**Drum Show**

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

I was down on campus one day, when I bumped into Mark, the Japanese American boy I know from Oceanview U.'s Japanese Student Union. I don't really know him that well. I've just met him a few times at JSU, but he seemed happy to see me. He's really clean shaven with deep black eyes, and seems mild and kind of trustworthy as guys go.  
  
"Do you remember that Taiko show we did a while back?" he started. "They say we're on to do it again at the next football game." Five of us had done a Taiko (Japanese drum) performance for Orientation the year before.  
  
"Oh yeah. I remember Kazuo saying we might," I chirped. Kazuo was the president of the JSU, our leader. I know him even less than Mark, but he always seems to be smiling as if at some secret joke. He is quite the go-getter, though, always organizing things.  
  
"Are you going to join?" Mark asked.  
  
"Umm, I suppose." I'm not that good at drumming, but people must have enjoyed it if they were asking us back.   
  
"Come on, Emi. It'll be fun!"  
  
"Yeah, yeah, OK," I agreed, still a bit unsure. I didn't mind working with Mark. He seemed like a nice guy and everything, but in order to pull off a full Taiko show, we'd need to practice up again. Later, Kazuo gave me a call, brimming with energy, and invited us all to come in, so we could work out a plan.  
  
We met in the club room in Haldiman Hall. Ayumi and Tetsu were there too. I kind of like Ayumi. She's cute I guess with milky white skin and long hair which she has dyed brown. She has this pluckiness about her, more adult than some of us. Tetsu has spikey hair, a small face, and bugs out his eyes, but he's OK too. I think Kazuo is the only dangerous one, but he was dating Yuriko as far as we knew, so would probably be good. Yuriko wasn't there that day.  
  
Kazuo had found some Taiko songs on TV (Pirates of the Caribbean, Battleship Galactica?), and wanted to see if we could do these for our show. The songs were really cool sounding, but intricate. I didn't know if we could do them. Not only do you have to play the pattern, but you have to stand with your legs far apart, and hold the thick drumsticks up high before you hit, and also lift one foot before you switch to a new part. At first I found it hard to focus on my part with the others playing a different pattern. After we'd practiced a bit, it slowly started to come together. Tetsu can be a bit goofy at times, but he really gets into it with the kakegoe (yelps). When we finally got it going, it did sound good.  
  
After we finished, Kazuo said we could take the drums home to practice more. During the week, we'd meet up at night, and practice as a group.  
  
Anyway, one night after supper, I was at home, rushing around getting ready to head to practice. My drum was a bit big to carry, but my host mom Loretta had offered to give me a ride. I had a shower, pulled on a blue halter with black straps and an orange flared miniskirt, trying to think what else I needed. We had our taikotabi split-toe booties, fundoshi loin clothes and happi jackets from the last show, but we didn't wear them to practice. Drum, drum sticks, sheet music... hmm... As I rushed down the stairs, I suddenly remembered. A pair of undies! I had some in my purse. I'll pull them on in a sec I told myself.  
  
Loretta was still cooking when I came down, but she said her boyfriend Hank could drive me. I looked out, and sure enough there he was, out front in the dark, getting his van ready. I know I'm not supposed to notice these things, but he wears these sleeveless shirts, so it's hard not to stare at his biceps. He's a construction worker or something. I always wonder at how Loretta, mother of two, ended up with a hot younger guy like him. Loretta's a good-looking woman I guess, but even so...  
  
Anyway, no time for daydreaming. We had to get going, or else I'd be late. I picked up the huge drum, and carried it outside and down the driveway to Hank's van. I could feel the breeze on my pussy, but the feeling was kind of nice, refreshing, exhilarating even. I know I shouldn't, but sometimes I walk around commando just near the house.  
  
I lugged the drum around to the back of the van, but when I leaned forward to put it in, a gust of wind caught my skirt, blowing it up all over the place! I was so embarrassed. I could feel the breeze on my bare bottom. Hank was carrying stuff into the garage, so I don't think he saw, but, by the time I'd put the drum down, and fluffed my skirt back down, I noticed another man coming this way down the street! I held the skirt against my buttocks, my heart beating in my chest from the excitement.  
  
It was hard to see in the dark, but he had a red beard, so it had to be Mr. Holden, the father of Carter, a boy who plays street hockey in front of our house. I knew Carter, but I hadn't really talked with his father. When Carter was out playing, sometimes I'd see his dad out on their porch watching. I thought it was nice that he watched over his son.  
  
Mr. Holden seemed to be heading out, on his way to the store perhaps. A bit embarrassed, I ran back up the driveway to get my bag with my panties from the house. When I came back though, he'd stopped, a little ways off, rifling through his pockets looking for something. Had he caught sight of my bare behind when my skirt blew up? Oh dear. Maybe that's why he'd stopped!  
  
I pretended not to see him, but I could definitely feel his eyes on me. I slowly walked back to the van, all giddy, wondering what to do. My outfit was a bit sexy, not so strange if I'd been wearing panties, but the light material of my skirt did cause it to float up out here in the wind.  
  
Not sure what to do, I turned my back to him, opened the side door of the van, and slung my bag into the back seat. As I did though, the wind caught my skirt, making it billow up again. It took me a minute to free my hands, and by then it was too late. Even if he hadn't seen my bare bottom before, he definitely had now. Now what do I do? I probably should have pushed down my skirt, but I didn't want to let on that I knew he was there. I just kind of stood there, bracing myself, as the wind whipped up my skirt all over the place. I felt horribly exposed, but what could I do?  
  
Curious, I climbed into the van, and kneeled down on the seat peeking back to see what he was doing. Sure enough, he was right there staring at my behind! He looked kind of breathless, sticking out his tongue, and grinning, maybe delighted to find me here undressed like this. With me on all fours, he could probably see my pussy even. Oh no! Now what have I done? I should have pulled my panties on before coming out here.  
  
All confused now, I climbed back out of the car, and straightened up. The wind died down a little bit, but it continued to toy with my skirt. I needed to do something, but I was so excited I couldn't think straight. I scampered back toward the house, but Hank was back here somewhere. I didn't want to start him up, so I ended up coming back to the van. I shouldn't just stand here though flashing Mr. Holden. Hurry up, Hank! We have to go.  
  
The wind picked up again. Eventually, I couldn't take the embarrassment anymore. I let out a little squeal,  
  
"Kya!" I immediately covered my mouth, but Hank must have heard me. He stuck his head around the corner of the van, so I had to push my skirt back down before he saw me too.  
  
"Don't worry. Almost done," Hank smiled. Hank peered down at my skirt, but maybe he didn't get a good look. Phew! That was close!  
  
Mr. Holden, on the other hand, had such a goofy look on his face. I guess he didn't know quite what to make of my show, but seemed thankful anyway. My boyfriend Ryosuke says I have the 'cutest ass,' and it seemed like Mr. Holden liked it too. I felt like such a bad girl for flashing him thought. It was kind of funny seeing his reaction. I was getting all excited despite myself.  
  
I climbed into the back seat, getting up on all fours, looking for my smartphone. I knew that Mr. Holden could see my pussy, but I kind of wanted to see what he would do. He seemed a bit worried. About me catching him? Or our neighbors? I'm probably the one who would get in trouble here. I'd better settle down before I do something really silly.  
  
Eventually, Hank called out that he was ready to go. He came out, so I turned, and sat down covering up at last. The vinyl seat felt so weird on my bare butt cheeks. It was too bad we had to leave though. I was kind of having fun, teasing poor Mr. Holden. I watched him, as Hank pulled out, and we drove away. He seemed sad to see me go too.  
  
Once we were on the way, I did finally pull on my panties. I don't think Hank saw me change. He didn't say anything about it anyway.   
  
Our drum practice was a bit of a blur though. I was too worked up to focus. Mark and them were nice to me and everything, but my mind was on other things. Loretta herself came to pick me up after. I guess Hank must have gone home. Too bad.  
  
Eventually, the day of our big Taiko show rolled around. I packed my white taikotabi, white fundoshi and red and black happi this time. Loretta gave me a ride. Kazuo and Mark met us out back behind the stadium to help carry my drum. They were all excited babbling away about our big show. We'd practiced hard, and were more or less ready. Loretta wished me luck, and headed home.  
  
Kazuo gave me a wrist band to prove I was with the show. He had this wistful smile on his face, but didn't really say anything. I was pretty pumped too. This was our chance to shine, to show everyone what we could do. I was a bit in awe. I'd never been inside the football stadium before. They'd rebuilt the whole complex recently, so it was shiny new.  
  
Behind the stadium itself, there was a two-storey sports pavilion with offices and training rooms. It was all glass on the stadium side, so you got a panoramic view of the whole football field from inside. We could see hundreds of people in the stands, clapping and cheering, and these big football players playing on the field. You could feel the electricity in the air. This was it—the big game!  
  
"Wow! That's a lot of people!" I exclaimed, a bit intimidated.  
  
"It'll be fine," Kazuo assured me with his trademark charm. "I think we've got it down now. You'd better hurry, and get changed. It won't be long before we're up."  
  
Kazuo and Mark rushed off to take my drum out to the field, leaving me alone in the pavilion. 'Where are the change rooms?' I wondered. I found locker rooms marked 'home' and 'away,' but they were obviously for the players. I couldn't find a ladies room, so I left the pavilion, to check under the stands. A guard stopped me at the door, but I showed him my wrist band, and he let me through. There was a ladies room there, but that was for the spectators. There was a huge line up to get in, so I went back to the pavilion. Where is the cheerleaders' dressing room? They must have one, but I couldn't find it.  
  
I checked a bunch of locked doors, but ended up coming back to the main foyer with the big picture window looking out at the field. There was a small nook in front of these two locked doors, nestled away from view. Anxious to get going, I set down my bag, and fished out my happi, fundoshi and taikotabi. I wonder if I can change here. It was just off the foyer, but it was kind of tucked away. There didn't seem to be anyone in the pavilion. Most everyone was in the stadium watching the game.  
  
Hurrying, I unbuttoned my blouse, and took it off, pulling on my happi over my frilly white bra. This happi was a lot shorter than I remembered, hanging just a little below my waist. Happis have no buttons, so I needed an obi (belt) to tie it shut. My obi was still in my bag, so I just left the happi open for now, enjoying the feeling of the air on my bare tummy. I was already getting excited.  
  
I kicked off my shoes, unbuttoned my jeans, and took them off. My panties were too big to wear with my fundoshi. I looked around the foyer again, but since it seemed like no one was around, I took off my bra, panties and socks. I was more or less naked now except for the flimsy little happi. I stood there trembling, a bit in awe at being naked in such a public place. Soon, my daydreaming was interrupted by a male voice from behind.  
  
"Miss. Miss! Excuse me. What are you doing here?"  
  
A shiver ran up my spine. Keeping my back to him, I turned my head to see who it was. It was an American man in tracksuit, quite fit—maybe one of the football coaches.  
  
"Oh. I'm in the halftime show. I was just getting ready," I babbled, beside myself with embarrassment. I covered my pussy with my hand, but he peered down curiously at my bare bottom. "Is there a cheerleaders' change room here somewhere?" I asked.  
  
"Uh, yeah. They use the change rooms just over there," he explained, pointing. Even though I was naked, he didn't seem too fazed. He was scrunching up his mouth, puzzled I guess as to why I was changing right out in the open. "Didn't you get a key?" he asked, fishing out his own key chain. I was too dazed to reply, but he gestured not to worry. He motioned for me to follow. I couldn't very well walk naked out into the main foyer though. The front of the building was all glass, and there were hundreds of people out there in the stadium.  
  
"I have to get changed. We're on in a few minutes. Can you help me?" I pleaded turning towards him. He looked down at the hand I was covering my pussy with, but tried not to smile. He came back, and picked up my bag. I was actually a bit afraid as he came closer, but he motioned that he would shield me from the window. If I had any sense, I should have pulled my clothes back on, but I was so overwhelmed by the brazenness of what I was doing. I decided to trust him.  
  
As we stepped out into the sun, I stared out in wonder at the massive throng of people that had gathered here for the game. People could probably see me, but the bleachers were far enough away that I hoped they wouldn't be able to tell I was naked. Where are Mark and them? I peeked out at the crowd, but I had stay close to the coach, hiding behind him. I hope they're not watching.  
  
Anyway, we made it part way across the foyer, when the coach startled me by reaching over and grabbing my collar. I wondered what on earth he was doing—this flimsy little jacket was all I had on—but then he showed me that my collar had gotten folded up in a strange way. I lifted my arms to fix it myself, but there was this awkward silence while he stared down at my pussy. My hello kitty was tingling like crazy.  
  
Anyway, we eventually made it across to the door. He had to open it, so I had to come out from behind him. I kept my back to the window, letting them see my bare bottom, but I was really starting to lose it by then. The whole stadium could see me now. The first fore-shock of an orgasm rippled through my body. God. I hope my classmates aren't here—Brad, Luke, Roger, Ryan. They probably come to these games.  
  
Anyway, soon, the coach got the door open. I scampered inside, but when I went to close the door, the coach stopped me. He pulled the key off his chain, and held it out.  
  
"You can borrow this one." I reached out, and took it from him, wondering if he was just using this as an excuse to ogle me more. I was so relieved when he finally let me close the door.  
  
I was glad to be inside, away from prying eyes, but I couldn't calm down for the life of me. I had to get dressed though. I pulled out my fundoshi, and threaded it between my legs. I kind of got the fundoshi all wet from... well you know. Eventually, I got it tied on tight, but the belt was hanging awfully low on my hips. I pulled it up trying to hide my pubic hair at least.  
  
I took out the obi, wrapped it around my waist, and tied the two sides of the happi front shut. Last, I pulled on my taikotabi. I was still awfully horny, but anyway, I came back out, and went to look for Mark and them. I bumped into the same coach again on the way.  
  
"Hey! Nice outfit!" he called after me. I smiled meekly, and rushed away. The guard at the door peered down at my cleavage. This outfit is so embarrassing, but at least it's better than running around naked.  
  
When I came out into the bleachers, I found Kazuo and crew in the front row, drums all ready, waiting for the second quarter to end. Mark and Tetsu exchanged glances when they saw me. I tried to pull the happi shut to cover my breasts, but I couldn't get it stay. All three of them kept eyeing my behind or crotch, making me all nervous. Ayumi looked sexy too I thought, but they didn't really bother her.  
  
Eventually, the game broke for half time, and the two teams came off the field. Some of the crowd filed off to hit the washrooms or whatever, but we did hear some clapping and shouting as we walked out onto the field.  
  
Anyway, we started playing—the first part of the Pirates tune, 'Dinner is served.' I had my stance right, legs apart, arms above my head banging the drum, but this number is one of the harder ones. I have to hit the drum really hard to get the thundering sound, but as I swung my arms out, my tits kept swinging back and forth almost coming out of my top. I couldn't fix it either because I had to play. When the song was over, we did get some applause though which was nice.  
  
Next, we went into the rumble stop New Caprica riff. This one is a bit easier because it's just a regular rhythm repeated over and over, so I didn't have to move as much. It felt like my fundoshi felt was coming undone, so I stopped drumming for a moment just to make sure. Kazuo looked at me, but didn't say anything. I felt embarrassed, but went back to playing.  
  
Our last song was blipvert also from Battleship. It's also a repeating beat, and we finally managed to get it going at a lively clip. A hush fell over the audience, and people started coming back into the stadium to watch. Right at the end, we got a big round of applause.  
  
The five of us gathered in a line, and held hands as we made our bows. When I leaned forward, my breasts did come out of my happi! I couldn't even cover them because Kazuo and Mark were holding my hands. A roar of cheers went up in the crowd. I hope it was because of our play, and not because of my breasts, although I guess it was a bit of both.  
  
Anyway, the second half was about to start, so we had to roll our drums off the field. I made it into the stands alright, but then one of my T.A.'s, Ernie found me, and he was all excited.  
  
"Wow, Emi! You were great!"  
  
I was glad he'd enjoyed the show, but felt so embarrassed.  
  
"No, we kind of muffed the second song," I complained. Without thinking, I shook my head to get my hair out of my eyes, but this just made my breasts pop back out. Ernie looked pretty pleased though let me tell you. He's quite a few years older than me, but I think he might have a thing for me.  
  
"No. It was spectacular. I loved it," Ernie gushed, his eyes gleaming. Ayumi came up behind me, her eyes flashing too, whispering that,  
  
"Your yoohoo is showing!" Ayumi is not really the kind of girl to joke, so I panicked. My belt was hanging a bit low, but as far as I could tell, it was still tied on and everything. Ernie and all these other guys were staring at me. Who knows what they could see?  
  
Ayumi tried to pull my belt up, but this just attracted more attention. I apologized to Ernie, and backed away, heading with Ayumi to the pavilion.  
  
The security guard grinned when he saw us, and let us through. I was expecting there to be more privacy in the pavilion, but the players were here now getting ready to go back out. I needed to get to the change room though, so I plunged into the group of them, a bit in awe of their size. Some them turned to look at us as we threaded our way though. I was so glad when I finally made it back to the locker room, and got inside.  
  
"Emi! Sorry about that. I was just trying to help," Ayumi apologized.  
  
"That's okay. I knew it might be on wrong."

"I was just so flustered, with all those guys crowding around."  
  
"Some of those football players are kind of hunky though, aren't they?" I smiled. Ayumi didn't answer. I'm sure she must have a boyfriend, a girl as cute as her, but we haven't really talked about those kind of things. That was quite a night.  
  
Emi Tsuruta