

LOVEHONEY®
Erotic Book Club

*Working up
a Sweat*

Heather Day



www.lovehoney.co.uk/erotic-story-competition/

LOVEHONEY®
Erotic Book Club

Working up a Sweat

By Heather Day

Please share this LoveHoney eBook
This eBook is published under a Creative Commons license.



You are free:



to share - to copy, distribute and transmit the work

Under the following conditions;



Attribution. You must attribute the work in the manner specified by the author or licensor (but not in any way that suggests that they endorse you or your use of the work).



Noncommercial. You may not use this work for commercial purposes.



No Derivative Works. You may not alter, transform, or build upon this work.

First Published in 2009
Copyright ©2009 LoveHoney Ltd
Unit A, Locksbrook Road, Bath, UK. Registered company 04637868
www.lovehoney.co.uk

Cover artwork and book design: **Thru The Blu**

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is coincidental.

The right of Heather Day to be identified as the author of this book has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

Working up a Sweat

By Heather Day

My cheeks were flushed. My breath was quickening. My heart thumped madly in my chest and I could feel beads of sweat forming around my hairline as I forced my body to keep up the pace.

“Looking great girls, keep it up! Last run through, let’s go!”

The hall echoed with the sound of twenty pairs of trainers hitting the wooden floor as an energetic dance track blared out of my CD player. The routine I’d choreographed for this week’s lesson was ambitious and I was heartened by the enthusiasm of my students. Even though we were nearing the end of the fifty minute class, they were still overflowing with energy and I noted with joy that they were impressively synchronised. I love watching them come together from a disorganised gaggle to a harmonious group of dancers.

“That’s a wrap, girls, nice work! See you next week.”

There were lots of eager new students this week and a gang of them hung around after class to chat and ask questions - how long had I been dancing? Did I teach any other styles? Could I just go over the last part of that routine one more time?

I answered their questions at length, somehow ending up explaining how I got hooked on dancing when my Mum took me to my first ballet lesson all those years ago. As I spoke, I ran a towel over my forehead and neck, wiping away a layer of perspiration. My heartbeat was slowly returning to normal and a delicious post-exercise warmth was beginning to spread throughout my body.

As I said goodbye to the final student, I downed the last of my water and tidied escaping strands of shoulder length brown hair back into my ponytail. Glancing at the useless stopped clock on the wall, I hoped that I hadn’t run over into the next class’ slot.

My eyes travelled down from the clock and were drawn to a man standing in the doorway, blocking my exit. My first glance told me he had nicely toned arms, was probably slightly older than my 27 years and was dressed in a T-shirt and jeans. As it happened, he was also extremely hot.

The mystery man didn’t move a muscle as I approached him, just continued to stand there with his arms folded. Despite this somewhat unfriendly stance, I couldn’t stop looking at him and had to force myself to glance away. I hoped I was being covert but doubted it from the way he kept a steady gaze on me with his intense brown eyes while an amused half-smile played on his lips.

I knew right then that however cool I tried to play it, he’d see straight away that I fancied him. This



made me slightly flustered and unnervingly turned on. Maybe it was just my post-exercise glow but the nearer I got to him, the more heat my cheeks seemed to radiate.

As I came level with the mystery man, I tried to think of something witty and flirty to say.

“Don’t you know it’s rude to stare?”

“Don’t you know it’s rude to overrun?”

Clearly cute and witty wasn’t going to cut it with this guy. I changed strategy, trying to come across as cool and aloof even though his sexy, resonant voice had got my pulse racing all over again.

“If you look on the timetable you’ll see that on Mondays, up until 8.30, Sarah Fern teaches jazz for beginners. I’d appreciate it very much if you gave me sufficient time to vacate my class before you start lurking about outside and accusing me of overrunning.”

He looked amused at my attempt to claim the moral high ground.

“As it’s now 8.39, hall 2b is now well and truly my domain. I’d appreciate it if you left me to get changed in peace. That is unless you’d like to join my aikido class this evening?”

His no-nonsense attitude only made him more appealing. His invite seemed genuine rather than sarcastic and I was almost tempted to take him up on it just so I could watch him strip off to get changed.

I paused for a fraction of a second too long and invisible electricity sparked between us as I groped for something to say.

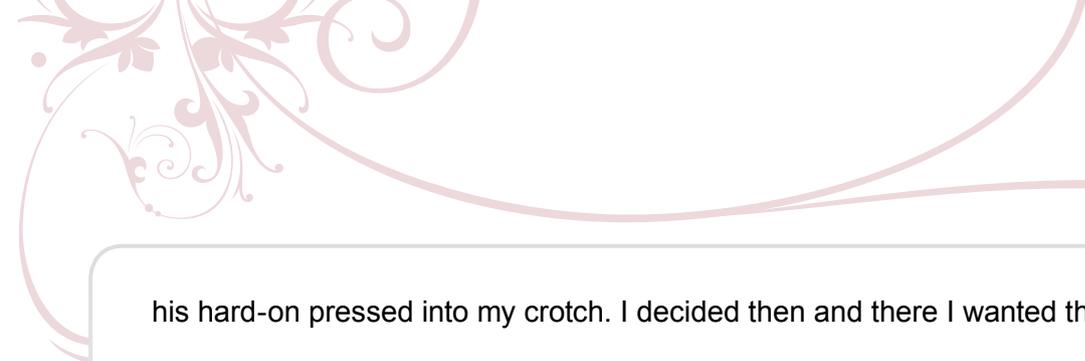
“Never done martial arts”

“First time for everything,” he said with a smirk.

“Always said I’d try anything once,” I retorted, “but I can’t do tonight. Maybe next week?”

“Until next week then, Sarah,” he said and with a small nod of his head and the tiniest upturn of his lips, he disappeared into the hall. I was illogically exhilarated. God, the way he’d said my name! He could have just said goodbye but the way he left the statement hanging infused it with anticipation and my name in his mouth seemed intimate, as if we were lovers plotting an illicit meeting... Oh God, it’d been way too long since I’d been fucked.

Standing there, staring stupidly at a closed door, I realised how long it had actually been and had a sudden and all consuming need to feel someone other than my physiotherapist’s hands on my body. An image flashed into my head of the sexy instructor’s hands exploring every inch of me as



his hard-on pressed into my crotch. I decided then and there I wanted the fantasy to come true.

A quick look at the gym timetable told me mystery man's name was Nathan Cross and he ran two aikido classes a week. A private smile came over my face and visions crept into my head of Nathan getting me into some kind of dastardly pinned-down position where I was powerless to escape (just to demonstrate a move, of course) but then he would notice my nipples harden under my tight T-shirt as he held me there and the way my eyes told him how urgently I wanted him to ravish me...

As I pushed open the door to the changing rooms, a couple of girls in white martial arts outfits ran past me towards hall 2b. They were grinning together and I heard one of them exclaim "I know, he is so lush! Hope he demonstrates grappling on me this week!" before they both dissolved into fits of giggles.

Obviously I wasn't Nathan's only admirer. I was hooked on him already and, as of yet, we'd done no grappling of any sort. I started to imagine what it would be like when his body was close enough to touch. I could almost smell the intoxicating aroma men have when they've been working out. His aikido top would feel coarse under my impatient hands as we both peeled off clothes damp with sweat, our bodies aching for each other.

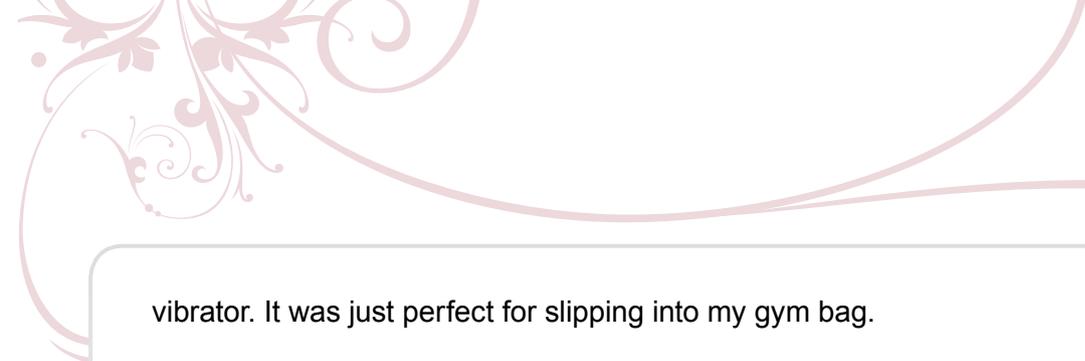
Feeling more than a little hot and bothered I barged my way into one of the changing cubicles and made sure it was locked behind me. I then proceeded to sift through the detritus at the bottom of my gym bag until I found what I was looking for. And there it was – my purple Lelo Mia vibrator.

My heart skipped with joy. It even looked good, like a stylish lipstick, but such innocence was merely a masquerade. I knew from experience that as soon as I switched it on I was destined for a world of pleasure. My fingers were already rubbing my clit through my jersey hot pants, causing delicious friction. As I turned on the Mia and felt the first few vibrations start to pulse through the palm of my hand, every part of my body came alive with excitement.

I found the pulse setting on the Mia as I wriggled it down under my shorts and knickers. The first jolt of pleasure on my clit was divine and I couldn't help but gasp, temporarily forgetting not only where but who I was.

I was in such a heated state that it didn't take long for the powerful pulses to build, threatening to overwhelm me. I leant back against the cubicle and squeezed my eyes shut as I found my rhythm, letting the sensations build and hit me like ever-increasing sonic booms. At the last second before my orgasm, I changed the mode on the vibe to continuous and the unrelenting vibrations tipped me over the edge. I held the smooth vibe against my clit as pleasure swamped my body and my world exploded into a dazzling orgasm.

Coming down, I realised I was panting audibly and couldn't quite remember how much, if any, noise I'd made during my session. I knew my trusty vibe wouldn't have given me away, though. Since acquiring my Mia from LoveHoney.co.uk several months previously, it had become my favourite



vibrator. It was just perfect for slipping into my gym bag.

I don't know what it is about exercise that always seems to leave me in need of a good orgasm – even without the incentive of a certain good looking Sensei. I guess it's all those feel-good hormones surging around my body making me feel alive, alert and downright randy. I have to admit the possibility of getting caught adds a measure of spice too.

Despite my confident exterior I'm actually quite shy and have never dared to have sex in a public place. But if someone just happened to walk in on me enjoying my own company, that would hardly be my fault, would it?

During the next week I spent a shameful amount of time in front of my computer screen, searching for information and watching clips of aikido tournaments so as not to appear completely ignorant at Nathan's class.

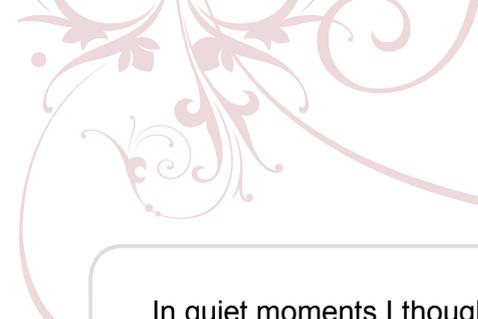
Martial arts weren't something I'd had much experience of and I'd always assumed them to be full of aggressive males trying to showcase their macho status. I was pleasantly surprised by the recordings I saw, however. There was something deceptively simple and almost dance like about the way the practitioners moved and fought, and I was heartened to see that just as many women as men seemed to compete.

Something that fascinated me from watching was the way that being male or largely built didn't seem to be any particular advantage. I discovered that the underlying concept of aikido was to use an attacker's power against them, meaning women were able to take down men bigger and stronger than themselves with very little trouble. The idea intrigued me and I grew increasingly impatient for Nathan's class to come around to try out some moves, and not just those of the self defence variety.

It would be a lie to say I wasn't nervous. It was a long time since I'd fancied someone enough to even contemplate having sex with them and I just didn't know the best way to go about it. Should I be charming and girly to try and get him to ask me out on a date? Or should I be dominant and forward, making it clear I wanted more from him than an hour of play fighting?

In the end I decided the best thing was just to be myself. A career as a professional dancer hadn't left me much time for men so I wasn't exactly a practised seductress. In the past, I'd never been too bothered. Boyfriends had come and gone but whenever the long hours I spent rehearsing started to become an issue, as they invariably did, my dancing career won every time.

There was something different about Nathan, though. Even though we'd only spoken for a few minutes at most, I felt as if there was a whole other exchange going on under the surface. I was sure he wanted me physically just as much as I did him but I couldn't help wondering if there was more to it than that.



In quiet moments I thought about what it would be like to talk with him, to walk along holding hands, finding out what we had in common. I didn't let myself think like this for too long, though. Surely it would be far too much to hope that he was my type mentally as well as physically, I thought. No, I'd be quite happy just to feel his hot, naked body against mine, I decided, whether or not anything more developed between us.

Every night that week as I fell asleep, white-clad martial artists danced and tumbled round my head. More than once I dreamt of Nathan, of his appraising coffee-coloured eyes and of the hard, eager cock that was waiting for me under those thick cotton trousers. Day by day, my nerves disappeared and were replaced by an unrelenting desire to see him again.

After what seemed like the longest week in history, Monday finally rolled around. My jazz class passed in a blur and back in the gym changing rooms, tingling anticipation started to build within me.

I ran my fingers over my new, crisply folded martial arts "gi" with a smile. The untainted whiteness of the jacket and trousers represented purity; however my motives tonight were anything but.

I'd settled on buying a gi after trying on endless combinations of exercise clothes and coming to the conclusion that practical sportswear is just not sexy (don't be fooled by those girls in the workout DVDs). Although perhaps not the most obvious seduction getup with its high collar and baggy trousers, I've always thought that what you don't show can be just as sexy as what you do. At the very least it made me feel slightly less like a novice.

I stripped off my sweaty dance clothes, ran a roll-on deodorant over my underarms and pulled on the fresh gi. The snowy white material felt surprisingly light and comfortable against my skin. The jacket, held together by ties, hugged my torso while the sleeves and trousers flowed freely down my arms and legs, allowing for a good range of movement. I admired myself briefly in the mirror and decided I well and truly looked the part.

Feeling very satisfied with myself, I took my gym bag and headed out the door towards the hall just as the two giggling girls from last week emerged from cubicles further down. We were all heading in the same direction and they noted my gi instantly.

"Hi, are you joining Nathan's class?" asked girl number one, a petite brunette.

"Yep, tonight's my first lesson," I replied, wondering whether I was to become ally or rival to this pretty girl.

"Oh cool. Well, you won't be disappointed; there's plenty of eye candy!" her huge grin and amicable tone assured me we were to be friends.

"Anna! What are you like!" piped up girl number two, who was taller and had lusciously long, blonde



hair, “She’ll think we’re sex mad!”

I chuckled at the easy banter between the two of them.

“I’m Suzanne,” the blonde informed me, “I’m sure you’ll love our class, and not just for the fit men! It’s really good fun, especially when we get to throw them around!”

“Good to meet you both,” I enthused, “can’t wait to get stuck in!”

We hurried to hall 2b and slipped in just as six gi-clad men were lining up on a carpet of mats. My heart skipped as I spotted Nathan wandering over to us casually. He looked heart-meltingly fine in his gi.

“Evening ladies. Good to see you again, Sarah.” he said as he turned the full intensity of his piercing gaze on me, “Let’s just get a belt on you and we’ll be good to go. Just as well I always carry a spare.”

A belt! It hadn’t even crossed my mind. So much for not looking like a beginner.

From his sports holdall he produced a white belt, coiled up like a sleeping snake. It was slightly frayed with use but I was in no position to complain. I noticed the black belt tied securely around Nathan’s waist and found myself wondering how many years of training he’d put in to get it. He looked so handsome, the black of the belt contrasting with his pristine gi, that all I wanted to do was pull him to me and kiss him deeply.

Without warning, he dropped to his knees in front of me and began skilfully wrapping the belt around my waist. The gentle pressure of his fingertips on my body sent shivers down my spine. He finished by knotting the belt securely at the front and looking up at me from his kneeling position with a smile so devastating that my whole body went weak,

Then, just like that, Nathan was out of my grasp. He strode to the head of the class and Suzanne waved me towards the end of the line of students. I followed the others in kneeling and then bowing as Nathan called out commands in Japanese.

My body was flooded with adrenaline from Nathan’s teasing touch and as a result I had plenty of energy. I powered through the warm up routine and quickly mastered the correct way to fall without hurting myself; rolling across the mat and getting back to my feet as quickly as the rest of them. As often as I dared, I glanced across at Nathan and, more than once, caught him looking back at me with an intense look in his eyes.

As the lesson progressed, Nathan paired us up to practice techniques. He rotated our partners every few minutes so that by the end of the lesson I’d worked with all the other students. All of them were friendly and kind, taking the time to explain the subtleties of the movements to me.



By the end of the lesson I was exhausted. I'd fallen and gotten up countless times and had practised the techniques until I was ready to drop. I'd learnt a lot and met eight great people but something was niggling at me; for the whole lesson I hadn't managed to get my hands on Nathan. He'd picked every student except me to help demonstrate a technique and hadn't even taken the time to practise with me.

Presently, the class ended as it had begun, with us kneeling and bowing. We piled up the mats between us and as we did I thought to myself that he must have never been interested in me after all. I was just about to skulk off to the changing rooms to soothe my smarting ego when I heard him call my name in that unmistakably sultry voice of his. I turned around.

"Sarah," he repeated, "the belt?"

"Oh, right, yeah," I mumbled, swiftly untying his belt from my waist and thrusting it at him, "there you go."

"Sarah," he went on, to my surprise, "I was watching you tonight. You show a great deal of promise for a beginner," despite my irritation I felt a wave of pride, "but I wonder if we can run through a couple of things one on one? We've got a while; this is the last class of the evening and they don't lock up for another hour."

My mind was reeling. Maybe he hadn't been deliberately ignoring me after all, just waiting for an opportunity to get me on my own. Or maybe he really did just want to go through the finer points of aikido technique with me. Only one way to find out.

"Sure, why not?" I agreed.

"Excellent," he exhaled. It was hard to tell, but I thought he looked relieved.

"Before we start," he continued, "you don't have any water do you? It's roasting in here."

As he spoke, he untied his belt and threw it into his bag then proceeded to undo the ties on his jacket so that it hung loosely from his shoulders, giving me a glimpse of his rock hard chest and, as my gaze travelled downwards, the masculine smattering of dark hair around his belly button.

"Um, yeah, sure, water, there's some in my bag," I stuttered, grabbing my holdall. I unzipped it and pulled aside various clothes to reveal not only a half-full bottle of water but my Lelo Mia vibrator. Oh God. He was looking right at it. Sure, it looked like a lipstick but realistically, why would I have one lone lipstick sitting at the bottom of my gym bag? My only hope was that he wouldn't recognise it for what it truly was.

My eyes flicked to his face but it was hopeless; his expression gave away nothing. I handed him the water bottle to try and diffuse the tension. He took it and downed the water gratefully before



throwing the bottle back into my bag.

“Right, Sarah. As I said, you did very well today. To move your aikido to the next level, you need to know more than just the movements. To be successful, you need to connect with your opponent.”

“Connect?” I questioned.

“Yes. For a start, you need to maintain eye contact. How do you know where your opponent will attack if you’re not looking at them? Come on, look me in the eyes. It’s not that scary!”

It was true; I’d had my gaze averted from his for most of the conversation. At his instruction I lifted my eyes from the floor to settle on his handsome face.

“Good. Now, without breaking that eye contact, try to break my balance with that first technique we practised tonight.”

Arranging my body into the correct stance, I tried to remember the technique. I slid my right foot forward, in between Nathan’s, and brought my right arm up in a swift movement so my palm cupped his chin. Then, shifting my body forwards, I pushed his head back gently with my hand, just enough so that I felt his centre of balance shift. From this point, I would be able to throw him. His eyes were still locked onto mine.

“Excellent, Sarah. The more you keep eye contact, the better your techniques will become.”

I released the pressure on his chin, allowing him to right himself, but kept my hand pressed against his smooth, firm jaw line. Far from objecting, to my joy, he brought his hand up to mine and slowly stroked his thumb over my knuckles. I was rooted to the spot with pleasure, the tingling sensation in my hand soon taking over my whole body. It seemed the most natural thing in the world when he leant in and kissed me passionately and slowly, gently parting my lips with his tongue to explore further inside my mouth. I slipped my arms around his neck and pulled him nearer to me, feeling his hard, warm chest press against the swell of my breasts.

The kiss ended and he pulled away, looking at me with a glint in his eye.

“There’s just one more thing, Sarah,” he said “why do you keep a sex toy in your gym bag?”

Damn, rumbled.

“I don’t know what you mean, Nathan.” I bluffed, though at this point it was clearly useless to act innocent. I was teetering on the brink between embarrassment and exhilaration, and still reeling from that mind-blowing kiss.

“Let me show you.” he said, and as my mind tried to work out whether it was horrified or excited.

He sauntered over to my holdall and pulled out the Mia.

“Now unless I’m very much mistaken... yep, there we go.”

He’d found the buttons to switch it on and was now running through the different vibration modes, testing each one against his hand. I was surprised to say the least but didn’t have time to wonder how he seemed to be such an expert on the matter.

Before I knew it he was shrugging off his already loose gi jacket and discarding it on the floor before moving in close to me. He looked into my eyes as if asking permission to continue and my flushed, bright eyed expression gave him his answer. In response, he got to work on the ties of my jacket which quickly gave way under his nimble fingers. Pausing briefly to admire the sight of my almost-naked torso, he eased the jacket down over my shoulders. As the lightweight fabric fell soundlessly to the floor I suddenly felt deliciously exposed. The last remaining shreds of my modesty disappeared as Nathan gently unclipped and tossed aside my sports bra.

I took the initiative in tugging down his trousers and boxers to find him hard and ready, his erect cock every bit as glorious as I’d imagined. My own trousers were swiftly removed and suddenly we were two naked almost-strangers alone together in a gym hall. The excitement was the same kind as when I wanked quietly in the changing rooms, except ten times more intense.

He pulled me to him for another kiss and I felt his rigid hard-on press in to my stomach. Then, without warning, Nathan picked me up easily by my hips and swung me round so I was sitting on the pile of mats we’d stacked earlier. He knelt down so as to be level with my crotch and started hungrily lapping at my pussy. I’d almost forgotten what a hot, wet tongue circling my clit felt like, and as I turned dizzy with pleasure I wondered how I’d done without it all these months.

Nathan was like a man possessed, his tongue lashing wildly at me, causing my juices to overflow and run down my leg. I loved the sensation and I loved that it was him doing it to me but there was something I wanted even more.

I grabbed his head in both my hands and guided it to look up at me.

“Nathan, fuck me.” I said, my ravenous eyes penetrating straight into his.

He broke free of my hands and sprinted over to our bags, grabbing something from his and something from mine. As he hurried back to me, I saw he was rolling on a condom and brandishing my Mia. I was suddenly very glad he’d found it after all.

Nathan lifted me tenderly off the pile of mats to a standing position and guided me so I was looking in the floor to ceiling mirrors installed along the opposite wall. I was taken aback by the sight of our two naked bodies side by side and the sheer rightness of it.



“Look how beautiful you are.” Nathan murmured, running his hand over my breasts, then the curve of my waist and hips. I could see the expression of arousal on both our faces and it was making me ever more desperate to feel him inside me.

Standing behind me, he manoeuvred his cock so it was pressing into my pussy lips. The feel of him against me was glorious and I opened up to him instantly. As he eased gently inside of me, he slowly ran my vibrating Mia down over my body until he reached my clit. I cried out.

Increasing the power of his thrusts as we both breathed heavily in time, Nathan kept one hand securely around my waist, pulling me to him, as the other held my pulsing vibrator mercilessly against my clit. I had no option but to succumb to the pleasure, revelling in the sight of us both in the mirror; him thrusting, me moaning, both of us growing, slick with sweat as we fucked harder and harder.

I saw his eyes flick closed as he pressed his lips to my ear and whispered “Oh God, Sarah, I’m going to come...”

This was all it took to send me spiralling to new heights of pleasure. I closed my eyes and surrendered to the perfect rhythm of Nathan’s cock pounding into me as the unceasing vibrations teased my clitoris. Everything fell into place as increasingly powerful waves of pleasure began to hit my body.

He came first but only by a fraction as his urgent, masculine grunts tipped me over the edge into the most dazzling, mind-blowing orgasm I have ever had, crying out for all I was worth. He continued to hold me tight as my breath eventually came back to normal and I opened my eyes to see us both looking spent but extremely satisfied.

He released his hand from my waist and suddenly I was unsure what my next move should be. I’d never before had sex with a martial arts instructor in a gym’s exercise hall and wasn’t quite sure what the protocol was. Should I shake his hand? Congratulate him on an excellent performance?

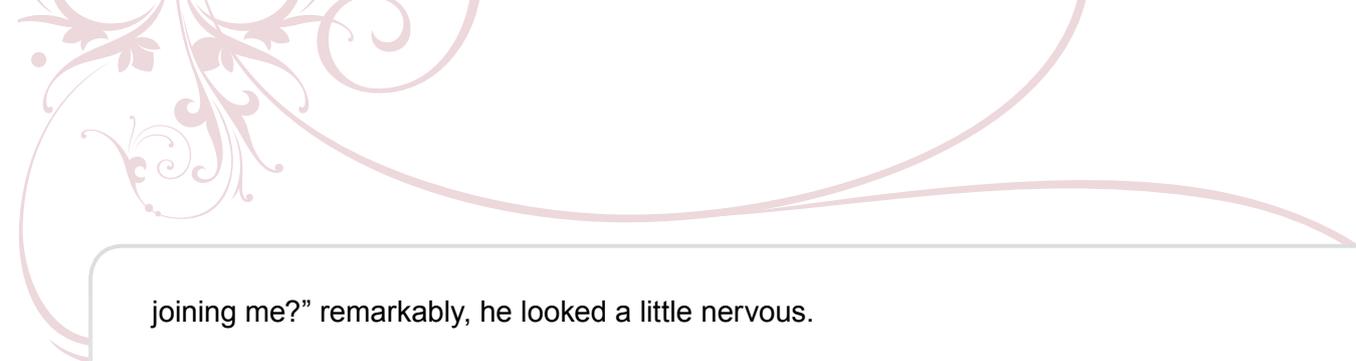
Suddenly shy in front of him, I gathered my clothes from my bag and tugged them on quickly. Nathan did the same. We stood in awkward silence for a few moments, eyes averted from each other.

“So – see you next week?” I ventured

“Um, yes, I suppose...” he sounded unsure. My heart sank. I guessed this was it. He was about to say, ‘we’ve had fun, let’s leave it at that’ or ‘you’re a really nice girl, but...’

I’ve heard it all before.

“...but I was going to try out that new sushi place for dinner this evening, didn’t know if you fancied



joining me?” remarkably, he looked a little nervous.

My heart turned over with joy! I’d thought I’d just be able to settle for having hot, horny sex with this amazing man but doing so had only made me want to get to know him even more.

Despite not being convinced at the idea of eating raw fish, I decided to take a gamble.

“Sure,” I grinned, “always said I’d try anything once.”

