***The Girls Take a Tumble***

*By Stevesaint*



(ff, Mf)

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All others please enjoy!  If you like this story, then give me some feedback at stevesaint@juno.com

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*Hello, my name is Andrea.  My best friend Kim and I are 14-year-old gymnasts, and we’re pretty good.  We’re good enough, I guess, for our folks to pay an obscene amount of money for us to attend a famous local camp for Olympic hopefuls.  Our coach, an East German guy named Gunter, says we have potential to be champions, but we figure he says this to all the girls.  Unlike some of the other coaches we’ve seen, Coach Gunter doesn’t yell at us all the time.  He’s very patient and understanding.  Besides, he’s pretty hunky for an older guy, stirring up the raging hormones of all the girls in those tight spandex outfits he wears in the gym.  Since he hasn’t tried to grope any of us yet, we figured he might be gay.  Oh, well.*

*Because Kim’s house is near the gymnastic camp, I’ve been staying there for the summer.  Kim and I have found a way lately to take care of OUR raging hormones—we discovered her dad’s stash of porno videos.  Whenever we’re alone at her house, we play a video and fantasize we’re with the guy on the screen.  Some of the videos are crude, with impersonal sex (it seems to us, anyway, but what do we know?) but some are very sexy.  Our favorite is one where the guy seduces the virgin babysitter.  He is very gentle with her when he takes her for the first time.  The guy is supposed to be older but he looks like a young stud to us, tanned and muscular, with a very large looking penis.  Since Kim and I are still virgins, we get really turned on by the thought of what our first time will be like.  We usually touch ourselves while watching this video, both of us climaxing noisily, hugging each other afterwards.*

*Kim also likes one of the videos where the jock is in bed with two girls at the same time, both of which are shaved bald down there.  We sorta liked that idea, so one night we shaved each other and have kept ourselves baby-bald ever since (we laugh about maintaining our ‘image’).*

*What image, you ask?  Most of the guys at school treat us like little kids; what can we expect if we’re both 4 ft. 5!  Yes, we have tiny bodies, but we’re still budding women, nonetheless.  The boys don’t seem to agree, but I think Kim is beautiful: a pretty face surrounded by short, curly brown hair, with small, pointy breasts and a tight muscled ass and great athletic thighs.  I’m not so bad looking myself, I might add; a bit more athletically shaped than Kim, my breasts a little rounder.*

*Besides the guy in the babysitter video, we’ve also been fantasizing about Coach.  He is a “hands on” coach.  One day I watched him working with Kim and another girl.  He would place a hand on Kim’s stomach and the other at her back, just above her buttocks, to demonstrate a move he wanted her to make.  While he was touching her, I could see Kim’s eyes roll up a little and her breathing become more rapid and shallow.  Later, she showed me how wet the crotch of her leotard had become.  She told me she had imagined Coach Gunter was the guy in the video and he was holding her that way to guide her to his bed.  That night at Kim’s we touched each other, both of us lost in our fantasies as we climaxed.*

*Our summer at the camp culminated with fantastic news—Kim and I were invited to perform in a gymnastics exhibition in New York City!  The expo was understood to be a showcase for potential Olympians, our families and we were thrilled to get this chance.  Coach Gunter was thrilled, too.  Of course he’s happy for us, but we figure it’s also a chance to showcase his abilities as a coach to the US Olympic Committee people.  He would chaperone us on our trip to the big city.*

*In New York, our hotel was fantastic, and both Kim and I felt like princesses living in a castle.  We talk Coach into taking us shopping.  Both of us buy short, slinky dresses that hug our little bodies tightly.  While trying them on, we laugh and think sexy thoughts, and agree not to wear anything underneath.  When we each walk out of the dressing room, Coach’s eyes bug out and we thought he would have a heart attack.  The look on his face made both of us real hot.*

*When we get back to our hotel, we put the new dresses back on and ask Coach to take us out again.  We spend the afternoon window shopping and teasing him.  Every once in a while one of us would hike our dress up a bit and give Coach a glimpse of a little bare ass, or a short peek at a bald pussy.  We could tell we were having an effect; certain he wasn’t gay by the bulge in his pants.*

*At one point Coach says, “You two better be good, or you’ll get what’s coming to you.”*

*We could only hope.*

*The following morning we went to the gym we rented for practice, having the place to ourselves.  It wasn’t just a gym, for besides the gymnastic equipment and mats, it must also be used for ballet practice, with two walls completely mirrored and a barre attached to one of them.  We practiced our vaults for a while before shifting to the balance beam.  While vaulting, Kim teased Coach about a video clip we saw on the web.  The clip was made by a big condom company as an Olympics spoof, and showed a girl gymnast, naked from the waist down, vaulting and landing on a guy’s erection.  Kim winked to me and asked coach if he’d ever seen the video (we could tell by his blush that he had, even though he said no) and if he ever thought about us “doing that.”  He mutters some objection, but we could tell he was aroused.*

*We each took turns on the balance beam making exaggeratedly sexy poses—sticking our asses out and spreading our legs just so.  When I loudly ask Kim if she ever thought about doing a routine in the nude, Coach storms out of the room, as much to hide his “discomfort,” we imagine, than out of any anger or embarrassment.  When he returns, Kim and I look at each other, wondering if he went off to masturbate.*

*We keep up the teasing as he coaches us on some of the routines.  He was having a hard time bringing himself to touch our bodies today.  However, we had no problem touching his; every once in a while one of us would brush a hand across the front of his spandex pants, noticing the growth we were eliciting.*

*The touching and teasing didn’t go on for much longer before Coach sighs, walks toward the gym door and locks it, saying, “Gunter will teach you two the lesson you have been asking for.”*

*The tone of voice, the heat emanating from him, and the large bulge in his pants all combine to dampen our little pussies.  He walks over to us and effortlessly lifts us both into his arms.  He carries us over to one of the mats and lays us down.*

*“Are you both on pill?”  He asks, looking at me, and I nod.*

*He slides each of us out of our sweaty leotards, first Kim, and then me before he stands up to undress.  More than one fantasy would come true today.*

*He is looking down at our naked little bodies with lust, while the sight of his massive erection entrances us.  It’s one thing to watch sex on a video and to see erections on the screen, and quite something else to see a big one standing straight up before you.  Both Kim and I make little kittenish sounds as we realize our fantasies will become reality today.  I tear my eyes away from Coach’s penis to look at Kim.  She’s breathing heavily, practically panting, and had spread her legs in anticipation, not taking her eyes away from Coach’s erect penis.  I could see that her bald pussy was open a bit and glistening wet.  Coach sees it too, I think.   He will take Kim first, and that’s okay.*

*He falls to his knees between Kim’s legs and effortlessly lifts her by the ass to meet his erection.  I’m transfixed by what I see a few feet in front of me.  Cradling her with both arms like a baby, he places the head of his penis at her wet opening and enters her.  She utters an “oooop” sound as he slides deeper into her.  I spot a little blood seep out, but not much.  Coach’s penis is obviously stretching Kim’s vagina to the limit (what will it be like in me?)  She is awash with pleasure, making little mewling sounds, borne by his strong arms and impaled on his manhood.  I reach in with one hand to feel the wet shaft of his penis and caress his scrotum, while I put the other on Coach’s butt, feeling the muscles flex as he pumps into Kim.  I look into Coach’s face and realize he is watching the reflection of him and Kim in the mirrored wall!  He must be excited by what he sees; maybe it’s a confirmation that he really is making it with his teenaged pupil.  When I too look at the reflection, it reminds me of watching the videos, and I take my hand off his butt and place it between my legs.  Just as I reach climax, Kim screams, her whole body writhing from her own orgasm.  Suddenly, Coach pulls his penis from Kim’s vagina and squirts load after load of semen all over her.  He seems to squirt much more than the guys in the videos, coating Kim’s stomach, breasts and face with gobs of it.  She’s too overcome with euphoria to notice.*

*Coach Gunter lowers Kim’s satisfied form to the mat and turns to me.  “Now…I save my favorite for last,” he says.  “Andrea, I have always wanted you for my bed…and I will have you now.”*

*Has he really lusted for me?  He reaches out and pulls me to him, and kisses me.  I melt as he plunges his tongue into my mouth.  He breaks off the kiss and says, “You tease my cock all day, now you will clean him off and make him ready for you…Gunter will be hard again to fill you up.”*

*He pushes my head down toward his penis until the semi-erect member—still dribbling semen from before—is right at my lips.  I’ve seen it done in the videos, so I open my mouth and let it slide between my parted lips.  I wrap them around his shaft, feeling it growing hard in my mouth, and lick the remnants of his semen and Kim’s juices from it.  After a few strokes between my lips, he pushes me away and positions me on the mat.  He looks feverish with desire as he gazes down at my lithe little body, his penis so amazingly rigid again I can see every pulsing vein.  I’m ready.  I spread my legs as far as I can, which is pretty wide since I’m a gymnast, and extend my arms up to him, surprising myself by pleading him to take me.  He gets on his knees between my spread thighs and lightly runs the fingers of one hand between my pussy lips as the other hand gently kneads my aching breasts.  I can’t breathe!  The combined feel of his stroking my pussy and my taut nipples, along with the sight of his super-hard erection make me climax.  I detachedly hear myself making tiny “oh” sounds as my stomach muscles contract from the power of the orgasm.*

*“Ah, she sprays her girl liquid all over my hand,” he says, holding the palm of his hand up so I could see my juices drip from his fingers.  “She is ready for Gunter now.”*

*He looms over me and inches his penis into my eager pussy.  “Oh…My…God,” I moan as he begins to make love to me, my vagina straining to take all of him.  I’m having difficulty breathing as he thrusts faster and faster into me, wonderfully filling my tight vagina, making me feel like I’ve never felt before.  I turn my head momentarily and see our reflection in the mirrored wall.  I watch as Coach’s penis glides in and out of me, shiny from my wetness.  I see my legs wrapped around him as my heels strike him in the butt, spurring him in time to each of his thrusts.  The view is sexier than any video I’ve ever seen.  As his penis pistons into me and the wave within me grows, I think of all those times Kim and I fantasized about doing it, and my whole body bucks and spasms.  I hear myself squeal an ever-loudening “oooOOO” as my head explodes in a galaxy of stars in the most tremendous orgasm of my young life.*

*After a few more thrusts, Coach’s sweat-dripping face slackens and he utters an “Oh, God” himself.  He drives his penis all the way in as he climaxes.  I can feel every one of his jerks inside me as he shoots one spurt after another.  Another orgasmic wave passes through me, so violently I think I’m fainting.  Just before I black out, I see Kim’s reflection in the mirror as she fiercely pounds a couple of fingers into her wet pussy and orgasms too.*

*When I begin to come around, I’m lying on the mat with Coach on one side of me and Kim on the other.  They’re both acting concerned since I blacked out momentarily, but it didn’t stop them both from playing with my helpless body in the meantime.  As if in a dream, I barely hear Kim ask Coach if he would make love to me again.  I’m momentarily confused—why does Kim want him to do me again, and not her?*

*Still in that dreamlike state, I hear Coach say, “Coach Gunter’s cock needs a small rest, but we will make love again later.  For now, Coach needs to be Coach once more.”*

*We got our wish on several fronts today.  After we cleaned ourselves up a bit, Kim and I practiced our routines on the balance beam in the nude.  In post-coital ecstasy, both of us performed better than we ever have before.  Our bodies were flushed pink as each of us sensuously moved on the beam, occasionally rubbing our swollen pussies against it as we performed.  Coach even warned us about slipping on the wet beam!  By the time we were finished with our floor exercises, all three of us were completely turned on again.   As I finish, I watch Coach’s reflection in the mirror and can see his penis is erect.   I look over at Kim and she’s amazingly fingering herself as she stares at me.  Kim is going to feel it again, and I want it too.  I practically tackle Coach onto the mat and position myself above his splendid manhood.  I should have been more careful but I’m much too aroused.  I grab his hard penis, placing it at my sopping pussy and just drop myself onto him, driving him all the way into me.  I forgot the fullness of him stretching my neophyte vagina; the wind is knocked out of my lungs as his man-sized penis slams into my girl-sized womb.  I can’t breathe and I think I’ll faint again.  Coach is horny and wants action, impatient with me for being stunned and not moving, so he lifts me off him and carries my overwhelmed body over to the mirrored wall, making me hold onto the barre.  With my ass to him, he takes me.  My mind is in a joyous fog; I vaguely realize he’s lifted my legs off the floor and has spread them apart so wide they must be forming a straight line from foot to foot (which I can do easily on the floor, but never like this).  My physical connection to anything beside air is the barre I’m holding onto, and Coach Gunter’s hands and thrusting member.  Penetrating my mind-fog is the thrill, the rapture, and the extreme pleasure of his penis penetrating me.  I look ahead into the mirror and marvel at the expression on my face (drugged?)  I see the reflection of Coach’s rhythmic pumping behind my butt cheeks.  Is that my voice saying ‘Oh, fuck me, fuck me’ and ‘Harder…God…Harder’?   Is that me screaming “YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS” in the throes of orgasmic bliss?  Is that Coach’s voice grunting “Andrea…Andrea…AHHHHHH” at the same time I feel the ejaculatory throbs inside my vagina?*

*All the sensations—looking at the reflection of Coach climaxing, feeling his seed pumping into me, hearing the ecstatic sex sounds we’re both making—and I reach what my overloaded mind can only comprehend as a “super-orgasm.”  How else can I describe it—my whole body just convulsed in one amazing spasm, undulating waves of physical joy traveling from my pulsing vagina up my spine and sort of exploding in my chest, as again I can hardly breathe.*

*I must have passed out once more, since the next thing I remember is Coach cradling me in his arms like a baby.  I hear him whispering something about “My little Andrea has too much good sex today,” and “Gunter fills her like she wanted,” or something like that.*

*My only other sensations are of my seemingly overheated body and how my ass feels all wet nestled in the crook of Coach’s arm as he hold me.  When he lays me down on the mat, he says something else which momentarily puzzles me.*

*“Coach Gunter is satisfied, but little Kim is still in need of loving…I will leave that to my star flower…my Andrea.”*

*What did he mean by that?  It’s not until I look over at Kim that I begin to realize the meaning of his words.  Kim is as hot and wanting as I’ve seen anyone in my short life, hotter than anyone I’ve ever seen in those porn videos.  She’s staring at me, breathing in shallow, panting gasps, running her hands all over her breasts and her crotch, her skin flushed red and sweaty.  Oh my God, she wants ME!*

*Was she thinking as much of me as the guys in the videos when we got each other off all those times?  Oh, she looks so good over there, the flame of desire kindled and burning red hot.  I know how I feel about her, my best friend.  I go to her.  For the first time, we kiss as lovers.  Kim’s hands and mouth soon kindle the fire in me as well.  I’m not quite sure how we got there, but soon we had our tongues buried in each other’s pussies, drinking up not only our girl juices but also the remains of Coach’s cum still in us.  We move from licking to stroking, running our hands over each other’s most sensitive areas.  We kiss again, commingling the juices each of us has tasted.  In time we both approach orgasm.  Just before I climax, I coax Kim into looking at our reflection.  She stares with fascination at the sight of our entwined bodies, and grinding her pubic mound into mine, climaxes loudly and spectacularly.  As the wave of orgasm envelops me once again, I vaguely see the reflection of Coach Gunter masturbating at the sight of us on the mat, spraying streams of cum everywhere.*

*Our big performance at the exposition is scheduled for the following evening.  In the morning before going to practice, Kim and I make love again.  We explore each other’s body in our hotel bed.  We kiss and touch and lick and rub each other to exhilarating climax.  Kim confessed she fantasized about me many times but was confused and afraid to initiate any sex, except while watching her father’s videos with me.*

*With this revelation, I had to re-examine my thoughts of Kim, and admitted to myself how much I love her.  I couldn’t think of myself as a lesbian, though; I still get wet thinking of Coach’s penis in me and how it felt.  I will still dream of having a strong man sleep with me and make love to me.  However, I can’t imagine feeling any more fulfilled than when my body is entwined with Kim’s, rubbing our pussies together, mixing our orgasmic juices.*

*Practicing for the final time, Kim and I perform our routines in the nude, glowing from both sexual satisfaction and from watching each other, as one would gain pleasure from viewing pretty, blossoming flowers.  We have indeed blossomed these past two days.  When an aroused Coach Gunter catches me as I dismount from the balance beam and asks to make love to me, I kiss him but say no.  I will concentrate on the performance tonight, and on Kim’s needs for now.  Coach understands.  You might think I’m crazy, but I inserted a tampon to absorb my vaginal wetness, before donning my leotard for the exposition.  You see, I was going to perform all my routines that night with two alternating thoughts in my brain—one, the view in the mirror of Coach making love to me yesterday, and two, the memory of Kim’s nude, heated pink form thrusting around the uneven bars this morning in frenzied, naked glory.*

*One observer that night rated my performance as one of the best she had ever seen.  Unofficial scorecards kept by some of the observers (remember, this was an exhibition) had me finishing first and Kim third overall.  One person secretly told me that my balance beam performance was “tremendously erotic” and she would have given me a “10” if she were judging.  Wow, I can tell from her body language that I turned her on!  Boy, would she be surprised to find out how turned on I was when I was up on that beam!*

*After the exhibition, we called our folks to let them know how well we had done, and then we returned to the hotel where we rewarded a proud Coach Gunter with a present of our bodies one last time.  After we indulged ourselves with room-service food, we indulged ourselves with a threesome in Coach’s bed.  We all came gloriously and loudly.  I climaxed in a gusher, riding Coach’s tongue and squirting my orgasmic juices down his throat.*

*Coach is very proud of us as we prepare for the Olympic trials, but knows he will only have memories from now on, not our little bodies.  Kim and I remain lovers.  When we spread our flower petals for each other, we’re in heaven.  Our bodies tangled and wet, we dream of the possibility of Olympic glory.  You know what we will be thinking every time we perform—and oh yes, we still practice in the nude whenever we can.*

*Wish us luck.*

*With love,*

***Andrea***