

Twenty - Hot Workout

An hour later, I finally stride into my brother's building, anxiously looking around to check if Zander - I mean Isaac - is still here. I had to run home and get dressed in my fake gymshark leggings and sports bra (as I can't afford the real thing) first. This is my most flattering set, which actually gives me a little cleavage and really emphasises my bum. I haven't been to the gym in a shockingly long time, which is going to have to be changed soon considering I hardly have time to dance anymore, so I'm not really exercising. I have been noticing a few extra pounds on my waist recently, but that might just be me being paranoid.

The gym is mildly busy, with a group of middle aged women chatting at the water fountain, two body builders lifting weights that look heavier than three of me, and your regular trying to keep fit and build a booty men and women. Some old repetitive dance song plays in the background and there are TVs on the walls, all of them muted apart from one above the dumbbell and mat section. My eyes glaze over Isaac on the running machine and come to a screeching halt as I notice Zander lifting weights, watching his form in the floor to ceiling mirror stretching the entire back wall.

I drool and stumble, feeling heat rise into my face as my eyes trail his impressive body, focusing on his rippling arm muscles and tight abs, which are peeking through his sweat-soaked tight white sports top. Why is he built like a God with a chiselled face to match? He is quite lean and his muscles don't bulge out, but they are certainly there and his body is super sculpted. I have a weakness for muscly backs, which he definitely has and makes me feel wobbly in the knees. His face is red and he pushes his cheeks out adorably as he continues to do forearm curls making my heart melt for him. He is just so perfect... if only he hadn't hurt me so much recently.

"What you doing here Nell?"

I jump with my hand over my heart as I turn to see Owen standing behind me, his skin blotchy and breathing fast.

"Oh, hello Owen nice to see you too. I just wanted to stretch and work out - you know the usual gym things." I shrug.

"Sorry, hello, but you've never shown an interest in working out before. What changed?" He asks as he wipes his face with the towel hanging around his neck.

"I just... felt lazy." I shrug, rocking on my toes and sneakily turn to look at Zander, surprised to see him staring straight back at us as he has now put his weights down and is taking a swig from his water bottle.

"Hmm, really. Are you sure you didn't come to see a certain someone?" Owen asks looking unimpressed as he dances his eyes between Zander and I.

"Erm... no." I gape with red cheeks, trying to keep a straight expression.

Oh God... does he know I like Zander?

"Whatever Nell, I hope you know what you're doing. I'm off to shower." Owen sighs before walking off, ignoring a young woman who openly gapes at him, biting her lip.

Well I don't know what that was about. I guess it is possible that he has realised I like Zander, but he didn't say anything so I am going to live in denial for now. I decide to head off to the running machines as they are conveniently on the opposite side of Zander and there are mirrors lining the walls meaning I can spy on him - or more likely drool over him. As I climb onto the machine, my eyes lock with Zander who is trying to ignore my presence but seems unable to.

I set the machine at a moderate pace and start running, wishing that I had big boobs to bounce provocatively. However, the situation is not at a loss considering Zander's eyes keep flickering back to my bum like a moth to a flame. Pride bubbles within in me as it took years of hard work to grow a booty I can be proud of and use to steal attention. I will forever be thankful to my years of dance for giving me a thick ass and thighs. I am arguably a little more distracted though as Zander starts doing pull-ups, making his muscles look incredible. Oh my life... if we were together I'd make him carry me around all day.

After a pitiful five minutes the constant running starts to take its toll and I decide to stop before I start huffing like a pig. I decide to go over to the mats and stretch, waving at Isaac on the way who finally notices me. Once I have completed my warm up whilst standing up, I choose to show off my flexibility and smoothly slide into the splits. I manage to maintain eye contact with Zander, whose eyes widen and his cheeks flush as I slide to the grey mat with the grace of a ballerina. His heated gaze gives me goose bumps, and a fire is kindled between us.

He wants me. I can just feel it...

But as soon as the feeling comes, it is destroyed as Zander sighs, looking vexed before stomping over. I pretend I don't notice the storm heading my way and swap into the middle splits, reaching over to hold my toes. Zander disguises his actions as filling up his water bottle as the tap is conveniently right next to me, but I still ignore him as I come out of the splits and bend into downward dog, feeling my bum jiggle as I fold into position, shaking tauntingly in the air. It is safe to say it is not only Zander's attention on me now. Zander groans lowly under his breath causing my cheeks to flush and palms to become sweaty. Suddenly I feel a little shy...

"Look Nell. I don't know what you want, but you need to stop tormenting me. You are with Ryder or whatever his name is and I'm with Viv. You need to stop making it harder and stay away from me." He hisses as I lower into the cobra pose.

Anger and jealousy strikes my heart causing me to frown. He's still thinking about Viv? Do I need to get naked or something?

"Fine whatever, I'm not here to see you anyway. It's not my fault that you can't stop looking at me." I frown, glaring at him.

His eyes stare back tauntingly and there is so much tension between us I'm not sure if I want to hit him or make out with him at this point.

"Ok Nell sure. I'm going to see Viv." He sighs before walking off.

Ah! I'm so angry! Why does he always do this? And he's going to see Viv? Is he going to have sex with her? Or is it just innocent? That's it I need to hit something!

Why can't he just admit that it is me he wants?

Edited

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