**At the Visa Office**

by Emi Tsuruta

My boyfriend Ryosuke had a day off coming up, so I was kind of looking forward to spending some time with him. My host mom Loretta and her kids were going out, so I was thinking I'd invite him over to our house, and we could hang out here.

That morning, after Loretta and her kids left, I came back upstairs, and had a shower. What should I wear today? I'd just come back from Japan, and I'd brought back some of my old clothes with me. Maybe I could try some of those.

When I finished my shower, I dried off, wrapped the towel around me, and tied it just to the left of my breasts. Back in my room, I looked through the clothes in my suitcase. One of the things I'd brought was the outfit I used to wear gym class - a white cotton t-shirt and these tight-fitting stretchy navy blue racing briefs - 'bloomers' we call them in Japanese.

Fashions in Japan are changing. Now, I think most girls don't wear bloomers anymore, but in my school at least, that was our official uniform for phys. ed. One reason bloomers went out of fashion is because they'd become almost unbelievably short. Mine would always get wedged up in the crack of my behind, leaving my butt cheeks showing. It was a bit annoying, but I didn't think it was that weird at the time. I mean guys would stare and stuff, but all the girls were wearing them. Now though apparently, some people are complaining, saying bloomers are indecent. Even so, girls who run in the olympics still wear them, and volleyball players. It's not that strange.

I took a closer look at the pair I'd brought. I think they were made by Asics, a Japanese company, but you can buy bloomers made by Adidas or Nike or Puma too. I wasn't sure if they would still fit, but I pulled them on. I don't think I've gained weight since high school, but for some reason, they seemed snugger than I remember. I got them half way up my thighs easy enough, but then I had to wiggle my bottom back and forth to get them all the way up.

I took off my towel, and took a look at myself in the mirror. They looked OK at the front, not much higher cut than some of my swimsuits, but at the back, they were still getting wedged up inside. I tried to pull the material down, but you could see large swaths of my butt cheeks.

I wasn't exactly satisfied, but I pulled on the t-shirt too just to see how the whole outfit looked. The t-shirt wasn't quite so bad. It was nice and soft stretchy cotton. It wasn't long enough to cover my rear though, and you could see my nipples through the material. I should probably put on a bra.

I was just about to take them off again when my cell phone rang.

"Emi, are you ready?" It was Ryosuke.

"Ready for what?"

"Don't you remember? We're supposed to go to L. A. to renew our visas. I have to do it today."

"Oh. That's right. I'd forgotten about that."

He had mentioned it, but I was so worked up about seeing him, I hadn't really put 2 and 2 together. Oh well. There go my plans for some quality time together.

"Anyway, just get all your papers ready - your passport and your permission letter from the college and bank statement and stuff. Oh, and I think we need two passport-sized photos."

"Oh heavens. I don't know if I have all that stuff!"

"Well, grab what you can. Mr. Francis is going to give us a ride to the station." Mr. Francis was Ryosuke's host dad here in Oceanview. "We'll be there in like fifteen minutes. There is a train at 11 o'clock. There is always a long line at the visa office, so we should get there early."

"Oh. OK. I'll try." I hung up the phone, and then quickly sifted through the papers in my desk. I think I saw an application form here somewhere. I found my passport soon enough, but I couldn't find the other stuff. Did the college even send me my letter yet?

I dumped all my papers out on my bed, and finally managed to find the college letter and my bank stuff. What am I going to do about the pictures? Maybe we can find a photo store on the way.

Just then, the doorbell rang. Oh no! I ran downstairs, and sure enough it was Ryosuke with Mr. Francis parked in our driveway.

"Are you ready? We've got to go," Ryosuke said, giving me a quick kiss on the cheek.

"Can you hold on? I've got to get changed."

Ryosuke looked down at my bloomers, not changing his expression.

"No. You look fine. Come on," he insisted. If I'd thought it through, I'm sure I would have realized that this wasn't an outfit to romp around outside in. Ryosuke was all in a rush though. He didn't want to keep Mr. Francis waiting.

"OK. Just let me get my stuff." I stuffed my papers in my backpack, and grabbed a light summer jacket. I pulled on a pair of runners, and dashed out to Mr. Francis's SUV.

"G'morning, Emi. How are you?" he chirped.

"Hi, Mr. Francis. Thanks for giving us a ride."

"My pleasure," he smiled. As I climbed into the van, I realized he'd taken off his sunglasses to get a better look at me. He's usually a complete gentleman, but even he had noticed that there was something not quite right about my outfit. He peered back at my bottom, perhaps a bit surprised even. I slid around behind the middle seats trying to hide. Drat! I really should have changed into something else, but it was a bit late for that now.

Ryosuke came, and sat next to me, eyeing my bare thighs. Mr. Francis kept asking me questions, so I had to slide over, out to where he could see.

"How's your dad doing?" he asked.

"Oh he's fine."

Mr. Francis noticed my nipples too right away. He looked like he wanted to say something, maybe warn me, but in the end, he held off. He did keep peering back at me as we drove along.

Eventually, we got to the train station. I thanked Mr. Francis for the ride. He smiled and nodded, but as soon as I got out, he peered down at my rear again. Do I really look that indecent? I tried to pull the material out, but it was wedged in pretty deep. The other people in front of the station were kind of looking over at me too, checking me out. Oh dear. What should I do?

Ryosuke found a photo booth, and we took some pictures for our applications. While I was waiting for Ryosuke to do his, a gentleman in a suit wandered by, and peered down at my behind. I tried to hide my face in my hair, but everywhere we went, people kept staring. I wondered if I should go buy some other clothes, but we didn't have time.

Eventually, the train came, and we got on. A lot of commuters travel to L. A., so the train was really crowded. I got stuck standing in the middle of one car, and the people behind me seemed flabbergasted by my insanely short shorts. I tried to hide behind Ryosuke, but he was just as excited as any of them. We were both so distracted that we almost missed our stop.

Once we got out of the station, we were right in the heart of L.A. Most people were dressed in suits or work dresses, so now I looked even more out of place. People kept turning to look at me as I walked around.

The visa office was in this big government building with marble floors and high ceilings. The clerk at the information desk gave us directions - left and then right down one of the halls.

Inside the office, there were a whole bunch of people sitting waiting their turn. The guys nearest us noticed me right away. I think they thought I was some kind of cosplay model in town for a convention or whatever. I tried to ignore them, and talked to the receptionist instead. She gave us each a number, and told us it would be like a three or four hour wait! Oh oh. That's not good.

There was such a strange atmosphere in the waiting room. It was almost all men I guess, so I really stood out like a sore thumb. People were bored from waiting I guess, but now that I was there, they finally had something to look at. When we wandered over their way, the guys would sit up straight, like they were hoping to talk to me. It was flattering I guess, but all the staring was kind of getting to me. Ryosuke suggested we go look for the cafeteria, so I dove at the chance.

While we were looking, we stumbled on this one corridor that was barricaded off with an 'under construction' banner across it.

"Hey! Let's check this out," Ryosuke smiled, hopping the barrier. I was kind of hungry, and worried about what he had in mind, but at least there seemed to be no people down here, just a bunch of closed doors and an empty hallway. Ryosuke pulled me into one of the alcoves, brushed the hair from my face, and gave me a kiss.

"You really do look gorgeous today," he whispered softly. I was happy he'd noticed. I gave him a shy grin, and kissed him back.

We wanted to kiss some more, but I could hear voices coming from the corridor. This was a major government building with people coming and going all the time. Ryosuke went to kiss me again, but this time, I turned away, motioning for him to listen. I could hear people, but I guess they were still off down the main hallway. Ryosuke tried to pull me closer again, but I broke free, and ran out across the hall to the other side.

"Iyada," I giggled. I think Ryosuke thought I was just teasing him, but I was legitimately worried that someone might come. We had seen some guys in suits earlier just in that main hallway. Ryosuke nipped across, and grabbed me again, this time by the waist so I couldn't get away. He paused though, waiting to hear if someone was coming.

If I'd been dressed differently, I think I could have talked him into behaving, but the problem was my outfit had got him all excited. He kept grabbing my behind, squeezing my butt cheeks, and pulling me into him. He did have quite an erection.

I think he knew though that we couldn't do it here. It was just way too dangerous. He wouldn't let go though. He pulled my shorts even deeper into the crack of my behind, and teased me with his finger, running it along my slit from over my shorts. I mean I wanted to do it too, but there was just no way we could do anything here. There might even be security cameras around watching.

I finally managed to break free from his grasp, and dashed across to an alcove on the other side. We both stood there, listening, not really sure where to go from here.

I peered out down the hall back towards where the barricade was. I motioned for Ryosuke to stay there, while I went to see if anyone was coming. With my shorts still wedged way up deep in my behind, I slowly tiptoed out, making it all the way to the barricade before I finally stopped. I could vaguely hear the murmur of voices from the visa office, and around the corner, I could see sunlight streaming in through the windows down the hall the other way.

Ryosuke was looking on, enjoying my antics, but he soon signaled for me to come back. And then, out of nowhere, I heard two voices, men, coming this way. I dashed all the way back, and hid in the alcove across from Ryosuke. Luckily, I don't think they saw me, but they must have heard me running, because they stopped talking.

"Hey, you there. You shouldn't be back there!" they called out. I was panicking, but Ryosuke stepped out, taking the blame. He went down to where they were, and I could hear them lecturing him. I held my breath, and waited. Eventually, the men's voices drifted away. Who knows what those men thought?

Ryosuke gave me the all clear signal, so I finally came out.

"That was close!" I whispered to him. Ryosuke still looked a bit worried, but eventually he settled down enough to laugh about it. We were pretty lucky.

We wandered around some more, and eventually, we found the cafeteria. We finally managed to get something to eat. I felt better after that.

By the time we got back to the visa office, even more people had come. There was no place to sit even. Not knowing what else to do, I went over, and stood by the windows. Only slowly did I realize everyone was staring at me again. My shorts were still wedged way up deep inside me, so it's no wonder they seemed shocked. I knew I should probably fix them, but I was so nervous I just stood there letting them look. It was so weird. It was like I couldn't help myself.

There were three kind of youngish guys with a blonde girl sitting just behind me. They looked Anglo, maybe returning Americans or Canadians or west Europeans trying to look American. The blonde was staring off into space, but these guys kept glancing over at me, checking out my assets. (Ahem). They didn't seem dangerous or anything, so I just relaxed, and let them look. I started singing this Beyonce song that popped into my head.

"Lately ... I don't know what's gotten into me... driving me crazy..."

The boys didn't really react at first, so just to amuse myself, I started imitating some of Beyonce's dance moves. I mimed taking off an imaginary fur coat, and waltzing over to where Ryosuke was, dancing around him.

"Tonight I'll be your naughty girl. ... I know you want my body ... I see you look me up and down," I sang. Ryosuke looked nervous. I tried to get him to dance with me, but he was too shy. I kept on singing and dancing around, until I finally realized that practically the whole room was staring at me now.

I felt embarrassed, so to get away from the staring, we moved away from the window around to the back. Eyes kind of followed me though everywhere I went. One of the three boys got up just so he could watch me, stare at my legs.

Eventually, someone got up leaving us seats. I kind of wanted to hide from all these people, but Ryosuke sat down on the far side, making me sit where everyone could see my bare thighs. I was feeling a bit vulnerable, so I leaned over, and put my head on Ryosuke's shoulder. I was trying not to attract attention, but I still felt a bit excited.

Eventually, one of the clerks called my number, and we went up to the counter. A murmur went through the crowd as I passed by, the girl with the practically bare behind. I tried to concentrate on what the clerk was saying, but all the staring was making me nervous. The clerk pointed to one of the blanks, and without thinking, I leaned forward to see what he was talking about. Some guys gasped though, thinking I was wiggling my ass at them on purpose. I definitely hadn't meant to. I did my best to ignore them, and focus on the clerk. He eventually told me my form was okay, and that I should sit down while he got my visa ready.

We went back, but someone had taken our seats, so we went outside to get something to drink. When I bent over to take a drink from the fountain, Ryosuke gave out a big laugh.

"What?" I exclaimed, surprised.

"That outfit! You look incredible," he explained, scratching.

I gave him a quick kiss, but we had to get back inside in case they called us. We went in, and stood at the back waiting to get a seat again. The three guys turned around to see where I'd got to. Nervous, I squatted down to tie my shoes, but I could see them craning their necks trying to see where I'd gone to.

Eventually, Ryosuke got called up to the counter, so I stay at the back trying to hide. A businessman-type turned to me as soon as Ryosuke walked away. He gave me this huge smile, and was trying to get me to laugh. He was kind of handsome and everything, but I didn't want to get Ryosuke mad, so I did my best to ignore him.

Ryosuke came back, and soon, they called me up again too. I finally got my new visa, and not long after Ryosuke got his too. We were both feeling pretty good, clear to stay here in the U.S. for another year.

Anyway, now that that was done, we had some time, but unfortunately, we had to head back to the train station if we wanted to get to Oceanview by nightfall.

"I wonder if we could find a love hotel," Ryosuke grinned. I guess they don't have those in the States, but it's this place where you can check in for just an hour or two, and have some fun. Neither of us knew where to look though, so we ended up just going to a coffee shop, and chatting there for a bit.

"You do look gorgeous today," Ryosuke told me. "You should wear that outfit more often."

I smiled. I was glad he liked it, but it had been a bit embarrassing wandering around like this all day.

Anyway, eventually, we headed back to the train station. There were a lot of commuters in their suits, and some of them stopped to check me out, but it wasn't as bad as earlier.

On the train, we managed to find a box seat, and curled up together nice and cozy for the ride back. That was a good day actually - a lot of good memories.