**In and Around My Host Family's House**

by Emi Tsuruta

A lot of the time my boyfriend Ryosuke is kind of busy, so we don't always see each other that much. When he's not around, mostly I study or write or whatever, but sometimes I fool around by myself. It's not like I plan it exactly. I just kind of fall into it.

For instance, one day, I woke up to find the house all quiet. It was a Tuesday, so I didn't have any classes, but usually, I get up, and have breakfast with my host family. I guess I must have slept in, and missed it when they left. It was past nine, so they were probably all at school or work by then. The house is so quiet when they're gone. It's kind of nice though because I can do whatever I want, and not have to worry about what they think.

There were some birds chirping outside the window. Our backyard has some trees, and at the back, there is this gate that leads into a ravine, so there are always lots of birds, and sometimes you see squirrels or chipmunks even. At my house in Japan, I guess there are trees and stuff, but there aren't so many animals. Cats sometimes, but that's about it.

Anyway, I went downstairs, and had some breakfast, but I felt kind of restless, like I wanted to do something. I sat at the kitchen table, and looked out at the backyard. It's been really cold this winter especially for California, but it was sunny out that day. I decided to go out for a walk in the ravine, so after breakfast, I went back upstairs, had a shower, and got dressed. I put on my jeans and a sweater, and even got out my mittens and scarf just in case it was cold. I stuffed them in my backpack, went down to get my boots, and took them to the back door. My boots are shiny black leather, and they almost go up to my knees, so they keep me pretty warm even when it's cold out.

Outside it was kind of brisk, but not cold really, more like autumn than winter really. The neighbors on either side must have gone to work, because there was no sign of anyone around. It's kind of funny, but I guess I don't spend too much time in my own neighborhood. I'm usually at school, or downtown or meeting Ryosuke somewhere halfway between our houses.

Our house is in kind of a nice area though. There is more space between the houses than in Japan, and there's lots of greenery. I was surprised how quiet it was because on weekends, it seems like there are always a lot of people around.

Just on the other side of our back gate, there is a large grassy area like a park with trees all around the edge. It looked like there were some people standing at the entrance way off to the left. On the trees on the other side, there seemed to be some kind of path though, so I followed it down. It was kind of rocky and muddy and dark, but down at the bottom, there was a little creek with a path running beside it. It reminded me of the hiking trail that Ryosuke took me to up north. That time, he'd talked me into walking around in the woods in the nude. That was so weird, but kind of exciting. I wonder if I could do that here. Still that was way out in the country, while this is in town. I ultimately chickened out, and came back to the house, but I began to wonder about that more and more.

A few Tuesdays later, I woke up to find my host family gone again. I got up, had a shower, and then came back to my room. I realized I would have to do my laundry. I pulled on my navy hoodie and a pair of shorts, and carried all my laundry down to the basement where the washer is. After I'd got it all in, I came back upstairs, and had some breakfast. Out the back window, it looked cloudy, like it might rain.

After breakfast, I washed up the dishes, and went back upstairs to get the next load of laundry ready. I remembered I was running a bit short of laundry detergent, so I wondered if I should go to the store, and get some more. I got out my keys and my change purse, and stuffed them into the small pockets of my shorts. They were so heavy that I could feel the weight, so I had to tighten the drawstring at the waist to keep my shorts from falling down. When I got downstairs though, I found that there was enough detergent to do another load after all.

As I walked back up the stairs, I could feel the drawstring coming loose again from the weight of my keys and change purse. I started to do it up again, but then I got a naughty thought. This would be the perfect excuse to get naked. If I leave the drawstring loose, my shorts will fall down, and I'll be left there in only my hoodie. I stood at the top of the stairs peeking out at the big picture window in the living room. I wondered if anyone was outside walking past.

We live in a pretty quiet neighborhood. I don't see many cars drive down our street or even people walking by, but our house is not too far from the corner of a busier street. Hiding behind the wall, I peered out at the window. It looked pretty quiet. Most people had gone to work by now. I know this may sound silly, but I was starting to get all nervous, thinking about getting naked. I took a deep breath to try to calm down.

I re-tied the drawstring pretty loosely, so it was hanging fairly low around my waist. I walked out into the living room in full view of the front window. I don't know why, but my heart was beating pretty fast. My shorts stayed hanging on though. A bit disappointed, I walked up the stairs to my room on the second floor, but I couldn't stop thinking about it. I came back out, and bounded down the steps trying to see if my shorts would fall. I could feel the waistband slipping down, but my shorts hung on.

The bell for the dryer rang, so I finally went down, and got my stuff out. It was still a bit damp though, so I thought of hanging it up on the clothesline in the backyard to dry. I piled my wet clothes into my laundry basket, and as I started climbing the stairs, I felt my waistband slipping down. I made it as far as the living room, but it took both hands to hold the big laundry basket, so I couldn't catch my shorts as they fell. Getting excited again, I stepped out of them, and savored the feeling of being naked. I might have been getting a little bit wet, you know, down there.

Suddenly, I realized someone might be able to see me from the window, so I walked over to the front door leaving my shorts on the floor back in the living room. I stood with my back to the door feeling the cool wood on my bare behind. My thoughts were racing. Why was I so excited? I'm still inside safe and sound.

I pulled the basket away from my front, to take a look at my pussy. This hoodie is kind of a dangerous length, not really long enough to hide my pussy or bottom, especially if I raise my arms. I couldn't quite see my pubic hair from above, but I could feel the air wafting over my bare behind. It was getting me all excited. I set the basket down on the counter by the door, and then opened the door a crack to peek outside. Feeling the breeze from outside, I got even more aroused. There didn't seem to be anyone out there, so I pulled down the hoodie to cover my pussy, and opened the door a bit more. It felt so electrifying to be standing here half naked so close to the street.

Leaving the door open, I went over, and sat down on the stairs to put on my shoes. The feeling of the carpet on my behind got me so excited I spread my legs wide open flashing my pussy at the open door. I picked up the laundry basket, and just kind of stood there, debating whether I should risk going outside or not. In the end, I just closed the door, but my heart was still racing. I wanted so much to go outside, but I was worried someone might see.

I walked back through the living room not bothering to cover my bare bottom as I paraded past the front window. Now that I think about it, I probably should have been more careful, but I was feeling so naughty by then. It was almost like I didn't care who saw me. When I came to the back door, I peeked out the window to try to tell if our neighbors were out in their backyards or not. I couldn't see so well from the window, so I cautiously opened the door, and stuck my head out. Almost without thinking, I spread my legs, and ran my hand down between them. I normally don't do things like that, but for some reason that day, I couldn't help myself.

Realizing it wouldn't look good if I got caught by one of our neighbors playing with my hello kitty in my backyard, I straightened up, and pulled the hem of my hoodie down to cover up. Carrying the basket in front of me to hide my pussy, I stepped out onto the patio at the back of the house. Luckily, our neighbors weren't in their yards. I don't usually see them out here anyway.

I quickly started hanging up my clothes on the line. Loretta is pretty tall, so the clothesline is way up in the air. I had to stretch way up to reach, and this pulled the hem of my hoodie way up, so there was nothing covering my pussy or behind at all. I tried to pretend I was just hanging up the laundry, but I was getting so turned on. I emptied the basket, and hurried back inside. I took the basket back upstairs to my room, and tried to settle down. Once I get like this, it gets harder and harder to calm back down.

I decided to give Ryosuke a call. Ryosuke has classes on Tuesday, but I tried to get him on his smartphone. I got his voice mail.

"It's Emi. Can you call me?" I set the phone back down, and sighed. I had to think of something to get my mind off going outside. I started to clean up my room - put my books back on their shelves, and vacuum the floor. I didn't want my hoodie to get dusty, so I took it off, and looked at my naked body in the mirror. I started gently massaging my breasts and playing with my pussy, while I watched my reflection in the mirror. I spread my legs, and pulled apart my pussy lips, so I could see the pink inside. I wanted so much to have sex. My breathing grew faster, and I almost made it to orgasm as I stroked myself. Oh god! What am I becoming? The first wave passed, and I managed to stop, but the echoes of my arousal continued on. I wiped myself off with a towelette, and threw it in the garbage.

I finally managed to calm down enough to think more sensibly. I decided to put on my bikini, and do some sunbathing in our backyard. That would be safer. We have a few reclining lawn chairs, so I went out, and lay down on one of them. The warm sun felt so good on my skin.

I was just starting to relax when all of a sudden I remembered the time I caught my sister sunbathing in the nude in the yard back in Japan. At the time, I thought she was crazy. The people in the houses across the street or even someone walking by on the sidewalk might have seen her. By comparison, Loretta's backyard in Oceanview is a lot more private.

I reached around, and undid my bikini top letting the straps fall open onto the chair. I have to admit I got a bit of a rush just from being almost topless like that in our backyard. I lay like that for a while, and then started fiddling with the ties on my bottoms. There was still no sign of anyone, so I cautiously began to pull down my bikini bottoms too. The cool breeze tickled, but it excited me. I pulled my bottoms all the way down to my knees but just let them hang there, and lay face down. I couldn't believe I was lying there in my backyard with my rear end exposed. I felt so naughty and aroused.

I lay there for a while, but still no one came out, so eventually I just pulled my bottoms right off. Here I was buck naked out in our back yard.

I picked up the book I was reading and holding it in front of my pussy to cover up, I carefully rolled over to face the sky. I was so excited my whole body was shaking. I nervously reached down, and picked up my smartphone. I'll phone Ryosuke, and stay naked till he gets here. I was so nervous that I knocked my book onto the ground. I sat up, and bent forward trying to cover my breasts with my hair while I dialed Ryosuke. I just got his voice mail again, so I tried his host family's place. He'd be so shocked to hear I was naked in my backyard, he'd rush right over. He'd been trying to get me to do something like this for ages.

"Hello." It was Mr. Francis, Ryosuke's host father. I was so nervous at first I didn't say anything. "Hello."

"Uh hello, Mr. Francis, this is Emi Tsuruta, Ryosuke's classmate from Oceanview U."

"Oh, Emi, how are you?" I glanced down at my naked body, feeling distinctly embarrassed. I crossed my legs to try to hide my pubic hair.

"Uh... I'm OK. Is Ryosuke there?"

"OK. Just a moment. I'll check." He pressed the hold button, and this loud music blared from the speaker. I started worrying that the neighbors might hear, so I covered the phone with my hand. It seemed to take him forever to come back. I began to wonder if he had somehow sensed I was naked. I felt more and more panicky, but eventually the music stopped.

"I'm sorry Emi. I'm afraid I can't find him. Would you like to leave a message?"

"No, that's alright..."

"He was telling me your father works in personnel."

Ryosuke had told me his host family loves to talk. I wouldn't have minded so much if I had been dressed, but sitting here stark naked in my backyard made it hard to focus.

"Um yes, that's right." He went into a long monologue that I couldn't quite catch as I fumbled around for my bikini bottom. It wasn't on the seat anymore. It must have fallen onto the grass on the other side of the chair.

"Don't you think so?" Mr. Francis asked. Not wanting to seem rude, I answered,

"I guess," I nodded, and then stood up, and slid my bare feet into my sandals. I went looking for my bottoms, but walking around naked got me even more excited. I was beginning to feel an orgasm coming on. Mr. Francis was still talking, but all I could think of was whether he could see me. This was of course silly because Ryosuke's house was miles away, but hearing his voice made Mr. Francis seem so close.

I found my bikini bottoms, and picked them up, but I didn't feel like putting them on anymore. I set them back down on the chair, and started walking, almost like I was hypnotized, towards the driveway.

"... and that would be really helpful."

"Listen, Mr. Francis. Do you think I could call you back?"

"Sure, but please think about it."

I was so excited I was out of my head. I was standing here naked huddled just behind the edge of the house staring out at the street. I briefly wondered if I should invite Mr. Francis over, but that would really be crazy.

"OK, I will. Goodbye." I hung up. I tilted my head back luxuriating in the feeling of the gentle breeze on my naked body. I suddenly had this urge to move closer to the street. I pictured myself walking naked to the store just to see how people would react.

Oh, but I don't have my wallet. I walked quickly over to the back door, and breathed a sigh of relief as I went back in.

What had gotten into me? I can't just walk around naked outside like that. I took off my sandals, and walked from the kitchen into the living room. The curtains on the big picture window were wide open looking out onto the street, so I dashed through and over to the stairs and back up to my room. What had gotten into me? I swear I don't usually do things like that!

I sat down on my bed enjoying the feeling of my soft bedspread on my naked bottom. I tried phoning Ryosuke on his cell again, but there was still no answer. Where are you when I need you? I couldn't stop thinking about going somewhere. I found my wallet, but I had calmed down enough to realize that I couldn't just walk out the front door in the nude. I'd better think of something else.

I sat down at my desk, and stared at my computer and notebooks and stuff. In the bottom drawer, I keep my diary where I write down about everything Ryosuke and I do. I started leafing through it, but that just got me more excited again. I picked up the cell phone, and tried Ryosuke again, but still nothing. Ryosuke, if you don't answer soon, I really am going to do something crazy.

I lay down on my bed and thought for a while. Then, I got back up, went to my closet, and got out a long t-shirt. Maybe I could go out for a walk like this. I put it on, picked up my small leather backpack, and went downstairs. I picked up my keys and change purse, got my sandals from the back door, and sat on the stairs to put them on. I looked down at my t-shirt. When I spread my legs open, you could see my pussy. I would have to be careful not to sit down, or fall.

I took a deep breath, and went out the front door. As I walked to the store, I felt so much like touching myself. It would be so easy to just reach down and...

In the store, the clerk turned as I walked in, and stared straight at me. Could he tell? I could feel his gaze burning into my back. I crouched down for a split second to pick up a carton of milk, perhaps flashing my bare bottom in the process. I felt so horny, and I wasn't even touching myself this time. I walked from aisle to aisle trying to hide from the clerk's eyes, but all the time, feeling hotter and hotter. Before I do something rash, I walked up to the counter to pay.

While I was paying some other people walked in, and they looked down at my hips too. I hoped that it was just the t-shirt that they were staring at. After that, I hurried quickly home. I put the milk in the fridge, and went upstairs to my room. I lay on my bed for a long time, thinking about what I'd done, and eventually teased myself to orgasm.

A few weeks later, I was at it again. I was getting even bolder. I didn't even bother to put on my clothes after my shower. It was garbage pickup day, so I decided I'd better put my own garbage out. Walking down the stairs, I peeked out the front window, but the coast seemed clear, so I walked naked all the way round to the back door. Realizing I should put on my sandals, I ran to the front door to get them, streaking past the window on the way there and back. I stood at the back door for a long time, wondering if I should put some clothes on. This would just be for a second, so maybe it would be alright.

Cautiously, I opened the back door, and stepped out onto the patio! It felt so amazing to be nude outside again. I almost forgot what I was doing. I dashed around to the side of the house where there is a narrow alley between our house and the next. Most of the way down the alley, I would be safe from view, but then it opens out onto the neighbor's front yard. I couldn't tell if they were home or not. The curtains on the nearest window were drawn, but that didn't necessarily mean that they weren't home. I stood at the edge of their house for quite a long time trying to decide if I should try to go all the way to the tool shed just by the street at the front of our house. I couldn't just leave the garbage here, but going back for my clothes would be like chickening out.

I finally made up my mind, and walked towards the street. The curtains at the front of the neighbor's were open. I felt goose bumps all over, as I wondered if I was being watched. Gathering my courage, I moved around to the side of the shed where I was in view of the house across the street. They had a whole bunch of trees in their yard, so they probably wouldn't be able to see me anyway. This perhaps made me feel too safe, and I started edging around closer and closer to the corner of our house. I could now see the two storey house just a bit of a ways down the street, and the curtains on that window were open too. I was torn, half of me wanting to turn back, and hide, but the other half wanting to see how far I could go.

The devil in me won out, and I stepped right out onto the sidewalk. I covered my mouth unable to believe I was standing here naked on the street in broad daylight. Down at the corner, I could see cars racing by on the main street there. I didn't even cover up. I just stood there, letting them look. The cars just kept streaming by with no one even slowing down. I couldn't believe they hadn't even noticed me. I felt like the whole world was going to come crashing down on top of me, but everyone else was just business as usual.

Suddenly behind me, I heard two girls' voices.

"Oh my god!"

"See. I told you so!"

The voices were coming from our neighbor's house. I dashed behind the tool shed instantly regretting having gone all the way out there. I peeked around the corner, but I couldn't see anybody. The voices seemed to be coming from a slatted window, maybe their bathroom, but I couldn't see the girls. Why had I done such a stupid thing? Now I've finally been caught red-handed. I ran back down the alley, and heard squeals of laughter from the two girls. Oh, this is horrible. Now what do I do?

I made it back inside, ran upstairs, and got dressed. I half expected the neighbors' girls to come over, and knock on my door, but perhaps they didn't know I lived here. My heart was pounding away for hours. Even after that, I never saw them. Maybe they didn't realize it was me.

Since then, I've tried to stop doing that kind of thing around my house. It was pretty thrilling, but a bit too dangerous.