**Voyeurs at the Tennis Club**

by[FrankTellings](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5742581&page=submissions)©

Part 1

A few years ago, I used to play tennis regularly. One of my best friends, Julie, lived about 20 miles away and was a member of her local tennis club. She was a teacher so rather busy but I used to go over occasionally to play at her club. It was a rather old-fashioned place and they still had grass courts which I liked.

I arranged to play her there one Summer evening -- it was early July, warm, breezy and sunny. There were other matches going on around us including two boys on the next court. We were having a good game but Julie was better than me and hit the ball very hard. It was difficult to return her serves and I found myself reaching and running into the corners, missing the ball with my short tennis skirt flying.

It was bad enough losing but I was starting to attract the attention of the boys on the next court who muttered under their breath and then started saying things like, "Nice knickers" and "sexy legs" and sniggering. We ignored them to start but then they switched their attentions to Julie. In fairness, her sports bra was failing to fully hold down their contents as she ran about the court, so was fairly noticeable. She rounded on the boys. It transpired they were former pupils of her school who had just left after A levels, so they were 18.

Julie gave them a talking to about showing respect for their elders. They were suitably chastened -- for a few minutes - but were quietly devoting as much attention to watching us ladies as they were to their own game.

The light was fading and other matches packed up, including the boys. The club had no floodlights in those days. Eventually, we found ourselves the last game in progress and we decided to finish too. I had lost heavily. Julie said she was very sorry but she had no time for a drink as she had to go home straightaway and would I be all right? I said I was fine and would change before driving home.

The Club's changing rooms were rather ancient -- more of a pavilion really. It's all subsequently been redeveloped and replaced by a modern clubhouse. I walked in to the ladies changing room to find I was the only one there. Everyone else had gone home. As I entered, I heard a sort of scuffling noise in the corner but paid no attention. I sat down with my bag. My thoughts were focussed on whether I would benefit from getting some tennis lessons when I heard the noise again. It was coming from next to the notice board. I sat still, watched and listened.

There were some small holes in the wall. It was made from some thin plasterboard and next door was the Mens' Changing room. I was being spied on!

Part 2

My first reaction was horror. What a cheek! Then I slowly realised what was going on. It was the two boys from the next court. I stood up and there was muted giggling then shushing. What should I do?

I daren't admit it to Julie earlier but I had enjoyed the attention on court earlier. I didn't like the remarks but I liked the fact that such young fit boys were attracted by my legs and short skirt. So, I decided to give it a minute. I put my bag on the floor. Facing away from the spyholes, I bent down to pick up my towel, displaying my tennis knickers. It was quiet but I could just about hear an intake of breath. This was what they were after.

There was a mirror on the wall near the spyholes. To give myself time to think, I went over and brushed my hair. I realised I was too close so couldn't be seen so I subtly moved back into their view while I composed myself and agonised whether I was making a fool of myself in front of silly teenagers or enjoying being a model for fit young men. The tingling in my tennis pants persuaded me of the latter.

What next? I didn't know how much I wanted to reveal but to start I just slowly unbuttoned my tennis top, letting it rest for a moment before doing an exaggerated brush of my hair, tipping my head back and revealing my tennis bra -- rather flimsier than the one Julie had been wearing. The scuffling and giggling proved that my audience was still there and appreciating what they were seeing. My body was hot with excitement. But was I doing wrong? What if I was discovered?

In a minor panic, I rushed over to the changing room door and locked it. There was definitely no-one about but it was better to be safe.

Emboldened, I slowly pulled off my top and admired myself in the mirror, taking care not to look directly at the spyholes. I didn't want my young spectators to know I knew they were there. I rubbed my hands over my breasts and draw in breath sensuously. It seemed a bit obvious to me but I could hear more gasps from the adjacent changing room. Perhaps they thought this was what ladies did all the time when they thought they were alone.

There isn't really an erotic way to take off your tennis shoes and socks so they came off in a functional sort of way. And now for my little short skirt. I unzipped the side then slid it off, slowly pushing one side then the other gradually down my legs. I strutted over to drop it in my bag, down now to bra and pants.

Ordinarily, I would have just put my normal clothes on but this was not a normal situation.

Part 3

How far should I go? Was I entertaining my spyhole admirers or indulging myself? By now, my pants were damp and I was game for more. I wanted there to be more people to admire and desire me. In for a penny; in for a pound.

I reached behind to unclip my bra, turning my back on the spyholes. Then, with a deep breath, I turned round and slowly let it drop on the floor pushing my chest out to exaggerate my breasts. They aren't large but I could hear a definite intake of breath from the other side of the wall. I strutted over toward the mirror to admire myself running my hands over myself as I looked.

I was in my stride now and in full view of the spyholes wiggled slowly as I pushed down my pants, which were by now pretty wet. As I stood finally naked, glorying in my courage, displaying my neatly trimmed bush to the prying eyes, there was a loud shout of "Yes!" and shrieks from behind the wall.

Startled by the noise, I was jolted back to reality. Suddenly, I was an innocent woman being spied on. Instinctively, I grabbed some clothes to cover up and strode over to the spyholes, as though I had just seen them.

"Who's there? Is someone watching?" I shouted towards the spyhole, as if I didn't know. It all went quiet.

"I can see holes in the wall" I continued, "You boys - are you spying on me?" No answer.

"Right" I said in my sternest voice, taking command of what might have been an embarrassing situation. "Come round here straightaway, you boys. I want a word with you"

There was no sound for about a minute. I pulled back on a skirt and top as fast as I could. I was just about to shout again when there was a knock on the changing room door.

I strode over and unlocked the door. There stood the two boys still in tennis gear, looking rather sheepish. It was now dark outside.

"Come inside" I barked. They shuffled in and I shut the door behind them. It locked again.

"Were you watching me through a hole in the wall?" I demanded. The boys looked at the floor and shifted uneasily from one foot to another but said nothing.

I advanced menacingly on the taller, dark haired boy and shouted "Were you?".

"Yes, Miss" he replied. "Sorry. The holes were just there and we couldn't resist it". I learnt later that his name was Ben. It was obvious that these guys respected authority especially as they had seen me with Julie, their former teacher.

"Have you any idea how much trouble you are in?" I had by now decided that I would dictate how this should develop.

"Please don't tell our parents" piped up the other one. His name was Jason and he was a bit shorter but had very nice long blond hair. "I'm already in enough trouble with them, Miss". They obviously mistook me for a teacher, even though I wasn't.

I thought quickly on my feet. "You have two choices. We can either sort this out here and now - or this gets back to your parents. Which is it to be?"

Ben and Jason looked at each other. "Can we deal with it now please? Just don't tell on us" Ben said.

I stood, hands on hips glaring at them. I knew I had the situation under control.

Ben and Jason stared at me wide eyed, as though seeing me properly for the first time. I suddenly remembered that all I was wearing was the tennis skirt and top I had hastily pulled on a few moments ago.

Part 4

"Whose idea was it to spy on me?" I asked, still glaring at them.

Quick as a flash, Ben said "Jason's" He had no hesitation in shopping his mate. Jason didn't argue.

"Right", I said "We'll deal with this the old-fashioned way. Disrespectful behaviour towards ladies deserves punishment. Shorts down!"

Jason looked horrified. His mouth opened and shut. "What, take my shorts down?"

"I expect that's what you were doing while you watched me, wasn't it?" I shot back. Jason looked embarrassed and blushed. He unbuttoned his shorts and pulled them down. He had a strong body.

"And your underpants!" I ordered. He took a deep breath and pulled them down. His cock was semi stiff. Ben sniggered.

I sat down on the bench and looked at him. He knew what was coming. "Over my knee, like a naughty boy!" I ordered. Slowly, he complied, shuffling forward to make his cock hang between my legs. His backside faced up at me and he was already squirming with shame. I smacked him once, then harder.

"Six of the best for being so sneeky as to spy on me!" I realised as I said them that the words sounded a bit corny but that was lost on Jason. He yelped on the last smacks. They left red marks. Ben watched on, gloating over his friend's humiliation. Jason stood up.

"Now for you, Ben! You're just as guilty and no-one likes a grass. Shorts off!" Ben's smile changed to grimace as he realised that he wasn't escaping the punishment. It was Jason's turn to smirk as Ben reluctantly removed his shorts and underpants and shuffled forward. I was still sat on the bench and I noticed that Jason was watching with me wide eyed. He'd just realised that I had nothing on under my tennis skirt. I pretended not to notice.

Ben was taller and dark haired and I couldn't help but notice that his cock, though soft, was fatter and bigger than Jason's. Ben knew what to do without being told, so he bent over my knees, ready. Before I started his spanking, I allowed my hand to momentarily slip down between his open legs, over his balls and felt his cock twitch in response. Then it was time for his spanking.

"Stand over there, both of you" I ordered when I'd finished with Ben. I wanted to sustain my authority over them. "And I didn't say you could put your shorts back on, Ben"

"Please, Miss" said Jason "Have you finished with us now?"

"Oh no," I said "Not by a long way!".

Part 5

I walked over to my changing bag away from Ben and Jason. On impulse, I rubbed my bare bum cheek under my skirt. It was an imitation of that famous poster of the tennis girl. I looked back and they'd certainly noticed what I was doing but I think the allusion was lost on them.

I picked up a towel and carefully laid it out on the bench. They looked a bit worried at what might be coming next but really the towel was for my own comfort. Those wooden benches were hard.

"What you need to do now is pay your debt to me" I said, standing hands on hips, legs slightly apart. "Do something for me to put things right". They looked at each other, nervous but sensing that the mood was changing. Ben's cock involuntarily started to stir.

"Yes, Miss" said Ben "We'll do what we're told". He smiled a liitle for the first time.

"Take off your tops". I commanded. They did and stood there naked. Jason swallowed hard.

"Jason, come over here" I said slightly more softly. He stepped forward, his eyes wide.

"Take off my top" I told him.

"Bloody hell!" He exclaimed. "Are you sure, Miss?"

"Of course, I'm sure" I replied "Just do what you're told". I raised my arms and he pulled my top over my head revealing my breasts just in front of his face. With all that had been going on, my nipples were large. Jason stood stock still, staring at them. On the other side of the room, Ben's cock was rising. Teenage boys are so easily aroused.

"Close your mouth, now, Jason" I said, smiling. He'd been transfixed at the female form in front of him.

"My nipples need some attention" I said "You can suck them now"

"Really, Miss? Oh thanks" he said. "That's what I was wanting to do when I was watching you earlier". He reached to touch my tits and gently fondle them, before leaning forward to cup one and start licking. A surge of pleasure went through my entire body as his tongue caressed my nipple. Without thinking I ran my hands over his long hair and down his back.

Ben was by now fully erect and struggling to keep his hands from stroking himself as he watched what was going on. He stepped sideways to get a better view. Meanwhile, Jason's attentions became more enthusiastic and fast. I could feel his hard cock rubbing against my leg. I had to coach him to be slower and tender. He was a good learner. His hands wandered down to my legs but he stopped himself, knowing he shouldn't overstep the mark. He was well aware who was in charge.

After a few minutes, I pulled Jason gently away and told Ben I needed him. He ran over like an eager puppy. I explained it was his role to take off my skirt. I've never seen anyone so keen to do as they were told.

Part 6

Jason stood back to watch as Ben fumbled with the skirt zip at the back. I stood with my hands behind my head. With a clear sense of theatre, Ben slowly eased my skirt down in front of Jason. I stood there naked and loving it. Jason had a front row view and I wiggled my hips a little for him. He unashamedly stroked his bulging cock. His inhibitions were well and truly gone.

In the meanwhile, Ben's hand was moving towards my pussy but I moved and smacked it.

"I'll tell you what to do and when" I said. My tone was firm but not as commanding as before.

"Yes, Miss" smiled Ben. He was loving it and clearly ready to get involved.

"Your job, Ben, is to lick my pussy. Have you ever done that before?" I wondered whether he knew what to do.

"Yes, Miss, I've been practising on Jade Roberts and .. " he began but I cut him short. I didn't want to know about his girlfriends.

I lay back on the bench and opened my legs. Both of them moved round to get a good look and stood admiring the view before Ben knelt down to begin. He was good. He started slowly licking my clit. His first touch sent waves through me and I gasped in pleasure. I motioned Jason over to continue licking my tits, which he did with enthusiasm. I reached out to grab his cock. He moved nearer to make it easier. He wasn't going to miss a chance like this. I worked his cock and he panted like a dog.

The tension which had built in my body during the evening suddenly broke with an orgasm stronger than any I had experienced in years. I shouted out and writhed. I inadvertently threw off Jason and Ben's head was squeezed between my thighs. They both laughed. I don't think they'd ever seen a woman orgasm like that before.

I lay panting, my pussy still switching and grabbed Jason to me for a cuddle. They both waited expectantly while I recovered.

"You've down well, boys, so it's time for your reward. Bring my handbag over here" I said. I fished out my emergency condoms and gave them one each. I left it to them to decide who was first. Ben seemed to win out and knelt in front of me on the bench. I opened my legs and guided his cock into me. I was so wet it slipped in easily. He positioned himself over me with a satisfied smile. He had some power at last as he started to pump. I beckoned Jason toward me and reached for his cock which I guided to my mouth. Luckily, he hadn't put his condom on yet.

It felt good to have such a firm cock inside me nut Ben didn't take long. He arched his back and I could feel his cock twitch and the spunk filling his bag.

Jason could hardly wait for his turn. I raised my legs and he almost jumped on me. As he settled over me, I grabbed him and kissed him. I think he was my favourite. But he preferred to get into action and was soon banging himself into me. I could hear his balls slapping against my bum. I reached up and grabbed his bum to slow him down into a steadier rhythm. He was sweet and I enjoyed being taken by him but he didn't last long either.

Jason lay panting on the bench as I stood up to get dressed. I told the boys again that they shouldn't spy on people but I wouldn't tell their parents and they too should keep quiet and not tell a soul about what had happened tonight. They gave their word then thanked me politely for being so obliging! I said I hoped they'd learnt something. They said they'd never forget it.

I visited Julie's tennis club a few times afterwards but never saw the boys there. The old changing rooms were knocked down and new ones built so that put an end to the spyholes.

I did see Jason again a few years later -- but that's another story.