

Sexercise

Finding a place to exercise and work out has always been a hassle for me. Any woman reading will know the struggle. You want a place that's close by, obviously. But it also has to be women-friendly.

Most gyms are okay but not great. You'll hop onto a treadmill and get the occasional glance from guys. Some will stare a little too long, some will make inappropriate advances, some will be gentlemen and leave you to your business. All the things you'd usually expect. What marks a good gym out from a mediocre one is how they prevent the inappropriate, unwanted behaviours.

My last gym had a neat little gender-based divide. Three 'areas', if you will. The male-only section, a female-only section, and the much larger unisex hall.

Sometimes, the unisex areas were fun. Men, for better or worse, were always competitive there. When they saw little ol' me outperforming them, they seemed to take it as a personal challenge on their manhood. That air of competition can be nice, definitely.

But, for the most part, I stuck with the calm, relaxed work-outs in the ladies' section. And then I moved.

From a cheap, crappy apartment into a slightly more expensive apartment across the city. One too far away from me to reasonably continue going to that gym.

So, simply put, I had to find a new gym.

There were several options but, of them all, Hot Bod Gym stood out the most. Right there, on the advertisement, it claimed to have separate rooms for men and women. A win right off the bat. And close by to my new apartment to boot.

I went there after work, intent on checking the place out.

From the outside, the gym looked unimpressive. A bulky block of concrete with a single torn banner for decoration. It looked run-down, ugly.

That alone almost made me walk away.

But I'd taken the trouble to come here, might as well see the inside before I made my final judgement.

I walked to the large double-door entrance, stepped inside the building. Surprisingly, the interior resembled an office entryway far more than a gym. A single reception desk, complete with male receptionist.

Bemused, I walked over to reception desk.

"Hi," the man there said, smiling. "Welcome to Hot Bod Gym. How may I help?"

The tour was interesting. It seemed that the building used to house a bunch of offices. Rather than there being large, open spaces filled with work-out machines, there were countless smaller one-person rooms.

Each gym member got their own private room to exercise and train in. No disturbances or distractions.

Every room contained a different machine; treadmills and weightlifting contraptions, rowing machines, you name it. And, oddly, every room had a mattress bed.

When I asked what the bed was for, my guide smiled at me.

"Massages," he answered. "Physical therapy, rest and relaxation. They're washed after every use, so you needn't worry about laying in another person's sweat."

The tour concluded with the gym's showers and changing rooms.

"First month is free," my guide told me. "After that, I'm sure you'll find the prices more than reasonable."

I considered. The place wasn't like any gym I'd been to before, that was for sure. But there was a pleasant atmosphere about it. A relaxed, almost dreamy air. And having a room to myself, away from ogling eyes and pervy stares, certainly sounded appealing.

And the first month was free. Couldn't argue with that.

"Sure," I grinned. "Sign me up."

The door to my personal work-out room opened, revealing a tall, well-muscled man. He grinned down at me.

"Complimentary massage," he said, nodding to the room's bed.

A free massage? No-one had mentioned that to me. But, at that moment, a massage sounded perfect. I nodded my head, stepped aside and allowed the man into the room.

In just a few minutes, I was laying down on my back, listening as he spoke soothing words, gently squeezing and massaging the muscles above my ankles.

"Nice and relaxed," I could hear him saying, though he sounded distant, far away. "That's it, just relax. Let go. Close your eyes and listen to my voice and just relax..."

Vaguely, I was aware of the man's hands moving up from my ankles, trailing their way up past my knees. They brushed against my thighs, up higher, between my legs.

All the while, his voice soothed, relaxed.

When I woke up, I was alone in the room. I hadn't even been aware of falling asleep. The last thing I could remember was running on the treadmill. And then... someone knocked my room's door?

I checked the time, saw how late it was and jumped to my feet.

I should have left for home almost an hour ago.

Without wanting to waste another moment, I collected my things and left the room.

As I made my way through the building, a bizarre sound reached my ears. A noise that sounded suspiciously like a woman moaning in pleasure. I blinked as I realised what the sound was.

Looked like someone was taking advantage of Hot Bod Gym's privacy to diddle themselves.

Petite. That's how I'd describe myself. Not overly busty, no huge butt. I was slim, lean, fit. A pretty face on a nice, if small, body. The type of woman who's been described as a 'girl next door' more than once in my life.

My small frame, the fact that I'm pretty short, meant that people were always underestimating my age. At twenty-five, I was still being asked for ID when buying alcohol.

Just a few months ago, I was stopped in the street by a police officer wanting to know why I was ditching school. The guy actually thought I was a teenager.

Worse, when he found out I wasn't, he started hitting on me.

What I'm trying to say is that I'm good-looking, just not in a blatantly sexy way. I'm not porn-star sexy, I'm cute and cuddly.

So, when guys start hitting on me, I can't help but get a little uncomfortable.

That's why my new gym is so perfect. I get a cosy little room to myself, with no guys to leer at me.

In fact, the only man I even see at the gym is the receptionist.

It's almost strange, the lack of men.

Almost.

An exercise ball was in my room today. A big, round, purple ball for sitting on, stretching, any number of things really. But this exercise ball was different than a regular, run-of-the-mill one. This one had a handle on top of it, not dissimilar to a Space Hopper. A single, long handle that somewhat resembled an erect penis.

I stared at the exercise ball for a long moment.

I knew how to use it. It wasn't exactly difficult to figure out. But, seeing it there, I couldn't help but feel apprehensive.

Still, it couldn't hurt to try, could it?

Shrugging off my coat, I walked over to the exercise ball, examined it from a few different angles.

Then, finally making up my mind, I kicked off my shoes, lowered my trousers and underwear, and climbed on top of the round object. An odd grunt-like sound escaped from the ball as I positioned myself above it, likely a bit of air escaping an old puncture or something.

Slowly, carefully, I lowered myself onto the ball's handle.

It was surprisingly firm as it entered my body, spreading my pussy lips wide apart. And warm. Very warm. I closed my eyes, enjoying the feeling of it filling me up, inch by inch, pressing against my insides in all directions.

That pressure, the feeling of something rubbing my most sensitive spots all at once, sent shivers of pleasure through my body. My pussy convulsed, massaging the object inside me as if it were a real cock.

Once the full length of the handle was inside me, once I was ready and comfortable to begin my work-out, I began the steady, rhythmic bouncing.

Motivational Drink Fountain. That's what they called the contraption in front of me. A vending-machine sized metal box with a single, seven-or-so inch hose poking out at belly height.

The idea was simple. You climb onto your knees, place the hose into your mouth, and start working it until the gym's special energy drink came out. Something about working for the drink supposedly making it both taste better and more rewarding to consume.

I'd never used one of the fountains before, but they looked harmless enough. The only concern was hygiene and, from what I'd been told, the actual fountain tubes were switched out after every use. So it was all perfectly safe.

I walked over to one of the fountains, knelt down in front of it, reached out with my hand.

The hose was both firm and squishy. Almost flesh-like in its texture. I trailed my finger up and down it. The tip seemed to be a different shape than the rest of the hose. Probably a quirk of design.

I opened my mouth, leaned forward.

At first, the hose didn't taste of anything at all. Maybe a little salty. But, as I bobbed my head back and forth on it, sucking as hard as I could, working the length for that burst of energy drink, I began to notice a new flavour. Little at first, faint. But soon it was potent, overwhelming.

The best way I can describe that taste is that it was sour, almost bitter. Not unpleasantly so, but not exactly what I'd call an enjoyable flavour.

Soon enough, I was going at the hose hard enough that I could feel it poking the back of my throat. I couldn't help but gag a little, choke on the length. My jaw hurt a little from being open so wide for so long, my neck aching a little from the constant movements.

Finally, I was rewarded.

The hose spasmed in my mouth, twitched. A moment later, my mouth and throat were being filled with shot after shot of bitter energy drink.

It was almost too much. Swallowing it all down wasn't easy. A trickle of the white fluid trailed out the corner of my mouth, down my chin. All the rest, though, I drank down eagerly. All that work had left me more than a little thirsty.

When the Hot Bod Gym receptionist approached me with a job offer, I was more than a little sceptical. I was fit, sure, but I wasn't exactly a professional trainer. Hell, I'd never trained someone else in my life. And this guy wanted me to start teaching classes?

But the man was surprisingly persuasive.

For free gym membership for life, all I had to do was spend an hour each week instructing a handful of newbies on how to do some basic work-outs.

In the end, how could I resist?

My first class was just behind the door I was standing in front of right now. A half-dozen guys from all walks of life. No women, interestingly. All were naked, as per the new gym rules.

What should I teach them all first?

What if the class was too big for me? How would I pay attention to and help all of them at once?

Inhaling a deep breath, I reached out and turned the door handle. I stepped inside the room, smiled at the gathered men. My clothes were off within seconds, tossed haphazardly to one side.

Instantly, all eyes were on me, roaming my naked body.

No doubt, they were admiring my physique, my toned muscles and athletic build. No doubt, they liked what they saw and were eager to learn how to achieve a body like that for themselves.

Several of them men, I noticed, were starting to get erect already. Great!

The penis was one of the most important parts of the male body to exercise. And, conveniently, it was the one we'd be working on today. Perfect.

"Right then!" I said, voice filled with energy and enthusiasm. "Who's ready to work up a sweat?"