**Satomi's Dorm Mates**

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One of the jobs I had in university in Oceanview was in the campus fitness center. It was a nice enough place, and the other staffers were all pretty friendly to me. Sometimes, though, I'd have to work late, and I'd missed the last bus home. Luckily, my friend Satomi lived on campus, and she often let me sleep in her room, so I wouldn't have to take a taxi or whatever.

Anyway, late one night, I finished up, and headed to her dorm to see if she was still up. I guess it was past midnight, but Takuya, Hiro, Ricardo and Jorge were in the common room watching TV. Takuya and Hiro were Japanese boys, 19ish, living in the dorm that summer, and Ricardo and Jorge were their Mexican friends. All four of them were studying ESL on campus, and I kind of knew Takuya and Hiro through Satomi. Takuya is tall, and wears glasses, but he's pretty funny. Hiro is shorter and cuter, but maybe not as smart. They are younger than Satomi and I, but we sometimes hang out.

I knocked on the outer door, and waved at them through the window. Takuya got up, and let me in.

"Emi! What are you doing here so late?"

"I just finished work, and I was going to ask Satomi if I could sleep over."

"I'd be honored if you'd stay in my room," he quipped. I shot him a look, but I think he was just joking. That's the way he is—formal, but likes to tease.

"Thanks, but I think I'll ask Satomi first," I declined, brushing past him.

"You know where to find me if you change your mind," Takuya called after me. I laughed. He was kind of funny. I headed upstairs, and knocked on Satomi's door. I heard rustling, and eventually, she opened the door, blinking from the bright light.

"Emi? What? What's going on?"

"Sorry. Could I sleep over tonight? I have to go into work again tomorrow."

"OK," she said opening the door to let me in. She fished me out a towel from her closet, and then stumbled back to bed. I kind of felt bad for waking her, but I don't know why she goes to bed so early. If she wants a boyfriend, she should be downstairs talking with Hiro and them. The two of them seem to get along.

I went across the hall to the bathroom, stripped out of my clothes, and got in the shower. It felt good to get clean. In Japan, most people bathe at night just before bedtime, but showers are OK too.

I quickly finished up, and toweled off. I hadn't brought p.j.'s with me, so I just pulled on a t-shirt from my bag, and wrapped Satomi's towel around my waist. I brushed my teeth, a bit nervous because the washrooms here are co-ed. Outside the window, I could hear shouting and cheering coming from the lounge below. The guys must all be downstairs. When I was done, I peeked out the door. There was no one in the hall, so I scampered back across to Satomi's room. The lights were out, but she'd laid out futons on the floor, and was all bundled up in her own bed.

"Are you going to sleep?" I asked, a bit disappointed. I wanted to tell her about my day.

"Mmm," she murmured, already drifting off. I looked down at her, and sighed. Why does she always have to be like this? I set down my things, and got ready for bed. My towel was a bit wet, so I took it off, and hung it up in Satomi's closet to dry. This left me naked from the waist down, but it was just Satomi and me, so no big deal. I snuggled into the futon, and pulled up the covers.

I lay there for a while going back over the day's events. My shift started at four, taking over from my boss, Ted. It had been a quiet night. At the beginning of the summer, we were really busy, but now not as many people were coming in to exercise. It was just as well. At least, I hadn't bumped into those guys who'd wandered in on Sarah, Natasha and me when we were in the sauna.

Suddenly I heard voices out in the hall.

"Satomi? Emi? Are you gals up here?" It was Takuya and Hiro knocking on our door. I went to get up, but then I realized I wasn't decent, and pulled the towelket around my bare bottom. Satomi rolled over, and glared at me, annoyed at being awakened from her beauty sleep.

"Sorry," I apologized. "They saw me when I came in."

The two of them kept banging on the door, so Satomi finally got up, and answered it. A bit worried, I glanced around the room for my jeans. I must have stuffed them in my backpack when I took a shower. Lying face down, I pulled the towelket across my backside, and swung around to face the door.

"Oh here you guys are!" Takuya beamed. "We've been looking all over for you,"

"What do you want?" Satomi grumbled. "It's the middle of the night for heaven's sake. Don't you have classes tomorrow?"

"It's still early. Come on. Let's do something."

I wasn't that sleepy, but a bigger problem was my outfit. Probably none of them could tell I was naked, but I still felt vulnerable. I tugged my t-shirt down, but it was way too short. It just barely covered my bellybutton let alone anything south of there. Worse yet, I was starting to get excited from the situation. I could feel the soft terrycloth tickling my bare behind. I'd better not do anything silly. They probably think I'm strange enough as it is.

"Do you guys want to come down to the lounge, and watch some TV?" Takuya suggested. "There are some good movies on."

Satomi rolled her eyes, came back to her bed, but left the door open.

"OK, how about some cards then? We know you've got a deck in here somewhere."

Before I could say anything, they'd both come into Satomi's dark room, and started rummaging around in Satomi's desk for her cards. I felt so nervous. I gathered the towelket around my naked hips, but they were standing right next to where I was lying.

"Why don't you go to one of their rooms, Emi? I want to sleep," Satomi mumbled. I shook my head no. I couldn't very well do much of anything till I got some bottoms on.

"No, I... uh... I should be getting some sleep too," I told them.

"Oh, come on Emi. Please! Just a couple of quick games?"

I didn't say anything, but they both sat down at the end of my futon, and started shuffling the deck.

"What shall we play? Daifugou? Are you playing, Satomi?"

She just murmured drowsily. My mind was racing trying to think how to get them to go away. All I could think of was to maybe play a couple of quick games, and then suggest we call it a night.

"OK, just the three of us," Takuya soldiered on. "Two jokers. Joker's wild, and beats a two."

I carefully got up onto my elbows, and looked at my cards. I didn't have anything. I would lose for sure.

"Winner gets to switch places with Emi on the futon," Takuya grinned.

"No way," I gasped.

"Relax. I was just joking."

I anxiously pulled the towelket up higher around my back, dragging the soft terrycloth along my bare behind. I was wide awake now, so wired from the feeling of lying here naked.

"Who has the three of clubs?"

"I do," I announced, setting out two threes. Hiro won the round, and led more low cards. I won the next one. Takuya went out right away, and I ended up losing to Hiro.

"Here, if you won't give us your futon, you have to do something. Do a handstand or something."

"No way!" I shook my head, even more nervous.

"Then we'll just have to tickle you!" Takuya said. He was on top of me in a second. I rolled over on to my back, and held onto the towelket for dear life as he reached in, and tickled my sides. I couldn't keep from laughing, and I almost lost my grip on my towelket. I was breathing so heavily from the excitement. In the end, Hiro finally pulled Takuya off me.

"You should see yourself. You're blushing like a beet," Hiro said. I was so glad they hadn't figured out why. Anyway, Takuya finally sat down, and made me deal the next one. I got slightly better cards this time. My towelket was starting to feel hot wrapped around my waist. I looked down. Satomi's lights were still out. We were just playing by the light streaming in through the door from the hallway. My towelket was pretty much shaded in darkness. I cautiously pulled it over a bit exposing my side from my waist down. Hiro was on that side, but wasn't really looking at my legs. Actually, he looked really sleepy. He stretched out on the floor, and closed his eyes.

"You guys had better go. Hiro's half asleep," I whispered. Takuya looked a bit sleepy too, but his eyes were glowing catlike in the dark.

"One more game," he suggested. I started to deal cards to Hiro, but he was already drifting off. I could see Takuya's eyes darting around this way and that in the dark. He looked handsome, Buddha-like almost in the dim light. I picked up my cards.

"It's hot in here, isn't it?" I noted. I knew I shouldn't tease, but my hello kitty was tingling like crazy by then, getting me all excited. I guess I was in a strange mood because it was so late. The night has this special kind of atmosphere, don't you think? Like anything could happen.

I peered over at Takuya wondering what he'd do if I pulled off the towelket, exposing my derriere. It was kind of dark in the room, although there was light coming in from the hallway. Hiro seemed to be asleep, but Takuya was just sorting through his cards, not really looking at me. Unable to settle down, I reached down, and slowly tugged the covers off of my legs, exposing my bare behind to the light. My tension shot up a million-fold. Here I was lying there naked from the waist down with Takuya right there and the door wide open. I don't know what got into me, but I was so excited now, holding my breath wondering if he would realize.

Takuya rolled back this way, and set out a card. I froze because he was looking right at me. Can't he tell I'm naked?

"What?" he asked. I shook my head denying anything was wrong. "It's your turn."

I set out a card, but I felt like I would burst. I couldn't believe I was doing this, flashing him my bare behind. I was getting wetter and wetter by the second.

Eventually, Takuya's eyes narrowed focusing in on my hindquarters.

"What are you wearing?" he said staring right at my bare bottom.

"Nothing," I said. He moved to get up, so I pulled the covers back over me. His face had changed, looking a bit scary. He grabbed the towelket, and started trying to pull it away. "Careful! You'll wake them," I protested.

"Show me!" he insisted.

"Only if you're good," I giggled. I knew I shouldn't tease, but I don't know; it was just something about the whole situation. He has this exaggerated earnestness, and likes to pretend like he isn't interested, but I think he does like me, likes my body, finds me hot. There was something delightfully naughty about getting him going. I was a little worried about things getting out of hand, but just then, we heard a door open, and soon Sarah was standing there at our door.

"What's all this shouting?" she demanded to know in her Italian accent. Takuya got off of me, and I wrapped the towelket around my waist. Sarah was squinting in the dim light, so I guess she hadn't seen that I was naked.

"Takuya and Hiro here were just going to bed. Weren't you, guys?" I suggested. Takuya glared at me, unhappy to be chased away. He finally relented, and reached down to wake Hiro up.

"Oh, what time is it?" Hiro asked rubbing his eyes.

"Time for bed," I insisted. Takuya stood there glaring down at me, but I just played innocent. Eventually, Sarah convinced them to be on their merry way. She came back, and asked,

"What happened?"

"Nothing. It's a long story," I told her wiping my brow.

The next morning, Takuya and Hiro must have gone to class pretty early because I didn't see them around. I felt bad in a way. I probably shouldn't have been teasing Takuya like that, even though it was kind of thrilling at the time.

I lay low for the next little while, only visiting Satomi when I thought Takuya wouldn't be around. The next time I bumped into him, there was an awkward moment. He looked like he was about to say something, but then some other people showed up, and he missed his chance. When I left though, I smiled at him to let him know it was alright. I wasn't angry anyway. This time it was more my fault than his.

A few weeks later, just when I thought things would go back to normal, I managed to get myself in trouble again. I was sleeping over in Satomi's room, when I awoke to hear a rap on her door. I shielded my eyes from the sun streaming in through the window. It had been a particularly hot night, so I was sleeping in the nude. Satomi used to get angry whenever I did this, but I think she's used to it now. I sat up, and looked up at Satomi's bed, but she wasn't there. Maybe she was across the hall in the bath room having a shower.

"Who is it?" I called through the door.

"Ricardo. Emi, is that you? There's a phone call for you downstairs. It's your mom."

I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes, and got up. That's weird. Why would my mom be calling me on the downstairs phone? I checked my smartphone. The battery was dead. With all that was going on, I forgot to recharge it. I guess my mom must have phoned my host mom Loretta, and heard I was staying here. Anyway, I'd better hurry if it's long distance from Japan.

I quickly grabbed a white towel, and wrapped it around me as best I could, trying to tie it in a knot above my right breast. I guess if I'd thought about it, I would have gotten dressed, but I don't know; whenever my mom calls, I feel like I have to respond right away, you know?

I slid my feet into a pair of Satomi's furry white slippers. Oh and keys! I grabbed her key-chain off the desk, and opened the door. I guess I should have known from the way Ricardo looked at me that I was asking for trouble, but I sometimes wore a towel on the way across to the shower, and in any case, right then, I was more worried about my mom. I shut the door, and raced down the stairs as fast as I could. By the time I got to the phone, my mom had already hung up. I was about to go back upstairs when the phone rang again. It was my mom.

"How are things there, dear?"

"I'm fine, mom. What's going on?"

"Do you remember your uncle Yuuzou? Well, he was thinking..."

I was trying to hear, but there was some big commotion back in the hallway. Ricardo had gone, and fetched Takuya and Hiro, and now the three of them were here, peering in at me through the glass door. Takuya had this wicked gleam in his eye. Obviously, he hadn't forgotten what had happened the other night. They opened the door, and Takuya started yelling about how sexy I looked in Japanese. Ricardo and Jorge were there too shouting something in Spanish. I can't really understand Spanish, but I think they were making remarks about my body too.

"Please guys. It's long distance from my mom. Can you keep it down?"

Takuya's eyes kind of narrowed, and then he grabbed my towel. I tried to hold onto it—I swear I did, but the knot came loose, and Takuya pulled it right off me. Damn it! I hadn't really intended to come out here naked! We were right in the center of the dorm, and there might be other people around. I was so embarrassed. I tried to get my towel back, but Takuya bolted out the door into the quad waving my towel high in the air. I covered my pussy with my hand, but Ricardo and Jorge were dancing around with glee, while Hiro just stared at me, beaming like a fool.

"Mom, I've got to go," I told her. "I'll phone you back later."

I looked down at my naked body, kind of freaking out. I mean I'd trimmed and shampooed my bush the night before, so it probably looked lustrous and inviting or whatever, but the problem was more Takuya, Hiro, Ricardo and them were so young and horny and not really people I should be flashing. I mean, should I be flashing anyone even? I know you are not supposed to!

At least, this time, it wasn't my fault. I made a vague show of covering my pussy and behind, but I was getting crazy excited by then, not really used to being naked in the daytime surrounded by all these young bucks. I tried to shoo them away, but what I really need is my towel. One hand over my bottom, I walked to the outside door, and pushed it open. The sun was dazzlingly bright, but I could make out Takuya dancing around out on the grass with my towel. There were other people out there too, other students I guess. Still, I can't just go out there naked. Trying to come up with another plan, I pushed Jorge aside, and scooted into the lounge. There were newspapers on the coffee table, so I took one of them, and draped it across my front.

Hiro seemed calmer than the others, so I asked him,

"Could you get my towel back?"

He looked vaguely sympathetic, but Ricardo and Jorge were kicking up such a fuss that Hiro ultimately just shrugged. I pushed past them, and went into the hall trying to get away. Ricardo was shouting something like,

"Caramba," in Spanish. I ran up the stairs, but I swear I felt so horny running around out here naked in the daytime. I did manage to make it to Satomi's room, and finally got the door open. I got dressed, and went back down, but there was no sign of Takuya and them by then. I found my towel in the common room. I was still kind of horny, but I phoned my mom, and found out what she wanted to tell me. It was nothing. I felt kind of foolish going through all that just to hear some new gossip.

The next time, I saw Takuya in the lounge, I went in to talk to him.

"You really shouldn't do things like that when people are around."

He rubbed the back of his head, still grinning a bit.

"Do you do that kind of stuff with other girls?" I asked.

"No."

"Then why me?"

"I don't know. You did look pretty sexy in that towel."

"Well, don't do that again," I told him trying to sound serious.

"I'll try, but it's hard to resist," Takuya smiled. "You've got a great body." I was actually happy to hear this. I'd been swimming a lot, and trying to work on my sexiness. I guess it was working. I shouldn't let on though. I hid my smile, and bid him, "Good night."

"G'night, Emi."

Time passed, and things settled down, but I still visited the dorm. One night I went fairly early, and Sarah and Natasha joined Satomi and I. Sarah is Italian, tall and tanned, a beauty. Natasha is French and blonde and even sexier still. I'd gotten to know them pretty well. They come swimming with me sometimes.

We chatted till late, and then, Sarah and Natasha went off to change into their p.j.'s, and Satomi and I got changed too. I'd actually brought some Japanese ruumu uea (roomwear?) to wear as p.j.'s, a light brown off the shoulder sweater and matching brown shorts also made of knitted wool I think. I like it because the fuzziness feels soft on my skin.

I was starting to get hungry. Satomi suggested pizza. We told Sarah about Kennedy's pizzeria and how good it was, and she said she was willing to try. Kennedy and Clint are the two Chinese guys I was telling you about. They run the pizzeria near the dorm, and have always been extra nice to me. I gave them a call, and Clint answered the phone. He recognized my voice right away.

"Emi. How're you doing? We haven't seen you for ages." I guess I told you Clint and Kennedy are two of the few who know my little secret. We first met them the night of the toga party, and they even have a picture of me in my toga up on their wall. They're really so funny—every time I go in there, they get all excited.

Anyway, I ordered the pizza, and Clint told me he'd bring it right over. I went down to the porter's office, and he told me to wait in the common room to let them in. I went down the hall, and luckily, there was no one there. I sat down, and switched on the TV to watch while I waited.

Soon, I heard Kennedy and Clint talking out in the quad. They must have closed up the pizzeria, so they could both come. Part of me felt flattered—they have this image of me as some kind of sex goddess—but I felt bad in a way too. Maybe I should do something to make it up to them. I waved to them from the window, and they both broke out into huge toothy grins.

For some reason, I was getting all excited. I glanced down at my outfit, fluffy brown sweater and shorts. It's not so sexy really, just for lounging around at home. I wonder... On the spur of the moment, I decided to slide off my shorts, and answer the door bottomless. I knew they'd get a kick out of it. I peeled off my shorts, and set them down on the coffee table.

I stood up, and pulled the hem down over my bush, but it wasn't quite long enough to cover my bare bottom at the back. Still, they were already banging at the door. I finally decided to just go for it, and scampered over to open the door for them. I pushed the hem down over my pussy, and held my breath as I opened the door. This was so exciting!

"Emi! It's great to see you again. You look fantastic," Kennedy grinned, nodding at my bare thighs.

"Thanks," I said. I'd come this far, but now that they were here, I felt pretty embarrassed. My face was flushing hot. I suddenly heard voices coming from behind me down the hall. It sounded like Takuya and them coming back from outside. Realizing I had to hurry, I quickly asked,

"How much is it?"

"Our treat!" Kennedy beamed.

"Oh no. That's alright. Let me pay," I told them feeling bad. The voices were coming closer though. "I'll drop by the pizzeria, and pay you tomorrow," I told them, all in a rush now to get back to my shorts.

Takuya appeared at the glass door behind me, eyes wide, all excited again. Balancing the pizza box on one hand, I felt for my sweater. It was hanging high, not covering my bare bottom. I backed up into the common room, set the pizza box down on top of my shorts, and sat down trying to hide my nakedness. Takuya came in, followed by Hiro, Ricardo and Jorge apparently back from a night out drinking. Oh no! Now what do I do?

"Pizza! That looks good," Jorge remarked, licking his lips.

I pressed my legs together, but I was beginning to get all excited again. Kennedy and Clint came into the lounge, worried about me maybe. Here I was out in the dorm—naked from the waist down—surrounded by 6 randy young guys. How do I get myself into these situations?

Takuya leaned over, and opened up the pizza box.

"Mmm! Looks delicious. Can we have a slice?"

I slid forward in my seat to stop him, but Kennedy and Clint gasped.

"Wow!"

I only slowly realized they could now see my bare bottom. I slid back into the chair, trying to cover up, but my heart had gone into overdrive. I don't think Takuya had twigged that I was naked, but they could probably tell from the way I was blushing that something must be up.

"Anyway, this is for Satomi and Sarah and me," I told Takuya. "Hands off." I glanced back at Kennedy. "Could you make another pizza for these guys?"

"Sure, Emi, but um... could I talk to you for a sec?" Kennedy motioned for me to come out into the hall. The other guys were kind of watching me now. I really didn't want to leave the safety of the chair, but on the other hand, I think Kennedy was trying to rescue me. I kind of glared at Takuya, motioning for him and his friends to shoo, but they were all too drunk to clue in. I made on last effort to pull the hem of my sweater down over my hips, and slowly scooched forward in the chair. Once I stood up, though, they all kind of stared in wonder at my bare bottom. I scurried out to the hall, all excited now.

"Um, Emi, you... uh...," Kennedy stammered trying to warn me. "Where are your bottoms?" he finally got out.

"Under the pizza box. Can you go get them?" I pleaded. He peered down at the hand I had over my pussy, clearly quite excited. Clint was kind of guarding the glass door, trying to keep Takuya and them from coming out into the hall. We could hear Takuya waxing poetic about what a great 'ass' I have! Kennedy took over for Clint at the door, letting him go in after my pizza and shorts. I batted my eyelashes, blinking shyly, while Kennedy continued to stare at me in shock.

"Wow!" was all he said.

Clint came out into the hall with my pizza and shorts. He seemed fascinated by my shorts, although they are really nothing special. I took the box from him, the shorts on top, and bowed my thanks.

"Thanks for the pizza. I'll pay you tomorrow," I told them.

"Forget about the money. Can you give us a peek?" Kennedy begged.

I glanced around, worried. All kinds of people live on this floor. I was shivering like crazy, but held still long enough for Kennedy to come over, and lift up my sweater to peek at my pussy. Embarrassed, I turned away, but he just lifted the hem up higher, showing Clint my bare ass. I guess we were all kind of nervous by then, because his hands seemed to be shaking too. I finally got him to let go, mouthed,

"Thanks," and then ran off up the stairs. At the top, I put down the pizza, and pulled my shorts back on, my heart literally pounding away in my chest. That was close! Once I calmed down, I took the pizza into Satomi's room.

"How much was it?" Natasha asked.

"It was on the house," I smiled. They all started cheering and clapping, but I was too embarrassed to tell them why.