**T-Shirt Weather**

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All through high school and most of college, I never felt good about my body. Objectively I knew it was fine—a little flabby at worst—but I could never shake the insecurities of the chubby kid I had been before puberty evened out my baby fat. Junior year, I decided to do something about it. I started copying the exercise and diet regime of my track star roommate, Alice, and by the end of the year I was falling in love with myself, how toned and strong I had become.  
  
That's when I started wanting to show off. I threw out my baggy running shorts and got a pair of tiny spandex ones like Alice wore. At the gym I wore them with only a sports bra, so that everyone could see my newly flat tummy. After a lifetime of hiding my body, it felt good to see the guys turn their heads as they walked by me on the treadmill.  
  
My new confidence didn't yet extend outside of the gym, though, so on the way there and back I covered up with an oversized t-shirt. The shirt hid my shorts completely, and Alice teased that it looked like I had nothing on underneath. I blushed, secretly as excited as I was embarrassed. Did I actually like the idea that someone might think I was half-dressed in public?  
  
I worked out early most mornings, and occasionally the locker room was completely empty when I got done. I liked the opportunity that gave me to check myself out in the full-length mirrors. I might spend upwards of ten minutes flexing my biceps or looking over my shoulder to admire how firm my butt had gotten. One morning, when the gym was especially empty, I decided I wanted to see how my body looked without the sports bra flattening my breasts. Even without it they were small, but seeing their softness unrestrained changed what I was feeling. Pride in my fitness shifted toward something more sensual. I took a quick glance around, saw no sign of anyone, and pulled off my shorts as well.  
  
Now instead of posing like a bodybuilder, I started posing more like a playmate. I pushed my breasts together and tweaked my nipples to make them hard. I turned around and squeezed my ass, then bent forward until I could see the hairless lips of my pussy. Just as I slid my finger between them, I heard the locker room door open. In a panic I rushed back to my locker without picking up my clothes. Luckily I had my t-shirt, which I pulled on before I went back to pick up my workout gear.  
  
I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and saw that I was completely covered by the t-shirt. The shape of my breasts was slightly more apparent without the sports bra, but other than that putting the rest of my clothes back on wouldn't change the way I looked at all. So why bother? I thought. It wasn't far back to my dorm room. If the flush already filling my body didn't give me away, no one would be the wiser. I dropped the shorts and bra in my backpack, pulled it on, and walked out of the locker room.  
  
My first step out of the locker room was amazing, but the real thrill came when I got outside. A storm seemed to be moving in, and almost as soon as I set foot on the sidewalk a gust of wind traveled all the way up my body. It made my nipples go rock hard, and I was sure they'd be visible through the t-shirt. That thought made my pussy burn, and I could tell that I was blushing even more than before. I picked up my pace, as much out of desperation to get to my room and touch myself as out of fear of being seen. I was half way up the stairs to my dorm when I heard a man's voice calling my name.  
  
It was John—tall, blue-eyed John, the guy I'd had a hopeless crush on for the past two-and-a-half years. The guy who barely spoke to me while I lingered just outside his conversations at parties. The guy who, if I'm being honest, had motivated me to get in shape. The guy who was flagging me down on the street, now, when I was half-naked and dripping wet and wanted nothing except to rip off the one piece of clothing I had on and cram my vibrator up my pussy as fast as I could.  
  
"Hey, you doing anything right now?" he said. "You want to go grab breakfast or something?"  
  
"Sure! Just let me run up stairs and change. I just got back from the gym." That's what I should've said. It's what one-year-ago, unconfident me would've said, if she had ever been in this situation in the first place. What I actually said, as I turned back down the stairs with the wind still whipping across my bare pussy: "Yeah, I'm starved."  
  
What can I say? I had wanted to be naked with him since freshman year, and if this was as close as I might ever get, I was going to make it last.  
  
We started off towards the dining hall, cutting through a little park at the center of campus. Our talk was awkward—we really didn't know each other that well, and I was in no frame of mind to be witty. He kept clumsily shifting his pace to drop back a step or two behind me, or pausing to admire flowers that were already wilted. At different points he stopped to tie each of his shoes, which didn't seem to be untied. When he made a show of somehow dropping his keys from inside his shorts pocket, I was dead certain: he knew.  
  
But how? I reach back to feel my t-shirt behind me and, to my horror, felt nothing but bare skin. I found the hem of the shirt bunched up beneath my backpack and tugged it down. "Oh shit," I said. I was ready to run at full speed back to my room, but instead, I black out for a second, just long enough to land in John's arms.  
  
He led me to a bench and sat beside me. "Are you okay?"  
  
I still wanted to run, but I was too unsteady. "How much did you see?" I asked, my voice quavering. I was afraid I might cry.  
  
"Was... was that not on purpose?" he answered. "Oh man, I would never have..."  
  
"No! I mean... kind of? But no one was supposed to know."  
  
Now he was blushing too. "Well, don't worry, I won't tell anybody. Just breathe, ok? It's alright."  
  
His concern was sweet, and it calmed me down immediately. Suddenly I felt safer than I had since I was by myself in the locker room. But he was still curious, too. The second he was sure I wasn't going to pass out, he asked, "Do you have anything on at all under there?"  
  
I shook my head. "Maybe I should go back to my room and change, huh?" I said. "Will you come with me, and tell me if it starts to ride up again?"  
  
He agreed and we started back, but we had only gone a few steps when he nudged me to pull my shirt down. A few steps further and another nudge. "Maybe I should just take your backpack," he offered.  
  
Looking up at him with my tiny purple backpack slung over one shoulder, I felt grateful that it was John out of everyone on campus who had caught me trotting up my dorm stairs with my ass out. I was just about to thank him when the sky opened up, and we were both instantly drenched. This was a bigger problem for me, since I was wearing nothing but a white t-shirt.  
  
John pointed out a magnolia tree, and we hid in the cave created by its branches, where only a few drops of rain made it through. Under the overcast sky it was twilight inside. Even if anyone had been out in the rain, I doubted they could have seen us. The tree was like a private cocoon within the larger cocoon of the storm. I looked over at John and found his eyes on the t-shirt that clung to my body.  
  
"I have some other clothes in the backpack," I said. "Could you hand it to me and turn around?"  
  
He did, and I dragged the soaking t-shirt over my head. I found myself just standing there, staring at his back, gym shorts in hand, stark naked. I didn't want to get dressed. I didn't want him to keep his back turned. I wanted him to see me, all of me. I let the shorts fall and pressed myself against his back, wrapping my arms around his thick chest.  
  
"You really saved me, you know," I said. "I'd like to show my appreciation."  
  
Instantly he turned and I was smothered by his mouth, his hands. He lifted me up against the tree trunk as I wrapped my legs around him. I could feel his erection through his shorts, thrusting against my bare pussy. I pushed him back, only so that I could drop to my knees in front of him and pull down his shorts. His cock sprung out, as large as it had been all the dozens of times I fantasized this moment, and I wrapped my lips around it. I took it as far into my mouth as I could and still had room to stroke it with both hands.  
  
He let me suck him for a long, blissful moment before he pulled my head away by my wet hair. Then he pushed me down on my back in the dirt and climbed astride my chest, pressing his cock back into my mouth as he reached behind to finger my pussy. The second he touched my clit I bucked, angling my body so that his fingers slipped inside me.  
  
"You want it, don't you?" he growled. I let his cock go from my mouth so that I could beg for it in my pussy.  
  
He didn't make me beg for long. He rolled me face down, pulled my ass into the air, and fucked me like a wild animal beneath that tree. My cheek was ground into the damp black soil with every thrust. My hands gathered little piles of roots and weeds as my body began to quiver, then shake uncontrollably against his steady force. It was only after I came, as loudly as I ever have, that I remembered where we were. A quick look around suggested we were safe.  
  
My climax didn't slow him down any—he was still pounding me into the ground like a machine driving a post. He was slumped across my back, his mouth at my ear. Now it was his turn to beg. "I love your ass," he panted. "Please let me come on your ass." Unable to speak, I nodded as best as I could.  
  
He pulled out and, with only a few strokes, came not just on my ass but far up my back, into my hair. He collapsed against the tree trunk, and I rolled on my side to look at him. Now that he and I were silent, I could hear that the rain had quieted too. It had almost stopped. A cool breeze found its way into our hideout and set off tremors in my still tingling skin.  
  
"We'd better not hang out too long, huh?" he said, still catching his breath.  
  
"No," I answered. "We'd better get back as fast as we possibly can."  
  
I stood in front of him for a moment and let him take in the full length of my body—glistening with rain, smeared with mud, flushed with fading heat. Then I grabbed my backpack and, leaving the t-shirt behind, sprinted out across the grass.