**A Practical Decision**

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Steve's college application process had been stressful enough. He didn't need this now.  
  
"There has to be something you can do," he said. "I can't afford to live in an apartment, and it's too late to accept another college."  
  
"I'm sorry, but every dorm slot is full," the voice over the phone said. "We can put you on the waitlist."  
  
"Please, you have to find something. I can't just wait in limbo, missing classes until someone drops out to make room for me. Give me a closet or something."  
  
"Well..."  
  
Steve waited a second, but the lady on the other end stopped.  
  
"Well what? Is there something?"  
  
"There's only one room with an open slot, but..."  
  
"I'll take it!" Steve cried.  
  
"It's in the girls' dormitory, and you'd be rooming with a girl. Actually, never mind."  
  
"Boys and girls room together all the time!" he cried. He regretted his wording-"men and women" would have been better-but he pressed on. "I can handle it. I'll be on my best behavior. No issues from me. I need this,please."  
  
The lady in the housing department at his new college sighed. "I can't believe I'm doing this. Fine. You'll get some paperwork with information on your accommodations in a few weeks. See you in the fall."  
  
She hung up.  
  
Steve breathed a heavy sigh of relief. It might be awkward at first, but college kids were mature, right? They'd make it work.  
  
It was a long summer of anticipation.  
  
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It was the day of his move into his new dorm room, and Steve was sweating with anxiety. He wasn't just meeting his roommate, but going into an impossible situation. The girl he was rooming with had been given no choice in the matter. What if she hated him just on principle, because of the situation? He'd played a million scenarios out in his mind, most of them hopeless, and just hoped now that whoever he got as a roommate was at least tolerant. That's it, just a life of relative peace would have been more than he could ask for.  
  
All Steve knew about his roommate was that her name was Rebecca. They hadn't changed her out for a guy in the interim since his frantic phone call. He presumed that she must know his name as well, which would give away his gender. She probably already hated him.  
  
He hesitated outside the door, holding his key just outside the lock. The hallway was full of girls glaring at him as he'd passed, with pink luggage and flowery designs.  
  
He took a deep breath, then entered.  
  
A girl looked up from the book she was reading and saw him.  
  
"Steven?" she asked.  
  
"That's me," he said.  
  
"That explains some things," she said. "I had a bet going with myself whether you were a girl with spiteful parents or a guy."  
  
"Did you win?" Steve asked.  
  
"No," she said. "I refused to believe the college would be so asinine."  
  
"They overbooked the male dorms," Steve started, but Rebecca cut him off.  
  
"I don't blame you," she said. "This is going to be weird, but let's try to make up for their stupidity by making it work. Do you want help unpacking?"  
  
Steve nodded gratefully, and got his first good look at his new roommate as she stood up. She had straight black hair in a ponytail with bangs that came down further at the edges of her face. Her creamy skin was speckled with occasional light freckles. She wore a tight teal t-shirt and black yoga pants that hugged the curves of her legs. Her breasts were big, probably good C cups, and the way the shirt hugged them from all sides gave Steve a quick twang in his penis that made him realize this was going to be harder than he anticipated.  
  
She walked past him and bent over to pick up some of the bags he'd dropped to get the door, showing her round cheeky ass through her tight pants. Steve could see the slightest bulge from between her legs, but she stood back up before he had a chance to get a good look.  
  
He pulled his head out of the gutter and picked up some of his own bags to help. They chatted as they worked together, getting Steve's clothes into his assigned dresser and his sheets onto the bottom bunk. Becky, as she said she liked to be called, had already taken the top one.  
  
They'd kept the chasing light during the code. Once they were done, Becky came back to the elephant in the room. "So, how's this going to work?"  
  
Steve glanced over at the small private bathroom they had in their dorm room. There was barely enough room in there to stand without straddling the toilet or going into the nearly as cramped shower. "I guess we change in there," he said.  
  
"Mhmm," Becky agreed. "We'll try it." She went back to reading, leaving Steve to look for his own entertainment.  
  
He started looking through his bag for his laptop, but paused to look at Becky again. She was really pretty, he thought, and had a great body. It was curvy, just like he liked, none of these stick girls with nothing to grab. He'd had a few girlfriends through high school and that was one important lesson he learned. Girls were better off soft and supple than angular and hard. Becky was right up his alley.  
  
She stood up, and his eyes were drawn between her legs. She wore tight yoga pants, and they hugged all her curves, especially her vulva. He made out a beautiful mons pubis beneath the fabric, and the seam gave just the hint of the line of her slit beneath, he tore his eyes away, afraid that he'd be caught staring, and tried to look busy with his laptop.  
  
"You up for some lunch?" Becky asked. "I've been here a day already, so I can show you around a little."  
  
"Sure," Steve answered. Leave it to him to be the awkward one of the pair. He thought that he could handle this, but after gawking at his roommate twice already, and she hadn't even done anything to provoke him, he wasn't so sure.  
  
Still, he stared at her ass as they walked down the hall to the stairs. It swayed back and forth as she moved, perfectly round under the black cloth. They lived on the fourth floor, and the building had no elevator, so they had to take the stairs down to the ground level. Becky showed Steve briefly around campus, then they ate at the cafeteria where the food was mediocre at best, and the tables were dirty. Steve was mostly an introvert, so he expected to be spending a lot of time in his room rather than out and about, but it was still good to get to see everything.  
  
They chatted about all sorts of things. Steve had traveled across the country to go to this school on the east coast, some no-name division 3 school in upstate New York. His uncle had gone here, and was the first person in his family to get a degree. Now Steve was here to be the second. Becky was from the area, and went here because it was convenient. Her family lived about an hour away, so it still made sense for her to dorm rather than commute. Plus, she said she was looking forward to the college experience, which just wouldn't be the same without living on campus.  
  
Steve's major was still undeclared; he had until the end of his third semester to settle on something so that he could start some more focused coursework. Becky had already chosen a math major. That wasn't in Steve's wheelhouse, but that's why there were so many degrees to choose from, right?  
  
After their excursion together, they returned to their room, where Becky went back to reading her novel and Steve finished setting up his laptop and wrote an email to his parents telling them about his first day. He left out the details of his living situation, being in a girls' dorm with a busty, curvy, pretty female roommate. He didn't outright lie, though; he just left it vague. Best not to lie to your parents, he found. The web would just get more and more tangled until you got caught in it and the truth came to light.  
  
"So, uh...what do you usually wear to bed?" Becky asked, out of nowhere.  
  
"Usually whatever I was wearing that day, maybe I'll take off my pants or shirt...oh," Steve said.  
  
"Yeah," Becky agreed. "Maybe shorts and a t-shirt?"  
  
"Yeah, let's do that," Steve said. "I'll go get changed." He dug around in his closet for a comfy pair of gym shorts, and he was already wearing a t-shirt. He took the shorts into the bathroom to change. This was his first time in here specifically to try to change his clothes. He knew it was small, but now that he was trying to maneuver around he realized just how small it was. He had to sit on the edge of the tub just to have room to get his pants off, and it was still cramped. This bathroom must have been a closet in a former life, he thought. After a minute, he managed to find a configuration that worked and pulled his shorts on over his boxers, then left the room.  
  
Becky was already wearing a pair of shorts, her yoga pants strewn across the back of her desk chair.  
  
"I figured it was safe to change while you were in there," she shrugged.  
  
Steve realized that if he'd been a little bit faster, he would have been able to see Becky in just her panties. She had to have known the risk, but decided to go for it anyway. Or maybe she just realized how cramped it was in there and knew Steve would take longer than she would. He just laughed it off.   
  
It wasn't quite late enough to go to bed yet, so they each entertained themselves a while longer, until Steve was the first to call it quits. He'd just flown in that morning, and the travel had taken a lot out of him. He lay on his bed, on the bottom bunk, and closed his eyes. Becky climbed into the top bunk a short while later. Steve faded in and out of sleep, mostly being awoken by the sounds of Becky tossing and turning above him. It persisted for at least an hour, but then Steve fell asleep and didn't wake again until morning.  
  
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Steve was up before Becky, and figured it would be a good time for a shower. The bathroom had one of those stall showers, where there was just enough room to turn around in place, with the water coming out from overhead. It reminded Steve of his visit to Europe, where the hotel had something similar. It was certainly different from the high-pressure, spacious shower he was used to from his parents' house, but college was all about adjustment. He did the best he could, dressed in the cramped space, and went back out into the dorm room proper.  
  
"You better not have left a mess in there," Becky said. "I hear guys are pigs in the bathroom."  
  
"I'll try to be extra clean for your sake," Steve said. Becky pushed past him with her towel and change of clothes and entered the bathroom for her own morning shower.  
  
Steve sat at his desk to double check his schedule for his first day of classes. He was going back and forth between the crude map supplied by the college, a satellite map on the Internet, and room numbers on his schedule to try to figure out where everything actually was. Becky's tour the day before had covered common areas, but not the actual educational buildings. He didn't know he'd ever manage to remember where to go for each one.  
  
"Steve!" Becky called from the bathroom. "This is embarrassing, but I forgot my shampoo. It's on my desk. Would you grab it for me?"  
  
Steve heard the shower water running, and glanced over. The door to the bathroom was cracked just a little, enough for Becky to call out through it. He glanced at the desk and saw the shampoo straight away, grabbing it and bringing it over to the bathroom door.  
  
"Here," he said, his eyes fixated on the gap, that slender window into the bathroom. Was Becky naked in there already?  
  
Her face was peering out from behind the shower curtain, and one of her arms extended out to grab the shampoo. She snatched it quickly and then pushed the curtain shut, leaving Steve with a whirlwind of visuals to interpret. Had he caught a glimpse of her breast as she reached out? He wasn't sure.  
  
"Thanks," she said, bringing Steve back to reality. He pulled the door to the bathroom shut, not wanting to linger trying to catch a glimpse if she was paying attention. He couldn't focus on his schedule anymore, though. He saw some kind of skin, but whether it was her arm or part of her side or actual side boob was too difficult to say for certain given how brief the glimpse was.  
  
It was probably nothing, he thought. She would be careful enough not to let anything slip, especially since she'd specifically called him over there. She finished up her shower in a few minutes and came out dressed in jeans and a low-cut top that showed a bit of cleavage. The jeans were tight around her ass, and Steve had to actively avoid staring at it as she wandered around the room, finishing her preparations.  
  
Steve and Becky didn't have any classes together, so he spent the day meandering about campus, meeting new people in some of his own classes and seeing what kinds of crowds gathered in the different commons areas in his downtime. One of the girls he met, a petite thing with small breasts and wavy red hair named Kaitlyn, lived on the same floor as him, he found. He told her excitedly about the coincidence, but she gave him a disgusted look and broke off the conversation after that. Right, he realized, not everyone knew about his situation yet.  
  
He didn't come back to his room until after dinner, exhausted from the busy day. Becky was already there, back in yoga pants and a t-shirt for the evening. They exchanged greetings but mostly kept to themselves, each beginning on their respective assignments from class.  
  
"I'm going to head to bed early," Becky said at about nine. "I didn't sleep well last night, so I want to get some extra rest."  
  
"No problem," Steve said. "I can use this lamp so we can turn off the overhead lights."  
  
Becky climbed into her top bunk while Steve flipped the appropriate switches to darken the room. He went back to his desk.  
  
"Steve?" Becky called from her bed.  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"There's...one more thing. I, uh...well..."  
  
"Still too much light?"  
  
"No, that's not it. Back at home, well, I always slept naked. Last night I tried it with clothes on, and tossed and turned all night. Would you...mind...if I...?"  
  
"Oh, no," Steve said, his mind barely able to comprehend the request through the immediate attention his penis demanded just at the idea of it. "I don't mind at all. You can sleep naked if you want. You live here; you should be comfortable. I will just, uh, turn around."  
  
"I'll be under the covers, silly. I just thought it would be, you know, respectful to let you know."  
  
"Yeah, no problem," Steve said,turning back to his desk, which faced him away from the bunk beds.  
  
He immediately gave up hope of being productive again that night. The thought of Becky being naked in the same room as him, even under her covers, flooded his mind. He heard a rustling from the bed that could only be the sounds of her undressing, right now. He kept his eyes fixated on a spot on his desk, because he knew where they'd venture if they were allowed to wander.  
  
After a few minutes, he heard gentle snoring, and risked his first glance over. Becky had laid her clothes, bra and panties included, on top of the tall dresser next to her bunk. She lay on her back, with the sheets pulled up to her neck,revealing nothing but her head.  
  
Steve got his own taste of restless sleep that night.  
  
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He woke to the sound of rustling sheets and squeaky bedsprings again. After a minute, Becky slid down off her top bunk right next to Steve, who lay in the bottom one.  
  
Her bare legs were the first thing that came into view, and Steve got excited. Maybe she was still naked!  
  
Her ass slid over the edge, and Steve saw that she had put her panties back on. He was simultaneously disappointed that he couldn't see it bare, but happy to get to see it with just panties. It jiggled just the right amount as she landed on the floor, round but firm.  
  
She scurried across the room to the door to the bathroom, grabbed her towel, and stepped inside. Steve could also see the back of her bra as she moved across the room. He was wide awake now, with a semi-erect penis longing for attention, but it was probably best to pretend to still be asleep.  
  
By the time she exited the shower, she was already dressed. Steve's day was a blur as all he could think about was hopefully a repeat performance tomorrow. He went to a few classes and was mechanically taking notes, but his mind was elsewhere the whole time.  
  
He ate dinner at the main cafeteria with Becky, then they headed back to their room for the evening. Steve didn't dare bring up her little display for fear that she would never repeat it again if she knew he was awake.  
  
Again, as usual, he admired her shape, her perfect curves in her tight clothes, this time imagining also what she looked like beneath the layers of cloth. He knew now that her skin was creamy white all over, not that he had any reason to doubt but having seen it for real was better than just presuming the obvious. He looked at her face again too. She was pretty, for sure, but he never taken the time to notice. She was his roommate, and he'd been trying to think of that as almost sacred and chaste, but that was a losing battle to begin with, and only more difficult now with what had happened this morning. Becky's face was gorgeous, with big blue eyes, outlined perfectly by the right amount of dark makeup to contrast her skin. Her freckles and perfectly white, straight smile lit up the room whenever Steve was accidentally funny enough to get her to laugh.  
  
Steve needed to see her naked. She had been careful so far, though. For all her revealing actions, there had never been any real risk of Steve seeing anything too naughty. He wondered how he could get more. The practical answer, of course, was that he couldn't. Becky wouldn't be the first girl he had a crush on, that he pictured naked in his mind's eye over and over, but never got to see for real. She wouldn't be the last. But for now, hoping he caught any new glimpse was fun, and she'd never know.  
  
"You into board games?" Becky asked.  
  
"Uh, sure," Steve answered. "Why?"  
  
"Sorry, I'm a bit of a geek. I brought a few games with me that I had no one to play with at home, hoping I'd find someone here."  
  
"Like Monopoly?"  
  
"No, silly. Real games. Let's try one." Becky pulled a box out of her wardrobe and began setting it up. It was called Dominion. Becky laid out a whole bunch of different piles of cards, with only a few cards per pile. The rules were more complicated than games Steve was used to, but it was pretty strategic and not too bad once he understood it.  
  
Becky sat cross legged on the ground, which served as a pretty damning distraction to Steve's chances. Becky mercilessly crushed him, in fact. Still, steve didn't mind, because he got to spend half the duration of the game admiring her pussy mound. He even thought there was a hint of her slit, a minor camel toe, through her yoga pants. He couldn't be sure because of the way the shadows were cast, but in his mind it was there and he could barely rip his eyes away to take his turns.  
  
"I thought I got it, but apparently not," Steve said after the game.  
  
"It's got more to it than you realize," Becky said. "I'd love to teach you the strategy, though. I really would love to have some competition."  
  
"I can see why you're a math major now," Steve said. He thought about the view he got while playing. At this point, pretty much any activity with Becky was welcome just for a chance at a glimpse of her curves. "I'm game. Just not tonight. One more day of classes tomorrow that I need to get some sleep for."  
  
"Okey doke," Becky said, putting all the cards back in the box. Steve watched as she bent over to put it back at the bottom of her wardrobe, the shape of her breasts outlined against the wall as she turned sideways. He longed again to see beneath. There was something special about seeing someone naked who you never expected to. Porn stars were no big deal, because you expected to see everything, but seeing Becky was his deepest fantasy right now. Each little tease was more exciting than a thousand porn videos.

She climbed into her top bunk, and this time Steve covertly watched her wriggle and struggle to get off all her clothes without shifting the sheets so much as to reveal anything.  
  
Steve lay down himself and closed his eyes. Visions of Becky flooded his imagination. He slept lightly that night, waiting eagerly for morning and hopefully another show.  
  
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Steve woke up early, but didn't budge an inch. He waited for Becky. He wanted to be more awake, more aware during her hopeful quick display this morning. He needed to have time to remember the view.  
  
Becky's alarm went off about a half hour later, and Steve waited impatiently for the rustling from the top bunk to finish. He was strategically positioned on his side, facing the room, with his head on the shadowy side of the bed so it would be harder to see if his eyes were open.  
  
After a moment of silence, Becky slid off her bed right in front of Steve again. Her ass came into view first, panties stretched tight across its roundness, riding up a little on one side to give him an eyeful of cheek.  
  
She landed on the ground, facing away from the bed, and stretched her arms over her head. Steve's jaw dropped as he realized she wasn't wearing a bra. Yesterday she'd almost sprinted to the bathroom, but she must have found confidence somewhere to take it slower today. Steve stared at her bare back in near disbelief. Would she turn around?  
  
Becky went to her wardrobe, carefully keeping her back to the bed, to gather clothes and a towel, then went straight to the bathroom. Steve didn't get a glimpse of any boob, but was still blown away.  
  
If she was this bold, maybe he really did have a chance of seeing her naked. His hand had automatically found its way to his dick, but he forced it away. He couldn't risk getting caught masturbating by the object of his lust, plus had no way to clean up here.  
  
Instead, he got out of bed and gathered his clothes and towel, waiting for his turn to shower.  
  
Becky came out of the bathroom fully dressed, this time in gray yoga pants instead of black, with a long loose blouse that hugged her breasts just enough to give Steve another pang in his dick. He sure loved how much Becky seemed to like the feel of yoga pants, the best clothing ever invented in his opinion.  
  
Steve entered the bathroom and stripped. Looking around, he tried to imagine what it looked like in here just a few minutes ago, as Becky stood right where he was now, completely nude. He finally had a chance to relieve the pent up stress in his dick, and took an extra long shower to take it slow and enjoy it.  
  
By the time he got out, Becky was gone off to her own classes. The day crawled by as he just waited to reunite with his roommate that evening. Having a female roommate was not going to help his grades, but at this point he didn't care.  
  
He didn't have any classes on Friday afternoon, so he grabbed lunch at the cafeteria with a few classmates from his last class for the day. He saw Becky come in with a group of girls he didn't recognize, and waved. She smiled back, then disappeared around a corner to grab her own food.  
  
Steve went back to his dorm after his ad hoc group dispersed, and glanced around for something to do. Becky had brought a small TV, which so far sat unused on a small table with two drawers between their desks. Steve dug around in his bags for the Playstation 3 he'd brought with him from home, hooking it up and playing the Madden game from 4 years ago. Nothing ever changed year to year anyway.  
  
He was still playing when Becky came back a few hours later.  
  
"Ooh!" she said, seeing him with the controller in his hand, then a disappointed "oh..." when she saw what he was playing.  
  
"No judging," Steve said. "Not after that Dominion game you brought out."  
  
"Fine," Becky agreed, tossing her bag on her chair and helping herself to a seat next to Steve on his bed. "So, can I play?"  
  
Steve dug out his extra controller, explained the basics, then ruthlessly crushed Becky despite picking a less than stellar team to even the odds a bit.  
  
"Couldn't go easy on me?" Becky asked, batting her eyelashes.  
  
"You didn't go easy on me in Dominion," he said. "Besides, it's the best way to learn."  
  
"I did, actually, but I won't next time," Becky said, pulling herself off the bed and heading to her desk.  
  
Steve loaded his season back up and played a few more games while Becky dove into her book, some epic fantasy Steve had never heard of.  
  
"I'm heading home for the weekend," Becky announced at around eight. "My mom is here to pick me up. I'll be back late Sunday."  
  
"Oh, ok," Steve said, trying to mask his disappointment. "Have fun."  
  
She left.  
  
Steve took this opportunity to pull out his dick and masturbate furiously, thinking about Becky the whole time. Her face, her bare back that morning with exposed breasts just out of view,her glorious mound clearly outlined in her preferred skin-tight leggings.  
  
It was a long weekend.  
  
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As promised, Becky returned late on Sunday night, just as Steve was getting ready for bed. She greeted him with a smile and a brief hug, so quick that Steve barely realized it was happening before it was over. Then she threw her bags down and climbed into her bunk herself. She stripped off under her covers, rolled ever, and closed her eyes.  
  
Steve, still in shock from the unexpected but welcome physical contact, found his way to his own bed and lay down for the night.  
  
He almost slept through the show the next morning. He woke to rustling, a telltale sign that Becky was about to hop down and give him the view that he'd missed the past two mornings with her being at home. He berated himself silently as he waited and watched.  
  
Sure enough, Becky's legs appeared over the edge of the bed, followed by her ass. Not the outline of her ass in panties, but her actual ass. She was bottomless! Steve's eyes bulged as he took it all in. Her creamy skin extended here, of course, but just getting to see it was exhilarating.  
  
Like last time, she also didn't wear a bra. Right in front of Steve, not three feet away, stood the girl he'd been crushing on hard, completely naked. She stretched, her back still turned, then went to her side of the room to grab clothes and a towel. She had to bend over to get into her bags, Steve realized. He watched intently, hoping to catch a glimpse of something more, but Becky squatted down instead, giving another great view of her ass but not the promised land in front.  
  
Then she walked to the bathroom and was gone. Steve closed his eyes and savored the show he'd just witnessed, replaying each moment in his memory.  
  
He floated on a high through his classes that day, barely even able to focus long enough to hear his professors talk. By the time he found his way back in the evening, Becky was already there, dressed in her usual yoga pants, but this time with a loose fitting shirt. The neck was so big that it had fallen over one shoulder, revealing the strap of her sports bra. Steve couldn't tell if it was intentional.  
  
"Hey," she greeted him, not bothering to fix her shoulder. Intentional, then.  
  
"Sup?" Steve asked.  
  
"Nothin'. Whatcha wanna do tonight?" she asked.  
  
Steve shrugged. He loved spending time with Becky. He found her casual outfits erotic and arousing, and any chance to catch a glimpse was worth taking. But he had never really been great at talking to new people,and she was still new enough. Damn introversion.  
  
"I have an idea," Becky said. "There's a game room on campus I found today, in one of the lounges. We both like games, so let's see what we can find there. Maybe there will be something we're more evenly matched at."  
  
Steve liked the sound of the idea, and followed as Becky led the way, his eyes transfixed on her ass. Her loose shirt hung over it, but it was light enough that it swished back and forth a little with each step, and hugged her curves just enough that he could make out the line between her ass cheeks. Which he'd seen, in the flesh, he reminded himself, thinking back to the sight.  
  
They tried out a few board games they found, and a few video games, but the one they settled on was Smash Brothers. They were both equally terrible, and agreed to come back regularly to get better together.  
  
After a while, it got late, and they went back to their dorm room to sleep. They went through their now usual ritual, with Steve hoping to catch an eyeful of skin while Becky stripped down to nothing under her covers.  
  
No luck. But there was always the promise of morning. Steve got some shut eye.  
  
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Morning. The unequivocal best time of day, recently. Steve lay awake for close to an hour waiting for Becky's show. When the rustling started, he grew excited, his dick beginning to stiffen expectantly.  
  
Becky dropped down to the floor, landing deftly on her feet. She was completely nude again, like the day before. She stretched again, holding her arms over her head and standing on tiptoes, but all Steve could see was her ass.  
  
Not that it was a bad view. She had a gorgeous ass, and the way it shifted back and forth as she walked over to grab her clothes could be described as seductive, but that didn't even begin to cover it.  
  
Steve watched in wonder as, unlike the day before, Becky turned to face her wardrobe, giving him a glimpse of sideboob. He could just see the silhouette of her breasts against the far wall. When she bent over to grab something from the bottom drawer, they hung down, still just dark globe shapes, but what shapes they were. They jiggled with her every movement in a way they never could in a bra, as if to prove to Steve that what he was seeing was real.  
  
Becky walked across the room to the bathroom, giving Steve one last near view of her marvelous tits masked in shadow, then disappeared into the bathroom.  
  
Steve couldn't stop himself from touching his dick, not after that. He moved his hand up and down slowly, sensually, replaying it all in his head. His member was as hard as diamond, and on the verge of coming almost immediately. He kept himself on the edge of climax, wanting to savor the memory for as long as possible.  
  
When he heard the shower turn off, he had to rip his hand away to avoid being caught, and flip quickly to his stomach to hide his rock hard throbbing cock, which would be clearly noticeable through his sheets otherwise.  
  
He pretended to be asleep until Becky was dressed and gone.  
  
His classes went about as expected: he didn't remember anything from any of them. That night, back in the room, he played Madden again as he waited up for Becky, but she didn't come back until late.  
  
"What's up?" he asked, becoming a cliche in his attempt to sound casual.  
  
"Busy night studying," Becky said. "Got a test tomorrow already. Can you believe it? Got to just focus on it, though, so sorry in advance if I'm a bit distant."  
  
"No problem," Steve said, trying to mask his disappointment. He liked their nights together, just playing games or bullshitting or both. But he let her be, and actually wound up heading to bed first that night, letting her study.  
  
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Becky still woke up early, but Steve was ready. Whatever time he spent waiting in bed each morning for Becky's show was always worth it.  
  
She dropped down, nude as was becoming her precedent. Without warning, she turned around and reached up onto the bed for something.  
  
The moment lasted a decade and a nanosecond both. That image would be ingrained in Steve's mind forever.  
  
It was the first time he saw Becky's pussy. Any image he had in his mind of what it might look like paled in comparison to seeing it in the flesh. This was his dream, his fantasy, come to life in front of his eyes.  
  
She was completely shaved, with swollen pussy lips that were perfectly round and smooth. They came together in a single line, a perfect slit with nothing messy popping out. Becky shifted her weight, moving her legs just a bit,one knee forward and the other back, switching positions.  
  
The effect of that small maneuver on her pussy lips was enough to make Steve moan, just a little. His heart raced in terror. Had she heard? He didn't dare move, just waiting.  
  
Becky stepped away from the bed, turning her back as usual. She gathered her clothes and went for her shower.  
  
Steve didn't move an inch. He was afraid any stimulus at all would make him ejaculate all over his sheets, and he didn't want to deal with that mess.  
  
But at the same time, he felt guilty. Becky thought he was asleep, and never intended him to see her most private parts in full closeup, just two feet away from his eyes.  
  
He vowed to tell her that he'd seen. Not that he was watching on purpose, or that he liked it, just that he'd seen and wanted her to know.  
  
But not now, he thought, as she stepped out of the shower. He didn't know how to bring it up.  
  
In classes that day, he might as well not have even been present. His mind was utterly occupied, flittering back and forth from images of what he'd seen-Becky's pristine pussy-and figuring out how he was even going to tell her.  
  
She was already in the room, relaxing with her book, when Steve returned for the night.  
  
"Hey, you," she greeted him, glancing up for a moment.  
  
"Hey," Steve said, unloading his bag onto the desk. "There's something, uh, that...that I want to talk about."  
  
"Oh?"  
  
"Yeah. It's...uh...well, I guess I'll just say it."  
  
"Tends to be the best way to talk," Becky said.  
  
"I saw you today."  
  
"On campus? Or do you mean right now?"  
  
"This morning," Steve said. "You were..."  
  
"Naked," Becky said. "Yes. I mean, I sleep nude. That's just what's comfortable. Then I get up and shower. Also nude, you know. Things get weird if you introduce clothes in there. So I just thought...why am I putting on clothes to walk four steps and take them off again? You know?"  
  
"I...guess that makes sense. I didn't think of that."  
  
"If it makes you uncomfortable, I can stop."  
  
"No!" Steve said, a little too vehement. He hoped she didn't sense his inner voyeur in the tone. "I mean, I want you to be comfortable here. It is your room, after all. We live here. Don't do something on my account that makes no sense for you."  
  
"Ok," Becky said. "I'm actually really glad you told me. I was nervous that you'd freak if you ever saw, but you were always asleep so..."  
  
Steve breathed again, relieved. This went better than any of the scenarios he'd anticipated.  
  
"Anyway..." Becky said, "how much exactly did you see?"  
  
"Well," Steve considered how to answer. "Pretty much everything. You were facing the bed."  
  
"Oh, right," Becky said, blushing. The red in her cheeks, the embarrassment, made Steve's dick throb in his pants. "I woke up before my alarm this morning and forgot to disable it until after I jumped down. I had to turn it off so it didn't just keep going while I was in the shower. You're welcome, I guess."  
  
Steve laughed. And that was it. The rest of the night was back to normal. Becky read, Steve tried to figure out what he'd missed in class, and they occasionally chatted about whatever.  
  
Until bed time.  
  
"Since you've already seen me..." Becky said. "It would be a lot easier not to have to strip on the bed, you know."  
  
"Uh...sure," Steve said. He stared at her.  
  
"Do you mind?" she asked, but pulled her shirt off before Steve even had a chance to look away, revealing her perfect breasts and cleavage in her bra.  
  
Steve couldn't look away. He just stared, open-jawed, utterly unable to hide his sheer joy. Becky smiled and continued. She bent down and pulled off her pants, leaving her just in her underwear.  
  
"So you like watching?" Becky asked. "I don't know if I should keep going then. I mean, we are roommates and I wouldn't want you getting ideas."  
  
"I'm sorry," Steve said. "I'm making you uncomfortable. I'll look away."  
  
"No, just promise me to keep your hands to yourself. You've already seen me and paid me the respect of telling me when you didn't have to. I trust you. And nudity in your home is natural. Everyone has to get naked sometimes. If I'm self conscious around you, we're both going to have a long semester of dancing around uselessly and avoiding eye contact."  
  
"You are too logical for me," Steve said. "I can't say I can find a flaw in your reasoning, though."  
  
"Great!" Becky said, and unclasped her bra. She let it fall to the ground unceremoniously, giving Steve what he realized was his first real view of her completely exposed breasts.  
  
In the dark of the morning, he'd gotten a view from the side, a silhouette, an outline. This was completely different. They hung down from her chest the perfect amount, not defying gravity like implants were prone to do, but not sagging or anything either. The nipples were only slightly discolored from her beautiful pale skin, having a slight extra pink tinge. The areolas were larger than he'd imagined, but they complemented the overall shape.  
  
In short, he'd never seen better tits, on the Internet or anywhere.  
  
Without delay, Becky bent over, letting her breasts swing down in front of her, and removed her panties in a swift, practiced motion. In the full light if the room, her pussy was just pristine. Becky curtsied and laughed nervously as Steve's eyes took in her naked body. Even with her legs squeezed together during the curtsy, the top of her slit was visible.   
  
"Well, good night," she said, and moved to the bed. Steve kept watching as she climbed, giving him an unprecedented view between her legs from behind and below. The line of her slit was relentless; it was the neatest pussy he'd ever seen, the labia majora like something out of an art masterpiece.  
  
"Night," Steve said, trying to sound nonchalant. He doubted it worked.  
  
He gave one last look to the top bunk before he went to bed himself, but Becky was well hidden under the covers.   
  
Sleep didn't come easy. This morning he was worried about how she'd react to him seeing her naked, and now he didn't even know what was happening. This was his reality now. He roomed with the most gorgeous girl he could even imagine, and she had no qualms about being seen naked.   
  
Life was good.   
  
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Somehow, this morning, Steve didn't feel an overwhelming need to wake up in time to watch, lest he miss his last chance ever to see Becky nude.  
  
But, luckily, the timing still worked out in his favor. He missed Becky's trip to the shower, but today she was still completely nude when she came out afterwards. She went about her business as if an utter lack of clothes was normal. Nothing to see here, just getting ready. With my tits and pussy out.  
  
"Morning," Steve greeted her, almost as a test to see if she'd scream and cover up.   
  
"Hey there," she said. Now he knew it was real again. Incredible. He looked at her pussy as it came in and out of view while she moved around collecting clothes. Whenever it did slip away, he was content watching her breasts, also quite the sight to see. The nipples were the kind that just begged to be sucked.  
  
He squelched the urge, and at the same time, tried to stop staring altogether. Becky's nudity was not meant to be sexual, just necessary. She had to be naked sometimes, and the arrangement they had was simply that she wouldn't waste effort trying to hide it from Steve. If he stared too much, she might get self conscious and stop. That wouldn't do.  
  
He did grab one last look at her bare ass as he headed for the shower himself, though. Beautiful white buns, if he did say so himself.  
  
Classes went smoothly for once. Coming clean had cleared his conscience, or at least his mind. He paid attention and actually learned things. It was almost like that was actually the whole point of college.  
  
With the peace of mind that he'd surely get to see Becky nude again, and with how distracted he'd been in his room recently, Steve went to the library to study for a while before heading back to his dorm for the night.

Becky was already there, reading as usual. She stopped when she saw him, smiling and greeting him as he stepped in.  
  
"Dominion?" she asked.  
  
"Why not?"  
  
Becky stood up to grab the game. As expected, Steve was crushed, but he'd spent the whole time staring between her legs. Now that he'd seen her pussy, it was like he had a new insight into what lie beneath that tight fabric. Maybe one day she'd play naked.  
  
"Bed time," Becky said, cleaning up the game. Steve tried to help, but didn't know where things went, so he mostly just handed components to Becky as needed.  
  
Becky stripped off her pants and panties first. Then she pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it on the floor, and reached behind her back to get to work on her bra. Her boobs jiggled as they came free, and Steve was torn about whether to look at her slit or her supple nipples.  
  
"You like the view?" Becky asked.  
  
Steve turned beet red in an instant. So much for his plan to avoid getting caught staring.  
  
"You make it hard not to," he admitted.  
  
"Just because I'm naked?"  
  
"Well, that certainly plays a big part, but you're also just drop-dead gorgeous."  
  
Becky then did nothing short of sashaying to the bed, working her curves and adding sensual touches to her own skin, on her hips and stomach. Then she abruptly jumped up onto her top bunk and sat at the edge, facing Steve with her legs just spread enough to make sure her slit was still clearly visible.  
  
Steve took a step closer, but Becky held up a finger to stop him.  
  
"Remember, no touching."  
  
"You get off on this, don't you?" Steve said. He didn't mean to say it out loud.  
  
Becky's smile confirmed his sentiment, though. "Good night."  
  
She swung her legs onto the bed and lay on top of the covers. After a minute, her breathing had slowed and she was snoring lightly. Her breasts and slit were still out in the open, even asleep. Steve was sure it was just to get to him.  
  
It worked. He stayed up far later than he should have, checking her naked body every few minutes for another glimpse.  
  
It was the hardest thing he'd ever done, getting into his own bed instead of touching her, climbing into her bed and caressing her, reaching down between her legs and feeling the warmth, rubbing her sex.  
  
Instead, Steve went to bed. He'd have to settle for doing all those things in his dreams.  
  
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The next few weeks went by largely the same way. Becky was naked sometimes, if she had to shower or go to bed, and she did it in such a way that Steve couldn't help but look. She liked being watched, but she didn't go out of her way to be naked either.  
  
He was fine with that. She had to be naked to shower or sleep, but not to play games or whatever else. He got his views a few times a day. What was he going to do, demand that she be naked whenever she's in the room? "Sorry, Becky, but I haven't gotten to see that slit quite enough today. Do you mind?" He would have to be an idiot.  
  
But he wasn't satisfied. Just looking at her body was amazing; his metaphorical jaw hit the metaphorical floor every time her slit came into view. But he wanted more. It wasn't a sex thing. Well, it wasn't entirely a sex thing. He couldn't call it love either, though, not without laughing at himself for his own naivete.  
  
He decided to ask her out on a date. Clothed, in public, the two of them together. He'd decided that over a week ago, and still hadn't done it. He was just working up the nerves, waiting for the right moment. He'd do it when the time was right.  
  
Two more weeks later, and two more weeks of the new status quo of practical yet distracting nudity, and Steve wasn't quite sure the time would ever be right. He had to just go for it.  
  
It was a Friday evening, shortly before she was going to head home for the weekend as had been her custom every week so far. She was packing up a few things, including the new book she'd started, to bring with her as she left. Steve was playing Madden, which he still liked even if it wasn't something to do with Becky. He needed his own interests, right?  
  
"Hey, Becky," he said. "There's something I've been wanting to ask you."  
  
"Shoot," she said, without looking up from her bag as she was trying to squeeze something else in beyond its intended capacity.  
  
"Well, I was just thinking. I like you. A lot."  
  
That got her attention. She paused what she was doing and looked up to meet Steve eye to eye. He couldn't keep eye contact with her, plus his eyes were naturally drawn elsewhere, and he could picture exactly what she looked like underneath that tight shirt and those yoga pants.  
  
"Would you want to go out with me?" he asked. "On a date?"  
  
"No."  
  
The silence lasted forever. At least Becky had the decency to keep looking at him, to give him time to process the answer before she went back to rooting through her back trying to figure out how to shift stuff to make room.  
  
"Oh," Steve said at last.  
  
"I like things the way they are now," Becky said. "It's not complicated. I like you too. But we're still a guy and a girl sharing a room in an all girl dorm. We're at a good distance for that. There's a mutual respect."  
  
"Oh," Steve said again.  
  
"Steve, wait until next year. I do like you. Once you get into a real dorm, like you're supposed to, we'll still hang out. We can call it a date even. But not now."  
  
"Ok," Steve said, turning back to the TV. He didn't unpause his game; he just stared at the playbook in front of him without thinking or moving for a bit.  
  
"I'll see you again Sunday," Becky said.  
  
Steve nodded, or maybe he didn't. He didn't think he said anything. But maybe he did. At some point he turned off his game console or didn't, and either fell asleep or lay awake in bed the entire weekend staring at the bottom of the mattress above him.  
  
It was like meditating, he thought. He was just spending the weekend meditating, rather than doing homework or eating or sleeping or moving.  
  
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"Hey."  
  
It was Sunday night. Apparently Becky was back.  
  
"You want to go get a bite to eat? I haven't had dinner."  
  
"Sure," Steve found himself saying. It wasn't a date. It was a bite to eat. They were friends. Not even that; they were roommates. Their eating together was a matter of practicality, nothing more.  
  
Steve ate mechanically, and they didn't speak much during the meal. Becky made an attempt or two to bridge the gap, but Steve found himself just making one or two word answers, and after a few of those she gave up.  
  
At least he slept that night.  
  
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"This is ridiculous!" Becky cried, waking Steve up. She was already dressed.  
  
It was the first time Steve had slept through that morning ritual since he'd realized he could see her naked body just by waking up early and being attentive. A weekend of sleeplessness would do that to a guy, he supposed.  
  
"What's ridiculous?"  
  
"You should have gotten this email too," she said. "The shower wasn't working this morning, so I went to email reslife about it and instead I'm greeted with this stupidity in my inbox. This is dumber than getting you as a roommate. No offense."  
  
A week ago Steve might have laughed at the joke, but he was in no mood now. The words hurt. He shambled over to his desk and sat down in front of his laptop to read the email in question.  
  
"Students in Building C," Steve read aloud. "Starting today, the bathrooms in the individual dorm rooms will be indefinitely taken offline. Due to maintenance on the plumbing system, we will have to stop water to the sinks, showers, and toilets in these areas. It is unknown when the maintenance will be complete. In the meanwhile, there are communal showers and bathrooms on the second and fourth floors of the dormitory that are still functional due to being on a separate plumbing network. The second floor bathroom will be designated for females, and the fourth floor bathroom for males, due to unplanned room assignment circumstances this semester. We apologize for the inconvenience."  
  
"What a bunch of dickwads," Becky said. "They want me to go down two flights of stairs to shower, then climb back up two flights of stairs when I'm done?"  
  
"Are there other males in this dorm?"  
  
"No! You're the only one. So you get an entire bathroom with like 4 toilets and 10 shower heads to yourself, and every girl in this building has to share the other one. There's going to be a line out the door every morning."  
  
"If I'm the only one allowed to use the shower on this floor, you could just go when I'm not there," Steve suggested.  
  
"I guess," Becky said. "But it's the principle of the thing."  
  
Steve shrugged and grabbed his shower supplies from their bathroom. He tested the water, and it was out just like the email said. He took his robe out of his closet; he hadn't used it yet because he'd just changed in the bathroom right after he bathed so far. Shampoo, soap, washcloth, and he was good to go. He headed out to the communal bathroom on the other side of the floor.  
  
He knew it was there all along, but he hadn't had any reason to go in it yet. The door even said "GIRLS" on the outside, but he supposed that was just to remind any guests that they had to go elsewhere on normal school years. Based on the email, he was supposed to go in here, so he ignored the sign and headed inside. There were a few toilet stalls on one wall, with sinks along the opposite wall. There were no urinals, which was weird until Steve remembered this was usually a girls' room. He couldn't see the showers at first, but eventually turned a corner to find a large room with ten or so shower heads around the outside of it. There were drains placed strategically on the floor and a central post with benches and hooks for clothes, away from all the showers.  
  
There was absolutely no privacy if someone decided to come in here.   
  
He picked a showerhead along the wall with the hallway leading out so he could keep an eye on it, then stripped down quickly before he could question what he was doing and started up the water.  
  
Despite his constant paranoid glances to the entrance, the shower was as uneventful as any other. He made himself clean, donned his robe, and walked back to his room where he dressed and went off to his classes for the day.  
  
That night, Becky got into bed with her clothes on rather than giving him her usual strip show and excellent rear view between her legs as she climbed up to the top bunk. He was disappointed, but he didn't question it.  
  
He did have trouble sleeping because of all the noise she made tossing and turning, though.  
  
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Steve woke up before Becky Tuesday morning. For the first time ever, he climbed out of bed without waiting for her, even though her alarm would go off in only a few minutes. She hadn't stripped down, so he figured she'd appreciate him giving her space. He grabbed his things and headed for the shower.  
  
When he entered the bathroom, he heard water already running from the shower area, although he couldn't see in.  
  
It must have been a girl. There were only girls here, other than him.  
  
And she must have been naked.  
  
He didn't know what to do. He needed to shower. If he waited much longer, he was going to be late for class. But he didn't want to strip down in front of some stranger, especially a female stranger.  
  
But he really, really wanted to see whoever it was in there naked. Maybe it was a girl he'd seen around campus. A connoisseur of fine female bodies, a list of girls he'd longed to see naked flashed through his brain. Yes, he'd gotten his wish with Becky, and yes, he sincerely preferred Becky to any of the other girls he'd seen. But he was still a male, and he still liked to imagine what pretty girls looked like sans clothes.  
  
"Hello?" he called out lamely.  
  
The response was a shriek, high pitched and shrill, confirming that there was indeed a naked girl on the other side of this wall. All Steve had to do was walk around the corner and there she'd be.  
  
"I need to shower so I'm not late for class," Steve said. "This bathroom is supposed to be for males only."  
  
"That's a fucking stupid rule," the voice came back. "You wait out there until I'm done and then you can go."  
  
Steve looked around for a clock, but didn't see any in the bathroom. He'd left his phone in his dorm, so he couldn't check the time. He waited.  
  
And waited. It was taking this girl entirely too long.  
  
"You almost done in there?" he asked.  
  
"Shut up!" she cried, but she came out only a minute or two later. She was fully clothed, and stormed past Steve without a glance or a word.  
  
He recognized her. Her name was Kaitlyn, the one who had been upset when she found out that he lived on the same floor as her. She was one of the girls on his mental list of girls he'd seen around campus that he wanted to see naked. She had red hair, creamy skin just like Becky, but much smaller breasts. Not as good, but still worth seeing.  
  
Although he doubted he'd ever have the guts to do anything like that.  
  
"Just barge in on her," Becky said, later that day, as he recounted why he was late for class. "If she's there again, just go in anyway."  
  
"Are you sure?" Steve asked.  
  
"The email said it's your bathroom," she said. "She's just a bitch."  
  
Steve didn't sleep well. Becky was clothed again, and making a lot of noise trying to find a comfortable position, and Steve was both excited and terrified if he had to enact Becky's plan the following morning. He hoped Kaitlyn just didn't show up.  
  
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His hopes were in vain. He entered the bathroom and heard water flowing from the next room.  
  
"Kaitlyn?" he asked.  
  
"How do you know my name, creep?" the voice came back from the shower room.  
  
"I was late for class yesterday. I can't do this every day. I'm coming in."  
  
"No!"  
  
But true to his word, Steve entered the shower area. Kaitlyn was buck naked, and he saw everything, but only for a fleeting moment as she covered herself up and darted for the opposite side of the pillar in the center of the room to break line of sight.  
  
He saw her small pink nipples, conical and pointy. Her breasts were bigger than he'd thought from seeing her clothed, but still pretty small. She had some hair down near her vulva, and it was red to match her head. She kept it neat, though, not a huge bush. If Steve had to guess, that is what he'd have guessed for her. He didn't get to see her slit in her rush to turn around, but he did get a great view of her ass. For a small girl, she had great hips and full white buttocks.  
  
"You fucking asshole!" she screamed from the other side of the pillar.  
  
"You're welcome to finish your shower," Steve said, barely able to believe his own mouth. What, was he just going to strip down right here in front of her? At this point, he barely had any choice.  
  
He put his soap and shampoo and such down near his normal shower head, which forced Kaitlyn to strafe further around the pillar to keep out of his line of sight. He walked back to the middle to put down his robe and start taking off his own clothes, again causing her to shift to avoid him. Her clothes were also on this side of the pillar, he noticed. She was just standing on the other side, completely naked, mumbling a stream of profanity vaguely in his direction.  
  
It didn't take long for Steve to get completely naked, but pulling his boxers down while there was a naked girl so nearby, so close that it would be completely unavoidable for him to be seen, was a seriously thrilling feeling. It was freeing, somehow. His penis was on display, to be seen by any who happened to wander in, but this time someone had already wandered in.  
  
He survived stripping down, and he would survive being seen. He whistled while he showered, but kept an eye on the pillar. Shortly after he began, Kaitlyn slunk around to grab her clothes, finally giving him a look at that pussy. It wasn't as neat as Becky's, with some of her labia minora hanging out, but just a little. He could still get behind that, and he kept his eyes glued to her as she quickly grabbed her clothes and towel and moved back to the other side of the pillar. He was facing her, so she got to see as much as she wanted too.  
  
Steve laughed and started whistling while he showered. Kaitlyn, finally clothed, stormed out of the room.  
  
"No way she's back tomorrow," Becky said, after Steve had recounted the ordeal to her that evening. "You won."  
  
That night, Becky shimmied out of her own clothes while under the covers, and they both slept soundly in their own beds.  
  
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The bathroom on Thursday morning was empty when Steve arrived. He stripped down and started showering, half disappointed that he wouldn't get a chance to see any naked girls this morning. Kaitlyn's body was nice to look at, even if she didn't let him get any long views.  
  
He wasn't alone for long, though. He looked up from washing himself and almost slipped and fell from surprise when he saw a girl standing in the doorway wearing a short pink robe that barely came down past her hips. She had one arm up against the edge of the doorframe and was staring right at Steve, whose penis started stiffening in some combination of anticipation and exhibitionism.  
  
"I heard you like to shower around now," the girl said.  
  
"Who are you?" Steve asked.  
  
"Does it matter?" she asked, and she walked across the room to the center pillar. She dropped the robe, revealing that she was completely naked underneath. Her skin was tanned everywhere, and her breasts were bigger than Becky's, with dark nipples. She had blonde hair with dark streaks, and her pussy was completely shaven. She didn't make any effort to hide herself, in fact sauntering over to the shower directly next to Steve.  
  
He didn't take his eyes off her. She was putting on a show for him, and he was going to watch. She seemed to like seeing his eyes glued to her body, and she did a little twirl, showing him her ass in the process. She turned on the water but didn't stay in its stream for long.  
  
She slowly edged her way closer and closer to Steve. She pushed her breasts up against his chest, the wetness of the water helping them slide this way and that. Feeling her nipples press into his skin was enough to remove any doubt from his penis and cause it to stand at full erection. She stepped closer and put one leg behind him. She wrapped her arms around him and let her body rub against his as she gyrated.  
  
Steve was a looker. He loved looking at girls, imagining what they looked like under their clothes. His favorite porn sites were those on/off collages where it would show a girl with clothes on and then with clothes off. It was his fetish he supposed. He never really imagined he'd get to experience it in real life, but the past few weeks had been kind to him in that regard. Still, he was a looker. He liked seeing, and imagining, but his imagination never involved touch before. He never was confident enough to think that he'd get to touch any of these girls, just seeing them naked was all the reward he needed.  
  
This experience, with this girl whose name he didn't even know rubbing her naked body against his naked body in a shower together, was going a long way towards changing his mind. Maybe he only thought he liked looking because it was all he ever knew.  
  
That was enough thinking, though. He wrapped his arms around this mystery girl and pulled. One went to her ass, the other behind her back. It was all he could do to keep from kissing her, like some kind of natural instinct that that's just what you do when you're so horny, with someone who feels so very good up against you.  
  
She grabbed his dick, and he closed his eyes to focus on the sensation of her stroking, up and down. It was slow, sensual.  
  
When he opened his eyes, he saw Becky with an armful of her own clothes, standing in the door with tears in her eyes.  
  
"Nice," she said, and turned to leave.  
  
"Wait, Becky, no!" Steve cried, pushing the naked girl away from him. "I don't even know her name!"

Becky turned back around, her face red with fury, and screamed, "Oh, that makes it fucking better!" She sprinted out of the room.  
  
Steve followed, not even thinking about how awkward it was to run with an erection, how hard it was to run across a slick shower floor, or even really thinking about what he was going to do in the hallway without his room key or clothes, half-covered in soap.  
  
Kaitlyn was standing by the sinks, and made a face at him.  
  
"You're disgusting," she said. Steve had no idea why she was there, but he didn't care.  
  
The combination of all the reasons he couldn't chase Becky right now hit him, and he skulked back into the shower. The other girl was still there, naked, posing in a way that accentuated her hips, breasts, and slit all at once.  
  
"Your girlfriend?" she asked.  
  
"No," Steve answered.  
  
"Well then get back over here."  
  
"No," Steve said. He rinsed himself off quickly, fending off any attempts for that girl to touch him, then threw his robe around himself and walked back to his room, where he was sure he wouldn't find his roommate waiting for him.  
  
He was right. Becky was nowhere to be seen. Steve went to class, but couldn't pay attention. After the day's lectures were done, he went back to his room, but Becky was still not there. She didn't come back at all that night. Steve slept alone.  
  
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Friday morning. Regular shower time.  
  
Steve debated not going at all. Maybe he could just go to his classes like this. Maybe he could just stay in bed all day lamenting how the best thing that had happened in his life had crumbled away over the past week.  
  
But college was expensive, and he couldn't afford to turn into one of those slackers. He forced himself out of bed, gathered his things, and headed for the showers.  
  
He didn't hear any water flowing, which was a welcome reprieve. When he turned the corner into the shower area itself, though, he saw Becky sitting there on the bench. She was fully clothed, and she looked down at the floor as he entered. She'd been waiting for him.  
  
"Hey," she said.  
  
"Hey."  
  
"I guess we should talk."  
  
"That seems to be why you're here," Steve agreed.  
  
"I'm sorry about yesterday," she said. "Why should I care what you do with other girls? I told you that I didn't want to go out with you, right?"  
  
Steve was silent.  
  
"I talked to Kaitlyn. That was her friend who came in here naked yesterday. She just had her come in as revenge on you. I'm not exactly sure how having a hot naked girl come up and cover herself in soap and rub herself against a guy is punishment, though."  
  
Steve wasn't sure what she was getting at, so he just let her keep talking.  
  
"I came here yesterday to... Well, essentially to do the same thing. I'd been thinking about you asking me out. You're a good guy, Steve. I couldn't have asked for a better roommate. After I'd spent all week thinking about you, and then coming in here to tell you I changed my mind, and seeing you with another naked girl who's way hotter than I am."  
  
"Whoa, whoa, whoa," Steve said. "Nobody's way hotter than you. Nobody's hotter than you at all. You have feelings for me?"  
  
"Of course I do, stupid," she said.  
  
"You're the hottest girl I've ever seen," Steve said.  
  
"You're just saying that," Becky said.  
  
Steve finally decided to close the distance, walking across the room from the entrance to take a seat next to Becky. He took her hand in his hand and looked into her eyes, not at her breasts or at her pussy mound through her yoga pants, but into her eyes.   
  
"You are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen," he said.  
  
"So you're not into that girl from yesterday?" Becky asked.  
  
"As soon as you left, I went looking for you. I almost ran naked right into the hallway."  
  
"Is that date still on the table?" Becky asked.  
  
Steve hugged her. It was their first hug, the first time they'd really even had significant physical contact with each other. As much as he'd seen her naked, he'd barely even touched her before just now, maybe a handshake when they met but he couldn't even remember.  
  
"Is that shower idea from yesterday still on the table?" Steve whispered into her ear as they embraced.  
  
Becky burst out laughing, pushing Steve away. She stood up and pulled her shirt over her head, then got to work on her bra. Steve scrambled to his feet and started working on his own clothes, and in a few seconds they were both standing naked, facing each other. Steve let his eyes sweep down over Becky's perfect body, her beautiful nipples, the perfectly neat line between her labia. At the same time, he could almost feel Becky's eyes going over his own body for the first time. Well, he supposed he was naked the day before, but he was covered in soap and another girl at the time, so that didn't really count.  
  
He stepped forward and embraced Becky, this time their skin pressing against each other. At the first touch this way, Steve felt his already half-erect penis stand completely at attention, rubbing against Becky's leg and approaching the promised land of her pussy. They stood that way for a few seconds, just embracing and feeling each other, before Becky broke it off again and dragged him to the edge of the room so they could get some water and soap involved.  
  
Steve had never before and could never again have a shower that compared to that first shower with Becky. They explored each other's bodies, rubbing everything and everything on each other. He felt her breasts in his hands, squeezed them and sucked on them. He ran his fingers between her labia, even risking a few exploratory excursions into the depths of her vagina, which caused her to shudder lightly in anticipation. Becky stroked his dick until he was about to come, but left that for later.  
  
And they embraced, and Becky ran her soft, supple breasts up and down his chest, and she ran her ass over his dick, and...Steve lost track of it all. He was living in the moment, and he lost himself there.  
  
Who knew how long they were in that shower together. Kaitlyn could have come and showered and left and Steve would have never known.  
  
When they were finally done, when they finally just ran out of activities that they could possibly do in the shower, they threw their robes on and almost sprinted back to their dorm room.  
  
The door wasn't even closed yet before Becky's robe was thrown across the room. She sprawled herself on the bottom bunk where Steve usually slept, her legs spread and her vagina gaping open, waiting.  
  
Steve wasted no time. He jumped right on top of her, kissing her roughly as his rock hard length slipped easily into Becky's soaking wet hole. They were one for a few seconds before Steve blew his entire load.  
  
Becky laughed, but Steve turned red in embarrassment. He'd not even lasted a minute. He started apologizing, but Becky stopped him.  
  
"It was so good," she assured him. "Don't worry about how long it lasted. We will have plenty, plenty more opportunity to improve."  
  
At those words, Steve could feel his cock, which was still inside Becky, start to get hard all over again. He started back up his rocking motion and fucked her again, lasting well over a minute this time.  
  
Then he finally exited and collapsed onto the bed next to Becky. They cuddled for a long time, forgetting all about their classes. Steve hesitantly reached for Becky's tit, but she noticed and grabbed his hand to firmly plant it there for him.  
  
"That's better," she said.  
  
Steve sidled down a few inches then reached between her legs with his other hand, gently rubbing her pussy lips, exploring the folds.  
  
"Now it is," he said.