**Going Commando**

by Emi Tsuruta

One morning, I woke up to see it was almost 9:20. Oh no! I have a 10 o'clock class. I'm never going to make it. The house was quiet so my host mom, Loretta, and her kids must have already left. I bounded downstairs, grabbed some bread and milk from the fridge gulping it down as I ran back up. I stripped off my nightie, and dove into the shower. Oh yeah! I want to go swimming today if I have time. I dried myself off, and pulled on my bikini, so I wouldn't have to waste time changing later. Over top of that, I pulled on a white blouse and pleated navy blue mini-skirt, and stuffed my books into my backpack. Do I have everything? Hmm. Soap, a towel, shampoo, sun block, my sunglasses, and my smartphone - I guess that's everything. I dashed out the door, and headed for the bus.

It wasn't until much later that I realized what I'd forgotten. After class, I went in for a quick swim before lunch at the campus fitness center. I was getting hungry though, so I got out, zipped into the change room, and stripped off my bikini to have a shower. Once I was all showered off, I came back to my locker, and fished around in my bag for my bra and panties. Hmm? I could have sworn I packed them. Oh shoot! I must have left them at home. Now what am I going to do?

My blouse was modest enough, so I guess I can just go without my bra, but my mini-skirt was the problem. I pulled it on, but it looked awfully short. I had another class that afternoon, but maybe I can just dash over quickly to Satomi's dorm, and borrow a pair of panties from her. One of the American girls nearby was looking at me strangely. I guess she had noticed I wasn't wearing any underwear, and thought I must be doing it on purpose. It's not like that at all, I wanted to tell her. I almost always wear panties. It's just that I forgot them today.

Anyway, I pulled on my socks and shoes, picked up my bag, and headed out. I was a little worried as I left the change room. I smoothed my skirt down just to make sure my pussy wasn't showing, and slowly stepped out into the main foyer. My old boss Ted was at the front desk. He waved as I left, but I don't think he realized I was commando. That's a relief.

By the time I'd gotten outside though, I was starting to feel more nervous. The breeze kept blowing my skirt up. There usually isn't anyone on the back streets, but there seemed to be more people than usual. When I got out to the main road, it was even worse, with all these people and cars going by. The wind grabbed my skirt, so I had to fluff it back down. Luckily, it didn't look like anyone had noticed.

At Satomi's, I went under the arch and around to the courtyard using the combination to get in the door to Satomi's 'house.' The students in the common room looked up, as I walked past, but I rushed through, heading down the hall and up the stairs. Satomi's room is up on the fourth floor. I was a bit worried that someone might come up behind me while I was on the stairs. Luckily, it was pretty quiet.

I made it to the top, and knocked on Satomi's door. No answer. Shoot. She must be off at class. Unfortunately, Sarah and Natasha had moved out at the end of the summer, and I didn't know Satomi's new dorm mates so well.

Now what do I do? Does campus co-op sell panties? I doubt it somehow. There must be some clothing stores nearby, but the only ones I could think of were way off downtown or on the edge of town. I slowly walked downstairs wondering what to do. I guess I could go home, but then I'd miss my tutorial. Ernie, the T.A., probably wouldn't like it if I skipped his class. He thinks I'm ditzy enough as it is.

I was so lost in my own thoughts that I almost bumped into a boy who came rushing up. He grabbed my arms to keep from crashing into me, and soon I realized it was Anton, the tall handsome medical student who lives in the same 'house' as Satomi.

"Oops. Sorry, I didn't see you there," he blushed.

"No, no, it was my fault. I wasn't really watching."

He glanced down at my skirt for a second, making me wonder if he had caught a glimpse of my pussy, but soon he continued on up the stairs. My heart was beating even faster now. That was close.

I slowly crossed the street to the Arts & Science building, in a bit of a daze. I had to get some lunch, but there were tons of students in the food court. I thought about going to one of the other cafeterias, but then I might be late for class. I bit my lip, steeled myself, and then pulled open the door. I held my books against my chest trying to hide my braless state, but there was a boy I vaguely knew from the Japanese Student Union, Chris, sitting at one of the tables. He has an English sounding last name, Fletcher or something like that, but he looks a little Asian.

"Yo, Emi," he nodded, when he realized I was looking at him.

"Chris," I bowed my head as I tried to walk on past.

"Are you helping out with the fundraiser today?" he asked. Shoot. I'd forgotten about that. I knew the organizer, Kazuo, but luckily, he hadn't asked me to help.

"Um, no. I have a class...," I explained, still hoping to get away. Chris is a good guy. He is polite, studies hard, is kind of good-looking, and is friendly (to me at least). Somehow he could tell I was all nervous, maybe even had guessed it had something to do with my insanely short skirt. Some of the guys behind me were staring at my bottom, so that may have been what set him off.

I signaled that I wanted to go order my food, so he let me go. I ordered some Pad Thai, but even here, guys kept staring at my posterior. There were other American girls here in shorts or mini-dresses, so I don't know why these guys all have to focus in on me. I felt for my skirt, and it seemed vaguely long enough, but I guess when I bend over, or raise my arms, that pulls the hem up. I was trying to stay calm, but the feeling of the air on my ass cheeks was getting me all excited.

When I came back out, Chris was still there, so I kind of had to go sit with him. I sat down on the faux wood chair, but the cold plastic seat felt so strange on my bottom that I made a funny face.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Oh nothing," I winced, having a hell of a time calming down. I did my best to have a normal conversation with Chris, but guys kept walking by staring down at my bottom. I could barely lift my fork to my mouth for fear of flashing some random guy. I could feel the hem of my skirt floating up dangerously high whenever I did. I waited till there was no one coming, and then ate as much as I could before someone else came. I really didn't want my secret getting out, but it was hard to stay covered.

Eventually, I excused myself, and headed off to class. Chris sat there staring at my behind as I walked away, still trying to decipher what I was wearing underneath this too short skirt.

I headed out into the halls, and then up the stairs toward my class. When I reached the top of the first flight, I suddenly noticed a guy, perhaps a young Prof standing at the bottom of the stairs looking up. He looked kind of confused, perhaps not believing his own eyes. I guess he must have caught a glimpse of my behind. I quickly dashed up and around the corner. Oh gosh, I really am going to have to be more careful.

In the classroom, those two jerks Brad and Luke were there early again. They looked over at me disdainfully, but when they saw my short skirt, their expressions changed. I went up to the front, trying to get away, but they leaned out into the aisle to get a better look at my bottom. I sat down, hiding my legs under the table, but I was getting all excited again. I was worried they'd found me out.

Anyway, soon Ernie and the other students arrived. Ernie smiled over at me, but I just stared down at my book trying not to attract attention. Ernie has kind of had this thing for me ever since he came to visit me in the hospital that time.

Thinking back this was just a bad idea coming to class dressed like this, what with Brad and Luke leering, and Ernie making goo-goo eyes. I must have been blushing like crazy by then. I was so flustered I couldn't even think straight. When I leaned down to get my books, I spread my legs, but immediately, worried that Ernie might see my pussy. Luckily, he was writing something on the blackboard. I tried so hard to focus, but the sensations were driving me crazy. I pulled the hem down over my pussy, but I just sat there spacing out, too wired to take notes.

After class, I waited for Ernie and them to file out, but Brad and Luke hung by the door waiting for me. It's not like I'm friends with them or anything. They just want to get another look at what I am wearing. Darn it. I could try to wait them out, but there was probably another class in here soon. I needed to go find Satomi. Clutching my bag against my chest, I finally got up, and filed out. They just stood there, dumbstruck, as I scurried away, staring down at my bottom. I felt so embarrassed, but there wasn't much I could.

I didn't have any more classes that day. That was good because I was getting way too excited to think about studying. I headed back to Satomi's dorm, and luckily, she was in this time.

"Can you lend me a pair of panties?" I asked straight off, slipping out of my shoes as I entered her room.

"I was just about to do my laundry," she said giving me the strangest look. She knew something was up right away. Satomi doesn't really approve of my strange tendencies, but she doesn't make as much of a fuss now as she used to.

"Um, OK...," I nodded, a bit worried. I went over, and peeked out her window while she gathered up her clothes. "Why are you still up on the fourth floor this year?" I asked, picking up the Japanese hand fan she had lying on her desk.

"I don't know. That's what they gave me."

"But I thought only the freshers live up here. Can't you switch to the basement or something?"

"I guess I could ask. Anyway, I'm just going to go down, and put my laundry in. I'll be right back."

I lay down on her bed. My skirt had flipped up, but there didn't seem to be anyone around. It had been a harrowing morning, but now that I was in Satomi's room, I could relax, and try to enjoy this. It was kind of fun teasing those guys. Brad and Luke are usually so dismissive of me, but when they saw me today, it was a whole new ball game.

My face was all hot, so to cool down, I got up, and sat on the window sill to try to catch the breeze. Satomi's room looks out over a university office building, and there is a narrow walkway that runs between the two buildings down below. I sat there looking out at the alley for a while, but no one seemed to be coming.

Trying to get comfortable, I lifted my feet up, and set them down on the sill, letting the breeze blow up my skirt. The wind felt so cool and refreshing. I flapped my skirt up savoring the feeling of the air on my pussy. I realized this would look pretty strange if anyone saw me, so I stopped. Satomi sure was taking her time coming back. I guess she must have gone to the office to ask them about switching rooms or something.

I glanced down at my pussy lips. The excitement of the day was getting to me, so I was soaked. I got up, and went to Satomi's door, and double-checked the hall. It looked safe, so I came back into the room, and slowly started stroking myself, dabbing at my wetness with my middle finger. I sat back down on the window sill. I could really feel the breeze now, and it felt so good.

Just then someone walked by Satomi's door in the hallway. I freaked, and scrambled to push my skirt down. Luckily, I don't think they saw me. This isn't the safest place to sit. Soon I heard a guy's voice.

"Satomi? Are you up here?"

Kevin and Hector appeared at the door. I knew them from the toga party. Kevin was a soft-spoken Chinese American boy, and Hector a roly-poly funny guy from Colombia. Kevin is a bit too shy, but Hector is a nice guy I think. I don't think he'd ever do anything to hurt anyone.

"No, I think she's downstairs," I blushed. The way I was sitting, I was worried they could see my pubic hair sticking out from between my thighs. I glanced around for something to cover myself with, but there didn't seem to be anything around. I pressed my skirt down between my legs trying to cover up as best I could.

"Whatcha doing?" Hector asked coming right into her room. Kevin hung back. I tried to press my legs together, but I was having trouble keeping my balance. I finally swung my legs around praying that the two of them didn't see my pussy. As quick as I could, I stood up, and straightened my skirt, but they still looked pretty calm. I guess they couldn't tell.

"Um... I was just... uh." I couldn't very well tell them I'd come here to borrow a pair of panties. I looked around for some other excuse. "Uh, Satomi asked me to help her straighten up."

Hector looked at me strange. Maybe it didn't sound like something Satomi would say, but it was the best I could come up with on such short notice. They must have wondered why I'd been sitting on the sill instead of 'straightening.'

"What are you guys here for?" I asked, trying to change the subject.

"Satomi was having trouble getting into the online discussion group for our psych class, so I offered to give her a hand."

Oh, that's right. I vaguely remember Satomi saying something about being in the same class as Hector. He was in Commerce or something, but maybe psych was his minor. He nodded towards the computer, obviously planning to work on it now. I'd been kind of hoping they would come back later, but Hector sat down, and switched on the computer.

I guess I'd have to clean now that that was my story. I found a bucket and cloth in Satomi's closet, and scooted across the hall to the washroom to fill it with water. Standing at the taps, I looked in the mirror at my too short skirt. I knew this was a dangerous game I was playing, but I had to do something. Hopefully, Satomi will pop up soon, and chase them off.

I came back to her room, and started wiping the dust away from the window frame. Whenever I bent over though, that pulled up the hem of my skirt. Kevin was peering over this way, but he was too shy to stare. I don't think he realized I was pantiless.

"Are you taking any online courses?" Hector asked me.

"Um, no."

"It's really kind of interesting. They have all these forums set up now, so you can message your teacher, or chat with the other students."

I just kind of nodded, too wired to chat. Neither Hector nor Kevin seemed to have clued in though. I began to take more chances, bending over right behind Hector. They didn't notice though. Hector got up, and the two of them headed out into the hall apparently to get something from Hector's room.

I felt so strange, nervous, but also a bit surprised that they hadn't 'made' me yet. I got down on my hands and knees, cleaning around the baseboards, deliberately flashing my upturned hiney at the open door. I heard Hector coming back though, so I straightened up, and not a moment too soon. He came right in just barely missing seeing me with my fanny in the air. He sat down at the computer. I continued to clean, trying to act like everything was normal.

I had to wring out my cloth. I kind of went overboard. I bent way over, thrusting my rear right in Hector's face. Amazingly, he averted his eyes! He was trying to be polite I guess. I can't believe he didn't look. What does a girl have to do...?

Before I could do anything, Hector left again. I moved closer to the door, peering out making sure no one else was coming. This was all very fine, fooling around with Hector here, but I really didn't want anyone else to see me doing it.

Hector came back, and made some comment about how clean Satomi's room always seemed.

"Yeah, she's a bit of a cleannik," I agreed.

Kevin came back, and they talked. Kevin was blocking Hector's view of me, so I bent over, and got the spray cleaner out of Satomi's bag and put it in the bucket. I was kind of having fun flashing them while they were distracted. Kevin left, and Hector got down on his knees to fish out one particular cord. I guess I got a little overconfident. I thought Hector couldn't see for the desk, so I bent way over to get a cloth out of the bag on the floor, but I didn't bother to cover my bare bottom or pussy at all. Hector banged his head, and peered over this way. I thought he hadn't seen, but now he was stumbling all over, clearly nervous. Looking back, I think that must have been the point when he first caught sight of my pussy. At the time though, I was too excited to worry, and turned to the side, flashing my upturned rear at the open door instead of him.

We started playing this game of peek-a-boo, me ever so briefly flashing him my bottom, and then straightening back up when he went to look. I was really getting horny by then, enjoying the thrill of the chase. He was trying to act so calm. He started to explain to me what Satomi needed to know to sign into her account. He handed me some manuals she would need, and I guess I was nervous too. I dropped them on the floor. He helped me pick them up, and told me she or I could call him if we needed anything. I wondered for a second if he was hitting on me, but I think he was just trying to be kind.

I was grateful for his generosity, but he ran out of things to say, so I backed away, and let him put away his stuff. It felt so weird standing here knowing that he knew my secret, but neither of us saying anything about it. I felt so naughty, like such a bad girl, but I couldn't resist teasing him. I took the cloth, and started wiping down Satomi's chairs, sticking out my rear. Hector, the little devil, moved his briefcase to the floor giving himself an excuse to peek up my skirt. I felt so nervous with him watching, but I didn't object. I leaned right over, letting him see my whole bottom and pussy again.

He left in a rush, barely even saying good-bye. I worried a bit that I had teased him too much, but I felt exhilarated actually, proud of my bravery. At last, I'd managed to let someone in on my secret, and he hadn't even complained. Wow!

Eventually, Satomi came back with her clean laundry. She'd gotten talking to a couple of her American dorm mates.

"I have a class tonight, and I have to go to the library before that," she told me grabbing her things and stuffing them into her backpack.

"Can I borrow some panties? And have a shower maybe?"

She narrowed her eyes, and glared at me, but eventually, handed me her keys.

"Um, yeah, I guess. I have to go now, Emi. Give me a call later when you're done." Once she'd got all her stuff ready, she paused at the door, and looked at me. "I don't know what you are up to, Emi, but promise me you'll be careful, OK?"

I'm not sure what set her off, but I guess she knew me too well. I nodded, and told her not to worry, but she was still shaking her head as she dashed away.

Well, now at least I had some panties, but my next problem was that all this excitement had gotten me more than a little... well... aroused I guess. I plopped myself down on the bed, and gave my boyfriend Ryosuke a call. He was still at work, and wouldn't finish until late, but he promised to phone me later. I sat there vaguely stroking myself wondering what I could do to make this feeling go away.

With the door still open, I slid out of my skirt, all excited now. I stood up, and walked over to the door, slowly unbuttoning my blouse and taking it off. I knew I was taking a terrible chance. It was late afternoon, and there were probably people around in the dorm. It felt so good to be naked though after walking around outside commando all day. I peeled off my socks, and then stood in the doorway naked for a while, peeking this way and that to see if anyone was coming. Slowly, I began to realize that this wasn't the brightest idea, so I grabbed a towel and the keys, and dashed across to the washroom to have a shower.

I guess the warm water calmed me down a bit, but I couldn't stop thinking about all that happened that day, all the people who saw me. There was something about the whole situation...

I eventually finished showering, and toweled off. I wrapped the towel around me, and tip-toed over to the door. It still sounded pretty quiet. It must have been around six, so I guess most people must have gone to supper by then.

Gathering up my nerve, I stepped out into the hall. Suddenly though, I heard two voices coming from the stairwell. It sounded like Anton, the med student, and his girlfriend. What was her name again? I dashed across to Satomi's room, but it took me a moment to get it open, so they caught me in my towel. The girlfriend gave me a dirty look, but Anton just smiled. He's pretty friendly to just about everyone.

It took me a long time to calm down after that. I'd taken a few too many chances today, and in some ways, I was lucky to have gotten away with so much. I didn't want to tempt fate anymore though, so I got back dressed, borrowing a pair of panties from Satomi's clean laundry. I promised myself never to do that again. Let's see how long I can keep the promise this time.