**It's Too Darn Hot** - Day 01

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This story would be off to a much quicker start if the six of them were the sort of people who would just toss off their clothes at the slightest excuse and go at one another before ten paragraphs have passed -- but they were all barely eighteen, in their first month of college, most of them away from home for the first time, and none of them had ever been completely naked in front of a member of the opposite sex.  
  
It was mid-September, and this part of Texas had saved its most brutal heatwave for the final days of summer. Saturday and Sunday's temperatures had both topped 105 -- I'm not sure what the Celsius equivalent is for European readers, but suffice it to say a Texas heat wave is hotter than anything you've ever experienced -- and the weather bureau predicted it would get worse before it got better. Students remained indoors where it was air conditioned as much as possible, and took frequent cool showers, so everybody was more or less surviving.  
  
Then Monday morning around 10, there was an explosion heard throughout most of the campus. By 11 most of the students had heard the bad news either via text messages sent to their phones by the college office or from classmates: there'd been an explosion in the school's power plant, probably because all systems had been overworked the past few days, and for now the air conditioning system was down campus-wide and water use had to kept at a minimum. There was sufficient electricity to keep lights on, as well as the ceiling fans in each dormitory floor's common room.  
  
If the heatwave continued past the end of the week, and the damage to the power plant hadn't been fixed, the college would shut down and all the students would be sent home; until then, the school administrators said, we're all going to have to tough it out.  
  
Fairly easy for them to say, since they had air conditioned houses to go home to at the end of the day.  
  
Paul was the first one to make it back to the sixth floor of Oliver House -- a sixth-floor walk-up today, because the elevators were shut off to conserve electricity -- and after dragging himself to the floor's shared bathroom for a quick shower (a five-minute shower, per the new water restrictions), he turned on the fan in the common room, took off his shirt, and lay on the floor under the turning blades. It wasn't comfortable by any means, but at least the air was moving around, and it was better than being outside.  
  
Gail was next to show up, and as she flopped herself down near Paul, she groaned. "This is going to be a long week," she said.  
  
"Feel free to take off your shirt," Paul said.  
  
"Ha ha. I'm too fucking hot to feel flattered."  
  
Paul decided he'd sound like an asshole if he told her he always thought she was hot. Some guys could pull off a line like that; he knew he couldn't.  
  
Gail's roommate Ellen appeared next, then Paul's roommate Gregory, and finally Cathy and Cyn together. Paul, Greg, Gail and Ellen had hung out together a little bit up until now, but the six suitemates really know one another very well. This would have been a good opportunity to bond, but everybody was just too hot to bother. Somebody had turned the tv on, and they watched the genius contestants on Jeopardy followed by the halfwit contestants on Wheel of Fortune. They shared their first group laugh at "American President: \_br\_h\_m L\_\_\_\_ln" "Pat, I'd like to buy a vowel," and their second when a trailer ran across the street warning of a heat advisory and telling everybody to stay inside air conditioned buildings.  
  
Nobody was in the mood to walk down five flights of stairs and go to the school's cafeteria for dinner, and Cathy remembered they had several pints of ice cream in the fridge. Ice cream for dinner sounded fine to everybody. There are worse thing in life, Paul thought, than sitting here under a fan, watching bad television and eating ice cream for dinner with four girls wearing the lightest t-shirts an the shortest shorts they own.  
  
He was the first to notice when Gail dropped a chunk of chocolate ice cream on the front of her shirt. "Um..." he said, trying not to act as if he was staring at her chest, "You may want to take care of that before it stains."  
  
"You're just not giving on on trying to get me out of my shirt, are you?" she asked, standing up and heading for her room. Greg and Ellen caught one another's glance, and they both rolled their eyes: it was only a matter of time until their roommates were ripping off one another's clothes, but they seemed to be the only ones who didn't realize it.  
  
Removing her shirt, Gail wondered if maybe she should let up on the teasing before she scared Paul off. Then she picked out a knee-length nightshirt, slipped on on over hear head, and brought the t-shirt to the bathroom to rinse. Once she was convinced she'd rubbed out all traces of the ice cream, she hung the shirt over the shower curtain and walked back to the common room. "I figured as long as I was changing, I might as well get ready for our slumber party."  
  
"I guess I'm pretty much ready already," Paul said, referring to his gym shorts. "This is the most comfortable thing I have." Greg nodded in agreement.  
  
"I'm not sure I'm ready to call it a night yet," Cathy said.  
  
"I don't know about you guys," Ellen said, "but Professor Galeon gave us the usual amount of homework, so I've got at least half an hour of calculus to do. If my brain doesn't melt first."  
  
"So no pillow fights yet?" Greg asked, feigning disappointment. Ellen rolled her eyes at him. "You keep that up, and your eyeballs will freeze that way."  
  
Ellen and Cyn brought out their textbooks and began their respective homework assignments, while Cathy washed the evening dishes (it was her turn), Greg read a novel, and Paul and Gail played gin rummy. Then at about 10 o'clock, Ellen, Cyn and Cathy went to their rooms and came back in their nightshirts and holding their pillows. "Oh, pillows, that's right," Greg said, and immediately turned to Ellen and pointed a finger at her. "And don't give me those eyes," he said, before walking into his room, grabbing the two pillows and coming back out and tossing one of them to Paul.  
  
The six suitemates set themselves up pretty much parallel to one another on the floor, with a respectable distance between, but close enough together that they were all under the ceiling fan. Cathy, who was on one far end, got up to dim the overhead lights to leave just enough light so that nobody would trip over anybody in the middle of the night.  
  
"Goodnight, Paul," Greg said. "Goodnight Ellen, Goodnight, Gail. Goodnight, Cathy. Goodnight, Cyn. Goodnight, John-Boy."

It's Too Darn Hot - Day 02

1.  
  
Gail was the first to wake up, slowly becoming aware of both the heat of the day, and the fan-driven air bringing some comfort to her bare skin. Then she realized her nightshirt had ridden up her body during the night and was bunched up to just below her breasts, leaving her panties and abdomen exposed. As she fixed herself, she wondered whether anybody had seen. They'd left the room light dimmed but not off, so in case anybody had to go to the bathroom during the night, they wouldn't step on anybody.  
  
I wouldn't have minded giving Paul a little peek, she thought (knowing she should be ashamed of herself), but not the whole floor. Then she heard "Oh shit!" and turned to see Cathy pulling down her own nightshirt to cover her own panties.  
  
Well, if everybody had seen her panties and Cathy's during the night, it was no big deal: they were neither moth-eaten nor Victoria's Secret, and you probably can't live a year on a dorm floor without occasionally seeing something you're not supposed to.  
  
She went into her room to change into a t-shirt and shorts, and a fresh pair of underwear she wouldn't be mortified to be accidentally seen in, and went into the kitchen for breakfast. Heat wave or no, she needed her coffee and she knew her suitemates would want some as well. While the coffee machine was doing its thing, she poured herself a bowl of cereal, added milk, and sat down to eat. One by one, the rest of them wandered in. Paul had some trouble making eye contact with her. Yeah, she thought, he got a good look at my undies.  
  
By nine o'clock, with the temperature already at 95 degrees, the school office sent an announcement that classes would be shortened for the duration of the heat wave: they'd run only 20 minutes each, just long enough to quickly review old assignments and assign new ones. By noon, many of the students had figured out that the coolest spot on campus was the library's sub-basement, two stories underground. By mid-afternoon it was pretty well filled, and smelling sort of ripe, but even with the additional body heat it was at least 30 degrees cooler than anyplace upstairs; and on the whole, the guys were okay with being crammed together with girls who were dressed as skimpily as the law allowed.  
  
At five, the librarians evicted everybody from the sub-basement, and a lethargic march toward Dormitory Row began. The students taking refuge in the library had missed the early afternoon's 107 degree peak, but it was still 99. It was Paul's turn to deal with dinner, so he made a side trip to an off-campus sandwich shop and picked up six submarines and seven cold drinks (one for the walk home).  
  
Same as yesterday, as soon as he put the food and drinks in the fridge, he hit the shower and put on nothing but a new pair of boxers and a light pair of shorts. The fan was already on, doing its best to move the hot, heavy air from one part of the room to another. After a while, the girls all had their t-shirts tied just below their breasts, but nobody was even close to comfortable.  
  
The evening went slowly with periods of reading, homework, television, conversation, and card games. Paul suggested a few rounds of strip poker, and Gail said "Only in your dreams" -- though the truth was, she wished she had the nerve to call his bluff: naked would feel pretty good right around now.  
  
When she went into her bedroom to change for sleep, she considered her options had two nightshirts that came down to her knees -- not very appealing -- and some very light-weight pajamas that you could almost see through. Tempting, but no.  
  
She walked back to the common room still dressed in her tied t-shirt and her shorts carry her pillow. "Okay, you guys," she said, "listen up. I'm sure most or all of you noticed my wardrobe malfunction this morning, and I wasn't the only one whose nightshirt rode up. That sort of thing is going to keep happening when it's this hot, but the thing is, everybody saw my panties and the world didn't come to an end. So you can all do what you want, but as far I'm concerned, for the duration of the heat wave, I want to be comfortable." She eased her shorts down her legs, and tossed them to the side. "You may commence singing 'I see England I see France' at will," she said. She tossed her pillow down under the fan, and stretched out -- not feeling comfortable, exactly, but more comfortable than she was feeling before.  
  
Five more pair of shorts quickly joined hers in a pile, and soon everybody was settling in for the night. Funny how even though nobody was wearing anything more revealing than they'd wear at a beach, there seemed to be something undeniably naughty about the six of them lying here in their underwear. The boys both turned onto their stomachs, and she knew why.  
  
2.  
  
At 11:30, they were all awakened by the sound of another explosion. At least that's what it sounded like, but it was actually a tremendous thunderclap. Followed by rain, coming down in torrents. As soon as the six of them realized what was happening, they all grabbed their shorts and ran down the stairs to the courtyard. By the time they got there, the courtyard was already crowded with students drenching themselves, reveling in the cooling rain after four days of oppressive heat.  
  
They were there in all manner of dress, depending how they'd been sleeping: there were boys fully dressed, shirtless, and in nothing but their underpants; girls fully dressed, wearing t-shirts and shorts, t-shirts and panties, bras and panties, and only panties.  
  
Less than five minutes later it was over and, summer storms being what they are, the air was already growing uncomfortably warm. The courtyard emptied out almost as quickly as it had filled, though the girls who had come down topless were the most anxious to get back indoors once the excitement of the rain dance ended.  
  
"Well, that didn't past long," Greg said as the six of them made their way up the stairs.  
  
"No," Cathy said, "but I'm leaving this t-shirt right where it is. It'll keep me cool for a while, at least."  
  
As soon as they reached the floor, they all began peeling of their shorts and tossing them onto the floor. "Um, I think I need to change mine," Gail said, covering her breasts with her arm. Cathy's t-shirt was green and still opaque; Gail's was white and thin. Soaking wet, it might as well have been made of cellophane.  
  
Ellen and Cyn quickly looked down at themselves. Ellen was okay, but Cyn's t-shirt had become see-through. she covered her breasts with her hands and walked quickly toward her room. "Come on, Cathy said to her," I'll help you pick out something nice to change into."  
  
Gail passed very close to Paul as she headed back to her own room. "Maybe you haven't talked me out of my shirt yet," she said in a near whisper, dropping her arm from her chest enough to "accidentally" let him have a peek, "but this was pretty close." She almost asked him whether he'd like to help her pick out something nice to change into, but she wasn't sure how much she could tease him before she scared him off.  
  
For that matter, how much she could tease him before she scared HERSELF off? She'd as good as flashed him just now, and she enjoyed it a lot more than she'd have guessed.