs. I'm not so bad looking

myself, I might add; a bit more athletically

shaped than Kim, my breasts a little rounder.

Besides the guy in the babysitter video, we've

also been fantasizing about Coach. He is a "hands

on" coach. One day I watched him working with Kim

and another girl. He would place a hand on Kim's

stomach and the other at her back, just above her

buttocks, to demonstrate a move he wanted her to

make. While he was touching her, I could see

Kim's eyes roll up a little and her breathing

become more rapid and shallow. Later, she showed

me how wet the crotch of her leotard had become.

She told me she had imagined Coach Gunter was the

guy in the video and he was holding her that way

to guide her to his bed. That night at Kim's we

touched each other, both of us lost in our

fantasies as we climaxed.

Our summer at the camp culminated with fantastic

news--Kim and I were invited to perform in a

gymnastics exhibition in New York City! The expo

was understood to be a showcase for potential

Olympians, our families and we were thrilled to

get this chance. Coach Gunter was thrilled, too.

Of course he's happy for us, but we figure it's

also a chance to showcase his abilities as a coach

to the US Olympic Committee people. He would

chaperone us on our trip to the big city.

In New York, our hotel was fantastic, and both Kim

and I felt like princesses living in a castle. We

talk Coach into taking us shopping. Both of us

buy short, slinky dresses that hug our little

bodies tightly. While trying them on, we laugh

and think sexy thoughts, and agree not to wear

anything underneath. When we each walk out of the

dressing room, Coach's eyes bug out and we thought

he would have a heart attack. The look on his

face made both of us real hot. When we get back

to our hotel, we put the new dresses back on and

ask Coach to take us out again. We spend the

afternoon window shopping and teasing him. Every

once in a while one of us would hike our dress up

a bit and give Coach a glimpse of a little bare

ass, or a short peek at a bald pussy. We could

tell we were having an effect; certain he wasn't

gay by the bulge in his pants. At one point Coach

says, "You two better be good, or you'll get

what's coming to you." We could only hope.

The following morning we went to the gym we rented

for practice, having the place to ourselves. It

wasn't just a gym, for besides the gymnastic

equipment and mats, it must also be used for

ballet practice, with two walls completely

mirrored and a barre attached to one of them. We

practiced our vaults for a while before shifting

to the balance beam. While vaulting, Kim teased

Coach about a video clip we saw on the web. The

clip was made by a big condom company as an

Olympics spoof, and showed a girl gymnast, naked

from the waist down, vaulting and landing on a

guy's erection. Kim winked to me and asked coach

if he'd ever seen the video (we could tell by his

blush that he had, even though he said no) and if

he ever thought about us "doing that." He mutters

some objection, but we could tell he was aroused.

We each took turns on the balance beam making

exaggeratedly sexy poses-sticking our asses out

and spreading our legs just so. When I loudly ask

Kim if she ever thought about doing a routine in

the nude, Coach storms out of the room, as much to

hide his "discomfort," we imagine, than out of any

anger or embarrassment. When he returns, Kim and

I look at each other, wondering if he went off to

masturbate.

We keep up the teasing as he coaches us on some of

the routines. He was having a hard time bringing

himself to touch our bodies today. However, we

had no problem touching his; every once in a while

one of us would brush a hand across the front of

his spandex pants, noticing the growth we were

eliciting. The touching and teasing didn't go on

for much longer before Coach sighs, walks toward

the gym door and locks it, saying, "Gunter will

teach you two the lesson you have been asking

for." The tone of voice, the heat emanating from

him, and the large bulge in his pants all combine

to dampen our little pussies. He walks over to us

and effortlessly lifts us both into his arms. He

carries us over to one of the mats and lays us

down. "Are you both on pill?" He asks, looking

at me, and I nod. He slides each of us out of our

sweaty leotards, first Kim, and then me before he

stands up to undress. More than one fantasy would

come true today.

He is looking down at our naked little bodies with

lust, while the sight of his massive erection

entrances us. It's one thing to watch sex on a

video and to see erections on the screen, and

quite something else to see a big one standing

straight up before you. Both Kim and I make

little kittenish sounds as we realize our

fantasies will become reality today. I tear my

eyes away from Coach's penis to look at Kim. She

is breathing heavily, practically panting, and had

spread her legs in anticipation, not taking her

eyes away from Coach's erect penis. I could see

that her bald pussy was open a bit and glistening

wet. Coach sees it too, I think.He will take

Kim first, and that's okay. He falls to his knees

between Kim's legs and effortlessly lifts her by

the ass to meet his erection. I'm transfixed by

what I see a few feet in front of me. Cradling

her with both arms like a baby, he places the head

of his penis at her wet opening and enters her.

She utters an "oooop" sound as he slides deeper

into her. I spot a little blood seep out, but not

much. Coach's penis is obviously stretching Kim's

vagina to the limit (what will it be like in me?)

She is awash with pleasure, making little mewling

sounds, borne by his strong arms and impaled on

his manhood. I reach in with one hand to feel the

wet shaft of his penis and caress his scrotum,

while I put the other on Coach's butt, feeling the

muscles flex as he pumps into Kim. I look into

Coach's face and realize he is watching the

reflection of him and Kim in the mirrored wall!

He must be excited by what he sees; maybe it's a

confirmation that he really is making it with his

teenaged pupil. When I too look at the

reflection, it reminds me of watching the videos,

and I take my hand off his butt and place it

between my legs. Just as I reach climax, Kim

screams, her whole body writhing from her own

orgasm. Suddenly, Coach pulls his penis from

Kim's vagina and squirts load after load of semen

all over her. He seems to squirt much more than

the guys in the videos, coating Kim's stomach,

breasts and face with gobs of it. She's too

overcome with euphoria to notice.

Coach Gunter lowers Kim's satisfied form to the

mat and turns to me. "Now. . .I save my favorite

for last," he says. "Andrea, I have always wanted

you for my bed. . .and I will have you now." Has

he really lusted for me? He reaches out and pulls

me to him, and kisses me. I melt as he plunges

his tongue into my mouth. He breaks off the kiss

and says, "You tease my cock all day, now you will

clean him off and make him ready for you. . .

Gunter will be hard again to fill you up." He

pushes my head down toward his penis until the

semi-erect member, still dribbling semen from

before, is right at my lips. I've seen it done in

the videos, so I open my mouth and let it slide

between my parted lips. I wrap them around his

shaft, feeling it growing hard in my mouth, and

lick the remnants of his semen and Kim's juices

from it. After a few strokes between my lips, he

pushes me away and positions me on the mat. He

looks feverish with desire as he gazes down at my

lithe little body, his penis so amazingly rigid

again I can see every pulsing vein. I'm ready. I

spread my legs as far as I can, which is pretty

wide since I'm a gymnast, and extend my arms up to

him, surprising myself by pleading him to take me.

He gets on his knees between my spread thighs and

lightly runs the fingers of one hand between my

pussy lips as the other hand gently kneads my

aching breasts. I can't breathe! The combined

feel of his stroking my pussy and my taut nipples,

along with the sight of his super-hard erection

make me climax. I detachedly hear myself making

tiny "oh" sounds as my stomach muscles contract

from the power of the orgasm.

"Ah, she sprays her girl liquid all over my hand,"

he says, holding the palm of his hand up so I

could see my juices drip from his fingers. "She

is ready for Gunter now."

He looms over me and inches his penis into my

eager pussy. "Oh. . .My. . .God," I moan as he

begins to make love to me, my vagina straining to

take all of him. I'm having difficulty breathing

as he thrusts faster and faster into me,

wonderfully filling my tight vagina, making me

feel like I've never felt before. I turn my head

momentarily and see our reflection in the mirrored

wall. I watch as Coach's penis glides in and out

of me, shiny from my wetness. I see my legs

wrapped around him as my heels strike him in the

butt, spurring him in time to each of his thrusts.

The view is sexier than any video I've ever seen.

As his penis pistons into me and the wave within

me grows, I think of all those times Kim and I

fantasized about doing it, and my whole body bucks

and spasms. I hear myself squeal an ever-

loudening "oooOOO" as my head explodes in a galaxy

of stars in the most tremendous orgasm of my young

life. After a few more thrusts, Coach's sweat-

dripping face slackens and he utters an "Oh, God"

himself. He drives his penis all the way in as he

climaxes. I can feel every one of his jerks

inside me as he shoots one spurt after another.

Another orgasmic wave passes through me, so

violently I think I'm fainting. Just before I

black out, I see Kim's reflection in the mirror as

she fiercely pounds a couple of fingers into her

wet pussy and orgasms too.

When I begin to come around, I'm lying on the mat

with Coach on one side of me and Kim on the other.

They're both acting concerned since I blacked out

momentarily, but it didn't stop them both from

playing with my helpless body in the meantime. As

if in a dream, I barely hear Kim ask Coach if he

would make love to me again. I'm momentarily

confused-why does Kim want him to do ME again, and

not her? Still in that dreamlike state, I hear

Coach say, "Coach Gunter's cock needs a small

rest, but we will make love again later. For now,

Coach needs to be Coach once more."

We got our wish on several fronts today. After we

cleaned ourselves up a bit, Kim and I practiced

our routines on the balance beam in the nude. In

post-coital ecstasy, both of us performed better

than we ever have before. Our bodies were flushed

pink as each of us sensuously moved on the beam,

occasionally rubbing our swollen pussies against

it as we performed. Coach even warned us about

slipping on the wet beam! By the time we were

finished with our floor exercises, all three of us

were completely turned on again.As I finish, I

watch Coach's reflection in the mirror and can see

his penis is erect.I look over at Kim and she's

amazingly fingering herself as she stares at me.

Kim is going to feel it again, and I want it too.

I practically tackle Coach onto the mat and

position myself above his splendid manhood. I

should have been more careful but I'm much too

aroused. I grab his hard penis, placing it at my

sopping pussy and just drop myself onto him,

driving him all the way into me. I forgot the

fullness of him stretching my neophyte vagina; the

wind is knocked out of my lungs as his man-sized

penis slams into my girl-sized womb. I can't

breathe and I think I'll faint again. Coach is

horny and wants action, impatient with me for

being stunned and not moving, so he lifts me off

him and carries my overwhelmed body over to the

mirrored wall, making me hold onto the barre.

With my ass to him, he takes me. My mind is in a

joyous fog; I vaguely realize he's lifted my legs

off the floor and has spread them apart so wide

they must be forming a straight line from foot to

foot (which I can do easily on the floor, but

never like this). My physical connection to

anything beside air is the barre I'm holding onto,

and Coach Gunter's hands and thrusting member.

Penetrating my mind-fog is the thrill, the

rapture, and the extreme pleasure of his penis

penetrating me. I look ahead into the mirror and

marvel at the expression on my face (drugged?) I

see the reflection of Coach's rhythmic pumping

behind my butt cheeks. Is that my voice saying

'Oh, fuck me, fuck me' and 'Harder. . .God. .

.Harder'?Is that me screaming

"YESSSSSSSSSSS" in the throes of orgasmic

bliss? Is that Coach's voice grunting "Andrea. .

.Andrea. . . AHHHHHH" at the same time I feel the

ejaculatory throbs inside my vagina?

All the sensations--looking at the reflection of

Coach climaxing, feeling his seed pumping into me,

hearing the ecstatic sex sounds we're both making--

and I reach what my overloaded mind can only

comprehend as a "super-orgasm." How else can I

describe it--my whole body just convulsed in one

amazing spasm, undulating waves of physical joy

traveling from my pulsing vagina up my spine and

sort of exploding in my chest, as again I can

hardly breathe.

I must have passed out once more, since the next

thing I remember is Coach cradling me in his arms

like a baby. I hear him whispering something

about "My little Andrea has too much good sex

today," and "Gunter fills her like she wanted," or

something like that. My only other sensations are

of my seemingly overheated body and how my ass

feels all wet nestled in the crook of Coach's arm

as he hold me. When he lays me down on the mat,

he says something else which momentarily puzzles

me.

"Coach Gunter is satisfied, but little Kim is

still in need of loving. . .I will leave that to

my star flower. . .my Andrea."

What did he mean by that? It's not until I look

over at Kim that I begin to realize the meaning of

his words. Kim is as hot and wanting as I've seen

anyone in my short life, hotter than anyone I've

ever seen in those porn videos. She's staring at

me, breathing in shallow, panting gasps, running

her hands all over her breasts and her crotch, her

skin flushed red and sweaty. Oh my God, she wants

ME!

Was she thinking as much of me as the guys in the

videos when we got each other off all those times?

Oh, she looks so good over there, the flame of

desire kindled and burning red hot. I know how I

feel about her, my best friend. I go to her. For

the first time, we kiss as lovers. Kim's hands

and mouth soon kindle the fire in me as well. I'm

not quite sure how we got there, but soon we had

our tongues buried in each other's pussies,

drinking up not only our girl juices but also the

remains of Coach's cum still in us. We move from

licking to stroking, running our hands over each

other's most sensitive areas. We kiss again,

commingling the juices each of us has tasted. In

time we both approach orgasm. Just before I

climax, I coax Kim into looking at our reflection.

She stares with fascination at the sight of our

entwined bodies, and grinding her pubic mound into

mine, climaxes loudly and spectacularly. As the

wave of orgasm envelops me once again, I vaguely

see the reflection of Coach Gunter masturbating at

the sight of us on the mat, spraying streams of

cum everywhere.

Our big performance at the exposition is scheduled

for the following evening.

In the morning before going to practice, Kim and I

make love again. We explore each other's body in

our hotel bed. We kiss and touch and lick and rub

each other to exhilarating climax. Kim confessed

she fantasized about me many times but was

confused and afraid to initiate any sex, except

while watching her father's videos with me. With

this revelation, I had to re-examine my thoughts

of Kim, and admitted to myself how much I love

her. I couldn't think of myself as a lesbian,

though; I still get wet thinking of Coach's penis

in me and how it felt. I will still dream of

having a strong man sleep with me and make love to

me. However, I can't imagine feeling any more

fulfilled than when my body is entwined with

Kim's, rubbing our pussies together, mixing our

orgasmic juices.

Practicing for the final time, Kim and I perform

our routines in the nude, glowing from both sexual

satisfaction and from watching each other, as one

would gain pleasure from viewing pretty,

blossoming flowers. We have indeed blossomed

these past two days. When an aroused Coach Gunter

catches me as I dismount from the balance beam and

asks to make love to me, I kiss him but say no. I

will concentrate on the performance tonight, and

on Kim's needs for now. Coach understands. You

might think I'm crazy, but I inserted a tampon to

absorb my vaginal wetness, before donning my

leotard for the exposition. You see, I was going

to perform all my routines that night with two

alternating thoughts in my brain-one, the view in

the mirror of Coach making love to me yesterday,

and two, the memory of Kim's nude, heated pink

form thrusting around the uneven bars this morning

in frenzied, naked glory.

One observer that night rated my performance as

one of the best she had ever seen. Unofficial

scorecards kept by some of the observers

(remember, this was an exhibition) had me

finishing first and Kim third overall. One person

secretly told me that my balance beam performance

was "tremendously erotic" and she would have given

me a "10" if she were judging. Wow, I can tell

from her body language that I turned her on! Boy,

would she be surprised to find out how turned on I

was when I was up on that beam! After the

exhibition, we called our folks to let them know

how well we had done, and then we returned to the

hotel where we rewarded a proud Coach Gunter with

a present of our bodies one last time. After we

indulged ourselves with room-service food, we

indulged ourselves with a threesome in Coach's

bed. We all came gloriously and loudly. I

climaxed in a gusher, riding Coach's tongue and

squirting my orgasmic juices down his throat.

Coach is so proud of us as we prepare for the

Olympic trials, but knows he will only have

memories from now on, not our little bodies. Kim

and I remain lovers. When we spread our flower

petals for each other, we're in heaven. Our

bodies tangled and wet, we dream of the

possibility of Olympic glory. You know what we

will be thinking every time we perform--and oh yes,

we still practice in the nude whenever we can.

Wish us luck.