**Dorm Showers**

By [harve](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1623205&page=submissions)[ypotempkin](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1623205&page=submissions)©

I don't really know what to make of it, to be honest. Sarah and I got in the pattern of going for early-morning runs together, which I thought was just a part of our friendship, but lately I've started to think she's flirting with me. Maybe you can help me figure this out? I'll tell you what's happened as best I can.

Introductions are probably in order. I'm Jake, a student at a fairly progressive college in the midwest. My friend Sarah is also here, and we both just finished our junior years. We both live on campus in the same dorm building.

I'll start with the beginning of recent events so that you've got the whole picture. This spring, as winter slowly receded, I complained to Sarah that I felt like a shut-in and needed some exercise pretty desperately. She said she'd been feeling the same way and suggested we start running.

I'm naturally slim and try to stay moderately active, so running was not entirely out of the picture for me, but I was not in running shape. When I told Sarah that, she laughed and said she was in the same boat and said that we'd start slow.

So the next morning, we went for our first run together. We were both pretty winded after running a half mile and ended up walking the rest of our planned two-mile loop. When we got back to the dorm, we agreed that running sucked and also that we'd do it again in two days.

We've been running three times a week ever since, and we've actually gotten good. Well, good for us.

So that started in the spring semester - some time in March. Our semester ended in the beginning of May, but both of us are staying here for summer session courses.

Like I said, it's a pretty progressive college. The dorm floors are co-ed and the bathrooms are also all co-ed. There's one big bathroom on each floor with a bunch of toilet stalls, two rows of sinks, and a row of shower stalls.

When the summer session started, the college moved students around to use fewer floors of the dorm (it saves energy!), and Sarah and I requested and got neighboring rooms, whereas before we'd been on different floors.

This, in turn, changed our running habits a bit.

Three weeks ago, on Tuesday, we moved into our new dorm rooms. We went for a run on Wednesday. We'd usually meet at 7:30am in front of the building, but decided to meet at our doors at 7:30 instead.

I was up and dressed for our run on Wednesday morning at 7:30, wearing my running shoes, my mid-thigh running shorts, and a t-shirt. Sarah wasn't in the hall when I opened my door, so I just went next door and knocked.

Sarah opened her door.

"I'll be ready in just a sec," she said, "but come in."

I looked around. She'd already made the place home - there were no moving boxes anywhere and already a pile of clothes on the floor. Just like her last room.

And then I looked at her. Sarah usually ran in shorts and a t-shirt, just like me. But she'd not gotten her t-shirt on yet and was walking around in shorts and a red sports bra. I don't think I'd ever seen her bare midriff before, and I stared a little bit. She looked good. She was slim and lithe and her c-cup breasts were highlighted wonderfully by her sports bra. Her nipples were a little hard, I noticed.

"Are you running like that today?" I asked.

She swatted me with a t-shirt. "You wish," she said, pulling it over her head.

We ran four miles that morning, and then walked one. And when we got back to the dorm, we took the elevator to the same floor for the first time.

"I'm gonna hit the showers," Sarah said, sticking her head into her room and grabbing a towel and bag of toiletries. "You coming?"

"I need to find my stuff," I said, "so I'll get there in a minute."

When I made it to the bathroom, I heard a shower running and saw Sarah's towel over the door. I chose a stall two down from hers.

Let me tell you what these shower stalls look like, because they're a little weird. The top of the walls dividing showers from each other and the bathroom is maybe five feet high, which means that it comes to the height of my mouth. So I can see the a lot of the room when I'm in the shower. And it means that when I walked into the bathroom that morning, I saw the wet top of Sarah's head (since she's maybe 5'-3"). The other thing about these walls is that they start about two feet off the ground, which is to say about knee-height. Being a co-ed bathroom means that the showers each need to have a place to change. So each stall has a shower with a curtain and a little antechamber with a bench and some hooks.

So when I walked into the shower part of the bathroom and saw Sarah's towel over the door and the top of her head under the shower spray, I also saw her workout clothes on the floor and could have, if I were a perv, put my head at knee-level and seen her shins in the shower.

In any case, I got into a shower two down from Sarah's and washed up. I'd brought a pair of jeans to change into, so when I emerged after my shower, I was shirtless in jeans with my towel over a shoulder. That's how I usually did the walk back to my room. Decent enough, but I didn't have to bring all my clothes with me to the shower.

Sarah got out of the shower about the same time as I did, only she didn't bring clothes to change into - she was wearing only a towel wrapped around her chest.

She smiled at me and said she had to run to work and that she'd see me later and then she dashed out the door.

We hung out that night and watched a movie, and made plans for our Friday morning run. I didn't see Sarah on Thursday at all.

Friday, we repeated the same morning pattern. I was up a bit before her, and knocked on her door. She opened the door in her sports bra and shorts again and this time when I suggested that she just run like that, she agreed. As we ran, I had a hard time keeping my eyes away from her chest, admiring the way her breasts bounced with each step.

We made it back to the dorm and started talking as we caught our breaths. She was telling me about her work this summer as we got to our rooms.

"Ready for a shower?" she asked, interrupting her story about how another intern at her office was making her life difficult.

I poked my head into my room to grab my toiletries and a towel and a pair of jeans.

"Leave the jeans," Sarah instructed, "it's a bit of a thrill to walk down this hallway in just a towel. Try it with me."

I left the jeans in my room and followed her to the bathrooms while Sarah continued her story.

I picked a shower in the middle of the row, and after I chose mine, Sarah chose the one next to it, all the while telling her story.

She was explaining how the other intern had screwed up a copying job and needed her help as she undressed on the other side of the thin wall from me.

I watched, a bit awestruck, as her shorts landed on the floor next to my feet.

And then her arms extended above the short barrier bringing her bra off over her head. And then her bra was also just inches from my feet.

I started to undress, too, feeling my cock stiffen at the proximity of Sarah's almost naked body. Just as Sarah had deposited her clothes on the side of the shower stall closest to mine, I threw my shirt, then my shorts, and finally my boxers on the floor next to her pile.

Then Sarah's panties joined her pile and we were both naked, separated by the little wall.

We made eye contact across the wall. My height and how close we were to each other meant I could see down to her chin. She smiled.

"And that," she said, continuing her story, "is when I realized that maybe he had a crush on me!"

"So," I asked, turning the water in my shower on, "what are you going to do about it? Are you interested?"

She stepped into the shower and started her water, too. "Well he is kinda cute," she said, hesitating, "but not as cute as you are."

She smiled at me again and then turned away to find her shampoo.

As we soaped up, she asked me about my love life.

I told her about the dates I'd been on with a classmate in May and how we'd not really had much chemistry.

"That's a shame," Sarah said, finishing up in the shower, "you should have some chemistry in your life."

As we toweled off and emerged from our shower stalls in only our towels, we talked about plans for the next week. We were both headed out of town, but we agreed to run together the Monday we returned. We parted ways at the doors to our rooms.

That weekend was Memorial Day and the college gave us the whole week off, so Sarah and I both went home for a visit.

I came back after the vacation on Sunday evening - that's the beginning of last week - and went to bed after a long day of traveling, having set my alarm for Monday morning.

By 7:30am, I was ready for our run and in the hallway. I knocked on Sarah's door as was becoming a pattern. She opened the door.

"Sorry," she said through the toothbrush in her mouth and pointed me to sit on her bed.

Sarah wasn't dressed yet. She was wearing a thong, which I admired as she bent over to spit out the toothpaste, and a tank top. She pulled on her shorts as I watched and then faced me with her hands on the hem of her tank top.

She looked me in the eye and started to inch her top up her belly. "Would you mind closing your eyes?"

I obliged and was quickly hit in the head with her top.

"Ready?" she asked a minute later, and I opened my eyes to her in a sports bra, her nipples obviously hard.

I stood up and we went for our run.

When we got back, we picked up soap and towels and headed to the showers. Sarah again chose a shower next to mine, and again dropped her clothes next to my feet. And I, again, was getting turned on knowing how close I was to a naked girl.

"No jeans this time," Sarah noted. "How was it going down the hall in only a towel?"

"It was OK, I guess." I didn't know what to say about the experience. "You say it gives you a thrill?"

"Can I tell you a secret, Jake?"

I nodded.

"It turns me on a little."

"What about it?" I asked.

"I get a thrill, I guess, of exposing some skin in public. Not knowing who will see, but knowing that anyone could. And walking down the hall in just a towel, I'm so close to naked in front of everyone on our floor. Just a little slip of the fabric is all it would take, Jake."

I looked across the wall at her.

Sarah blushed. "Just telling you about it is turning me on a little."

We were both done washing ourselves, but neither of us made a move to get out of the shower.

"Want to walk to our rooms the long way around the floor?" I asked.

Sarah's face lit up and she made a guilty smile.

We toweled off and walked - slowly - the long way back to our rooms.

We next ran on Wednesday. I knocked on Sarah's door at 7:30, wondering what I'd see. Wondering whether she was showing off for me the way she'd talked about showing off in general.

I wasn't disappointed. She answered her door in a black nightie that showed off her breasts and came to mid-thigh.

"Running late?" I asked.

"Sorry!" she called, fishing a pair of panties from her dresser and pulling them on under her nightie. She'd answered the door wearing only her gown, I realized. Did she always sleep in that sexy outfit?

Sarah turned her back to me and without any ado, lifted her nightie up and off, showing me her bare back and panty-clad ass. She pulled a sports bra from her dresser and before I knew it, she was covered up and wriggling into her shorts.

"Ready?" she asked, opening the door.

After our run, we hit the showers together as was becoming our usual.

As we stepped into the showers, both of us naked, but separated as usual by that little divider, I got the courage together to ask Sarah a question. "You said on Monday that showing off turns you on," I started.

"Mmmhm."

"Well, what about what you did this morning before our run?"

"You mean sleeping? Does sleeping turn me on?" she teased.

"You know what I mean."

"Say it, Jake."

So I asked her: "Did it turn you on when you showed off and nearly got naked in front of me this morning?"

"Yes, Jake, it did."

"It turned me on, too," I said.

And before I knew it, we were out of the showers, in our towels, and walking down the hall together. At our doors, we made plans for our Friday run.

As usual, I was ready to knock on Sarah's door Friday at 7:30 sharp. I'd been awake for an hour, honestly, pacing and wondering what she'd be wearing this time.

Just as I reached up to knock, the door opened. Sarah was dressed in her shorts and sports bra and ready for a run. And off we went.

We did our usual run and shower arrangement, ending up in shower stalls next to one another. We stripped and started our showers, talking about our plans for the day. It had been sweltering out, and we'd gotten pretty sweaty. Neither of us had plans for the day, so Sarah invited me to spend the day chilling and watching Netflix.

We got to our rooms and I reached for my door.

"Don't worry about getting dressed," Sarah said, "just come in."

We jumped on her bed in our towels and settled in to watch BBC's Sherlock. As we occasionally adjusted our sitting positions, our towels moved around a bit. By the end of the episode, we were both still fully covered, but just barely. My towel had come unfastened and limp around my waist, exposing the top of my pubic hair.

Sarah's towel had gotten shorter in both directions. It wasn't a big towel to start with, but sitting in bed, the bottom had ridden up to expose all of her legs. A corner of the towel between her legs was all that preserved her modesty. And the top was no better. Her towel had also become untucked and her breasts were nearly peeking out.

And on top of that, we were both still sweating. You know how on really hot days, when you've exercised and gone to the shower before entirely cooling down you come out of the shower still sweating? Well, that's what we'd done.

"I'm still sweating," I declared.

"Me too," she said, "and if I move an inch, I'll probably lose this towel."

"OK by me!" I replied jokingly.

"Nice try, Jake," she smiled. "Close your eyes while I get decent, then I'll do the same for you."

I closed my eyes, ever the gentleman, while Sarah got out of bed and wrapped herself in the towel again.

"Your turn," she said.

I stepped out of bed, thrilled to be naked in Sarah's room, and slowly wrapped my towel back around my waist.

"I think I need another shower," I declared.

"Me, too," said Sarah, "but let's make this more fun. How about we go shower on another floor, taking only these towels with us."

I agreed to the plan, knowing it would turn Sarah on.

We took the stairs down two flights and found our way to that floor's bathroom, encountering only a couple of people who didn't seem entirely surprised to see us. We took adjacent shower stalls as usual. Sarah was breathing a little bit heavily.

We rinsed the sweat off our hot bodies in silence.

"How about this," Sarah said as though we were in the middle of a conversation already. "How about I race you back to my room."

"Ok," I said.

"I'm not done. How about I race you back to my room and the loser has to spend the rest of the day in a towel."

"You're on."

"And there's another catch: no adjusting your towel as we run back upstairs. If it comes loose and you adjust it, you automatically lose."

We were out of the showers and drying off by this point. I tied my towel tightly around my waist and assumed Sarah was doing the same. And then we were doing it: racing through the dorm in which we live in just towels.

We opened the bathroom door and shook hands. The race was on!

Sarah took off down the hall toward the stairs. I didn't expect her to run so quickly, knowing that if the towel slipped she'd lose. I sped up to stay hot on her heels and caught up to her at the top of the stairs. She'd stopped at the door onto our floor and I couldn't tell why until I stood next to her.

She was pressed against the door - I guess in a rush to get it open. And in pressing the door against her breasts, her towel had come untucked. If she let go of the door, her towel would fall to the floor unless she held it up. And if she held it up, she'd lose our race.

I caught her eye, and she smiled at me and then winked and threw the door open.

In a blink of an eye, her bare ass sped down the empty hallway to her room, leaving the towel at my feet.

I'd lost, I realized. I picked up Sarah's towel and brought it to her room, where I opened the door hoping to catch her still nude.

Sarah had put on a t-shirt and panties and had queued up the next episode of Sherlock.

"Come on, towel boy," she cooed, patting the bed next to her.

We spent the day like that, in her bed watching Netflix and eating popcorn, her in panties and a t-shirt and me in just a towel.

Our next run was yesterday morning - Monday.

I got up early as usual and knocked on Sarah's door at 7:30. She took a little while to respond, so I knocked a little louder.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," she said, and the opened the door, poking out just her head.

"Ready to run?" I asked.

"Shit, Jake, I must have missed my alarm," Sarah mumbled. "I'm still naked."

"I can wait."

"Come in," she said, pulling my arm, "but close your eyes, ok?"

I closed my eyes and let her pull me in. I really am a gentleman.

She let go of my arm and, in a minute, said I could open my eyes.

Instead of getting dressed, Sarah had gotten back into bed and under a sheet, which she held to her chest.

"You almost ready?" I asked.

"Give me a minute to open my eyes, ok?"

I sat next to her on the bed for a minute while she woke up and told me about her dream.

"Ok," she said after a minute, "I'm ready. Can you toss me a pair of panties?"

I stood up and went to her dresser and opened the top drawer. The first underwear I found was a thong, which I tossed to Sarah.

She pulled the covers up and wriggled into the thong under the covers. Then she carefully slung an arm across her chest to cover her breasts and stood up. Sarah, wearing only a thong and covering her breasts with an arm, walked towards me and her dresser.

I stared.

With her free arm, Sarah dug up a sports bra. "Close your eyes," she said, and I did.

When she told me to open my eyes, she was bent over putting on socks, showing me her nice ass. She stood up while pulling on shorts and we went for a run.

We made it to the showers as usual, and then started talking. The showers, I guess, are where we talk about turn-ons and sex.

I asked Sarah about how she felt about last Friday's towel adventure.

"I was so turned on, Jake," she started. "Running naked in the dorm was exhilarating."

"Yeah?" I pressed her to continue.

"I think I actually wanted to lose and not to win," she admitted. "I spent all weekend thinking about having to wear a towel all day. Maybe it would slip and you'd see my breasts. Maybe you'd have taken me to dinner and I'd have had to wear only a towel in public."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you."

"Oh, yes. The thrill of my knot slipping and leaving me buck naked. Or maybe you'd tug on my towel and bare me intentionally."

Sarah was starting to breathe more heavily.

"Do you mind if I touch myself?" she asked.

My cock was rock hard when I reached for it. "I'm already touching myself," I whispered.

Sarah moaned. I listened to the sound of the water change as she masturbated.

I wasn't going to last long, I realized, and told Sarah.

"Because of me?" she gasped.

"Because of you," I answered.

"Jake," she asked, "when you come, can you come on the floor between us? I want to see your cum."

Her request put me over the top. I came in long spurts on the floor between us, grunting.

Sarah must have been right there with me because as my second jet of cum landed, she called out in her own orgasm.

We didn't make eye contact as we cleaned up. I don't know if we crossed a line or something, but I certainly felt sheepish.

We left the bathroom in towels together, though, just as usual. And we made plans for our next run - on Wednesday, which is tomorrow.

So that's where things stand as of yesterday morning. I really don't know what to do or think. What do you think, dear readers? Is Sarah flirting with me? Is she into me? I'm definitely interested in doing more than just teasing with her. How should I approach her? What should I say? Help me out, please!