Coregasm

by Peetabreadgirl

Summary

Katniss' opinions about lifting weights are forever changed when her trainer, Peeta, unintentionally gives her an orgasm without ever touching her.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

The glass doors opened automatically as Katniss approached the entrance to the upscale gym across town. Fancy-shmancy, she thought with disdain. She still wasn’t sure what had caused her to agree to meet with her friend, Johanna’s, trainer. Katniss was a runner, and that was all she had ever needed to stay in shape and blow off a little steam from time to time. Or so she thought, until Johanna went on and on about her new coach and how he was ‘really whipping her into shape’.

Katniss had given Johanna a very exaggerated eye-roll when she returned from the gym last week, excitedly stating that her trainer, Peeta - stupid name if you asked Katniss - had an opening and was looking for a new client in the early afternoons. Since Katniss’ job hours as an adventure trekking guide were flexible she must, obviously, have been born for this special spot on Peeta’s schedule. At least that’s the way Johanna had made it sound.

And so here she was, walking into a place she would never have cared to be had there not been a literal shove in its direction. Johanna had secured the spot for Katniss immediately when Peeta mentioned it, and she had even paid the for the first four sessions, knowing Katniss would never agree to go unless she were roped into it.
Katniss made her way to the rounded front desk, which looked very clinical to her with its shiny, stark white overlay and chrome lettering displaying a name Katniss thought was ridiculous - Be Forever Fit. BFF? People should really check their acronyms before they name their businesses. She guessed all the white was supposed to make her feel as though every surface in the facility was clean, but she couldn’t help feeling as though she were waiting for her yearly vaginal exam.

Placing her hands on the counter, she waited for the bubbly, blonde receptionist to finish her phone call so she could check in. Behind the girl Katniss noticed a very fit, blonde man wearing orange athletic shorts and a white polo that clung to his muscles, allowing her to see every line and movement his body made as if the shirt were a second skin. His back was to her and he was shuffling through some papers before he set them down and turned in her direction.

She looked away quickly, hoping she hadn’t been caught staring, but one flit of her gaze in his direction told her she may have. His smile was wide and his stance was casual, leaning back on the counter with crossed arms that made his biceps bulge even more. The sleeves of his shirt seemed like they might tear under the stretching they were being put through, and Katniss couldn’t find the strength to tear her gaze away a second time.

She felt her skin redden under the attention of his friendly stare and she was thankful the secretary ended her conversation at that very moment. “Can I help you?” she said, in a way too happy tone, pulling Katniss from her embarrassing trance.

“Yes, I’m here to see Peeta?” Katniss said in question, not sure she got the name right. Who names their kid after bread, anyway? Is there a Sourdough walking around somewhere in the world, too? Katniss chuckled to herself at her inside joke, before complete terror bottomed out the pit of her stomach as the receptionist turned to the man she had been admiring.

“I guess this is your one o’clock,” she said to him.

“Looks like it,” he said as he made his way around the counter to stand in front of Katniss, her mouth slightly agape at her dumb luck.

“I’m Peeta. You must be Katniss?” he asked as he offered her his hand. She took it hesitantly, hoping the glint in his beautiful blue eyes had nothing to do with the utter humiliation she already felt.

“Y-yes. That is, I’m Johanna’s friend. Katniss. I’m Katniss,” she repeated. She was an idiot and
Johanna was going to pay dearly later.

“Right,” he said smoothly. “Well, let’s go get you hot and sweaty.” It was Peeta’s turn to blush as he realized, probably by the dumbfounded look on Katniss’ face, what he must have sounded like.

“No, not...sorry, that didn’t come out right,” he apologized. “I’m going to work you out today.” The snort of laughter from the receptionist caused both of them to turn beet red. Katniss didn’t know what to say, she was never really good with words anyway. Quiet and brooding was more her thing.

“Let’s start over. Completely.” Peeta repositioned himself in front of her with a huge grin on his face and his hand stretched out again in greeting. “I’m Peeta, and I’ll be training you today.”

Katniss allowed a small smile at his attempt to make her feel better. “Katniss Everdeen, at your mercy.” She was proud that she managed to make him laugh and they fell into a surprisingly easy conversation as they headed down the hall. To be honest, it was more Peeta’s ease and Katniss just being surprised she didn’t say something stupid.

Katniss noticed there were only two other people using the large space reserved for trainers and trainees. She didn’t know if she was relieved that others wouldn’t be watching her work out, or nervous that she and Peeta were basically all alone.

Peeta led her over to a treadmill, pressing buttons and hooking up little wires. “Hop on,” he told her. “I just want you to run at your top speed for five minutes. Just to get a feel for where you are.”

Katniss smirked inwardly, glad that she had worn her tiny running shorts instead of the tight yoga pants Johanna tossed at her. Running was her thing, even more so than being at a complete loss for words in all uncomfortable situations. She flinched as Peeta reached over to hook a snug bracelet onto her wrist. She was surprised at how the contact caused her thoughts to take a sharp left turn from decency and end up in a ditch. A hot, sweaty ditch, she thought as she recalled Peeta’s words from earlier. She was looking forward to this run. Even though she was stationary on a machine, she hoped she could run from whatever spark she had just felt from Peeta’s innocent touch.

Katniss tapped the speed arrow until it was at 10, noting how Peeta’s eyebrows lifted and the look on his face shifted to serious. The belt on the treadmill whirred loudly as it rotated at top speed, and Katniss felt pride at the look on Peeta’s face. When the five minutes were over, Katniss was barely winded and still hadn’t shed a drop of sweat.
“Well that was… impressive,” Peeta said to her. “You seem to be in great shape as far as cardiovascular exercise is concerned.”

Katniss glared at Peeta as he wrote notes on his clipboard. “I’m in great shape period. I don’t even know why I’m here.” Peeta looked up from his notes and gave Katniss his full attention.

“Yes, you are in great cardiovascular shape, but have you ever lifted a weight in your life?”

“No. I don’t need to,” she snapped. “I could run circles around you.”

“I don’t doubt that,” Peeta said calmly, “but that’s not the only exercise your body needs. In fact, you’re doing your body a disservice by not lifting weights. Your muscles are in need of attention just as much as your heart. Lifting weights produces a bigger calorie burn, better handling of stress, better moods, and you’ll be in better shape than if you were only running, just to name a few reasons you might consider being here.”

“Fine. Show me,” Katniss said daringly. She was annoyed now, and ready to get this over with so she could go home and punch Johanna in the face. Peeta’s attraction was fading with what Katniss perceived as arrogance, and she berated herself for thinking otherwise. She should have known someone that looked like Peeta did would have an attitude to match.

Katniss followed, admiring the way Peeta’s shorts hugged his butt cheeks as he walked over to a long rack filled with various sizes and shapes of weights. His omniscience was still irritating to her, but she wasn’t dead to his good looks and sculpted body.

Peeta handed her two, 8 pound weights and had her go through a series of bicep curls. She thought she’d had better workouts picking up sticks in the woods. Katniss was barely paying attention to Peeta’s instruction anymore, instead thinking how crazy insistent Johanna had been about the workouts she had been getting.

A round of shoulder presses and raises, each with 10 pound weights, had Katniss breathing harder and beginning to perspire. If he kept this up she might actually burn a few calories, she conceded to herself. Still, it wasn’t better than her treks and runs, but maybe it would at least define some of her muscle. Katniss couldn’t deny she had sticks for arms.
Moving over to the row machine, Katniss went through a round of back exercises, arguing with Peeta that, no, she wasn’t using her biceps to pull the weight to her, when he told her to be sure she was concentrating on squeezing her shoulder blades together. The way he touched the place in between her shoulders to let her know where to concentrate her energy set her skin on fire, although she tried to convince herself the machine’s weight must be too heavy.

“Let’s move over to the cable machine. Just two more exercises and you’re done for the day,” he said encouragingly. Katniss was definitely hot and sweaty now, though not in the way her brain had suggestively interpreted earlier. She might prefer that kind of exercise to this.

Katniss grabbed hold of the two handles attached to a pulley with weights at the bottom. Peeta had instructed her to keep her arms stationed at her sides, only bending at the elbows, raising the weights up and down to work her triceps. She was supposed to do between twelve and fifteen reps, but on the fourth she felt a strange sensation in her lower abdomen. After just two more reps, she hesitated, causing Peeta to question whether she was okay.

“I don’t want you to get hurt, so if you need to stop, it’s fine. No shame.”

Peeta’s tone didn’t hint at any sarcasm or disappointment, but the words ‘no shame’ reverberated in Katniss’ ego like an echo in a deep canyon. “I’m not going to get hurt,” she said with biting certainty, letting Peeta know she was no quitter. He held his hands up in surrender and Katniss continued raising and lowering the weights, the fluttering deep in her belly growing stronger with each movement.

She determined the sensation felt an awful lot like the beginnings of an orgasm, and she remembered an article she had read in one of Johanna’s workout magazines about the ‘Coregasm’, a powerful orgasm some women experience while engaging their core in certain workouts. What the…? The weights clattered together as she reached the count of fourteen, afraid of what may happen if she did more, and eager to stop the sensation, pleasurable as it was, from overtaking her in public.

“Is everything okay? Did you pull a muscle?” Peeta seemed genuinely concerned that she had hurt herself, but in her confusion she couldn’t think of anything to say.

“Katniss? Do you want to stop?” Did she? No? Yes? She had never not completed a workout, never not achieved a goal in her life. And how could she save any face with Peeta, after making a big deal about not needing his workout, if she quit now?

“No,” Katniss responded reluctantly. “I’ll keep going.” She had become dangerously close to
losing it on that last set and she hoped she could complete the workout without her core spasming out of control.

“Okay, well, take it easy. Just two more sets to go,” he said as he reached down to lighten the weight for her.

“Don’t!” she reacted proudly before she had a chance to think. If she hadn’t been so strong willed maybe she could have retracted her order and then she would have had an easier time getting through the last sets. But she wasn’t, and she didn’t. Taking a deep breath and hoping for the best, or the least humiliating at this point, she tugged down on the handles, immediately feeling the tensing in her core. Dangit.

When the sensation became harder to ignore she faked muscle fatigue, which wasn’t too hard considering the slight involuntary quaking of her body, stopping her second set at twelve.

“One more!” Peeta seemed exuberant and completely oblivious to Katniss’ distressing situation.

“You know, I think I might call it a day,” Katniss shocked herself with her words.

“What?” Peeta disputed. “You can’t quit now. You only have one set left!” Katniss was more annoyed that he had taken on the role of personal cheerleader than she was about the consequences of finishing the workout, and most likely herself.

“Come on, I’ll help you get through it,” he said confidently. Oh, I bet you will, Katniss thought.

Katniss grabbed the handles one last time, glancing upwards and sending a silent prayer to any being benevolent enough that could possibly keep certain humiliation at bay. One. Katniss let out a huff of air at the completion of the first rep, blowing a few loose hairs out of her face. Two. She bit down on her lip, hoping that causing herself bodily harm would sway that spot from tensing up again. Three. The biting doesn’t help and the sensation is getting stronger. Four. Her face must be a screwy mess of lines and frowns and wrinkles with the energy she’s exerting trying to keep a lid on it. Five.

“Ah!” Katniss let out a little squeak, hoping Peeta had no idea what it was about.
“You’re halfway there,” he encouraged. If he only knew where there was…

Katniss continued on with little breaths and squeals, all the while keeping her eyes screwed shut in concentration, but also not wanting to make eye contact with Peeta just in case he had the power to see through what she was holding in.

Just as Katniss thought she might get away with it, she hit number eleven and the full force of the coregasm hit her hard. She whimpered before letting go of the handles, sending the weights slamming into the machine with another loud bang. “Oh God, oh God!” she clamped her lips tight together to keep from saying anything that might give her away.

Katniss doubled over, one hand on her left knee and the other wrapped around her middle, trying hard to keep her body from convulsing as tidal waves of unwanted pleasure ripped through her. A few moans escaped her mouth, despite desperately willing them not to, and to her horror she heard herself mutter the word ‘yes’ twice, back to back. She felt Peeta’s hands on her shoulders and she jumped quickly away from him, shaking her head and holding her arm out as a signal for him to back off, mortified that the words escaping her would be a dead giveaway.

“Katniss, are you alright? Did you overexert yourself?” she heard him ask as her body came down from its unintended high. She turned to him, wobbly kneeed, barely able to stand upright, and fully unable to look him in the eyes.

“Yes, I think I did overexert myself,” she admitted, panting and sheepish, grabbing the hand towel she had been carrying around and placing it over her face, pretending to dab at sweat, but really trying to hide her flush. She couldn’t believe her trainer for the day had just given her an orgasm without even touching her. As embarrassed as she felt, she knew she was going to go home to Johanna and hug her instead of punch her. Wow. Lifting weights really must do something for moods.

“So, you’re okay?” Peeta said with a concerned look on his face.

“Yes, I’m fine. Just a little tired from the workout,” she answered, taking a sip from her water bottle.

“So was it a good one?” he asked, and Katniss almost choked on her drink.

“Um, yeah. Yeah, it actually was a good one.” It wasn’t a lie, even though she wasn’t referencing
the workout.

“So, have I changed your mind about weights? Can I keep you penciled in to my schedule?” he asked, flashing a million dollar smile at her, and Katniss couldn’t deny how incredibly sexy he was.

She thought before she spoke, a rare occurrence for her. “Yes, you have changed my mind about weights. And actually, if you have it available, I think I’d like to double up on that workout.”

End Notes

So this is apparently a real thing and it's called a coregasm. I work out every week, and though this has never happened to me outright, I can see how it could. I work out alone. :) I curiously googled this a few months ago and this idea to write it as Everlark bit me in the tushy. Leave comments! Hope you enjoyed it and at least thought it was entertaining. If you're curious, go try a hard tricep workout. Pbg

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