

# How to Choose a Secretary, Chapter 9

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*Sara shows Mike her gym*

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Mike woke with daylight coming in through the roof windows. It took a moment for him to work out where he was – Sara’s annex. He felt for Sara with his foot, couldn’t feel her, then looked; she wasn’t there. The room was quiet. She was gone.

He looked at the clock: six fifteen. Quite early. He got up to use the loo and saw a note on the desk, in a round girlish hand: “Gone to breakfast with M&D. Back 6:30? S xxx”

Mike grinned to himself. XXX was about right he thought, the little sexpot. He used the loo, showered, got dressed, and put the kettle on just as the door opened and Sara came in, filling the room with energy, She was wearing jeans and a sweatshirt, quite different from how he’d got used to seeing her. She came over to him and hugged and kissed him. The girl inside was the same. He kissed her, pulled her to him, sniffed her hair, ran his hand up inside her sweatshirt up her back, then let her go. She stayed close, rubbing her leg against his.

“Sorry I wasn’t here,” she said, “I have to have one meal a day with them, that’s part of the deal; normally it’s both though and with missing dinner last night I didn’t want to miss two in a row. That’s it now though, I’m free.” She grinned at him, looking forward to the day ahead. “What shall we do?”

Mike just stopped himself saying ‘We’ve got to go to work’. His mind was just, just quick enough to step in: he had options, he didn’t absolutely have to be an old fart and spoil everything.

“How about coffee, for starters?” he prevaricated, turning to the kettle. Sara took over, fished everything they needed out of cupboards and set up the filter. No instant around here, Mike noted, not surprised.

“Toast?” asked Sara, and pulled a loaf out of what turned out to be the fridge-freezer. Five minutes later they were having breakfast together, or at least Mike was having breakfast and Sara was having coffee with him.

Mike contemplated their upcoming third day together. After the first two, what could it bring? There was no basis at all for making that prediction, as far as he could see - the only certainty seemed to be that he could spend it with her if he wanted. No dilemma there. He decided for now simply to ask a question that had been nagging at him.

“One thing is - where your parents are, and how I get out of here?”

“Oh they’ve gone,” she said, “they both work and they go early to miss the traffic. We can just walk out arm in arm.” She giggled, “Jill the cleaner’ll be coming at nine though, and I’ve got to do my exercises; and I’ll get you a shaver or something.” She was gone before Mike could empty his mouth to speak, returning with a shaver in only a couple of minutes. “It’s a spare,” she said, “he’ll never know.”

Mike shaved and remerged to find Sara in a tracksuit. It hung beautifully off her shoulders, though the baggy bottoms weren’t the best thing for her hips. But the thought of her naked inside her clothes came instantly to his mind.

“Do you want to see my gym?” she asked. Of course he did.

The door was outside under the wooden staircase. Sara switched on the lights as she went through after him, explaining: “Dad said there wasn’t room to have stairs inside, they take up so much space.” Mike could see there was not a lot of room to spare. There was only one window, at the far end, with foliage visible through it. The large wooden doors on the outside were nowhere to be seen. The walls were smooth and painted, and the whole space was brightly lit.

Towards the far end the ceiling stopped and the space extended upwards right to the roof, above an area with a single bar stowed against the wall and a small trampoline surrounded by crash pads. Mike understood now why the bedsit above had seemed too small for the building. The floor felt sprung and there was a low balance beam running along the room. There was a tube sunlamp hanging over an exercise mat. It was an impressive facility.

“Wow,” Mike said, “it’s quite something.”

“It’s pretty cool isn’t it?” agreed Sara, “Dad said he didn’t want me hanging round town with the other dropouts after I was kicked out of school.” She laughed, evidently her father had been half serious, half not. “Well OK,” she added, being fair, “he’d been planning it for a while.”

Sara swivelled the sunlamp out of the way and started doing stretches on the mat. “Are you going to do some?”

Mike indicated his shirt and trousers. "Take them off," said Sara before he even had time to say anything. "You'll soon warm up. I often do it in the nude anyway. Here." She stopped and in a moment had slipped off her tracksuit and was in her familiar naked state - tanned, smooth and natural. Mike took off his clothes and joined her on the mat, trying to follow her lead in his older less flexible way, but thinking that it was a pretty great way to start the day.

They both knew they were going to fuck, but delaying it definitely added to the spice. And improving their bodies first was going to add an extra bit of quality to it. It wasn't lost on him either that there was an element of status about it, Sara maximising her desirability. Well that was fine by him, his 0-10 scale could perfectly easily be extended to 11, he reflected with a smile. And he was thrilled by the idea she even wanted to.

He had to put up a reasonable show too, of course: it was a two-way exercise. Sex and status go hand in hand. You didn't get to have a girl like this unless you had something about yourself. Well as far as he was concerned he wouldn't have said he did at all, last Thursday, but now he'd give it a go, at least; she didn't seem to care about the things he'd expected her to care about, the many things he worried about in himself.

Sara moved onto the trampoline and started bouncing effortlessly up into the roofspace. Mike saw there was even a crash net up there. After a while she started pulling a few tricks, showing off. Mike grinned at her and tried the balance beam, finding that with a bit of practice he still had reasonable balance and could run along it. He moved onto the floor and tried a few moves, some hand presses, press-ups and one-leg stands. He ought to do more of this stuff, besides the running and swimming he'd been doing.

Sara was finishing with the trampoline and pulling out the bar. With the stays tightened she put grips on her hands, chalked them, jumped up to the bar and in a moment was upside down, then going round and round. She turned that motion into a lift and was magically on top of it, then hanging by the backs of her knees, then had wrapped herself round it. Her strength and fluidity were magnetic, Mike gravitated over there on autopilot. After a few minutes Sara finished her gyrations and dropped off, breathing hard but happily. "Wanna go?" she asked with a grin. It was a challenge, but she didn't stay to watch, going over to the mat and lowering the sunlamp over it.

Mike chalked his hands and gripped the bar, wondering if it would come back to him. The bar was a bit low for him, but he could keep his legs bent. It popped into his mind that while Sara was cavorting nude in front of him, he hadn't once stared at her crotch, or even her tits.

He was aware that she wasn't paying attention now in case, having been set the challenge, he might

fail and be humiliated. Well, she was being sort of firm but fair with him. He started with a pull-up, then pushed straight-armed above the bar and rolled over it. He swung down backwards with his legs tucked and up the other side. Not bad.

He dropped off, got his breath back and had another go, it was coming back, a little. He did a few more moves, heard the sunlamp timer go off, and dropped off onto the mats. Sara came back over. "I had an idea you used to be a gymnast," she said, "don't ask me how."

"It was a long time ago," said Mike, "at school".

Sara stroked his triceps and deltoids, making him glad he'd been swimming at least. "Sunbed? It's just set for three minutes a side."

Mike got under the lamp, put the eyepieces in, and Sara switched it on. He basked in the warm rays, turned over when it beeped, then when it beeped again he sat up, feeling terrific. Sara moved the sunlamp out of the way and lay down next to him to do her final stretches. "I sunbathe outside when I can," she was talking about the sunlamp, "but this is OK if you don't use it for long."

The stretches finished, she rolled over towards him, and he sat and looked at her. Their eyes met and his cock started to grow; he shifted to give it room, leaning over slightly towards her. Sara's eyes were drawn to it immediately; she watched it complete its transformation from a wrinkly sausage to its full size, and then pulled at Mike's elbow. He moved onto her, her thighs opened and his cock was sliding smoothly into her incredible pussy, just like that.

Her strong little body, both firm and soft, writhed under him and around him. Her aroma filled his nostrils, her hands pulled him into her, and her cunt rippled powerfully round his supercharged prick. He fucked her hard, she fucked back hard, and in a mere minute he was cumming, and so was she. They pressed together for a few seconds, then relaxed, gasping. It had been their most intense fuck yet. Their most natural, animal fuck, thought Mike. Sara's words to Natasha came back to him: they needed it, they really needed it. And it was perfect.

At Sara's prompting they ran back up to the bedsit naked, carrying their clothes. Mike had to admit it added something to the experience, even if the chances of being spotted by someone in the front garden were pretty low. They dived into the shower together, and this time Mike washed Sara's fabulous body, finding that washing her was even more pleasurable than being washed by her. Having now seen how she kept her body in such perfect condition added to his appreciation of it, as well. As she had said, she really believed in bodies.

They dried themselves, and then they were standing by the bed, about to get dressed. Sara nudged

into him. There was the connection again, increasingly familiar. She pushed him onto the bed and landed on him, his cock hard again already. She slid him into her and rode him, hard; it was another quick, intense fuck that ended with him pressing his big cock as deep as it would go, every fraction of a millimetre, and spurting his sperm into her orgasming young pussy. She leaned forward and kissed him for a long time, Mike stroking her smooth, strong back, then she looked deep into his eyes. “We need Tashie,” she said.