**Back at Kenta's Condo**

by Emi Tsuruta

Right at the beginning of the summer last year, our friend Kenta went back to Japan for a week. Kenta has a condo, and my boyfriend Ryosuke asked him if we could housesit for him while he was gone. The way Ryosuke tells it, Kenta wasn't so keen at first, but eventually he said OK. I was really so excited because that was like the first time that Ryosuke and I had a place of our own. One problem was that we both had jobs for the summer, so we wouldn't be able to enjoy it that much, but anyway, I was still looking forward to it. I told my host mom I was going to stay at my friend Satomi's, packed a night bag, and headed out.

Kenta was leaving on a Monday, which I had off, but Ryosuke was working. I went to Kenta's place early in the day to pick up his keys. Our other friend Futoshi was there to give Kenta a ride to the airport. The two of them wanted me to come with them, but I begged off, telling them to go ahead without me. I did go down with them to the parking lot, thanked Kenta, and waved goodbye as they drove off. After that, I went back up to the condo, and gave Ryosuke a call. He was really busy at his work, and didn't know what time he'd finish. I was kind of disappointed, and I wasn't sure quite what to do next. It was a nice day out, so I decided to go down to the swimming pool, and go for a swim before lunch.

It was an outdoor pool sandwiched between these four storey condos. I'd walked past the pool quite a few times, but had never been in. At first, I couldn't find the entrance to the women's changing room. It turned out it was off this narrow alley round back. I guess they made it that way to keep people from peeking in.

There was no one in the changing room, but I could hear the kids yelling and screaming in the pool. I got undressed, had a shower, and put on my bikini, the red and white one with the side ties. Out in the pool, there were a whole bunch of little kids and a girl around my age who was the lifeguard. I nodded to her, but seeing her reminded me of the Korean American lifeguard, Sonya, who caught Ryosuke and I fooling around in the women's showers at the slider pool.

I swam around for a bit in the deep end, and then got back up on the deck to take a look around. The pool is right at the edge of the condo complex, so you can see the street through the fence. I toweled off my hair, and looked out at the apartments across the street. Partly because it was a weekday I guess, there didn't seem to be too many people around.

I went in swimming a bit more, but eventually, I decided to head back, and started thinking about lunch. I nodded to the lifeguard again, went into the women's change room, took off my swimsuit, and had another shower. The water felt so good on my naked body, and it was such a nice day out I didn't really feel like putting my clothes on again right away. While I toweled off, I walked out to the entrance, and peeked outside. I was about to step out the door naked when I heard voices coming, so I dashed back in. This woman and her daughter came in. I was breathing a bit deeply from the excitement, but I just turned my back, and waited till they went into the pool.

I debated trying again, but finally, I put on my sandals, wrapped the towel around my breasts, and slipped on my backpack over that. I checked myself in the mirror, but the towel seemed long enough to cover up my bush, so I ended up walking back to Kenta's apartment like that. There are like all these apartment balconies on either side of the path, so I felt like all these people might be watching me, but anyway, I made it back to his building without dropping my towel or anything. It felt kind of fun to walk around like that, savoring the feeling of the breeze on my naked skin.

Inside Kenta's building, I came to the stairwell where Ryosuke and I fooled around that time when Kenta first moved in here a couple of years ago. At that time, I was so nervous about the whole idea of doing stuff outdoors, but now that I look back, that was like the most exciting time. I don't think I'll ever really get used to doing the things we do, but anyway, it doesn't seem as weird as it used to.

On the way up the stairs, I was kind of fiddling with my towel and toying with the idea of taking it off, and just walking up the stairs naked. It was still early in the day, and I wasn't really sure how many people were around, so I finally decided I'd better not.

At the top of the stairs, I went through the door into the corridor, and looked out the window at the building behind us. It was very tall, but I think Kenta said it was for older people. I didn't see anyone sitting out on their balconies. I was almost about to undo my towel, when I heard the rattle of a door unlocking. I scurried over to Kenta's door, and just barely made it in before the people across the hall came out. Phew! That was close. I'd better be more careful, or else I'll really get in trouble.

Back in the apartment, I realized I hadn't brought any food, so I got dressed in a t-shirt and shorts, and headed to the convenience store. I'd been in here before with Ryosuke once, but luckily, the clerk was a different guy.

Anyway, I bought my lunch, and headed back to Kenta's. There still didn't seem to be many people around considering how many people must be living there. I guess everyone was off at work or school or whatever.

Back at the apartment, I made my lunch, switched on the TV, and lay down on Kenta's furry throw rug. I've been here quite a few times since he moved in. It's nothing big or special, but I have a lot of good memories from here. When I was at my host family's house, I always have to be careful around my host mom Loretta, but here I could do pretty well whatever I wanted. I felt so free.

There was an old Brad Pitt movie on TV. He was an Irish man staying with Harrison Ford. I tried to follow it, but I was feeling a bit uncomfortable in my tight shorts. First, I undid them, but they still felt tight, so I just took them off completely. I lay there for a while watching Brad Pitt and wondering when Ryosuke was going to show up. I know you are going to think I'm a naughty girl for doing this, but I finally reached down, and slid off my panties as well. There was no one else there, so I figured it would be safe.

I was lying on my front, and the soft fur rug felt kind of funny rubbing against my tummy and my pussy hair. It was ticklish, but it was also starting to get me excited. I spread my legs apart, and quivered a bit as the cool air rushed in on my slightly wet pussy. My bra was a bit tight too, so I took off my t-shirt and bra, and lay there in the nude for a while. I was a little worried that the people living across would be able to see me, so I ended up pulling my t-shirt back on. I was still kind of excited though, so I didn't pull it all the way down though. I left it up around my waist, so I could feel the air on my bare behind and between my legs. I played with myself a little bit, imagining what it would be like to be with Brad Pitt.

The movie ended, so I got up, and got some more juice. I looked out the glass doors across the way, but I couldn't see anyone in the apartment across. It was the daytime so maybe they were off at work. I checked my t-shirt, but even if I pulled it down, it was kind of short. You could see my delicate little pussy. I was in a strange mood though, so I walked over, and nervously unlocked the glass door. I carefully tried to slide it open without making any noise. I could hear the hum of cars coming from the street on the other side of the building, but the courtyard below was pretty quiet. No one else was on their balconies, or standing in their windows, though some units had their lights on, so someone must have been home.

I carefully stepped out, but my slippers made a scraping noise against the concrete floor. I froze, scared that someone might hear. I kept looking across at the balconies across the way, but everything seemed quiet. 'This isn't such a good idea,' I mused. 'It's already the first day, and I'm going to get Kenta in big trouble.'

Gradually, my pounding heart managed to slow down enough that I could move again. I tiptoed over as quietly as I could, and sat down on one of his reclining deck chairs. The plastic slats of the seat felt so cold on my bare bottom. I could hardly believe I was doing this. It was so warm and sunny out I started to wonder if I could get away with sun bathing here.

I went back inside, got my sun block, and rubbed it all over my face, legs and arms. I peeked out the window down at the parking lot and courtyard. Every once in a while, someone would walk through, but it was mostly pretty quiet. I decided to go get a sheet, and then throw it over the railing to hide where the deck chairs were. This seemed to work pretty well. I didn't think anyone would be able to see me, unless the people next door leaned out, and looked over this way.

I sat down on the deck chair, and took hold of the hem of my t-shirt at the bottom. I just kind of sat there tensed up for a while trying to get up my courage. I finally decided to try, and see what would happen. I nervously pulled my t-shirt up over my head, and set it down on the side table. I felt so naughty sitting out here on Kenta's balcony completely naked.

I lay down, and I could feel the slats of the chair on my behind and back all the way up, so I decided to go get a towel. I took a deep breath, and stood up. I felt so exposed here naked on the balcony, but I stood there for a moment. It's hard to explain why. It's almost like I wanted someone to notice. Then I started to get nervous again, so I hurried inside, picked up my clothes and my bag, and went back to Kenta's room. I got a towel out of my bag, folded my clothes, and stuffed them in the bag.

I was still pretty worried that someone might see me, so I ducked down on the way back out. I could just imagine Kenta's neighbors asking him when he got back: 'Who was that naked girl on your balcony while you were away?'

I was so nervous I was shaking as I spread out the towel on the chair. Once I lay back down, I managed to calm down a bit, and enjoy the feeling of the warm sun on my naked skin. I put some more sun block on, and then rolled over onto my front. Before I knew it, I must have drifted off to sleep.

I'm not sure how long I slept for, but I woke up to hear the rattle of keys in the door. At first I thought it was Ryosuke, but then I suddenly realized he probably didn't have any keys. The next thing I knew, I saw Kenta and Futoshi come in. Panicking, I grabbed my t-shirt, and pulled it on, just barely managing to cover up before they noticed me.

"Would you believe... they cancelled my flight," Kenta announced. My mind was racing thinking how I could get to my jeans without them noticing I was bottomless. They both came right up to the balcony door, and looked down at me. I sat up, and tried to push the hem down to cover up my pussy.

"Oh, that's too bad," I said, pressing my legs tightly together praying they didn't notice.

"Emi, can you help us bring up the luggage? I've got a whole bunch of stuff still in the car."

I got up still carefully holding the hem down, but it wasn't long enough at the back. I could feel the breeze on my bottom.

"Uh, sure," I said still trying to think how to get to my jeans. "Just let me change."

"Don't bother. It's pretty hot out down there. C'mon. Let's go."

I walked across the living room, wanting to head into Kenta's bedroom to get my jeans, but Futoshi came up behind me, and started herding me towards the door. I reached around, and tried to pull the back of my t-shirt down to hide my bare bottom, but before I knew it, we were out the door in the hallway. Futoshi is sort of a gentleman, but Kenta not as much. I don't think he'd do anything, but still this wasn't the best situation. What was keeping Ryosuke anyway?

Kenta headed for the stairs.

"Uh, why don't we take the elevator?" I asked anxiously.

"No, c'mon. It's good exercise. We'll take the elevator on the way back up."

I held my t-shirt down as best I could, but every time we turned, Kenta would glance back at me. I wonder if he can see my pussy. Even worse, they'd parked the car outside in the courtyard, and it was pretty windy. As we went out the door, I grabbed the hem of my t-shirt, and held on for dear life. I was starting to get all excited again, and my breasts were swelling up, so you could see my nipples through my t-shirt. Neither of them seemed to have noticed yet, but I felt extremely exposed.

Futoshi opened the trunk, and they each took out a heavy suitcase.

"Here can you just get that one, way at the back?"

They were both standing there watching me, but if I leaned forward to get it, they'd see my bare bottom.

"Can you get it for me?" I asked Futoshi. I was so nervous I started hopping from one foot to the other.

"No, it's just light. Grab it," he said nodding toward the big suitcase he was carrying. I looked at them both gravely for a second, but finally decided to just try. I leaned way in, and grabbed it. It was wedged in a bit, so I had to spread my legs to get my balance. I could feel the breeze licking at my pussy. They could probably see everything. I was getting so excited I started wiggling my bare behind back and forth in the air trying to ease the tingling feeling that was growing between my legs. I stood back up, but my face had gone all hot. The two of them had turned white, and were standing there staring at me in shock.

"Emi, what on earth are you wearing?" Futoshi asked edgily.

"Nothing."

He took a hold of my t-shirt, and lifted it up, exposing my pussy. I swatted his hand to get him to let go, but both he and Kenta were flipping out.

"Don't do that! People will see." I squirmed free.

"For god's sake, Emi. You're naked!"

"I was just sunbathing on your balcony when you came back. I didn't think you'd be back so soon."

"You were sunbathing on my balcony naked?" Kenta echoed. Suddenly, he grabbed his nose, and tilted his head down. Apparently, he was so excited he'd gotten a nosebleed.

I ran on ahead trying to get away. I pulled on my t-shirt with my free hand, but you could still see pretty much everything. It looked like someone was coming, so I set the bag down, and frantically tried to fix my shirt. This middle-aged American man came out, and looked at me, but he didn't say anything. I'd left my key upstairs, so I had to wait for Futoshi and Kenta to catch up. Kenta had a tissue stuck up his nose. Futoshi gave me a dirty look, and started to lecture me,

"I can't believe you came down here dressed like that. Don't you feel embarrassed at all?"

"Of course I feel embarrassed. You were the ones who dragged me down here."

"No but I mean sunbathing naked on the balcony? What if someone saw you?"

"I don't think anyone did, and like I said, I didn't think you guys would be back so soon."

I could tell he wanted to scold me more, but he didn't want the neighbors to hear, so he stopped. When we got back to the apartment, Kenta disappeared into the washroom. I poured myself some more juice, and then sat down on the couch. It felt strange sitting there bottomless, but it was a bit late to cover up now. The whole situation was giving me butterflies.

"Aren't you going to get dressed?" Futoshi asked impatient.

"No more sunbathing?" I teased.

Futoshi looked down at my pussy, so I stretched the t-shirt to cover up.

"Don't stare."

"What do you want me to do? You're the one who's naked."

Sure he was upset, and yelling, but to tell you the truth, he didn't seem all that surprised. They both knew I was like this.

"OK. Anyway, I'm going to go back out on the balcony but no peeking, OK?" I bit my lip, wondering if I was taking this too far. I knew I probably shouldn't tease them like this, but I was still kind of excited from walking around naked all day. Futoshi didn't respond, but instead went over, and knocked on the bathroom door.

"Kenta, are you OK?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. I just got a bit overexcited I guess. I think I'm going to lie down for a while." He came out of the bathroom, and glared at me.

"She wants to sunbathe some more on the balcony," Futoshi told him. Kenta grimaced, but eventually nodded.

"Yeah, I guess that's OK, but don't let anyone see you, OK?"

Futoshi sat back down on the couch, and switched on the TV.

"Yeah, go wild. We won't look." It was hard to tell if he was serious. They were both acting so strange.

"Thanks," I smiled, getting up. I went out onto the balcony again, and lay down on the deck chair hiding behind the sofa, so Futoshi wouldn't be able to see me. I felt even more nervous now. I rolled over onto my front, looked back inside the window to make sure Futoshi wasn't watching, and then slowly pulled my t-shirt off over my head. I set the t-shirt down on the side table, but my heart was pounding away in my chest. I can't believe I'm lying here naked with them home. I spread my legs, and gently touched myself down there. Shivers of pleasure ran up my spine, but I was too nervous, and pulled my hand away. I've got to settle down here. I'd better phone Ryosuke, and see what time he's coming.

"Futoshi."

"Yeah."

"Can you bring me my bag?"

He soon appeared at the door, staring down at my bare bottom.

"Oh, don't look. Close your eyes."

"Oh, don't be silly, Emi. If you don't want me to see you, get dressed." He was right of course. I turned to face him, showing him my breasts and pussy. I felt so naughty. I nervously reached over, slid the glass door open, and took the bag from him.

"Thanks." I quickly poured some sun block into my hand, and started rubbing it on my breasts while Futoshi looked on. I felt terribly embarrassed. "Do you think you could be a gentleman, and just go back inside?"

His shorts were sticking out at the front. He stood there for a moment, but eventually, turned away, and went back to the couch.

"Sorry," he apologized. I started rubbing the sun block into my pubic hair, but the whole thing was just getting me hot. Once I was all oiled up, I got out my cell phone, and called Ryosuke again. One of the busboys at his restaurant answered, and said Ryosuke was too busy to talk to me. I was kind of irritated. Here I was doing this incredible thing, and Ryosuke wouldn't even talk to me. I asked the busboy to get Ryosuke to call me, hung up, and lay back down feeling frustrated and horny. I could hear the TV, but I couldn't see Futoshi.

"You must think I'm pretty strange, huh?" I asked Futoshi through the open glass door. I still couldn't see him, and he didn't say anything at first. Finally he answered.

"Uh, no, no, not at all."

"You have a sister, don't you?

"Yeah."

"What's she like?"

"I don't know. Pretty normal I guess."

I felt a little hurt when he said this. Obviously, he did think I was strange. I reached over, picked up my t-shirt, and pulled it back on. I fixed the hem, and then came back inside. He looked over at me, a bit more sympathetically.

"Oh, sorry, that's not what I meant to say. I think you're really brave to do the kind of things you do. Sometimes I wish I had your nerve." The way he said it with this far off look in his eyes made me wonder if he was thinking about Satomi. Wouldn't that be something if he liked her as much as she liked him? "I just wish you'd be more careful, you know? Like I guess it's OK if you want to walk around half naked like that in front of Kenta and me, but you should be careful when none of us is around to protect you. You never know what could happen."

I looked at him, and smiled. He does say the sweetest things sometimes. I wondered if this was an offer to protect me if I wanted to do something really crazy.

"Thanks, Futoshi. I appreciate that." The atmosphere between us was getting a bit weird, but then we heard Kenta rooting around in the bedroom. I bowed to Futoshi, and then ran off to the bathroom to have a shower, and get dressed. Ryosuke phoned while I was in the shower to say he'd be here soon. By the time he showed up, I'd settled down. I never told him about that time.