**Gym Shower**

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**Part 1...Like a Splinter**

It all started after my senior year in High School. I had graduated in the top fifth of my class and scored well on the SATs. I was enjoying a carefree summer prior to going to a good private university on a small partial academic scholarship. Driving with my mom to the mall one day, we got T-boned by another car. It hit me on the passenger side and messed up my right leg pretty bad. The surgery went well, but we were told I could be in a wheelchair for 6 months. We decided to delay freshman year a year rather than try it in a wheelchair. I rehabbed hard at a local 'gym' that specialized in that stuff, and by late August I could walk normally. By September you could hardly tell, aside from two small scars. Ah, the healing power of youth. It's not like I was a jock or anything, but I spent a lot of time on leg exercises and swimming, so I built up my strength quickly. But, having already decided to delay college, I enrolled at the local community college. To make a little money, I took on a job at the same gym I rehabbed at. I had been a lifeguard years earlier, and all the swimming I was doing in rehab made for an easy transition.

The gym was a public-private partnership, which meant it had large, poorly equipped spaces that generally went unused. They didn't pay well but I didn't need much, as I was still living at home. I worked evenings six days a week. I had a lot of time at the pool with no one to watch, especially at night when the rehabbers were gone. Another guy, Kevin, was working there, not a gorilla for sure, but when you work in an empty gym you tend not to be a string bean. When it got dead, we would sit and chat and workout together after closing time. He was nice and really cute, brown eyes and all. He was a sophomore at the same community college 'collecting credits' to make the real college degree cheaper next year when he started at State U. We flirted, but no real sparks were flying. I'm pretty good looking and was in terrific shape, but it just didn't develop that way.

The locker rooms were large and open, like in high school. I don't know who they thought was going to use them. Going back to the public-private thing, some stuff, like the plumbing, wasn't in good repair. One of the toilets in the women's locker room would get stuck and hammer something fierce until you jiggled it, making a racket throughout the offices. It was a pain because I was usually the only woman there and would have to run in to get it. I guess that was a good thing or it might run all night. After working there for a month, the manager went on to better things and Kevin was given the end-of-day paperwork duties as I took over the lock-up duties, etc. We kinda did it all together anyway.

One day, the hot water line in the men's locker room burst. Public-private and all, it ended up taking 3 weeks to get it fixed. Most of the clients and patients took it in stride. Since we owned the place at night, I told Kevin it was OK to use the women's shower while I locked up. This arrangement worked fine for the first 4 nights. Friday night, however...

It started out as a normal enough day. Not too many clients, we closed up and worked out. I told Kevin to hit the showers and I would close up. I checked all the doors and then dropped the keys by the circuit breaker panel, got my hand greasy trying to get it, got distracted and was thinking about a homework assignment and just walked into the women's locker room to wash my hands. I looked over into the shower area and froze. There was Kevin in all his glory. He didn't look like he had seen me. I stood gape-jawed and stared and became aware of a certain tingling down low. I don't know how long I stood there, it felt like hours. He started rinsing out his hair and I fortunately snapped out of it before he cleared his eyes and I ran out of there. I doubled over in the hall, flushed, hot and bothered, confused. How could I do that to him? I had never actually gotten a good look at a naked guy. I would feel so violated if roles were reversed. Damn, what a body though. Oh, I am scum. I should have left immediately. I even forgot about my greasy hand and put it on my forehead. I heard Kevin whistling as he came to the door. I ran into the Men's locker room, thinking I had to wash my hand and now my head. After I ran in I realized his stuff was in there...CRAP! I hid in the back while he dressed, sweating bullets, dying a thousand deaths of embarrassment. It didn't take him very long, thank god, and he walked right out. I waited a few minutes and then dashed out and into the women's locker room. I washed my face and grabbed my shit and bolted out the door. Right into Him.

"You OK?" he asked, half catching me.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I stammered, spinning away. I was blushing furiously. "Yeah, I gotta go." I couldn't even look at him. I ran on.

"I'll lock up!" he shouted after me.

I yelled a thanks over my shoulder and raced to my car. I was shaking. I had to calm myself just to get my car key in. Driving home on the beltway, I looked down and saw I was doing 90. I had never driven that fast, and I was trembling, bad combination. I slowed down and managed to get home alive.

I went right to my room and closed the door. Safe at home, at last. I let out a huge sigh and then settled into my routine. I opened my homework, and then remembered that is what distracted me to get me into the locker room to him in the shower...the flush and the tingle came back. I fought it off again and again, but everything seemed to remind me of him. Like a splinter in my mind's eye, I couldn't shake the vision of him standing there, naked, oblivious to me.

That night, I started to masturbate to his vision, but I felt so guilty I forced myself to stop. Now, I'm no prude, I had pleasured a few boyfriends and had even gone all the way once, but I had never been bothered like this. I slept fitfully, waking several times to find myself touching myself. What could I do? I had to tell him. How? "Uhhhh, Kevin? Remember when I said you should go into the women's locker room and shower? Well, I watched you." Oh, god I would rather die than say that. But oh, that ass. At about 5 AM an idea came to me. So much for things being clearer in the morning. I would take a shower and he would chance in and see me! Then we would be even and everything would be OK!

With that settled, I slept well the rest of the morning. Then I woke and realized that Kevin would never just waltz into the women's locker room while I was showering. Kevin wasn't a scum-bag--unlike me. I could go in the men's room-except there was no hot water so Kevin wouldn't be in there either. Unfortunately-or maybe not-the duality of my guilt and the charge of seeing him like that wore on my subconscious. I even caught myself drawing a doodle of the scene in my class notes! In my second class, after my 5000th indecent though of him, now combined with visions of him ogling me as I showered, the light bulb went on. And a wicked little smile played over my face.

**Part 2...Even the Score**

I went to the gym that night happy as a lark and brimming with confidence. Everything was going to be fine. Kevin saw me on the way in. My heart did a flip flop flip but I nailed him with a lascivious smile.

"You get home OK? You left kinda quick," he asked.

"Yeah, it was nothing." I looked him over and wasn't ashamed as we walked to the back.

"It's OK, I just finished locking up for you," he said, but without any venom.

"I'll make it up to you tonight," I glanced at him and grinned at that Freudian slip. It went right over his head. He didn't even hear the wings flap.

"No problem," he replied absently and went along his way.

I went into the locker room and checked the place out. Everything was just as I had envisioned it. I plopped my bag down right on the bench in the front. This was going to work. Oh yeah, I was a naughty little girl.

The day went slowly. Really slowly. I couldn't wait for it to end. But there we sat, still 4 hours to go. Sometimes I would touch myself a little just to keep the tension up. Not that I need any more tension, but it sure was fun. Kevin stopped by once to chat, but a client came in and we only got to say hi. I got a good look at him as he walked away, my eyes lingering on his bottom. I was feeling so naughty!

Finally, closing time. Kevin locked the front door and we worked out together. When he was done, I told him to hit the shower as I was going to do one more set of legs and then lock up. He tottered off to the women's locker room showers. As soon as the door closed I raced around, locking up everything in record time-had to 'keep my eye on him'. I waited down the hall for him, out of casual sight, and he took forever. I could barely contain myself when he came out to get dressed, but I hid myself well. He emerged from the Men's locker room and went into the office to do the paperwork. I paused to try and compose myself and sauntered down the hall to check on him.

"All clean?" I inquired, walking in.

"Hey. All locked up?"

"Yup." I looked at the stack of papers on the desk. "You almost done?"

"No, it's the end of the month and I have to rectify all the dailies."

I knew it. I had planned for it. It was puuuuurfect.

"Well, I'll just shower and split, OK? I have to get home early tonight, I'll just let myself out."

"Okay, no problem," he said, barely looking up. "Drive safe."

I went into the locker room and checked my watch. I removed my bag from the bench and stashed it in the shower. I figured I had 10 minutes to kill. What's a horny girl to do with 10 minutes prior to a sexcapade? You know it. But I didn't let myself go all the way. I was really strung out with sexual tension; it had been building for nearly 24 hours now. I checked my watch and snuck out. He was still in the office. I went to the front door and gave it a good couple of loud shakes. Nothing from Kevin. I tiptoed back into the locker room, giddy with wicked excitement. I went into the shower, stripped and started it, the one he had been at last night, the one with the perfect angle for looking. I took out my bottle of baby powered at put down a light dusting on the floor, so that afterwards I would be able to tell if he walked in.

I wetted my hair. Then I pranced to the somewhat defective toilet and jiggled it until the hammering started. I ran back to the showers and started shampooing. I knew the pipes ran right over the office where he was working. He should figure the noise at the door was me leaving and should figure it was clear to come in. My bag was no longer right in front of the door. The acoustics of the locker room made the showers quite quiet, as I discovered last night. He had no reason to suspect! I worked the shampoo into a froth, my profile facing the doorway he would have to walk past to fix the toilet. I sucked in my little tummy and thrust out my chest for maximum effect.

I lathered and lathered, my eyes clenched against the soap. But how would I know he was watching me? I envisioned him right there, staring like I had. I wasn't going to check for him. I wasn't. I would check the dust later. My self control lost. I slowly forced open an eye against the soap and snuck a sidelong glance. He was there. I think. I only opened my eye a crack before soap got in it and it squeezed shut--but I was sure he was there. I tried to play it cool, knowing if I wiped my eye he might bolt. My eye burned as I turned toward the shower, imagining him staring at my backside. I controlled myself and slowly and subtly rinsed my eye. I lathered some more but couldn't resist any longer.

I turned my head quickly to catch him--he wasn't there anymore. I rinsed my hair. Maybe he had just stepped away. Maybe he felt guilty faster that I did and had left after only a peek. Maybe he was a fag. And I had such a show planned for him! Trembling with excitement, I shaved my legs, imagining him still there. Repeated glances verified he wasn't. I was so distracted I nicked myself. Finally, I couldn't resist anymore and I tiptoed over to the door.

There, in the dust, were the unmistakable outlines of sneaker soles. My stomach clenched. But he was not around. I finished up and dressed and found him still in the office.

"Good night!" I chirped.

"Yeah, good night." He didn't look at me.

"Sweet dreams."

I grinned at him, savoring those deer-in-the-headlight brown eyes as I headed out. I walked on air to my car. That night I must have masturbated for three hours, dreaming of his lust-filled eyes caressing my body. Needless to say, I slept well. I awoke quite sore.

**Part 3...Double or Nothing**

Sunday the gym was closed, so I didn't get to judge the effect my show had on Kevin until Monday. He made himself scarce, offering only a weak hello. I giggled uncontrollably at the situation. We were actually somewhat busy, and the night went by fast. We closed up and I asked Kevin if he was going to work out. He declined, citing a mysterious hand injury.

"You should use the other hand," I teased.

He squirmed and said nothing. I went to the gym and worked out alone, still giggling at the situation. Sure is boring to work out alone. When I was finally done I stopped by the office. Kevin was there.

"Are you gonna need to shower?" I asked.

"No, no I'm OK."

"OK, well, I'm going in," I said as I walked away. I would have to let him in on the joke before I left.

"Uhhh, Krystal?" He called.

"Yes?" He looked away.

"I, uh, have uh something to uh tell you."

He took a deep breath.

"Um. I'm really sorry, but last night the pipes started hammering and I thought you had left and I walked in and I saw you in the shower."

He glanced at me guiltily.

I was speechless. What an incredibly brave move. He couldn't have suspected that I knew, yet he was willing to admit to it! But I did not intend to end my fun so soon. I gave him my game face.

"You saw me?"

He coughed. "Yeah. I uh didn't know you were in there." He sounded so guilty. Cruelly, I said nothing and stared at him with a blank face, choking down a giggle. Finally, I spoke.

"Well, did you like it?"

"Wha...?" He stammered, looking me in the eye.

I walked up to him menacingly, and he backed up to the wall.

"Did you like what you saw?"

"No! Yes! No, of course not, it was awful!" He stammered, confused.

"Am I awful to look at?"

"No, you were beautiful but I was wrong I..."

"So you liked it?"

He sighed. "Yes. You are gorgeous and I liked it." He stared at his feet, chewing his lower lip. We were inches apart.

"Well," I said finally, putting as much ice in my voice as I could. "I have something to tell you, Kevin."

He said nothing.

"I know you watched me."

He looked up, alarmed and confused.

"But...how..."

"I know you watched me because the previous night I walked in on you."

His eyes bugged out.

"By mistake," I quickly added. Suddenly I was ashamed I hadn't had the guts to tell him. My courage left me. I looked at my shoes and swallowed. Well, if I was going to do this right I would have to face the music and look him in the face. I did.

"But unlike you, I didn't have the courage to tell you. So I concocted a scheme to get you to see me and then we'd be even."

I could see the gears churning in his head.

"I'm sorry, Kevin."

"Oh."

"That's why I ran out of here Friday."

Kevin smiled at me for the first time that night. "I was so awful to look at that you had to run out of here?"

I snorted a giggle. "No, Kevin, you looked really good. You're a good-looking guy. But I felt so guilty I couldn't face you."

I looked up at his small grin.

"Thanks for being such a gentleman to tell me. You're really nice."

I leaned up and kissed him before either of us knew what was happening. I stepped back, blinking in surprise. We stared at each other.

"Wow," I said and smiled at him. "Well, it has been an interesting evening," I said, backing up. "But I have to take a shower," I purred in my sexiest voice." I turned purposefully and walked out of the office into the locker room.

As soon as I got into the locker room I stripped, grabbed my stuff and raced into the shower, all in like 10 seconds. My heart was racing. Would he follow me? Did I want him to? What would happen? I took the showerhead against the wall, with no view from the doorway. If he was interested, he would have to walk in. I turned on the shower and stood with my back towards the door and let the water run over me. I was positively tingling. Finally, I could stand the suspense no longer, and I looked over my shoulder. My heart jumped--he was there. He had walked into the shower room and was nude, and was stroking himself. Bold move! Our eyes locked. Good fortune favors the daring.

"Stop that." I ordered. He stopped, suddenly unsure of my intentions. I crooked my finger at him, motioning him forward. He walked to me, uncovered. I kept my eyes in his.

"Will you play by my rules?"

"Yes, absolutely."

I motioned him even closer, he was only a few feet away from me.

"Will you play by my rules?" I asked again.

"Yes."

"You can look, but you can't touch," I said, taking his hand and putting it against the wall. My back still to him, I turned and took his other hand and also put it on the wall, so that he was caging me with his arms and body. I turned the showerhead straight down and then twisted back to look into his eyes with a purposeful smile. I felt so safe despite the situation, I knew I was in complete control. I quickly turned and kissed him, my chest pressing against his and his 'excitement' nudging my belly. We kissed for a long time, while I caressed his back. He took a hand off the wall and hugged me, but I put it back and he didn't resist. Finally, dreamily, I broke the kiss. With a twinkle in my eye I spun around, knowing he still hadn't been able to see my breasts. He was mumbling constantly about how beautiful I was and other sweet nothings. I took my shampoo and started lathering up, making sure plenty of suds flowed down my front. I backed my bottom into him, wiggling it slowly on his rock-hard cock. When I was good and soapy I slowly turned around, still working my hair. His eyes roamed my body. I was grinning at him the whole time, loving how he was drinking in my body. My tits jiggled as I lathered and I enhanced the effect as best I could. I leaned back, rinsing my hair and jiggling even more. I came back up and kissed him again.

"You like that?" I asked huskily.

"Oh yeah," he sighed.

"I think I should do your hair now."

And I did, being sure to get plenty of kisses in on him and rubbing our chests together. Spraying him off, I pointed the showerhead back down and leaned against the wall in the waterfall. Slowly, watching his face, I took the soap and started soaping up my body. He watched appreciatively, mesmerized by my show. When I was done I asked him there were any parts I missed.

"Your breasts need a little more," he practically drooled. I gave them plenty of additional attention, playing to my audience.

"That good?" I sighed.

"Oh yeah."

"Well I can think of something that needs washing," I said, winking, and proceeded to soap down his chest and arms. I rinsed him off and squatted down to wash his legs. His erection jerked in the air inches from my face. I had never been so up-close and personal with a real cock. I washed his legs, occasionally getting a squeeze of his member in, always eliciting a sharp gasp.

I rose and rinsed him off again, then looked him in the eyes as I kneeled down in front of him.

"I think this needs some special cleaning," I said, taking his dick in my hand.

"Yeah," he gasped.

I leaned forwarded and sucked him in. He moaned uncontrollably. I looked up at him, spread-eagled against the wall, quivering in ecstasy. Water beaded on his tan skin and his breathing was ragged. I worked my tongue up and down his shaft and then licked around his cock head before sucking him in all the way again. After only a few moments I stopped and stood up and kissed him.

"You like that?" I breathed.

"Oh god yes, incredible."

I knelt and resumed the sucking. He resumed his groaning. After a few more minutes of my oral ministrations he suddenly cried out.

"Oh my god, stop, I'm going to cum!"

I dug my nails into his ass and held him close as I pushed him off the edge of a screaming climax. He came really hard in my mouth, spurt after spurt, and I kept sucking him as he shrieked in the throes of his orgasm. The acoustics of the locker room shower really amplified the vocal effects, and I wondered if the walls had ever heard the moans of a man in ecstasy. Finally, he could take it no more and collapsed to the floor with a groan and lay there gasping, spread-eagled. I spat into the drain and then rinsed out my mouth before crawling over to his prone figure. I nestled into the crook of his neck.

"Was that good?"

"Oh, god yes," he replied, turning to kiss me. "You sucked my legs right out from underneath me."

"Oops, I think I spit them down the drain," I giggled.

"It was worth it."

We kissed for awhile before getting up and getting dressed. Closing up was going to have a different meaning for us from that night on!

*The End*