**Christina's Shower**

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Christina got back from her run, sweaty and exhausted from a long day. It felt good to let out her emotions as she ran through the cool, night air, but her long, brown hair was messy from being blown around in the wind, and she couldn't wait to jump into the shower.

She also couldn't wait to get out of her sweaty clothes. She pulled her tight, blue t-shirt over her back, arching her back and pushing out her perky 32B tits. The sports bra was the next thing to come off. As she let it fall away, she let her hands wander over her hard nipples and smooth, lightly tanned skin, admiring herself. It had been almost two months since she first moved onto campus as a freshman, and she was delighted to realize how many guys truly appreciated a sweet, sexy girl. She had no problem getting into parties for free, even if it did end up costing her a little alone time with the host later in the night. She wasn't shy about using her looks to her advantage, and her apparent shyness made it all that easier to get away with.

Her shorts were the next article of clothing to hit the ground; she let them slide down her slim, toned legs as she stood there in her panties. She was a small girl—about 5'2" and 105 lbs. For some reason, all the bigger guys liked that. She couldn't count the number of frat guys that told her how they wanted to pick her up and throw her around... She would just playfully flip her hair and laugh, turning away and knowing that they would be staring at her cute, tight ass as she sauntered away.

For Christina, it was all a game, and getting what she wanted came naturally. She was the runway model type—that wasn't the look she went for. Instead, she was proud of her girl-next-door looks, and the way all the nice boys seemed to be willing to do anything she wanted. She hooked her thumbs into her waistband, and pulled her panties down her legs, kicking them away. She lay down on her bed for a moment, loving the feel of her bedsheets against her bare skin. She loved that she didn't have a roommate—she had never been assigned one, and that was fine with her. She had gotten to used to walking naked around her room at home, and sleeping nude beneath the covers. She felt lucky that she wouldn't have to change that.

After laying there for a minute, she decided that she better hurry up and take a shower before it got too late—these midnight runs were fun, but she had class early the next morning. She reached into her drawer, searching for a towel, but she cursed as she looked over at the huge pile of laundry in the corner. The only towel left was a back-up one, something which she hadn't had to use before, because it was slightly smaller than the rest of them. When she wrapped it around herself and covered her breasts, it barely came down an inch or two past the rounded bottom of her butt. Christina put the towel on and took a quick look in the mirror. Shaking her head, she realized how very little of her innocence it covered. Lucky it's so late, she thought. Quickly grabbing her shower basket, she walked out of her room and into the brightly lit hallway.

She began the walk to the floor's only girl's bathroom. That was the worst part about living here, she thought, the bathroom was at the complete other end of the floor. Walking hurriedly, she turned a corner and saw three guys standing in the hallway talking. She groaned as she realized who it was. Rob, and two of his idiot friends from another floor, were laughing obnoxiously but stopped as soon as they saw her coming.

"Looking good there, sweet cheeks," Rob called from down the hall. Christina rolled her eyes and didn't respond. He had been hitting on her since the first day of school, but she didn't help her case when she passed out drunk in his room one night after a party. His idea of romance was a pair of handcuffs and dildo, and she was definitely not interested.

"Hey Rob, who's the little girl on your floor?" one of his friends asked.

"Yeah, I didn't know this school allowed 14-year-olds." Like she had never heard that joke before. She didn't mind being called young, but it was insulting to have to be made fun of by such idiots.

"They don't... which is too bad for you, because maybe then you'd have some other people here at your maturity level," she quipped back. She was almost past them, and she could feel their eyes burning into every inch of her exposed skin. She tried to pull the towel down to cover just a little more of her thighs, but that was a huge mistake. It had been wrapped too tightly around her chest, and the downward force cause her left boob to shift upwards, barely exposing her nipple for the briefest second.

"Whoa, boys did you see that? She's trying to strip for us! Go ahead, girl, take it off! Let's see them little titties of yours!" Rob's comment caused Christina's face to turn bright red, but apparently his buddies thought it was the funniest thing in the world. They were still giving him high fives as she walked past them and into the bathroom.

She walked over to the nearest shower stall and set her shampoo and soap down onto the bench outside of it. Turning on the water, she let everything she let everything else fall away as she dropped her towel onto the ground and stepped under the hot jets. Closing her eyes, she slowly washed her hair, face, chest, and stomach, enjoying her own touch and the scent of her fresh bar of soap. Bending over, she reached down and ran her hands up and down her legs, over every inch of her smooth skin. She was thankful that she had shaved this morning, and it would be a quick shower. She let her hands linger over her more sensitive areas for just a minute before shutting the water off. She had been busy the past few days, and was looking forward to some alone time with her fingers and thoughts before going to sleep tonight.

Suddenly, her relaxing thoughts were shattered by a loud, piercing siren. Uh oh, Christina thought, that could only mean one thing. The fire alarm. She couldn't believe they would have a fire drill at one o' clock in the morning, but then again, they've done stranger things. Cursing to herself, she quickly shut off the water, and grabbed her towel. Drying off as quickly as possible, she threw the shower items back into her basket and wrapped the towel again around herself. She was still dripping wet as she stepped out of the shower, but she needed to get back to her room quickly and throw on some clothes as fast as possible.

She opened the bathroom door, stepped out into the hallway, and groaned. Her entire floor was filing grumpily out of their rooms, and walking down the hall, straight toward her. She would need to get by them to get to her room, and they would need to get past her to the elevator. She could already feel some of the guys staring at her, and as she caught Joe, the fattest kid on the floor, staring at her barely covered, dripping wet legs, she vowed that she would start bringing a change of clothes into the bathroom with her.

She finally got past everyone, but only after catching a couple guys swiveling their heads as she walked by and staring at her butt. She reached her door and turned the knob. It didn't budge, and she froze. Shivers ran up and down her spine as she realized it was locked. How the fuck could it be locked? It needs a key to lock, and it had been left in her room. She never locked the door when she went to the shower. Panic hit Christina as she realized the predicament she was in. She needed to get into that room, she needed to put clothes on, and she needed to do it quick. She was supposed to be outside already.

She stood there for a moment and considered her options. She could stay there, and wait for security to come by and check all of the rooms. But how much trouble would she get in if she just ignored the fire drill? And what if, god forbid, there was an actual fire? She got more scared the longer she stood there, a pool of water forming at her feet. For her, the other option was even more terrifying, there were at least 500 kids in her dormitory, and they would all be standing outside the building. Walking out into the crowd in just a towel, and one that barely covers her butt, at that, was horrifying and humiliating to Christina. Tears started forming in her eyes, at the prospect of being exposed and subjected to countless leering stares. She would never live it down, all of her friends and all of the guys would remember her as "towel girl."

Just as she was about to break down crying, a door opened up at the other end of the hallway. She thought everyone was already downstairs, but maybe someone would still be able to give her something to cover up! She began running toward the open door, not caring if her towel flared up to expose her butt to an empty hallway, but a bad feeling grew in the pit of her stomach as she neared the door and realized it was Rob's.

They had never gotten along well, and she was amazed that he hadn't given her an even harder time earlier that night. Apparently, when she passed out drunk in his room that one night, he had used the excuse of helping her to grope her and feel her up as much as possible. Carrying her back to her room involved putting both of his hands on her tits and pressing his cock against her ass as he dragged her along. When he laid her down into her bed, and attempted to start undressing her for sleep, one of her guy friends finally stopped him. But not until Christina was stripped to her bra and panties, on display for a group of Rob's most perverted buddies. Christina caught wind of this and stopped talking to him, though that didn't really stop him.

But now she needed his help. She neared his door tentatively, and peeked around the corner.

"Rob?" As soon as she said his name, she saw him sitting there. With both of his friends. Great, she thought. Round two with the Three Stooges.

"Christina? You come back to finish off what you started in the hallway?" Rob gave her a wink with more sexual innuendo in it than she cared to think about.

"No, I-I'm locked out of my room. I need to borrow some clothes or something." Christina sighed softly, hoping that for once Rob would do the right thing.

"Sure, Christina, come on in and I'll find something for you. You're lucky you caught us, we were just about to head downstairs."

What a relief, Christina thought, as she shyly and tentatively stepped into his room. Rob shot a quick glance at her bare, glistening skin, but she let it slide. His friends were not so discreet.

"How was your shower, sweet thing? Get all nice and clean?" The one guy on Rob's left was the worst, from the angle he had from the bed, he was almost eye level with the bottom of the towel. And he did a bad job of trying to hide peeks up her legs. Christina shifted nervously, backing away slowly, until she was standing in the doorway.

"Ah here we go," Rob said, holding up a t-shirt and a pair of gym shorts, "but, hmmm...."

"But what?" Christina asked nervously.

"But you weren't very nice to us earlier—I think an apology is in order... what do you think guys?" The two idiots nodded their heads, pretending to be serious.

"Fine, I'm sorry. Ok?"

"Not good enough," Rob shook his head, "I'm not sure I believe you. You're gonna have to prove it to us if you want our help."

"O-o-ok... umm how do I prove it?" Christina, now shaking, realizes she doesn't really have any other choice than to beg for mercy.

"How about a little token of appreciation for our help?"

"Fine... I don't really have anything to give you right now, but I'll get you whatever you want when I get back into my room."

"Oh, I think you do have something to give us." The blood rushed from Christina's head in that instant, she felt dizzy. Not believing that Rob would stoop this low, and praying that he wasn't talking about what she thought he was.

"Give me your towel, and I'll give you these clothes."

Christina's fear turned quickly into anger, and the only words that came out of her mouth were: "Fuck you, Rob."

"Fine, if that's the way you want it." Rob slammed the door in her face as quickly and casually as he had offered his help in the first place. Christina cursed to herself, as she stood in the hallway, still dripping water into the floor, and still alone in the hallway, naked under her too-small towel. The tears started to come back, and she stood there for a minute, paralyzed. She had to make a decision right now, she had no time to wait.

"I'll do it." Christina called through the door, and it opened a crack.

"Hand me your towel, do it nicely, and I'll give you the clothes."

"In the hallway?" Christina exclaimed. The door slammed again in her face.

"Well it's not like there's anyone here," Christina thought, "and if they're on the other side of the door, it'll be that much harder for them to get a good look at me." Quickly, before she could think better of it, she shrugged the towel off of her, and held it out in her hand. "See? It's off, now open the door and give me the clothes, you jerk." She held one arm across her small tits as the other hand covered her pussy, doing her best to keep them from realizing how freshly shaven she was.

The door finally opened just a little, and Christina stepped toward it. But before she knew what was happening, a hand reached out from behind the door and grabbed the towel, ripping it out of her hand and slamming the door again in her face.

"Ahhhh! What the fuck?!?" Christina yelled loudly, "Give me those fucking clothes." She couldn't believe that she had fallen for this. She was now trying to cover what was left of her modesty, but all she heard from inside was laughter, and she grew more furious. Pounding on the door, she screamed "Rob, this isn't funny! Security could be coming by at any minute!"

"Nahhh you'll be fine, security won't be coming by," Christina could hear over the laughter.

"W-w-what do you mean?"

"Well it was a false alarm that was pulled on the first floor. They'll reset it and let everyone back in... which, come to think of it, should be happening very shortly." More laughter exploded from inside the room, and Christina grew sick in her stomach as she realized what had happened. She'd been played. They planned this all along. She fell down onto the floor, sat down and began to cry.

"Aw is the poor little baby girl gonna cry for her daddy now? Bet he would love to see that shaven little cunt of yours, you little slut." Her tears only grew heavier as the reality of the situation sunk in further. They would never let her back in the room. Rob was a sadistic bastard, who had always held it against her that she would never give it up to him.

After a minute of feeling bad for herself, Christina realized that her best option would be to run into the girls' bathroom. At least then she would be found by another girl, who would hopefully help her out. She jumped up quickly, but walked cautiously down the hall, covering her privates for fear of an unknown voyeur. She was about 20 yards from the bathroom when she heard voices, and footsteps coming from the other end of the hallway.

She had to make a decision, and quick. She saw the shadows, and realized that people were about to round the corner, and have a free line of sight to her. She could either make a break for the bathroom, probably letting a bunch of guys catch a glimpse of her naked form, or she could turn around and run back around to the other end of the hallway, and take the other flight of stairs to another floor where she could find a different bathroom. Without a second to spare, she chose the latter option and turned around, dashing around the corner and toward the end of the hall. What she saw in front of the stairway door, though, made her wish she had chosen the other option.