The Olympic Spirit

By mischiefmaker

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Will Kate's anxiety keep her from medalling?

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Kate was bothered and starting to question her life choices. She was 21, going to college part time and on-line, had no boyfriend or romantic involvement with anyone, and knew that it would be at least another five years – if everything worked out – before she could possibly graduate from law school, her academic goal. And she didn't even know any guys she wanted to bong, let alone have any real prospects.

Given that Kate had a near genius I. Q., was 5'7", 115 pounds with long flaxen hair, even longer shapely legs, and a face reminiscent of Helen of Troy, it would be difficult to understand how her present situation was possible unless you knew one more thing about her. Kate had another, non-academic goal; to be an Olympian in her favorite sport, gymnastics.

Kate had been practicing tirelessly since she was seven. No weekend parties in high school but plenty of time spent in the gym developing her quickness, technique and stamina; no fun vacations during the summer but plenty of gymnastics camp sessions. While Kate had significant athletic ability she wasn't a natural and had to make up for what she lacked in God-given talent with hard work. Things were made especially difficult when she had a growth spurt when 16 and went from having a classic female gymnast's size and shape to the size and shape of a sexy woman, and at 21 she was now "old" for a gymnast.

While Kate went to bed bummed a good night's sleep soothed her psyche and she woke up the next morning resolved to continue her quest. She was flying to the U. S. Olympic qualification meet early afternoon so she got in a nice five mile run, ate her normal breakfast of Greek yogurt, blueberries, and granola, and finished packing before getting a cab to the airport.

Despite her dedication to her sport Kate was not a favorite at the Olympic tryouts. She was ranked tenth in the country and hadn't been in a meet with higher ranked opponents in six months. Although her flexibility and stamina were unmatched and negated the drawbacks of her non-typical body type and age she tended to get overly anxious before big meets, something even sessions with a sports psychologist weren't able to remedy. However, what she now had going for her more than any other

competitor was her attitude; she was going for broke. She had decided that if she didn't make the Olympic team she was giving up the sport and concentrating on her studies.

Five participants and an alternate would be chosen based solely on their performance at the trials.

Girls and women Kate had faced off against many times in the past, plus a number of new rivals, awaited her when she arrived at the venue. Kate had always been well liked by other gymnasts but knew that friendships were out the window during Olympic trials and that the competition would be cutthroat.

Kate was on her game the first two days, able to put her most, but not all, of her anxiety behind her in the other apparatus aside from her specialty – the vault. She finished sixth overall so she would be the alternate, not an original team member.

While disappointed at least, Kate justified to herself, she would get the Olympic experience.

The buildup to the trip to London for the Olympics was exciting with all of the practice sessions, photo shoots, and press interviews. While always in the background because of her position on the team she did not go unnoticed since she was by far the most photogenic team member and often was featured in photos and videos even though she wasn't interviewed extensively.

At the Olympic village Kate was an even bigger hit – not because she was looked upon as a favorite, like some competitors; rather she made several unofficial "hottest Olympians" lists. You couldn't go on a website about Olympians without seeing Kate's beautiful face and slinky body characterized as one of the ten, six, or in one case two, sexiest female Olympians.

Kate's female teammates, and other female Olympians in the U. S. delegation, had great fun teasing Kate about it because she was so easily embarrassed and blushed at even the most indirect mention of the lists. The male Olympians from all countries had an entirely different reaction – pursuit!

Kate could not believe the attention she was getting from the male athletes at the Olympic Village. All she knew was that coming early to the Village, even if she was just an alternate, was her best move ever.

While Kate certainly wasn't a virgin she hadn't had the sexual experiences someone who was as phenomenally beautiful and sexy as she was would have had if she hadn't spent most of her post-pubescent life training. It seemed that each guy in the Olympic Village was more fit and handsome than the last, and since the attitude in the Village was "fuck till you drop" as long as it didn't interfere with your event she quickly made up her mind to take full advantage of it.

First there was the Australian swimmer; he was certainly a good fuck, but seemed too concerned with his pleasure and not enough with hers. Then there was the Italian volleyball player. He really knew how to move his dick around but for some reason her orgasm with him was muted. The French soccer player gave her a nice orgasm but was too full of himself outside of bed for her to want another session. Then came the sexual version of a gold medal match.

A Swedish javelin thrower with the very un-Swedish nickname of Blake came on strong to Kate her fourth day at the Village. He was 6’ 5”, probably 225 pounds that looked to be all muscle, blond hair, blue eyes, and an extraordinarily intriguing face – not movie star handsome but exceedingly cute, boyish, and masculine all at the same time. He spoke perfect English – probably because he had attended college and trained in America for years – and what he had to say bowled her over especially since it was said with the genuineness of a prayer and not the insincerity of a line.

“Hi Kate, my name’s Blake.”

“How did you know my name?”

“You’re kidding, right? Your face is plastered all over the Internet as one of the ‘hottest Olympians’ and when I’m not training I’m often surfing the net.”

“God, that’s so embarrassing.”

“No reason to be embarrassed; it just shows that those doing the rating have eyes – and good taste,” Blake continued, causing Kate to blush and look at the ground. “Hey, I’m sorry if I made you uncomfortable; how about you let me buy you a smoothie at the canteen to make up for it.”

“They’re free to athletes, Blake,” Kate laughed.

“Then you won’t have to worry about bankrupting me when you get the most exotic one on the menu,” Blake shot back with dancing eyes.

Since Blake was a hunk-and-a-half Kate was not about to refuse.

When properly motivated the athletes at the Olympic Village don’t want to waste time – Blake and Kate were no exception. After a very pleasant hour long chat over smoothies where each found the other’s personality stimulating Blake was less than subtle when he said “I know how to enhance your performance; a nice Swedish massage.”

“Performance, huh,” Kate chortled. “I told you I’m an alternate so I’m not likely going to get to compete.”

“You have to make your teammates sharp by practicing with them, don’t you?” Blake smiled, “and besides, there’s more to ‘performance’ than athletics.”

Blake had his own room – explaining that his uncle was the head of the Swedish Olympic Committee – and actually did give Kate a massage. But once she was completely relaxed their encounter took another turn.

As Kate lay on her back on Blake’s bed as he finished the massage by kneading her right foot, despite how heavy her contented eyes felt Kate perked up when Blake quickly removed his shirt, dropped his pants, then lowered his briefs. Obviously Blake liked what he saw in her since his cock was sticking upright it was so hard, looking like a big inviting lollipop above two enormous gumdrops.

Blake didn’t need to say a word; he let his prick hypnotize Kate causing her to very deliberately sit up while staring at his manhood and reach to caress both of his testicles as she moved her mouth over his helmet.

As Kate enthusiastically tongued Blake’s cock while manipulating his balls Blake so deftly removed her clothing that she almost didn’t notice that she was naked until she had to temporarily interrupt her slurping as Blake simultaneously pulled her bra and T-shirt over her head. When she tried to continue her mouth play Blake apparently had other ideas as he effortlessly lifted her above his bed and put her on her hands and knees.

By this time Kate’s pussy was dripping wet but she was surprised by Blake’s almost complete lack of foreplay. He simply manipulated his steel hard dick over her pussy lips three or four times and then buried himself balls deep in one thrust.

However what Blake lacked in foreplay he made up for first with thoughtfulness and then with passion.

Blake very slowly and purposefully alternated rotating his dick around in Kate’s tight channel, and then pulling out all the way to the tip before pushing back in. After a few minutes of this leisurely stimulating activity Kate thought she heard a noise like an end-table drawer opening but couldn’t be sure because she was already well on her way to sexual nirvana. She became convinced she had heard that noise, however, when she felt Blake rubbing a gel over her anus.

As Blake continued pleasuring Kate’s cunt with his tool the gentle rubbing of her anus was followed

by tender penetration with one, then two, lubricated fingers. Never having had her anus played with before at first Kate was uncomfortable and tried to move one of her hands to stop the invasion of her anus. However when she did that she lost her balance as Blake pushed his cock to the end of her love canal.

Sensing Kate's unease Blake assured her that she would have no pain, that she would thoroughly enjoy the experience, and that if she ever felt pain to tell him and he would stop immediately. "I need some new sexual experiences," Kate said to herself as she bit down on a bed sheet and succumbed. Blake was right; her discomfort was shortly followed by pleasure when a stiff yet soft object infiltrated her second hole.

The enjoyment of having both of her crotch orifices filled at the same time was starting to make her brain a little fuzzy. The last actual thought that passed through her mind that she could remember was "So that's what a butt plug feels like." That thought had no sooner registered than Blake began pounding the shit out of her.

Each of Blake's thrusts traversed the entire length of Kate's vagina, and soon they were in such rapid succession that Kate had no ability to thrust back but just groaned and moaned while continuing to bite the bed sheet as what felt like every nerve ending in her body was being energized. That is she thought every nerve ending was being invigorated until Blake starting pumping seminal fluid into her at the same time that he rotated, reciprocated, and then withdrew the butt plug. Kate's circuits were fried as her toes curled, her arms got weak, and her mind was flooded with endorphins.

Kate remembered little – or chose to remember little – of anything else that happened for the next twelve hours except that Blake seemed to have his fingers, tongue, or cock in one of her orifices almost every waking moment. Her body and mind were at a level of satisfaction and contentment far above any other in her experience,

As Blake was fingering her asshole, tweaking a nipple, and nibbling on her neck, Kate's serenity was disturbed and she was jolted back to reality with a loud buzz from her cellphone. Almost in a trance she answered it with a hoarse "Hell-ooo."

"Kate, where the hell are you? We need you at the practice venue right away."

Quickly glancing at the bedside clock and trying to regain her composure as rapidly as possible Kate blurted out "But practice isn't for two hours."

"You're going to need more practice time, though, because Allison just got appendicitis and has been rushed to the hospital. There is no way she will be able to compete and you need to get more practice

time, especially in the vault.”

Holy shit! Competition started the next day and she wasn’t prepared. “I’ll be there as soon as possible,” she whined, ending the call and then frantically looking for her clothes.

“What’s wrong?” a concerned Blake inquired.

“I have to compete at least in the vault tomorrow and need to get to practice right away.”

“That’s fantastic!” Blake cheered, unconsciously clapping his hands together. “I have access to a golf cart so I can get you there fast, you don’t have to wait for the shuttle.”

On the way to the practice venue Blake could tell that Kate was starting to agonize over her upcoming unexpected competition. “Kate, just breathe deeply until you get your glitzy outfit on and do up your hair. Then visualize the most fun you’ve ever had and how your opponents are keeping you from repeating that fun and instead of getting hyper direct all of your energy into imagining the joy you’ll get when you defeat them.”

When Kate wasn’t doing breathing exercises to his satisfaction Blake would tickle her or tell gross jokes until she got with the program. As he dropped her off Blake asked “What time shall I be by to pick you up?”

“You don’t have to do that, Blake.”

“I want to; just so it doesn’t interfere with my practice in early afternoon I’ll be here.”

“Let me have your cell number and I’ll send you a text,” Kate smiled, entering Blake’s number into her phone and giving him a big kiss goodbye. “I had fun,” she giggled.

“If you think that was fun wait until tonight,” Blake laughed as he drove away to her shouts of “Oh no, you animal!”

Kate couldn’t believe it but reflecting on her beyond- awesome night with Blake and doing the breathing he recommended she felt much better than she thought she would when practice began. She practiced on all the apparatus, but especially the vault, and went over films of her technique during the Olympic trials. She also practiced a vault she had never tried in competition because it was so difficult, one she called the “Flying Wallenda,” just in case she had to go for broke.

Kate texted Blake just before her shower after her 8 hour day. He immediately texted back that he

would be there within fifteen minutes. He picked her up with a big smile on his face and told her that his session with her the night before had inspired him in practice to sling his longest throw ever – almost 85 meters, just a little over a meter and ½ short of the Olympic record.

Kate and Blake chatted up a storm, just like they were old friends, went to dinner and then on a relaxing walk through the Village. Kate gave Blake a kiss goodnight with the intention of turning in early to get a long sleep for her first competition the next day. Blake was having none of it.

“You want the best chance to win tomorrow?”

“Of course.”

“The best chance is if you sleep with me tonight and we have some fun to relax you. You’ll get more rest than being by yourself agonizing about your meet,” Blake cooed as he rubbed Kate’s arm and back.

“I don’t think that will work,” Kate hesitantly replied.

“How many times have you agonized before meets in the past to the point where you didn’t get a good night’s sleep?”

“Gee … probably most of the time.”

“How many times did you have great sex the night before a meet?”

“Uh,… never.”

“It’s time for a change then,” Blake jokingly barked as he more carried then led Kate away.

While Kate half-heartedly protested most of the way to Blake’s room with every stroke or her back, butt, or arm by one of Blake’s hands the protests grew less sincere so that by the time they entered Blake’s room she was ripping his clothes off.

When both Kate and Blake were naked and fervent Blake sat on the edge of the mattress, Kate jumped into his arms and wrapped her legs around his muscular torso and they simultaneously moved their sex organs into contact with each other. Soon they were both heaving their entire bodies, panting, sweating, and swearing (at least when Blake wasn’t sucking on a nipple or Kate wasn’t biting an ear). Their mutual climax rocked their worlds, causing them to collapse in a happy pile of flesh.

Kate quickly fell into one of the most relaxing sleeps of her life. Unfortunately once her euphoria wore off her anxiety woke her. Blake woke too and had the perfect remedy; another fuck, this time slowly and deliberately while they were in a spoon position. After her vagina was stroked by Blake's cock for a good twenty minutes he ejaculated into her again, triggering another mammoth organism that so relaxed her she was in deep REM sleep within minutes.

Kate woke the next morning raring to go with little of the anxiety that had plagued her. Her coaches and teammates noticed the difference, and her performance showed it. While she still was far from the best overall performer in the meet, or even on her own team, she posted personal highs in two of the apparatus and was second on the team and fifth in the competition in the initial vault competition in the all-around.

Kate qualified for the finals in the vault, which would be in three days. Every night she and Blake fucked each other's' brains out, and every day she became more relaxed and more confident.

Now it was time for the vault final. Again using his uncle's influence Blake finagled a second row seat right near the vaulting horse to cheer Kate on.

Kate's first vault was acceptable, but didn't put her in line for a medal. As she was discussing with her coaches what to do for her second vault she heard Blake's distinctive voice above the din of the crowd – "Kate, you CAN do the Flying Wallenda!"

Kate smiled, contemplated, and then told her coaches she wanted to try the highest point vault ever attempted in competition. While initially opposed the coaches could sense Kate's confidence and determination and agreed.

As Kate waited for the score of the previous contestant to be posted she reflected back on Blake's advice and thought "This goddamn vaulting horse is keeping me from my ultimate pleasure of fucking Blake tonight." This caused her pussy to start leaking slightly, and out ran some of Blake's cum obviously still trapped there from the morning fuck Blake gave her just before she left for the competition. With a big grin and fortified mind she was ready.

Running, flipping, springing, engaging, twisting and turning Kate hit the Flying Wallenda better than she ever had in practice. The landing wasn't perfect and her legs separated a little in midair but seeing the tallest female gymnast in the competition fly so high and move her flexible body so elegantly drove the crowd crazy, especially the big blond Swede in the second row who almost crushed everyone around him with his celebration hugs. Her score was good enough for a Silver Medal, so far beyond her expectations just six months ago that she broke down in tears.

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When Blake returned from javelin practice the next day he brought with him a photo from one of the numerous papers circulating around the Village. The caption was “Hottest Female Medalist,” of course above a photo of Kate. After teasing Kate to get her characteristic blush Blake pinned her against the wall of his room and said “I’m hoping the sexiest female medalist will get me ready for my competition tomorrow.”

“I’ll either get you ready or fuck you to death,” Kate sneered as she ripped Blake’s clothes off, pushed him down on his bed, and rode him reverse cowgirl like he was a Brahma Bull.

[This story was inspired by that Lush sexpot KissLoveKatie!]