

Personalized Attention
emwebb17

Summary:

Um...shower sex. At the gym.

Notes:

So I filled this prompt for Cockles Week "Jensen as a trainer in a gym and Misha as new member who wants to build up some more muscles. They could work out together, maybe shower, sauna and hot sex :)" by super-harkness with a rather lengthy and somewhat sex-less fic focused on Misha's state of mind.

Then I figured that some people might have just been looking for a PWP. So, I banged (ha ha) one of those out as well.

Work Text:

Misha, having taken three years off to be a sloth in the concrete jungle, felt a little embarrassed as he tried to disguise the fact that he was wheezing after climbing two flights of stairs. The fact that several people noticed was the reason he decided to visit the gym he'd had a membership in for the past three years and been to a grand total of twice.

After going through a lackluster workout in which he barely breaks a sweat, he realizes he's going to need some actual motivation. A flyer for sessions with a personal trainer catches his eye, and a quick trip to the front desk is what leads to his current situation: he's staring at a golden god, an inhumanly perfect specimen of a man who is smiling brightly at him.

How is he supposed to get a good workout when he's spending the whole hour thinking about fucking the gorgeous, green-eyed man until they're both just a puddle of lusty goo on the gym floor? He gives the guy a few flirtatious looks and a suggestive answer or two to his initial

questions, but the only response Misha gets is an even smile. It seems like the trainer is not into guys; or at least, not into him. It's a shame, but at least he's friendly and encouraging all through their stretching and warm up. And when he bends over that ass is high and tight and right in Misha's face. All he has to do is lean forward and he'll become very well acquainted with it.

When the trainer stands up—Jensen, Misha remembers the unusual name—he's still all smiles and enthusiasm. He asks if Misha is ready to begin his workout. Misha says yes, thinking that getting a personal trainer is the best decision he's ever made.

That is until his sweet, encouraging pretty trainer is replaced with a shouting, intimidating beautiful monster. He works Misha harder than he ever has in his life—and that includes that one time he evaded police on a foot chase through the slums of Mumbai. Jensen makes him run until he's out of breath, work his muscles until he can't do anymore reps, and on top of all that—constantly tells him how his form is wrong, his technique is terrible, and how disappointed he is that Misha isn't even "trying." It works at first, the anger making him push harder. But eventually he's just thinking about pummeling the asshole's pretty face with a free weight. One single hour has never lasted so long in Misha's life. When Jensen finally calls a halt to their session, Misha is bent over with his hands braced on his knees. He feels a little sick and is pretty certain if he lays down now he will never get back up.

"Alright. That was pretty pathetic, but it is only your first session."

Misha refrains from pointing out that this will also be his last session.

"Drink some water, but not too much. And then hit the showers."

Misha slowly straightens, wincing as he feels his back muscles already tightening on him.

“Sure you don’t need to join me to make sure I’m using the right technique to wash my hair?” Misha mutters.

Jensen’s head turns slightly, but he keeps walking away. Maybe he heard him, maybe he didn’t. Misha doesn’t care. He limps across the gym and enters the quiet locker room. The gym emptied considerably after the lunch crowd left, and Misha’s not sure if there’s anyone in the room with him or not. He figures he doesn’t care and strips down to nothing in front of the locker he used and drops his sweaty, smelly clothes (which had been pristine and really sporty looking when he’d put them on that morning) on the floor. He walks buck naked toward the showers, carrying a small zip lock bag with some shampoo and conditioner. The gym provides body wash in each shower stall via a soap dispenser attached to the dividers.

Misha wanders toward the back, not a big fan of listening to people talk and do around while he’s naked and vulnerable. He turns the water on and waits for it to heat up to a nice, steamy, soothing temperature. He steps under the spray and moans softly. The water and steam feel good on his body, and he relaxes a little bit. He knows tomorrow he will feel like a run over bag of dog crap, but for now he’s okay. He pulls on the tab on the soap dispenser and a blue, manly-smelling body wash squirts out onto his hand. He soaps up his body and doesn’t even feel a tingle when he washes his groin. He’s too tired. He might be too tired to ever feel up for sex ever again.

After rinsing off, he takes his shampoo and is about to dump some onto his palm when a deep voice says from directly behind him, “Looks like you did need instruction.”

Misha gasps and is prevented from turning around by the large body pressing against him. He does manage to turn his head and verify that it is his dick of a personal trainer behind him and that he’s squeezing Misha’s bottle of conditioner to create a small green glob in his hand.

“You start with the conditioner,” Jensen says.

Then Misha feels Jensen’s warm, slippery fingers in between his ass cheeks and fingering his hole. And this is utterly outrageous! He was supposed to be the one doing the fucking. Then one of Jensen’s thick fingers pushes inside him and he immediately bends slightly forward to brace himself on the shower wall and present his ass up for his trainer to drill. Misha’s cock has already sprung to half mast; apparently he’s not too tired for sex after all. He doesn’t even bother trying to rein in his groans and grunting moans. If they get caught, he’ll just have to find a new gym. Jensen will be the one to get fired. And the asshole might deserve it. Misha slaps his hands against the tile and groans out a long “yes” as Jensen adds a second finger. He bites his lip and works his hips to encourage the man to probe deeper. He does and Misha’s smile is through parted lips as his panting breath pours out of him.

“Sure you’ll be able to keep up?” Jensen asks with an annoying tone. “Don’t want you to pass out on me.”

“Fuck you,” Misha spits out, but spreads his legs wider so Jensen knows not to stop. “You have been riding my ass since the session started—and not in a good way. If I’m too tired to perform you have no one but yourself to blame. And Jesus, are you that mean to all your clients?”

“No.” Jensen adds a third finger and Misha keens as he momentarily rises up onto his toes. “But I had to do something. I saw you with your pretty lips and stunning eyes and perfect ass—” Misha cries out when Jensen roughly thrusts his fingers inside him and gives one of his ass cheeks a sound slap. “—and if I was going to keep myself from throwing you over the bench press and fucking you raw in front of everyone, I needed to channel that energy elsewhere.”

Misha moans in surrender. “I appreciate the restraint, but diverting that energy into Trainer From Hell is no longer necessary.”

He hisses his displeasure when Jensen removes his fingers. The snapping of a plastic lid lets him know Jensen is getting just a bit more conditioner on his hand. He hears the lovely wet slapping of Jensen pumping his cock, and then feels the large blunt head at his entrance.

“Wait,” Misha says.

Jensen stops immediately. Good man. Misha straightens and turns around. He puts his hands onto Jensen’s shoulders and hops up. Jensen catches him under the ass easily and he wraps his legs around his waist.

“Let’s see how good your core muscles are, Mr. Trainer,” Misha says with his lips just out of reach of Jensen’s.

The man leans back against a divider wall to keep his balance while he uses both hands to line himself up with Misha’s hole and push in. Misha bites his lip against the monster intrusion. The guy is fucking hung. Once he’s buried pretty deep, Jensen stands up straight—not using any of the shower walls for support or balance—and begins bouncing Misha on his dick like he’s a fucking pogo stick. Misha’s pretty sure that if he’s not screaming, it’s damn close enough. Jensen is massive and he feels every movement as his cock stretches him and reaches deeper inside him than any dicking by a real penis or dildo he’s ever had. His own cock bobs back and forth between their stomachs, not getting truly rubbed or squeezed, but the slight brushes of Jensen’s flexing abs and the amazing fucking he’s getting are way more than enough to get him there.

He comes with a loud shout, leaning back far enough that the water that had been beating on his back now hits Jensen’s chest and bounces back onto his. Jensen fucks him through it. Fucks him hard through it. The pleasure is spiraling quickly into overstimulation, but all he can do is cling to Jensen’s shoulders and let the man use him however he sees fit. Just before Misha is certain he will tear apart, the

man stops moving.

Jensen pulls out of him, and with a sob Misha slides down his body to the shower floor. He looks up to watch the man's hand flying over his huge, dark erection. The water is rinsing away the precome, but when Jensen's orgasm hits him it's enough to shoot his load out of the spray of water and onto Misha's face. Misha closes his eyes and counts—one, two, three, fucking four stripes of come across his cheeks, forehead, and one eyelid. One last small burst falls directly on his lips and he licks it away. He opens his eyes carefully, semen dripping from the eyelashes of his right eye, and gazes up at the smug smile on his trainer's face.

Gently, much more gently than Misha was expecting, Jensen reaches down and helps him to his feet. He rinses his face off and then turns him around. Misha stands in a perplexed daze as Jensen washes and conditions his hair, massaging his scalp and sending wave after wave of pleasant relaxation through him. When the water turns off, Misha is a little surprised and begins to shiver almost immediately when Jensen steps away from him. He turns, feeling relieved when he sees Jensen returning with a towel. He gets most of the water out Misha's hair and then vigorously rubs his shoulders and back, pulling Misha in tight against his chest.

"So, today was a good workout."

Misha rolls his eyes at the lame joke.

"Use tomorrow as recovery, and I'll expect you here Wednesday morning."

Misha's eyes snap open. Wait a minute. He was actually referring to the workout. Was he bat shit crazy? Like fuck was he submitting himself to Jensen's hellish training session again.

Jensen smiles that beautiful smile at him, and then leans down and

plants a firm, demanding kiss on his lips. He pulls back and laughs softly—probably at Misha’s starry-eyed expression.

“See you Wednesday morning,” Misha agrees.

“If not sooner,” Jensen grins.