**Futoshi's Car**

by Emi Tsuruta

Right at the end of the summer last year, my boyfriend Ryosuke got a call from his friend Futoshi saying he was going back to Japan for a while. Ryosuke asked Futoshi if we could borrow his car while he was gone, but at first he wasn't so keen. Apparently, our other friend Kenta wanted to borrow it too, and Kenta did live right there in Los Angeles while we were all the way down here in Oceanview. Anyway, the day before Futoshi was supposed to leave, Ryosuke and I grabbed a train down to L. A. to try to convince him to lend it to us.

Even though it's not that far from Oceanview, I've only been to Los Angeles a few times. It's a big city, and it always takes a while to figure out how to get anywhere. There is a certain excitement to being there. I lived in New York for a while, but Los Angeles has a completely different atmosphere, slower maybe, more Latin or something. Anyway, we eventually found Futoshi's apartment. Even though we told him we were coming, he acted surprised when he answered the door.

"I told you guys I don't know about the car."

"Relax. We're just here to see you off."

Futoshi stared at us for a moment, and then laughed.

"You never give up, do you?" he chuckled.

"No, no, that's not it at all," Ryosuke protested, but Futoshi was too smart to be fooled. Anyway, he ended up inviting us in, and we sat down on the high stools at his bar, while he fixed us some drinks.

"What would you like to drink?"

"Um, do you have any Uron Tea?" I asked.

He bent down to look in the little fridge behind the counter.

"You're in luck. I do."

Sitting up on the high stool, my jeans were pressing in on my tummy. Ryosuke had talked me into dressing a bit sexy in the hopes that this would convince Futoshi to lend us his car. Ryosuke wanted me to wear a skirt, but I ended up coming in perhaps the tightest pair of jeans I own. They were a bit too tight though. While Futoshi was turned away, I undid the top button, and loosened the zipper a bit. This felt much better, but I couldn't really sit here like this with my panties peeking out.

"Could I use your bathroom?" I asked.

"Yeah sure. It's just in there."

I grabbed my bag, and scurried over to the bathroom. Looking in the mirror, I realized I felt a bit sticky from the train ride here.

"Do you mind if I have a shower?" I called out.

"No, not at all. Be my guest."

I pulled down my jeans, and stepped out, relieved to be out of them. Soon though I realized I'd forgotten to bring a big bath towel with me. I opened the door a crack, and peeked out looking for Futoshi.

"And could I borrow a towel maybe? Sorry to bother you."

"That's alright. I don't mind." He smiled as he came over to get the towel. I shielded my hips with the door, but he probably caught a glimpse of my panties as he passed. Ryosuke came over, and gently pushed the door open.

"Don't you look sexy," he whispered. Futoshi came back with the towel, but then he came into the bathroom too.

"Here just let me show you how to get the water the right temperature," he said stepping into the tub. I held the towel in front of me to hide my panties, but Ryosuke came up behind me, and put his hands on my waist. Before I knew what was happening, he had started to pull down my panties. Futoshi looked back this way, and then over toward the sink. When I followed his gaze, I suddenly realized he was staring at the reflection of my bare bottom in the mirror.

"Out! Out! Both of you! Mou!" I grabbed Futoshi by the arm, pushed the two of them out, and shut the door behind them. Quite the nerve they had stripping and spying on me like that. Only when I was quite sure they had gone back to the living room did I strip naked, and get in the shower. I know Ryosuke means well enough, but whenever he gets excited, he always starts pushing things. I guess Futoshi was used to it, but still! Before I'd finished showering, I heard the bathroom door open, and someone came in. I pulled back the shower curtain, and peeked out. It was Ryosuke gathering up my clothes.

"Futoshi has a washing machine, so I just thought I'd put these in."

"What am I supposed to wear?"

"The towel is right there."

I called after him, but it was too late. He was gone. Soon, I shut off the shower, and toweled off. I wrapped the towel around me, and examined myself in the mirror. The towel wasn't terribly big, but it more or less covered my pussy and breasts. I still felt nervous though. I wanted my clothes back, but there was nothing I could do now.

I took a deep breath, and then opened the door, hesitantly stepping out into the room. Futoshi was still fiddling around behind the bar. Ryosuke grinned when he saw me. I double-checked the knot to make sure it was still secure, and then scooted over to the bar, nervously climbing up onto one of the stools. The sunlight streaming in through Futoshi's floor-to-ceiling windows was so bright I had to squint to see.

"Your Uron tea is there on the counter," Futoshi pointed out. He didn't seem overly bothered that I was sitting here in just a towel. Ryosuke walked over to the window.

"Beautiful view out over the city. Have you seen this, Emi?"

I picked up my drink, and walked over to the window, staring out at the city. There were a bunch of condos and tall office buildings just across the way. L.A. was huge compared to Oceanview or Kamakura back home. Ryosuke slid open the balcony door, and went out.

"Something else, huh?" he grinned back at me. I smiled, and stepped up into the doorway. He held out his hand, and I took it stepping out onto the balcony. I glanced back nervously at Futoshi who'd come out to the door just behind us. A gust of wind blew up from below, blowing my towel up. I rushed to flatten it back down, but Futoshi probably caught a glimpse of my bare behind.

"You guys still haven't told me what Emi did to get Kenta so riled up the day he left for Japan," Ryosuke prodded, curious. I glanced over at Futoshi, but he was blushing.

"Nothing," I insisted, shaking my head. It's a long story, but basically Kenta and Futoshi had stumbled in on me when I was sunbathing naked out on Kenta's balcony. I'd made them promise not to tell, but later Futoshi let it slip that something had happened.

"You were being a bad girl then too, weren't you?" Ryosuke grinned.

"You know me. I would never..."

The problem was that Ryosuke did know me. He knew me too well in fact, and had probably already guessed what had happened. His hand darted out grabbing my towel by the hem and pulling it up, exposing my bare bottom again. I struggled to push it back down, but the knot was starting to come loose, and soon he'd pulled it right off. Suddenly, I was naked out on the balcony in full view of the street!

"Kyaaa!" I squealed, reaching to get the towel back. I could feel the breeze all over, getting me all excited. We were pretty far up from the street, but the people in the apartments across the way could probably see me, and Futoshi was standing right there. I kept reaching to get the towel back, but Ryosuke held it just out of reach. I looked over at Futoshi, but his eyes had glazed over. I was getting more and more excited. I finally managed to grab the towel away from Ryosuke. I draped it across my front to cover my breasts and pussy. I stuck out my tongue at Ryosuke, but he just laughed.

"What did you do that for?" I sulked, trying to hide how excited I'd become.

"Oh c'mon, Emi. You waltz right out here in just a towel. What did you expect?"

I turned to Futoshi.

"And you... why didn't you help me? You're as bad as he is," I pouted. They were both grinning, and I eventually realized that they could see my bare behind. I pushed past Futoshi, and stormed back inside, my whole body shaking.

I hadn't really intended to flash the whole town. It was all Ryosuke's fault. But anyway, now that I had, it was hard to calm down. I grabbed my bag, stormed back into the bathroom, and shut the door. My heart was still pounding in my chest. I was still so excited, but I could go back out there. I eventually pulled a change of clothes out of my bag, and got dressed.

I pulled on a looser pair of jeans, and then squeezed my breasts into my bra, and pulled on a different blouse. Once I looked more or less decent again, I came back out. Ryosuke looked unrepentant, but Futoshi seemed a bit embarrassed.

"So what's there to do around here?" I asked trying to change the subject.

"I don't know. What do you want to do?" Futoshi asked still looking at me funny.

"I want to go shopping. Are there any big malls near here?"

"There's Century City in Santa Monica. It's not too far."

"OK, let's go there."

We drove there, and slowly they calmed back down. Futoshi took us to this sushi restaurant where we had supper. The two of them followed me around as I checked out the Gap and Benetton, and eventually we came to a Victoria's Secret store. I wanted to get some new sleepwear, so I pulled Ryosuke in, while Futoshi waited outside. At first, I was just thinking of buying some sweatpants and a hoodie, but Ryosuke tugged me over to the baby doll section. I already had a couple of baby dolls, but Ryosuke kept holding up these ultra sexy ones, saying I should try them on. They all seemed to be open at the front or see-through, but I finally found a black one that seemed not too bad. Ryosuke followed me right into the dressing room. I don't think the staff noticed. Unfortunately, once I'd got it on, I realized it was see-through too just like the rest.

"Here take off your panties," Ryosuke instructed. I did as he asked, but now the baby doll looked positively indecent. You could see everything. He motioned for me to twirl around. I hesitated for a moment, but finally showed him. The material was so light I might as well be wearing nothing at all.

"What do you think?" Ryosuke asked grinning. I shyly covered my pussy with my hand. "I'll buy it for you if you go out there just like that, and show Futoshi."

"No way!" I retorted, horrified at the suggestion.

"Well, anyway, promise me you'll wear it tonight."

"Buy me some panties to go with it," I pouted. He reached out with his hand, and slid his hands between my legs.

"You look fine just like that," he teased. I twisted my hips trying to get away, but he'd found my hello kitty.

"Aaa! Ryosuke, don't! Not here!" Both of us were in the mood, but unfortunately, Futoshi was still out there waiting. I pulled the baby doll off over my head, and stood there naked while Ryosuke continued to touch me. If we had just a few more minutes, I swear we could have...

Anyway, once I was back dressed, Ryosuke took the baby doll out, and paid for it. I was grateful. Even though it was something I probably wouldn't buy for myself, I was happy to have nightwear that I knew he liked.

We looked around a bit more, and then rented some Japanese DVD's on the way home. One of them was a movie called Kamikaze Girls about this Japanese girl who likes to dress up in frilly French dresses. I hadn't seen any Japanese movies for a while, so it reminded me of home. By the time the movie ended, it was getting late. The room was all dark save for the flicker of the TV and the lights from outside. Ryosuke stared over longingly at the car keys on the table, but Futoshi kept peering over at me.

"Do you want to watch another one?" Futoshi asked.

"K," I said standing up. "Go ahead. I'll be back in a sec," I whispered as I dashed off to the bathroom. Once safe inside, I opened the Victoria's Secret box, and held up the sheer lace nightie. I wasn't really sure if I could get away with this, but maybe it was dark enough that Futoshi wouldn't be able to tell it was see-through. I stripped, and tried it on, but in the strong light of the bathroom, it was all too clear I was naked underneath. The hem was barely long enough. 'Derriere skimming length' the store ad had said. I flicked off the lights, took a deep breath, and slowly slipped back out into the living room. Futoshi looked up when I came in, but soon his eyes drifted back to the TV.

'Thank heavens,' I sighed to myself. Either it was too dark to tell it was see-through, or he was too sleepy to notice. Even so, shivers ran up my spine, as I sat my bare bottom down on the plush throw rug. I shifted my rump back between Ryosuke's feet, hiding my body with his legs as he sat behind me on the couch. I pulled the front of my nightie down to cover up my pussy, but Futoshi's eyes stayed fixed on the TV. Maybe this would be alright. Ryosuke gently ran his fingers through the hair on my head.

"What are you going to do about the car?" he asked softly. Futoshi looked over this way, and I tensed. I held my arm up to hide my nipples which were now quite erect.

"I don't know," he shrugged, and turned back to the TV. Ryosuke started massaging my bare shoulders, working his thumbs in, trying to get me to relax. I was too aware of my near nudity to relax though. To make matters worse, Ryosuke brushed my straps aside making them fall down my shoulders revealing even more of my cleavage. Then suddenly out of the blue, he asked,

"Emi, could you fetch my daybook over there?" He pointed to where it was sitting on the floor next to the TV. I looked back up at him horrified. I'd intended to hide in this little niche between his legs, and now he wanted me to get up. I shook my head no, but he kept motioning for me to go ahead. I looked over at Futoshi, but his eyes were still on the TV. I knew it would be playing with fire, but I gritted my teeth, and slowly got up on all fours. I crawled forward, but even without looking I could tell the hem was way too short to cover my bare bottom.

When I looked back over my shoulder at Futoshi, he was sitting up straight as a ramrod, wide awake now, his eyes locked on my hiney. I tried not to wiggle my behind. I finally reached the daybook, and picked it up.

"Is this it?" I purred innocently. Ryosuke was still sitting back, but Futoshi was on the edge of his seat trying to hide his mounting hard-on.

"Kya!" I squealed, covering my bare bottom with my hand. "You didn't see anything, did you?"

Futoshi stood up, and turned his back to me still trying to hide his erection.

"I um... yeah, I mean, no. I didn't see anything," he stammered, clearly quite embarrassed.

"Oops. Sorry," I apologized, worried that I'd gone too far.

"Anyway, I guess I'm going to go to bed," he told us, stumbling off to his bedroom all in a fluster. I crawled back to Ryosuke, leaning onto his lap.

"Is he alright?" I asked, giggling.

"Yeah, yeah, he'll be fine," Ryosuke whispered back. We listened for a while wondering what Futoshi was doing. You'd think by now he'd be used to our silly games, but I guess we'd thrown him off his stride somehow. I felt kind of bad actually. Eventually Futoshi came back out, and headed straight for the bathroom.

"Are you alright?" I asked, getting up. He didn't look at me, but went straight in, mumbled,

"Yeah," and then closed the door. I looked at Ryosuke, still wondering if we'd gone too far.

"Don't worry about him. He'll be fine," Ryosuke smiled, shifting his gaze down to my bare behind. I came back, and sat down next to him. Ryosuke wrapped his arm around my waist pulling me close, but soon, Futoshi came back out, and spread out a couple of futons for us to sleep on. He carefully avoided looking at me, said,

"Good night," and disappeared back off to his room. Ryosuke and I watched the movie a bit more, but eventually shut it off. I lay face down on a futon looking over at Ryosuke in the dim light. He gave me a gentle kiss, pulling up my nightie, exposing my rear. He wasn't looking at me though. Something behind me had caught his eye.

"What is it?" I asked, a bit afraid. He nodded toward the window, and across the way we could see this American couple, maybe around 30 or so, standing in their window looking over at us. I pulled my nightie back down to cover up my tush, but I'm pretty sure they saw. We turned out all the lights, but there was still light shining in from the buildings across the way. There didn't seem to be any curtains. We just lay there a while, my heart pounding in my chest as we wondered what to do. Eventually, the lights went out in the room across the way, and we couldn't see the couple anymore. It was hard to tell if they'd gone to sleep, or had just turned out the lights, so they could see us better.

I was thinking we should just give up, and go to sleep, but Ryosuke's eyes were still twinkling in the dark. He nuzzled up against me, and we started kissing again. I guess I was a little excited too. Ryosuke kept kissing and touching me, getting me all heated up. He pulled up my nightie again. I turned away, gazing out the window wondering if that other couple was still watching us. I could see my own reflection in the window. I felt pretty nervous, but Ryosuke didn't seem worried. He pulled my nightie right off, so I was naked. It was exciting being away from home, making love in a new place.

Unfortunately, suddenly, the phone rang. I was actually so far gone it took me a moment to realize what was happening. Futoshi stumbled out of his bedroom, and flicked on the light. Ryosuke rolled off of me, but there I was lying buck naked, blinking under the bright light. Futoshi's eyes slowly focused in on me as he picked up the phone. I tensed, unsure what to do. Everything was happening so fast.

"Hello," Futoshi said into the phone, still staring at me as I sat up, and looked around for my nightie. Ryosuke must have thrown it into a corner somewhere because I couldn't see it. I finally covered my breasts and pussy with my hands, blushing under Futoshi's gaze.

"Hello, hello," he repeated. Whoever it was wasn't talking. I turned, and peered out at the window across the way. Did that American couple somehow know Futoshi's number? Quite worried now, I got up, and went over to get my bag. Futoshi's eyes followed me across the room. Ryosuke finally fished out my nightie from under the futon, and threw it over to me. I turned my back to Futoshi and the window, feeling terribly excited now, as I struggled to straighten out the nightie, so I could pull it on.

"Don't look!" I squealed, my face burning hot with embarrassment. Futoshi glanced back at Ryosuke, but he just had this silly smirk on his face. Futoshi turned back to stare at my behind. Even after I got the nightie back on, he continued to stare at me, noting how see-through it was. My pussy was on fire, but I finally went over, and shut off the lights.

"Who was it on the phone?" I asked rubbing my eyes trying to hide how excited I'd become.

"I don't know. There was just silence."

I looked out across the way, and I thought I could make out the couple from earlier still sitting there by the window, laughing no doubt. Eventually, things settled down, and Futoshi went back to bed. Ryosuke and I were both still pretty worked up, but I finally convinced him to save it for another day. It was just too nerve-wracking knowing that we had an audience.