

Corporate membership

By : Collette Parrish

The decision to take advantage of corporate gym membership leads to an unexpected workout

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The gym was on my route home, and, as we had corporate membership, and partly because Jill in the office had almost nagged me into it, I decided to give it a try. I'd bought some kit- going for the duller colours possible so as not to draw attention to myself, besides, day-glo was for poseurs, right? I chose to go as late as possible, partly because I'd worked late at the office, and partly to avoid anyone else from work.

Flashing my conspicuously new membership card, I went to the changing rooms, and found a locker. I put on my shorts, a faded band t-shirt from my youth and the new trainers. I looked in the mirror- a forty-something in need of some serious work, I thought. I filled my water bottle from the tap, and headed out to the main gym.

After five minutes on a Nordic Ski machine I felt my lungs burning and my muscles aching. I slowed the pace, getting into a comfortable rhythm, and took a look around the room. Only about six people in there with me, and quite a lot of day-glo on show. I smiled to myself. I stayed on the skier for another ten minutes, building the pace toward the end. I was already bathed in sweat, but figured it was all for the best.

I got onto the treadmill, and ran slowly, more of a fast walk. I needed to build up slowly, gently. I took a swig of water, and put the bottle back into the holder beside the machine. My eyes were drawn to a flash of platinum blonde hair to my right. I tried to be discreet, not wanting to gain a reputation as a voyeur on my first visit.

She was about mid twenties, I'd guess. Short spiky hair, dyed platinum, an elfin face, very pretty. She had headphones on and seemed oblivious to her surroundings. Her outfit was tight lycra, with pink trainers. She was really going for it. Somewhat inspired, I picked up the pace too, and instantly regretted it. I hadn't realised just how unfit I was, years of office work had taken its toll on me.

I slowed, then stopped, picking up my bottle and towel, and headed to the changing room. I had to pass Platinum to get there. She looked at me as I passed, I immediately made myself look a complete twat by waving cheerily at her. I went even redder, and slunk off.

It hurt to get undressed, but I managed it. Towel around my waist, I made for the showers. The cubicles stood in a line, the side panels starting about eighteen inches off the floor and running to about shoulder height. This was all new to me- showers at school had been one long wet corridor of icy cold dripping water. I entered a cubicle, pulling the door closed, and took the towel from my waist and put it over the door- ostensibly to show it was occupied, pointless as my legs and head were on display.

I heard the door go and footsteps approach as I fiddled with the shower settings. I turned it on, and squealed like a girl as I was doused in cold water.

â Turn the middle wheel to the leftâ .

I shot out a hand and turned the middle wheel to the left, the water immediately turning so hot my skin was in danger of cooking. I turned the water off.

â Thanks, itâ s my first timeâ . I turned to my right, to where the words of wisdom had come from. Platinum was in the next shower stall. Naked. I blushed and turned away.

â First time in a shower?â she giggled. â Itâ s not rocket science. Here, Iâ ll helpâ .

Corporate membership

I felt myself physically shrinking as Platinum pushed open the door to my cubicle, and came in. Her eyes on mine the whole time, I begged every fibre in my body not to look anywhere but at her eyes. She turned the middle wheel to the centre, then turned on the main tap. Warm water poured from the generous shower head.

â There, easy.â

â Thâ !.thanksâ .

She made no attempt to leave. The gym provided dispensers of hypoallergenic shower gel in the cubicles. Platinum squeezed a generous amount into one hand.

â You donâ t mind, do you? Save water, and all that?â She worked the gel into a lather, and began to soap herself.

What was I supposed to do? I reached around her to get some gel myself, my arm making contact with her shoulders. She turned and smiled, then returned to washing herself.

Without all the constraints of the lycra, this girl had curves, not some stick-thin gym bunny, but a proper shape. I caught sight of her breasts, full yet firm. Her hips were full, too. She stood about five foot tall, Iâ d guess. She raised her arms to wash herself, the breasts rising.

â Make yourself useful, wash my backâ .

I snapped myself out of my slack jawed goon mode, and rubbed my hands together to raise a lather. My hands tentatively on her shoulders, I began to massage her skin with the froth. I ran my hands down her back, to the top of her hips. A small dolphin tattooed on her lower back, my fingers traced the outline. She giggled, â Donâ t tickle meâ .

I decided to be bold. I took another squirt of the gel, and sank to my knees, my face level with her butt. Lathering my hands, I took one butt cheek in each, rubbing the soap gently into her skin. Platinum shifted slightly, her legs parting. From my viewpoint I could see her pussy, the lower lips pronounced, no hair visible. I ran my hands up and down her legs, she put one hand on the top of the cubicle to balance herself as I washed one foot, then the other. Small feet, pretty ankles, I noted.

She stood forward under the water, the suds washing off her back. I was still on my knees. She turned. My gaze rose up her body. She had strong legs, not muscly, just well-toned. She did have pubic hair, one of those â landing stripâ designs. God, it looked so inviting. She was looking down at me, her face peering down between her breasts. I could see her nipples, dark and aroused.

â Your turnâ .

I stood, my own arousal apparent. Her gaze dropped, just for a second. She smiled at me.

â Turn aroundâ .

She washed my back, my butt, my legs. Her hand crept between my legs, nearly touching my balls, the closeness of her hand almost unbearable. She ran her hands around my legs and washed the front. I washed my chest and arms.

â Are we all done?â

Corporate membership

She stood, her body so close to mine. I half turned, looking into her eyes, her hair plastered to her face. She looked incredible. She bit her lip.

â Looks like I missed somethingâ lâ

Her hand closed around my erection. Her touch like electricity. I pulsed in her hand. She raised her eyes, a smile playing on her lips. I leant forward, kissing her. She reciprocated, her grip on my cock tightening. My hands found her breasts, gently squeezing the flesh, my palms on her nipples. Our kiss went on, her tongue darting out to meet mine. I ran one hand down between us, over her flat stomach, dipping lower, fingers tracing the line of hair down. Her body shuddered as my fingers made contact with her outer lips. I wasnâ t sure if it was the water that was making her so wet, but I didnâ t care. I gently ran one finger up and down her slit, then dipped that finger inside her, pushing all the way in before twisting the finger and pulling it out.

She gasped in my ear, her hand gripping my cock, the blood flooding my organ. I continued to slide my finger in and out of her, then slid a second in. Her legs buckled slightly, parting, allowing me easier access to her centre.

She kissed me, then her mouth to my ear.

â Fuck meâ .

Her grip on my cock released, I bent my legs and positioned the head against her pussy. I pushed, firmly, sinking into her in one easy motion. She gasped again. One hand on her ass, the other under her arm and around her back, I began to thrust into her. She was slick, but tight around my shaft. Her breasts crushed against my chest, her nipples rubbing against my skin. Her mouth on mine, then against my ear, her breath panting, driving me on. Since my divorce I had been with no other women. Getting on for eight months worth of pent up lust boiled in my loins.

I dipped my head and sucked on a nipple, gently biting the sensitive skin. Platinum moaned in my ear, â Yes, yes, ohâ | yesâ lâ lâ .

The cascading water pounded our bodies. I grunted as I felt my release, spilling into her warmth. Platinum sensed it too, pushing herself hard against me as she came. My cock tensed as the flood of release ebbed. Platinumâ s eyes were closed, her lips bared as her own orgasm subsided. I slipped out of her, holding her tightly to me.

We dried each other in silence. I held her face, and kissed her gently.

â I donâ t know your nameâ , I said, feeling embarrassed.

â You donâ t recognise me?â

â Iâ m sorry, should I?â

She laughed. â Iâ m Julia, Jillâ s sister. Iâ m part owner of the gym. We met at your company summer barbecue , though I had brown hair then. I must thank Jill for getting you to come along. Iâ ve been waiting for you for monthsâ lâ

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