

## Club Fit

By Beth Ann

The fitness club I belong to is part of a hotel/spa /fitness complex, and three time a year they host a 'Fitness Weekend'. This is always a 'fun and games' weekend for Brad and I because we have a lot of time together. No work, no phone, no kids! They organize all kinds of activities and classes run constantly. You can do as much as you can handle or just relax by the pool and enjoy the social life. Brad and I try to do as much as we can and sign up for the daily aerobics and the squash ladder. In between we use the weight room, the pool or walk or bike the trails depending on the weather. Because of his schedule we had to arrive separately. I arrived in the early afternoon with time for a workout and a nice long shower.

When I had first started working out with weights I had the same mistaken impression that most women have, that I would end up with these huge bulging muscles. Well after a year and a half all I've got is these hard spots, Brad likes to call them muscles, but mostly the fat is gone, and I'm firm all over, with nice curves in my arms and shoulders and legs.

I also checked out the ladder and noted that Brad and I were in the same sector. At some point we would play against each other. Yuck! I hated playing against him. I'd sure like to win for a change.

I had treated myself to a new outfit: a short black skirt, the same sheen as my hair, with a high waist and a wide belt and neat little cuffs. A short sleeved vest with a deep 'V' neck and two buttons, medium heels and the latest craze in stockings, the ones that stop just above your knee. Lots of peek-a-boo and a four inch swath of thigh would be more flesh than he could handle! I had gotten my hair done, really short on top, almost a brush cut, and nape length on the back and sides, very sporty in keeping with all the activities. Brad showed up running a little late. I made a ruse of fussing in front of the mirror. He thought I looked great, two thumbs up and a try to maneuver me towards the bed.

"We're going to be late!" I warned and pushed him away. "Now quit it!"

He raced through his shower and shave. I made myself a cocktail and sat up on the bed and when I heard him gather up his stuff I struck a sexy pose, one leg pulled up the other stretched out. He came out of the bathroom naked and half hard and when he saw me he stiffened right up! He didn't need any encouragement and threw the towels aside and clambered over the end of the bed.

"No! Don't mess!"

I pulled both knees up defensively. Of course he ignored me and kept advancing. I kicked out at him and twisted away but he grabbed my ankle so I didn't get far. He must realize how vulnerable he is and how predictable his moves are, and that I'm not going to let him get me out of this outfit. He moved up over top of me. I kept struggling (just enough). He ran his hands up under my skirt. I raised my butt as if to co-operate. He didn't even see my trap and when he leaned further into me to grab the waistband, I dropped back down. He reacted by pulling away and this is when I brought my legs up, grabbed two handfuls of hair to keep him in place then wrapped my thighs tightly around his head and hooked my heels together! He thought this was part of the game and as expected began to caress my thighs. I let him have his little touchy feely all the while telling him to

"Stop! Don't touch!"

Of course he persisted getting himself all worked up in the process. I reached down with both hands, grabbed his right wrist and pulled and rolled onto my left side, so that looks after that arm. I grabbed his left arm next and pulled it over top of my thigh and down so I could control it with one hand. Now he was wrapped up pretty good.

"I said no!"

His hard-on was sticking straight out and pulsing. He was very excited and my right hand was free to roam. I caressed his chest and tweaked at his nipples. He kicked his feet in a futile struggle.

"Got'cha good, haven't I?"

I made sure I tickled as I brought my hand down under his arm and across his tummy. I caressed here for a bit letting his anticipation grow then wormed slowly down and across the edge of his thigh circling his cock and balls without actually touching. Teasing him good! He 'Mmmmm'd' with pleasure. I spidered my way around his groin and gripped his balls gently. His hot breath exhaled onto my thigh at my touch.

"Ok. Yeah. You've got me. I give."

I gave a quick little squeeze that made him yelp and jump.

"I'm not letting you go just 'cause you 'give'. That's a guy thing, and if I were a guy I'd feel bound to let you go, but I'm not, so I'm not."

I released his balls and returned to circling his groin and spider walks that set his cock jumping. He came on strong for a second getting an arm free but I held on and forced him back down and held his elbow in tight against my thigh so he couldn't move.

"Now stop! Be still!"

I felt him wilt then ran my hand gently over the length of his cock.

"Oooo you rat..."

But there was no struggle.

"Down for the count Brad?" I taunted...more heavy breathing.

"Oooo you rotten little rat."

I'd say he was at my mercy now! I continued to hold on really tight while I teased and watched the reaction of his hard-on.

"Okay, what is it you want?" He asked.

I knew exactly what I wanted but we could play a little longer. He was getting harder and thicker ever minute and his hot breath between my thighs was making my belly tingle.

"Make me an offer.."

He went quiet for a minute.

"Clothes?"

I went straight for his balls and squeezed firmly.

"You don't like my new outfit?"

"Money!" He countered quickly, realizing he'd said the wrong thing. I kneaded his balls roughly, enough to hurt him...just a little.

"You don't have enough!"

I knew he would be reluctant to give me what I wanted but I had him real good so...;

"Gold?"

“Hmmm. Not bad....keep that thought.”

I released his balls and went back to caressing his tummy and ticking the insides of his thighs. Too much pressure would bring him on, and we couldn't have that!

“Actually it won't cost you a nickel.”

He was teased to the end of his string and I had to keep him there.

“I give up.” He was all flustered.

“Yes. I know. You said that already.”

“Give me a hint.”

I explained to him how the ladder was arranged and that we were both in the same sector and would play each other in the third or fourth round.

“Yeah--so?”

I didn't respond right away, let him try to figure it out. I was tickling my way around his 'jewels'. He still wasn't getting it. I twisted onto my back and placed my hands overhead so I was holding him with just my legs. His hands were free to roam again, which they did.

“One of us will win and the other will lose.”

He was breathing shallow quick breaths 'till suddenly there was a sharp intake.

“No way! Aw come on Connie.”

I tightened my hold preparing for a terminal struggle, that never came, and resisted the urge to go for his balls cause I sensed he was going to give in. (Save it for the next time he becomes troublesome.)

“Is that a tough one baby?” I taunted.

He was having a good feel of my legs so I reached down and took control of his wrists again and pulled his hands away.

“No more touchies.”

He barely resisted! I loved it when he went into passive mode. It always gives me the shivers!

“Well ...

“You want me to throw the game?”

“I want to win and I want to look good doing it.”

“I don’t have much choice do I?”

“Not really.”

A very resigned “Ok.”

“You agree then?”

“Yes.”

WOW! I unwrapped my legs and he rolled away onto his back. I rolled with him and straddled his chest and put my knees into his arm muscles so he was properly pinned. The little tussle had him so excited his cock was bobbing up and down.

“Spread!” I ordered.

Again I resisted the urge to reach into his groin, I just wanted to have him obey me

“Spread them wide!”

Not touching him was probably teasing him even more. I sent him a smug little air kiss.

“Oh man your a rat. A teaser.”

“Yes.” I agreed

I held him like this for a few more minutes just letting his cock pulse away and demonstrate my dominance then I twisted away out of his reach as quickly as possible.

“You’d better hurry. We’ll miss out table.”

His hard-on was sticking straight up and visibly throbbing! I knew he expected to be 'stress relieved' but I had other plans. I fussed in front of the mirror to fix my hair and brush out some of the wrinkles.

"I'll meet you down there."

I wanted to avoid a counter-attack more than I wanted to get down for dinner. I waited at the bar with a glass of wine and ordered him a cocktail. We were shown to our table as soon as he showed up. He was still all flustered. He raised his glass in a toast and whispered

"Bitch."

I acknowledged with: "Wimp."

"Teaser."

"Loser."

He made more than one attempt to talk me out of the deal but I wasn't about to relent. Not only that I made it clear there was 'zip' for him 'till after I claimed my winnings.

"I've got this ache in my balls." He complained.

"That's good. Means my teasing is working." I scoffed.

"Do you have any idea how badly I want you?" He was almost begging.

"I didn't say you couldn't have me."

I ran my tongue suggestively around my lips.

"You can have me as many times as you like." Now I toasted him. "Pussy."

Later, back in the room I made him go on his knees. Nice. Very nice. He had to take a cold shower before he came to bed and he tossed and turned for a long time before he dropped off. For the most part I slept like a log. He was all antsy in the morning but I held him to the bargain and he went down on me again. Poor guy, he came the hard way right in his p-js. Not very satisfying for him. Wouldn't do much for the ache in his balls. But them's the breaks. The rest of the morning was hectic, jumping back and forth to accommodate the ladder.

Just before noon we were up. I had played two matches and lost one, he was just coming off his second win. He waited for me on court. He shot me this knowing grimace. I was wearing court shoes, the shortest short shorts I had brought and a fairly loose fitting tank top. Nothing else, no panties, no bra.

“You really want to drive me nuts don’t you?”

“Want me?” I teased.

The marker was watching so we had to start our warm up. After two minutes on that side the call came to ‘Switch.’. We traded sides. It was a courtesy to let the woman serve first (no matter how good) and two minutes later: ‘Choice Connie.’. The match was on! Brad really did his part, making me look very good. We traded games, two-two and in the rubber we traded points right to the end. ‘Nine-nine. Choice Connie.’. Brad opted for ‘two’. I took the right hand box and served up one of those loopy serves that he hated: no speed, high off the side wall, right into the corner. He just stood there with this disgusted look, then cursed:

“Bitch!”

‘Serving left. Ten-nine. Match point.’. I had to be cagey, he was waiting for another ‘loopy’. I served the ball as hard as I could just off center so it came back down the middle on his backhand. He spun around but was too late and had to wait ‘till it came off the back wall. He nearly didn’t get his racket under it and sent a soft lob high off the front wall that came right to me in center court. He was still recovering, backing up to the right so I fired a hard one down the left hand wall. As soon as I hit it I knew it was a winner ‘cause it barely cleared the tin and I had my racket overhead triumphantly before the ball hit the floor! ‘Match Connie.’. How can those markers be so cold? Brad took the hand I offered for the traditional shake, dropped onto one knee, and kissed it on the back.

“Good match.”

“Why thank you kind sir.”

We hung around for a bit and watched the names go up on the board, we needed to know our next opponents and the time. His next would be easy and he would go on, my next will probably ‘tear my face off’. I couldn’t resist teasing him though:

“What if she blows you away? She’s got pretty good legs! I bet you she wears short shorts too!”

(and yes, she did). He was all over me when we got back to our room but not before he went down on me once more. Afterwards we had some lunch and ended up in the gym for a quick workout.

He got all worked up again watching me go around the 'Universal'. I had lost some weight over the last three months and the little 'muscles' I did have were more defined. He thought it was just great that he could see the two 'heads' of my leg muscle and that the inner head come to a high point and I got all kinds of kudos when I went on the curl machine and he could see my biceps muscles bunch right up into hard knots.

He won his next game as expected (short shorts notwithstanding) but lost the following game (which was not expected) so he would drop to the lower ladder. Like I predicted I had my 'face torn off'. Now we were both on the lower sector and would probably play each other again! Could I? Should I? Why not! It's only a game.

That night to dinner I wore these three inch spikes with tapered slacks and a plain white sleeveless mock neck tank top. My bare arms and shoulders would push one of his hot buttons! He sat to my right instead of across from me and his conversation turned immediately to our workout and my great muscles! He couldn't leave me alone and kept groping at my arm!

"Make a muscle."

"No! Are you crazy?"

He insisted so I pointed my toe to flex my leg muscle and slid my leg up and down against his.

"Not that muscle."

"You don't like that muscle?" I teased.

"You know I love that muscle."

"So what's the problem then?"

He squeezed my arm.

"This muscle."

"Get away!"

But I tensed my arm as hard as I could just the same without actually flexing.

“That little muscle? You like that little muscle?”

He ran his hand along the back of my arm testing my triceps. This was really turning him on, I'll be damned if I know why. I'll bet his balls are aching now! Then he wrapped his hand around my arm and pressed his fingers into my biceps. I kept refusing to flex for him at the table (of course I continued to 'tense up') About the only time he didn't have his hand wrapped around my arm was when he needed both hands for his dinner. I wanted to bait him into a proper wrestling contest but I knew if I came right out with a challenge he would just laugh it off. Even though my muscles weren't that big I knew they were hard and I kidded him about how strong I was getting. When he refuted this I reminded him about last night!

“Oh yeah, trap a guy coming out of the shower, naked to boot, then tease him. You can't call that a show of strength.”

“Yeah, well you couldn't get free just the same and you were pretty eager to 'give' even before I started teasing.”

I tensed again without taking my forearm from the table then I made a fist and kind of half flexed.

“Come on admit it. You know my muscles are harder!”

He squeezed my arm.

“Mmm.... well.... maybe. They are pretty hard for a woman.”

“...and stronger!”

Finally I flexed for him, out to the side, right there at the table, and let him have a good feel. I'm sure we had several spectators, and with his hand wrapped around my muscle like this he could hardly refuse my challenge.

“Let's see if we can get a gym and I'll wrestle you 'fair and square'.”

“You must be joking!”

“What's the matter, you chicken?”

“Get away!”

I pulled my arm out of his grasp and crossed my arms across my chest.

“Well you’re the one keeps testing my muscles, I thought maybe you’d like a real test.”

That did it. He signed the chit for dinner and we split. He went to arrange a gym, I gathered up the stuff we would need from our room. Towels for the sauna and shower afterwards, some briefs and trunks for him, and I would wear a gray lycra top with matching bike shorts, and a midnight blue thong! The top and shorts were stretchy (read tight). The shorts had a low waist with legs that came about four inches down my thigh. The thong was aptly named a ‘V’, there was no difference front to back and no waistband and was not much more than suspenders that went over the shoulders and came together at the crotch! But the blue did contrast nicely with the gray. I’ll drive him nuts! It only took him seconds to change, he was so anxious, so he was waiting when I made my entrance. He had gotten the gym with the circular ‘regulation’ type mat and had set the lights to low just over the ring. The stands and the basketball court were in darkness. I strode directly onto the mat, into the lights, and did a bodybuilder’s pose, pulling up to my full height and flexing my arm muscles, then strode in a circle right in front of him showing off. I stopped when I was opposite him, turned to face him, hands on hips. He had the stupidest grin.

“Well?” I asked. “Ready?”

I advanced on him all aggressive, he retreated to the middle where he circled backwards.

“You said fair and square and you come in that outfit?”

I only grinned, but he was right, I was dressed to thrill! The only way I would beat him would be with his help, but I also knew that if I could pin him or get him between my legs I could make him submit. We locked wrists and arms in a classic wrestling stance and began by pushing and pulling back and forth.

“I’ll turn your arms into pretzels!” He threatened.

“I’ll tear you balls off!”

“You would too, wouldn’t you? You little bitch!”

“No that would be cheating, but I am gon’na get you between my legs and really make you beg!”

“Oh yeah!”

“Yeah!”

Two minutes later I was face down on the mat with both my arms twisted behind my back hollering ‘uncle’. We had agreed on the best three out of five, just like in squash, so I had lots of time. The second and third rounds lasted quite a bit longer. Basically he toyed with me, fighting just had enough to give me lots of opposition, forcing me to work hard against him, and in between getting lots of ‘gropes’. I won the second round when I got him in a full nelson and he couldn’t break free and the third when I got him face down with one knee behind his neck and the other in the small of his back and his right arm twisted and hammer locked!

“Two-one for me! I warned ya” I taunted.

In the fourth round he showed me some holds, turning my arm and legs into pretzels like he promised but releasing me before I had to ‘give’. He was really excited! His hard-on was just about busting through his briefs. I was excited too, I was tingly in my crotch and breasts and had this warm glow coming from inside. In the finish he got my legs wrapped up and I had to submit. Two-two. Right down to the rubber. I sensed right from the start of the last round that he was going to lay back. He put himself into positions where I could try some of the holds on him, prompting me on how and where to apply pressure, then with a show of strength he would break free. After one demonstration he ended on his ass beside me. Before he could get up I wrapped my legs around his chest and hooked my heels together and squeezed real hard. He collapsed gasping.

“Now I’ve got you.”

I applied as much pressure as I could till he was heaving and groping at my legs.

“Show me how you get out of this hold!”

He flailed with his legs and tried to roll me over but I held on!

“Ready to beg?”

His breath was coming in short gasps. I tried to tighten my grip by stretching out.

“Beg or I’ll crush you!” I threatened.

I had him moaning! Just a minute more!

“Beg!”

I gave it everything I had and squeezed and stretched even more.

“nuff...” He wheezed “nuff...”

“Ready to beg?” I inquired. He nodded.

“Is that a yes?”

“eth.... oooo... eth...”

I relaxed my grip a little, just enough for him to catch a breath, then squeezed again.

“Ok.... Beg!”

“Oh jeez.....no more ...please....that’s enough!”

“Want me to let you go?”

He was pushing at my knees trying to dislodge my ankles so I squeezed harder.

“No more....no more...please Connie....aaaahhhh...”

I suspect he had some idea about how he would put me into a winning situation but I think he was a little bit rattled by me taking the initiative and making my threat.

“C’mon Connie I quit! I give!”

I relaxed my grip and watched him slump onto the mat. He still had enough strength to try to push my legs away so I tightened once more.

“No! No! Please! No more! Please let me go. Pretty please.”

I released him and pushed him away, got to my feet and stood astride him at chest level and looked down at him. Still prone he ran his hands up the backs of my calf muscles coping a feel.

“Good legs ‘eh Brad?”

I rose up onto my toes so that he could feel that muscle flex and harden too.

“Oh jeez Connie!”

“How’s the ache in the balls now?”

He moaned and dropped his hands away in surrender. I moved one foot into the center of his chest in a victory stance.

“So Brad, that’s my match. Right?”

He nodded with a groan of despair.

“Ok. Here’s the deal.” I had given this some thought. “I want to win the squash match tomorrow, this time by a wider margin. Ok?”

“Yes. Ok.” He relented.

“And in return you will get to satisfy my every sexual whim.” I let this sink in. “How does that sound? Agreed?”

“Oh you little bitch.”

“Agreed?”

I didn’t wait any longer for his response ‘cause it wasn’t really a question. I dropped to my knees and straddled his face.

“My first whim....” And covered his mouth with my crotch. He moaned something, probably ‘bitch’ but too bad. He wouldn’t get too far working through the thong and shorts but it was fun letting him try and I had every intention of lording my victory!