**Going to School Naked**

by Emi Tsuruta

I guess this all started when my boyfriend Ryosuke and I were back in Japan at the end of the summer. One night, we were up near his parents' house in Tokyo, and we stopped in at this convenience store to buy some drinks. I was staring into the drink cooler trying to decide what to buy, when Ryosuke calls me over, and points out these two girls who'd just come into the store. They must have been in their late teens, cutesy faces, gabbing away. It was really hot out, so one of the girls was just wearing this t-shirt that went part way down her thighs. I shot him an angry look, but he goes like,

"No, no, that's the style here now. I think you'd look good like that."

These girls were all giggly and jumping all around, and the next thing you know, the t-shirt girl bends over, giving us a peek at her panty-clad ass. Her panties weren't a thong, but they had got kind of wedged up letting us see a fair bit of her round little butt cheeks. I felt embarrassed for her, but I don't think she realized we were watching. I pulled Ryosuke away, but I swear he didn't stop talking about it after that. It might have been the girls themselves - they were kind of cute - but I think it was more the way they were dressed. He likes short skirts - fleeting glimpses of forbidden fruit. In Japanese, we say 'chirari.'

I didn't think much about it for the rest of the trip, but when we got back to the States, I did go looking for a long t-shirt like that. I tried all the shops in Oceanview, but I swear American t-shirts all seem to be so short. I couldn't find any t-shirt dresses in stores. I ended up ordering one online.

One funny thing that happened was when my friend Satomi and I went to this American clothing chain, Hollister. I don't know if you've been there, but it's supposed to be like Southern California surf fashion. (None of the surfers in Oceanview dress like that, but anyway...). I leafed through the t-shirts, until I finally found one I wanted to try on. I went looking for their change rooms, but when I found them, I noticed this sign just outside - Clothing Optional Beyond This Point, California State Beaches. I thought that was so funny. I called Satomi over, and showed her. She didn't seem quite as excited about it as I was, but anyway, seeing the sign gave me an idea.

"Satomi, here. Can you take a picture of me next to the sign?" I got out my camera, handed it to her, and then went into the change stall. I quickly stripped naked, and pulled my shoes back on. All excited, I peeked out from behind the curtain, trying to tell if anyone was around. Satomi looked worried. I waited until it looked like the coast was clear, and then came out - stark naked - and stood next to the sign. Satomi was appalled of course. Anyone could walk by at any moment, but the way I figured the sign said 'clothing optional!' I wasn't doing anything wrong!

I licked my lips as Satomi reluctantly snapped off a few shots. I tried to give the camera my sultriest look. I turned, and tilted my body, showing off my rear. Unfortunately, I think I heard someone coming, so I dashed back into the stall before they saw me. Satomi seemed a bit pissed when I came back out, but she didn't make a fuss.

When my t-shirt dress arrived in the mail, I tried it on. It fit well enough, but was a bit too short. I mainly wore it in my room when it was hot out. I guess I must have mentioned it to Ryosuke though because one evening, when Loretta and her kids were out, he came over, and asked me to model it for him. I went upstairs to try it on, but it actually seemed to have shrunk in the laundry since I'd bought it. No matter how I pulled, I couldn't seem to get it to stretch far enough to cover my panties.

"Here. Are you changed yet?" Ryosuke asked, coming upstairs to check on me. I gave the t-shirt one last tug, and then turned to face him, as he came into my room.

"Oh, you look great. That's gorgeous."

I blushed, embarrassed. I wanted to change, but he insisted I stay like that, so to humor him, I came downstairs, and fixed us some supper. We ate, and then watched some TV, snuggling on the couch. Around ten o'clock, he said he wanted to go to the DVD store to take back some movies we'd rented. He wanted me to come with him, so I went to get changed, but then he said,

"Just come like that. It's not that cold out," as if that was the problem.

"I guess not, but anyway, I can't walk around like this. People will see my panties," I told him remembering the girl in Japan.

"Then don't wear them," he replied.

At first, I was like 'no way.' The t-shirt was embarrassing enough with my panties on! I tried to laugh off the whole idea, but he insisted. I tried to get out of it - I honestly did, but finally he came over, and grabbed me, holding me as he yanked my panties down.

I checked my outfit in the full-length mirror we have by the front door. It was true I could see my pussy from this angle, but the hem was floating way up, far higher than any dress. I could get the hem to cover my pussy by pulling it down at the front, but I'm pretty sure that left my rear exposed.

"You look fine," he kept telling me. "As long as you're careful, no one will notice."

This was clearly not true. We argued back and forth, but eventually, I agreed to take a peek outside. I was quite frightened actually, but he kept nodding for me to go for it. There didn't seem to be anyone on the street. Even so, the breeze was licking at my pussy, driving me to distraction. I looked back at Ryosuke begging him to relent, but he insisted I try, so off we went. I tried to smooth the hem down to cover up, but it was hopeless.

"Here. Just let it go for heaven's sakes. You look even more suspicious if you fiddle with it," he scolded.

I grimaced at him, embarrassed, but he was probably right. I was getting so excited because I knew I was naked, but someone walking by might not twig. I couldn't stop thinking about it though. My hello kitty was buzzing away like crazy. I was getting all wet.

Anyway, against my better judgment, I ventured down the stairs and out to the street. We didn't meet that many people at first, but when we got closer to the store, we crossed paths with these guys out for a late night stroll. They peered down curiously at my bare thighs, and then as we passed, turned to check out my rear. They didn't make a big deal or anything, but they did look startled when they saw my behind. All I could do was hide my face in my hair, and hope they didn't recognize me.

Ryosuke was trying to be supportive, but I could tell he was enjoying my torment. I tried to hide it, but I was getting pretty seriously horny by then. I couldn't believe I'd come all the way out here dressed like this.

We finally made it to the store, and went in. I kind of squinted under the bright lights feeling even more self-conscious. I caught a glimpse of my reflection in the glass door, confirming that you really could see my bottom. I tried to push the hem down, but mostly I just wanted to get out of here.

"I'll return the DVDs," Ryosuke said. "Can you find me the latest issue of HVM Magazine?"

I just looked at him, stunned that he was asking me to wander around the store dressed like this.

"You do know HVM Magazine?" he asked. I had seen it lying around his room. It was a men's magazine.

"Yes, but I don't know where they keep it."

"I don't know either. Just take a look around. Might be in the adult section, or up on the second floor," he said, heading off to the DVD corner. The second floor? I peered over at the spiral staircase in the middle of the store. I couldn't climb that with everyone watching. If it was on the second floor, I'd ask him to get it.

I started looking around on the first floor. Unfortunately, my arrival in the store had not gone unnoticed. There were guys here and there, browsing the aisles, but as soon as they saw me, they'd do a double take, peering down at the floating hem of my t-shirt. I tried to do as Ryosuke said, and act like nothing was wrong, but it was hard with all these guys staring at me. I tried to resist the urge to touch myself. It was getting harder and harder to stay under control.

Eventually, I stumbled on a stack of HVM magazines all tied up. I tried to pull one out, but the plastic tie was too tight. I didn't want to bend over with all these guys staring at me. I just stood there wondering what to do.

Eventually, one of the boys on staff spotted me, and came over.

"Can I help you, miss?" he asked.

"My boyfriend wants a copy of that magazine," I told him pointing to it. The boy knelt down in front of me, and tore open the brown wrapping to get one out for me. His eyes drifted over to the hem of my t-shirt. I held it down over my pussy, but his eye level was right there. I tried to pretend like nothing was wrong, but I was so worried he would see. Even if he couldn't see my pussy, I think he could tell I was nervous.

"Um, miss...," he started to warn me. I grabbed the magazine from him, mumbled,

"Thank you," and quickly made for the checkout counter. The poor boy just kneeled there, still wondering why I was dressed like this perhaps.

Anyway, Ryosuke finally reappeared. Apparently, he'd been watching me, enjoying seeing me squirm. The natives were restless though, and starting to come this way, so Ryosuke quickly bought his magazine, and we left. Some of the guys even came out to the front entrance to look at me as we strode away.

On the way home, Ryosuke thanked me for getting up the nerve to come out here dressed like this. I still felt a bit wired, but after we got back, we made love, and I felt better.

Anyway, after that, I lay low for the next little while, trying to focus on other things. Then there came this one morning in the heat of summer. I was sleeping peacefully in bed, when my host mom Loretta called up the stairs,

"Emi! If you don't get up soon, you're going to be late for school!"

Oh dear. Is it morning already? The sun was up, and I could feel a cool breeze blowing in on my face. The weather had been hot out for a while, so I must have left the window open when I went to sleep. I sat up, and looked out into the backyard. It was all misty out. It wasn't raining, but the breeze had that fresh scent of spring after the terrible heat of the last few days. I glanced at the clock. It was already past 8. Shoot! Loretta was right. If I didn't hurry, I'd end up being late.

Not that that would be the end of the world, mind you. It was near the end of term, likely to be review, and in any case, I could get the notes off my friend Satomi. I didn't want Loretta to think I was slacking off though, so I went across to brush my teeth, and wash my face before going down to join them for breakfast. Loretta had made some pancakes, but perhaps they were running late too because her son Brandon was just wolfing them down.

"Would you like a ride to the bus stop?" Loretta asked.

"No, I'm fine, thanks. You guys go ahead."

Loretta herded her kids towards the door. Brandon stuck his tongue out at me, just before they left.

Peace and quiet at last. Looking out the front window, I realized that the fog was becoming thicker. It was like cotton batting, almost as if the clouds had come down from the sky, and settled on the ground. It doesn't get foggy all that often in Oceanview. This was probably the thickest fog I'd seen since moving here.

Eventually, I went back upstairs, stripped out of my clothes, and had a shower. I tried to remember what all I had to do that day. I could pick up the anthro notes from Satomi at lunch, and then there was comparative lit in the afternoon and cinema studies in the evening. I had to hand in an essay for comp lit, so I'll have to print that up at the library first. Anything else?

Getting out of the shower, I grabbed a towel, and dried myself off before traipsing back to my room. I pulled a blue summer dress out of the closet, and laid it out on my bed. Next, I got out a lacey white bra and panties, and put them next to the dress. Smart yet feminine, I told myself. Just to add a touch of style, I wrapped a simple black leather choker around my neck, and modeled it in the mirror. There wasn't anything particularly kinky about the choker itself, but standing there naked the way I was, my round breasts still glistening from my shower, it did make me look a bit like a dominatrix from one of those bondage clubs.

Oh my! I shook my head to clear it. How did that image pop into my head? Anyway, no time for that now. I'd better get ready.

Leaving my clothes there for the moment, I began to gather up my laptop and books, and pack them all into my backpack. What else do I need? Ah yes. My sandals are downstairs. Still naked, I draped my dress and undies across my arm, picked up my backpack, and quietly tiptoed downstairs.

When I first moved here, I would never have had the nerve to roam around the house naked, but lately I've been taking more chances. I set down my backpack and clothes, pulled out my sandals, and sat my bare bottom down on the stairs to buckle them on. Standing up, I gazed at my naked body in the mirror. There was something a bit kinky about being dressed in just sandals and a choker, but it looked kind of sexy actually. My nipples were a tinge of cherry red, and my breasts had swollen out to a respectable size from the excitement. I gently dabbed at my pussy with my fingertips shuddering at my own touch.

I peered out the window at the fog. Is that what's getting me so excited? You couldn't see far. I hadn't really seen fog this thick before, not in California at least, and it was giving me ideas. Curious, I placed my hand on the door handle debating if I should open it. Loretta and them were all gone, and even in the sunlight, the fog seemed to be acting as a kind of cover. I slowly pulled the door open, peering out towards the street. I could see our porch clear enough, but our lawn was already kind of blurry from all the mist. There was a fresh wet smell to the air, much cooler than it had been. I cautiously stepped out from behind the door revealing my naked body to the street, testing to see what would happen.

It was still pretty quiet. I could hear the sounds of cars driving by on the main street further up. Getting more courageous now, I stuck my head out the door peering off seeing if I could see the cars. With all this white mist, our whole street was one big blur. Wow! This is kind of cool actually. If I can't see the other houses, that must mean they can't see me either.

Taking a deep breath, I stepped out onto the porch, quite nervous to be out in front of my house naked. Quickly, before I lost my nerve, I went back inside, and stuffed my clothes into my backpack, and slung it over my back. I wasn't really sure what I was planning, but it had always been a dream of mine to go to school naked.

Once outside, I shut the door, and turned to lock it with my key. My heart was pounding away like crazy. My breasts rose, and fell as I struggled to catch my breath. My hello kitty was tingling away. What on earth am I doing out here? Sure, the fog makes it hard to see, but if anyone came close enough, they'd realize I was naked right away. I could see my body quite clearly in the bright sunlight, my pointy breasts and fluffy black bush. I could even see the green grass of our lawn and streetlights further away.

I arched my back, and cupped my buttocks, a bit frightened. I squinted out into the fog trying to tell if anyone else was on the street. It must be past 8, so you would expect people to be heading to school or work, but I couldn't see much through the thick mist.

Quickly, before I lost my nerve, I gently padded down the steps, and made my way towards the sidewalk. I could still hear the dull roar of traffic going by down at the end of our street, but I couldn't see anyone. I hesitated though, afraid. How far do I want to take this? There was a bus stop further up north away from the traffic, but dare I risk it? What if there is someone waiting at the stop?

I slowly made my way in that direction, scanning the houses on both sides for any sign of movement. I guess our street is pretty quiet most of the time, but then again this was the first time that I'd ever come out this far naked. My common sense was screaming 'go back,' but my feet kept carrying me forward further and further from home. I began to wonder if I could board the bus naked. Probably not.

Another problem was that the fog seemed to be breaking up. I continued along as far as I could, but more and more I could see the houses on either side. I couldn't see anyone in the windows, but even so, I can't walk around naked if people can see me. I sprinted that last few hundred yards to the bus shelter. Luckily, there was no one there, but my whole body was shaking. I grabbed my blue dress out of my backpack, and pulled it on. Oh god! That was crazy. I swear I have to stop doing these things.

I finally made it to class, but I swear that whole day I was in a complete daze. I'd love to try something like that again, but unfortunately, we haven't really had any foggy days like that since. Ah well. Maybe someday.