**Steph in the Locker Room**

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"Come on," I protested, "Let me go. This isn't funny anymore." I was giggling as I said it, but that was at least half hysteria. Surely she wouldn't really do this. It was an elaborate joke. But the part of me that believed her was getting frantic.

"The deal was, loser has to clean up. I lost. I'm going to clean YOU up first, then I'll clean up that mud pit in the backyard." She had an evil grin and I was getting more and more afraid that she was serious. I knew I should never have agreed to the water fight, and I should've pulled out once we started getting muddy. Still, she had finally fallen over in the dirt and declared me the winner, so that was good.....or not. Had she deliberately pretended to give up so she could do this?

"You made your point!" I pleaded. "I'll do the cleaning. Or at least, if you have to 'clean' me, don't do it in the locker room shower. Seriously, I hate to be naked in front of other people. And don't give me that line about all of us having the same stuff, I don't care. I get embarrassed."

"I won't give you that line. And I'm not going to clean you in the ladies' locker room shower."

That should've been my warning, but instead I was relieved. Her undressing me and showering me off in private wouldn't be so bad. We sort of had a little relationship- we both had boyfriends from time to time but we fooled around with one another a little too. Not much- a kiss now and then, mostly playful, the occasional butt-grab, some snuggling at sleepovers. But, enough that I'd rather have her shower me in private than in front of a lot of other women.

I then realized she'd led me through a door that.....didn't seem like the right one. I knew there were private bathrooms in the back, separate from the public ones, but I was pretty sure this wasn't the way to them....and when we entered the room, I saw it wasn't.

"You said we wouldn't go in the locker room!"

"I said I wasn't going to take you into the LADIES' locker room. This is the men's."

At that I started struggling harder against her. "Nononononono, please no, no, don't, my God El, don't.

Ellen just laughed. "Don't freak out, okay? It's just a don't-get-caught game, not an exhibitionist one. There's some weight-lifting class or something going on. There won't be anyone in here for..." she paused and glanced at her watch, "twenty minutes or so. Be a sport. But you better not fight me. If you yell, you're going to draw an audience. They'll hear you and come running. And if you resist and slow me down, you're likely to get an audience anyway."

I realized there was no fighting her. She had it figured out. She probably had been thinking of it when she suggested the 'loser cleans' deal. No, I realized, \*before\*. She was the one who'd suggested the water fight. She had pulled me into the mud. She knew the men's class schedule. This wasn't a sudden idea, this was \*planned\*.

I started to undress slowly, in a sort of daze as I realized I was going through with this, but hurried when she reminded me our time was limited.

"First things first." El said. "I've been wanting to shave your puss for a while now."

"How do you know I don't have it shaved?" I asked. "You've never seen it." I had my fingers on the waistband of my pink thong, but hadn't pulled it down yet.

She laughed. "I've seen it lots of times. Remember that day when your bikini bottom wouldn't stay tied, and you kept complaining about it but I never noticed because I was texting on my cell? Have a look."

She pulled a cell phone out of her bag and opened it to show me her background image. It was me, grabbing at my freely dangling bikini bottom, with my trimmed pubes clearly exposed.

"Special reduced friction string." she said. "I replaced the ties weeks before, just hoping. I've got more shots if you want to see them."

I was feeling humiliated, betrayed, but also....kind of tingly and excited. I'd never had any of those kind of pictures taken of me before.

"That's not 'lots of times'," I said, only half aware of the words.

"Oh, okay." She had been putting the phone back, but now she pulled it out again. She showed me a picture of me lying on my bed, apparently at one of our sleepovers. My panties were held out from my body by a female hand, presumably hers. My short sleep shirt had been pulled up above my nipples.

Another shot. Me leaning out of the shower. I remembered that. She'd opened the bathroom door, texting. Asked me how to spell a word. Apparently it was a ruse to get a nude shot of me. She'd held the phone way off to her left, giving it a more generous view than her own eyes had.

"Wanna see more, or should we get a move on?" she asked now.

"Let's get it over with." I responded, and dropped my panties. I had to admit, I was a bit excited about the shaving. I could wait to ponder on the pictures later.

She turned on one of the showerheads and ran the water over my body. Then she pulled out a small bottle, reaching back to her bag.

I couldn't believe how exposed I was here. The showers were all open, and I was in one nearest the door. If any guy walked in here, he was going to see me. More, I couldn't believe how much excitement was warring with anxiety for control of my emotions.

She rubbed some oil stuff from the bottle over my light blond bush, and pulled out a disposable razor. She slid it along my mound, and I watched the short, curly hairs fall. The cool touch of the razor made me gasp as she repeated the process.

She slid a finger inside my swelling pussy lip.

I protested, "Hey, wait-"

"Just to hold things steady. You wouldn't want to get cut, would you?"

I stopped protesting, and closed my eyes and went with it. She wasn't 'just holding things steady' either. She was rubbing her finger up and down my increasingly wet slit. I opened my eyes and saw that she had finished shaving me, and watched her wet her hand and rub my exposed mound. Immediately the entire area began to tingle with a sexy, buzzy feeling.

She explained before I could ask. "The stuff I used. Has menthol, eucalyptus. Once it gets to the skin and gets wet, it tingles. Nice, isn't it?"

Before I could answer, the door opened.

"Oops." Ellen giggled. "My watch must be fast."

Sure enough, guys were filing in, soaked in sweat, most already pulling their shirts over their heads. One by one, they froze, staring at me, with their mouths open.

"Ellen! Those guys are all looking at me, I've got to get out of here! Give me my clothes!"

She didn't answer me at first. She turned to them. "Don't worry. Protesting is part of the game. If she really wants me to stop, she'll say the safe word. Until then, feel free to watch."

There was no safe word! She was just saying that to prevent any of them from coming to my assistance. I was pretty sure I could convince them, somehow, but the tingle on my pussy was preventing me from thinking clearly.

"No Ellen, don't let them watch you wash me. Oh my God I'm so hot." I slurred out.

"We won't be long now." she said. "I just need to rinse the hair off your freshly shaven pussy," --her words chosen, no doubt, to further entrance the guys- "and we can be out of here. If I don't rinse it, it'll itch."

"Fine, fine," I said, "Just get it over with. Can't you at least stand in front of me and block their view?"

She didn't answer that, just pointed to the bench and said "Sit please."

"No, El, please, let's get this done with, I've got-" I leaned around and counted- "five guys standing there looking at my bare, very bare, flesh and stroking their cocks through their shorts. Please, please, just rinse me and let me get out of here before I'm humiliated any further."

"If you want this over with, you'll do what I say. Sit."

I sat.

"Spread."

"No! No way am I spreading my legs for all those guys to peek inside my bald, tingling pussy. Please, El."

She stepped away, and came back with two jump ropes. "You shouldn't make this so hard for me," she said, "that only makes it harder on you."

I'm really not sure how she got my ankles tied, each to one leg of the bench, so that my legs were spread apart and I couldn't put them together, without me running from the room, but I blame my tingling puss for clouding my thoughts and immobilizing me.

Then, she grabbed the showerhead, and sprayed the water lightly over my pubes. The water and the tingling of the shave oil felt so good I couldn't help bucking my hips a little.

"You like it, don't you?"

"No!"

"You like sitting here showing all these guys your boobs, your shaved, spread pussy, letting them watch you get all hot and horny."

"Stop! You're embarrassing me, they don't need to hear this!"

"I think they do. In fact, I don't think this is over until you tell \*them\* how horny they're making you by watching this."

"El, I can't."

"If you don't, you'll still be sitting here when the next class comes in."

I thought I'd die from it, but I turned their way and whispered, "You guys are making me so horny, watching me."

"You know they couldn't hear that. Let them hear you." Ellen demanded.

By now, I knew better than to protest. "You guys are making me so horny, watching me. I'm so hot right now."

"Tell them you want them to watch you cum."

"Ellen! I can't cum in front of these guys!"

She switched the showerhead to a pulsing massage setting, and aimed one of the jets at my clit. I couldn't fight her with my ankles tied. I had to just sit there and try to resist the hot, pulsing, sweet, sexy feeling on my most private place, spread so open now, with so many eyes staring at it.

Then, I realized how near I was to climax. "No El, no, no no, please my God I'm going to cum don't make me cum in front of them, oh God I've \*go\*t to, I'll die if I don't, make me cum, El, please."

And with that, she took the water away. "Want to cum?" she asked, and ran the jet quickly over my clit, enough to keep me hot and bothered but not enough to advance the much needed orgasm. "Ask them. If they give permission, you can cum. Tell them how much you want to cum for them, and ask them to let you."

"No! God El, I can't, I'd be so embarrassed-" but the pulsing jet slid over my clit again, slowly but not staying long enough, and I knew I had no choice.

"Guys. I, I want to...." I had to take a breath and start over. The jet across my clit again, making me jerk. "I want to cum for you. I want you all to watch me cumming. Please, please tell her to let me cum."

"What's in it for us?" asked a tall, shirtless hunk with longish brown hair and gorgeous blue eyes and the sexiest smile I thought I'd ever seen.

"They can rub their cocks on you while you cum." Ellen suggested.

"Oh, no, Ellen, please, please don't ask these five strange guys to rub their cocks on my bare, exposed body while I cum."

"I won't. You ask them." Ellen ordered, with another flick of the pulsing spray over my throbbing clit. "Or you won't cum."

I had to cum. "Would you like to, um, do you want to rub your cocks on me" (another spray of the jet) "your cocks on me while my friend makes me cum?"

That worked. The hunk nodded. He came forward first, dropping his gym shorts and releasing a long, hard cock. He stroked the head against my left nipple, and suddenly there were four more cocks on my body. One rubbing against my neck. One on my leg. One on my back. One on my right arm. It seemed to have happened in a half-second-long blur.

"Alright, I need to see cum on her before she gets to cum herself." Ellen ordered, and teased my clit with quick short bursts of the pulsing massage jet, just touching, then pulling away. As I got closer, slowly, slowly closer to orgasm, I moaned and my body tensed. This was enough to put the guy at my right arm over the edge, and he shot cum over my breasts. I felt hot cum at my back, too.

Ellen put the pulsing jet on my clit and held it there. I gasped and pumped my hips, my body begging for release. There was cum on my leg. Cum on my neck, hot and dripping. Only my hunk, the one whose cock was teasing my pebble-hard left nipple, held out.

I couldn't hold out any longer myself, cumming in a rush, crying, "Oh my God you guys, oh my God, you're all making me cum!" My body jerked and spasmed with release, long, hard release, and the hunk began to shoot his cum, too, on my already cummy tits.

After, my body drooped, and my eyes closed. Seconds? Seemed like hours. But when I opened them, everyone was where I had left them when my eyes had closed, so it must've been seconds.

El leaned forward and untied my legs. "That was fun. Admit it. And you should really thank these guys."

"Thanks for....for the experience, and the permission to cum." I said. Somehow it wasn't quite so hard to say now.

The other four were walking away, but my hunk winked, and said, "Thank \*you\*," He took the showerhead from Ellen's hand and rinsed the cum from my body gently. "This was fun, Ellen. You have the best ideas."

He was gone, then, but I was staring after him in shock. "You know him, El?"

"Duh, how do you think I set this up? All by myself? He was against it at first, but when I showed him your pictures he became very cooperative." she laughed.

I began to dress in the clothes El had brought for me, and I wondered, how was I going to meet him again? Would El give me his name? If not, I supposed, I could just...hang out in the locker room again next Wednesday.