**At a Japanese Summer Festival**

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I think this was in the summer after my sophomore year. I went home to Japan, and got to do something I'd never tried before: participate in a matsuri, a Shinto festival. Of course I'd been to festivals before, but this was the first time I ever got to join in. It was one of my boyfriend Ryosuke's ideas. We almost got in trouble, but anyway, it was kind of exciting, and I made a new friend, so it was good that way.

My family isn't very religious. Actually, I was kind of surprised when Ryosuke asked me to go to this festival because I didn't think he was either. Apparently, his friend Taka, a motorcycle mechanic, goes every year, and helps carry the omikoshi. An omikoshi is this box on poles sort of like a palanquin. The kami, the good luck spirit of the shrine, is invited into the omikoshi, and the mikoshi-bearers carry it to the otabisho, a small offshoot shrine where there are dances or contests for the kami's entertainment. Then when the entertainment is over, the kami goes back into the omikoshi, and everyone carries it back to the main shrine.

Because the omikoshi is so big and heavy, usually it's the men who do most of the carrying. It takes a whole bunch of people to even lift it. There are women too at these festivals, dressed up in traditional Japanese garb. I'd never really thought about doing it, but anyway, I didn't mind trying.

The next problem was what to wear. You can't wear western clothes especially if you're carrying the omikoshi. Ryosuke told me he'd arranged for a uniform for me. I'd never been to this particular festival before, so I wasn't sure exactly what they wore, but I guessed it would be a pair of shorts and some kind of happi, sort of like a judo top, open in the front with no buttons, just a thick cotton belt that ties around your waist.

The morning of the festival, I pulled on panties, a bra, blue jeans and a white t-shirt, and headed out. On the way there though, I began to wonder if it was one of those festivals where everyone wear fundoshi, loincloths sort of like sumo wrestlers wear. That would be embarrassing. The front is bad enough, but the back leaves your butt cheeks exposed. Maybe I should have brought a pair of shorts of my own.

Anyway, I met Ryosuke at the train station. He seemed in a good mood. From there, we went to Taka's place. His motorcycle shop was one of the sponsors of the festival. Taka lived up on the second floor above his shop.

Taka is a tall guy, bigger than Ryosuke, and when we arrived, he was already in his outfit: happi, fundoshi and headband—just as I feared. Apparently, that's how they dress every year. I was wondering if I could back out, but then we heard Yuta, Taka's cousin, shouting from the bath. He'd come to help too.

Taka held out a fresh white happi and fundoshi for me, more feminine looking than his own. The happi had the Chinese character for matsuri emblazoned on the back, thick navy blue bands down the front lapels, and a royal maze-like pattern around the short wide sleeves. It was quite beautiful. I didn't want to seem ungrateful, so I took them. Taka told me I could change in the bath once his brother got out.

Taka's own outfit was quite the sight. You could see his whole rump, bulging muscles and all. I guess sumo wrestlers dress like that too, but it is kind of shocking when you see someone you know in a fundoshi. I shot Ryosuke a peeved look, but he was trying to act innocent. I knew though that he had probably planned this all along.

Yuta came out of the bath, also in a fundoshi. He wasn't as tall as Taka and more slender, but seemed genial enough. Taka gestured for me to use the bath. There was a thin almost see-through white curtain in the doorway. I tried to pull it shut, but it kind of fluttered open in the breeze. I could still see the three of them through the curtain. Not wanting to change with them all watching, I pulled off my socks, and opened the frosted glass door leading to the bath. It was kind of weird to change in the shower, but at least I could get away from Taka and them. Once I slid the door shut, their voices sounded muffled, so I felt a bit safer.

Out the window, I could see the house across the way, and feel the cool breeze blowing in on my face. I took a few deep breaths, and stripped out of my clothes intending to have a shower. I folded my clothes, and set them down outside the glass door, so they wouldn't get wet. While I was showering, Ryosuke came into the room next to the shower.

"Hey, Emi. Thanks for coming. Taka and everyone really appreciate the help."

"Do you have a pair of shorts I could wear?"

"Um, no, I don't think... Everyone will be wearing fundoshi I think."

"Even the women?"

"Yeah, I think so...," Ryosuke didn't sound so sure, but there wasn't much I could do at the moment. Maybe I can figure something out later. He went back out to the main room again closing the curtain behind him. I finished my shower, and then suddenly realized I hadn't brought a towel. I opened the glass door, and called out.

"Um, could I borrow a towel?"

"Sure," Taka yelled back. I expected Ryosuke to bring it, but all of a sudden, Taka came in, holding a towel. The frosted glass separated us, but he could see my naked body through the glass. He averted his eyes, but was grinning even so. I don't know. I'd been living in the U.S. so long that I'd kind of got used to people respecting my privacy, but sometimes Japan isn't like that at all. People try to make out like nudity is no big deal, but that doesn't stop guys from checking me out. I tried to obscure my bush with the frosted glass, but stuck one arm out to get the towel. I couldn't quite reach it, so Taka turned to look, his eyes drifting down from my bare breasts to my pussy. Despite myself, I was getting wet.

Suddenly, we heard a bang from the other room, startling us both. Taka finally handed me the towel. There was this awkward moment with him just standing there, ogling me, mouth agape, but someone was rumbling around in the other room, so Taka finally went to see what was going on.

I don't know why I was getting so excited. I don't really know Taka that well, just the stories I'd heard from Ryosuke. He has this earthy quality, a bit naive, and quite a good physique. I wiped my face, trying to calm down.

I eventually dried off, and grabbed the white happi jacket. Sometimes white material is kind of see-through, but this material was maybe thick enough. Still, there didn't seem to be any belt to go with it. I had to take the two corners at the front, and tie them across my tummy to get it to stay on. That left it wide open at the front. You could see my cleavage and most of my breasts. I tried to pull the two sides together, but even like that, you could tell I wasn't wearing a bra.

The white fundoshi, almost like a bed sheet but smaller, was even harder to figure out. The main part of it was a wide belt also made of cotton. I got that wrapped around my waist, and twisted it around till the loincloth part was at the front, but I couldn't figure out how to do up the strand that went between my legs. I pulled it through, and tried to tie it to the back of the belt, but it didn't seem long enough. Finally, Ryosuke called from the main room.

"Are you ready, Emi?"

"Um... no. Could you come here for a second?"

Ryosuke came right in. I turned my back to him, showing where the fundoshi part was supposed to tie on.

"Wow! You look great!" he beamed.

"I can't get this to tie up."

"I swear you have the most delicious ass," he smiled, patting me on my bare behind.

"I'm serious, Ryosuke. I can't get it to do up."

"Oh, I see. You're missing the rope part." He turned to show me his. The skin on his bottom was so white. The tan lines started way down his thighs. He pointed to this thick white ceremonial rope tied in a loop around the back. Mine didn't seem to have that part, so he went to look for it, leaving the curtain open. At least now my pussy was covered, so I came out, and pulled the curtain shut. Taka and Yuta were right there though, and kept glancing over this way, all excited apparently.

Ryosuke came back with the rope, and helped me tie it together. He ran his finger between my legs, tickling my yoohoo, getting me all horny. I swatted his hand. He pulled my belt way up, so the crotch was rubbing against my hello kitty. I tried to push it back down, but Ryosuke insisted that this was the way you wear it. I turned to examine my backside in the mirror, but the cross piece had disappeared between my butt cheeks, making it look like I was naked.

"I don't know, Ryosuke..."

"Here, let's ask Taka." He pulled open the curtain, and called him over. "How does she look?"

To hide my bare bottom at least, I turned to face them. The flap of my loincloth was wide enough that it almost covered my bush, but the bikini part was so small I worried they might be able to see my pubic hair. To make matters worse, the material was caught in my cooch, rubbing against my hello kitty. I felt so horny.

"Where's the headband?" Taka asked more soberly. I turned away to get it, but when I turned back, they were all staring down at my bare behind. My face was all hot. I tied the headband on. I tried to pretend like there was nothing strange about my walking around with my bare bottom showing like this, but clearly it wasn't normal. I don't know why I let Ryosuke talk me into this.

Ryosuke was anxious to get going, so we packed up, and got ready to leave. I hadn't brought any zori (sandals with a split toe), so I just put my sneakers back on. I felt really self-conscious. Once we were out on the street, people kept turning to look at my bottom. I tried to hide behind Ryosuke, but he was just as fascinated by my behind as everyone else.

Eventually, we got to the shrine. There were all kinds of people there, mostly guys. There were some women there, but most of them were dressed in yukata or western clothes.

Ryosuke found his dad and his younger brother, Keisuke. I'd met his dad once at Ryosuke's place, but I'd never met Keisuke before. He looks a bit like Ryosuke. They both seemed surprised. Hadn't Ryosuke told them I was coming? Or maybe they were just shocked by my outfit. Even Ryosuke's dad was gazing at me strange.

I stood there for a bit, but I didn't feel comfortable getting eye-banged, so I went looking for other women. I soon found Ryosuke's mom, dressed in a nice summery yukata. She was friendly. She offered to hold my purse for me, so I gave them to her. I wanted to talk more, but unfortunately, there were a bunch of other people she had to say hi to, so she wandered off, and I was on my own again.

It was then that I noticed this other girl. She was dressed like I was in a fundoshi, standing off near a group of guys. She was cute for sure—big black eyes, a puppy dog nose and a natural smile with two buck teeth at the front like a bunny rabbit. She looked pretty embarrassed too. I sidled up next to her, and said,

"Hi."

She looked at me for a sec, a bit skittish, but then looked down at the ground.

"Quite the festival," I noted, trying to be friendly. She nodded gravely without replying. Trying to hide I guess, she squatted down, so I squatted down next to her.

"Is this your first festival?" I asked.

She shook her head no, still not talking. I gestured toward the group of guys.

"Are those your friends?"

She pointed towards the leader of the mikoshi-bearers.

"That's my dad."

"Oh," I said, finally understanding how she'd gotten roped into this.

"Do you know Keisuke?" she asked suddenly.

"Uh, yes," I answered, surprised. "How do you...?"

"He's in my class in university." Suddenly, I remembered their school year started in April. She and Keisuke must be freshmen, 18 or 19 years old.

"Oh wow! What's he like?" I asked, curious.

"I don't know. He's smart I guess. I don't really know him that well. Where do you know him from?"

"Um, I know his brother, Ryosuke."

"Is Ryosuke your boyfriend?"

I laughed. Smart girl.

"Yeah, he is. My name's Emi."

"Miori. Nice to meet you," she blushed.

"Yeah, you too."

We continued to squat there, hiding from all the people who'd been staring at us.

"Um, I have a question," I finally went on.

She looked at me curiously.

"Is this done up right?" I asked showing her the knot at the back of my fundoshi. It felt like it was going to come loose. She peered over at my backside obviously a bit embarrassed.

"I'm not sure. My dad helped me."

"Your dad?" I said, shocked a bit. Miori stood up, and showed me hers. Her friends immediately turned to look at her, fascinated. Miori's behind was quite soft-looking, like a juicy ripe peach. Her father had tied her belt quite high, so she looked naked too. Ryosuke caught sight of us, and came over.

"Who's this?"

"This is Miori. She's the daughter of the leader."

"No kidding. Old man Tanaka's daughter. He runs that kimono shop in Naka-okachimachi, doesn't he?"

Miori nodded shyly. Despite her skittishness, there was a fire burning in her eyes. It could be just embarrassment from having to dress like this, but I wondered if she was turned on. Soon her dad called us to gather around.

"See you later?" I called to Miori, as Ryosuke dragged me off to join Taka and them.

Before we volunteers could carry the mikoshi, we had to be purified. The shrine attendants came out with hoses, and they asked us to stay still while they sprayed us. In the hot weather, the water was refreshing, but one guy kept pointing the stream at my chest, blowing the sides of my happi apart. I tried to pull them back together, but the wet cotton was sticking to my skin, so you could see my breasts, nipples, everything. I tried to pretend like it was no big deal, but all the guys around me were going gaga. It was hard not to get excited.

Once they were done spraying, I tried to shake out the water, but you could still see my headlights clear as day. The other mikoshi-bearers were polite enough, but guys in the crowd kept pointing at me, laughing. I felt so embarrassed.

Next, Mr. Tanaka showed us how to pick up the omikoshi, and carry it on our shoulders. I got in line behind Taka in front of Ryosuke hoping they could protect me. I actually wanted to get changed, cover up, but it was a bit late for that now.

Anyway, soon the procession headed out. Once we got going, it was obvious that they didn't need my help carrying the omikoshi, so I went, and found Miori. Miori wasn't as wet as I was, so she still had some semblance of modesty, but even so, she looked pretty embarrassed. I was so near naked I'd almost given up on trying to cover up. I did my best to ignore all the cat-calls, but guys were jostling each other trying to get a better look at me and Miori.

Once we turned on to the main street, there were even more people. Some guys had their cameras out, and were taking pictures. I tried not to let them snap my face, but everywhere I turned, there seemed to be someone. It was impossible to hide completely.

Eventually, we made it to the otabisho. I felt thirsty, so Miori and I went to find a convenience store. Three university age guys started following us though, and came into the shop after us.

"Hey there, pretty ladies. Buy you a drink?" one offered.

"You're so hot!" another exclaimed. In Japanese, we call these guys nampa, pickup artists on the prowl. We quickly bought drinks, and tried to get away from them. The guys kept following us though, grinning wolfishly, and elbowing each other. Eventually, we made it back to where Ryosuke and Taka were, and these other guys kept their distance.

Ryosuke clearly appreciated my outfit, but actually, both he and Taka seemed quite taken with Miori as well. She looked mortified, but that didn't stop guys from drooling at the sight of her bare behind. She does have quite a sexy body.

Eventually, the entertainment ended, and Mr. Tanaka signaled for us to get the omikoshi. Just then, I noticed that my fundoshi was coming undone. I pulled Miori off to the side, and showed her.

"Where's your rope?" she asked.

"I don't know. Did it fall off?" I gasped panicking. I tried to hold the remaining parts together, while Miori looked for my rope. We finally spotted it on the ground over towards where the university boys were standing. They spotted it too. I went to go for it, but in my rush, I lost my grip on the crotch part of my fundoshi. It fell down, and now I really was bare-ass in the middle of this huge crowd. I leaned down to grab the thong, but the guys behind us were killing themselves laughing at me. Luckily, Miori managed to get my rope, and then led me off away from the crowd, so we could fix it.

We nipped into this courtyard. I stood there facing the street, while Miori kneeled down behind me, trying to get all the pieces back together. I was so nervous, so embarrassed. Who designed these stupid things anyway. Eventually, she got it tied back up, but lifted my belt way up, the way her dad must have done for her. I don't think she did it on purpose, but it was rubbing against my hello kitty again, getting me all excited. I fooled with it a bit, but I didn't want it to come undone, so I ended up leaving it like that.

"How's yours?" I asked. She showed me. She does have the cutest behind. The fundoshi was maybe a bit loose, but I didn't want to wreck it, so I let it be. When we came back out, the procession had moved on, so we had to run to catch up. The university boys spotted us, but we eventually found Ryosuke. He made space for us to join. He kept making goo-goo eyes down at Miori's behind, so I swatted him to get him to stop.

The procession slowly turned into this busy intersection. I thought we'd given the nampa boys the slip, but the procession got stuck, and they found us. Trying to fix my happi now, I undid the knot. I didn't really mean to, but when I pulled the lapels apart, I think some people might have seen my breasts. Ryosuke winked at me, thinking I was flashing him on purpose. I tied it back up, as quick as I could.

Eventually, the procession started moving again. I couldn't see our pursuers, so I came out from under the omikoshi, looking for them. Luckily, I think we lost them in the crowd.

The drumming picked up, as the crowd cheered us on. Some of the guys carrying the omikoshi had taken off their happi, and were dancing almost naked. This one guy came up to me, and beat his chest. I giggled nervously, but soon he ran off somewhere else.

When we finally got back to the shrine, Miori invited Ryosuke and me to come inside for something to eat. I got my purse from Ryosuke's mom, and stuffed it down the front of my happi. Keisuke left early, but Miori was off changing, so she missed saying goodbye to him. I wanted to change too, but my clothes were still back at Taka's.

We went into the shrine. A lot of the mikoshi-bearers had changed into their street clothes. I was one of the few who were still half naked. Some guys who passed 'accidentally' brushed up against my bare bottom. Miori came back in a formal skirt and blouse, so I looked even more out of place. She had to go, but we linked up on Line, and agreed to stay in touch.

Ryosuke and I kneeled down around the low table, and had some yakitori and bacon asparagus. Guys kept coming up behind me though, staring at my bottom. We tried to find Taka, but apparently, he was taking Yuta home. Ryosuke could tell I was uncomfortable, so he took me out back to the garden away from all the people.

The garden was quite beautiful. There was a pond with a bridge over it and a stone path around the edge lit by lanterns. We walked down to the far end, away from the hubbub of the party, and stood in the shade of the trees, looking up at the stars. It was a lovely warm night out.

"So how'd you like it?" Ryosuke asked.

"Um, it was OK," I shrugged.

"You seem to have survived."

I looked down at my fundoshi, and laughed nervously, still a bit embarrassed.

"How did my knot work out?" he asked.

"It came undone," I grimaced, showing him. He kneeled down, ostensibly to fix it, but started undoing it instead.

"Hey!" I objected. He just told me to shush, and pulled the knot undone. "Ryosuke!"

Across the garden, I could still see all these people sitting on the tatami eating in the main building. We were kind of hidden in the shade of the trees, but there were lanterns here and there lighting up the dark. I covered my bush with my hand, really nervous, but Ryosuke pulled it aside making me show him. He reached up, and squeezed my tits, so I knelt down trying to hide.

"Hey! Cut that out. They're right there."

I think Ryosuke's parents and brother had gone home, but Mr. Tanaka was still here with his wife and a bunch of the mikoshi-bearers.

"They can't see us," he insisted. It was true that people weren't really looking over this way, but they weren't that far away. I looked down trying to get my fundoshi back, but instead, he pulled his own fundoshi down showing me his erect penis. Clearly, this was getting him plenty excited.

I thought the best way to calm him was to get him off as quickly as possible. I motioned for him to stand back up, and then took his penis in my hands, gently tugging on it in rhythm to the drums. He did look like he might come. I was so embarrassed, kneeling here naked, but I teased his prick with my tongue, while trying to hide what we were doing from the people back in the temple. I wrapped my lips around his member, sliding up and down the length of it, getting him all wet with my saliva. This is not as easy as it looks. You have to be careful not to choke, but luckily, he was so excited he came pretty easily. Just as he was about to blow, I pulled away, but he ended up spewing cum on my face.

I was still excited myself, but I didn't think we could get away with having sex right there. I washed my face and my hands with water from the pond. I scrambled to pull on my fundoshi before someone came out. I was shaking so it was hard to get it wrapped the right way. Ryosuke did up his own fundoshi, and then came to help with mine. He looked grateful for my efforts.

Just as I was getting straightened up, Taka came out, and found us. I'm sure he must have suspected. It was so lucky we didn't get caught.

Taka drove us back to his place. I had a shower, and tried to settle back down, but to tell you the truth, I kind of wanted to go somewhere, and do it for real. Ah well. Maybe next time.

Emi Tsuruta