**Outdoor Barbecue**

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

Last fall, Oceanview University's Japanese Student Union organized a barbecue on this grassy field on campus near the cliffs. I think Ayumi was probably the one who first suggested it. She's a cute girl, bright and cheerful. I knew her a little bit from playing drums together at Orientation. She kind of has her own circle of friends, but I invited my boyfriend, Ryosuke, and my friend Satomi and Ryosuke's cousin, Asuna. I also knew Kazuo, the JSU president, and the Japanese American, Mark, and Tetsu from playing drums together. Some of the other JSU members I didn't know. A fair number of new American guys had joined around that time, and seemed keen, so I kind of guessed there would be a big turnout. I don't mind meeting new people, but as you may know, I'm a little bit shy.  
  
Around that time, I'd gone shopping at the mall, and bought a new safari outfit: a beige safari blouse with buckles and straps and matching khaki shorts. I matched this up with dark sunglasses, black leather boots and a wide-brimmed straw hat. It felt like I was ready to go exploring in the jungle, but actually, the field is right near the woods, so it kind of made sense.  
  
In the morning, it was raining, so I was worried that they might not be able to start the fire. It did clear off though, and when I got there, Kazuo had some coals going. There were a whole bunch of people there, many of whom I didn't know. I just kind of hung around by the fire at first, helping them get set up. Some of the new boys were looking at me, so I just kind of nodded hi, but I didn't really talk to them at first. Asuna and Ryosuke showed up, and soon Satomi.  
  
Maybe Ryosuke didn't like it that all these hunky guys were kind of hanging by me, so he suggested that the two of us go for a walk. He dragged me off across the road to the stairs that lead down the cliffs to the nude beach! I felt a bit awkward leaving everyone like that, but Ryosuke had actually been talking about going to the nude beach for quite some time. I'd actually been to the nude beach with my girl friends, but not with Ryosuke. I guess I was a bit worried about what he might do. He seemed calm enough that day, so anyway, down we went on the wooden stairs through the woods.  
  
"You look really cute in that outfit!" he beamed. I smiled, a bit apprehensive about all this.  
  
Luckily, down on the beach, there weren't that many people. Ryosuke took a look around, but once he found that there weren't any naked women there—only naked men! - he sat down at the back far from the water.  
  
I'd been to this nude beach quite a few times by that point. I came once with Satomi when there were few people here, and once with my sister, and then once with my Hawaiian friend Erika. I always felt weird when I first arrive, because I wasn't quite sure how people will react.  
  
"Aren't you going to come in swimming?" I asked Ryosuke.  
  
"You go ahead. I'll stay here, and guard our stuff."  
  
I made a peeved face. He was the one who dragged me here, and now he's not even going to get naked? I don't know what he was being all shy about. I'd seen his penis before, and I doubted these other guys would care if he got naked.  
  
I glanced down the beach at the naked guys near us. I think they were bikers. I didn't recognize these particular guys, but I'd met nudist bikers before, the time I came with Satomi. They look kind of scary I guess with their muscles, tattoos and handle bar mustaches, but I don't think they're dangerous. The ones I met reminded me of hippies, you know, into peace, love and all that.  
  
I kind of hid in the trees, wondering if I should get undressed or what. The time I came with Satomi, the bikers had come down to talk to us, but with Ryosuke here, I didn't think they'd bother me. I took a deep breath, and then screwed up my nerve, and got naked. I felt nervous of course, but if you want to do these things, sometimes you just have to go for it.  
  
I wandered down to the water's edge. I could hear the bikers joking and laughing, maybe about me, but they kept their distance. The water was cool—it was autumn - but I found it exciting, swimming around naked with all these guys looking on. I didn't stay in long though. It felt weird being the only girl naked. I waded back out, blushing a bit as they watched. I sat down on the sand next to Ryosuke, shivering a bit from the cold. I didn't have a towel. I ended up pulling on my safari blouse over my wet skin.  
  
"Kazuo has a fire going up at the camp site," Ryosuke noted. He didn't say so directly, but I think he wanted me to walk back up the hill bottomless. It's like he's into making me get naked in front of other people or something. I thought that was really weird at first, but I'd kind of gotten used to it more by that point. We'd never really gotten into trouble even when we do do something. Even so, you do have to be careful.  
  
I stood back up, brushing the sand off my bare behind, checking the hem for length. It was kind of long, like a safari jacket almost, with flaps of thickish burlappy material hanging down below the waist belt. Ryosuke got me to show him the back, and calmly pronounced,  
  
"You look fine."  
  
I didn't feel 'fine.' A breeze was blowing in off the ocean, licking at my privates, making it hard to stay calm. The bikers seemed to have settled down though. Maybe I don't look so indecent. My jacket itself does look fairly respectable with its long sleeves and sturdy material. Ryosuke kept insisting it'd be OK.  
  
"No one will be able to tell."  
  
Satomi and the others were probably up the hill waiting for us to come back. It would be nice to warm up by the fire. I got out my flip-flops, and eventually, against my better judgment, stuffed my bra, boots, shorts and panties into my bag. I hope I don't live to regret this.  
  
We set off up the stairs, but I swear I felt so nervous. I felt terribly exposed even though there wasn't anyone there. When we got to the edge of the woods at the top, I stuck my head out, checking this way and that. Ryosuke went out to the street, and checked for me, but there were no cars coming, so he waved for me to come out. I placed my hand between my breasts, trying to still my beating heart. Eventually, I stepped out onto the road, holding down the hem, which was blowing in the wind.  
  
I swear it was such a weird feeling being bottomless up here on campus. I'd walked along this road millions of times but never half naked before. The tingling sensation just got worse as we came up on the JSU partiers. All these guys looked over at me. I was so worried that they could tell. I felt crazy exposed, but maybe Ryosuke was right. Trying to hurry, and get this over with, I handed him my bag, and went over to the campfire to warm up.  
  
On the other side of the fire, there was one of the new guys, Paul, sitting on a log. Paul is tall with longish black hair and a quiet dignity about him. I think he's from England, but lived in Japan for a while.  
  
He looked over as I came up. I kind of blushed wondering if he could tell I was naked. He was kind of looking me up and down, and seemed particularly interested in the hem of my blouse. I glanced down, but the flaps of my jacket still seemed to be covering my pussy. I tried to act normal, but my heart was pounding away a mile a minute.  
  
There were lots of other boys around, playing or chatting with each other, but Paul was the only one staring at me at first. Embarrassed, I turned away, but he continued to stare at my hips. Why was he staring? Was he flirting with me? He is kind of handsome I guess, and it was nice that he took such interest in me. My sister has a tall handsome British boyfriend, and I'd never been with a western man at that point. But what am I thinking? The more serious question is: can he tell I am commando? It was hard to know at first. I was kind of beside myself with excitement, my hips all tingly. My thoughts kept running unbidden to sex.  
  
I turned, and looked to Ryosuke, wondering if I should get my bag from him, but he was talking with some of the Japanese upperclassmen. Ryosuke knew I was naked, but he had somehow gotten embroiled in some serious debate.  
  
I wasn't sure what to do. Once I dry off, I should probably get my clothes, and head to one of the campus buildings, and get dressed. I know this is a silly thought, but I kind of wanted someone to take my picture. It had taken a lot of nerve to come up here dressed like this, so I wanted some proof that I'd actually done it. Does that make any sense? Paul was making me all giddy staring at my crotch, but none of the other boys seemed to be paying me much mind. I'm not really in any trouble yet.  
  
Satomi saw me, and came over.  
  
"How come your hair is all wet?" she asked, pointing to my head.  
  
"Um, Ryosuke and I walked down to the beach, and I went in for a quick dip."  
  
"Oh, my! Wasn't it cold?" she cooed wrapping her arm around me to warm me up. I'm sure she didn't mean to, but her hold was pulling on my blouse dragging it up. I wriggled, trying to get her to stop, but my pussy was visible now, and Paul had definitely noticed. I froze, watching to see what he would do. His eyes had widened in surprise, and he licked his lips, smiling, but he didn't move or say anything. I didn't know what to do, how to explain, but luckily, he was keeping his secret to himself, seemingly pretty happy to discover I was naked.  
  
"Here, let me get you a towel for your hair," Satomi said, scooting off for her bag. Teetering as she let go, I spread my legs to steady myself. Paul seemed even more shocked. I hadn't meant to, but maybe it looked like I was flashing him my pussy on purpose. He looked pretty happy, clearly enjoying my little 'show.'  
  
Looking back, this moment, when I'd 'accidentally' flashed Paul, and he'd seen, but no one else had was probably the most exciting. The tension in the air was incredible! Paul kept blinking like he couldn't believe his eyes, and I just kind of flitted around, giving him peeks, while trying to act like I didn't know full well he could see. The look of sheer joy on his face was priceless. I knew I was taking a terrible chance, but I just couldn't help myself. I was in heaven.  
  
Satomi came back, and handed me the towel. My mind had gone blank though. All I could think about was all these feelings - embarrassment, pleasure, excitement. I turned to the side, vaguely trying to hide my pussy at least, but I couldn't reach up to dry my hair on my head, not without exposing myself even more. I glanced back at Ryosuke, but he was still talking with the upperclassmen. Satomi seemed cheerful, not yet realizing I was naked.  
  
Some of the other guys were also starting to look over now. I felt so embarrassed, but I didn't know what to do. I had to dry off before I get dressed, but my pussy was just getting wetter and wetter.  
  
Trying to get away from Paul and them, I wandered back to where Ryosuke was, using the towel to hide my pussy. Paul was still staring at my bare bottom, clearly fascinated, but at least, I put some distance between us.  
  
"Yeah, but I think the basic problem is that no one is trying to apply Keynes anymore." Ryosuke was right in the middle of some debate. When I came up, he turned, and asked, "What is it, honey?"  
  
I was still trying to get my feelings under control. My face was probably beet red by then.  
  
"Oh sorry. Um, I... uh...," I stammered, not knowing what to say with them all looking at me. Ryosuke pointed to the tallest of them.  
  
"This is Takahara, a senior in economics."  
  
Takahara was very clean cut, with sharp features, but his expression softened somewhat when he turned to me. Ryosuke introduced me round the circle. The shorter guy standing next to me was Kosugi, a senior in history. I smiled meekly, too frightened to speak.  
  
I was kind of hoping that Ryosuke would leave them, and help me, but they were in the middle of something. I gave Ryosuke puppy dog eyes, but he seemed torn. Was he really going to choose them over me, even knowing I'm naked? A bit disappointed, I finally turned tail, and headed back to the fire. Kosugi peered down at my hips as I walked away, but maybe he hadn't figured out I was naked by that point.  
  
Back at the fire, Paul perked up when I came over. Maybe Ryosuke didn't care, but Paul was clearly hot for me, anxious to chat. I was flattered, but I mainly wanted to get a picture now, and then go get dressed. It didn't look like Ryosuke was going to help. I could ask Satomi, but I didn't want to set her off. What about Paul? He definitely seemed interested! But that might be a bit much.  
  
Unfortunately, just then, we all noticed Alistair Higgins coming across the field. Higgins is a professor in engineering I think. He is married to a Japanese woman, and has two kids, but comes to the JSU now and then. I looked around for somewhere to hide. I definitely didn't want him to see me like this.  
  
I tried to tie Satomi's towel around my waist, but it wasn't long enough. I backed up, and carefully sat my bare behind down on a log jumping a bit when I felt wood on skin. I folded the towel, and lay it over my pussy. Ryosuke had noticed Higgy too. He offered to toss me my bag, but I motioned for him to just stay put for now. Right behind me though, the Japanese American guy, Mark was standing.  
  
"Something wrong?" he asked. Mark is a nice guy I think. I knew him a little from playing drums together. He's kind of mild mannered, polite, positive, but I don't think he speaks Japanese at all. I actually didn't think he liked me, but I guess he felt closer to me after working on the drum thing with all of us.  
  
"Um, no. Ryosuke has my bag," I explained.  
  
"I can bring it over if you like," he offered, smiling.  
  
"Um, no, that's OK. Just, uh, wait... for now...," I told him, not sure how to explain.  
  
Mark stood behind me, at attention, being polite I suppose. I guess he hadn't seen me flash earlier. I braced myself, eyeing Higgy, who was making his rounds. I'd heard rumors about him. Word is he's a bit of a ladies' man. I tried to stay calm. You can do this, Emi.  
  
Satomi brought me over a hot dog. All this tension had made me hungry. I dug in, enjoying the taste. Luckily, Higgy didn't notice me. He said hi to a bunch of people, but eventually, made some excuse, and left.  
  
I felt a bit relieved once he left. Should I still try to get this picture, or just give up and get dressed? The whole thing was kind of nerve-wracking. I couldn't really ask Paul to take my picture given the tensions between us. Mark? At least he's trying to be helpful. Or maybe I should just ask Asuna. She seems to be cool with whatever.  
  
I wanted to stand up except Mark was right behind me. This was going to be awkward. Even if I make it all the way over to my bag without flashing anyone, how can I get my camera and stuff out? I sat there for a while wavering. I couldn't just stay out here all day dressed like this. I finally set Satomi's towel down on the log, and got up.  
  
I made it to my bag, and squatted down to get my stuff. However, this pulled the hem up, exposing my bare buns. I was so worried, but I just tried to get my stuff out as quickly as I could.  
  
I glanced back, and Mark was looking at me now as I feared. He didn't make a shocked face like Paul, but he did seem to be studying my rear end. Ryosuke has told me that I have 'the sexiest little ass.' Paul was all the way over at the fire, but he stood up to get a better look at me.  
  
I finally dug out my camera and my clothes. When I stood up, the hem kind of floated up at the front, so I had to pull it back down to cover my pussy. I don't think anyone saw, but this was getting more and more risky by the minute. I went back, and lay my clothes down on the log next to Mark. Looking straight at him, I patted the pile with my hand, and teased,  
  
"Don't run off with these, you hear?"  
  
His face went white, but he nodded. Finally, I scooted over to Asuna, and handed her my camera.  
  
"Could you take my picture?"  
  
She seemed a bit confused, but took the camera from me, asking where I wanted the picture to be taken. I walked around the fire to where Paul was, and motioned for him to get in the picture. Kazuo, Tetsu and a whole bunch of other guys crowded in trying to get in the shot. I pushed down the hem, but then just as Asuna was about to take the picture, without thinking, I raised my hands to make two peace symbols.  
  
"Say cheese!"  
  
"Cheese!" we all cried out in unison. I quickly pushed the hem back down, and ran over to Asuna to see how the picture had turned out. As I feared, she'd got a picture of me with my pussy showing. You could see my sleek black pubic hair and my delicate little slit peeking out. Paul wasn't even looking at the camera. He was peering down, apparently trying to get a peek at my behind.  
  
Tetsu and them were pestering me to send them a copy, but anyway, I had to go get dressed pronto. Ryosuke though had gone over to the log, and was arguing with Mark about something.  
  
"Don't show that to anyone," I warned Asuna, and then scooted over to see what was happening. It turned out Ryosuke and Mark were fighting over my clothes.  
  
"Emi told me to guard these!" Mark insisted. That's not what I said, but anyway, the two of them seemed pretty worked up about all this. I gestured for him to keep his voice down, but now it was like everyone was staring at us.  
  
"Hey. It's OK. I can take them now," I told Mark. He seemed kind of angry though, or jealous. I don't know what he thought, but it's possible he imagined that Ryosuke was to blame for me running around bare ass. I guess I probably shouldn't have teased him. As it was though, people were gathering around trying to see what all the fuss was.  
  
I lifted my arms up, trying to separate Ryosuke and Mark, but I think a lot of the guys at least were looking down at my pussy, wondering why I appeared to be naked. The atmosphere was so weird. It was like the guys had turned into a pack of wolves, hungry and on the hunt. Even drivers out on the main road were slowing down trying to see. Darn. I have to get out of here, and get dressed.  
  
I glanced around for my clothes. I knew they were on the log, but now there were a people in the way. I hesitated, a bit afraid with all these strange guys gathering round, but eventually, plunged into the crowd, going for my clothes. Some guy grabbed my ass, but I couldn't tell who it was in the confusion. Fortunately, Satomi saw, and came to my rescue, getting my clothes, and helping me wend my way through the crowd.  
  
Paul came up to me, and burbled,  
  
"Wow! You are so brave!"  
  
I was glad in a way, but things were getting out of hand, so Satomi and I pushed our way through, and made a break for it. Some guys booed as we dashed away, but luckily, they didn't chase after us.  
  
We made it to the Mexicana building, and rushed inside, and found a restroom. Satomi kind of lectured me on how silly it was to come up here commando. It was kind of foolish I guess, but it was definitely an eye-opening experience. I don't think I'd ever gotten naked in front of so many people! Even so, I knew she was right. I should be more careful.  
  
When we came out, Ryosuke was waiting.  
  
"Sorry about that," he apologized. "I didn't realize you told Mark to guard your stuff."  
  
"No, no. That's OK. That was my fault."  
  
Ryosuke suggested we head out, so we ended up going to Satomi's dorm, and chilling out there. That was a weird day, but kind of fun anyway.  
  
Emi Tsuruta