The Boys’ Shower Room

Rated R

By Bubblegom

There was a persistent rumor going around our school, which I believed, that the boys had discovered a way to peek into the girls’ shower room. Apparently this had been going on for some time, before the rumors had surfaced. Supposedly some of the biggest names at school were involved and it was also being said that the whole thing was being hushed up by the school administration, because of the fear of the possible repercussions from the girls’ families. And the girls involved were willingly going along with the vow of silence, because after all what girl would want everyone to know that a bunch of wankers had seen her naked?

Now I don’t know about you, but this type of lying, dishonesty and hypocrisy really pisses me off. I nosed around some and I learned enough to convince me that what I originally heard was true, although at that time, I had no idea what I was going to do about it. Oh, by the way, my name is Sara and this all occurred during my sophomore year in high school.

One day, a week or two after that, my good friend Candy and I were showering after gym class. As I was lathering myself with soap, my eyes fell upon something that I had never noticed before and appeared strangely incongruous.

Hello, I thought. What’s this? I really love Sherlock Holmes stories, so I like to think like that – haha!

When I crossed the shower room to the far wall and then began jumping up, I’m sure my friend thought that I had finally flipped out just as she had always feared. I had spotted an opening on the shower room wall up near the ceiling. I realized that I needed something to stand on to be able to see through it, so I dashed out to the locker room. There were two gray metal folding chairs that always sat outside of the coach’s office and seeing no one around, I grabbed one and carried it back with me to the shower room.

By the time I had returned to the shower room with the chair, I didn’t have a doubt that Candy was utterly convinced that she needed to call 911 for me. She was just preparing to go obtain some help for me, when she observed that I had climbed up on the chair and was peering through the opening.

Candy crossed the shower room to my side and asked, “Sara, what are you doing?”

“Shhh,” I cautioned her. “Keep your voice down.”

By standing up on my tiptoes, I was just able to look through the hole and imagine my surprise when I found myself staring directly into the boys’ shower room! Suddenly it all became crystal clear to me in a flash of insight. This is where the boys had been peeking at us.

I noticed that on the women’s side of the wall, there were four holes – two on the top of the opening and two on the bottom. I correctly assumed as it turned out that there had once been a heavy wire meshed screen there. After discovering it in the first place, the boys had removed the screen on their side of the wall and had probably waited one day until the female locker room cleared completely out and then they snuck over and removed the screen on our side of the wall.

I assumed that this opening had originally been meant as a ventilator for the circulation of air between the two hot shower rooms. I realized the showers had been built back to back to help cut down on the plethora of pipes needed for the two sites.

“What’d you see, Sara? Is anybody in there?” asked Candy excitedly.

“Shh!” I ordered, as there was still a number of boys in the shower room, despite it being after the last class period of the day.

By standing on my tiptoes on the chair, I was able to obtain a good view of the proceedings and, as an answer, I quickly pulled my beautiful friend up beside me. Peering through the opening, Candy whispered, “Good lord!”

There were nude male students everywhere! I saw about every shape and length of penis possible; some of them just resembled stubs, some were circumcised and a couple of them were not. I spotted a few really long ones. Desiring to study as much detail as possible in my perusal of these male sex organs, purely as a scientific study, I decided to keep my eyes on the longer ones. The more I watched, the more certain areas in my body tingled in a pleasurable way.

I suddenly heard a noise back in the girls’ locker room and, as I turned my head to glance back in that direction, I happened to notice Candy was staring with her mouth agape. I guess this may have been a fairly new experience for her.

“Hey!” she complained, after I stepped down from the chair and pulled her down behind me. “Sara, what are you doing?”

“I don’t want anybody to catch us until I can bring my camera tomorrow,” I explained. “I think it’s time for some payback for their peeping us.”

While we toweled off and dressed, I swore Candy to secrecy, but I knew she wouldn’t tell anyone. She didn’t want our viewing pleasure ruined, any more than I did.

The next day seemed to go by so slowly. It felt as though gym class would never arrive, but of course it finally did. Candy and I were so excited about what was going to happen after class, we were barely able to concentrate on what we were doing in it. When gym, which was the last class of the day, was finally over, Candy and I purposely dawdled until everyone else had left.

Candy and I both brought in a chair to stand on and after clambering onto it, I quickly glanced through the opening. We were in luck! The boys’ shower was crowded with stark naked young males! I began snapping pictures as quickly as I could in a safe manner. The problem was the flash attachment. I couldn’t take them all in a quick succession. I had to be more circumspect so as to not be noticed, because of the flash going off.

Let me tell you – what a score! The school president was in there, along with the school’s newspaper editor, and the guy, who was the front runner to be class valedictorian. One by one the male students all showered and left the shower room. Finally there was only one boy left and I noticed that he appeared to be acting very suspiciously, tiptoeing over to the doorway and listening intently at what was being said in the locker room. Personally I could tell he was preparing himself to do something questionable, when all of the sudden out of the blue he grabbed himself in a certain area below his waist and began to stroke it.

Oh man, I couldn’t believe my own eyes. Mwahaha! I glanced at Candy and again she was standing with her mouth wide open, but this time her eyes were glazed over as well. After a few minutes of this, I could tell by past experience that he was about to reach a satisfactory conclusion, and I readied the camera. Just as his body expostulated, I snapped his picture. He began to look wildly around the shower room, because he had sensed something amiss rather than actually saw it. I heard my beautiful friend giggling beside me. I glanced down and was surprised, even for me, when I noticed Candy’s hand had slipped into her vagina.

I was getting ready to say something to Candy about it, when suddenly Ms. Hanson, our phys ed coach entered the shower room to bathe and caught us dead to rights, as it were. I had mistakenly thought all the coaches had left for the day. Once I got a good look at our coach in the buff, I was totally shocked – let me tell you. I had no idea she looked so hot beneath those ridiculous sweat suits she usually wore. With her long black hair, green eyes, red cherry lips, huge breasts, narrow waist and long legs, Ms. Hanson looked incredible.

The young teacher was more than smart enough to take in the entire situation of me standing on a chair looking through an opening into the boys’ shower room with a camera in my hand in a split second and she began shouting at us. I observed our naked ‘pigeon’ flying away in the other shower room, as she loudly chastised us.

She began one of those typical teacher rants, where she asked us obvious questions and didn’t really expect us to answer them, such as “What were you all thinking of?” Both Candy and I had stepped down off the chairs and we were attempting to keep our eyes focused on Ms. Hanson’s face, as she was standing directly in front of us. This was proving to be a difficult task, as our eyes kept slipping down to her most bodacious looking body. She had her entire pubic area shaven and at the time I had never seen anything like it; I thought it was so sexy looking and I was completely mesmerized by it. When the young teacher finally noticed that, she blushed and really began to scream at us.

“Stop in the name of love, before you break my heart,” sang out a voice from the other shower room. It appeared that Ms. Hanson, not only recognized who it was, but also that it was someone who she was currently interested in, as she suddenly stepped up on one of the chairs. She reached down and yanked the camera out of my hands and began taking pictures of the male teacher in the other room. Candy and I kept attempting to discover who it was by stepping up on the other chair, but each time Ms. Hanson would block us from climbing up and told us to go away. Finally I gave it up as a lost cause and motioned to Candy to follow me back to the locker room.

We quickly dressed and fled the scene. Once safely outside the school, Candy turned to me and said, “God, that was great, but it’s too bad we lost the film.”

“No, we didn’t!” I contradicted. “It’s right here,” I explained, while holding up the safely sealed roll of film waiting to be developed.

“Hot damn, dog!” Candy exclaimed. “However did you do that?”

“I had already taken it out of the camera when Coach Hanson came in,” I enlightened my best friend.

“Then what film is Ms. Hanson using?” Candy naturally wondered.

“None,” I clarified. “There’s no film in the camera – haha!”

As we walked home, Candy and I cackled hysterically over what Ms. Hanson would look like when she discovered she had been clicking away with a empty camera, while letting us escape.

The upshot was that a friend of mine from the camera club developed the photographs for me. And I think she kept some extra prints for herself, because she had a sly look on her face when she handed me my prize pictures. I scanned them and then printed a few copies of each and posted them on all the bulletin boards in the school, including the cafeteria and main office.

As if that wasn’t bad enough, a friend of mine, who knew how to hack into the school’s web page, uploaded them in the student section and then Candy and I put up a web page with nothing on it, except their names and their pictures on it.

Before the furor died down, the school president had resigned, the newspaper editor was back to running copy, the boy who could have been class valedictorian was completely out of the running, and the male student, who had been caught making love with ‘old lady five fingers’ didn’t come back to school for over two weeks, because of all the jokes he had to listen to regarding it. Finally the only reason he returned was to avoid having to repeat the entire year. But we never had any more difficulty with the boys peeking into the girls’ shower room. Mwahaha!