Nude in the Men’s Locker Room

A month or so ago a small group of friends and I went to a local sports club to shoot some hoops. I'm not very good at basketball but I like to shoot so I thought it would be fun. And it was. We arrived at the sports club already dressed to play and brought clothes to change into afterwards. We warmed up for a bit, then shot some lay ups and eventually practised longer range shots before splitting into two teams and doing a little scrimmaging. I hoped we would play shirts versus skins like boys used to do in school but no such luck.   
  
For a group of amateurs, we played pretty aggressively and we all did a lot of running around. After we had played for a couple of hours we trooped to the locker rooms to shower and change. It turned out that the ladies’ locker room was being renovated. The other women said they would just stay in their gym outfits. I was pretty sweaty, however, and also thought it might be exciting to get changed in the men's locker room.

At first I was a bit wary, so I knocked on the door.  
  
"Come in!" shouted a man. I stuck my head inside half expecting to see a few nude men, but no such luck.  
  
"The women's showers are out of order," I said. "Mind if I use yours?"   
  
"Help yourself," said one. I thought that probably the men would guard the entrance and let me shower on my own but they weren't having any of that.   
  
Now I'm a bit of an exhibitionist, but I usually flash strangers in places where nobody knows me, not four guys that I know but who have never seen me naked. However, I really wanted that shower, so I shrugged and went on in with the four guys, who seemed a little surprised, but pleased that I was willing to do so.   
  
The locker room was painted a dull green. The painting hadn't been done very recently as it was flaking off in many places. I guessed that the men's locker room was next on the list to be renovated. There were a series of benches in front of lockers. I walked over to one of the benches. The four others seemed to have decided among themselves to give me no privacy whatsoever. Well, I really needed that shower, I couldn't stand myself being this wet and, frankly, smelly. Still, I hesitated a little, hoping that the moral force of my hesitation would force them to leave. It didn't. So I gave in and began to undress. First I took off my tee shirt, which was truly soaked and required a lot of tugging to get up over my breasts and over my head. I stood there in my sports bra while I wrung out the tee shirt, which had been white when I started out but was now almost gray. Then I slowly eased my dark blue gym shorts with Nike Swoosh logo down over my hips and stepped out of them, leaving me in my sports bra and pink bikini knickers, which had become completely transparent with perspiration. I was embarrassed. Not just because I knew all four guys were staring at my pussy, but because I had been so unladylike as to sweat like a pig. Well, I played   
hard and that's what happens when I play hard.   
  
I carefully folded my shorts, then took my clean clothes out of my gym bag and put my shorts, tee shirt and sweaty socks into the waterproof compartment and my basketball shoes into another. By now the moisture in my knickers was partially generated from something other than sweat because I found myself highly excited at being in a stage of undress in front of four guys who still had all of their gym clothes on, and were making no moves to take them off. I took a deep breath and put my thumbs into the elastic bands of my sports bra. I pulled it up and over my breasts and then over my head and arms, a process made much more difficult because it was so wet. Now I could feel the men's eyes shifting from my pussy to my breasts and especially to my nipples. I glanced down at them. They were partially erect and as I watched I could see them becoming much more so. This made me even more embarrassed but I had absolutely no control over them. Actually, they felt so nice that I would have loved to have played with them but I resisted, barely, the impulse to do so. I had rather hoped that the men wouldn't see how excited the situation made me but I could see that with my nipples this erect such hopes had no chance of success.  
  
Well, in for a penny, in for a pound, I thought as I put my hands into either side of the waist band of my knickers. I hesitated for just a few seconds, long enough to see that the eyes of all four men had immediately dropped from my nipples to my knickers as soon as I put my hands there. Then I pulled my knickers down over my pussy, which I keep trimmed but not shaved, and over my hips, which took rather more effort, and then down my legs until I could step out of them. Since all four men were standing in front of me and as I had finally decided that rather than let them see how embarrassed I was I would try to act in as brazen a fashion as possible, I turned around so that my back was facing them, bent over from my waist with my legs spread slightly apart and my knees unbent, and picked my knickers up from the floor of the locker room. There were four gasps so my manoeuver had achieved the desired effect. I turned back around so that I was facing them as I attempted with no great success to straighten my knickers out so that I could put them into the gym bag. After spending several minutes trying to do so one of the guys asked if I would like his help.  
  
"No thanks," I tried to say. But what came out was an unintelligible croak. These were the first words anybody had spoken since we came into the locker room. I tried again and this time my voice was a little stronger. I still didn't have any success with my knickers, however, so I said to hell with it and threw the wet knickers into the gym bag with the other things.  
  
"Well, I'll go get my shower now. You guys don't have to wait, you know."  
  
None of them moved to even begin to undress, or to leave. I picked up my towel, soap and shampoo, but resisted the urge to wrap the towel around myself. I walked across the cold floor in my bare feet and into the shower room where the floor was even colder. There were five showers, one next to the other, in an open stall. The shower room was painted a lighter shade of dull green, I suppose to differentiate it from the locker room proper. I chose the middle shower head and turned the water on, being careful not to stand in the spray when the water first came out. As I had expected, it was ice cold, but within a couple of minutes it began to warm up and soon was almost too hot. I stepped under the stinging water, which felt heavenly on my sweaty, tired skin. I was glad that I had brought my own soap and shampoo because there was none in the shower. I lathered my breasts slowly and this time I did play with my nipples, which became even firmer under my caressing fingers. Then I soaped my pussy until it was covered with suds. While doing so I was massaging my clit and getting more and more turned on. While I was in the midst of doing this, one of the guys came to the doorway of the shower. He saw what I was doing and began to turn red with embarrassment.  
  
" I'm sorry, Vicki Lynn," he said, "I didn't mean to intrude. I just wanted to be sure that the water was okay for you."  
  
I thought briefly about responding in a sarcastic fashion because I knew exactly what he was doing, but I hadn't brought my car and this guy was my ride home, so I simply said, "That's okay, I don't mind. It's very nice of you to be worried about my welfare." While saying this I left my hand on, and fingers in, my pussy, but in a tiny effort at maintaining proprieties I did stop moving my fingers.   
  
"Well, as long as you're okay." And he began to walk away from the shower entrance. I turned my back to the entrance and bent over to pick up my shampoo, which I had set on the floor of the shower. As I did so I heard a quick intake of breath so I took my time about standing up. When I turned around I saw that he was still standing there. Now he turned truly red and really did walk away. I lathered my hair and washed it with great care, taking a long time to do so. I rinsed my hair and my body, then turned off the shower. The shower room was still empty and no one was standing in the doorway. I dried off, spending a lot of time massaging my breasts and my pussy with the towel and then left the shower.  
  
When I came out I was surprised to see that it wasn't just my four guys in the locker room. Instead it was full of men all completely dressed in football kit. They had been playing football and had just come in. There were immediately a lot of wolf whistles and even a few cheers. I had my towel but it was wrapped around my hair, leaving me completely exposed to their view. I loved it. Being naked in front of four fully clothed men had been highly exciting, even if scary, but this was absolutely wonderful.   
  
I walked slowly through the men to the bench where my clothes were. I took a lot of time sorting through my dry clothes as if trying to determine which outfit to put on although I only had the one with me. I dried myself a little more - in places that the men seemed to enjoy. I picked up my clean bra and spent a while straightening it out and adjusting it before enclosing my breasts, and my still erect nipples. The bra was French, a peach Aubade Tulips which left a lot of my breasts uncovered and had very lovely lace trim. I put on a long sleeved peach silk blouse and buttoned it up. Finally I put on a light blue, short skirt. No knickers, although I had matching Aubade thong knickers in my gym bag. They are so pretty I really wanted to put them on but as I was doing my brazen woman bit I thought I should be as over the top as possible. I bent over to put on my shoes, low heeled peach pumps. This brought more wolf whistles cheers and applause. I guess the skirt was a bit shorter than I had realized. When I was trying it on in the dressing room at the mall I had practised sitting down to see how far it would ride up but I hadn't thought to practise bending over as I didn't have a girl friend with me to check it out.  
  
While I had been dressing, the football players, like my basketball buddies, had not even begun the process of getting changed. I delayed for a little bit longer to see if anybody would take his kit off in front of me but nobody made a move. After delaying as much as I could I finally left the locker room so the guys I came with could get their showers and I could get home and enjoy my memories.   
  
The other three girls saw that I had changed and washed my hair. They had also seen all the football players pack into the locker room. They asked me a lot of questions, which I had a very nice time answering.