**In the Library**

by Emi Tsuruta

It was almost the end of the school year. Final exams were just around the corner. Every morning, I'd head down to the university library to study. The weather was so beautiful out it was a shame to stay inside, but anyway, I still had a lot of reviewing to do. In the library, I usually went up to the third floor, and sat at one of the tables in this open area just by the elevators. This library has kind of a cool design, like an amphitheater with stone stairs leading up to the fourth floor balcony that runs around the edge.

One day, I was up there when I noticed this guy sitting at one of the other tables glancing over this way. He looked like the bookish type - glasses, curly hair, freckles and a pencil sticking out of his chest pocket, but he was tall and fairly good-looking in a shy kind of way. As soon as he saw me look over, he turned back to his book, but after I went back to studying, I caught him peeking over at me again. At first, I wondered if there was something wrong with the way I looked. I got out my compact to check my make-up in the mirror, but apparently that wasn't it. I looked behind me to see if there was something else he was staring at, but there wasn't anything there. I went back to studying, but soon he was gazing at me again.

This went on for a while, but eventually he got up, and went over to press the button for the elevator. I was getting a bit thirsty myself, so I picked up my change purse, and walked over, and stood in front of him. When I glanced over my shoulder, I caught him peering down at my body, checking me out. I was wearing jeans that day - hip-huggers. I tilted my fanny to the side, and this got quite a reaction out of him. Wow! It looks like I've found myself a new fan.

I glanced at him during the elevator ride down, but he looked away, seemingly nervous about riding in the same elevator with me. It almost looked like he was blushing. I went into the cafeteria to get something to drink, but he must have gone somewhere else because I didn't see him. I was wondering if he might come talk to me, but I guess he was shy. After I finished my drink, I went back upstairs, but I didn't see him anymore. Maybe he went home. Eventually, I forgot about him, and went back to studying.

A couple of days later, I wrote my first exam. I was glad to have the first one over with. I took a day off, and then went back to the library to study some more. After I'd been there for a while, who should get off the elevator but the same guy from the other day. I'd almost forgotten about him, but he recognized me. He looked a little flustered, and quickly disappeared off into the stacks to get some books I guess. I wonder what he is doing here. Eventually, he came back out, went upstairs, and it was quiet again.

Not long after that though, he reappeared, staring right at me as he came down the stairs. I looked down, and realized that the top buttons of my blouse had come undone. He'd probably been looking down my cleavage as I leaned forward. I was wearing a tube top underneath, so it wasn't like he could see much, but it was a bit embarrassing. I pulled my top up to cover my cleavage, and peered up at him, but he quickly looked away, seeming embarrassed at getting caught. A moment later, he disappeared back off into the book stacks.

I went back to reading again, but before long, he reappeared, and climbed back up the stairs looking over his shoulder at me obviously trying to get another peek at my breasts. I was a bit annoyed, but I did my best to ignore him, and pretend like I hadn't noticed. He disappeared again, but before long, he was back, staring down at me as he came down. I began to think that he was doing it on purpose, going up and down the stairs, just so he could peek down my top. Eventually, I got tired of him staring, and pulled the two sides of my blouse together. Soon enough, he realized I'd covered up, and gave up.

Maybe an hour went by, and then I began to feel like someone was watching me again. I looked up, and sure enough there he was, standing at the railing on the floor above me. He turned away as soon as I looked up, but it was obvious that he'd been watching me. How long had he been there?

I could feel my heart beating away in my chest, pitter-pat. It's hard to explain why. He looked mild-mannered, like one of those guys who studies really hard, but doesn't get out much. I guess part of me was wondering if he'd fallen in love with me or something. I thought about going up to talk to him, but I didn't really have the nerve to do that. I tried to go back to reading my book, but I could feel him up there watching.

I couldn't study, so I finally got up, and went to the washroom to think about what to do. I was feeling a bit hot, so I splashed some water on my face. Some of the droplets fell on my tube top making the color a bit darker in places. I tried to dry it with a paper towel, but it was still kind of noticeable. I looked over at the door, and once I was sure no one was coming, I took a hold of my tube top, and pulled it down letting my bare breasts pop out. Maybe it was my imagination, but they looked even bigger than usual.

I dabbed at my nipples with the tip of my fingers, shuddering a bit at the feeling. I peered over nervously at the door, as I gently massaged my breasts. Despite myself, I was getting all excited. I examined my breasts in the mirror wondering why this guy seemed so fascinated by them. Were they really that great?

Wanting to test it somehow, I took off my blouse, and pulled the tube top off over my head. I tried to remember who else was outside besides my admirer. They'd certainly be pretty shocked if I walked out there topless. I pulled my blouse back on, but I left it unbuttoned. Stuffing my tube top into my purse, I pulled the two sides of the blouse together, and cautiously opened the door. There were two Chinese girls sitting at a table not far from mine, but I couldn't see anyone else.

Clutching my purse against my chest, I walked back to my table, and sat down, this time with my back to the two girls and my not-so-secret admirer. I picked up my book again, but I was so excited. I kept thinking about how I had no bra on under my blouse. I just sat there for a long time until finally I saw my admirer coming around the rail to face me.

I took out a notebook, and leaned forward to write, not about my studies, but about this guy. This got me even more excited. As I leaned forward, my blouse fell open, and I thought I heard a gasp as he realized I'd taken off my tube top. I shook my pen, and my breasts jiggled back and forth. I was a bit worried that the Chinese girls behind me might notice, but I was too excited to stop.

He kept on staring at my bare breasts, as I wrote all this down. Eventually, I couldn't take the tension any more. I pulled my blouse together, and did up the buttons.

By the time I looked up, my admirer had disappeared again. I felt a bit frustrated by all this, but anyway, I didn't think either of us would have the nerve to talk to each other especially now that I'd flashed him. I gathered up my books, and went to the cafeteria trying to calm down. I could feel my nipples brushing against the inside of the blouse, but anyway, at least, you couldn't see them anymore.

For the next little while, I steered clear of the library. I didn't want to risk running into that guy again. I hope I didn't give him the wrong impression. Lord knows what he must think. I studied at home, until the day I had to go write another exam. This one was even harder than the first, but I did my best.

A few days later, I finished my second last exam. I felt so relieved. My last exam was going to be the easiest of all because it was on Japan. I still wanted to study a bit for it, but at least I didn't have to study that hard this time. The weather was getting warmer, so I dug out this white backless sun dress I'd been saving for summer. It was light cotton with a flared miniskirt that kind of floats in the wind, but at the back, there were these two straps that run down the sides with a bow at the waist. You can see my whole back. It's not that indecent, but I was curious to see what people would make of it. I didn't want to be too obvious though, so I wore a cardigan on top of my dress on the bus, but I took off the cardigan once I got to the library. I was kind of disappointed though. There wasn't much of anyone around.

I wanted to show off my dress though, so at lunch time, I went over to Satomi's dorm, and chatted with her in the quad. The wind kept blowing my skirt up. I could kind of keep it under control by putting my hands in the pockets. A couple of guys who walked by peered over at me curiously. This big handsome guy walked by, waving at Satomi as he passed.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"Anton. He's a med student who lives on my floor." Satomi noticed me eyeing him. "He's already got a girlfriend."

"Humph," I sniffed, disappointed. Well, anyway, I still have Ryosuke.

After lunch, I went back to the library, and studied a bit more. Maybe halfway through the afternoon, the elevator door opened, and surprise surprise, there was my secret admirer. He looked different though, in shorts and a t-shirt, dressed for summer. I guess his exams must be over, but perhaps he'd come to look for me. He glanced over in my direction, but quickly looked away, making like he was here for something else. He eventually went, and got some books, and sat down across from me. It was really funny because he was trying so hard to pretend like he was reading.

We sat there like that for the longest time, stealing glances at each other now and then. I had wondered at first if he might try to start up a conversation - we were the only ones here - but he still kept his distance. I felt so weird. I couldn't study at all. I finally got up, and went to the washroom.

I honestly didn't know what to do. School was ending soon, so this would probably be the last time I would see him. He might be back in September, but we would probably have forgotten about each other by then. I didn't have the nerve to talk to him either. Maybe I could tease him a bit more, and see what he does. I couldn't very well take off my dress. I lifted up my skirt to peek at my panties. Hmm. I wonder.

Quickly before I could change my mind, I slid my panties off, and stuffed them away in my bag. I knew I was taking a terrible chance, especially in this dress, but at first, I thought I could get away with it. Sometimes I get so caught up in my schemes I get carried away.

I lifted up my skirt to take a peek at my pussy in the mirror. The hair was a bit wild since my last waxing, but I think it looked presentable enough. I ran my fingers along my slit getting all excited. Deciding to chance it, I pushed my skirt back down, and walked over to the door. The feeling of the air between my legs was getting me all excited.

Gathering my nerve, I pushed the door open, and went out. I walked over to my chair, but I was too nervous to sit right across from him again. I was worried he would notice. I walked around behind him, and hurried up the stairs trying to get away. To my surprise, he got up, and followed me. I ran to get away, but he sped up too. I grabbed for my skirt, trying to fluff it down, but it was hopeless. I peered back at him, but he didn't seem that shocked, just puzzled. Had he guessed I might do something like this?

I hurried over to the copy machine pretending like I was going to copy something. Once we were out on the floor though, he hesitated worried I guess that people might be watching. Ignoring him for the moment, I got out my copy card, and put it into the slot. I had to lean forward to put it in, tugging my dress up again. It was bad enough flashing him my behind, but then I noticed there was someone else on this floor. It was a young woman around our age, a librarian I guess, reshelving the books. She was looking this way, so I quickly straightened up, but soon she came over.

"Emi, is that you?"

I froze worried she'd seen my bare behind.

"It's me, Becky. Don't you remember? From the research methods seminar."

Oh shoot! It was one of my classmates, from the same department even. I knew she looked familiar.

"Oh, Becky. I didn't know you worked here," I replied all flustered now. I hadn't expected to run into someone I knew.

"Just for the summer. Hey, listen, I was just going to take my break. Do you want to go downstairs, and grab a coffee?"

Becky and I aren't friends exactly, but I knew her from our classes together. We'd gone out a few times as part of a group. She'd lived in Japan for a year on some kind of exchange, so we did have that in common. She is very brassy and direct though, kind of the opposite of people in Japan. She also had a reputation for being a bad girl, chasing after married men for instance.

"Oh I don't want to bother you at work...," I balked, trying to get out of it. I glanced around, but I couldn't see my 'fan' anymore. Maybe he'd sought cover what with Becky here.

"Oh it's no bother. Frankly, I'm bored silly. Now that exams are almost over, it's been pretty quiet here." Becky was a lot friendlier than I remember, but I shouldn't walk around like this with no panties. Unfortunately, I couldn't come up with a decent excuse to get out of it.

"Um, OK, I guess." I gathered up my notebooks, and headed over to the elevator, still looking around for where my fan had got to. I finally noticed him in the stacks hiding. I smoothed my dress down, but that just set Becky off.

"That's a beautiful dress," she said. "Where did you get it?"

"This? I think I bought it here, or maybe online," I told her, not at all comfortable talking it. The hem was floating so high I was amazed she hadn't 'made' me yet. I could feel the breeze swirling all around my hips, driving me crazy.

The elevator came, and we rode down to the first floor, getting away from my fan at least. From there, we had to take an escalator up to get to the cafeteria. I let Becky go first, but half way up a guy got on behind me. Soon he looked down at my exposed derriere. I wasn't sure how much he could see, but the staring was getting me all nervous.

Luckily, there weren't any students in the cafeteria, but there were a couple of Filipina women serving. I was a bit hungry, so I walked over to the hot meal counter, and looked at what they had. Becky was behind me, checking out my dress more carefully now. I smoothed it down, but I think she'd probably 'made' me by then.

We bought our food, and came out to the seating area. I winced as I set my bare bottom down on the cold bench. Becky finally leaned forward to whisper.

"Um, Emi..."

"Yes."

"Are you... uh... Do you have on any... um?" She couldn't quite bring herself to say 'panties.' I blinked innocently. "Isn't that dress a bit revealing?" she asked, changing tack.

"The open back, do you mean? That's just the style I think," I told her calmly.

"No, no. I meant your... uh..." She seemed to want me to say it, but I wasn't about to incriminate myself. She finally leaned over, and whispered.

"I don't see any panties," as if that would be news to me! I slid my hand into my skirt, and pretended to be surprised.

"Oh my! I went swimming earlier, and I guess I must have forgotten to put them back on," I whispered, still feigning innocence. Becky gave me such a look. I could tell she was upset. I don't think she was scandalized exactly, but rather thought I wasn't 'fighting fair.' To Becky, I was the competition. Of course, I wasn't 'fighting' at all. Maybe I'd been teasing that guy, but it wasn't like I was planning on dating him or anything. I was just having some fun.

"Wha- wha- what do you think you are doing?" she demanded, no longer so friendly.

"I told you. I forgot them," I insisted. I was so worried she'd create a scene, but after sputtering for a moment, she shifted back to a softer voice.

"You really should put something on before anyone else sees you."

"Anyone else? Someone saw me?" I exclaimed, still playing coy. I looked around, and some guys were kind of checking me out. I honestly hadn't planned to flash anyone! "Oh dear! Is there a washroom somewhere?"

"There's one down a floor or up a floor."

I got up, but first checked my bag for my map. Those guys were definitely staring at me.

"Careful!" Becky warned. I nodded my thanks, and then nipped outside, rushing onto the escalator up. Some upperclassmen got on behind me. I was so worried that they'd notice that I drifted into a bit of a daze. When I got off the escalator, I just stood there. They brushed past me and kept on walking, so I guess they didn't see me after all. This was kind of nerve-wracking though.

Eventually, I regained my senses enough to go looking for the washroom. The entrance was in this little nook not far from the escalators. I went in, safe at last.

I finally pulled my panties back on, and fluffed down my skirt, wondering why I'd taken them off in the first place. What got into me? I've got to reign myself in, before I get in trouble.

I went back out, and apologized to Becky. She definitely thought I was strange, but she was more understanding than you'd expect.

Soon Becky had to go, so I walked her back to the elevator. The boys in the cafeteria were still peering over this way, but they didn't bother us.

Soon, summer came, and I didn't see my admirer around campus anymore. I sometimes wonder what happened to him.