**Lucy in the Men's Changing Room**

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**Lucy in the Men's Changing Room Ch. 01**

When I was 18 I got a job at the local Rugby club, mostly collecting empties and taking food and drink to tables. I didn't really have the experience to work behind the bar yet, but I'd occasionally get a few drinks if it was busy. When I wasn't walking round the room I hung out behind the bar so I got to know the bar staff fairly well. I got on best with Anne, a woman in her 40s who'd worked there for years. She was easy to talk to and seemed to have fun chatting with whoever came in, she was in good shape for a woman of her age, slim and generally well dressed and still got comments from the players.  
  
I was just beginning to understand that I was fairly pretty, and as a teenage girl I also got a bit of banter occasionally in the rowdy atmosphere. My uniform was a thigh length black skirt and a white top, I usually wore black tights as well and kept my light brown hair in a pony tail.  
  
The top was fairly tight though conservatively cut, and my C cup breasts only showed a hint of cleavage at the neck. I noticed a few players checking me out quietly sometimes but the banter was mostly in jest and Anne especially always stuck up for me. I was far too timid to talk to anyone I saw giving me the once over, besides almost everyone there was at least a few years older.  
  
The Rugby team played on Sunday afternoons mostly and at first I never worked then as the club itself wasn't very busy. However after a few months the main bar man quit and it was decided that myself and Anne would be the skeleton crew running the bar after matches. We had to open up at half 3 and the game usually finished about quarter to. No one was really in the bar till the team got in after they'd showered and changed, the team then had a meal and started drinking. Anne would be mostly in charge and handle the bar, it would be my job to take orders and serve the food and collect empties.  
  
That first week we had nothing to do until we heard the Rugby teams get back from their game. The changing rooms were in the other half of the oversized scout hut like building. After a few minutes of hearing them sing and shout Anne turned to me with a definite glint in her eye and said it was time to go take their food orders.  
  
"Now?"  
  
"Oh yes!" A big grin spread over her face.  
  
Apparently the bar man had always got their order in the changing room, that way the meals might be ready when they were done.  
  
"I don't think he was suggesting you and me carry on the tradition, but what the hell."  
  
She enjoyed my surprise for a moment then asked, "you coming, then?"  
  
I didn't know what to say but I couldn't help but follow as she set off through the door at the back of the bar that lead to the changing rooms. There were several of the younger players that had caught my eye, muscular men in their mid or late 20s. I'd watch them in the bar if they came in whilst I was there, drinking and laughing seemingly oblivious to how gorgeous they looked. They were nothing like the guys I knew at school or college, so confident and powerful. The idea of seeing their bodies naked was immediately intoxicating, though them also looking back at me was terrifying. Most of me wanted to stop but I moved as if on autopilot, I couldn't turn back.  
  
As she reached the door to the home dressing room Anne turned to check I was there, and with a reassuring smile to me she confidently rapped on it. I realised I had no more time to try and get used to the idea.  
  
"Food orders!" She called out, then after not waiting for a response she added with a wink at me, "coming in!" She reached back to grab my hand whilst pushing open the door.  
  
Anne was through first and I was half dragged inside immediately afterwards. The first thing I was aware of was a heavy steam dampness in the air and the sense of men crowded everywhere. It wasn't a big room and there were benches and hooks on two walls, with a large arch on the third wall facing the door from which the steam was billowing. There was already a cacophony of conversations and shouting, and before I even began to properly look around I realised some of it was about us.  
  
"Hey this is the men's!" I heard someone shout.  
  
"Females on deck!" Someone else cried.  
  
"Now, now, lads, calm down, we're just here to do our job." Said Anne with a bit of a laugh.  
  
I realised that most of the men there were in some state of undress with lots of bare torsos being my main impression as I scanned the room, I didn't quite know where to look and stared at the floor a fair amount.  
  
"How old is she?!" I heard someone shout, they sounded half actually annoyed rather than the joking like the others.  
  
"Old enough." Said Anne, she walked towards one of the guys on a bench who was wearing a shirt and no trousers and who I knew was the captain.  
  
I tried to see where the shout had come from, I couldn't tell but my eye was drawn to two guys in nothing but towels and a young player I'd previously admired in nothing but a pair of tight, tiny briefs. I tried to look quickly but then look back to the floor, it didn't seem like they were paying me much attention and as Anne chatted I stole a few more glances. The player in just his briefs seemed content to stand there talking, I couldn't help but look down to his groin and the bulge then back up across his chest to his face as he looked at his friend, he was breathtaking. I tried not to wonder too much if he was on his way to or back from the shower.  
  
Suddenly Anne was at my shoulder. "Very nice." She said quite loudly, looking where I was looking. The guy I'd been watching, I thought discreetly, looked up and flashed us both a grin. I looked away quickly, mortified. Anne laughed.  
  
"OK, I've spoken to Matt, he's fine with us coming in like this for the orders and doesn't think anyone will mind. Or, if they do, he'll keep them in line."  
  
"So we're coming in every week?"  
  
"Well, you are, it's your job after all. I mean, I might help you from time to time." She glanced over at another player walking by in nothing but a towel. "Or, you know, more often."  
  
I must have still looked terrified as she gave me a pat on the back, then shouted over to Matt. "OK, we're ready."  
  
Matt stood up on the bench. "OK, listen up, Anne and Lucy are here to take the food orders, they'll be doing it every week. I know you animals will probably enjoy it but go easy on them, they're just doing their jobs."  
  
"Yeah, right!" Someone shouted.  
  
Matt laughed. "Well, OK, maybe there is something in it for them, but it has to be done." There was a chorus of whistles and cheers. "Anyway, for now Anne will take orders in here, and, just so she can start gently, Lucy will get anyone who happens to be in the shower." At that Matt broke in to a wide grin and the cheering increased.  
  
"I'm going back in!" Shouted someone to more general laughter.  
  
I was flabbergasted and stared at Anne wanting the ground to swallow me up, it felt like everyone's eyes were on me.  
  
"Don't say I don't do anything for you." Anne was laughing as much as the rest of them.  
  
"I can't go over there", I started, "they're naked!" Ridiculously I whispered the last part.  
  
"I hope so." Said Anne, glancing over. "It'd be a disappointment if they weren't after all this set up."  
  
The cheering had died down, though I could see a fair few of the guys still watching me.  
  
"You heading over to the showers then?"  
  
I looked to where the voice had come from, the young player had walked a few steps over to me and was standing looking at me cockily, still just in his tiny pants. I managed to sort of mumble a non-committal noise and look back at the floor.  
  
"Why, see her there, will you?" Anne grabbed his attention and was looking straight at him, unashamed.  
  
"Maybe."  
  
Anne's gaze very obviously roved all over his body which up close I could now see was toned all over. His underwear still bulged and a close cropped trail of hair lead a little way up his six pack, he remained in front of us as if waiting for something. I realised he was trying to act casual but that Anne's direct manner was affecting him a little bit, he didn't quite know how to continue but obviously had had some idea for coming over here. He sort of shuffled a little bit as if realising quite how on display for us he was.  
  
"Well, you're a bit over dressed for the showers, aren't you?" Anne wasn't letting up and took a step nearer to him, nodding down to his pants as she went. I saw him follow her look down to his tightly packed groin.  
  
"Erm, maybe." He definitely seemed not 100% comfortable now, Anne was still smiling at him and taking in his body as obviously as possible.  
  
"Well, then." Said Anne expectantly, and still looking right in his eyes she motioned downwards with her hand. "Best take them off, eh?"  
  
His two friends who were following the conversation laughed in the background, "you tell him!" One of them encouraged.  
  
He now looked like he realised he was caught in a conversation he had no control over. "I don't think I really need one," he tried, not sounding too confident.  
  
His friends booed in the background. "You should, you stink!"  
  
"Oh, go on," Anne said more softly, she was stood right next to him now, almost whispering in his ear, "give us a thrill." I saw him glance over at me then back at Anne. He still seemed completely uncertain, but after a few moments I saw his hands move to his pants.  
  
Anne smiled at him. "There's a good boy," she said stepping back to get a better view as he started to ease them down.  
  
In the end he took his pants down fairly smoothly, by then I was watching closely feeling more confident given the conversation was between him and Anne. It was the first Rugby player penis I saw, it seemed incongruously small on his large, muscular frame though certainly wasn't tiny. He straightened up and I saw him look at Anne and realise she was staring at his dick, he moved his hand nearer though didn't quite cover up.  
  
"Well, that's better isn't it?" Anne looked back up to his face, she smiled at him as if expecting a reply.  
  
He tried to adopt the more confident stance of earlier. "Like what you see then, do you?"  
  
Anne kept her playful but in charge air and slowly let her eyes run back down to his cock, she leaned in as if to look more closely. "Well, it seems nice enough to me. What do you think, Lucy?" She still sounded utterly casual.  
  
"Oh, well, I.." I had no idea what to say, I was still nervous to even look for more than a few seconds but I did find myself staring at his dick again.  
  
"You probably need a better look so wait till the showers. You can compare him to the others." She had turned to face me and flashed me a massive grin, then composed her face and turned back to the naked rugby boy who was once again looking a little lost.  
  
"Off you go then, Lucy will be along for you in a moment." He looked at me still not knowing what to say, then, clearly deciding to cut his losses, turned and headed to the showers. Both I and Anne watched his taut bum as it went.  
  
She giggled, "honestly, you shouldn't be worried in the slightest, they're so easily manipulated."  
  
"By you, I'm not sure by me."  
  
"Oh, you'll get used to it. A pretty girl like you will have no trouble. Give me a shout if you need me though, I'll hang around till you're done." And with that she looked up at the two friends still nearby. "Now, don't think I'm letting you two off easy." She walked over to them and I wondered if she'd persuade them to drop their towels for her. I realised that I couldn't hang around to find out, though, I still wasn't confident but if I just milled about looking intimidated I'd definitely attract more of the banter that had threatened to overwhelm me just then. I needed to at least act as if I were fine. I started to walk towards the steamy archway.  
  
As I approached I couldn't help but slow my step, it was difficult to see what was inside beyond a few vague shapes. I tried to block out the general banter of the players around me who were now mostly on the way to being dressed. As I crossed the last few feet I wondered how exactly I would get their orders, I hadn't brought a pad and I couldn't actually go in there fully clothed, could I?  
  
I stopped at the entrance and called out, no doubt nervously, "here for your orders, guys."  
  
"Well, come on in!" Someone said happily from inside, I looked in the direction of the speaker and I don't know if the steam had shifted or my eyes were getting used to it, but now I was closer I could make out 3 guys all naked and showering. For the moment two were facing one wall so I saw some wet, naked bums, and the guy who'd answered me was opposite them and facing me. I saw everything for a few moments till I looked up at his face, he was an older guy and had seemed fairly hairy down there.  
  
"I'm not sure I can come in dressed." I tried to sound normal but was probably blushing. He kept his hands behind him as he moved his body a little bit under the water and, although I was concentrating on his face, I could still see his dick in my peripheral vision. He made no effort to cover up.  
  
"Oh, you'll be fine, just stay in the middle. We won't splash her, will we, lads?" A few noises of assent were made and I realised that there was a flat part of the floor down the middle where the water didn't reach. As I gingerly stepped inside I saw another one of the players turn to face me but I for now concentrated on my footing on the wet floor.  
  
Stopping inside, I turned to face the man who'd spoken to me. As I looked up from the floor I saw his penis once again and I steeled myself to keep my eyes up and not immediately look down. I felt myself wanting to look down, though, it seemed naked men were something I liked to look at even if they weren't all attractive hunks.  
  
"So, er, what would you like?" I smiled at him, trying to act as if I were just taking an order in the bar.  
  
"Very good question." He said cheerily, still rotating his body slightly and showing off. Given the announcement it was probably unsurprising that the people in the shower were those that wanted me to see them, somehow that seemed to make me feel less intimidated.  
  
"How about sausage!" Said a voice from behind me cheekily, I turned to see the one of the players waggling his dick at me with one hand. He was younger and had a pretty toned body, though it wasn't the hunk from earlier who still had his back turned. For a few seconds I was so surprised I just stared, he was fully shaved and his penis was the smallest I'd seen yet.  
  
Before thinking too much about it I found myself replying. "That's hardly a meal, is it?" I shocked myself, but tried to not react, the player stopped and there was a shout from behind.  
  
"She's got you there!"  
  
The guy who'd shook his cock for me looked down at himself then at me. "It's not that warm in here, you know."  
  
He sounded a little annoyed but he was still encouraging me to look and although I could still feel the adrenaline and my heart beating fast I was feeling more and more at ease just doing that. If they didn't care why should I. I held his gaze then looked down again, then turned and obviously checked out the penis of the older man behind me. He grinned and stopped moving to let me look clearly.  
  
"Well, your friend here seems to be doing OK." His penis was obvious bigger, it hung down across his testicles. I looked up at him and nodded in appreciation, I couldn't believe I was comparing their dicks to see whose was the biggest.  
  
"Thanks," he said, "though maybe his is even better." He gestured to the young player who'd shown off for me and Anne earlier. "Well, let her see you too, lad!"  
  
He kept his back to us and was pretending to have not heard. "Oh, I saw his outside." I was really getting in to this now, I stage whispered to the older guy, "I think yours is still bigger." I grinned and turned back round to see if the young guy would give me another look. Surely he wanted to show off if he had come to the shower.  
  
"If she's seen you already then what's the problem? Maybe he's trying to improve his chances, if you know what I mean?!"  
  
I laughed along with the joke. The young player looked over his shoulder at me and I smiled at him. I felt the third player leave the shower behind me.  
  
"I'm leaving as well, now." He said, trying to sound casual and above our banter. He turned to face me, though, which gave me the opportunity to look as he collected his shower gel. I didn't need much encouragement and immediately dropped my eyes, there was absolutely no doubt it was bigger than it had been out in the changing room.  
  
"Well, what's the verdict?" Came the shout from behind me after a few moments.  
  
I looked up to the gorgeous guy's face and we shared a brief look, then I replied giggling slightly. "It's hard to tell actually."  
  
"If we were hard you'd be able to tell, alright!" I gasped and laughed, the thought of him with an erection was very appealing to me. Sadly he grabbed his towel and started to leave.  
  
"See you next week." I said, he hesitated and nodded in reply, still not covered up completely. After he'd left I turned back to the last guy in the showers, he was also getting ready to leave. I couldn't help but be a little disappointed it was over so soon.  
  
"Leaving as well?" I said in a slightly sad voice.  
  
He laughed again. "I'm sure you'll get plenty of chance to see more of us." He walked through the archway, I waited a moment and then began to follow him out.  
  
Just as I was about to step out, though, I almost bumped into someone coming the other way. I stopped and stepped backwards, mumbling an apology.  
  
"Oh, er, sorry Lucy." I recognised the voice and when I looked up I saw the dad of one of my friends.  
  
"Hello, Mr Lucas." I said reflexively, that was how I'd greeted him for years.  
  
He stayed stood in front of me, I could see he was just wearing a towel. He was decent looking for a man in his 40s, tall and not particularly toned but also not that flabby. I couldn't believe I was looking a friend's father like this.  
  
"Yeah, er, I thought you'd have left by now." He looked at me slightly sheepishly and I quickly realised he was lying, it was easy to see who went in and out in such a small space.  
  
"Oh, no, I'm still here." I grinned at him, after what had just happened the idea of seeing him naked too was impossible to resist. Given I knew his wife and daughter so well it was so wrong but I realised instantly that that just made it extra appealing.  
  
"Well, er, maybe it's best if you, er.." It definitely didn't sound like he wanted me to leave, and he still wasn't moving to let me past. It was becoming pretty clear that my mate's dad wanted to show his penis to me. I was absolutely going to let him.  
  
"I should stay to take your order, though, shouldn't I?" I said, trying to make it sound as innocent as possible. I realised I hadn't actually taken any so far, it didn't seem too important.  
  
"Oh, yes, we should sort that."  
  
I nodded at him, smiling. "Absolutely!"  
  
We looked at each other for a moment and I then stepped back and to one side. He hesitated only slightly before crossing to a shower in front of me. He started the water with his back to me, then unwrapped his towel and stepped underneath. I was still getting just a view of his bum, it was a little bit firm but nothing like the young, toned arse I'd admired earlier. It was pretty amazing to be looking at the naked bum of a friend's parent, though. I almost had to stifle a giggle.  
  
"So, what would you like?"  
  
He kept his back to me, it seemed he was nervous like the young guy had been. That thought gave my own confidence another boost.  
  
"What's on today, anything good?" Now I really knew he was here to show off, the menu hadn't changed in years and was of the 'something & chips' variety. It seemed unlikely anyone else would be coming in so I felt even more emboldened. On instinct, and trying to take a leaf out of Anne's book from earlier, I decided to be more provocative.

"Do you always shower facing the wall?" I wanted to sound playful but in charge. I'm sure I didn't totally pull it off, but Mr Lucas was more nervous than me so it seemed to work.  
  
"I'm not sure if I should turn around." He half looked over his shoulder.  
  
"It's OK, it's my job to be in here."  
  
I could feel that my white top was slightly damp from the spray and was only going to get more so the longer I stayed. I wondered if my bra and my breasts were starting to be visible underneath it. I felt like I did in the bar when guys eyed me up, conscious of but also empowered by my body. As I grinned at him I saw Mr Lucas's eyes flick down to my chest, it seemed he was conscious of it as well.  
  
He had maybe turned towards me a little bit more, I couldn't resist pushing it. "It's no big deal, Mr Lucas, I don't mind." I started playing with my pony tail, using my now raised arm to make my breasts more prominent. I wanted to tease him like the guy earlier had been teased.  
  
"I won't tell Becky, if that's what you're worried about." He started a little at the mention of his daughter. I channelled Anne some more, sensing he was close to doing what we both wanted. "I won't tell anyone."  
  
I saw something click in his eyes, it seemed he relaxed slightly like he knew he couldn't resist any longer. He shuffled a bit getting ready, it looked like he touched himself down there slightly. "OK, but .. er, I know it's inappropriate .. hopefully no one else will come in.."  
  
He was already turning as he mumbled this, I stared at his groin as his penis came into view slowly.  
  
"Oh, Mr Lucas!" I couldn't help it, the surprise was genuine. I wasn't too experienced with these things but it was obvious he had an erection, or at least the beginnings of one. I looked at it for a moment more then up at his face, he was blushing.  
  
"I'm so sorry Lucy, it's just, well, it's not every day you meet a young girl like yourself in the showers."  
  
I couldn't believe it. I knew I should probably feel more intimidated now, but his obvious timid embarrassment was still making me feel like I was in charge. He had clearly come here to flash me but I'd somehow turned the tables as Anne had with the player in his underpants. Maybe things like this did come easily to me as an attractive 18 year old.  
  
"I don't mind, in fact I think that's the biggest I've seen so far." I was still trying to sound cheeky.  
  
As I continued to stare his dick grew stiffer by the second and was soon stood rigid with a slight upwards angle. He turned his body so it would be more-or-less hidden from anyone at the entrance. There was now no real pretence, I was there so he could show his stiff cock to me. I wondered how I'd handle what to do next.  
  
"Well, that's certainly something." I giggled. Mr Lucas was still looking sheepish with a red face, he put some shower gel into his palm as if this were a normal shower.  
  
"Will you be coming in here every game, then?" He asked.  
  
I carried on staring at his dick, it bounced up and down ever so slightly as he lathered his chest. "Yes, that's the plan."  
  
"I, er, will try not to be be caught like this next time, then. It's a little embarrassing."  
  
"Oh, no, it's fine, no one else can see." We continued to enjoy his show, perhaps both wondering if this would be a weekly performance. His hand was reaching lower and lower as he rubbed his body and I watched as soap suds ran through his cropped pubic hair and even along his stiff dick. I half wondered if he was going to start masturbating in front of me, even though I knew he wouldn't.  
  
"I think I might have to leave soon." I was loving the situation but I was also conscious that Anne might notice the two of us in here alone for a while. I wondered if she'd think this was just good fun like earlier or something more. I didn't really want to answer any awkward questions.  
  
"Oh, of course. Don't let me keep you."  
  
The nervousness and formality of what he said was quite funny given he was naked in front of me. I thought how many times I'd chatted to him when groups of Becky's friends were at his house. I'd not particularly noticed anything about him, just another parent, though I now wondered if he hadn't been thinking of us in a different way recently. He must have known who I was when he hatched his plan to give me a private show.  
  
I was still feeling bold and the thought of him lusting after me spurred me on some more. I knew I loved him being naked and nervous in front of me and I wanted to keep that up as long as possible. "Is Mrs Lucas coming in later?" I usually saw them in the club together so it seemed perfectly possible.  
  
"Yes. She's, er, picking me up." It worked, he looked even more timid, though still with his erection on display. I held his gaze for a moment then looked down.  
  
"So she might be here already, waiting?" I tried to sound casual but spoke keeping my eyes fixed on his dick, I felt incredible, I couldn't believe the control I seemed have over him.  
  
"Maybe."  
  
I looked back up at him. "I won't mention my new duties to her, I don't think."  
  
"No."  
  
"I think you've been pretty naughty, actually, showing off to me like this, Mr Lucas." It seemed he didn't really know what to say at all now, even his short answers fading away to nothing. "I mean, look how hard it is." I giggled, we were both once again staring at his penis.  
  
"Are you going to give it a clean?" He looked back at me with wide eyes. "I think I might like to stay and watch that."  
  
"Oh, Lucy, I don't think I should.."  
  
I laughed as if it had been a joke. "Don't worry, Mr Lucas, I didn't really expect you to .. well, you know." He looked relieved. "Maybe next week." I added with a giggle.  
  
He didn't reply. "Oh, you don't play at home every week, do you?"  
  
"No, I think it might be a fortnight before our next game here. Not that I could ever.."  
  
"Of course not. You might not even be in the shower next time. Well, unless you waited for me." I made sure to look him in the eye as I said the last part. He didn't reply.  
  
"It has been fun, though, hasn't it?" I let my gaze drift down again. "He thinks so, anyway!" With a final laugh I turned to go, I wondered if Mr Lucas would take care of himself before he left the shower and if he did would he be thinking of me. It seemed likely.  
  
Coming out I saw Anne chatting to a few guys near the door, there were only a few other stragglers left, all mostly dressed. I wandered over and she left them to join me.  
  
"So, how was it?"  
  
I decided I wouldn't share the full details of my encounter with Mr Lucas, but I did want to talk about things with Anne. "Oh, a bit embarrassing, obviously. I even saw a friend's dad in there!"  
  
"Really? Naked?"  
  
"Yeah, naked. I can't believe I've seen his penis, his wife is going to be out there!" Anne was watching me intently with a smile on her face. "I saw other guys, too, one of them even jiggled it at me with his hand."  
  
"Men!" Anne laughed, she'd clearly enjoyed herself too. "See I told you you'd be fine."  
  
"I, well .. I think I did like it, I realised after a while that they were showing off for me a bit." I was starting to whisper a little bit. "It was almost like they were just little boys and I was in charge."  
  
"Little boys that can look pretty good though, yes?" Anne laughed again. "You might be taking to this even better than I imagined."  
  
"Oh, I don't know."  
  
"You'll be back next time I take it?" She said, making to head back out of the door. I followed.  
  
"Yeah, but it's not for two weeks."  
  
"That's my girl!"

**Lucy in the Men's Changing Room Ch. 02**

The scene in the locker room stayed in my mind. The only time I wasn't impatient was when I was back at the club where I was on duty 4 or 5 times in that fortnight. There I could watch players from the team and think about how I'd seen them naked or near naked, and how I would again. It was an incredible feeling of power, knowing how they'd all acted with me in their locker room and understanding that most of them wanted to show off but were a bit nervous or goofy about doing so. It was especially exciting given I'd previously felt slightly intimidated by them, even when that had been some flattering attention from the hotter ones.  
  
I sometimes tried to do more than just watch them, I deliberately spent more time nearer groups that included some of the men I'd seen naked. I found myself trying to give them what I hoped were knowing smiles, I even dared to tell a few players I would see them on Sunday. That especially was rush but it possibly made things worse overall, I was counting the days like I used to do for Christmas.  
  
One evening Mr Lucas came in with his wife for a meal. My encounter with him had definitely been part my locker room fun but had also felt like something more as well. I wasn't attracted to him, or at least I didn't think so, but just how inappropriate it was for me to have seen him with an erection was intoxicating. To have such a secret and to have plans to do it all again was by far the aspect I found the most stimulating, even more so than possibly seeing some of the real hunks more naked next time.  
  
When it was time to collect their plates I couldn't help but try and catch Mr Lucas's eye when I knew his wife couldn't see me. I was stood mostly behind her with their empties in my hand when I went for it.  
  
"So, are you playing on Sunday, Mr Lucas?"  
  
"Yes, I think so." I thought I could detect a hint of nervousness in his look, but that may have just been me finding what I wanted to see.  
  
"I'm working the bar again afterwards."  
  
"Right." He did seem not in the mood for a chat.  
  
I smiled at him, seemingly oblivious. "I enjoyed hanging out with the team after the game the other week, you really see a different side of things, don't you?"  
  
"I suppose." His tone was now even colder, even a hint of warning in his voice. I smiled even more, I knew there was nothing he could actually do. I knew he wanted to show off for me next time anyway.  
  
"Well, I guess I'll see you again then." I winked at him. "I'm looking forward to it." I headed off to the kitchen before he could say anything more.  
  
I felt even more excited the rest of my shift. I looked back at the Lucas's table often, now not trying to catch his eye but smiling at his wife who I'd known for years. To her nothing would have been particularly amiss but I'm sure it didn't go unnoticed.  
  
I saw them leaving a while later and thought that my fun for the night might be over, there were a few guys I'd noticed in the locker room left but no one who I'd really gotten a look at. A few moments later, though, Mr Lucas appeared unexpectedly and gestured to me to join him stood in a corner.  
  
"Oh, I thought you'd left."  
  
"Never mind that, what were you thinking of just then?"  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"You know what I mean, talking in front of my wife."  
  
"Relax, it wouldn't have meant anything to her, would it? I mean, I assume you haven't even told her how I'm collecting the orders from now on, have you?"  
  
"No, of course not, but you have to be careful." He was already shifting from mostly angry to mostly nervous.  
  
"I didn't do anything wrong you know, I was just doing my job." I tried to look unconcerned.  
  
"Maybe, but.."  
  
"It's not my fault if you did something you're a little bit ashamed of, is it?"  
  
"You encouraged me!"  
  
I laughed, I still couldn't quite believe how I was daring to act with him but it was just so easy. "Of course, you had no choice but to show me your penis, did you? Not like you could have given your order before taking your towel off, is it?"  
  
He was looking at me pretty sheepishly at this point.  
  
"You never even told me your order, did you? Too busy making sure I got a good look."  
  
He paused for quite a while this time, looking around the bar rather than at me. "OK, fine, it wasn't your fault. You just can't tell anyone about it, OK?"  
  
"Why would you think I'd tell anyone?"  
  
"I don't know." He sounded sullen now, I worried if we left things here he wouldn't have enthusiasm for the game in a few days.  
  
"Don't worry, Mr Lucas." I smiled, I tried to emphasise my body for him in the way I stood. "I'm sorry about speaking in front of your wife and for just now, I just liked feeling a bit naughty that's all." I looked coyly at him with my head bowed slightly. "You can understand that, can't you?"  
  
"I suppose."  
  
"I won't say anything again, I promise."  
  
"OK"  
  
"And, if you want to show me again that's fine too." I tried to sound genuine.  
  
"Right, well, I don't know about that.."  
  
I looked up straight into his eyes. "I think you probably do." I held his gaze, channelling the confidence that I'd found in the shower room.  
  
He mumbled something indistinct then with a few looks over his shoulder he left the bar. I held my position and made sure he saw me looking back at him, smiling brightly but assuredly. I supposed he'd told his wife he was staying for a few more and would get a lift back so now faced a long walk home. For some reason that gave me even more satisfaction.  
  
Despite my impatience the day of the game did arrive. I found myself taking more care with my appearance than usual, making sure my make up was pristine and my hair looking as good as it could. I even thought about wearing a dark bra underneath the white top so it would be very slightly visible, in the end that was step too far but I made sure to put on one that made my breasts look as big and perky as possible. I always wore tights with the dress but decided that I would go bare legged today, so made sure they were freshly shaved. I wanted to look good.  
  
Satisfied with my appearance I was soon back in the club with Anne waiting for the sounds of the players to tell us it was time. She had already told me that this week we'd see how things went with just me taking the orders. In contrast to last week the idea of going alone was appealing, I could decide which parts of the room to explore in which order.  
  
As soon as I heard the noise of them inside the building I set off for the back but Anne stopped me.  
  
"Woah, there," she said, smiling, "give them five minutes, I agreed with Matt to let any players that want to shower and change quickly be able to."  
  
"Oh, really." I must have let my disappointment show as Anne laughed.  
  
"You really have taken to this, haven't you?" I looked away, a tiny part of me still a little bit embarrassed. "Don't worry, just think what that means, whoever is still there wants you to see them, don't they?"  
  
I smiled at her and sat back down to wait, I gave them until I'd heard the door open and shut a few times and the bar clock suggested four minutes had gone by. This time Anne let me go. I hurried down the corridor and was soon pushing open the door to the home changing room.  
  
Anne's prediction was quickly proved right, a player I'd not particularly noticed before was stood just to the right. He was close enough to immediately catch my attention and before I'd even taken in his state of dress had pulled his towel away which turned out to be all he had on.  
  
"How's about this for an order, love," he half shouted. He quickly shook his body so his cock and balls swung from side to side. It was a fairly impressive sight, with his penis large enough to flop around almost comically. It was over almost before it started, however, as he turned to laugh raucously at his mates and clasped the towel in front of his cock.  
  
It was clear he had expected to intimidate or embarrass me, he had probably seen me during the early part of my visit last week and decided that a gasp of shock and me scurrying away would raise a laugh from his friends. As it was, although I was certainly surprised I'd stood my ground and watched the brief show. I now stood waiting for him to turn back, I wanted to look as confident as Anne had last time.  
  
After a few chuckles he realised his friends who could see me waiting weren't reacting quite as he'd imagined, so turned back. I looked at him expectantly but he just seemed slightly bemused.  
  
"I didn't quite catch that, you'll have to show me again." I nodded down to where he held a towel in front of his dick.  
  
"What?" He didn't seem the most eloquent guy but I was beginning to see he was not bad looking. He was short, fairly squat and pretty big around but it seemed mostly muscle. His thighs particularly were huge. His cock had seemed quite big too.  
  
"I'm waiting." I said and ostentatiously looked down, I heard his mates laugh but the player was still just staring a bit gormlessly. I found myself reaching out towards the towel. "You can't be shy after that display, can you?" I expected him to move away or stop me, but neither happened and before I even really knew what I was doing I'd taken hold of his wrist as if to pull his hand away. I could feel that he wasn't tensing the arm, it hung loosely almost as if he wanted me to expose him again. It seemed guys really would let me get away with a lot.  
  
I smiled and did what he seemed to want, pulling his hand to one side so that his penis was visible to me once more. I let go and he obediently kept his hand to one side whilst I checked him out. I nodded in an exaggerated manner as if pleased with what I saw, before looking up to play to the crowd. "Of course, sausage and chips." I got the laugh I'd hoped for.  
  
That was too much for the guy on display, he snapped out of it and wrapped the towel quickly around himself. He looked annoyed but didn't say anything. I looked at the group of 3 other players, most of them were bare chested in briefs or towels. That delightful sight inspired me.  
  
"OK, then, who's next?"  
  
I lowered my gaze to their groins and stretched out my hand as if to expose them like I'd just exposed their friend. My hope was that if I acted fast and confident at least one of them would go for it. I tried to quickly see who was not inching away from me and it seemed like the player to my left was holding his ground. He was an older guy I'd seen around, one of the forwards so tall and almost chunky. I felt especially tiny as I stopped in front of him, my hand already slightly reaching out to his tight trunks which were the only thing he had on. There was a definite bulge to look at.  
  
I looked up past his hairy chest to his face, a good 8 or 9 inches above me. He just smiled. Once again I found the confidence from somewhere and moved my hand to very lightly touch the waistband.  
  
"Shall I take your order, sir?" I tried to be as polite and formal as possible.  
  
"Of course." I saw him grin towards his friends who were silent behind me.  
  
I tightened my grip and pulled the trunks out, he made no effort to stop me getting as good a view as I could. It was quite a sight, the first guy who hadn't at least trimmed his pubic hair by the looks of things.  
  
"My word, I can hardly see for all that." I pulled the trunks out further, eventually using two hands to get a clear view of everything he had. I could now easily see his dick hanging down, it was thinner and longer than most. As I stared at him I realised I was on my way to becoming a real connoisseur of penises. I looked for a few more moments then put his underwear back.  
  
"Ever heard of razors?" I got another laugh from behind me.  
  
He shrugged. "What can I say, I'm old school."  
  
"Anyway, sausage and chips for you too."  
  
"It'll do." I couldn't believe how simple this was, they would literally let me pull their underpants off. As I turned I was wondering if I could go through the whole team today. Sadly it seemed my fun for the moment may be already over, the other guys in the group had started to get dressed. One of them had his trousers on, another was in the process and the third had taken the opportunity to drift away from us.  
  
"No one else, then?" I asked, still slightly hopeful.  
  
The guy with his trousers on answered me good naturedly. "No chance, my wife would kill me if she heard about this."  
  
I smiled. "Why would she hear?"  
  
He shook his head and laughed. "Where were you ten years ago?"  
  
"You probably don't want me to answer that."  
  
He looked at me for another beat then, nodding his head towards the other man, said, "we'll both have pie and chips, but we'll keep our clothes on, I think."  
  
"Fine." I couldn't resist, though. "Maybe next time."  
  
He smiled at me again but said no more, I realised it was my cue to move on. I wondered if I would get to see anything more next week, the remaining two guys were hardly the greatest looking on the team but I wanted to see as many cocks as I could. Or, as I was starting to realise, wanted to have as many naked guys under my control as possible.  
  
I took orders from a few more players, sadly no opportunities to see more presented themselves and I had to content myself with bare chests and one player in a pair of tiny briefs. I made sure he could see me checking him out but he seemed slightly oblivious to it. Letting me look was one thing but it was nowhere near as interesting as the cheeky banter I'd just shared, or the nervous tension with Mr Lucas last week.  
  
Speaking of Mr Lucas, I had seen him out of the corner of my eye earlier on. He still had his kit on at that point so I deliberately avoided him so he could once again join me in the shower. When I'd taken all the orders apart from his that was where I headed. I hoped everyone would soon get to know my intended pattern and this way would give those who wanted to be in there with me every chance to make it happen.  
  
At the entrance I half bumped into a player also making his way inside, I could see he was dressed in just a towel.  
  
"Oh, sorry." He mumbled.  
  
I turned and saw a younger player, he was smaller than most though still nicely muscular. He looked unsure, our meeting could have been a genuine mistake on his part. I gestured for him to go ahead in front of me. Even if it hadn't been his intention I obviously wanted to give him the opportunity to be naked for me.  
  
He hesitated, however. "Er, I'll just give you my order now, shall I?"  
  
I shrugged. "If you like."  
  
"Well, fish and chips, please."  
  
"OK." I stayed where I was, still clearly set for him to go ahead of me. He still didn't move, keeping the uncertain look as if wondering why I hadn't moved on.  
  
"I still need to follow you in, there's more orders to take." I gestured inside, through the steam we could see there were at least one or two other players in there. I was trying to make it seem as routine as possible.  
  
"Oh, right.."  
  
I saw his hand go to his towel but he still hesitated. I once again found inspiration, keeping my casual tone I held out a hand towards him. "I can hang that up for you, if you like."  
  
The hooks were just as accessible to us both, but I held my pose as if him handing me his towel was the most natural thing in the world. I waited in anticipation for a few moments before he went with it.  
  
"OK." He looked down nervously and started to undo the knot, I smiled internally as his towel fell away and another guy knowingly exposed his cock to me. He acted fairly hurriedly but still smiled politely as he handed it over. I took as good a look at his penis as I could, it was quite small and shrivelled but his body overall was very attractive. I then turned to hang his towel on the wall, before following his beautifully taut and also naked backside into the showers.  
  
Inside was a bit of an anti climax, the player I'd just exposed headed to past the only other two guys in there. They were on either side of the shower but both had their backs to me. They had probably heard the exchange as they both told me their orders without me having to ask, one of them was the younger player from last week. As I watched the water run over his perfectly formed arse I wondered if both of them had been hoping to have me alone in here. It was a nice thought, but it didn't stop me from being disappointed. Even as I waited a good few seconds after saying, "I guess I'll be going," neither of them turned or spoke to me some more. As I left I also realised that Mr Lucas hadn't been in there.  
  
I looked around and saw him actually dressed and about to leave, it seemed like he must have skipped a shower completely. I had all the orders except his so I hurried to catch him as he left.  
  
"I don't have your order yet, Mr Lucas!"  
  
I started the sentence as I was following him through the door and finished it as he turned to look at me out in the corridor.  
  
"Oh, right. I was just going to place it at the bar."  
  
I wondered what he was up to, I feigned exaggerated disappointment. "At the bar! Didn't you want to give it to me in there?"  
  
He was looking nervous and as if he wanted to leave, but at the same time was clearly keeping the conversation going. "I saw you take a few orders, actually. In quite an unusual way."  
  
We had wandered on to my favourite topic, which seemed promising. "Oh, you saw that? Jealous, were you?"  
  
He spluttered a little. "What, no?"  
  
I stepped closer to him. "Like I said, you can show me yours whenever you like. Maybe I can take your order now." His nervousness was like a drug, I made as if to reach for his belt but he quickly stepped backwards.  
  
"Lucy, come on. Not in the corridor." He looked around him.  
  
I saw my opening. "Oh, OK, where shall we do it?"  
  
"I'll give my order at the bar."  
  
"You know what I mean."  
  
"I, er, I don't know." He shook his head. "I mean, come on, I've got ready now and.."  
  
"You didn't have a shower, though, did you?"  
  
"No, I was fine this week, and.."  
  
"You were worried you might bump into me?"  
  
"Maybe."  
  
"Well, tough luck, you have to have one. You'll just have to go back in there."  
  
"Yeah, right."  
  
"You can't go home to Mrs Lucas stinking from the mud and sweat of rugby. No chance."  
  
"Come on, Lucy."  
  
I ignored him and carried on. "And of course I'll have to supervise you this time. We can't have you forgetting or wandering off before you finish properly again, can we?"  
  
"Don't be stupid. Anyway, you can't go back in now, what would the rest of the team think?"  
  
"That's a good point, I can't be bothered to explain it all to them." I sighed as if lost in thought. Ridiculously Mr Lucas stayed where he was, it seemed his resolve to not get involved with me again was not too strong.  
  
"I know, I'll be able to take a break in a little while. Everyone will be out by then so we can go back for your shower." I smiled at him, he was looking worried but still didn't leave. "Yes, that'll work."  
  
Mr Lucas took on a slightly pained look now, he checked behind himself again. "I can't, how can I explain that?" When he said that I knew I had him, he was wondering what his wife was going to think when he came back. I was still slightly amazed at how much these guys seemed to want to get naked in front of me but I was certainly beginning to learn how to exploit it.  
  
"Just say the truth, that you didn't have chance for a shower but are going back for one. Why would she care?"  
  
He was just staring at me now.  
  
"I mean, don't tell her I'll be there too, obviously."  
  
"Lucy, I.."  
  
I didn't know if he was going to try and get out of it, but I didn't give him the chance.  
  
"No more excuses." I said firmly. I walked past him to the door to the bar. "Meet me in there in fifteen minutes, OK?" I walked out without waiting for a reply.  
  
The next quarter of an hour passed in a blur. I handed in the orders, collected a few glasses and served a few meals. I could see Mr Lucas sat with his wife but tried to pay him no attention, I didn't want him trying to signal to me that he wouldn't be able to make our rendez-vous. I tried to tell myself he wouldn't anyway so as to not be disappointed, it seemed ridiculous that he would except for how much it felt like he had wanted to out in the corridor. I tried not think about what exactly I'd make him do if he did show up.

I'd pre-warned Anne so when the fifteen minutes were up I said I was taking my break and went to head back to the staff room. Luckily it was off the same corridor as the changing room so no one saw anything unusual when I headed there instead. I listened at the door, it seemed deserted so I went inside. I was right, there was no one there so I sat down to wait.  
  
As it happened I didn't need to wait long, Mr Lucas had done as I told him and quietly opened the door to slide inside a minute or so later. He saw me sat by the wall and hesitatingly made his way the short distance over. I saw he was carrying his kit bag.  
  
"Oh, good, you brought your stuff."  
  
"I had to, I told Jenny I was going for a shower."  
  
I smiled at him, ignoring the slight implication that perhaps he had lied to his wife. "Shall we get started?"  
  
"Look, Lucy, I don't know what you think is going to happen, but we need to put a stop to this."  
  
"Coming back here to meet me is a funny way to put a stop to things."  
  
"I just wanted to let you know."  
  
I looked at him, he returned my look slightly nervously. He still wasn't making to leave but I knew I needed something more to get him to take his clothes off again. After a little while I stood up, I tried to channel how I'd felt when I saw half dressed guys earlier check me out and I'd felt totally in control. I stepped closer, willing him to start appreciating my body in the tight outfit.  
  
"You waited for me especially last week, didn't you?"  
  
"What? I, er, no, of course not"  
  
I smiled, at him and looked down at my cleavage, there wasn't much skin showing but the shape of my breasts was easy to see. "I don't blame you, I've noticed quite a few older guys staring at me the last few months." I could see him following my gaze with his eyes. "I mean, I do have fairly big breasts, don't I?" I looked back up at him, he quickly glanced up looking even more slightly terrified.  
  
"You're a friend of my daughter!"  
  
I moved closer again and held his look for a moment, then turned my back to him letting my bum graze his body ever so slightly. The top of his thighs, I think.  
  
"Exactly, and so you thought there was nothing you could do. No way I'd be interested in an older guy like you, anyway, not when I could spend my time with younger, hotter guys."  
  
I sat back down, he was watching me closely.  
  
"Then you saw me in the changing rooms and you couldn't help yourself, could you? Thought you'd get a quick thrill by showing off for the teenager you fantasise about."  
  
"I, er, I mean... It wasn't like that."  
  
"No?"  
  
"I didn't mean for things to go that far, I just.."  
  
I'd been sounding very serious, very aloof, it seemed to be doing the trick but I realised I didn't want him too upset and remorseful. I sat up straighter and tried to act slightly more cheerful again.  
  
"Oh, don't worry, Mr Lucas. I'm fine with it." I smiled, hopefully naughtily. "You're right, I wouldn't look twice at a guy like you. I didn't look twice at you, in fact, but seeing you all in the locker room, that was different. Having you all do what I tell you, even when I tell you to do things so naughty." I giggled. "Seeing your cocks." I laughed and paused, letting that sink in, but I carried on. "All you guys practically naked and me watching, it was just so wrong it was an amazing rush."  
  
"OK, but we can't do what we did again.."  
  
"Oh, I think we can." I got up again and moved towards him. "I mean, you're not going to leave, are you." I was acting totally on instinct, his permanently scared expression driving me to be ever more daring. My heart was beating at a tremendous rate, and I realised we were at a crucial moment. I stopped in front of him, my boobs just a few centimetres from his body. I waited a tiny moment then put one hand on his belt lightly.  
  
"I bet I could just take these off if I wanted." I waited, he wouldn't meet my eyes but as I'd predicted he made no effort to stop me or move away. I pulled the belt strap loose until it unbuckled, then, using both hands, slipped it apart and undid the button on his jeans. I paused again.  
  
"Thought so." I carried on staring at him, I couldn't believe I was daring to act like this but it was so exciting I felt slightly sick. "Shall I carry on?" I didn't know exactly what I wanted to do with him, but having him so completely in my power was addictive. After a few moments he nodded, still not really looking at me.  
  
I smiled, "OK, then." I unzipped him and tugged at the top of his trousers, he helped slightly and they slid down around his thighs. I stood back, nodding to his shoes and he quickly slipped them both off along with his socks. I took the time to check out his black, fairly tight boxer shorts before I moved back in to help him take his jeans off completely. I yanked them down past his knees and he took them off each leg.  
  
I stepped in close again, my mind was a bit of a whirl but I felt sexier and more in command than ever. I lifted the bottom of his t shirt up, he got the idea and pulled it up over his head. I stared at his chest close up, it was pale and a little bit saggy, nothing like the toned bodies of some of the other guys but I didn't care for the moment. I put my hands down to rest just above his underwear.  
  
"You know, Mr Lucas, you'll be the fourth guy who's let me get their dick out today." I slipped one hand lightly into the waistband. "You guys are too easy." I slid it around a little inside his pants and then tugged outwards, still looking up at his face. "You know I'm probably just going to look, don't you?" He nodded again, he looked almost hypnotised. I smirked at him. "Well then, let's get on with it."  
  
I looked down, his penis was already visible to me in the gap I was creating. I glanced back up with a pretend shocked expression my face, "oh, Mr Lucas, I can see your penis!" He didn't really react but just stared into my eyes from up close. "That's what you want, though, isn't it?" I brought up my other hand and started to pull his underwear down, I left them around mid thigh and he completed the job himself whilst I stepped back to watch his dick jiggling as he tugged them off.  
  
He straightened up, his cock was not as big or hard as it had gotten last week, but it looked far larger than the ones I'd seen earlier. He looked nervously at me then at the floor.  
  
"Not as excited to see me as last time, then?" I asked, playfully.  
  
He looked confused, "sorry?"  
  
"It's not as big as I remember." I held his look for a moment then moved my eyes downwards. "Though it might be getting there!" It already seemed firmer and bigger though was still dangling down rather than pointing out towards me.  
  
Without thinking I moved back closer, "does it need a bit of encouragement?" I kept a bit of space between us and put my hands lightly on his chest, I grinned then moved my hands very slowly lower. I had no real intention of touching him down there, I was still just trying to tease, but in truth I wasn't really thinking things through before acting any more.  
  
As I carried on, my hands going very slowly, I looked down. I could see the effect I was having on him, his cock was hardening before my eyes. I watched in slight awe as it rose high enough for the head to rest very gently against the waist of my skirt, I was so delighted with the sight I didn't really think about getting out of the way.  
  
I put my hands to either side of his body just above the hips and stepped backwards slightly. I almost absent mindedly traced a hand across his lower abdomen and back as his dick carried on rising. Soon enough it was stood at what seemed like full attention, I looked back up, smiling. "Well, it didn't need much help from me after all. What a pity."  
  
"God, Lucy." He sounded almost in pain.  
  
I caught his eyes once again. "Did you think I was going to grab it?"  
  
He looked at me, still looking a bit frightened and unsure. He shook his head a little.  
  
"You hoped I would, I'm sure."  
  
He bravely tried to change the subject. "I need to get back to my wife soon."  
  
I glanced between his face and his dick. "No, not yet."  
  
An image popped in to my head and I realised I had to try it. I sat back down on the bench facing him, he looked ever so slightly ridiculous, a middle aged guy naked with a hard on and with a slightly confused look on his face. I once again marvelled at what I was getting away with, I wondered what might happen if Mrs Lucas or Becky, my friend, found us. The idea was terrifying but also a little bit exciting.  
  
I stretched out one leg towards him with my foot, still in the shoe, arching towards his penis. It didn't quite reach so I beckoned him forward, he didn't move. "Oh come on, I won't hurt you, I promise."  
  
"Lucy, I.."  
  
"You wanted me to touch it, didn't you?"  
  
He moved forwards, he seemed resigned to obeying me which suited me fine. I had no real idea why I had thought of this, but it seemed both slightly funny and something that would tease Mr Lucas. I stretched out my leg again and brought my foot up gently beneath his cock, which was still straining outwards from his body. I let it lightly rest underneath his shaft for a moment, then raised my leg a few times to bounce his hard dick up and down.  
  
I giggled and looked up at him. "I don't know why, but this is fun." I put my leg further forwards and repeated the move, this time very gently raising his balls as well. I laughed some more as his cock bounced in front of me. He finally stepped back, ending my amusement. Perhaps I'd pushed him too far.  
  
"Spoilsport!"  
  
"Lucy, this is ridiculous."  
  
I looked at him a bit more seriously. "Yes, it is a bit, but you're the one naked."  
  
He shook his head again. "I'm going to have a shower." I smiled a little bit to myself, even after all that he wasn't trying to get dressed or asking me to leave. I decided to see just how far I could go, it felt like I was really establishing that I could make him do whatever I wanted.  
  
"Do you not want me to help you out with that first?" I nodded down to his penis which was still on full display.  
  
He looked at me. "I'm sorry?"  
  
I tried for even more seriousness. "You know what I mean." I sat forwards as if expecting him to approach me.  
  
He looked to the shower and then to the door, as if wondering how to escape. "Come on, don't pretend you don't want me to."  
  
I could see in his eyes I'd won, he stepped gingerly forwards and I waited until he stood in front of me, his dick inches away. I smiled up at him then brought both hands up to once again rest on his hips, then I trailed one across to hover just beneath his cock. I let my fingers coil around it as if about to grasp his shaft, but I left them still not quite touching it.  
  
"Shall I use my hand?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
I slaughed, but brought my hand to the tip of his cock and then used just my index finger to raise the head. I'd done it on instinct but it was the first time I'd touched his penis skin to skin. I tried not to dwell too much and carried on with the vague plan, bringing my head down so it was now angled towards my lips. I opened my mouth for a moment, then spoke.  
  
"Or maybe I should use my mouth, would you prefer that?" I tried to keep the pose but raised my eyes to his, he was silent as if holding his breath. He had a very strange but intense expression on his face. He nodded ever so slightly.  
  
Sadly for him I'd gone as far as I wanted, any further with him didn't really appeal at that moment. I took away my finger, his dick bounced slightly as I sat back up. I changed my tone to a business like one. "Actually, no, I don't think so. Best if you sort it out yourself in the shower."  
  
"Oh, Lucy, please." He sounded slightly desperate, he'd let himself go for just a little moment. I smiled and stood up.  
  
"No, I don't think so, not today." I walked past him towards the door. "What would your wife think?!"  
  
At the exit I turned back, he was still stood where I'd left him, still naked and erect with a sad look on his face.  
  
I smiled, "see you next time, Mr Lucas!"