**At a Music Festival**

by[EmiTsuruta](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=80688&page=submissions)©

When I was in third year at Oceanview U., my boyfriend Ryosuke and I 'broke up,' but even after that, we kept on seeing each other. To be honest, I was still a little angry at him, but it seemed like he wanted to get back together, so I was doing my best to get past that, and get back to the way we used to be.  
  
One night at the beginning of the summer, Ryosuke suggested we go back to Hernando's, the pub in Oceanview with the bare-as-you-dare contest. It was one of the places we used to hang, and I did know a lot of people there. Our friend Sven was there, Mr. Party himself, the tall blonde guy with wide shoulders. Sven was all excited to see us actually. There was this big electronic dance music festival coming up, and he was looking for people to go with.  
  
It did sound like fun. It was going to be in a big outdoor park not far from Oceanview on a grassy peninsula that juts out into the Pacific. According to Sven, all these famous bands and DJs were coming. I don't know that much about music, but I'd met a couple of Japanese DJs at the Japanese Student Union. One of them had tried to teach me the difference between house, techno, trance and all that, so I'd been listening to some of the music. It does have a glittery good time feel to it.  
  
Ryosuke was keen, and these two other guys Margas and Gus had already told Sven they'd come. Margas looks East Indian, but I swear he is always on the make, hitting on me or almost any other girl he comes into contact with. I don't know how successful he is, but one girl I know says he is attentive if nothing else. Gus is tall, slim, from a small town in Kansas or somewhere, so he's a bit more countrified, but he seems like an OK guy I guess.  
  
I wanted some girls to go, so I wouldn't be the only one. My best friend Satomi begged off, saying she had some big assignment coming up. Asuna was doing her own thing, and Debbie didn't really say anything when I told her about it. Sven used to bring a girl with him when we went clubbing, but she was away, so it ended up being just me and the four guys - Ryosuke, Sven, Margas and Gus.  
  
Anyway, the day of the concert soon rolled around. My host family, Loretta, and them weren't home, so I put on some EDM to get into the spirit while I got ready. It was warm and sunny, so I dressed light: sandals, sunglasses, cream-colored cargo shorts, a red bandana on my head tied like a hat, and this yellow and green crop top with a picture of the sun on the front. I wore a white lace bra, but no panties. Looking back, I guess I should have worn some panties, but it was hot out, and I didn't think it would be an issue. I have to admit it is a bit of a buzz wandering around with no panties on. It makes me feel sexy even if people can't tell.  
  
Anyway, just as I rubbed on sun block, I heard the door bell ring. It was Ryosuke. He smiled when he saw my outfit, and gave me a kiss. (OK, so maybe we're not that broken up). I grabbed my purse, locked the door, and scurried down to Gus' car which was parked in the driveway. Sven was sitting in the front next to Gus, and Margas was in the back. Single or not, I think all of them were pretty happy to have me there, the one girl in their posse of guys.  
  
On the ride there, Sven told us what bands were coming. I don't really know the names - Sergeant Laser? Chimney Smokers? David Ghetto? Anyway, famous people like that.  
  
The festival grounds were great - this big park with green grass and picturesque trees. Everyone there seemed to be in such a good mood, dancing, drinking, cheering on the bands. I felt it too. Soon we were all clapping our hands, humming along to the tunes they were playing.  
  
There was more than one stage, so you could wander from band shell to band shell checking out the different bands. For the first little while, we just roamed around, listening to the bands, trying to decide which one we liked best. The music was cool - electro house, progressive house, "dirty Dutch bangers," Sven told us. We found this one band who were really playing up a storm. Everyone in the audience was on their feet, hands in the air, bouncing around, really getting into it. Margas went into the crowd trying to see, and we followed. I started dancing, and Sven joined in, rotating his biceps like a Chippendale stripper.  
  
I was kind of hoping Ryosuke would watch me dance, but something else had caught his eye. I followed his gaze to see what it was. It seemed like he was checking out these three girls standing up in the bleachers to our right. Two of them looked Asian. They were wearing crop tops like me, but the American girl, a big brunette, had on a black camisole. Some of the other guys seemed to be looking at them too, making me curious as to why.  
  
Then she did it. The American girl squealed, and pulled up her camisole, flashing her breasts at the band! I was so shocked! She had quite large breasts, and she seemed to get a kick out of showing them off. At first, I was surprised because there were, like, thousands of people around, but the girl herself seemed pretty happy. I soon realized there were other girls flashing their breasts too. It seemed to be a thing... with this band maybe... or at the festival generally? I guess the singer was kind of sexy - spiky hair, pasty skin, Goth-like, but with a certain raw appeal.  
  
Ryosuke noticed me gawking at the girls, and grinned, motioning that I should flash my breasts too. I had mixed feelings. I guess it was no big deal - a lot of girls were doing it - but it would be kind of embarrassing to flash with Sven, Margas and them looking on. Maybe Sven would be OK, but Margas was always talking about my body even as it was. It's nice that he thinks I'm sexy, but if I flash, he might get the wrong idea, thinking I'm easy or something.  
  
Ryosuke kept nudging me though, so I reached up inside my crop top trying to figure out how this would work. My bra was actually pretty tight, so I didn't know if I could pull it up without undoing it. I found the straps, but they were pretty snug. I looked around wondering if I should risk undoing my bra right here with all these people looking on.  
  
Sven was looking at the stage, but there was a faint smile on his lips. Had he overheard? Gus and Margas were gazing off in the other direction, probably at some girl. I kept on dancing, but slowly, moved my hands around to my back, reaching up for the hook in my bra strap. That particular bra is kind of hard to undo, so I struggled with it, but finally got it open. I squatted down, still trying to do this without setting people off, but Ryosuke was beaming by then, all excited that I was actually going to do it.  
  
I hid behind Ryosuke, and pulled my arms into the crop top sleeves, so I could get the bra straps off my shoulders. I slipped out of my bra, and stuffed it in my bag, but Sven was looking at me now, perhaps having guessed what I was up to. The cotton of my crop top was thick enough that I don't think you could see my nipples, but Sven looked pretty surprised that I'd ditched my bra.  
  
I just stood there for a while waiting for Sven to stop looking at me. He eventually clued in that I didn't want him to watch, so he turned away, still dancing. Seizing my chance, I yelled out,  
  
"Woohoo!" and lifted my top exposing my breasts. It felt good actually to be free of my tight top. The sun was so warm that day, and the breeze licking at my boobies felt delicious. Some guys turned this way, obviously delighted, but actually, people didn't seem as surprised as you might expect. I mean Ryosuke looked pretty tickled, and Sven had turned back this way, but Margas hadn't even noticed! Pretty soon, some of these other guys started nudging their friends to look at me, so I covered back up. Ryosuke smiled, and whispered,  
  
"Nice one!"  
  
I blushed, a bit embarrassed. Word was spreading as more and more guys started pointing me out.  
  
That particular band wrapped up their set too soon. I was all revved up now, vaguely thinking of flashing again, but they were done before I could. I felt a bit torn, embarrassed, but charged up and hungry, anxious for more.  
  
Sven led us off in search of another band. I don't think Margas nor Gus saw when I flashed, but they were glancing around, aware that something had happened. Ryosuke pulled me closer, giving me a warm hug for my bravery. I was glad he liked it.  
  
As we walked around, hunky guys and cute girls would smile at us. I kept wondering if they'd seen me flash, but probably they were just in a good mood, enjoying the festival.  
  
Margas tried to hit on some of the girls with cheesy pickup lines:  
  
"If I said you have a beautiful body, would you hold it against me?" but most of them would just laugh, and scoot away. Margas never took these things personally, and would just turn, and chase some other girl.  
  
Anyway, we wandered around some more, and eventually, found another band we liked. They were pretty hot too, electric. We pushed our way through the audience, trying to get closer to the stage this time.  
  
Once we'd found a decent spot, I noticed a girl being lifted up. At first, I thought they were trying to help her see, but once up, the girl would stretch out on this sea of hands letting everyone carry her.  
  
"Crowd surfing," Sven explained. I guess I'd seen this kind of thing in a video somewhere.  
  
Ryosuke looked over at me, and motioned that I should try. While it was true that I was kind of worked up, looking to do something, I didn't know if I should risk doing something so dangerous. My bra was still in my purse, and I hadn't even brought undies. Sven though was super keen.  
  
"Yeah, you've got to try!"  
  
I laughed, and tried to get them to stop, but Gus and Margas said they'd help. They all wanted me to try.  
  
Ryosuke took my purse, and Sven kneeled down to give me a boost up. I put my hand on his big shoulders, and soon up I went, floating above the crowd on this sea of hands. At first, it felt really weird. All these different guys had their hands on my back, my thighs, my ass. Even if they weren't trying to feel me up, it still felt kinky, like getting an all over body massage. I tried to stay calm, but it was kind of exciting.  
  
It was hard to balance though, and soon, I fell back down. I told them we should stop, but Sven and them all insisted that they were starting to get the hang of it, so Sven gave me a boost, and up I went. I threw my arms up in the air, joking around, pretending like I was flying. Soon, I felt someone tugging on my cargo shorts. I looked down, trying to see who was doing it, but in all the confusion, it was hard to tell. I don't think it was Ryosuke. There were some other guys not part of our group who had joined in to help, so maybe it was one of them.  
  
Pretty clearly though, someone was trying to get a hold of my shorts, and pull them down. I'd actually done my belt up pretty tight, but somehow, whoever it was had managed to get a grip on my waistband, and I could feel my shorts slipping. I yelled for them to stop, and reached down to pull my shorts back up, but it was kind of hard to balance, bobbing up and down on top of this sea of hands. I fell down, but Sven was all excited now. Before I could explain, he lifted me back up, and there I was again, stuck and vulnerable. Some of the guys must have been drunk or high, but most of them seemed pretty mellow. I was kind of confused - embarrassed and worried, but also excited by their touching me, despite myself.  
  
I struggled as best I could to maintain my dignity, but whoever it was finally got a grip on my belt, and somehow managed to yank my shorts way down. My butt cheeks popped out, and I squealed. I grabbed for the waistband, but some of them were rocking me up and down, making it hard for me to do much to stop them.  
  
The crowd swept me off in a new direction away from Ryosuke. As I came closer, new guys would reach out, and grab my ass, getting me even more horny. I was desperately trying to pull my shorts back up, but the belt was so tight they'd kind of got stuck half way down my ass. My waistband had fallen so low you could almost see my bush.  
  
Up on the stage, the band was still playing, but they'd noticed me, and were kind of peering over this way. While I struggled to pull my shorts up, some guy got a hold of my top, and started pulling that up too. I was flat out panicking by then. If I don't do something, they're going to strip me naked.  
  
Luckily though, the crowd wrenched me away from the ones who were grabbing my clothes, and I managed to slip back down to the ground. I pulled my shorts back up, and fixed my hair. All these guys were staring at me, with lust in their eyes, but I finally managed to pick my way through the crowd back to my group. Just as I came up, I heard Sven say to Ryosuke,   
  
"Emi is such a babe."  
  
I was pretty embarrassed, let me tell you, but Ryosuke seemed cool with all this, and obviously, Sven and them were getting a real kick out of it. Sven wanted to say something to me, but I hid behind Ryosuke, trying to conceal how horny I was. I'd better keep away from Sven and them before they try to lift me up again.  
  
Ryosuke did his best to shield me from the crowd, but it was clear that he was pretty horny too by this point. He kept touching me, trying to get me excited. I ended up coming around in front of him pretending like I wanted to focus on the band. Ryosuke put his arms around me from behind, rocking me back and forth to the music.  
  
Sven sidled up next to us. Sven doesn't usually hit on me the way Margas does, but he is very handsy. I think this is just his way of being friendly though, and not necessarily a way of starting something. He has a kind of straightforward honesty about him. He peered down curiously at my belt.  
  
"How do you undo that thing?" he asked. The band we were watching was playing a bouncy song. Everyone seemed to have calmed down, but I was still running a bit hot. I glanced back at Ryosuke, and then just to tease them, I showed him how my belt works.   
  
"You have to pull the end of the belt out of this loop here," I pointed, "and then, tighten the belt to get this prong out."  
  
Ryosuke chuckled, amused at my cheek. I was just joking of course, but Sven was up for it, and played along.  
  
"How do you do it again?" he grinned.  
  
I looked around to see who all else was watching. Margas and Gus were watching the band. There were a few other guys maybe still talking about me, but they looked harmless.  
  
I tugged on the tip of the belt, tightened it, and then undid it, trying to pretend like I was just adjusting it. Ryosuke and Sven were both gawking at me, surprised I guess that I seemed game for all this. I was half tempted to give them a peek at my pussy, but there was just too many people around. I undid the front button of my shorts, and then leaving the fly open, I got out a rubber band, and gathered up the hair on my head to make a ponytail.  
  
I knew that Ryosuke was probably too much of a gentleman to pull down my shorts, but I wasn't as sure about Sven. He'd done some surprising things before. I fiddled with my hair, and wiggled my hips, letting the fly slowly slide open. Ryosuke had straightened up, uneasy, but Sven licked his lips, grinning, nodding for me to show more.  
  
I didn't want to go overboard, so I finished fixing my hair, zipped up my fly, and did the button back up. I did up my belt again, but Sven was all excited now, and asked,  
  
"Can I try?"  
  
I looked back at Ryosuke. He looked incredulous, perhaps doubting that I or Sven would do anything with so many people around. Usually, I am pretty careful, but the song the band was playing now was quite energetic, almost as if they were egging us on.  
  
I knew I was playing with fire, but I was curious too. To tease them, I lifted my arms up, daring Sven to undo my belt. With exaggerated care, he pulled the tip from the loop, and then pulled my belt tight as I'd shown him. He got the belt undone at the first try, but instead of redoing it, he pulled it out of the loops in my shorts.  
  
"Heyyy!" I objected. Sven grinned, and stashed my belt away in his bag. I gave Ryosuke a peeved look, but he signaled for me to settle down, and watch the band. That was easier said than done. Without that belt to hold up my shorts, they slid down exposing more of the soft pink flesh of my hips. I looked around, but no one other than Sven seemed to have twigged yet. Eventually, I turned to listen to the band.  
  
A couple of songs later, the band started into this driving number that had the whole crowd up in arms, clapping and screaming. It must have been one of their hits. Sven waved his hand in front of my face, motioning that he wanted to lift me back up. I felt for my missing belt, worried, but Ryosuke just shrugged, pointing out that I was the one who'd let Sven take it from me.  
  
Before I could stop him, Sven took a hold of me, and lifted me up. Oh oh. This isn't good. I could still feel my shorts, but they were much looser than before. I pushed Sven, trying to get him to let me down, but he was all excited now, not listening.   
  
At first, the people below me were respectful, just holding me in the air as they had before. The music was really starting to pick up though. We could hear helicopter noises and sirens. The crowd was going wild. Sven tried to keep me near, but the guys next to us got a hold of me again, and were pulling me away. Sven grabbed at my ankle to try to get me back, but he lost his grip, and I got swept away. I covered my mouth praying these guys wouldn't notice my missing belt, but it didn't take long before some bright light started grabbing at my shorts again. Panicking, I folded in two, managing to slip between them, and fall to the ground.  
  
They were all kind of glaring at me now, maybe even suspecting that I had no underwear on. I did manage to slip through getting back to Ryosuke and them. Sven smiled, seemingly satisfied, but Margas and Gus stepped in now, and lifted me back up.  
  
The music was really moving now. I tried to go limp, and slip down again, but whoever it was this time was wise to my tricks, and held me up high. Caught up in the frenzy, someone got a hold of my shorts, and started yanking them down. I held on to them as best I could, but without my belt, it was hopeless. Down they slid, exposing ever more of my bare buttocks to the madding crowd.  
  
I thought the song was going to end, but the band had gone into some kind of extended jam, almost as if they wanted to see what would happen to me. The singer was really singing his heart out,  
  
"I want to feel the changes ... turn me in ... Now is my time!" The guitars and bass were growling so deep it sounded like thunder.  
  
One of the guys got hold of my wrists, and pulled my hands away from my shorts, making me let go. I looked on as other hands dove in, yanking on my shorts pulling them down. By sheer dumb luck, the waistband got caught on my pubic mound. I think people could see my butt cheeks. I could definitely feel hands on my butt, but my shorts were still on, hanging by a thread. The tension was incredible. It was like everyone was watching me. I felt so embarrassed.  
  
In the end, it was hopeless. Frustrated at not being able to strip me, one guy reached up and around undoing the button on my cargo shorts. I desperately tried to wrench my hands free, but I was too late. Whoever had my shorts gave them a strong yank, and down they went. I gazed down in horror, as my fluffy black bush popped into view. The crowd let out a roar, shocked to finally see me naked.  
  
Honestly, I was livid with anger. I was so shocked that these guys I don't even know had stripped off my shorts, and were now holding me up for all to see. It was hard not to get excited though with all these guys caressing my body, fondling my rear. I turned to look for Ryosuke, but I'd drifted quite far from them. I tried to spot where my shorts had got to, but now some of the guys were pulling up my crop top exposing my breasts. I tried to focus, but it was all too much. I was starting to lose it, too excited to think straight. I arched my back, trying to keep from coming. I think some guys might have been trying to help me, in particular this one big African American security guard who'd waded in, but stray fingers kept brushing against my pussy, sending my feelings spiraling upward again.

A strange hush fell over the crowd now that I was naked. Maybe some people thought I was part of the show, or were too drunk or stoned to care, but once the security guard started barking at the guys to let me down, I think some of the guys started to realize they'd gone too far. I was wriggling all about, trying to break free, to keep hold of my crop top at least, but whoever had a hold of it wouldn't let go. I didn't want my top to rip, so I finally raised my arms, letting the guy strip it off me. The crowd gasped as I was stripped naked save my sandals, but some of the guys finally took pity, and lowered me to the grass.  
  
The security guy squatted down, asking,  
  
"Are you alright, miss?" He took off his jacket, and draped it around my shoulders.  
  
"Yeah, I'm OK. Where are my clothes?" The security jacket was largish, but the cold plastic felt weird on my bare skin, and it didn't look like it was long enough to cover my pussy or bare behind. Guys were still swarming around trying to get a look at me.  
  
Ryosuke and Sven finally made it over to where I was. Ryosuke looked annoyed, and Sven, apologetic, but both of them had hard ons. I guess it was kind of exciting to be out here naked with all these strange guys looking on. I asked the two of them to go find my clothes.  
  
Margas and Gus showed up next. Margas looked pretty happy. He'd been hitting on me since the Halloween party at least, and he was clearly quite pleased to see me naked. He wasn't the only one either. A lot of guys were milling around, high-fiving one other.  
  
Ryosuke eventually came back with my shorts. The security guard gave me his hand helping me to my feet. His jacket was indeed too short. There were grass stains on my ass cheeks. I swatted at them, and soon Ryosuke joined in swatting me on the rear as well. Sven half shut his eyes, embarrassed for us, but Margas crowded in, anxious to help too.  
  
"Are you alright?" Ryosuke asked, more kind now.  
  
"Yeah, I'm OK," I told him, shivering. I tried to shake the dirt off my shorts, but Margas kept brushing up against my rear, trying to make out like he was being pushed from behind. The security guard gave Margas a stern look, and he backed away.  
  
The song ended, and a huge roar of applause went up. It was kind of exciting, being right here in the center of this cheering crowd. One guy behind me praised my,  
  
"Sweet ass!"  
  
I glanced back at him, but by this point, it was more my fault for continuing to lounge around out here naked. I finally stepped into my shorts. I wasn't sure which way to face, so I turned my back to the security guard letting him see my bottom. He was a gentleman though, trying to get the crowd to give me some space.  
  
Sven eventually showed up with my crop top. The security guard offered to take us back to the guard station, but I told him I'd be OK. It was embarrassing being out here dressed like this, but I felt safe with Ryosuke, Sven and the guard sheltering me.  
  
I let the guard hold my jacket, while I pulled my top back on over my head. The guys in front of me had these goofy looks on their faces from getting to ogle my tits, but at least, I was decent again.  
  
Some guy came up, and asked me to take a picture with him. He asked about the crowd surfing, so obviously he'd seen. I took a picture with him, but soon other people crowded in too. The guard eventually helped spirit us away from all these curious onlookers.  
  
Some guys followed us, so I asked Ryosuke if we could leave. Sven looked disappointed, but Gus agreed to drive us home.  
  
The car ride was weird. I sat in the back between Ryosuke and Margas. Margas kept peering over at my legs, no doubt remembering what I looked like naked. Gus dropped me at home first, but they all looked kind of sad to see me go. That was a really weird day all around.  
  
Emi Tsuruta