**The Greatest Show on Earth**

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I've been in college just short of two years now and so far it's been a little slim on the ground when it comes to guys. Some are cute, but lack the emotional depth to be considered as potential partners, and although I'm not adverse to a one night stand occasionally, the thought of them telling all their little buddies all about it makes me feel ill. So I keep myself to myself - I have dated a little but nothing leads anywhere, and some people cruelly believe me to be frigid, when in fact I am just particular.

This year only one guy has even seen me naked, and he doesn't know I know he was there...but let me start at the beginning for you...

Benny is the college loser. Not my choice of words, but the generally accepted descriptive sentence that pretty much everybody uses when on the subject. He seems pleasant enough but it's hard to gauge given that I've only ever heard him speak one time, and that was when he thanked me for picking up a pen he dropped in the hallway. That was pretty funny, he looked surprised that I would even pick up a pen for him, let alone smile and say, 'there you go, Benny'. Honestly, I doubt if he had heard anybody else say his name all year.

But it doesn't hurt to be polite, you know?

After that, I noticed Benny watching me a lot more. Maybe he had always done that, but honestly I don't think so, I tend to notice people looking at me. But anyway, whenever we had a class together or would find ourselves sitting in the same hall or passing in a corridor, I would catch glimpses of his reflection in windows and doors of him looking back after me as I walked. It's flattering but he wasn't my type.

Benny lived in my halls - I wanted a single-sex dorm but they put me in a mixed. No real problems but it could be wild sometimes, especially on game nights. The main problem is the shared shower blocks. They're all individual rooms with lockable doors so it's really secure, but I hate the fact that I have to rush to get dressed and walk through the crowds of guys hanging around like it was a meat market or something. But I can deal because they're clean and the rooms are designed to fit a couple of people in if the block is busy or full.

This one time in question I was all alone - the block was fairly empty for once so I got my choice of stall (the biggest one), and I put my stuff into the room but had to go to the little vending machine to get some shampoo (my roomie had stolen mine, different story!) and as it was just a few feet away I left the door open.

Benny wasn't the sneakiest person, despite being skinny and looking like he couldn't make a sound if he stamped his feet, and I saw the reflection of him slipping into the room in the glass of the vendor, and as I whizzed around he was already inside, so I took my little shampoo bottle and went to tell him that the room was taken.

He wasn't there. Or at least that was the impression he had tried to give. In truth I could see his feet sticking out a little from under the curtain of the single dressing cubicle in the corner of the room. Real smooth, Benny. But for some reason I didn't scream or shout, or call him a jerk and throw his ass out. I just...started undressing.

That sounds odd, I know, but that's what I did.

I've had some experience with watching and being watched. I had a boyfriend at home who liked to watch, plus I've taken part in group masturbation a few times, and now standing here with Benny hiding in the cubicle I felt that same tingle in my stomach. Being watched is sexy and I was getting turned on.

First I slipped off my shoes and socks - I did it slowly in case he was into feet or something. I massaged my foot and rubbed delicately between my toes and stretched them out one by one before moving onto the other foot, finally pressing my soles together and interlocking my toes. Then I opened the buttons on my jeans, one by one, popping them until my jeans hung over my hips, then slipped down a little as I turned around so he could see my firm, shapely ass barely covered by my pink panties. I kept my legs straight as I bent over to pull my jeans off, pushing my ass out and making the panties stretch as they just about covered my ass and pussy.

I lifted my t-shirt and tossed it aside, before, with my back still to the cubicle, unhooking my bra and letting it fall to the floor. Then I held onto the sides of my panties and as I bent over once again I let them slip off my hips and slide down my slender, athletic legs, and I pushed my bare ass out for him to see. I knew he was enjoying it because I could hear him enjoying it. A slight rustling sound - the sound of a hand moving quickly over skin - was coming faintly from the direction of the cubicle. I knew I had him.

I turned so that my whole naked body would have been visible to the cubicle and I lifted my arms above my head and stretched, making sure I moaned enough to hopefully send a chill along his body.

I showered with the curtain open. I worried that it might make him suspicious, but to be honest he was the one hiding in my shower room, right? So I stood facing the cubicle as I used both of my hands to massage soap all over my breasts, taking extra time to rub and tweak my nipples so that they were hard and perky for him, then I rinsed it off, and hoped that my skin looked smooth and silky as the water sprayed over my shoulders and down my breasts and stomach.

At this point I was feeling sexy enough to take another step - I sat on the floor of the cubicle with my back against the wall and pointed the shower head between my legs. The fact that I was being watched more than made up for the hard floor, and as the water spray massaged my pussy I found myself getting more and more turned on, thinking about Benny touching himself and hardly believing his luck.

I ran my hand over my pussy from bottom to top, tracing the soft skin and feeling my own slippery juice beginning to come. I slid my fingers around my clit and, after licking my thumb, made small, firm circles over it to make it stick out enough, then I slid two fingers into my pussy to get lubricated before using them to rub myself.

I laid back as much as I could and opened my legs wider, and firmly and quickly I massaged my clit as the warm water sprayed in tiny stinging streams over my nipples and neck. I could feel my own juice covering my fingers, and I spread it all over my hot pussy and pushed deep inside to bring more out and make myself wetter.

A casual glance at the cubicle told me that Benny's pants were around his ankles, and I made a special effort to give him as good a finish as I could by using the tight ribbed plastic handle of my hairbrush to push into my pussy and massage both my clit and my g-spot. It felt so good and I imagined that a lot of people were watching me masturbating there. My friends, my roommate, my teachers, my brother and neighbors, even Scarlett Johansson - they were all sitting around me watching that hairbrush sliding inside me, pulling out my juice and spreading it all over my upper legs and onto my navel. Then, pretty soon I began to orgasm as I imagined Scarlett's juicy lips opening for me ready to fill her mouth, and I felt my swarm juice splash down between my legs as the waves of pleasure made my body shake.

I just laid there. Maybe for a minute, could have been five. I felt odd knowing that somebody had just seen all that, but strangely okay, and I used my pink panties to wipe the juice from my tingling pussy and left them on the floor for him to find when he came out of the cubicle.

After I left I slipped into a different room and had a real shower. The panties were gone when I left, but nobody else had been into the block as far as I could hear.

What really made me laugh was a few days later when I overheard one of the jock douchebags making fun of Benny and saying that he'd never seen a naked girl and probably never would. I had rejected the jock a few months before for being an asshole and he'd begged me to show him my boobs to the point of pretending to cry.

I wonder what he'd think if he knew exactly how much Benny had seen.