Clubhouse

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A divorced man meets an energetic workout partner in the gym at his condo complex.

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I really welcomed moving into the condo after my divorce. The divorce put me through a lot of mental anguish and coming home at night and not ever having to worry about things like cutting grass or raking leaves was a welcome luxury in my life. It still is a welcome luxury three years after. The condominium complex I found has a swimming pool, tennis and basketball courts. Next to the pool is a clubhouse that contains the changing rooms for the pool, a full-featured gym and a main room with a sofa, fireplace and a Ping-Pong table. There is also a small kitchen area with a refrigerator and stove located right off of the main room. The gym with its treadmills, Universal weight lifting machine and large variety of weight lifting equipment including a bench press power station, also known as a Smith machine, was particularly welcome by me. During the time I was married I had started to neglect my body, as most married guys do, and now that I was single again I made it a point to get back in shape and regain my thin, yet muscular physique that I was once so proud of.

I started working out with a neighbor of mine who was once a competitive body builder. He was an invaluable source of fitness information. Anything you wanted to know about exercise, he seemed to know it. Since it was years since I did any real exercise, I welcomed his advice. After a couple of months working out with him, I really started to see significant gains. Since I was single again, I was very happy about this. Even if my newly muscled physique didn’t always impress all the women, it at least gave me the confidence I needed to get back into the dating scene full force.

My new job started to keep me late as the workload increased. As a result I ended up exercising alone, as my workout partner preferred to do his workouts no later than seven at night, as he was one of those people who went to bed by nine and woke up with the sunrise. I was just getting home by seven, sometimes even later, so it was not unusual for me to still be in the gym when it closed at nine.

Considering that there were four hundred units in my condominium complex, there were surprisingly few people who actually used the gym. Maybe they all came during the day, but I know it was unusual

for me to even see another person there when I went over at seven or eight in the evening. So, it was a definite surprise when a very slender, athletic looking girl started using the gym at night, around the same time of day as me. She was the type of girl I probably would not have even given a second glance to had I seen her on the street. She was not what I would consider beautiful. She was in fact rather plain, but she had a very lean, athletic build without being overly muscular as some very athletic women can get. She would often be there when I showed up, usually on the treadmill, swinging dumbbells in her hands energetically as she ran on the treadmill at a fairly rapid pace. Often I would be done with my whole workout routine and she would still be on it, swinging those weights in rhythm to the music on the radio that blared away. I would be captivated by her, mostly because of the sheer energy she seemed to possess, seemingly never getting tired as she swung those weights vigorously. She was like the Energizer Bunny, and that is what I called her in my mind. Energizer Bunny Girl. A man could not help but wonder if this girl always possessed this seemingly unlimited level of energy.

As the days turned into weeks, I became more and more captivated by Bunny Girl. Sometimes I would find myself sitting on the seat at the Universal machine for several minutes at a time, just watching her from behind. Her shirt would be soaked with sweat from her intense workouts, all the way down to her tight fitting exercise pants, which showed off a butt that benefited from what was no doubt years of intense exercise. My mind would just wander as she swung those weights with a vigor that made her seem like a woman possessed. I was captivated.

Talking to her seemed futile. She was always on some machine working out with the intensity of a mad woman. The best I could get out of her was a ‘hello’. It seemed that anything beyond that was out of the question.

One day while doing my usual routine on the Universal, I again caught myself sitting there lost in fantasy as E.B. Girl did her thing on the treadmill. I must have been lost in thought for several minutes thinking that no one noticed when suddenly she stopped the machine and turned around.

“Are you looking at me?” she asked coyly.

I was stunned into complete silence as my mind fumbled for something to say.

“Uh, yes.” I managed as best I could.

“Well, then come over here and take a closer look,” she said.

Far be it from me to refuse an order like that, so I got up and joined her on the treadmill. She threw her arms around me and kissed me passionately. Her sweat-soaked body felt so warm against mine.

She then took me by the hand and led me out of the gym and into the clubhouse proper. She pushed me back onto the sofa and unzipped my pants, revealing my waiting erection. She then took me into her mouth and worked my cock with her tongue, with a frenzy that lived up to my Energizer Bunny expectation. Her sweat-soaked hair danced down on my thighs and legs as she worked me over with almost inhuman energy. She squeezed every drop out of my shaft with a grip that could only come from years of weight training. She looked up at me with her big brown eyes and smiled as she finished me off. I felt incredibly relaxed and at ease, yet I knew we had just started. I complimented her on her talents. She just grinned. I grabbed her hand and led her over to the ping pong table.

“Want to play Ping-Pong?” I asked. “I’ll pretend you’re a Ping-Pong ball and bang you across the table.”

She dropped her pants with a wiggle and took off her thong. I took my pants off and underwear. We both were naked from the waist down. She grabbed the bucket with the paddles and balls. She took a paddle and paddled my butt playfully.

“Ouch,” I said. “OK, you asked for it.”

I grabbed the other paddle and chased her around the table. I smacked her butt a couple of times and she emitted a loud giggle. We alternated direction and took turns paddling each other as we ran around the table. After a few minutes of paddling and laughing, we held each other as we caught our breath.

“I heard some girls can do things with Ping-Pong balls,” I said.

She smiled a big grin and got up on the table with her feet on the table and her left hand on the table beside her. With her right hand she grabbed a Ping-Pong ball and placed it in her pussy.

“Like this?” she asked.

She grimaced as she squeezed the ball out. It popped out but did not land far. She grabbed it again as she laughed. I got down at the other end of the table with a paddle in my hand.

“See if you can get it over the net,” I said excitedly.

With a huff she put a bit of effort into it and landed it just over the net. I reached forward but was too late. I grabbed it and handed it back.

“Come on girl. You can do it. I want to see you be my human serving machine,” I said. “I need to

practice my return.”

She inserted the ball again and shot it across the table. Once again I missed but grabbed it as we both laughed out loud. After a couple more balls she seemed to get the hang of it and I returned the ball with my paddle and she grabbed it with her free hand. Once again she inserted it into her well-lubed tunnel and served me up a ball glistening in her love juices. She became adept at this but I had another idea. I walked over to the kitchen area and looked in the fridge. Hmmm. Ah, I see something.

“Girl, you are so good at serving me up balls, do you think you can serve me a snack?” I asked.

She looked perplexed. I took out a bag and opened it. In it was a bunch of grapes. She giggled.

“I think I can.” She giggled again and grinned.

She took a grape from the bunch as I held them out. She inserted it as she had done with the Ping-Pong balls. I bent over with my head between her legs and my mouth open, ready for my tasty snack.

“Oops,” she said as the grape sort of fell out on the table.

“I guess we just have to try again,” I said as I picked it up and inserted it for her. I hated to see her have to do all the work.

“I don’t want to crush it,” she giggled.

“That’s OK, we can have fresh wine with dinner,” I joked. “Chateau de Pussy Juice 09, my favorite vintage.”

She giggled some more and after a few tries managed to pop a grape right into my open mouth.

“Two points, young lady!” I shouted. “There sure is hope for you yet. I see a big contract in your future, girl!”

We giggled and had fun with the grapes some more. She shot a couple in my mouth with her pussy and I put a few in her mouth with my fingers and even managed to balance one on the head of my cock after a couple of tries.

“Dinner is served, young lady,” I said in an elegant voice. “My name is Alan and I will be your waiter this evening. May I take your dessert order?”

After some more giggling paddling and grape eating, we fell into each other's arms and embraced for some time. We both looked out the window at the pool and seemed to share the same thought.

"Can I interest you in a round of full contact co-ed skinny dipping, my dear?" I asked in a playful voice.

Again she just giggled as we made our way out the back door, shedding what remained of our clothing. The water felt cold as we made our way into the shallow end of the pool. She sat herself on the edge as I splashed her thighs playfully.

"I like a girl who is nice and wet," I joked.

We embraced. I was in the shallow water up to my waist and held her as I stood between her legs. I kissed her lips as our tongues danced in unison. I kissed her ear lightly then down her neck, until I stopped at her erect nipples that stood attentive in the moonlight. I circled them with my tongue with delicate moves like I was cradling a newborn. I massaged her thighs as she started to pant. I played with her womanhood as I increased the tongue motion on her breasts. As she became increasingly excited her moans told me what I needed to know. I teased her moist opening with the head of my erect penis then ran the shaft over her mound, soaking it in her juices. As her desire mounted, I thrust my hard-on into her with a zeal that had been building in me since I laid eyes on her toned body. Her firm, taut body writhed in ecstasy as we did a lovers' dance together at the edge of the condo pool. The waters danced with our every move as the waves we generated splashed our hot bodies in the moonlight. The cold waters splashing over us added to the highly sensual experience of making love in the pool in the warm summer evening. After a few minutes we came together, soaked in a combination of cool fresh water and our combined sweat and juices. We embraced on the edge of the pool, a fitting end to an evening of sensual ecstasy.

After a few more minutes we got out of the pool and went back into the clubhouse, gathering our clothes on the way in.

"I guess I'll see you here tomorrow?" I asked.

She just grinned as she gathered her things.

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