

The following day I came downstairs in the morning to find Caroline just packing up her bag getting ready to leave.

"Morning" I said.

"Morning" she replied.

Not much else to say. Our relationship had been strained since I saw her kissing Ryan. I hadn't (of course) revealed to her that I was running to my office in the Fe-Male product line. For all she knew, I hadn't touched the bag of clothes she had brought home for me from Ryan.

"You driving today?" I asked. Secretly, I thought she was somewhat lazy with how she went about her day. She rarely exercised and never commuted by run, bike, or other physical activity. My eyes traveled up and down her body now, taking in her extra weight. She wore tight work pants today, hugging her curves. I'm sure she thought it was attractive (and I probably felt that way too...at one point) but as she turned and I looked at her ass, I couldn't help but feel that compared to my tight round ass, hers looked flabby and unattractive.

"Yeah." She answered. "You biking?"

"I..." I paused. Should I go back to biking? Today would be a good day to do so, especially with Ryan planning to meet me on the path again. But as I thought of the bag of samples upstairs, my resolve waivered.

"Umm...I'm not sure. I might run..."

"Oh you've been running?"

"Um...yeah. Sometimes." I almost told her, feeling guilty, but I held myself back.

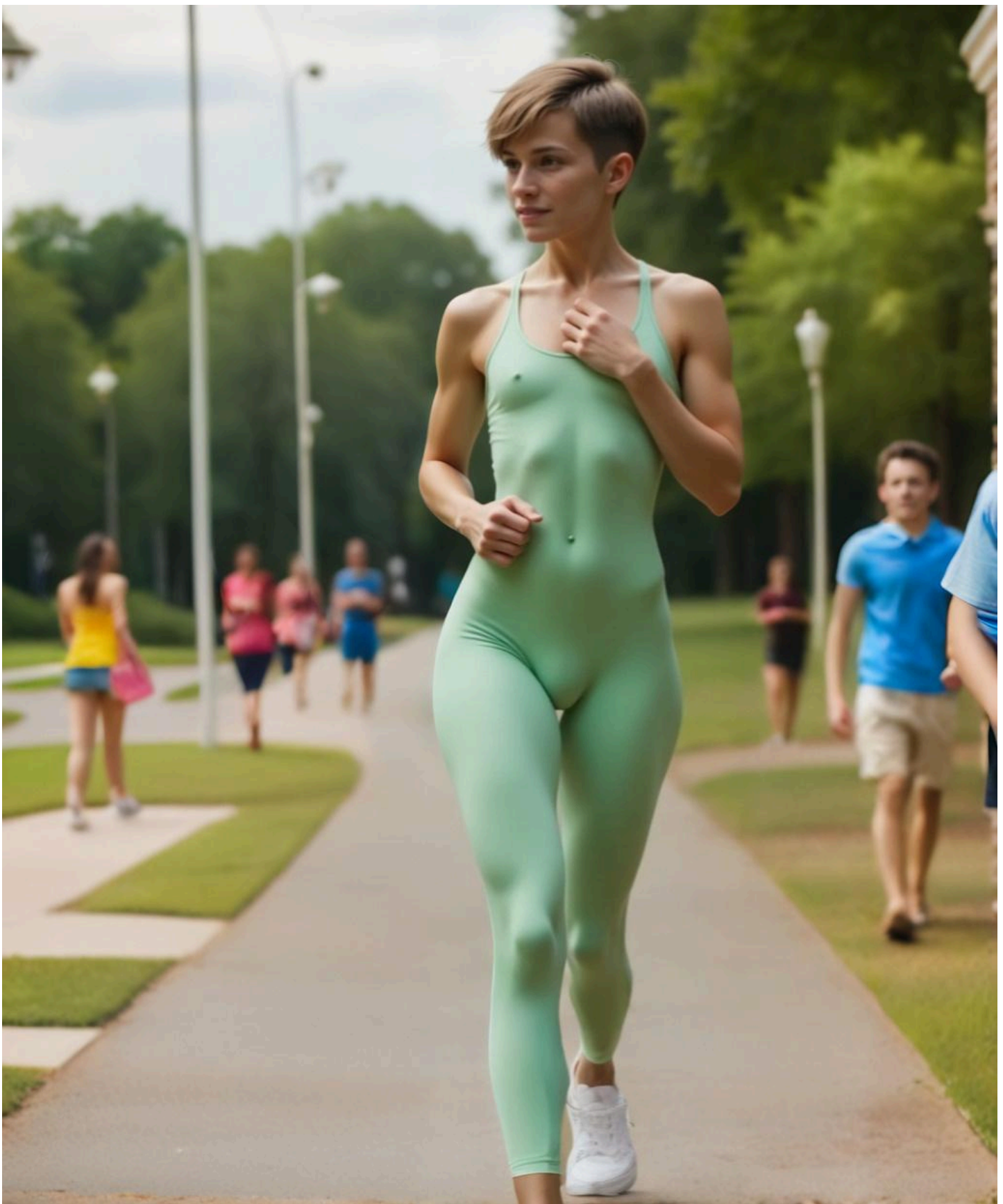
"Okay then..." She paused, giving me a funny look. "I guess I'll see you later then."

"Bye babe. Love you."

She didn't answer as she shut the door.

—

I ran to the office, unable to resist the allure of the last outfit left to try in the light blue bag - a one-piece green romper that hugged my ass and narrow waist beautifully. It had an exposed back with two crossing straps, a tank-like sleeveless top, and was ankle length. I felt invigorated and empowered as I jogged through the college quad, soaking in the gazes of the young hot coeds and cute frat boys. In fact I think I caught more glances and second-takes on my way to the office that morning as all other days combined.



Unfortunately I didn't pass by any real studs, and I was disappointed to have to remove it before I walked into the office. By the end of the day I was itching and excited to get back out there. But, after considering all day, I had decided I did NOT want to run into Ryan on my way home. So to avoid him, I left a bit early, about 5 pm, changing in secret before beginning my run.



As I approached the entrance to the path near my office, however, there he was. Shit, he stood relaxed and turned away from me. I couldn't help but look him up and down. His muscular frame was accentuated by a tight black t-shirt and grey shorts, and his bulge pressed out gloriously as usual. After a moment of looking him up and down, I tried backing up to go to another entrance, but as soon as I moved Ryan spotted me from the corner of his eye. A small grin appeared on his face

He turned, straightened, and his intense gaze locked onto me, his confident grin playing on his lips. I felt a surge of annoyance mixed with a strange flutter in my stomach as I took him in.

"Well, well. I see you're early. Couldn't wait to see me, Babe? Excited for our date?" Ryan drawled, sauntering towards me.

I scowled, crossing their arms defensively. "We do not have a date, Ryan."

Ryan's smirk widened, and he ran a hand through his sandy brown hair, a gesture that exuded casual confidence, and caused his shirt to ride up, revealing his chiseled abs. I couldn't help but glance at them. "Oh chill out, Jamie. I'm just joking. We're just going for a run. "Besides, I promise to behave myself." He winked, his intense eyes sparkling with mischief.

I relaxed a bit, resigned to my fate.

"Goddamn that piece looks good on you. Give me a quick spin won't you?" he continued.

In spite of myself I felt a flush of pleasure at his words. I had been excited by all the stares this morning, but the words of this muscle-bound teen adonis somehow hit differently - like an endorphin rush. Before I could stop myself I did a slow turn.

When I turned back Ryan was grinning dangerously, looking at my body. I failed to fully suppress a grin.

"Well? Let's go then, if you're going to make me do this." I said, and off I went, running past him. I heard him chuckle and noticed he took his time catching up. He was staring at my backside, I realized. I swayed a bit more than usual until he caught up.

Then Ryan was beside me, and we ran. We didn't talk. On occasion we had to squeeze to the side and run single-file. Whenever Ryan passed in front I stared, transfixed by the sight of Ryan's muscular form in motion. As he ran, the tight clothes he wore clung to his body, showcasing every ripple and bulge.

"You know, you have a great stride," Ryan commented while I took a turn in front, his voice carrying easily over the sound of our footfalls. "But you could engage your calves and glutes more. It'll give you more power and prevent injuries."

My mood soured and my eyes narrowed as I glanced back over my shoulder. I saw Ryan was staring at my ass and I slowed down to run beside him, wanting to rob him of the view. "I know how to run, Ryan." I said, annoyed.

"Of course, of course," he said, his tone light and playful. "But a little advice never hurt anyone. Anyways this is part of what is great about our runs, we can give each other tips and advice don't you think?"

"Oh..." I said, feeling bad for my attitude. "Yeah I guess so. Thanks." Maybe I was being too hard on him, I thought as I glanced again at his handsome profile.

As we approached the college quad, I couldn't help but notice the attention we were getting. Women turned their heads, their eyes lingering on Ryan's chiseled physique, and then glancing at me with a hint of jealousy. Men shot appreciative looks my way, their gazes flicking between me and Ryan, taking us both in. It was a strange feeling, being an object of admiration, one I wasn't quite used to.

I felt a strange mix of emotions. I was still annoyed at Ryan's persistence, but also a bit thrilled at the sense of power and allure that Ryan and I seemed to have on other people. The sun warmed my skin, and the breeze ruffled my hair. I felt alive.

We ran for another 20 minutes or so, Ryan giving me advice here and there as he studied my technique...and my body. As we reached the end of the trail, Ryan suggested we grab a drink to cool down. I was about to refuse, but my throat was parched, and the thought of a cold beverage was tempting. I reluctantly agreed, and Ryan led them to a nearby café.

He held the door open for me, his manners impeccable, and gestured that I take a seat at one of the benches. Feeling more tired than I cared to admit, I plopped down, grateful for the rest. Ryan walked to the counter, leaving me to watch him as he placed an order. The barista was an attractive young woman who looked as if she was flirting with Ryan. After Ryan ordered two drinks she glanced in my direction, realizing Ryan wasn't here alone. After a second, she turned back to Ryan and put her hand on his, continuing to flirt.

For some reason, this made me really mad. I mean, obviously I wasn't here with Ryan - not in that way - but for her to just assume like that was so obnoxious. As she handed him the drinks, I saw her slip him a napkin with some writing on it. He put it into his pocket and winked at her.

That bitch!

A few moments later, Ryan returned with two drinks. He handed me a tall glass of pink, fruity tea, the ice clinking against the glass - he had a hot black coffee for himself - and took a seat beside me, rather than across the table. My eyes widened in surprise, but before I could protest, Ryan's arm snaked along the back of the bench, his fingers grazing my shoulder. I was about to say something when I saw that the barista was



looking our way. I closed my mouth, instead looking her in the eyes and raised my eyebrows slightly. She looked annoyed and turned away.

Ryan brought my attention back when he spoke close to my ear. "I thought you might like something refreshing."

My heart raced with Ryan so close to me. Again I tried to protest, but as I turned his handsome face was so close to mine that he caught me off guard. His intense eyes held mine captive. "Relax, Jamie," he said softly, his breath warm against my cheek. "We're just enjoying the day, having a drink. No harm in that, right?"

He was too close. I stood abruptly. "I'm...I'm going to grab some sugar" I said, grabbing my drink and walking towards the counter. Thankfully the barista was occupied and I didn't need to deal with her glares. As I poured some sugar into my drink, I decided that when I got back to the table I would sit in the chair across from Ryan instead of beside him. I glanced back at him and noticed his gaze fixed on my ass. Again my spine tingled, knowing such a hot stud was checking me out. Dammit when did I start thinking of him as a hot stud??



As I walked back to Ryan he stood to move the chair opposite him to the table next to ours, supplying it kindly to an older woman who was there with her husband. Shoot. Ryan sat back down patted the bench beside him, grinning devilishly at me. I couldn't help but roll my eyes and grin back, sitting down. It's not like I could complain about him doing a kind deed like that. He draped his arm along the bench backrest around me again, just barely grazing my shoulder with his large forearm.

I looked at him flatly, feeling a strange electricity there, we were both just slightly grinning, our faces not far apart. We both knew he was being naughty, testing his boundaries.

"You two make a lovely couple." I almost jumped. It was the woman whom Ryan had given the chair to, now sitting across from us close by and looking admiringly in our direction. "It's so nice to see young love," she continued, "enjoy your youth, dears, and cherish these moments."

I was about to correct her but Ryan just said "Thank you ma'am" politely. Ugh, was it worth scolding this woman?

She winked conspiratorially at us and turned back to her partner.

Ryan chuckled, his thumb beginning to graze my shoulder. He started making small talk and I decided just to relax, continuing to drink my drink. Strangely, I found myself enjoying Ryan's company. I mean when the hottest guy in the room focused all his charm and attention on you, and you noticed everyone in the room looking on with jealousy, it was hard not to enjoy it. It was a heady experience.

He also kept the conversation going, not just relying on silly compliments or suggestive comments. He started giving me tips on my running form. When I again told him I knew how to run he replied. "No babe, you know how to bike! But I can teach you a lot about running. I run track." Somehow this didn't surprise me but I realized he was right and that I was being stubborn. "I guess you're right." I admitted, a bit embarrassed.

"Tell you what" he continued, and he nudged my chin with the hand that was draped around me so I turned back towards him. His face was again so close. "We'll go biking and you can give me biking tips. I'll teach you how to run in return, and a lot of other things too." he winked devilishly to show he was joking. "Oh fuck offff" I said, smacking his arm.

He laughed and I couldn't help but join in.

"That was an amazing run, don't you think?" He asked.

"Um..." I thought about it. I couldn't deny that it had felt really good for some reason. "Yeah it was." I replied as I sipped my drink. And even though I had tried not to, I had really enjoyed getting coffee with Ryan as well. My straw began slurping as the glass emptied.

I glanced at him and he shrugged, getting up. I felt a momentary chill as the warmth of his body moved away from mine.

"Same time tomorrow?" he asked, holding out his hand for me.

"Ummm..." I hesitated, taking his hand. He pulled me up effortlessly. "I don't know, Ryan..." I said breathlessly having been pulled up so fast. I steadied myself against him, my hand pressing to his chest.

Holy shit. His huge pecs pressed out against my hand. They were so hard and defined, my hand looked so small against them. His other hand snaked around my waist, steadying me. God I was so small in his arms. I kept my hand on his chest, gripping his massive muscles and looking up at him, unsure.

"Tell you what." He said, holding up something in his right hand. "You can try something new tomorrow. Latest design" He held a light blue bag. Where the fuck had that come from. I knew what would be inside, a new outfit. My heart skipped a beat. "I'll bring something new for you each day, babe."

The use of "babe" somehow triggered me. He was so fucking sure of himself. "I'm not just going to wear what you say, Ryan." I said, taking a half step back and pulling my hand off his incredible chest.

He paused before replying. "That's a shame, you know Caroline helped design this. She's been working hard on this line, and I'd hate for her efforts to go to waste. I wouldn't want there to be any consequences..."

My heart sank at the mention of Caroline. Ryan was playing a game, using Caroline's work as leverage. My anger, which had receded during the coffee, flared back to life. But I wasn't sure I could test him here. He did hold leverage, there was no denying it. I glanced back at the blue bag, my curiosity and desire flaring up again. "Fineeeee. Just for tomorrow then." I said, my fingers closing around the bag.

Ryan escorted me outside then he gave me another devilish grin. "See you tomorrow!" Then he gave me a slap on the ass! I yelled and he just laughed and ran off.

Boys! I thought, rubbing my ass. But I was grinning. Jeez, what was wrong with me, I thought, fixing my face. But as I looked down into the bag, I couldn't help but be excited.

---

The next day, I met Ryan outside the entrance to the path again. It was a bit chillier today but it seemed Ryan had anticipated that with my outfit choice. I wore a light blue matching tracksuit with a turtle neck and exposed midriff. The material was incredibly soft, thin, yet warm. Again the pants fit like a fucking dream, making my ass feel amazing and snug.

Ryan scrutinized my body and outfit and I felt a heat that may not have been caused by the warm tracksuit. and pulled out his phone. "Let me take a quick pic." He said.

"What?!" I replied. "No fucking way, Ryan."

"Why not? It's for the product line. We'll need some photos to show the manufacturer. It just for the design, no one else will see." He said. But still I hesitated, holding my arms around my body.



He huffed. "Look, do you want this line to be successful or not? Caroline's success may depend on this."

I looked down, annoyed that he brought her up yet again. "Fine." I said quietly.

"Great, just stand. Straightened your back a bit, push that perfect ass out a bit." He instructed.

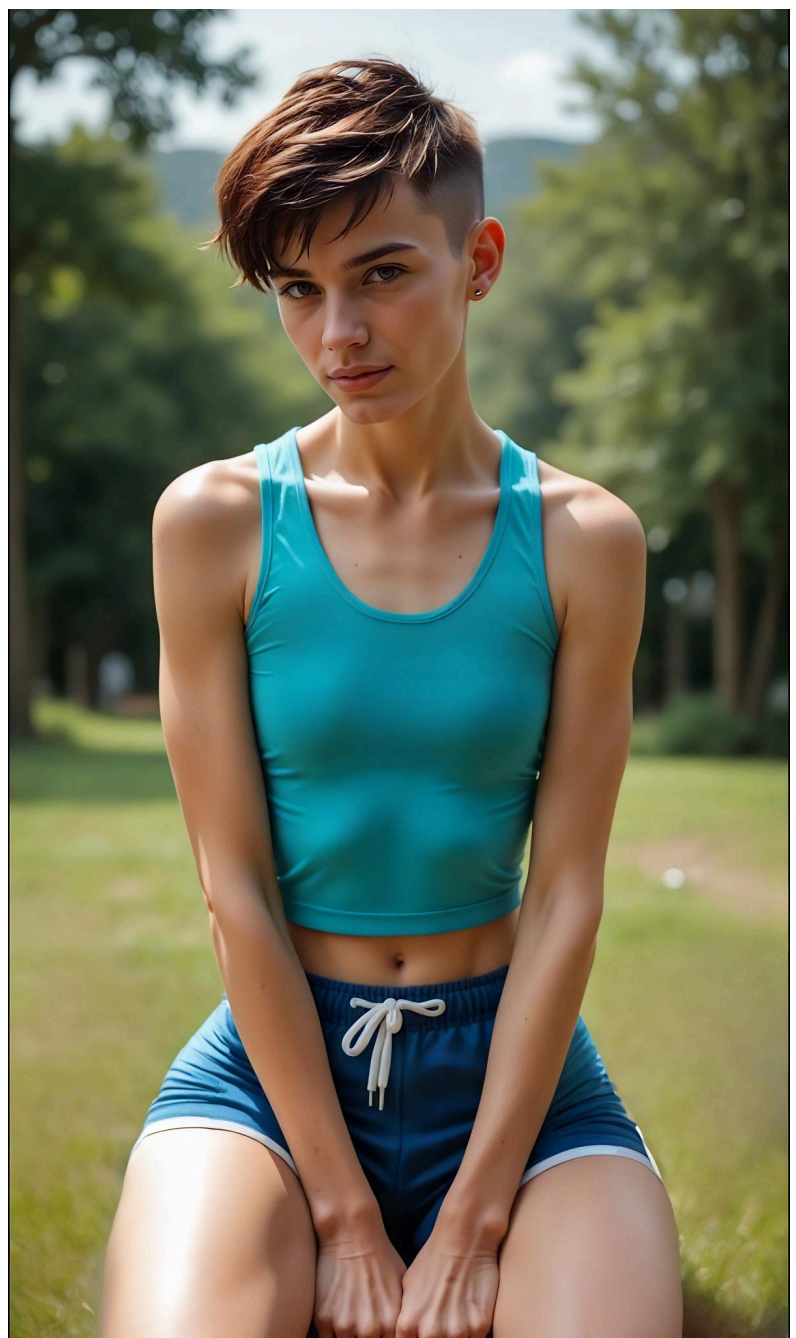
I obeyed, scowling at him though secretly flattered by the complement.

The close scrutiny gave me a thrill, though I tried not to let it show. We then set off on our run and I found I no longer focused on those we passed, curious whether I was catching their gazes. Because I was catching plenty from Ryan, the hottest guy on the trail.

At the end of our run, we grabbed a quick coffee. This became our routine. Each time we went in, the barista would give me the side-eye and I'd either ignore her or just smirked at her. After a quick coffee where we sat next to one another in our usual spot, Ryan would produce another bag.



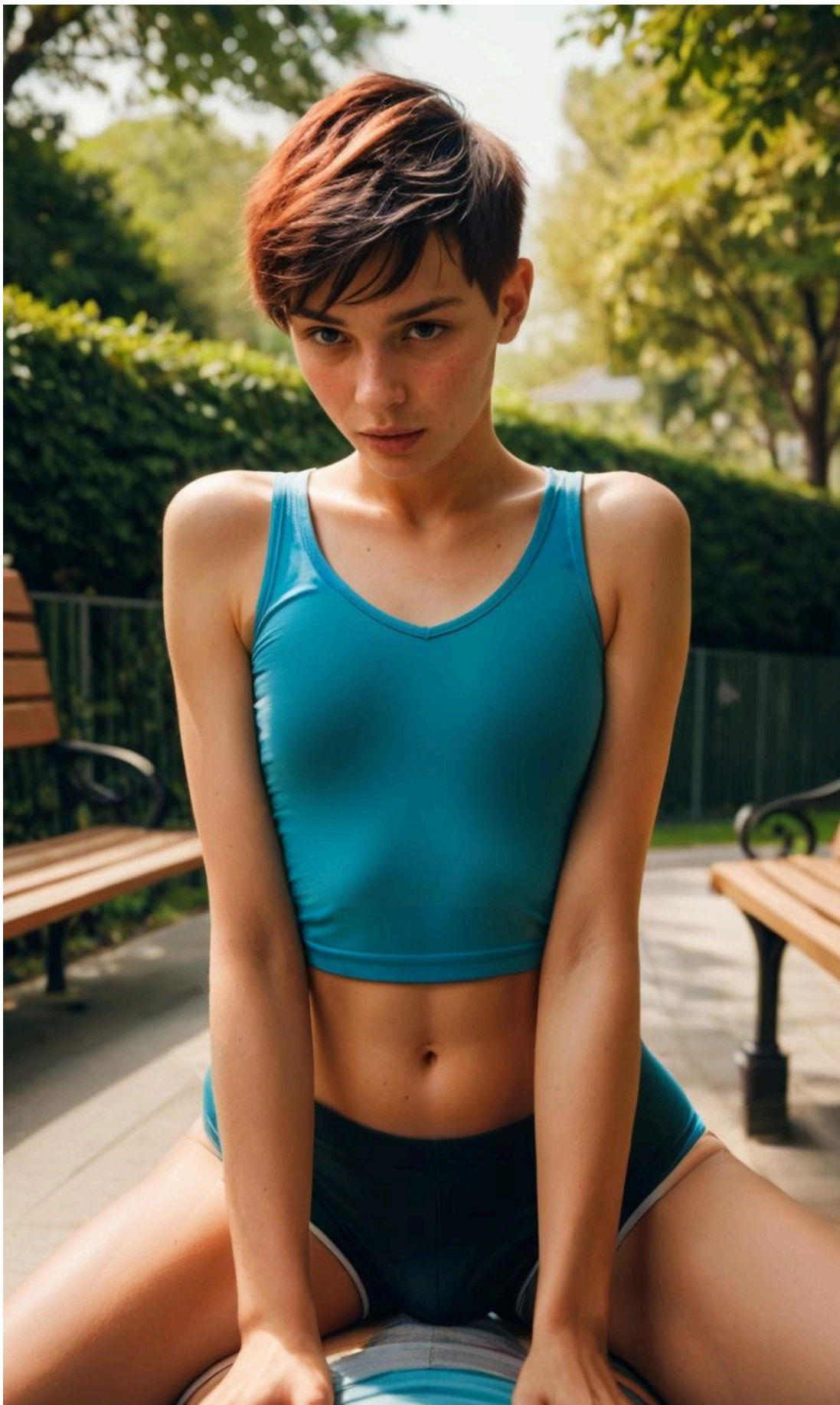
Each day he'd snap a few shots of me in my new outfits. My hesitance faded and I began simply posing however Ryan requested. Sure, I'd complain and object, but they were always half-hearted. Day after day I tried on one wonderful outfit after another, each one showcasing my body beautifully.











At one point, Ryan told me to sit on his lap so he could take a picture. So used to obeying, I didn't even consider saying no as I straddled his muscular lap, wrapping my legs around his waist. I stared at him intensely as he snapped photos of me in my tight blue tank top and tiny running shorts, focusing intensely on his beautiful face as he, in turn, focused on me. I could feel his hard body underneath mine, and the bulge of his massive cock against my ass. I almost started grinding against him before I caught myself. What the fuck was I doing!? Shit, was his cock getting bigger? Shit! I practically jumped off him, catching myself before I did anything I knew I'd regret.

One day, more than a week into this routine, we took a break by the river a bit down-stream from the boat houses. I wore very short running shorts and a thin white cut-off t-shirt. All day I could barely tear my eyes off Ryan, who wore a tight green running bodysuit that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. Ryan had me pose and I did what he said without hesitation, transfixed by the attention of the adonis that stood before me.

As I posed, two rowing teams rowed by, the male and female crews hooting and hollering in appreciation. "Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!" they chanted, their voices echoing across the water.

My face flamed with embarrassment. But Ryan stepped forward, his eyes glinting with mischief. "Shall we give the people what they want, babe?" he asked.





On any other day had he tried this I would have pushed him away, even yelled at him. But for days and days tension had been building. And Ryan looked just so incredible - His biceps stretched his sleeves to breaking and his chest stood out proudly. His bulge pressed out and his legs rippled with muscle. Every muscle seemed defined and full of power. I could see his incredible abs tighten with each breath, and I couldn't help but wonder what they felt like. I felt dizzy, like I was losing control of the situation, but I was unable to look away from him.

I opened my mouth but the word "no" got stuck in my throat. Instead, a small whimper escaped my lips as he stepped up. I stared up at him, my mouth open. His arms circled my waist, pulling me tight and bringing me up onto my tiptoes, the solid mass of muscle that was his body pressing against mine. I was so very small in his arms. I gasped, looking up at him. The shouts and hollers faded into the background as I stared into the deep pools of Ryan's eyes, switching from one to the other as he got closer and closer. I glanced at his inviting lips and perfect white teeth before staring back into his eyes. His nose touched mine then slid along it, closer and closer...until...

Our lips touched. Oh god.

My world spun, my body melting into Ryan's. I sighed with profound relief as I kissed Ryan with a hunger I had never known, pressing my lips against his. My arms rose to his neck and head, and I pulled his face against



mine desperately. This was like no other kiss I'd ever had - I was a plaything in his arms, small and frail but protected by his massive strong frame. The world faded into the background and I closed my eyes, focused only on the sensation of Ryan. His lips commanding mine, the stubble of his shaved cheek scratching me, his huge chest pressing against me, the feel of his muscular shoulder and back against the fingers of one hand, the fine fuzz of his close cut hairline against the other, and his cock - his absolutely massive bulge pressing between my legs. My heart beat out of my chest, I whimpered into his mouth.

As suddenly as it began, Ryan pulled away, his eyes dark with amused desire. I was left gasping. The world came back into focus and it was as if the sound had suddenly been turned on again as I heard the rowers cheer and holler.

"Well?" he said, grinning. "Shall we keep going?"

What the fuck...how could he act as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened, after my entire world - everything I had known - had just been turned on its head. I still panted for breath, looking at him, then finally tearing my gaze away.

Ryan barely acknowledged the event. I spent the rest of the run in silence, staring at Ryan's body openly. I was rocked with confusion and conflict. What the fuck what the fuck what the fuck!

When we arrived at the coffee shop, I went to the normal spot, waiting for him to sit next to me...wondering what would happen now that we were taking another break. Usually Ryan sat so close to me here. This was where we were most intimate. Would he kiss me again? My mind raced and I stared up at him as he ordered again from the barista.

I could see she was flirting with him and instead of annoyance like in times past, I felt a white hot dripping anger. I almost stood up to yell at her. But then Ryan turned away and walked towards me. My thoughts of the barista fled as Ryan approached.

Ryan only carried one drink. And he had another blue bag. He handed both to me.

"I'll see you later, babe. Can't stay today."

"B..but.." I started to object, shocked by the change in routine and still so flustered.

"Oh don't look so disappointed, cutie." He reached out to my chin with his hand. "We'll see each other tomorrow, after all."

"We will?" I asked, confused. It was Friday.

"Of course. It's our third double date with Caroline and Princess. We're going biking." He nodded at the bag then winked at me. "That's your outfit."