**A Rude Awakening**

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The following is a true experience I had freshman year of college. It opened my eyes to a whole side of me I didn't know existed.  
  
  
"Erika?"  
  
I flicked open my eyes. Disoriented and confused, I found myself standing in a cold room. I racked my brain as to how I got here. The last I remembered was studying for an exam with Jake, getting antsy waiting around for his friend Steven to show, going for a jog, and then turning in early. I didn't remember anything past that. I quickly gathered that I must have been sleepwalking again.  
  
I was no stranger to sleepwalking back then. All through high school I had been waking to find myself somewhere altogether different than where I'd gone to bed. I always awoke dazed like this and had to puzzle out where I was and what I had been up to while asleep. One time my dad even found me swimming in our backyard pool in my pajamas. My parents always chalked it up to my genetics - my mom was a sleepwalker when she was my age - and I didn't give it a second thought. Just some phase I was going through. Now I believe it to be my untapped sexual energy working itself out in my sleep. At least, my nighttime antics slowed considerably when I started exploring my sexuality more deliberately in college. And all of that started at this moment.  
  
I gradually became aware that I was standing on the first floor entryway of my dorm. My room was on the third. Only boys slept on the first floor. That made this close to the farthest I'd ever traveled while asleep. There were a couple grubby couches nearby and the communal study room I'd just left a few hours before would be back behind me to my left. It was night outside the big double doors, and a pretty chilly one at that. Here I was a good ten feet from the glass and I was freezing cold. Too cold in fact. All at once I realized. I was completely naked!  
  
From my head to my toes, I didn't have a stitch on. Every inch of my thin, athletic, 5'8" 125 pound freshman body was exposed. Normally tan, my skin was pale and bumpy with chill. I felt a cool breeze against my naked backside and tickling between my legs. The bright pink nipples on the ends of my perky 32C breasts stood at pert attention.   
  
I was also dripping wet.   
  
Needless to say, I was shocked. Why am I naked? Has anyone seen? Why am I so wet? Thoughts raced through my mind as I tried to figure out what I'd been doing to get here. Had I been outside? Strolling naked through the midnight air horrified me. I could tell it wasn't raining out, though, and took that as a good sign. I nervously glanced around the lobby. Didn't look like anyone had seen me. That was a relief. Chilly and noticing a puddle forming around my naked feet, I decided now was not the time to puzzle it out. Gathering my wits, I turned to run for the stairs, and the safety of my third floor dorm room. That was when I got the surprise of my young life.  
  
Standing in front of me, just a few yards down the hallway, and between me and the stairs, was Jake, my study buddy. He was standing outside the communal study room where I'd left him. There was a second boy there as well. I recognized him from my classes, but I didn't know him. My guess was he was the Steven we'd been waiting for when I'd gotten antsy.  
  
Both of their jaws were practically on the floor, and all four of their eyes were glued to my crotch. Without thinking, I glanced down at my naked self to see the view they were getting. Beneath my dripping shoulders and glistening wet breasts, I watched a single bead of water leisurely meandering its way down my flat tummy, past my belly button, and on down, finally disappearing into the poof of hair that had sprouted between my legs a few years earlier.  
  
Though I was clean shaven everywhere else, I didn't shave "down there" back then. My studies consumed all my time and I was a virgin to boot. I had never even considered someone seeing all of me. At the time, I considered sleeping naked to be the utmost in naughty behavior, and even that was something I had only worked up the courage to start trying a few weeks before. I vaguely remembered having done so tonight and guessed that helped explain the naked part, if not the sopping wet bit.   
  
The three of us stood like this for an impossibly long moment, just staring at the little droplets beaded on my curly brown pubic hair. It was a little matted and damp. You could just make out the faint hint of a slit beneath, something I was acutely aware of for the first time under their watchful eyes. My tummy started to flush and tingle under our three gazes.  
  
When I looked back up, the boy I guessed was Steven was devouring my breasts with his eyes. When I looked to Jake, his gaze met mine. I saw sympathy there. Something else as well. Hunger?  
  
So we stood. Two lucky boys getting an eyeful of virgin freshman flesh. Me, a deer in their headlights, so to speak. That's an exceptionally apt analogy because the moment Jake started to stammer out "Are you..." I bolted.  
  
My hands flying to my bush and one of my boobs, I ran right at them and the stairs. My free breast bounced wildly as I ran, throwing tiny droplets of water in the air. I pushed between Jake and Steven, rubbing my wet, naked, virgin body against them both in the process. They parted and turned to watch my ass as it bounced merrily down the hallway. One of them whistled. I think it was Steven.  
  
The elevator was closer, but I was not about to stop and wait for it. I breezed past it, leaving a wet trail in my wake.  
  
The hallway seemed longer than I remembered. Finally the stairway door was there and my hand was on the handle. Despite my head screaming to fling it open and run, I lingered there just a moment. I found I had a deep urge to turn right around and let them admire me at their leisure. What was wrong with me? I was a good girl. Studied hard. Too busy to go beyond a little kissing now and then. I turned slightly and looked back at the boys. Each boy had a me-sized wet spot down their side. The same dumb expression was still glued to both boys' faces as they admired my backside. I realized, not entirely unhappily, that my breast was now exposed in profile.   
  
I was so ashamed, yet also very intrigued. "Do they like what they see?" I thought. I was shocked to find just how much I hoped they did. I had always thought I had a pretty nice body when I stood naked in front of the mirror, but no one else had seen me since I had blossomed in high school. I was thin, but had a softness that I thought was cute. My breasts weren't huge, but they fit my frame pretty well. I'd been told on several occasions that my perfectly round rump was far beyond average in a swimming suit.  
  
It wasn't like I "liked" either boy. Didn't good girls only want boys they have crushes on to see them like this? What were these feelings I was having? All I knew was that as much as I wanted to run, I wanted them to see me too. This time was an accident. No one could accuse me otherwise. I knew if I opened that door, I may not be seen like this again until I was married. Little did I know just how much these two boys would be seeing of me over the next couple years. This moment was a catalyst for a hundred sexual experiments to come, but that is another story entirely.  
  
With more than a little reluctance, I finally flung the door open. Out of view, the trance that had come over me passed. I was definitely ready to be done with this adventure. Taking the stairs two at a time, I became aware that I was following a trail of almost dry footprints that led in the opposite direction. They matched the ones I was leaving as I ran up the stairs and I realized they were my own. I took relief in this since if they were still there, it meant I hadn't been standing by the door for too long before the boys found me. That meant they were probably the only ones that had seen.  
  
I didn't encounter anyone as I climbed. When I reached the third floor, I hesitated for a moment. The floor lounge area was right on the other side of the door. This time at night there were usually some people up playing games or chatting in there. The floor was coed, so it could be all girls, all guys, or both waiting for me on the other side. If I ran fast, maybe they'd only get a glimpse. If I was casual, though, maybe no one would look at all.  
  
Eventually, deciding that I certainly would be seen if I stood here all night, I gathered my courage, took a deep breath, and pulled the door open.  
  
To my relief, the lounge area was empty. At least, I thought it should be to my relief. As I walked past the couches my dorm mates frequented, I felt a faint tinge of regret that no one was there. Getting a little bolder, I decided to stop covering myself and walk calmly down the hallway to my room. No one was about and it felt delightfully naughty to walk past my neighbors' door completely nude without them having a clue.  
  
I strode confidently around the corner to my hall. Still no one out. I noticed my almost dry footprints leading into the ladies restroom. Apparently I had decided I needed a shower and a nice stroll tonight. It wasn't unheard of for me to do things like that in my youth. I was just always in pajamas then. I continued on my way to my room.  
  
Grabbing the handle to my dorm room, I felt a rush of relief that my night's escapades were at an end. I turned the knob and pushed. Nothing happened. The door was locked! I remembered that all the doors on our floor automatically locked themselves when they closed. Apparently I hadn't thought to grab a key when I walked out naked and asleep before.  
  
Standing completely naked in the hallway, no way to get in my room, I felt completely exposed. I considered banging on the door since that seemed like the thing to do, but worried that might wake my neighbors. No one would have come anyway. I had lucked into getting assigned a single room when I arrived here. It was precisely that reason I had gotten the nerve to start sleeping and hanging around my room naked to begin with.  
  
I tried to figure out what they had told us to do if we were locked out. You had to go to the dorm office back on the first floor and someone would walk back up with you to let you in. I wasn't about to head back to the stairs! Anyway, the office wouldn't open until 7:00 am, which would be a long time to wait standing here naked and cold. I decided to follow my sleepwalking self and go the only place I figured naked people were allowed - the women's showers.  
  
Having lost my nerve, I ran as fast as I could, slamming open the door and rushing to a shower stall. I closed the curtain - privacy at last! - and turned on the hot water. The warming water felt amazing as it caressed my chilled skin.  
  
I found myself reliving the events of the last 10 minutes over and over in my head. The delightfully naughty feel of the cool air against my privates. The looks on the two boys' faces as they ravished me with their eyes. The intense tingling sensation my tummy had felt beneath their gaze. I started fantasizing alternate endings to the night. What if I'd stayed down there and chatted? What if I'd wandered outside and a stranger jumped me? What if I had pushed both boys back into the study room and let them take me one at a time while the other watched?  
  
Without realizing it, my hand had strayed between my legs and had begun lightly tugging on my lower lips. I started to run my index finger along my fuzzy slit. As I became aware of what I was doing, I stopped in my tracks and pulled my hand away. What was I doing!? Good girls don't masturbate in public bathrooms!  
  
It had felt so nice though, and the night so exciting, I just had to continue. I decided maybe I wasn't such a good girl after all. Just one too busy to find how good being bad felt. Anyways, I had a lot of time to kill until the office opened anyway.  
  
Like nudity, I was fairly new to this masturbation thing, though I had watched a few pornos to give me ideas. I lifted my left leg up onto the bench and slid my right hand back in place. My left hand became occupied with my nipple. My right index finger slid between my lower lips, and entered me. As the hot water flowed down my naked body, I began pumping in and out of my virgin hole. I fantasized about the night's events. I fantasized about someone coming in and opening the curtain. I fantasized about "accidentally" opening the curtain myself. I positioned my body and spread my legs so that if someone did see, they would get one hell of a show. My right hand pumped in and out. My left drifted down my tummy and started rubbing circles around my clit. Faster and faster. Deeper and deeper. The water got so hot, it began to burn. I didn't care.  
  
After a blissful minute like this, I was about to cum. Just then, I heard the bathroom door open. Instinctively, I slowed just a bit and listened. While I quietly rubbed myself, I heard someone walk in my direction. Did they know what I was doing? I might have been moaning a bit. My fingers picked up the pace. The person stopped in front of my stall. I could see a girl's bare legs and feet under the curtain, and realized nervously that had she looked, she would have only seen one of mine. I heard her take off a towel and start the water running in the shower next to mine. The girl was standing there naked right on the other side of my curtain as I rubbed myself three feet away! What would she say if I opened the curtain? I'm not normally bi, but at that moment, I was so high on exposure that the thought thrilled me.  
  
I willed her to open the curtain and peek. Again and again I thought she might. Finally, I simply couldn't help myself. Someone needed to see what a slut I was being. My left hand edged toward the curtain while my right hand pumped in earnest.  
  
Right as I grabbed the curtain and started to drag it aside, she stepped into her shower to wash. What a disappointment!  
  
Still, I decided to open the curtain part ways just in case, and that was naughtier than I'd ever been before.  
  
Naked in the shower, curtain ajar so anyone might see, standing with one leg propped in the air, left hand working my clit while my right pumped a finger into my hole, I lost all control. Moaning softly and then more loudly, my left middle finger worked my clit while the rest tugged my lips wide open. This left me delightfully exposed, and so spread I easily slid a second finger into my vagina.  
  
I hoped against hope someone, anyone, might see, but my body couldn't hold out long enough. In less than a minute like this, I had the most intense orgasm of my young life. I tried to stay quiet, but let out a moan as wave after wave of pleasure washed over me.   
  
When the feelings subsided, I felt as if I might collapse. I slowly withdrew my hands and lowered my leg, listening to hear if the girl next to me had noticed. If she did, she hid it well as she just kept on washing away. Was that slight moaning I heard from her stall as well? I didn't wait around to find out.  
  
Deciding that I was now very done with my exploits, I started to come up with my escape. I looked at the towel the girl had hung between our stalls when she came in. It was the only thing she had been wearing at the time. I felt a little guilty about the thought that entered my head. Maybe I wouldn't be the only girl running around the halls naked today?  
  
I turned off the water and stepped out. I grabbed the unsuspecting girl's towel, wrapped my nakedness, and ran out into the hall.  
  
The girl must have been shorter than me, or a bit of a skank herself. I had the hardest time getting the towel to cover both my boobs and my ass. I finally settled with the top just over my nipples and the bottom just under my crotch. That in and of itself left me as exposed as I had ever been before tonight.  
  
Slightly less exposed than before, I made my way down to the office to see if it might open a bit early. They still hadn't arrived when I got there, so I decided to wait it out in the study room where my night began. No one was there this early in the morning. I sat on one of the uncomfortable chairs, my minuscule towel riding up my legs to the point that it was hard to sit without some of my exposed legs against the chair. The front just barely covered over my bush and I found myself wondering what I would say if someone stepped in to study before class. That I was going for a shower and lost my key was plausible, but that wouldn't keep their eyes from looking.  
  
Out of nowhere, I saw the look on the boy's faces vividly in my mind's eye. The surprise. The desire. I couldn't help but imagine someone walking by and peeking in the glass panel in the door. Before I knew what I was doing, I had turned directly at the door and spread my legs just a bit.  
  
I slammed my legs shut. "We are quite done with that nonsense for one night!" I told my body. It disagreed though, and before long I had my legs spread so that my knees were pressing into the arm rests, staring at the window; just willing someone, anyone, to look in. What if the hot boy from room 1016 looked in? Everyone thought he was cute. I certainly agreed, but never got the nerve to talk to him, and he certainly never noticed me. He would definitely notice me now!  
  
As you might have guessed, before long, my hands were busy at work between my legs. I had never masturbated more than once a week, and here was my second time tonight! I started with one hand on my clit and the other sliding a finger in, but got frustrated that my hand would block the whole show and stuck to just the clit rubbing. Still craving something to fill me, I wound up reaching around under my leg in order to finger my hole from behind.  
  
That gave a great view, I imagined, but every few penetrations I kept brushing a little below my vagina. I was touching my ass! It was weird at first. I'd never dreamed of touching there before. But it felt good. Given my already complete slutty masturbating spread eagle for anyone that might care to notice, I started not to care. My hand drifted downward to rub just a little more frequently against my freshly cleaned, puckered rosebud. I started pressing my middle finger against the crinkly hole while my index finger worked my vagina. It pinched a lot and I pulled out. It was so dry! I decided to try rubbing my middle finger around in my vagina for a moment, and then tried again. This time, my whole middle finger slid in all the way to my last knuckle on the first try! It felt amazing! More full than I'd ever been before, and more naughty to boot! In less than a minute, I came again. I could feel each wave of orgasm pinching around my fingers and I never wanted it to stop.  
  
Once I was done and completely spent, I pulled my fingers out and let my legs down off the chair. I glanced at the clock, and saw the office should be open by then. No more shows for anyone today!   
  
Just then, a couple girls walked by chatting, but didn't look in. I pulled myself together, wrapped up tight, and headed out.  
  
The journey to the office and back to my room was fairly uneventful. The girl at the office hardly even noticed my state of undress over her huge cardboard coffee cup. I mumbled something about "locked out" during my shower, she begrudgingly walked me up to my room, unlocked the door, and moments later I was standing alone in my room.  
  
I was exhausted, but wired. I collapsed into my bed with a hand between my legs. Before long I let out a long, pleasured moaned fell deep asleep.   
  
What a night!