**Bikini Shopping with the Boys**

by Emi Tsuruta

One day, I headed over to my friend Satomi's dorm. The two of us go to Oceanview U. in a small beach resort town south of Los Angeles in California. Satomi was talking with Takuya and Hiro, two Japanese boys who were staying in the dorm for the summer. Satomi is a sweet girl and a dear friend, but she's always been a bit shy when it comes to boys. She seemed to be hitting it off with Hiro though, so I was happy about that.

Takuya and Hiro are both from Kansai in the western part of Japan. They are a couple of years younger than Satomi and I, but I find Takuya pretty funny. He's tall, wears horn rimmed glasses, and talks in this exaggerated formal way trying to get laughs. Hiro is much shorter, but he looks like a teen idol from one of those boy groups. He's not my type exactly, but he is soft on Satomi, and she seems to like him too.

"Hey. Do you girls want to go out sometime?" Takuya asked. I was a bit surprised. Both Takuya and Hiro are kind of young, and treat me like more of an older sister than girlfriend material. I did want to help Satomi get together with Hiro.

"Like where?" Satomi asked.

"How about the beach?" I suggested.

"The beach? Not again!" Satomi moaned. I often drag her to the beach, but we'd never been with the guys.

"Or maybe we could go shopping first," I singsonged. "I want to get a new swimsuit."

"We just bought new suits a few months ago," she complained.

"Yeah, but you never wear yours, and mine is a bit too..."

"Too what?" Takuya perked up. I was tempted to say 'indecent.' The suit I'd bought had an indented seam that runs along the crack of my yoohoo. I couldn't very well wear that in front of Takuya and Hiro. They already have the impression that I'm a bit of a 'bad' girl.

"Anyway, I want a new suit," I insisted.

"OK. When?" Hiro asked.

"Saturday."

The boys were game. I think Satomi didn't want them to see her in a bikini, but to my mind, she's just being silly. She has a great body - nice breasts, a slender waist, and a cute bottom. The guys would love it if she ever let them see.

Anyway, that Saturday, we got together, and headed for the mall. As we walked through, this girl called out,

"Takuya! Hiro! Over here."

The girl was Japanese, maybe 18 years old. She was a 'Ganguro,' a girl with a deep tan and dyed blonde hair. She had on bright pink lipstick, silver eye shadow and lots of mascara. She wore a tight-fitting bubblegum pink halter, hip hugger jeans and a low-slung gold belt. You don't see a lot of girls dressed like this in the States, but I'd seen it in Tokyo before. It was quite the trend at one point.

"Ooh, Yuuki. How's it going?" Takuya smiled.

Satomi didn't look so happy that they knew this girl. I guess we hadn't really seen them hanging around with other girls on campus.

"Who are your friends?" Yuuki asked, nodding towards Satomi and me.

"This is Satomi, and that's Emi. Satomi lives in our dorm on campus."

"Nice to meet you," Yuuki smiled, sticking out her hand for me to shake. I took it, surprised she was so friendly. Maybe she wasn't after Takuya or Hiro after all.

"Yuuki here runs her own store," Takuya explained, pointing to a cart in the middle of the plaza. It was mostly Japanese character goods: Hello Kitty, Sailor Moon and Hamtaro cell phone cases, purses or umbrellas. I'd seen similar things in other stores in San Diego or L.A. Japanese things seem to be coming into fashion. I was impressed by her drive. Here she was fresh out of high school and a businesswoman already.

"I don't actually run it," Yuuki informed us. "I just take care of it for Mr. Kishitani. He brings all the stuff over from Japan. Is there anything you are looking for?"

"Yeah, no, we came here to shop for bathing suits," I told her.

"Oh, I'm afraid I don't have any bathing suits. Maybe I could get Mr. Kishitani to order some. What kind are you looking for?"

Yuuki was quite the salesgirl. Guys who passed by would turn to look at her. I guess that's why she dressed in such a gaudy way. She was trying to attract customers.

"No, that's OK," I assured her. "I hear there's a new store in the mall."

"Bikini Typhoon!" she exclaimed. "Yeah, it's just down the way a little."

Takuya and Hiro kept talking with Yuuki, but I wanted to get moving, so I grabbed Satomi's sleeve, and signaled her we should go.

"Hey listen, guys. We're going on ahead."

Takuya paused for a second, but then finally told Yuuki,

"I guess we'd better go too. Anyway, nice to see you, Yuuki."

"Drop by anytime," she purred. Satomi seemed pretty jealous, but I think she was worrying about nothing. They didn't seem that close anyway.

"Are you guys shopping for anything?" I asked.

"No, not really. We just thought we'd hang with you," Takuya grinned. Satomi looked a bit anxious about the boys coming with us to the bikini store, but she kept that to herself.

We walked down a bit further, and found Bikini Typhoon. It turned out to be kind of a cool place. The salesclerk was an American woman in her thirties, and she said hi when we walked in. I really like their taste. The inside has done up in a Polynesian theme with these really brightly colored suits and pareos and Hawaiian music playing. It reminded me of when I lived in Honolulu.

"Can I help you?" the saleswoman asked us. Her name tag said Patricia.

"Some kind of one-piece maybe," Satomi murmured shyly. Takuya rolled his eyes. Most of the girls on the beach in Oceanview wear these skimpy little bikinis. Patricia did manage to find a couple of one-pieces for Satomi to try.

I looked to see what else they had. I was hoping to get a colorful suit: bright orange or lime green. They didn't have exactly what I was looking for, but I picked out a pink and yellow floral pattern one and another lavender one. There was another solid pink one that caught my eye, but it looked a bit on the skimpy side. Maybe I'd better save that one for another time.

I took the other two, and headed back to the fitting rooms. Takuya and Hiro had already followed Satomi to the back, and were lingering around outside her booth.

"Hey! Give the girl some privacy," I barked.

"What?" Satomi asked from behind the curtain.

"It's OK, Satomi. They're backing off."

Takuya and Hiro moved away briefly, but I think as soon as I went into my booth, they came back. The curtains on these booths were kind of flimsy, so I was worried they would see in. I tried to move away from the door, but there were full-length mirrors on the walls showing my reflection. No wonder those two were trying to peek. There was nowhere to hide.

"How are you getting along over there?" I called over to Satomi.

"I'm almost ready," she said cheerfully. It was good that she wasn't freaked out by the curtains. Maybe I'm overreacting. I hung the bikinis on the hook. The floral one had side ties, so I decided to try on the more conservative lavender one first. I glanced back out the opening, but I couldn't see the boys. I hope they're not peeking in on Satomi. Suddenly, Takuya's booming voice rang out.

"If either of you girls needs any help, I'd be glad to oblige. I work for Mizuno."

I couldn't help but laugh. Mizuno is the biggest maker of swimsuits in Japan.

"Oh really?" I teased. "You never mentioned that. When was this?"

"Oh, for a couple of years now. I'm in the ladies fitting department."

I laughed. He was a funny guy. I finally relaxed, and took off my shoes and socks.

"They taught me how to do up those little hooks at the back of the bra part," he went on. "There's a trick to it, you know."

I pulled my t-shirt off up over my head, and then undid the button on my jeans. I slid my pants down my legs, and stepped out of them, feeling a twinge of excitement, standing here in my undies.

"Would you like me to show you?" Takuya offered cheerfully.

"Mine's a one-piece," Satomi reminded us. "It doesn't have any hooks."

"Emi?" he said, peering in at me through the opening. I'd just taken off my bra, but I held it against my breasts until he backed away again. He was a cheeky little devil. I kept watching the opening as I pulled down my panties, and took them off. It felt so weird stripping naked knowing they were standing right there.

Suddenly, I heard Satomi's curtain open, and the two boys let out a whoop.

"Ooooh!"

I wanted to see too, so I pulled the curtain around my naked body, and stuck my head out the door. Satomi's swimsuit was more conservative than the ones I'd picked out, but it was cut fairly high up her legs. She kind of hid her hips with her hands, embarrassed. Patricia came back, and looked at Satomi.

"Do you have anything a little more...? I don't know..." Satomi blushed.

"A little less revealing?" Patricia said. "That's sort of the fashion now. It's supposed to make your legs look longer."

"Can I see the back?" I asked, still holding the curtain around my body. Satomi reluctantly turned around, and showed us. Satomi has fairly wide hips, and the swimsuit was hugging her pudgy rear quite snugly. Takuya and Hiro exchanged smiles.

"If you don't like the high cut legs, maybe you should try a bikini," I suggested. I'd been trying to get Satomi to buy a bikini for ages. She looked over at Hiro, and he nodded eagerly. Takuya looked over this way, peering over my shoulder into my fitting room. I suddenly realized he was staring at my bare bottom in the mirror. Oh my god!

"What's your swimsuit like, Emi?" he teased, knowing full well I wasn't wearing one.

"Han- han- hang on," I stammered. I pulled the curtain closed as fast as I could. My heart was pounding in my chest. I honestly hadn't meant to flash him. He just kind of peeked in when I wasn't paying attention. I was so embarrassed.

I wanted to change, but Takuya was still right here, trying to peek in on me.

"I can't very well change with you watching!" I fumed. He raised an eyebrow, trying to think up a witty retort, but ultimately, bowed his head, and backed away.

"Take your time," he quipped. It was hard to know what to make of Takuya. He knows I have a boyfriend, but he's always like this. I guess I'm not completely innocent. I'd teased him a few times too. He is such a joker it's hard to take him seriously. He reminds me of Ryosuke, my boyfriend.

Once Takuya backed off, I turned, and got the lavender bikini from its hanger. I quickly pulled on the bottoms and bra. The suit looked OK, but was a bit big for my liking. There's no point in showing it to the others. I stripped out of it, but by then, Satomi was back.

"Are you ready yet?" she asked me.

"Ju- ju- just a sec," I stammered, rushing to get the other bikini off its hanger. Before I knew it, she pulled my curtain back a little, peeking in. "Careful!" I cried. "Takuya's right there!"

Sure enough, Takuya crowded closer, getting yet another glimpse of my naked body. My senses went into overdrive at the shock.

"Ooops. Sorry. I didn't realize you were naked," Satomi blushed, pulling the curtain closed again. I was so annoyed. That's twice that Takuya's seen me naked. What does a girl have to do to get some privacy here? I sat down on the little stool, and breathed in deep.

Once I'd calmed down, I finally pulled on the pink and yellow flower bikini. It was a bit revealing, but not unreasonably so. I took another deep breath, and then went out to show them.

Takuya and Hiro broke out into wide grins. Satomi covered her mouth. I don't think the bikini was indecent or anything. Maybe they were just reacting to the long ties at the side and back.

"What? What's wrong?" I asked.

"You look..." Takuya started to say. I could tell he was going to say something rude, but held back at the last minute. Patricia came back, and asked,

"How is it?"

"I don't know. My friends don't like it," I told her. Takuya was about to correct me, but I'd had enough. I turned tail, and headed back into the fitting room. I felt a bit frustrated. I honestly wanted to buy a new swimsuit, but couldn't seem to find the right one. I took off the bikini top, pulled my t-shirt back on, and then took off the bottoms. Then I suddenly remembered the pink bikini I saw earlier.

"Satomi? Satomi?" I called out.

"I'm changing," she answered.

I peeked out. Takuya and Hiro were still here. I felt kind of naughty standing here with no bottoms on, but I don't think they could tell at first.

"Could one of you bring me that pink bikini over there from the far wall?" I asked.

They quickly scurried off, but Hiro brought back a different one.

"That's more of a cream color," I corrected him. Takuya brought another.

"No, that's peach. Pink is brighter, like bubblegum."

They didn't know their colors. I wanted to go get the suit, but I wasn't sure if I was decent or not. I glanced at my reflection in the mirror. I swear it looked like the hem of my t-shirt was long enough to cover everything. The two boys continued to point at suits.

"No, no, not that one. Not that one either." I began to wonder if they were doing it on purpose, pointing to every possible swimsuit except the one I wanted. I probably should have pulled my jeans on, but that seemed like a lot of bother. Patricia was off at the front, and Satomi still changing, so I cautiously stepped out, nervously fingering the hem hoping it was long enough.

I don't think Takuya nor Hiro noticed anything strange about my outfit at first, but I was starting to get all excited. The sensation of the air between my legs was driving me crazy. My hello kitty was getting all wet. The two of them were right here, and down the aisle, I could see tons of people walking by in the mall. I sure hope they can't tell I'm pantiless. I'd better make this quick.

I looked up at the wall trying to find the pink bikini. It was way up on one of the top hangers. If I went to lift my arm to point to it though, that would drag the hem of my t-shirt up, exposing my pussy. Takuya had already seen me naked, but I wasn't sure how Hiro would react, and there were also those people out in the mall.

I just stood there trying to get my feelings under control. I knew I shouldn't be out here dressed like this, but the devil inside my head was pushing me forward. Takuya and Hiro were looking at me expectantly, and I did want that suit. Not really sure what would happen, I slowly lifted my arm, and pointed at it. Takuya zeroed in on my pussy though instead. Hiro took a second longer. I was trying to get them to fetch the bikini, but they were too fascinated by my furry black bush. I felt this wave of embarrassment wash over me.

If I had any sense, I would have covered back up, but I was enjoying myself too much. Giddy at my own naughtiness, I strode over, and stretched way up on tiptoe trying to grab the suit's hanger. I could feel the air swirling all around my bare bottom, so I knew they could see. Hiro was so awestruck that he knocked over a clothes rack falling down on top of it with a horrible bang.

"Careful!" I warned, a bit too late. I wanted to see if he was alright, but the sound of the crash caused people out front to stop, and look over this way. Suddenly, all these people were staring down the aisle at me. I lowered my arms, and hid behind the shelves as quickly as I could, but my senses were on fire. Even Satomi called out from her fitting room,

"What happened?"

Hiro looked dazed of course, but he seemed fine.

"It's OK. It's nothing," I told her. I looked up longingly at that pink bikini.

"Takuya, can you just grab it?" I pleaded. "Quick before the people come. I can't reach."

Takuya was still standing there gawking, marveling that I'd flashed them. I glanced down the aisle wondering if I could grab it, but there were definitely people coming this way - two American guys and a girl from the look of it. With a heavy heart, I ran back to my fitting room to hide before I really get in trouble.

Through the curtain, I heard Patricia. I wanted to ask her to get down the pink bikini, but the three Americans were out there now, looking for me. I kept quiet waiting for the hubbub to die down.

Minutes passed. It sounded like things had calmed down, so I stuck my head out. Satomi was fully dressed, chatting with Hiro. Takuya had wandered off somewhere.

Now if I had any sense, I would have got back dressed too, but as I said, I was all excited. I pulled the hem of my t-shirt down over my pussy, and cautiously stepped back out. Hiro had his back to me, and Satomi was telling him some story. Down the aisle closer to the front of the store, I noticed they had some cute tank tops. I tiptoed down that way just to take a quick look. There was a smartly dressed Eurasian gentleman there looking at the t-shirts on a table. I felt quite nervous - all I had on was this t-shirt - but he seemed focused on shopping, so I edged a bit closer.

Takuya finally reappeared, but he was way off at the back of the store. He looked worried about me. I felt nervous too, wandering closer to the front in this too short t-shirt, but at least Takuya was here to help if I get in trouble.

Tempting fate, I moved in quite close to the Eurasian man, standing at the end of the table he was browsing at. He was ignoring me, trying not to get involved I guess. There was another man further off near the entrance, but he wasn't looking this way either. Takuya was behind me down the aisle, watching from afar.

Pretending to check the tank tops, I leaned forward, showing Takuya my bare bottom. Neither the Asian guy nor the guy with the shopping bags clued in. They were focused on shopping.

The Eurasian guy though was circling around this way, so I had to keep moving around the table, so he wouldn't see my bottom. I was kind of worried that the other guy would turn, and notice, but he was staring off towards the entrance as if he was waiting for someone.

The Eurasian guy wandered off. I was about to call it a day, when out of nowhere up pops one of the American guys from earlier. I'm pretty sure he was looking for me. I hastily pulled down the hem of my t-shirt, covering at least some of my butt cheeks. Takuya whistled for me to come back towards him, so I did as quickly as I could. Rugged guy looked at me as I tiptoed away, but he didn't follow.

"What are you doing?" Takuya scolded. I signaled my apologies, and dashed into the fitting room, finally pulling my undies and jeans back on. My heart was still pounding away, but it looked like I'd got away with all this silliness again.

The boys looked disappointed when I came back out dressed. Satomi had one of the bikinis in her hand.

"Are you getting that one?" I asked. It had a rather tame pattern, white lilies or something on a light blue background, but this was her first bikini, so that was progress.

"What about you? Aren't you getting one?" she asked.

"Maybe some other time." I pulled on my hat and sunglasses, hiding my face, hoping to slip outside unnoticed. The two boys and girl who'd seen me were just outside the store, so that was kind of scary. Once Satomi got her suit, I hid behind Takuya as we left, trying to avoid that threesome. We got out of there as fast as we could.

Anyway, I'll save the beach story for next time. I'll write again soon.