

HARPER BLISS

WETTER

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Wetter

Spin class seemed to last forever. Rachel pushed down hard on the pedals, but didn't have sufficient strength left to follow the cadence of the music. She should have gone for that long hot bath instead of rushing to the gym again. Her cat Jamie should be balancing on the edge of the tub next to her, shooting her disdainful glares every time he nearly slipped in. She was getting too old for this kind of fitness regime. Rachel looked up and, through the drops of sweat raining from her forehead, caught a glimpse of Toni's strong arms. The instructor's skin was soaked and her top clung to her body so tightly Rachel could make out her abs gleaming underneath. To hell with that bath, she thought, this is by far the best place to spend a Thursday night.

"Come on, Rachel," Toni shouted, her voice brimming with authority, "try to keep up." Rachel thanked whoever invented the spin studio for the current darkness she found herself in, obscuring the no doubt bright shade of red flushing her cheeks.

She sat in the front row, right across from Toni—not her bike of choice but her photography teacher Jimmy had taken her apart after class again.

"To discuss the shadow lines in that picture of your cat in private", he had said, but they both knew better. Jimmy had fancied her from the start. Rachel hardly wore her sexual preference on her sleeve, but she believed that, even to the not so keen observer, it must be fairly obvious she was a lesbian. Or perhaps Jimmy liked a challenge. Thanks to him she'd arrived late at the gym and the only available spot happened to be directly opposite Toni. Rachel usually hid in the back, cultivating her crush from a safe distance, but she had to admit the view up front was much better.

"Rise," Toni yelled dramatically and Rachel pulled herself up, clinging to one last flicker of will power, for a hill climb. Maybe she was just as bad as Jimmy, but at least her mild obsession with Toni was increasing her fitness levels. She did, however, realise you couldn't judge a woman's

sexuality successfully if you'd only seen her in workout clothes—the margin for error was simply too big. Nevertheless, she had a good feeling about Toni, even though she didn't know much more about her than her name. She knew she had rock hard abs though, and triceps to die for.

A current of sweat trickled down Toni's forehead while the toned muscles of her arms bulged spectacularly as she tamed the imaginary mountain.

"Come on, team," she shouted at the top of her voice, "one more minute and you're free to do whatever you like."

If only she knew, Rachel pondered, what I'd like to do to her.

Rachel, weary of people this late in the day, checked if the steam room was empty. She inwardly chuckled when she saw there was no one inside because, in life, she had learnt, it's small signs of good fortune like this that matter most. Late night spin classes, for some reason, were quite a male affair. She'd only counted three other women in the studio—and Toni of course.

This near to closing time the female locker room was almost deserted and Rachel let her back fall lazily against the damp chair, safe in the knowledge the steam cabin was hers alone tonight. She closed her eyes and immediately visions of Toni's sweaty arms and shoulders occupied her mind. The strength and stamina they promised filled her with both instant desire and disappointment. Sure, Rachel had been lusting after Toni long enough to acquire a more than acceptable body for a woman her age, but apart from the occasional polite chit chat before and after class, they'd hardly exchanged words.

Still, maybe it was wishful thinking, but Rachel did feel like she had some small signs to cling to. Not a class went by in which Toni didn't call her out—not an honour bestowed on anyone. Then again, maybe it was simply a perk of being a regular. They had exchanged appreciative glances in passing in the locker room, but it was Toni's job to train the gym's

members and guide them towards firmer bodies. So, basically, she was only acknowledging her own work.

Steam hissed around Rachel and condensation drops seeped down from the ceiling. She'd give it another minute or two and then head for the shower. At least Jamie would be waiting for her at home and he was excellent at cuddling. A soft thud caught Rachel's attention and she opened her eyes. Seriously, she thought, someone's really going to ruin my blissful solitude now?

"Hi," a voice cut through the steam. Rachel couldn't make out a face through the vapours but she would recognise that clipped low voice anywhere. Instinctively, she wrapped her towel around her chest, then changed her mind and let it slip to the side again.

"I thought you'd have perspired enough today." Rachel fixed her eyes on Toni's shape, which was becoming clearer by the second. Please drop the towel, she prayed.

"There's always room for more." Toni took the seat opposite her and unfurled the towel from her upper body.

Rachel swallowed hard and thanked all the heavens and the stars and all the gods she didn't believe in. She tried to regain the composure she lost the instant Toni had set foot in the cabin, but the heat enveloping her and the sight of Toni's bare breasts weren't helping. She'd have to leave the steam room soon if she didn't want to faint. Or maybe Toni would resort to some inspired mouth-to-mouth if she did.

"You've been working hard," Toni said, her eyes focused on an area beneath Rachel's face.

"All praise goes to this gym's excellent instructors."

Toni flashed her a sly smile and Rachel couldn't keep her eyes off her instructor's magnificent shoulders. So close, she thought as a mild dizziness crept up on her, but yet so far away.

"I'm sorry, but I've been in here too long." Rachel rose and had to steady herself against the soaked wall. "I need to get out."

"Careful." In a split second Toni was by her side, her towel left behind on the chair. She supported Rachel's arm and the firm grip of Toni's fingers around her bicep made her head swim even more. "Walk slowly. I'll escort you out."

Not that Rachel had a plan, but still, this was not the plan. What was the point of boasting toned muscles and a lean body if you nearly lost consciousness in front of the hot instructor? She let Toni guide her out and sat down on the wooden bench flanking the cabin. She took a few sharp breaths and felt her strength return. Rachel had lost her towel along the way as well and Toni towered over her, a worried look on her face and her body covered in nothing but sweat.

"I'll get us some fresh towels," Toni said. "I'll just be a minute. Will you be all right?"

Rachel nodded and watched Toni scoot off around the corner, but not before getting a decent look at her well-shaped behind. The wall clock reminded her it was half an hour to closing time and Rachel was relieved to not hear any signs of other members in the changing room. All the showers were quiet and no locker doors were being slapped shut. She only heard the sopping sound of Toni's footsteps as she arrived with two clean towels.

"Thanks," Rachel muttered, slightly mortified. At least she got to see Toni naked, although not in the exact circumstances she would have wished for. "Time for a shower."

"Take the cubicle across from me," Toni commanded in her strict teacher's voice. "I want to keep an eye on you." Rachel was more than willing to oblige.

The shower cubicles closed with glass shields from both sides and Toni left hers ajar, inspiring Rachel to do the same. She set the tab to cold and the water was a shock to her system. Her nipples jumped to attention and blood pulsed through her veins. It was nothing compared to the effect catching glimpses of a showering Toni had on her. A sizzling fire burned in

Rachel's belly. It was now or never. This kind of opportunity wouldn't come knocking again anytime soon. Maybe the fuss Toni had made over her was a pure act of kindness or plain professional concern, but Rachel believed it left a lot of room for alternative interpretations. Either way, she had the dizzy card to play again.

She gaped at Toni through the crack in the shower doors, at the white foam sliding down her skin and caressing her taut muscles. Rachel had been vaguely aware of it before, but there was no more denying it now, something was throbbing between her legs and she had twenty minutes to do something about it. She wasn't planning on doing it herself.

"Oh," she yelped and let her back slam against the slippery wall, making enough noise to get Toni's attention. It only took Toni two seconds and three long strides to reach her side, her hands planted under Rachel's armpits and her eyes scanning Rachel's face for signs of an imminent blackout. Rachel may not have to fake that dizzy spell after all. Blood rushed to her cheeks as she took stock of the situation. Two naked women crammed together in a shower cubicle with no one else around. No, not just two women—Rachel cornered by Toni's strong arms against the wall, which was getting colder against her hot skin. Rachel couldn't help but notice Toni's hard nipples, dark circles standing out against the light mocha complexion of her skin, like candy waiting to be licked.

"Shit," Rachel whispered as she heard the door of the changing room swing open and then shut. Toni put her hand in front of Rachel's mouth, curling her long fingers across her jaw.

"Shhht," she hissed. "If we're lucky, she'll be in and out."

Distant footsteps pattered about and Rachel prayed for them to not come any closer to the showers. Toni fixed her hazelnut eyes on Rachel, her hand still curved over Rachel's lips. Water drummed down around them and bounced up over their feet. Things can hardly get wetter, Rachel thought, but immediately had to correct herself. It wasn't just water from the shower seeping down her legs. Her entire body pulsed and throbbed,

aching to be touched more intimately by Toni.

Toni still had one hand underneath Rachel's armpit, but now withdrew it. She used it to shove the shower doors together and then gently ran a finger across Rachel's collar bone. Her finger travelled between Rachel's breasts, down to her belly. Whoever had come in was still fumbling with locker keys and Rachel heard precious seconds ticking away in her head. The presence of the other woman didn't seem to faze Toni, who took the opportunity to drive Rachel wild by skimming just one finger over her upper body. A nail trailed over Rachel's abs now and she was grateful for the extra crunches their body pump instructor subjected them to at the end of every class.

Beneath Toni's other hand, the one still clamped over her chin, Rachel widened her mouth and ran her lips over Toni's drenched palm. Soon she was licking her fingers and sucking them into her mouth—at least it kept her quiet.

Bam. The unwanted visitor left the locker room and a heavy thud of the door was the signal for both of them to crank up the heat. Time was not on their side and the cleaners would be in soon. Toni seemed to get the message as well and pushed her body against Rachel's, finally lavishing her with the touch she craved. Before pressing her lips hard against Rachel's mouth, she peered into her eyes one last time and the longing shining through them was inescapable. Rachel felt her knees go wobbly again, only this time it wasn't because her body couldn't cope. Toni's hands explored her breasts and they had no time for soft strokes. Rachel's nipples hardened under Toni's tugs and, instinctively, she spread her legs.

"Fuck me," Rachel moaned. Toni's lips moistened her already soaked neck and her ears were right next to Rachel's mouth. Rachel grabbed Toni's head and yanked it up to face her. "Fuck me now," she repeated and thrust herself against Toni's hard wet body. She snagged Toni's hand and pushed it down, unable to wait any longer.

"I need your fingers inside of me." Rachel was ready to resort to

begging to quench the lust dripping from her, flooding her inner thighs. Toni's fingers didn't delay and slipped inside Rachel as if they were made for nothing else.

"More." Rachel couldn't stop herself. Toni fucked her with two fingers, burying them deeper with every thrust. Sweat mixed with soap and lusty juices and all Rachel heard was water coming down around them and the sound of Toni working on her pussy. Toni didn't need coaxing to add a third finger and when Rachel opened her eyes for a split second she could see how the strong muscles in Toni's arm bulged with every stroke.

Rachel dug her hands into Toni's wet hair and pushed her down. Not that she needed it to climax—she could already feel the orgasm building, tingling in her fingertips and toes—but she desperately wanted to feel Toni's tongue on her clit. Toni dropped to her knees on the rubber shower floor and didn't hold back. She started with one careful, almost hesitant flick of the tongue but soon transitioned into confident licks and nudges while her fingers continued to fuck Rachel to a screaming orgasm.

Rachel marvelled at the feeling of Toni's tongue dancing around her sensitive clit and increasing the tension in her body. She adored the tiny explosions her sexy spin instructor's fingers caused to ripple through her blood. She wanted to lean against that cold damp wall forever and have Toni go at her until her trained muscles would give up—not a thing Rachel would expect to happen any time soon. Toni's fingers drove upwards inside of her, touching her in all her most sensitive spots and filling her until Rachel believed she couldn't take anymore. The friction on her clit increased as Toni sucked it in and out of her mouth between puckered lips.

It felt as if all her insides were collapsing, swallowing each other only to be spit out again with big joyous bursts. Every thrust of Toni's fingers ignited a fresh round of swirling fireworks inside Rachel's bones and a satisfying warmth swarmed through her. She clasped her fingers in Toni's hair as her body tensed and relaxed, first in big slow waves and then short intense ones. Rachel pushed Toni's mouth away from her clit and revelled

in the strong, unrelenting strokes of her fingers deep inside of her for just one moment longer before pulling Toni up and kissing her with all she had.

"Best wash up," Toni said, looking almost unflustered. She glanced at her waterproof watch. "We have five minutes."

Rachel still stood panting against the wall and it felt as if she'd spent the last five hours in the cubicle, while, in reality, it couldn't have been longer than ten minutes.

"I owe you one." Rachel curled her fingers around Toni's wrist, not wanting to let her go just yet.

"Same time next week." Toni pecked her low on the cheek, next to her lips, and slipped out of her grasp.

Rachel couldn't wait.

THE END

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About the author

Harper Bliss has travelled the world in search of sexual satisfaction. She now resides in a hot Asian country and dedicates her time to writing down the stories that have inspired and aroused her.

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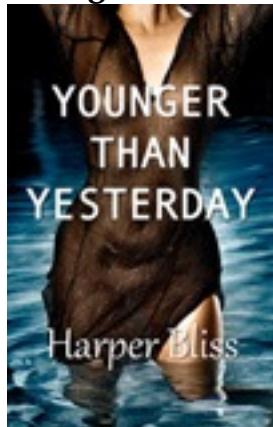
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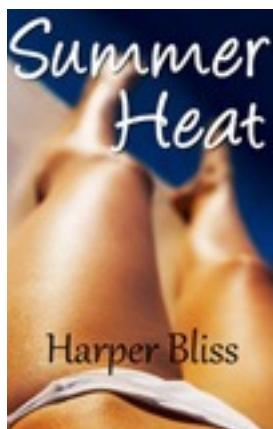


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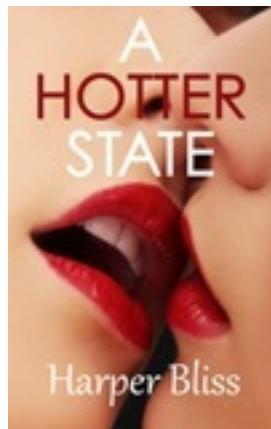
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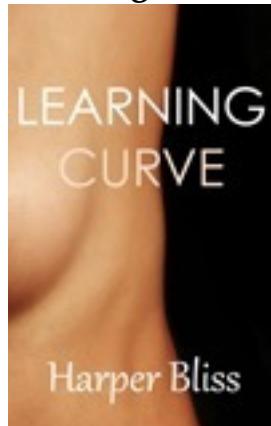
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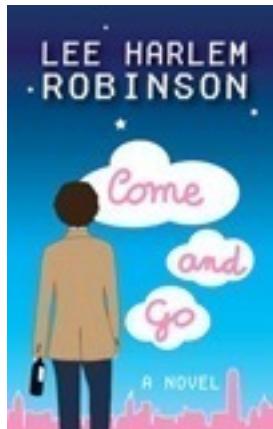
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Lee Harlem Robinson is used to getting all the girls, until she arrives in Hong Kong. Faced with a severe shortage of dateable lesbians, it takes Lee months to find romance and surrender to her first summer of love in 100% humidity. Her affair with posh banker Stella doesn't last into autumn and she's left scouring happy hour with her single gay friends again. She's on the brink of a melt-down when she meets Nikki, a leather-clad lawyer-cum-photographer. Can they defy the odds and find love in a harsh and loose city like Hong Kong?

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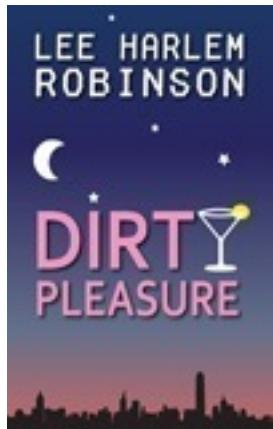
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