**My Friend Moves to a Frat**

by Emi Tsuruta

I guess I should have seen it coming. Whenever Fujiko came to tennis, she'd tell me about all the troubles she was having with her landlady. Her landlady was Japanese too, but for some reason, the two of them couldn't get along. Soon, Fujiko asked me to help her find a new place. The next thing I know, she's asking if she should move into Winston's fraternity house. At the time, I thought she was joking. I made some crack that this was exactly what she was looking for, a chance to live with a bunch of American guys. What really floored me though was when she asked for my help moving in.

"You're not serious, are you?"

"You said it. It's perfect - a chance to really get to know some new guys."

"No, but I mean, it's a frat house! And you're a girl! There aren't any other girls living there, are there?"

"No, there aren't. But I don't mind. I know how boys are. I can handle it."

Fujiko is different from other girls. She's older than me, more confident and very interested in men. She's a bit of tomboy I guess. Every time I talk to her, she tells me about some new guy she's met. Winston is OK. He's tall, Chinese, a bit shy, but even so, it was a frat for heaven's sakes. Who knows what all they get up to?

Anyway, the day she moved in, I came to help. Her room was up on the second floor. Winston, and two of his frat mates, Gus and Paul, lent us a hand. I knew Gus and Paul from the bar Hernando's, but now with Fujiko moving in, they were all excited.

"Usually for initiation, we get the freshers to go for a polar bear run over to the sororities and back," Gus smirked.

"Huh?"

"But you're a girl, so I guess we could make an exception," Paul went on.

"What's a polar bear run?" Fujiko finally asked.

"You know. You strip down to runners, and go streak their house. Everyone here has done it."

I let out a laugh. I'd actually heard of this. One of the guys in Satomi's dorm had joined a frat. I glared at Winston, wondering if they were going to make Fujiko do it, but he didn't say. Fujiko just ignored them, and eventually, they gave up, and started talking about other things.

The Saturday after Fujiko moved in, her new house mates threw a party for her. When Satomi and I got there, there were just guys - no sign of Fujiko or Winston. I gave Fujiko a call, and it turned out she was doing laundry at the main frat house out front. She eventually came back, and fixed us some drinks. It was hard to talk though because the music was so loud.

"How's it working out?" I shouted over the din.

"Great! All the guys are so nice. They call me Mount Fujiko though."

I knew this was probably a sexual joke, but I don't think Fujiko had twigged. There were references to sex everywhere we looked - girlie posters on the wall, a magnet with a boy stick figure humping a girl from behind. I wasn't surprised though. Frats do have that reputation.

Fujiko took us into the main room, and introduced her new housemates. They kept handing us beers, trying to get us drunk I guess. One short red-haired guy pushed Fujiko down onto the couch, and pretended to hump her. She just laughed, but I was kind of appalled. I guess he was drunk.

Some of the guys were half watching a football game on TV. After we'd been there a while, their team scored. They would shake a fresh can of beer, then pop the tab spraying beer everywhere. Satomi got blasted in the face with beer. She squealed, and fell to the floor, dripping with beer. I knelt down to see if she was alright, but clearly she was drunk too. Fujiko came over, and helped me lift Satomi, so we could carry her upstairs. Paul apologized, but Fujiko told him it was OK.

We lugged Satomi up to the bathroom to get her cleaned up. Her blouse and jeans were wet with beer. I don't think I've ever seen her so drunk.

I undid the buttons on Satomi's blouse, but she was soaked right through to the skin. I got her out of her wet clothes while Fujiko fetched some towels. I managed to maneuver Satomi's naked form around into the bath tub, but she was completely out of it. I had beer on me, so I ended up stripping down too. I felt a bit weird getting naked. We could hear the guys still yelping downstairs. I turned on the shower, and started washing the beer off.

Fujiko came back with towels, and took our clothes off to the laundry. I dried off, and tried to wrap one of the towels around me, but it was awfully short. Outside in the hall, I could hear Gus and Paul.

"Hey, is that girl alright?" Paul called through the closed door.

"Satomi?" I asked back. "Yeah, she's fine. Don't worry!"

She didn't look fine. She'd passed out, and was lying there in the tub naked. I dried her off as best I could, and tried to wrap the other towel around her. When Fujiko came back, I asked,

"Do you have any bigger towels?" showing her.

"Um. Yeah, I do, back at the other house. Should I go them?"

I felt bad though. This was a party for her after all.

"No, that's all right. I guess we can make do."

Fujiko and I lifted Satomi out of the tub, trying to keep her covered. Her towel kept falling open whenever we went to lift her.

"Could you at least tell Gus and Paul to go back downstairs?" I asked. Fujiko went out, and I could hear them arguing. They were obviously pretty drunk. I guess it doesn't matter.

I lugged Satomi over to the door, and opened it. Fujiko rushed to help me, but Gus and Paul were just kind of staring at us. I more or less managed to keep Satomi covered, but I could feel them staring at my rump after I struggled past. When I turned to glare at them, Gus slurred,

"You got one dynamite ass."

I wasn't really flattered. They were too drunk, but I was a bit excited. I leaned forward to tuck Satomi in, not covering my ass. Fujiko looked at me a bit surprised that I would moon them.

"What?" I asked feigning innocence.

"No, nothing. Here. You can wear my clothes."

She chased the boys out, so I could get dressed.

"You like doing that, don't you?" she asked, once they were gone.

"What?"

"Showing the boys your goodies. That's why you wanted to go skinny-dipping that time!"

I rubbed my forehead. I was a bit tipsy myself.

"Yeah, I guess. It is kind of fun... to see their reaction and stuff." I pulled on a t-shirt. It was pretty tight stretched across my breasts. I tried to smooth it out, worried that you could see my nipples.

"So who do you like: Gus? Paul?" Fujiko asked me.

"What? No! Neither!"

"Winston?" she smirked.

"No, no, no. It's not like that at all. I have a boyfriend. In any case, it's not like I flashed them on purpose or anything," I insisted.

"You've got a great body," Fujiko said nodding towards my breasts. She looked a little envious.

"You've got a good body too...," I assured her. "Lean, fit, athletic."

"Nah, none of these guys like me. Even in high school, they used to tease me that I look like a man."

This wasn't true at all. She had largish breasts and a cute face.

"Oh, that's silly. You don't look anything like a man."

She didn't look convinced.

"If you're really worried about it, you should do that polar bear thing," I joked.

Fujiko laughed.

"Yeah, right!"

"They'd know you're a girl then."

We turned out the lights, so Satomi could rest, and headed downstairs. Winston had finally arrived. I felt self-conscious in this too tight t-shirt, but most of them were too drunk to notice.

It was getting kind of late though. One guy offered to give some of the others a ride. I could have asked him for a lift, but I couldn't just leave Satomi here. I could crash at her dorm in a pinch.

More and more people left, and things started to calm down. Winston shut off the TV, so we could talk. Gus was sprawled out in a chair asleep, and Paul had disappeared off somewhere.

"So Fujiko, what do you think of everyone?" Winston asked, nodding over at Gus.

"Yeah, they're nice."

"Welcome to Phi Upsilon Chi."

"So am I a member now?"

"Did you do the initiation?"

"What?"

"The polar bear run."

"No," she blushed.

"All the rest of us have," Winston grinned. Fujiko sat back on the couch, and then looked at me. I just shrugged.

"Emi here was saying I should do it," she confessed to Winston. I'd been joking actually, but Winston took this revelation in stride. The three of us had gone skinny-dipping once, so he knows how I am. Fujiko looked over at Gus in the chair, who was fast asleep.

"How far are you supposed to go?" she asked nervously. "Not that I want to..."

Winston perked right up. It sounded like Fujiko was actually considering it.

"How about just over to the main house and back?" Winston offered. Apparently, when the boys do it, they run much farther, but he was making special rules since she was a girl, their first probably.

Fujiko looked at me, but I was trying not to smile.

"What are you grinning about? I didn't say I would do it or anything."

"Yeah? But you want to," I teased.

"Oh, don't be silly, Emi. The whole idea is crazy!" she retorted. Her mouth was saying no, but I was sure now that she wanted to. Maybe it was the alcohol, but she even looked horny.

"No one else is up. Winston could be your witness," I went on.

"Emi!" she squealed in mock horror.

"Oh, come on, Fujiko. This is the perfect chance."

"Oh shut up! You would never do anything like that!" she insisted.

"Oh yeah?" I balked. Fujiko had only known me a few months, but I was the one who talked them into skinny-dipping. Probably that was the only time I'd hinted at my secret 'hobby.' "If I do it, will you?" I asked, giddy from the beer.

"Oh, Emi! Be serious!"

"I am serious. I'll do it if you will," I told her sitting up in my seat.

Winston was clearly loving this, but Fujiko wasn't so sure. The weird thing is I don't think any of us were that serious at first, but we still kept talking about it. We were both a bit drunk, and as I knew from tennis, Fujiko hates to lose. She rarely backs down from a challenge. She frowned for a moment, and then finally nodded.

"Alright then. Let's do it," she said getting up out of her chair. I got up too. We just stood there for a while, until finally she exclaimed, "Well? What's the matter? Aren't you going to strip?"

I looked over at Winston. He was trying so hard to hide it, but you could tell he was excited. Gus was still snoring. Even so, the whole idea was crazy. Paul and their other house mates were just upstairs, and who knows who all was outside. Still, I didn't want to chicken out either.

"Winston, you have to promise not to try anything funny," I demanded. He eagerly nodded. "And protect us if we get in trouble."

"Deal!"

"Alright then," I went on, still a bit worried. Even through my beer-induced haze, I knew we would be taking an awful chance. Still I'd known Winston for a while, and trusted him.

I bit my lip, and slowly lifted my t-shirt up showing Winston my bare tummy. His eyes were dancing with delight. I finally decided to just go for it. I lifted my t-shirt up even higher showing him my bare breasts. He started coughing surprised that I was braless. I pulled my t-shirt off getting more into it now. For some reason, I felt really confident all of a sudden. Winston usually acts so innocent, but he was clearly so excited to see my breasts. Fujiko looked even more shocked. I guess she hadn't expected me to go through with it. We were in her frat, surrounded by all these drunk guys.

"Well?" I chided motioning for her to strip too.

"Emi. You're crazy. You know that?"

"Come on! You said you'd do it too," I cried out. Fujiko reached over, and grabbed my tits. I was so surprised. Winston was freaking out completely. I don't think Fujiko is a lesbian. She was just drunk. It didn't feel bad though the way she was fondling my breasts. She is good with her hands.

I finally got her to stop though, so I could wiggle out of my jeans. Both of them looked so surprised even though we'd kind of agreed to do this. Winston was really losing it now, honestly amazed that I'd actually strip naked with him watching. I felt so embarrassed. Fujiko was giggling, so I turned to help her out of her clothes. Gus stirred in his sleep, giving me goose bumps. Soon, Fujiko was naked too. I felt so naughty. I dragged her over to the door, and started pulling on my runners. She blushed, and tried to cover up, but I could tell she was excited.

"Here we'd better hurry, before everyone wakes up," I warned. Winston followed us over, speechless.

"Do you want to streak with us?" I teased Winston.

"No, I already did it once," he demurred.

Once Fujiko had her shoes on, I opened the door, and peeked out. I couldn't see anyone around, but the cool night air was getting me all excited. I pulled Fujiko along behind me as I made a dash for the main house. I was just so excited, my pussy aching from the sensation.

Unfortunately, when we made it to the main house, the back door was locked.

"Where's your key?" I asked Fujiko.

"Oops! Back at the house," Fujiko gasped. Luckily, Winston had one, and opened the door for us. He got out his smartphone holding it up to take a picture.

"Hey, no pictures!" I protested.

"Quiet! You'll wake everyone up," he whispered, motioning for me to shush. He had a point. Both Fujiko and I were completely naked, and there were like six or seven randy guys living here. Fujiko and I kicked off our shoes, and went in. I cautiously made my way through the dark kitchen peeking out into their living room.

The street lights were shining through the front window, but it didn't look like anyone else was up. I felt relieved, but I was still so excited. I went out into the living room, peering nervously out the front window, but I don't think anyone was outside either. We were really far from our clothes now with nothing to cover up with. I felt ecstatic, but Winston seemed worried that we might get caught.

I walked over to the front door, and peered out, dabbing at my pussy with my fingertips. I was so aroused it wasn't even funny anymore. The whole house had this distinctly male smell. Here we were naked in their house, and the guys didn't even know.

"Maybe we'd better go back," Fujiko warned me. I was still kind of in a daze, but she was right. If one of the guys found us, there was no telling what he might do. Fujiko and I scrambled back to the back door, and pulled on our shoes, while Winston fumbled with his cell in the dim light.

"I told you! No pictures!"

"Yeah, but the two of you look so amazing. God!"

I pulled Fujiko along as I made a dash for the other house. This door was locked too, so we had to stand there waiting for Winston to catch up. He took his sweet time, snapping shots of us with his smartphone.

"Winston, open the door," I barked at him. We heard a car coming, so Winston finally came over, and let us in. I kicked off my shoes. Fujiko somehow got Winston's camera, and we ran upstairs. Winston ran after us, but Fujiko slammed the door in his face. In all the commotion, Satomi woke up.

"What's going on?" she asked. Fujiko threw me the camera, and I tried to figure out how to delete the pictures.

"Winston got some pictures of us," I told her.

"Why are you naked?" Satomi asked.

"You're naked too," I pointed out. She screamed, overreacting as usual.

"It's OK. They didn't see you," I went on.

"They didn't see me?" she repeated. We finally managed to explain the whole thing, the beer, shower and polar bear run. She looked kind of angry, but held it in. I finally managed to delete the pictures. The house had gone quiet. I only slowly realized that Fujiko had taken my clothes to the laundry, and the clothes she'd lent me were downstairs.

"Do you have anything to wear?" I asked Fujiko. She showed me her closet. There was a bunch of t-shirts, but no skirts nor shorts.

"It's all back at the laundry in the other house," she gasped, kicking herself. I picked up one of the towels from earlier, and wrapped it around me, struggling to tie it on.

"What are you doing?" Fujiko asked.

"We've got to get our clothes." I opened the door, but Winston wasn't there. Where had he got to? I tiptoed out, and down the stairs, doing my best to keep quiet. In my nervousness, I almost dropped my towel. I hastily tied it back on, and continued down to the living room. Winston was there, sitting on the sofa, but there was no sign of our clothes.

"What did you do with our clothes?" I demanded. Winston peered down at my crotch. It was starting to get light outside as the sun came up.

"Give me back my phone!" he countered.

"We will, but first give us back our clothes," I pleaded more softly now. Winston isn't a bad guy, but I guess our streaking had gotten him all excited. He wasn't his usual self. He grabbed my towel, and yanked it off. I tried to get it from him, but all this noise woke up Gus. I climbed on top of Winston's lap trying to get the towel, but he wrapped his arms around my buttocks pulling me into him. I thought he was going to impale me right there, but just then, Fujiko appeared at the door, wearing a plaid button-up shirt.

"What on earth are you doing?" she cried out, scandalized. She grabbed Winston's arms, letting me struggle free from his grasp. Gus yawned, and opened his eyes. He looked pretty shocked to see me naked.

"Where did you hide our clothes?" Fujiko demanded. Winston flinched, but didn't answer. I scurried back to the kitchen to hide, crazy horny to be running around their house naked with Gus and them awake now.

"Fujiko, leave him. We can get your clothes from the laundry," I suggested. I pulled on my shoes, and soon Fujiko came running. "Do you have your key?" I asked.

"Yeah, but hadn't you better put something on?" she suggested.

"Just go," I told her. Outside was blindingly bright. I could see cars driving by out front. Oh god. Can they see me?

Gus and Winston came out to watch as I dashed away across the courtyard. Fujiko got the door open quick enough, but for some reason, I just stood there, too excited to think. Fujiko headed for the laundry, so soon I barreled after her.

The other house was still quiet, but it was much brighter inside now that the sun had come up. In the laundry room, there was this big picture window looking out back. Winston and Gus were still out there looking for us. I ducked down trying to hide.

"You should have brought that towel," she scolded.

"Winston grabbed it from me."

While Fujiko sifted through the dryers for something for me to wear, Gus and Winston came in.

"Wow! Jesus, Emi!" Gus smirked unable to believe I was naked I tried to hide behind Fujiko, Gus kept chasing me trying to get me to show him. I guess he's harmless enough, but I was completely out of my head by then, crazy with fear and desire. Fujiko gave me a t-shirt, but Gus grabbed it away. Winston finally stepped in getting Gus to give me the shirt. Even when I got it in, Gus kept reaching in trying to grab my pussy.

Fujiko stepped in, but he grabbed her plaid shirt flicking it up. I kind of hoped Winston would rescue us, but he was too horny himself.

"Out out!" Fujiko yelled finally chasing them out. We both just stood there, breathing heavily. Eventually, Fujiko managed to dig out my clothes, and we both got dressed.

When we came out, there was no sign of Gus nor Winston, but there was some other guy who must live there. I hid my face in my hair worried that he might have seen us.

Back at the house, Fujiko gave Satomi back her clothes, and we headed home. Winston still looks at me funny every time we meet. I'm too chicken to go back to the frat after what happened. I swear I have to stop doing these things.