**Computer Troubles**

by Emi Tsuruta

One afternoon, I came home from school, went up to my room, and switched on my computer to check my email. I was expecting an email from my sister Norika, who was getting ready to come here to Oceanview to visit me. For some reason though, the computer wouldn't connect. I phoned my internet provider. They made me check a bunch of things, but finally decided it must be a problem with our phone lines. When my host mom, Loretta came back from work, we called the phone company, and they said they'd send a technician over the next day.

I didn't really want to be home alone when this strange man came calling, so I invited my boyfriend Ryosuke to come over, and keep me company. Ryosuke came over fairly early. I made him lunch, and we sat around in the kitchen chatting. There was still no sign of the phone man, so we went up to my room, and stretched out on my bed, and relaxed. Ryosuke was in a bit of frisky mood. One thing led to another, and soon we started kissing.

Actually, I was a bit worried about fooling around in the house, because I knew that Loretta or her kids might come back. Ryosuke and I had made out in my room before, but not that often. Still, it's hard to settle Ryosuke down once he gets started. He was kissing me all over, and soon I felt his hand slide up the back of my mini-skirt. I tried to stop him, but he had his other hand up my sweater, fondling my breasts. Almost before I knew it, he'd gotten my panties down, and had found my... well you know... my pleasure zone. He undid his trousers, and we were just about to start doing it, when the doorbell rang. It took me a moment to realize that it must be the man from the phone company.

I quickly grabbed a tissue, and wiped between my legs. I looked around for my panties, but I couldn't find them.

"Where'd my panties go?" I asked Ryosuke, but he just shrugged. The doorbell rang again, so I had to go. I was wearing this black and pink flared mini-skirt with a flower pattern. I guess it didn't look that indecent, but it was awfully short. I didn't really want to go meet this guy with no panties on, but I couldn't just leave him outside. I scooted down the stairs rushing to answer the door.

The man from the phone company was maybe thirty or so, clean cut and fairly good-looking. He was dressed in a khaki workman's uniform. He stood there listening while I explained the problem to him. I turned to lead him up to my room, but worried that he might see my bare bottom. Ryosuke was standing at the top of the stairs watching. I scrunched up my face, trying to show him my displeasure, but he just stood there waiting to see what I would do.

I flattened down my skirt, and waited hoping the phone man would go up first. He was waiting for me though. I finally turned, and headed up the stairs. When I glanced back, he met my gaze, but it was pretty clear he'd been peeking up my skirt. I don't think he'd figured out that I was commando yet.

I scurried up the last few steps, and scooted into my room. The guy had a funny expression on his face, not knowing quite what to make of me. I pointed out where the phone jack was behind my desk, and finally he got out some tools, kneeled down, and set to work.

Some of the stuff on my desk was kind of in the guy's way, so I gathered it up, and moved it over to my night table. The two of them were kind of watching me, checking out my bottom as I leaned forward. I quickly straightened up, bouncing my hands against my skirt, all nervous. Ryosuke smiled, but the phone man crouched down, and went back to work.

Feeling in a frisky mood myself, I strolled around behind the man, and leaned over to pick up some tape, flashing Ryosuke my behind. I glanced back at Ryosuke. He was grinning away, happy to see me in such a daring mood. The repairman finally finished what he was doing, so I straightened back up, and fixed my skirt. The man looked quite serious, but I was having a real time of it keeping a straight face.

"The wiring seems OK here," he explained. "Maybe outside." Still kneeling on the floor, he brought out some kind of document. "Do you have wire insurance?"

He obviously wanted me to look at this document, so I took a step forward, and squatted down. I tried not to flash him my pussy, but I could feel the air between my legs. I stood up to put the tape away, but when I squatted back down, my skirt billowed up. I cursed my luck, hoping the phone man hadn't caught sight of my pussy.

He started jabbering away about the insurance plan, so I finally told him I'd show it to Loretta when she got home. I tried to listen, but I couldn't stop thinking about my pussy. If he knew I was naked, he gave no sign, and soon rushed off to his next service call.

After that, my internet was working better, but something else happened. I came rushing home from school to get ready for a date with Ryosuke, but when I got to my room, my host mom's son, Brandon, was sitting there at my desk working away on my computer.

"Brandon! What are you doing here? Get out! I have to get ready. I'm going out."

"Don't get your shorts in a knot. Remember you were complaining about how old this computer is. Well, I talked to mom, and we bought some new stuff for it."

"Well, thanks. But, anyway, it's going to have to wait. I've got a... I've got to get ready. Could you work on it some other time?"

He ignored me, and continued to tap away at the computer. I looked at my watch. I wasn't supposed to meet Ryosuke till seven, but I had to have a shower, and get dressed. I finally got fed up waiting, and started getting ready.

I reached up into my t-shirt, undid my bra, and took it off. Brandon still seemed to be focused on the computer, so I undid my belt and the top button on my jeans. I knew I shouldn't be stripping with him right here, but he was so absorbed in the computer, I thought maybe he wouldn't notice.

I pulled off my jeans, and sat down on my bed facing away from him. He still didn't look up, so I carefully slid down my panties, getting more and more excited by the minute. I pushed the hem of my t-shirt down, trying to cover my bare behind, but I felt so naughty going commando in front of him.

"Anyway, hurry up, and finish," I told him. "I'll need the room when I get back."

He didn't respond.

Once I'd showered, and gotten all cleaned up, I pulled my t-shirt back on, and came back. Brandon was still there typing away at my computer.

"What are you working on, anyway?" I asked, curious.

"It's a webcam."

I finally looked at the screen. There was a window open with a picture of Brandon's friend Dylan sitting there. The picture started moving, and at first I thought it was a movie. Brandon stood up, and motioned towards the mike.

"Try saying something."

I pulled my t-shirt down to cover my pussy, but he just motioned for me to talk into the mike. I didn't really want to let him see my bare hiney, but to humor him, I leaned forward, and asked,

"Dylan? Where are you?"

"I'm at home in my room," I heard his voice come back.

"Wow!" I enthused. "Video phones. Like that Beyonce song."

Brandon seemed pleased as punch, although more because of me than the webcam. The two of them were both gawking at my hips in amazement. I think when I leaned forward, that pulled my t-shirt up, giving Brandon a peek at my buns.

"Yeah," Dylan went on. "It's so cool. We've been playing with it all afternoon."

Oh no! Dylan must have seen me get undressed earlier. I didn't think Brandon was watching, so I hadn't even bothered to cover up.

"Anyway, shut this down, and get out," I insisted, so annoyed. Brandon was still gazing down at the too short hem of my t-shirt. "Show's over! Clear out!" I squealed. In my excitement, I raised my arms, giving them a peek at my pussy as well. Brandon looked stunned, and Dylan was laughing.

"How do you shut this thing off?" I asked, planting one knee on the chair, and leaning forward to peer at the screen. I looked back at Brandon, begging him to help. I really didn't want Loretta to come in, and find me flashing her son.

"Um, OK, OK," he finally said. "Click on the red icon. The control for the camera is on the cord behind the desk."

I shut down the app, and then leaned over the desk, trying to reach the control. I was blatantly flashing my ass at Brandon, too excited to think straight.

"Wow!" he exclaimed. "What a body!"

I blushed, but part of me was pleased by the compliment. Not all guys are so forthcoming.

I couldn't reach the control, so I finally motioned for him to come, and show me. He just stood there, still in shock that I was showing him my rear. Eventually, he snapped out of it, and came to help. Once he'd shut the camera down, I steered him out the door, and shut it behind him. I've got to stop doing things like that. Brandon's a good kid. I shouldn't tease him.

One day not long after, I went back to the mall, and bumped into Yuuki again. She's the girl who runs the Japanese goods stall in the center of the mall. She is kind of friends with Takuya and Hiro, the two boys who were staying in my friend Satomi's dorm that summer. Anyway, we got to talking about computers, and I mentioned that I'd got my internet fixed.

"Oh, yeah," she said. "I've been having problems with my computer too. I've been meaning to get someone in to take a look at it, but I'm always working during the day."

"If you want, I could go over, and let the repairman in," I offered. Yuuki had been good to me, giving me some pretty nice clothes for free.

"Oh, would you? That would be great."

After that, she set up an appointment with David, a Japanese guy who fixes computers. I didn't really know him, but I'd heard of him. He'd helped out some of my other friends, and is kind of well known in the Japanese community here. I invited Ryosuke over to Yuuki's place to come wait with me again. When he got there, we were both so happy. It so rarely that we get to spend time alone together like this, away from my host family and his.

"Do you mind if I take a shower?" I asked.

"Not at all. Do you mind if I watch?" he retorted. I debated stripping in front of him, but the curtains were open, so I ended up going into the bathroom, and undressing there.

I got in the shower, and turned it on. Before long though, I heard a knock at the door. It turned out to be David, the computer guy. Ryosuke let him in. I could hear him getting set up. I finished my shower, and toweled off, but then, I realized I'd left my bag with my clothes out in the bedroom. I held the towel against my breasts, and shyly opened the door. David was sitting at the desk with his back to me.

"My bag?" I whispered to Ryosuke motioning for him to bring it. He smirked at me, reached down into my bag, and brought over a white tank t-shirt. "And my shorts?" I reminded him. He glanced at David, and then whispered back,

"Just wear this."

Honestly, I wasn't so sure about fooling around with David here. Ryosuke nodded that it would be OK, so I took the tee from him, and closed the door. The tee was kind of small, but not completely indecent I guess. The cotton material was thick enough not to be see-through, and it was more or less long enough to cover my bush and backside. Still, to be sure, I wrapped a white towel around my waist, and tied it on. There. That's better.

When I came back out, I finally got a look at David. He was young, maybe 25ish, with Japanesey features. He has these sharp eyes kind of like Tomoya Nagase. He was actually surprisingly handsome for a computer guy.

He seemed focused on the task at hand. He kept typing away, explaining what the problem was. I guess he thought this was my room and my computer. I didn't really understand what he was talking about, but I sat down on the bed, and listened. It was good though that he didn't know who I was. To him, I was just a girl, a customer, not anyone he knew.

Ryosuke climbed up on the bed, and came around behind me.

"Here, let me dry your hair."

Before I could stop him, he pulled the towel from my waist, and starting drying my hair with it. I scrambled to cover my pussy, worried that David would see. I gestured for Ryosuke to hurry up, and give me the towel back. David glanced over, but he didn't notice my bush at first. I was baffled. How could he not notice? I was sitting right here.

"Do you have the OS DVD?" he finally asked. I motioned for Ryosuke to get it, but it was Yuuki's room, so he didn't know where it was. Reluctantly, I stood up, gasping when I felt the air on my pussy. I motioned for Ryosuke to hand me the towel, but he shook his head no. It was like he wanted me to flash poor David.

"OS?" I repeated all nervous. I implored Ryosuke to give me back my towel. I was getting all excited standing here wet and bottomless. He motioned for me to look for this DVD thing though, so I pushed down the hem as best I could, and went nosing around her room. "Is this it?" I asked, holding up a DVD.

"No," David replied, his face still serious. All excited now, I walked back, and stood right next to him, checking the shelves there. If he turned, he'd be staring straight at my pussy... but he was too polite to look. I tried to smile, but something about the whole situation - his good looks and obliviousness - was getting me all worked up. I was starting to get wet for a different reason.

Ryosuke finally got up to look for the DVD, so I sat my bare behind down on the bed, flinching a bit as the cotton brushed against my skin.

"Would you like something to drink?" I asked.

"No, thanks," he smiled. I couldn't figure out how he could be so calm. Surely he must have noticed I was bottomless by now.

Ryosuke sifted through Yuuki's stuff, while David explained to me about her computer. I nodded politely, but I was too excited to focus. I slid a hand around back, fingering my bare butt cheeks.

Eventually, David stopped talking, and got up. Still avoiding my gaze, he started folding away his equipment! Is he leaving? I pulled my legs up, not quite hiding my pussy with my ankles, wondering if he would realize then.

Suddenly, there came a noise, a knock knock knock on the door. I glanced over at Ryosuke, afraid that it might be the police or an irate neighbor, come to complain. He didn't seem worried though. He'd finally found the DVD. He handed it to David who turned back to the computer.

I motioned for Ryosuke to answer the door, but he made me do it. I got up, and went over, worried that David would look over, and spot my bare behind, but he was typing away.

At the door, it turned out to be Akira, another Japanese boy who lives downstairs. I think he has a crush on Yuuki. He seemed quite surprised to find me here instead.

"Oh, hey! Where's Yuuki?"

"Oh sorry, Akira, was it? She's not here. She asked me to come over because a repairman was coming."

Akira glanced at David and Ryosuke, and then down at my bare thighs. He seemed pretty interested in me the last time we met too. I tugged at the hem, trying to make sure my pussy was covered. It was hard to stay calm though with the breeze blowing in from the open door.

"Oh, I see," Akira went on. "I was just wondering if I could get my bottle opener back. I lent it to Yuuki the other day."

"Um, yeah, sure, I guess," I replied, motioning for Ryosuke to find that too.

"It's in one of the kitchen drawers I think," Akira told us, coming in. My heart was pounding away, but then I spotted something metal on the coffee table. I leaned over to pick it up, but when I turned back, Akira was standing there gawking at me. I fanned out my fingers trying to hide my bare bottom, but it was obvious that he'd seen. I didn't want to deal with him now though, so I rather curtly said,

"This is it, isn't it?" and handed him the opener. He was still gawking in disbelief when Ryosuke ushered him out, and closed the door in his face.

"Who's that?" Ryosuke asked, jealous for once.

"Just some guy. He lives downstairs."

David in the meantime had finished fixing the computer, and was packing up. I sat back down on the bed, trying to hide my behind at least, but I was too keyed up, and lifted my legs again. David handed me some pamphlets. I held them in front of my pussy, still trying to get a reaction out of him. He looked down at the pamphlets, but just blathered on about more computer stuff. I saw him off to the door, and he gave me a big smile as he left. Maybe he had caught a glimpse of my pussy or booty, but just didn't want to let on earlier.

After he was gone, Ryosuke pulled me close, and gave me a kiss.

"Do you think he realized?" I asked, curious.

"I noticed," Ryosuke grinned, pulling my t-shirt up. Ryosuke quite clearly wanted to make love, but there was a pair of pliers sitting on top of the computer.

"He forgot his pliers!" I exclaimed.

"We can give them to him later," Ryosuke purred, kissing my neck.

"No, hang on. I'll be right back." I grabbed the pliers, and slid my sandals on, half intending to go after him, still bottomless. David had noticed though, and came back out of the elevator, just as I came out the door.

I giggled, and bowed, excited to be outside dressed like this. He thanked me for the pliers, and stood there gazing at me while he waited for the elevator. I was actually quite nervous, because the door had auto-locked, and I had to knock to get Ryosuke to let me back in. David's eyes drifted down to my pussy. I guess it was kind of obvious I didn't have any bottoms on. David kept up this poker face, even as he studied the mysteries of my fluffy black bush. Soon, the elevator came, he waved goodbye, and was gone.

"That was pretty brazen," Ryosuke complained.

"He thinks I'm Yuuki," I grinned. Ryosuke let out the most wicked howl, and then pulled off my t-shirt, so we could have sex. The curtains were wide open, but we were both so horny by then, we didn't care who saw. He kissed me, and licked me all over. I was still gasping for air when we both came. It was quite the day.

Anyway, that's all for now. Talk to you soon.