Teasing my gym buddy

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My gym buddy becomes my puppy

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I guess most people would say I have a decent figure, but I think I needed to tone up that half an inch that I gained over Christmas. I like to keep fit and I've been running for a couple of years now, but I rarely go the gym. If possible I wanted to lose a little weight off my hips without changing my bum. My new photographer likes my bum, he says it's sexy. I think he means it's big, but he's the expert.

I decided to join a gym in town in January as a sort of new year's resolution. I wandered in one Friday evening after work. It was full of guys pumping iron and there was a loud clink-clink of weights and lots of grunts and groans. There was so much testosterone in there! My arrival seemed to cause quite a stir. As I walked in, this one guy at a water fountain just looked at me and his brain must have just gone to mush. I guess he forgot that his hand was on the tap and the water started to run over the cup. Another guy almost dropped a weight on his toes. I know I was in my tightest, red lycra leotard but it was like they had never seen a woman before! Maybe it was the way the back didn't quite cover my bum cheeks and the fact that my boobs were - well…spilling out. I am a bit of an exhibitionist. I can't help it. I enjoy the attention, but even I didn't expect this reaction.

"You should carry a health warning love!" Said one guy, receiving a few guffaws from his mates.

Anyway I flashed a smile at a few men and headed for the cross trainer. After a while I realised I had no idea how to work it. I felt a bit of a numpty. It had a console like something off a jumbo jet. I asked for help. Then it was like a scene from a comedy. Five guys almost broke their neck to show me how to work the controls. Talk about eager. I must admit some of the guys in there were a bit buff. One particular bloke caught my eye. He had short blonde hair and he was toned without being ripped if you know what I mean. He had one of those short-cropped gym tops and I could see he had washboard abs. After the melee had died down, he casually wandered over just to make sure I was OK.

"Yes thank you, I'm good to go now I think," I said.

"Good. Don't worry about this lot, they're a good bunch."

“Ah yes, I’m sure, I was just a bit overwhelmed.”

He looked at me, or I should say - he looked at my boobs. Then he looked at my face.

“Are you surprised?”

I gave him my best ‘behave yourself’ look and got to work on the machine.

“OK, well just yell if you need anything. I’m Steve by the way.”

“OK thanks Steve. I’m Danielle.”

He smiled and walked off. His butt looked like it was made of concrete.

I gave it a good thirty minutes on the cross trainer and then went on the swivel disc thingy that was meant to be good for your hips. I didn’t want to over do it on my first session so called it a day. I was still the only girl, so had the ladie’s showers to myself. The water was lovely and hot and I took my little Bic razor to trim the old bikini line. One has to keep a tidy lady garden! I thought about Steve as I was drying off and wondered what he would say if he was to wander in at that moment. I know he wouldn‘t, but I was covered with prickly heat just from the idea of him seeing me naked. He had already had a good look in the gymnasium. I began to get turned on with the thought of his eyes roving around my body, especially my freshly trimmed pubes. I wondered if he had a big cock. If it was as healthy as the rest of him, it would be a good one.

It was on the Sunday morning after my visit to the gym and I went on one of my longer jogs, taking me through a big park and along the river. As I entered the last mile or so a guy with a huge dog came round the corner. I had to take evasive action to avoid crashing into his giant pooch. In doing so, I tripped on a loose paving slab and twisted my ankle. I screamed but the dick with the dog just said “Ooh sorry love and walked off! I was like “Yeah! Thanks a bunch mate, I’ll pick myself up off the floor shall I!” I was so fucking angry!

As I was nursing my poor leg, I looked up and the blonde guy from the gym was looking down at me. He had such kind eyes and held his hand out.

“See if you can stand Danielle,” he said.

I took his hand and he pulled me to my feet with such strength, I hardly bent my knees. For all his sinew his hands were soft though.

“Fancy seeing you!” I said.

“I only live round the corner,” he said. “ Can you walk?”

“I think so, it’s just a bit sore.”

“I have a deep heat stick at home,”

“I bet you do!” I said, a bit too loudly.

“Pardon?” He said with surprise in his voice.

“Oh nothing, yes that would do the trick.”

I had my skin tight black jogging pants on and because it was not too cold - a white crop top. Steve who was having a good look again, was wearing a navy hoodie and black shorts. His legs looked so toned and muscular. He did live just round the corner as he said, so I didn’t have far to hobble. When we got inside he showed me through to his living room and help me stretch out on the sofa.

“Not be a minute,” he said.

I looked round the room as you do and couldn’t see any sign of the female touch, so I assumed he was single. He came back with the liniment and knelt on the floor at the end of the sofa. He took the weight of my leg in one hand as he rubbed a little of the stuff into my ankle. He was firm and gentle at the same time. He looked up and I gazed into his blue eyes as he was making a circular motion on an uninjured part of my foot with his thumb.

“Is that extra then?” I said.

“Oh sorry! I didn’t realise,” he said, moving his hand hastily.

“I was enjoying it. I didn’t mean I wanted you to stop,” I said.

“Oh OK!” He said, looking at me with a slightly guilty expression.

I looked down towards him and noticed his eyes had suddenly become fixed on my down stairs bits. He looked away then looked into my eyes and gulped. I looked where he had been looking and realised the gusset of my jogging pants had made their way into my crack. Steve stood up and I was

sure he had a semi on. He was doing nothing to hide it, but there was definitely something going off in his shorts. There I was laid out on his sofa with my legs open and my short white top barely covering my boobs. His eyes wandered from my toes up to my nose and back again. For a few seconds there was just silence as I looked him up and down at the same time as he was mentally undressing me.

“Can I get you a drink at all?” He asked.

“I’ll just have a glass of water please,” I said.

I felt very relaxed how I was sitting, but it wasn’t very lady-like. I sat up when he brought me the glass of water.

“Thanks Steve… and thanks for being so kind,” I said.

“That’s OK Danielle. Can I get you anything else?”

“Actually Steve, I better get back home, I need to prepare some stuff for work.”

“Oh well let me drive you home at least,” he said.

“That would be nice!”

I smiled at him as he helped me to my feet. He drove me the mile home and I said I would look out for him next time I was at the gym.

Next time as it happened was on the Tuesday evening, and I drove there straight from work. Laura was at her Mum’s and being as she is the cook out of the two of us, I decided to grab a jacket spud after I had worked out. This time I opted for my shortest grey hot pants, which seem always to make my bum wiggle, and a pink vest. It was a cold night and just waking from the car to the changing rooms got my nipples rock hard. As I entered the gym they hadn’t really gone down. You can imagine the reaction. I was yet again the only girl in there, although I am told they do get a few others I just hadn’t met them yet. Steve was on the bench press. I’m not sure what 110kg was but it seemed a lot. His triceps actually rippled with each extension. He saw me and clanked the bar into place.

“Don’t get up on my account,” I said.

“It’s OK, I was going to hit the rower,” he said.

He looked at me and licked his lips.

“You look amazing Danielle.”

“Oh OK thanks!”

“If you need a hand…”

“I’m going to do a few exercises with the small weights,” I said, fluttering my eyelashes.

I worked up quite a sweat and when I thought I’d endured enough pain I finished with a bit of cardio on the treadmill. Steve was on a rowing machine that was bolted down just a few feet from me and his line of sight was straight into my crotch. I have to admit I enjoyed watching him workout. It was the exertion in his face and the way every muscle just rippled from the strain of his exercise. When I had done I looked in the mirror, which went the full length of the gym and saw that I had a damp area on the front of my shorts. I looked at Steve and his gaze went straight to the spot. That’s the trouble with grey, it betrays the slightest bit of moisture. I looked at him blushed.

“Good session?” he asked with just a hint of sarcasm I thought. A few of the other guys were checking me out, but only Steve was within talking distance. As I spoke to him, I adjusted my top, which made my boobs jiggle.

“Yeah! I enjoyed that. Just hope it all pays off.”

“You look pretty damn good to me already,” he said.

“Ooh flattery will get you everywhere,” I said, naughtily.

Steve didn’t speak but smiled a broad smile.

“Right I better get in that hot shower,” I said, twanging the top of my shorts.

“Oh my God!” He said.

I smiled at him. He looked very hot and bothered.

“See you then,” I said.

“Yeah…yeah OK Danielle. Enjoy… your shower.”

There was no doubting what would be on his mind that night. As I took my shower, rubbing the soapy water into my boobs and between my bum cheeks I thought about Steve, wondering what image of me he would use as he wanked himself off. I was really worked up and fingered myself in the shower as my wicked thoughts bubbled up. It didn't take long to bring myself to a nice little orgasm, the water sprinkling over my tits and two fingers working away at my swollen clit. I was a bit noisy as I came. I thought I had been alone, so I got a surprise when there was another girl in the changing room as I went through to dry.

"Someone enjoyed their workout!" She said.

"Oh…um yeah! Ha ha!"

"There is some fit jocks in there, ain't there!" She said.

"Yeah, there is a bit," I said, feeling rather embarrassed at being caught. I dressed and had a fresh orange juice in the bar before heading home.

I thought about him that night as I snuggled up to my girlfriend. I wondered what I could do to turn the screw on him a bit further. I wanted to make him beg for me.

The following Sunday I went for another run, as my ankle was now fully mended and took a similar route to the previous weekend. After a few miles I paused to drink from my water bottle and a naughty thought crept into my mind. I knew where Steve's house was and it would be only a minor detour to go that way. I was in my figure hugging black shorts and a white rugby shirt and I wondered how pleased he would be to see me. As long as he wasn't out himself, but I took that chance.

A few minutes later I was on his doorstep and I tapped on the glass a few times.

"Wow! Hi Danielle. This is a surprise!" He said when he saw me.

"I know. The thing is. Silly me, I've left my key at home and now I'm locked out. I don't suppose I can ring my friend from here? She's got a spare."

"Yeah sure! Come in."

"Awww thanks Steve, you're so good."

"Forgot your mobile too?" He said, pointing at my little bum bag.

“Oh yeah…what am I like!”

I wriggled my shoulders and made a little face, as if I was feeling stiff from my run.

“You OK?” He asked.

“Yeah, just a bit… you know. Could just do with a nice massage.”

“I don’t mind, I have a bit of a knack with the old hands,” he said helpfully.

“Really? You a trained masseur/” I asked.

“No, no just have the touch I guess. Do you want to lie flat on the sofa and I’ll give your shoulders a rub.”

“That sounds nice Steve.”

I ran an index finger up and down my front as I looked up at him.

“Do you want me to keep these on or not?” I asked, with a twinkle in my eye.

“Sorry?” He said, uncertainly.

“Do you want to massage me with my clothes on or off?”

“Ummm…what would…. you prefer/” He asked, suddenly losing his confidence.

“Off.” I said.

“Right. Yes…ummm.”

“Is that OK?” I said, as sweetly as possible.

Steve looked stunned as I began to ease my shorts down. I got them a few inches down, just enough to reveal my neatly shaved pubes and then I stood up and fiddled with my white top. It had three little white buttons and I undid them as slowly as I could. Steve’s face! He was transfixed. I looked at his shorts and there was a nice little tent forming. I took the hem of my shirt and pulled it over my head.

“Oh Danielle!”

“What?” Is there a problem Steve?”

“God no! No problem.”

I gripped the top of my shorts again and eased them down a bit more. I wanted to make sure his cock was nice and hard. I turned round so he could have a proper look at my bare bum and then faced him again. His eyes involuntarily shot to my pink cunt lips. I knew they would be moist with my juice. I knew how much I was turning him on and that turned me on. When I get aroused my little pussy gets wet very quick. Steve stood there, his face flushed and his eyes not knowing which part of my body to focus on next.

I walked towards him and ran my right hand along the front of his T shirt. Steve stroked my arm, up to my shoulder. Then he brushed my face tenderly with the outside of his index finger. I shivered, as if from the cold, except that it was warm in his living room.

“You’re a little tease, aren’t you,” said Steve, not unpleasantly.

“A little bit!” I said. “Do you like what you see Steve?”

“Oh yeah!”

“Do you want to fuck me Steve?”

He sat down and pulled me towards him, with his hands around my tiny waist and then cupped my breasts and kissed them softly. I suddenly developed goose bumps all over my body as his lips closed around first one nipple and then the other. I ran my hands through his fine blonde hair as he sucked my tits. As he did so, I felt his hand brush the inside of my legs and then a couple of fingers toyed with my pussy lips.

“Oh fuck! Danielle - you’re so wet!” He said, looking up at me with his lovely blue eyes..

“Do you want to be my puppy Steve?”

“What?”

“Do you want to get on all fours and lick me out before I let you fuck me?”

“Whatever you say Danielle!”

“Get out of those then,” I said, pointing to his track suit bottoms.

He took them off and what had been making that huge tent, appeared and he stood there with just about the nicest wanger a girl is gonna find. I just wanted to have him inside me, but not before I had had some fun first. I really believed he would do anything for me. I wanted to humiliate him, but keep him turned on too. His cock was throbbing but I was in control and Steve knew that. I liked the way Steve was so strong but gentle and sweet. He could have over-powered me with one hand but he wasn’t like that. That’s what I like in a man - controlled power. That and a very hard dick!!!

“Get on your hands and knees then Steve. Be my puppy.”

Steve did as I asked without question, so obediently. I put my right foot on the edge of the sofa.

“Kiss my toes for me, kiss my little pinkies one by one.”

He looked so pitiful as he knelt down and kissed my toes. I rubbed my finger around my clitoris and then dipped my fingers into my oozing cunt. I let out a little ‘Oooh’ of pleasure, and Steve looked up.

“Lick my fingers Steve.”

I held my hand out and Steve poked his tongue out and kissed them and then put them in his mouth and sucked the dampness off.

“Do I taste good Steve?”

“Yeah… you do. So sweet.”

I stood up and stretched my pussy lips open showing him my swollen clit and the wetness that was inside my vagina. Steve looked dazed, and sort of mesmerised.

“Lick me there, put your tongue… Aaaaaaaaah aaaaaaaaaah yes!”

I couldn’t even finish the sentence and Steve had sat up and his tongue was in my pussy. His tongue was only in a little way, but I was so sensitive, so turned on, I immediately began to tremble from an intense pleasure deep in my pussy. I was aching for him and to have him kneeling before me with his tongue lapping at my cunt was just too much. I licked my fingers and rolled them around each nipple. My breasts were tender, because I was turned on and my whole body was becoming alive with the tension that was building up. I couldn’t wait to have his cock inside me any longer. I pushed him away

and lay on his sofa with my legs open. Steve stood up and looked at me like a man possessed. There was a fire in those blue eyes and I knew I was going to be fucked so good!

He was breathing deeply and he pressed his hot lips into my neck as he entered me. He was so rigid and I dragged my finger nails along his spine as he got deeper, inch by inch filling my aching wet pussy. I had teased him so much over the last couple of weeks and I knew I was going to pay for it now. He made a kind of growling noise as he fucked me. I dug my finger nails harder into his back and wrapped my legs around him. His lips were now all over my face, kissing my cheeks and then nibbling my ear. He must have been into me as far as he would go - I could hear the slapping sound of his balls against my bum and I just let out a long deep moan as I had my first little orgasm.

Steve pulled out and turned me on my side, before entering me from behind. It was like half spooning, half doggy but whatever it was it was good. He pawed at my boobs as he shagged me, groaning with every thrust. He was so fit and I felt like a little doll in his arms as he controlled me gently but firmly. I don't think I've felt a man go so deep as I was being skewered by his throbbing manhood. It was beautiful, wild sex and Steve's moans were now even louder than mine, though half muffled as his face was pressed into my neck.

The constant aching, the wonderful sensations in my pussy just grew stronger and stronger as his thrusts grew harder and faster.

"Oh Danielle! You little bitch!"

"Oh Steve - yes! That's it! Fuck me baby! Fuck me!"

He pulled out and almost in an instant he picked me up and dropped me over the back of the sofa and he stood behind me entering me from behind. I felt his hands grip my arms as his cock sank ball deep into my pussy. We were both moaning at the same time and I knew he would be leaving my arms bruised but I didn't care. The force of his thrusts were strong, but there was control too. I gripped the cushions until my knuckles went white. At the same time Steve's breathing became a series of snorts and I could feel his perspiration dripping onto my back. The tremors in my stomach gentle at first, grew stronger as a seismic wave of orgasm spread down my legs and through my body. It was just building to the best, most intense one I've ever had. He had one hand one my shoulder and the other on my neck as he fucked me and I knew he was going to blow his load soon. Every thrust was hitting my spot and I just needed him to keep going…just for a few…a few seconds and… and…

"Aaaaaaaahnhh Yes! Steve!!! Aaaaaaaaaaah….ooooooooh!!! Oooooh shitttttt!! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!"

Seeing me and hearing me cum sent him over the edge.

“Hhhhhhnnnnnnnnnghh! Oh fuck! I’m coming! Danielle! Aaaaaaaaaaaarggggghhhhh Raaaaaaaaaaaaargh!!!”

We came together more or less. My body was convulsing uncontrollably as his spunk shot deep into my pussy. He was so loud! He came and came and came, until I could feel his cum welling up inside me.

I just slipped sideways down the furniture after the best orgasm I have ever had. It was amazing. Steve almost fell on top of me and planted kisses all over my neck.

“Danielle - you’re too much! You could kill a guy!”

“Ha ha! It’s a good job you’re so buff isn’t it!” I said, touching his super toned abs. Steve stood up and then I saw his back. There were four red lines raked into his rib cage. He would be wearing the scars of battle for a few days at least. It would give the guys at the gym something to talk about. As I dressed I unzipped my bum bag.

“Oh look my keys were in there all the time! What am I like!”

Steve made me a coffee before I left and gave me some tips to help me at the gym. Mission accomplished, I say.