**Toga Party**

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

I think this all happened in the autumn of my freshman year at Oceanview U. in California. I was living in a home stay with an American family, Loretta and her two kids, while my best friend, another Japanese girl named Satomi, was living on campus in a dormitory. Satomi was not really a party person, but maybe she just hadn't gotten into it yet. She's a real cutie with big black eyes, duckbill lips and a tiny nose, but she hadn't had much luck finding a boyfriend since coming to Oceanview a year or two before. Guys would hit on her—hit on us both—but I guess she was looking for a certain type of guy, a guy with a pure heart. I had a boyfriend of sorts, Ryosuke. Maybe his heart isn't so pure, but he's nice enough most of the time.  
  
That year, whenever I was free, I'd drop by at Satomi's dorm, and get her to come out, and do stuff. Her dorm was co-ed, and there were an awful lot of interesting guys there.  
  
One guy was Josh. He was a year or two above us, Anglo-American I guess, with sandy brown hair and a healthy surfer-like glow. The three of us were eating in the dining hall one day, and got to talking. I don't think he was hitting on us (Maybe he was. Who Knows?), but he did mention that there was a toga party that night.  
  
"A toga? That's like a pareo, is it?" I asked, trying to recall if I had anything like that at home.  
  
"It's Roman, like a long white gown," he explained. "You can buy toga costumes, but most of us will be making our own."  
  
"How do you make one?"  
  
"The dorm has sheets..."  
  
"But how do you get it to stay up?" I persisted. Josh just laughed, and joked,  
  
"Will power" and "Saliva."  
  
Satomi looked doubtful, but I thought it sounded like fun. I like dressing up, and the whole dorm would likely be there. This was our chance to get to know people.  
  
After supper, Satomi and I went back to her room. Satomi did have a few fresh sheets. I tried to look up how to make a toga on my smartphone. For Satomi's, we used one sheet to make a wrap-around skirt, and another sheet to make a sort of tube top, fastening them with safety pins. She wanted to wear a bra, but the straps would show, so I finally talked her into going without. We tied her hair back, and added some flowers. She looked good, like a Greek goddess (Well, maybe not exactly, but you get the idea).  
  
For my toga, we only had one sheet left. I took off my jeans and t-shirt. You could see my bra too, so I ended up taking that off. I hung the sheet over one shoulder, and pulled it together at the other side, but we were out of safety pins, so I had to use a bobby pin instead. Satomi looked doubtful. My left shoulder was completely bare, and you could see a bit of the slope of my breast, but it was more decent than I thought it would be. I had on white lace bikini panties that day, so it wouldn't be so bad even if people got a peek through the gap at the side. Satomi helped me tie my hair back. I wore my small purse, and borrowed a pair of Satomi's sandals.  
  
When we were finally ready, we went out into the hall. I felt so nervous. I could feel the air on my bare skin almost all the way up, reminding me of how naked I was. It was so weird wandering the halls of her dorm with so little on.  
  
The main party was in the auditorium in the basement. We went down, and got some punch (spiked?), and looked around. A fair number of people were dancing. I didn't really know anyone besides Satomi and Josh, but two guys came over, and asked us to dance. Satomi was reluctant—we both had to be careful not to lose our togas—but I convinced her to give it a try.  
  
I wasn't really sure how western people dance at that point. I mean I'd see videos of Beyonce, and I know some of the Japanese dance steps (party monster?), but these guys just kind of held out their arms, and moved this way and that.  
  
My partner leaned over, and suggested the two of us go for a walk. I was kind of surprised—I mean I didn't even know the guy, and I also felt guilty because I hadn't invited Ryosuke to come. I motioned a 'no', excused myself, and went out into the hallway. Satomi saw, and came after me. We just kind of left those two guys standing there, but anyway, I was too new to all of this to know what you are supposed to do. I went all the way around the corner, and then, called Ryosuke on my smartphone.  
  
He was out with Futoshi and them playing pool. I kind of wanted him to come, so I told him about our togas.  
  
"Are you wearing any underwear?" he asked, excited all of a sudden. Satomi was right there, so I went further down the hall, so she wouldn't hear. I told him,  
  
"I have on my panties, but I took off my bra."  
  
"Nice. Sounds delish!"  
  
My face was getting hot.  
  
"Emi, take off your panties too," Ryosuke insisted.  
  
"What?"  
  
"The toga is covering everything, isn't it?"  
  
"Yes, but..."  
  
"Promise me you'll do it."  
  
I grimaced, a bit put off. I mean it's all well and good to fool around together, but he wasn't even here!  
  
"Ryosuke, I don't think..."  
  
"Oh, say you'll do it."  
  
Reluctantly, I ducked into the ping pong room, and slid my hand under the toga, checking my panties. I will admit I was kind of excited by that point, from wandering around almost naked in front of all these cute college guys.  
  
"I... uh..." I peeked around the corner. Satomi was playing with her own phone. I pulled my phone closer, and whispered,  
  
"Are you sure? There are a lot of people here, and I'll be naked under the toga."  
  
"That'll be the fun part. No one has to find out."  
  
I wasn't so sure. People could already see part of my breast, and this stupid bobby pin wasn't exactly the securest. Maybe I could get away with it just for a little bit. Still unsure, I reluctantly stuck my thumbs in the waistband of my panties, and yanked them down and off. The feeling though was a lot worse than I expected. My hello kitty started buzzing away like crazy, getting me all hot and bothered. Even if people can't see anything, just the feeling was winding me up something fierce.  
  
"Anyway, I did it. Hurry up, and come. I need a bodyguard."  
  
"OK, I'll be there as soon as I can."  
  
"OK. See you soon." I stuffed my panties and smartphone into my purse. The sheet kept brushing up against my bare bottom making me jump. In my flustered state, I somehow knocked the bobby pin loose, causing my toga to fall open at the side. Out in the hall, I could hear Satomi talking with someone. The boys we'd been dancing with? I couldn't find the bobby pin though. It didn't seem to be on the sheet, nor on the floor.  
  
I began to shake the sheet out, hoping the pin would fall, and jingle when it hit the floor. Without the sheet covering me, I really was naked! I got down on my hands and knees, feeling on the cold cement floor for this pin. I kept losing the sheet, getting more and more nervous and excited from crawling around naked. I kept worrying someone would come, and see me here with my bare hiney stuck in the air. I was getting so excited I felt like I might come.  
  
Eventually, I checked the sheet again, and there the pin was, hooked onto one of the edges. I was so relieved. I stood back up, and tried to fasten the toga back into place. I managed, but I was so wired I had to take a few deep breaths to try to calm down.  
  
When I finally went out into the hall, I found Satomi talking with two other boys.  
  
"Oh, Emi, this is Kevin, and this is Hector. They're freshmen too."  
  
Kevin was Chinese American, and Hector was Hispanic, Colombian. They seemed geeky, kind of shy, and a lot less forward that the boy I'd danced with. It was nice to meet some calmer types.  
  
I was still quite worried about my pantilessness, but they were both so funny, which helped put me at ease. Hector was heavyset, and looked vaguely Roman in his toga, but he had these big thick grey socks on under his sandals. He joked about his lack of fashion sense. Kevin's parents wanted him to go into medicine, but he wanted to be a writer. I felt sympathy for him. It must be tough if you want to do something artistic, but your parents want you to do something else.  
  
"I'm hungry," Hector lisped. "Want to go grab a pizza?"  
  
Satomi said she wanted to go with them, and wanted me to come. I think they live in the same 'house' she does, so they all know each other. I had to meet Ryosuke, but Satomi insisted I go with them. I guess I can call Ryosuke back, and tell him where we are. I nodded a reluctant yes, and the four of us headed out. Once we were outside, my toga kept blowing up all over the place, so I had to use both hands to keep it down. The wind blowing all over my pussy was getting me ever more frantic.  
  
"What's wrong?" Satomi asked.  
  
"Nothing," I winced, not wanting to give myself away. Hector was kind of looking at me, but I don't think any of them had seen that I was naked... yet!  
  
Hector led us across the street, and then a couple more blocks west till we came to this big road. We had to wait at the light, but somehow I managed to make it across and into the pizzeria without flashing the whole city. The pizzeria was just a small place, a hole in the wall, but it had a homey sort of feel to it. There were two Chinese American guys working behind the counter. They looked over when we came in. They were maybe late 20's in glasses. They kind of looked like students themselves.  
  
"Welcome, welcome. What can we get you?" one asked in a friendly tone. Hector suggested we split a large deluxe, so we went with that. I called Ryosuke to tell him where we were, and then, went over to sit at the one table. Back in the kitchen, we could see the chef throwing the dough up in the air. Hector got up, and was looking at this bulletin board on the wall.  
  
"Who are these people in the pictures?" Hector asked.  
  
"Those are students who come here over the years," one explained. "You guys are from Oceanview U., right?"  
  
"Um, yeah, we're freshmen," Hector told him.  
  
"My name is Kennedy, and that's is Clint," he told us pointing to the chef. "We run this place. We're usually here." He had a bit of a Chinese accent, but he reminded me of someone, someone from my home town, maybe one of the jolly store keepers on the main drag in Kamakura. He had sort of this small town friendliness and chipper outlook. I kind of like that.  
  
"Do you take pictures of all your customers?" Hector asked.  
  
"Only the special ones. We can take pictures of you if you'd like," Kennedy offered. Hector looked to us, and we all agreed.  
  
Clint went, and fetched a camera, and came out. Hector and Kevin came around behind us, and we all scrunched together, so we'd fit. I got so caught up in the moment that I didn't notice at first, that my toga had fallen open, exposing one cheek of my bottom and my midriff quite a long ways up.  
  
"Cheese," Clint grinned, and we all tried to smile. It was only after he'd finished that I noticed my thigh showing, and pulled my toga back over it. I immediately started to worry what was in the picture, but Clint had disappeared off into the back.  
  
"What are you guys studying?" Kennedy asked. It turned out that Kennedy himself had studied culinary arts in college, and had even worked in Italy for a little while, so the pizza must be authentic, thin crust. It was good.  
  
A bit later, Clint came out, and tacked our photo onto the board. I went over to take a look, and sure enough, you could see my bottom, and kind of tell that I was naked. Clint was smiling, and Kevin lifted up his glasses to take a closer look.  
  
"How come you're all dressed up like this?" Kennedy asked, clearly puzzled by my lack of underwear.  
  
"There's a toga party tonight," Hector explained, sidestepping the real issue. No one said anything about me, but Kennedy and Clint pretty clearly seemed amused by my daring.  
  
"This pizza is really good!" I chirped, trying to change the subject.  
  
Luckily, Ryosuke finally showed up. We introduced him to everyone. I wondered if that might change things, but Kennedy brought us all out free drinks.  
  
"What's this for?" Ryosuke asked.  
  
"For being such good customers," Kennedy smiled. There was a bit of an awkward moment, with Ryosuke perhaps wondering why these guys were being so friendly. Kennedy wasn't being weird about it or anything, but I think Ryosuke might have been a little jealous. In any case, shedding my panties was Ryosuke's idea in the first place. He should have known guys might notice.  
  
Trying to lessen the tension in the air, I got up to go to the washroom, intending to pull my panties back on. I had to ask Kennedy the way though, and once I went into the back, he said to me,  
  
"You are so brave!" gesturing down towards my hips.  
  
I was so surprised when he said this. I was kind of feeling ashamed of myself for being so brazen, but Kennedy seemed to see it as a mark of my defiance, my independence, my fearlessness. Maybe he was right. I guess it was a pretty brave thing to do. I was glad he saw it that way. I wonder if there were other girls who'd come in here in togas in the past. Maybe what I'm doing isn't so strange after all. Oceanview was a university town. Maybe things are different here.  
  
Anyway, I washed my face, and considered what to do. With Kennedy on my side, I felt better about the whole thing. It was a bit scary walking around like this, but I haven't gotten in trouble, and it was kind of fun, teasing them, seeing their reactions. I like being naked. It feels sexy and liberating.  
  
I took a deep breath, and went back out. Kennedy and Clint looked over. I smiled shyly as I walked past, but I wasn't paying attention to where I was walking, and my toga got caught on something. I scrambled to keep it wrapped around me, but the pin came loose again. The corner of my toga had gotten caught on this trolley. I tried to pull it loose myself, but it was stuck, so Clint came over to help. I know he was just trying to be nice, but every time he lifted the corner of the sheet to try to pull it loose, he pulled the sheet away from my bare bottom. Kennedy came over too, and the two of them were clearly quite excited to get a peek at my goodies.  
  
I knew I had to get out of there, but to be perfectly honest, I was getting kind of excited myself. With my toga caught, I couldn't get away. I had to just stand here, and endure the embarrassment as Clint fooled around with my skirt. I gazed up at the ceiling, trying to hold my feelings in check, but my pussy was all wet. I bit my lip, and motioned for Clint to hurry, but the two of them had bugged their eyes way out, I guess not used to having naked girls running around in their shop. Clint was a gentleman though, carefully avoiding touching my bare butt cheeks as he fiddled with the corner.  
  
As if things weren't bad enough, Ryosuke appeared at the door, looking for me. I rushed to show him that my toga had gotten caught, but Ryosuke kind of glared at me, as if I'd done this on purpose somehow. I most certainly hadn't intended to flash these poor guys. I mean they seemed like nice enough guys, but we'd only just met. (I wonder. Is there ever a good time to flash people?)  
  
Finally, Ryosuke got fed up watching, and came over, motioning for Clint to step aside. Clint backed up, and apologized, and soon, Ryosuke pulled the sheet loose, ripping it a bit in the process. Ryosuke took my hand, and pulled me back out to the table. I apologized to Clint and Kennedy for the whole thing. I'm sure they hadn't intended for any of this to happen, so I don't know why Ryosuke was being so testy.  
  
Everyone had more or less finished the pizza and drinks, so we thanked Kennedy and Clint, and headed back towards Satomi's dorm. I still wanted to get dressed, but Ryosuke wanted to talk to me, so we said goodbye to Satomi, Hector and Kevin, and headed over to the library. Ryosuke led me around back to the loading dock where it was quiet, away from the street.  
  
"What was that all about back there?" he asked, still jealous.  
  
"It was nothing. The toga got caught...," I started to explain.  
  
"You are such a little minx, you are," he growled softly, pulling me closer, and kissing me on the neck. We were right near the street, so I placed my hands on his chest, holding him back a little, trying to rein in my own lust, and do the right thing. Ryosuke pulled on my toga at the collar till my left breast popped out.  
  
"Hey! Cut that out," I warned him softly. "There are houses right there."  
  
I think those houses are used as restaurants. The lights were out, but for all we knew, someone could be there. Ryosuke turned back to me, and grabbed my breast, massaging it to life.  
  
"Ryosuke, this is the middle of campus."  
  
He finally slowed down.  
  
"I just want to take a look at you," he purred.  
  
He lifted up my toga taking a peek at my bare bottom. We'd fooled around in the university garden once, but this was more out in the open. I turned away from the street to hide, but I will admit I was kind of excited too. Ryosuke found the bobby pin, and pulled it off. The toga unraveled, and was hanging completely open at the sides. I put my arms around him trying to hide my naked body. He slid his hands in from the side, and grabbed my buttocks pulling me into him. I could feel his erection through his pants. Big!  
  
He gently slid my toga off my shoulder, leaving me naked. He grabbed my other breast, and peered down at my fluffy black bush, so out of place in the streetlights. I felt so strange, charged, electrified, so embarrassed to be naked so close to the street.  
  
"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" he gloated.  
  
"I am not! Give me back my toga!"  
  
He finally gave in, came closer, and wrapped the sheet around my shoulders. I was shivering like crazy, and it took us forever to get the toga done back up. We came so close to having sex there, but we could hear cars going by on the other side of the library, so it was just too dangerous. Eventually, I managed to get presentable, but we were both still on edge, hungry, unsatisfied.  
  
I convinced Ryosuke to come back to Satomi's dorm, and I finally was able to get back dressed in my regular clothes. Ryosuke walked me to the bus stop, but I didn't think I should invite him to Loretta's house. I think at that point, neither Loretta nor my parents knew I was dating anyone. We promised to meet up again soon, and find some place more private to... well, you know.  
  
Another girl I met around that time was Yuko. I visited the Japanese language department to ask about something, and I got to talking with her, and we kind of became friends. She was in one of the upper years, and worked as a teaching assistant. She was a bit of a funny girl though with a wild untamed look to her, especially her hair, and lots of black mascara around her eyes. Sexy too. She later confessed that she used to work as a cosplay model, when she was in Japan.  
  
I mentioned I like sports, so she invited me to come to her aerobics class at the campus fitness center. I'd never joined any classes like that before, so it was a bit of a new experience for me. The instructor was an American girl, Sherry I think her name was, muscular like a bodybuilder almost, but she was quite spunky, and revved us up, getting everyone going. The girls in the class were mostly Americans. Yuko and I were the only Japanese, but everyone was friendly enough.  
  
The first couple times I wore a tracksuit, but spring came, and the other girls started to dress more lightly. Yuko and some of them tended to wear leotards. Yuko's was so sexy with really high cut legs, shiny, purple with a wet look almost like a swimsuit, Realise. We could see most of Yuko's bare behind—quite the sight really—but she seemed right at home lounging around like that, I guess from her days modeling. At first, I wasn't sure if I wanted to go that far, but I found a cute one online, red, white and blue, America's colors, and ordered it.  
  
It felt so weird the first time I wore it. The leg holes were huge, and went up way past my hips. It had what in Japan, we call a T-front design. I had to get a bikini wax, just so my pubic hair wouldn't show at the sides. Once we started exercising though, I realized that it was easier to move in, and cooler in the warm weather.

Those classes were in the morning, so after, Yuko and I would go out for lunch. Her favorite place was a trendy sandwich and salad place with a patio just north of the center. One time, we were so hungry we decided to rush out in our leotards without getting changed. We wanted something fast, so I suggested we go to Kennedy's pizzeria.  
  
Kennedy and Clint were both there, and you should have seen the look on their faces when we walked in. Yuko is model beautiful I guess, but more than that, they kept going on about our outfits.  
  
"Wow! Sexy dynamite," Clint enthused. "Look like a race queen!" They made us turn around, and show them our rears. I guess I did feel a little embarrassed then, but anyway, I was glad they liked it. They treated us to free drinks. When we left, the two of them came out to watch as we walked back across to the fitness center. Yuko giggled, and joked that we should dress like this more often.  
  
Soon after that, the school year ended, and I went back home to Japan. Shopping in Shibuya, I bought a new red and white bikini with ties at the side and back. When I came back to Oceanview, there was no aerobics, but I started going to the fitness center for their swimming pool. It's nice with huge picture windows, and sunlight streaming in, but during the vacation, there weren't many people there. Often, I had the pool to myself. There must have been a lifeguard on duty, but he tended to hide away in the guarding station, so sometimes I wouldn't even see him.  
  
Lunchtime rolled around, and I remembered Kennedy's pizzeria. From the pool deck, actually, you can see the pizzeria across the street. I got up on the deck, and looked out that way. I wonder if Kennedy and Clint are there today. I couldn't see them, but the store seemed to be open, so they were probably there. I looked down at my new bikini. I'm sure they'd get a big kick out of seeing it. I went, had a quick shower, toweled off, and then pulled on my shoes and my white hoodie.  
  
I felt a bit self-conscious walking past the desk clerk in my bikini bottoms, but made it past him easily enough. I hurried along the busy street with all these cars driving by. A couple drivers slowed down to get a better look at me. The light finally changed, and I dashed across and into the small pizza shop. There wasn't anyone at the counter, so I called out,  
  
"Yaho!"  
  
Kennedy and Clint soon appeared from behind the curtain.  
  
"Emi! It's you. What a surprise!" Kennedy beamed. "Wow! A bikini! And it's all wet! Were you swimming?"  
  
"Yeah, at the fitness center across the street."  
  
"I haven't been swimming for ages. Maybe we should close shop, and come join you," he joked.  
  
I laughed. Kennedy came closer, and pointed to the side ties on my bottoms.  
  
"Are these real?" he asked, curious. I lifted up the hem of my hoodie, looking down at my bottoms. I felt a bit self-conscious, but actually quite at home around the two of them.  
  
"May I?" Kennedy asked, pointing at the bow above my hip. I looked at him, puzzled, at first not realizing what he was asking. He slowly started pulling on one end, and before I knew it, the bow suddenly came undone. I grabbed the front before it fell, but the back dropped down, exposing my bare behind. I gasped, shocked that he'd actually strip me.  
  
"Oh sorry. I didn't think it was real!" he apologized, clearly surprised himself. Clint came out, mouth wide open, crying out,  
  
"Oh my! Oh my!" over and over. Clint is kind of funny with his overreactions. Even so, I had to cover up 'cause we were right near the street. I crouched down, trying to grab the back, but it had fallen away, leaving my sweet patootie completely exposed.  
  
"Can I go back here?" I asked, pointing toward their kitchen. It was lucky too, because just then, another customer came in. Had he seen my bare backside? Clint dealt with the customer, but Kennedy came round to see if I was alright. I got so flustered I lost my grip on my bottoms, dropped them to the floor. Can you imagine? There I was in their kitchen, bottomless with Kennedy right there looking on!  
  
When I leaned down to pick up my bottoms, I kind of flashed my pussy at Kennedy, not thinking. I didn't dare look him in the eye, but he very clearly was getting all excited! There was such a weird tension in the air. I obviously hadn't flashed him on purpose, but I will admit I was getting a little horny myself.  
  
"Can I use your washroom?"  
  
"Yeah, sure. Go ahead."  
  
I clomped away, with Kennedy still staring at my bare behind. I finally made it to the washroom, and tied my bikini bottoms back on. I came back out feeling really foolish. Kennedy was nice. He treated me to a slice of pizza and a drink just to make me feel better. It was quite the experience, but anyway, I was glad they didn't freak out or anything.  
  
Emi Tsuruta