**Back in Japan with my Boyfriend this Time**

by Emi Tsuruta

Right at the end of the summer, I went home to Japan for a couple of weeks. My cousin Namie was getting married, and my mom wanted me to be at the wedding, so my parents paid for my trip home. My boyfriend, Ryosuke, and one of my American friends, Debbie, came too. My parents have been pestering me about Ryosuke ever since my host mom first told them about him. At first, Ryosuke didn't want to come, but he hadn't been home in a while, so I finally managed to talk him into coming. Debbie came with us because she wanted to see her boyfriend who's living in Tokyo right now.

Our friend, Futoshi, drove the three of us to the airport in L.A. Debbie had been a little bit wary about Ryosuke ever since he stole my bikini bottoms at our beach barbecue, but anyway, he's been trying to act more gentlemanly around her since, so she's not as upset as she was at first.

Anyway, Ryosuke, Debbie and I flew over, and when we finally landed at Narita airport, my parents and sister Norika were all there waiting for us. They were all excited about meeting Ryosuke and Debbie. They helped carry our luggage, and my dad was much more talkative than usual especially to Debbie. Debbie is blonde and kind of beautiful I guess, but my dad lived in the States for a while, so maybe he was just trying to practice his English.

In the train, Norika was kind of looking Ryosuke up and down, like a cat when it sees a mouse. I bet you anything she isn't dating anyone right now, so she's probably just jealous. I held Ryosuke's arm, making it clear that he was not up for grabs. Ryosuke was kind of looking Norika over too, but not too obviously. He did want to make a good impression for my parents.

At Tokyo station, Ryosuke got off to go to his parents' place, so we all said goodbye. After he was gone, Norika kept on teasing me about how cute he was. She's always like that, flirting with my boyfriends, and creating trouble.

When we finally got to our station, we got a couple of taxis to take us home. Debbie and I were both tired from the flight, so we got ready for bed right away. I caught my dad kind of hovering around outside the shower, probably trying to get a peek at Debbie, so I had to chase him away. I ended up lending Debbie some of my dad's pj's because I thought the nighty she'd brought was too revealing. I got her all set up in her room, had a shower, and then went to bed.

The next morning, we woke up to see my dad and Norika off to work. Norika as usual was rushing around; she even came out into the dining room in her underwear. Debbie and I were both pretty shocked, and my mom started shouting at her to put some clothes on. She finally grabbed some toast, and disappeared off into her room.

Debbie and I were both pretty jetlagged, so we went back to sleep, and didn't get up again till my mom called us for lunch. In the afternoon, the two of us went out shopping for clothes. This was her first trip to Japan, so everywhere we went she'd point, and ask me all sorts of questions. The fashions have all changed again. We went into a jeans store, and I swear the hip huggers were cut so low when I tried them on, you could almost see my pubic hair. Finally, we went back to meet my family for supper. My dad was still awfully friendly to Debbie, but anyway, he took us to this really nice restaurant, so that was kind of fun.

That night, I kind of stood guard outside the bath while Debbie showered. After she came out, I talked with her for a while, till my mom said it was my turn to use the bath. I really enjoyed being home again, and having a shower in our bath room. The water felt so warm and pleasing, and it woke me up a bit. When I got out, I wrapped a towel around me, and went out into the living room to phone Ryosuke, but Norika started teasing me again, so I finally got my cell phone, went outside, and sat on our front steps.

It was a beautiful night out, but I guess I really should have gotten dressed before I went outside. It was kind of a thrill though to sit on the front steps in just a towel. Our front door is on this short little side street, so it's usually pretty quiet, but I did feel kind of nervous. The boy next door has a window that overlooks our front step, but his lights were out. He is so shy anyway. He'd probably have a complete freak attack if he ever saw me sitting out here like this.

It took a couple of rings for Ryosuke to answer, and he was already in bed. I felt so glad to get through to him though. I missed him, but just as we started to talk, Norika came outside, and found me.

"Here, let me talk to him!" she insisted, trying to grab the phone from me.

"No way! Get your own boyfriend!"

Norika leaned down, and was trying to get the phone, so I stood up, and ran down the steps. My towel started coming undone, so I had to grab it, and hold it. I felt so nervous standing out in the open in front of my house, especially with the way Norika was giggling away. Ever since we were kids, she's always loved teasing me. There was this one time she was running around naked in our dining room, when my last boyfriend was sitting right there. I was so angry, and here she was trying to steal Ryosuke from me too.

Norika came running after me, but luckily, Debbie came out, and wanted to know what was going on. Norika finally settled down, and went back inside. When I finally got back on the phone, Ryosuke seemed pretty sleepy.

"Can I see you tomorrow?" I asked.

"Will you come up to Tokyo?"

"OK. I have to go shopping for a new dress for the wedding anyway."

"Oh, and Emi..."

"What?"

"Wear a mini-skirt."

"What?"

"Did you bring that black leather one?"

"I can't wear that!"

"Sure you can."

"No, it would look too suspicious. My mom would have a fit."

"Don't worry. It'll be fine."

"No, you don't know my parents..."

"I tell you what. I'll buy you the dress for the wedding. How's that sound?"

I was kind of surprised. Ryosuke had been working all summer, but after the plane ticket and everything, he mustn't have had that much money left.

"Really?"

"Yeah sure. Anyway, I've got to get some sleep. I'll see you tomorrow then in front of Hachiko at 11." Hachiko is this statue of a dog in front of Shibuya station.

"OK. G'night." I felt this strange tingling feeling inside, as I hung up the phone. I wasn't looking forward to sneaking out of the house in my mini-skirt, but it would be fun picking out the dress together. Ryosuke can be pretty sweet sometimes.

The next day, I had breakfast with my family, and changed into my black leather mini (I think it's actually faux leather; it's very shiny almost like vinyl). Debbie and I snuck out of the house before my mom saw us.

"We're going shopping," I yelled as we hurried out the front door. I felt really self-conscious walking around my old neighborhood in a mini-skirt. When I was in high school, I used to wear mini-skirts a lot, but in the States, I wear jeans mostly.

Once Debbie and I got to Shinagawa station, we had to change trains to the Yamanote line. I'd completely forgotten how crowded it gets. We got scrunched in between all these salarymen in suits, and suddenly, I felt something on my behind, like someone touching me. That kind of thing happens all the time.

At the next stop, I managed to wriggle free, but there was nowhere to go, and soon I felt the hand touching me again, this time on my bare leg. I didn't want to make a scene, so I tried to ignore it. I think someone must have been touching Debbie too, 'cause she looked pretty upset. We finally came to my stop, so I had to leave her. I was a bit worried whether she'd able to find her boyfriend and stuff, but I heard later that they met up OK.

Ryosuke was at our meeting place right on time, and was smiling away as I walked up. He loves mini-skirts I know, and this one in particular. The black leather kind of shines, and it has got to be one of the shortest skirts I have. I straightened it out, and pulled it down as far as it would go, but Ryosuke just wouldn't stop grinning. A lot of the other guys on the square were looking me over too. I was kind of embarrassed by all the attention. I finally managed to drag Ryosuke off towards the shops where I wanted to look for the dress.

Shibuya was pretty crowded, more than I remember, and we had to wade through the people to get across to Centre Gai, one of the main shopping streets. As we walked along, I noticed Ryosuke looking at something. At first, I couldn't figure out what it was, but then I realized he was looking at these two high school girls who were walking in front of us. I pulled on his arm to try to get him to look at me, but he just nodded towards them.

"Check out their skirts."

As I looked closer, I realized that their skirts were so short you could see the cheeks of their buttocks as they walked along.

"Did you used to wear a skirt like that?" Ryosuke asked, grinning some more. I took his other arm to try to pull him away, but his eyes kept following these two girls. Finally, I grabbed him by the chin, and forced him to look at me.

"No, our school's was even shorter," I teased, trying to get him to forget about those girls. He grabbed my skirt, and started pulling it up right in the middle of this huge crowd of people. I ran away, and pushed my skirt back down, but I was getting pretty excited. All these guys were staring at me. I wished I'd brought something to cover up my legs, but it was kind of nice getting all this attention. I took a deep breath though, and tried to settle down.

We tried a couple of department stores, but a lot of the dresses we saw weren't what I was looking for. We walked around a bit more, and found this little shop tucked away at the bottom of a narrow stairwell on one of the alleys. The sign at the door said no men allowed unless accompanied by a woman. Inside, they sold lingerie, nighties, swimsuits and other sexy clothes for women. I'd never been in this store before, but I think I remember hearing something about it. I guess it is a little like Victoria's Secret, this sexy fashion chain in the States.

The woman behind the counter wasn't much older than me, but she had on a sexy white dress, and she had one of those cat faces (Some people say I look like a cat too). I asked her if I could bring Ryosuke in, and she said the sign was just to keep away weirdos who come in sometimes. She was really nice. We told her all about the wedding, and she showed me some nice formal dresses they had. I didn't really like the first couple of dresses she showed us - the necklines were cut too low. My whole family would be there, and I didn't want to show that much skin. Finally, she pulled out one, a silky cream-colored halter dress that didn't seem too bad. She let me into the dressing room to try it on. Sometimes, Ryosuke comes in with me, but this time, he stayed outside talking with her.

The dress had this big ring that wraps around your neck, and then the material went down in a pyramid shape leaving my shoulders bare. It was wide enough that it more or less covered my breasts and tummy. It was backless except for the skirt part, but the saleslady handed me a lacy black jacket to go with it. The hem of the skirt part was long enough; it went almost down to my knees, but it had these long slits that ran up either side. I was a little worried that it might be going too far, but when I showed it to Ryosuke, he loved it. I eventually agreed, and he bought it for me. I was so thrilled.

We ate lunch in Shibuya, and then got on the train to go back to his house. I really didn't want to meet his mom dressed in my mini-skirt, but Ryosuke kept saying it would be alright. On the walk from the station, we stopped in to meet one of his neighbors, a motorcycle mechanic named Taka who runs a small repair shop down this laneway near Ryosuke's house.

Taka wore glasses, and had grease all over his hands and overalls, but once we started talking, he was really friendly. Ryosuke joked that Taka lives for motorcycles, and apparently doesn't have a girlfriend. He did have a dog though, a German Shepherd named Koro. Ryosuke said something about dropping something by later, but then we said goodbye, and headed back towards Ryosuke's house.

When we got there, his mom was all excited to meet me. She was running around here and there, getting me slippers and tidying things up. Ryosuke told her to calm down, and then he led me upstairs to his room. She followed us up, and clearly wanted to talk, but Ryosuke finally got her to go away. She seemed nice too, but Ryosuke was annoyed that she was making such a big fuss over me.

Ryosuke's room was fairly big, but filled with all kinds of books and gadgets and stuff. At the front, there was a sliding glass door leading out to the rooftop patio, and at the back, there was another window looking out into the forest on the hillside behind his house. He motioned for me to sit down on his bed, but I felt really nervous. This will sound strange, but we almost never spend time in each other's rooms back in the States. We're always out somewhere.

After we'd been there a while, we heard Ryosuke's mom go out. For some reason, that made me even more nervous. I was happy to be alone with Ryosuke, but he was giving me that look, and I didn't know if I wanted to do it here just like that. I tried to get him to calm down, but the way I was sitting, my skirt had ridden up letting my panties show. Soon he had his hand between my legs, and started kissing me. I lay back onto the bed, but I felt really nervous, making out in this strange house I'd never been to before.

I didn't stop him though. Soon, he got the side zipper on my skirt undone, and started pulling it down. It was so tight I had to wriggle to get free, but if we were going to do it, we'd have to rush. I pulled off my t-shirt and my bra, while he wrestled with my skirt and panties. Soon I was lying there on his bed completely naked. Out the window, I could see the second floor windows of the houses across the street. I sure hope no one's home. That would be really embarrassing if we had an audience.

"Nice tan," Ryosuke smiled. This summer I was at the beach a lot, so I was pretty much tanned all over except for these little triangles of white skin where my pussy, backside and breasts are. Ryosuke says it makes me look sexy, but my tan usually fades pretty fast, so I'm all white again now.

I lay back down on the bed, and Ryosuke started kissing and caressing me all over. It did feel good to be naked, and finally making love with him. He knelt down in front of me, and started licking me, and I started getting more and more excited. Ryosuke seemed pretty worked up too. It had been a while since we last made love, a couple of weeks at least. He pulled down his pants, and his thingy was sticking right up. He pulled on a condom, got up on top of me, and I kind of shuddered as he slid it in. It felt soooo good.

Before long though, we heard the rattle of keys in the door. Ryosuke pulled back horrified. It was his mom, back from wherever she'd gone.

It all happened so fast. He suddenly pulled out of me, and started pulling up his pants. At first, I felt confused, frustrated. Why was he stopping? Then it slowly began to sink in that his mom would be here any moment, and I was buck naked. I sat up, and looked around for my clothes. Ryosuke threw me my t-shirt, but I could hear his mom coming up the stairs.

I pulled the t-shirt on, dropped to the floor, and then slid my legs under the kotatsu. (A kotatsu is sort of like a low table with a quilt over it and an electric heater underneath). The smooth wooden floor felt cold on my bare behind. I was still all wet and sticky and horny. Where are the rest of my clothes? I was panicking, but just getting more and more excited. (Bareiki, it's called in Japanese - orgasming when you get caught). We heard Ryosuke's mom's footsteps come closer and closer.

I pulled the quilt around my naked hips as far around as it would go, but I couldn't quite cover my bare bottom. Ryosuke was sitting on the floor just behind me, which made me even more nervous. I covered the crack of my bottom with my hand to hide it from him, but then I realized my nipples were probably sticking up through the thin cotton of my t-shirt. I shot him a worried look, but then got up on my knees, and folded my arms in front of me to try to hide my nipples. I could feel Ryosuke staring at my bare behind, but there was nothing I could do.

Ryosuke's mom knocked once, and then opened the door. She was carrying a tray with tea and snacks on it.

"I brought you back some pastries from the store, and I thought you might like something to drink."

I bowed thanks, but my heart was racing. My face was getting all hot and sweaty from the excitement. I bowed my head down as far as I could, trying to hide my face in my hair. Ryosuke's mom smiled, put the cups on the table, and then sat down on the floor across from me. I wanted so much for her to go away, so I could get dressed, but she seemed to want to talk.

"Ryosuke didn't tell us he was dating such a lovely young girl."

My face must have been beet red by then. I just sat there, my mind a complete blank as I wondered if she could see my bare behind.

"Are you at the same college?"

I looked back at Ryosuke a bit surprised he hadn't told her anything about me. He leaned forward, and I suddenly felt his fingers on my still sensitive lips probing around for my you-know-what. The feel of his fingers sent a shockwave running through my whole body. I closed my mouth desperately trying to keep from squealing out. I was still completely horny from our sex a few moments before. I could feel an orgasm coming on, and when I wiggled my behind to get him to stop, that just helped him find the right spot to touch me.

His mom continued to talk, but all I could think of was the feeling of Ryosuke's fingers inside me. I struggled to keep from coming. Just when I thought I couldn't take it anymore, Ryosuke pulled his hand away. Apparently, his mom had asked me some kind of question, and they were waiting for me to answer. I was panting, trying to catch my breath.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Could you say that again?"

"Oh, you don't have to be so nervous, my dear. My heavens. You're sweating. Here let me get you a towel." She stood up, and left the room. Once we heard her on the stairs, Ryosuke lifted my rear up, and playfully bit one of my butt cheeks.

"God, you look so damn sexy... but I guess we'd better get out of here. Here put on your socks at least," he said throwing them to me.

I got up, and sat my bare behind down on his bed, my heart pounding in my chest. I thought I could see someone in the window across from us looking this way.

"Where's my skirt?" I whispered sharply. He stuck his hand between my legs, fingering me again. I could feel an orgasm coming on. He finally pulled away, and held up my skirt.

"Here, hurry up. We'd better get going."

I slipped the skirt on, and did the zipper up, but Ryosuke was already out the door, and heading down the stairs. I couldn't figure out where he'd put my underwear, but hoping he had them with him, I picked up my bag, and headed out after him. I ran into his mother standing near the bottom of the stairs as I came down. I prayed that she didn't see my pussy, but she just calmly handed me the towel. Ryosuke said,

"Ma, we're going out. See you later."

His mom looked pretty disappointed, but I was happy to get away. Once outside though, I could feel the air on my hello kitty under my skirt.

"What did you do with my underwear?"

"It must be back in the room." Ryosuke was walking quickly along the road back toward the station. I held my skirt down as best I could, and ran to keep up.

"We've got to go back, and get it!"

"You look fine. C'mon. I've got to drop this off at Taka's place, and then we're supposed to meet some of my friends for supper."

"I can't walk around like this."

"You look fine. What are you worried about?"

"For heaven's sake, Ryosuke, this is the shortest skirt I own."

"I thought you said your school uniform was shorter. You must be used to short skirts by now."

"That was different. I always had underpants on then." Just as I said this, we passed a guy coming the other way. He turned, and looked straight at my skirt, obviously having heard what I said. I caught up to Ryosuke, and grabbed his arm, but he just kept on walking. "Ryosuke, I know you like this kind of thing, but this is way too much. I can't walk around Tokyo like this. People will notice."

"Just act like nothing's wrong. The only reason that guy looked is because you're making such a big deal about it. If you act normal, no one will ever suspect."

Before I could stop him, we reached Taka's repair shop.

"Let's ask Taka, and see what he thinks."

I shivered at the thought, but Ryosuke walked right in. Embarrassed to stay there on the street, I followed him in. Taka's dog, Koro, bounded up licking Ryosuke's hand. I hid behind Ryosuke, but then Taka got a hold of Koro's collar, and tied him back up.

"Sorry," Taka apologized. They talked for a while, while I did my best to hide. Finally, Ryosuke asked Taka,

"Do you notice anything strange about Emi's get-up here?"

I had to step out from behind Ryosuke to give Taka a look. I felt so tense as he looked me up and down. I was sure my nipples were sticking out. I didn't dare push down my skirt for fear of giving myself away. He finally said calmly,

"No, she looks fine to me. Why?"

"See, I told you so, Emi. You look fine. She was worried her skirt might be too short."

Taka took another look straight at my skirt. The tension in the air was so thick I almost couldn't take it. Finally though, he looked away, and they started talking about something else. I still felt hopelessly exposed, but I was relieved that he couldn't tell I didn't have any panties on. Ryosuke wasn't helping any. He pulled me over towards him, and then started patting me gently on my behind. Even Koro was staring at me, so I finally talked Ryosuke into leaving. Back outside, I didn't feel any better though. I could still feel the air tickling my pussy. Ryosuke said,

"You should have shown him."

"Are you crazy?"

"Like I told you, the poor guy has no girlfriend. You could have shown him what he's missing."

I swatted Ryosuke on the shoulder. I begged him to take me back for my panties, but we were supposed to meet his friends for supper. I couldn't believe he wanted me to go into town dressed like this, but I couldn't very well go back to his place alone, and ask his mom for my panties back. I followed him along doing my best to keep my skirt down.

At the train station, we had to go down this flight of stairs, and there was a guy standing at the bottom who stared up at me. I tried to act normal just like Ryosuke had said, and luckily, the guy left me alone. On the other side, we had to go up another flight of stairs. I looked at Ryosuke frightened, and so finally he moved behind me 'to protect me.' I knew he was probably peeking up my skirt, but better him than some stranger. In spite of my embarrassment, or maybe because of it, I was getting all wet down there.

On the train, we huddled together in the corner by the door. I kept wondering if Ryosuke was going to put his hand up my skirt, and touch me, but in the end, he didn't. It was still pretty tense though, just riding along with all these people looking at me.

When we got to Shinjuku station, it was really crowded. We had to go up this really long escalator. I stood on the left while this long stream of people walked by on the right. Some of the guys would turn back after they passed to get a look at my face. I hid my face in my hair again, praying I didn't meet anyone I knew. The train left, and I could feel the wind from the tunnel blowing up my skirt at the back. Luckily, the leather is heavy enough that it doesn't really billow up in the breeze. If I'd had on my pleated skirt from my school uniform, the guys who walked by would have gotten a pretty good view of my delicate little behind, tan lines and all.

We had to go up a couple more escalators, and I was getting more and more nervous, so finally I stepped out to the right, and started walking up. This turned out to be a mistake because I heard people behind me gasping as they caught a glimpse of my bare bottom. This got me even more excited. It's really embarrassing, but all I could think about was how much I wanted to have sex.

I was kind of worried that some of the guys who'd seen my ass might follow us. Luckily, the place we were supposed to meet his friends was just outside the turnstiles, and they were all there on time. I did my best to act like nothing was wrong, but I think some of the guys from below were still there watching me.

Ryosuke's friends were all guys he'd know from high school. They seemed a bit meek and kind of geeky, a lot different from Ryosuke who is more of a take charge kind of guy. They all acted pretty shy when Ryosuke introduced us. That was a relief though in a way. They didn't seem dangerous.

We went to a big sukiyaki restaurant in Shinjuku in the basement of this building. It was kind of crowded, and they only had seats for us on tatami (straw mats where you sit on the floor). I had to kneel, and keep my skirt pressed down, so people wouldn't see up it. I tried to get a seat in a corner, but Ryosuke insisted I sit in the middle, so they'd all get a chance to talk to me. I managed somehow to keep my skirt in place, but it was really hard to stay covered without making it look suspicious.

We all ordered, and chatted for a while, and slowly, I began to relax a bit. After our food came, for some reason, they all started talking about nude photography. Apparently, Ryosuke and some of them had belonged to a photography circle in high school, and the teacher in charge had hired a nude model for them to photograph. They were teasing Habu, who I thought looked like one of the smarter ones, because apparently, he had just taken close-up pictures of the model's hooha. They started joking that they wanted me to model for them, but I just smiled meekly, embarrassed. I wondered if the reason they had brought up nudes is because of my pantiless state, but eventually, they started talking about other things, so I guess it was just a coincidence.

The longer we sat there, the more uncomfortable my legs began to feel. I could feel my ankles falling asleep, and I was getting tired of keeping my legs pressed so tightly together. I rolled my legs slightly to the side setting my backside down on the mat, but this sent all these pinpricks through my calves. I somehow managed to keep from opening my legs too wide, but it was making me really jittery worrying about it.

After supper, we saw Ryosuke's friends off to the station, and said goodbye. I was so relieved that I'd made it through supper without giving myself away. I'm lucky that way sometimes.

It was getting kind of late, but Ryosuke suggested that the two of us go to a karaoke box. I knew I should head back, but I was still pretty worked up from all the excitement. Off we went.

Ryosuke took me to a karaoke place on this narrow back alley off towards Kabukicho, Shinjuku's bar district. The atmosphere in the area is kind of dangerous, but the karaoke box turned out to be pretty nice. The guy at the counter took us up these narrow stairs to a small but clean room with a few soft chairs and a karaoke machine (sort of like a TV with a mike).

After he left, Ryosuke looked at me wondering if we could make love here without getting caught. I'm sure that's why he suggested the idea in the first place. There was a smallish window in the door, and we could hear the people singing next door. It was hard to tell if it would be safe or not. So as not to look too suspicious, we start singing some songs in case the staff or whoever came by to check on us.

We looked through the song list, but both of us kept picking out these songs that were about nudity or sex, like "Sea" by Yellow Monkey or "Koi no dorei" (Love slave) by Chiyo Okamura. We ordered some drinks, and when the waiter brought them up, I asked him how to use the controls on the machine. He showed me, and I pretended to listen, but actually I started bending way forward flashing my bare behind at Ryosuke. Once the guy went away, I started leafing through the song list book looking for the next song, but I was sitting there with my legs open, teasing Ryosuke some more.

He came over, sat down beside me, gave me a kiss, and then started playing with my nipples through my t-shirt. Soon, he lifted up my t-shirt, and started squeezing my breasts skin on skin. I kept watching the door, but it looked like it was safe, so finally, I motioned for Ryosuke to unzip his fly. He played with my hello kitty, while I helped him put a condom on. He got me to put one knee on a chair, and bend way forward, pulling up my skirt, so he could slide it in from behind.

We could hear all these voices from next door. It did feel good though to finally be doing it. Ryosuke pulled my t-shirt right off over my head, and started massaging my hanging breasts. I flexed my squeezebox, and bounced back and forth with him, trying to get just the right rhythm to come.

I knew I had to keep quiet, but it just felt so good. The people on the next room must have heard me squealing because they went quiet. Ryosuke muffled my mouth, but he was still humping me from behind. I tried to moan softer. Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. My body exploded in a furious orgasm. It was a long time before my head cleared again.

When I finally focused, Ryosuke was sitting back with this angelic look on his face. All the pent-up frustration of the day had really gotten us so excited. I'd been aching to do it for hours. It felt so good to finally let loose.

It was getting really late by then, so we got cleaned up, dressed, and went down to the counter to pay. The cashier gave us a suspicious look, but we're probably not the first couple to have sex in a karaoke box. It's a lot cheaper than a love hotel, and there's something about it...

At Shinjuku station, I had to say goodbye to Ryosuke, and get back on the Yamanote line. I was still a bit high, but suddenly being surrounded by all these staring guys, I remember my outfit, and tried to find a place to hide. There was one guy standing by the door who looked like a university student, so I moved over next to him for protection. I accidentally brushed against his penis, and he gave me a strange look, but anyway, I made it to Shinagawa safely, and the next train I got on was not nearly so crowded.

Walking back from the station, I got a lot of weird looks from salarymen who were out on the street, but luckily, my parents weren't up when I finally got home. I had a shower, and went to bed, and dreamed the happiest dreams.

There's a whole bunch more things I want to tell you about my trip to Japan, but they'll have to wait for next time.