The model.

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Underwear model in the gym!

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Being a gym instructor has its benefits but it turned out to be much more than I thought. During my college years, I had to work part time to make up for a small scholarship. The gym I worked in after class were frequented by a number of people but mostly lawyers and accountants from big firms in the office blocks around.

My job was to welcome new members and assess their fitness levels and particular exercise needs before starting them on an exercise program. The assessment part was were things got a bit interesting and were I discovered the true benefits of working as an instructor.

3 months after starting a Mike's gym a modelling agency opened next door and signed an agreement to allow their models to use the Gym and its facilities. Doing an assessment on all members was compulsory and doing this for the models was not something that I was going to complain about.

Let me explain how the assessment process worked. Step one was to weigh the client. Step two to measure blood pressure and other stats. Step three was to measure the body circumference and dimensions. This meant measuring the length of the arms, legs, chest, stomach etc. Most lady clients got a bit embarrassed when I had to measure their chests, inner thighs and hips. This and the fact that we asked them to do this in clothes that allowed us access to these areas.

The first day that the modelling agency started using the gym was crazy, it was beginning of summer, everybody wanted to get their bodies back, and the extra load of having to process the first five models was an added stress. The first two assessments went smoothly as the models were used to being measured and standing around half-naked, it was the third assessment that became a vivid and lasting memory.

Cheryl was a tall blond underwear model with a figure that made men and woman stop and stare. Just short of 6 foot, most of it legs and 36C breasts. When she came into the assessment room, I had my back to the door and I asked her to strip down for the assessment without looking backward. When I finished with what I was doing, I turned around and nearly fell over. Standing in front of me with no bra and the smallest thong on was the most exquisite body I had ever seen.

It took me all of 10 seconds to gather myself and very shakily asked her to jump on the scale. Next was her blood pressure measurement, which was fine. It was when I measured her heart rate that I noticed things were a bit funny. It was higher than most people were and she was slightly out of breath.

“Are you ok?” I asked. “Yes just hot” she replied. I silently agreed to that.
The next step was to measure the circumference and dimensions. I started with the arms and then the chest. Standing in front of her, I asked her to lift her arms and reached around her with the measuring tape. Her beautiful breasts were right in my face and I could lick her nipples without changing position. They were standing up and her perfectly round areolas were slightly puckered. Her breathing was even more rapid than before. Accidently my hand brushed her nipple and it was as if an electric shock went thorough her.
My erection that I was quiet capable of hiding until this point became so large that I was concerned that I would split my shorts. I could feel the tip getting wet and my balls tingling with anticipation.
“Sorry” I apologised ever so insincerely. “No problem” she gasped.
Next was her waist and I was bit more careful here not to act inappropriate. All went well and we moved onto the legs. To measure the inner leg I asked clients to stand with their feet shoulder width apart to allow me free access to measure the length of the inner leg. Cheryl did this without hesitation and I noticed that the small thong had moved to the side exposing her left pussy lip. She was a smooth as silk and dripping wet.
I was on my knees tape measure in the hand, a dripping wet pussy in front of my nose and an erection that threatened to blow all on its own. It was at this point that I lost all professionalism and stuck my tongue out and gave her cunt a lick. Expecting a slap at least I cringed back but Cheryl grabbed me by the head and grounded my face into her crotch.
Her pussy smelled slightly musky with a whiff of perfume disguising the aroma of a long day. I dropped the tape measure and ripped the thong down while sticking my tongue up into her as far as I could. The grip on my head gave me a clear indication of what she wanted and I complied. Using my thumbs, I split her pussy open and tongued her lips, purposefully staying clear of the clit that was pulsating in front of my nose. Deeper and deeper I explored, faster and faster until Cheryl’s’ legs gave way and she sank back onto the floor.
With a quick movement, she kicked her thong off and wrapped her legs around my head. I had no choice but to carry on and that I did with enthusiasm. Her clit was so swollen by now that I could not ignore it and kissing and sucking it gently into my mouth I made her squirm around to the extent that I stated getting worried about the noise. I circled the clit slowly at first avoiding too much contact, occasionally flicking it. This made her jump and I increased the frequency. Making a rough dildo of my three fingers, I slid it into her and she clamped down. I managed to wriggle the middle one into a position so that I could rub her G-Spot and the noise coming from her must have told the gym what was happening.
I could feel her tensing up inside and her legs starting to quiver with an orgasm coming on. The first orgasm was relatively mild but as I said, it was only the first and I used the opportunity to strip off my top and shorts.
Using a pillow to raise her ass, I slid my huge erection’s tip into her vaginal opening and kept it there while moving it slowly in and out by millimetres. Cheryl’s eyes were closed and she was sucking on her long index finger with the one hand playing with her clit with the other. I started to slide in deeper

and deeper but keeping it slow and purpose-full. I used my hands to massage her breasts and the erect nipples were crying out for attention. Pinching them and pulling them, I heard her moan.
“Harder, hurt them, hurt them”
Those tits were too gorgeous to hurt but I increased the intensity and I thought the girl was going to go through the roof. Slowly but surely I could feel a mutual orgasm coming on and pulled out slowly before we got there. I pulled her to her feet and slid back onto the examination table pulling her on top of me. BIG MISTAKE!!
This girl rode wild horses for a hobby and must have thought I was one. For the next 30 minutes, she was in control. Fucking me with everything she had and more. I was hanging on to her tits for dear life and my dick took an onslaught from which I barely recovered. All 8’ were up to my balls into the tightest pussy on earth. Our thighs were slapping to the beat of the aerobics class music and I realised that somebody must have turned the music up to disguise the sounds emanating from the sssessment room.
There is something special in cumming together but this was one of those times that will forever stay with me and become a benchmark. The timing was perfect and I could feel my hot man juice hitting the back of her vagina as she clamped down hard on my dick. She was vibrating inside and the feeling made me cum and cum and cum.
Collapsing forward Cheryl bit down on my shoulder drawing blood but I did not even notice.
We stayed like this until we both recovered and were only brought back to reality by a knock on the door.
“Everything ok in there” I could hear my boss asking. “Yes sir” I managed to reply, almost done!
Cheryl came to gym regularly and we came together many times after that, but that is like they say in the movies another story.