**Invisible**

by Emi Tsuruta

I think I would have forgotten about the cute convenience store clerk Hana and I saw if I hadn't bumped into him again the next week. My mom and I went shopping in Fujisawa, and on the way back, she wanted to stop in, and buy some rain gear. I didn't immediately recognize him because it was a different store from where I first saw him. While my mom was checking out their umbrellas, I took a closer look, and realized he looked familiar. Tall, boyish good looks, the same cheerful attentiveness, and then finally, it dawned on me. It must be the same guy - Satoshi Tsumabuki! Tsumabuki is an actor who was in a Japanese movie called Waterboys about male synchro swimmers. It obviously wasn't the real Tsumabuki, but the clerk did look a bit like him... to me at least.

He didn't seem to recognize me though. The day that Hana and I had been in the other store, giggling away in our swimsuits, he'd followed us from aisle to aisle, obviously interested. I suppose I'd been wearing sunglasses that day, but still... you think he'd remember. It wasn't that long ago.

Anyway, eventually, Mom found a rain hat she liked, so she bought it, and we left. I peeked back at the clerk from the door, but he didn't look this way. I wanted to tell someone about all this, so that night I got talking to my friend Minori back in the States.

"I bumped into that guy again," I told her.

"What guy?"

"You know. The one who looks like Satoshi Tsumabuki..."

"What? You're kidding. Where? "

"In a different store. He must work in both."

"What's his name?"

"I don't know. I didn't ask."

"You should find out!"

"Um. OK. I'll try. "

It's kind of funny that she was getting all excited about some guy she's never even met, but anyway, I knew I'd probably run into him again.

The next few days, it rained. I moped around the house, waiting to hear back from the companies I'd sent resumes to. I'd kind of been avoiding Takahashi after I sent him that nude selfie by mistake. I did ask my dad if he'd hired Taira, the creative boy I met in his waiting room. They were still deciding, so I guess he was in limbo too.

I was running out of resumes, so come morning, I went down to the Japanese room to write up some more. The floor in that room is made of 'tatami' (straw mats), and there is a 'hori-kotatsu' in the center of the room. A 'kotatsu' is a heater hanging from a low table with a quilt over top. The 'hori' part is a square hole where the floor has been dug out, so you can put your legs down while you sit on the edge of the tatami under the quilt. In the winter, the kotatsu keeps your legs nice and warm, but in the summer even with the heater turned off, it's perhaps a bit too hot, especially with all these bulky clothes my mom was making me wear.

Anyway, I got out my pen and ink, and started writing out resumes for my job hunt. My mom was just around the corner, puttering away in the kitchen. She'd sometimes come to the door of the Japanese room to talk, but soon she'd float off again. We had lunch, and then, I went back, and worked some more.

I was in a bit of a funny mood that day. I had managed to land one job, helping Ms. Sasaki with the swim training camp. I also had a lead on another job, handing out tissue packs in front of Kamakura station. Neither job was long-term, but anyway, I felt like I needed a break. I wanted to do something different, something fun.

As I sat there, I realized it was all quiet now. I guess Mom must have gone upstairs. Trying to get more comfortable, I reached down under the quilt, and undid the bow in the drawstring of my workout pants. Quickly, before Mom came back, I pushed down my pants, snuggling out of them. I still had my hoodie on top, but I was now naked from the waist down. Sitting up with the quilt draped across my lap, there was nothing covering my bare bottom. This wasn't ideal - my mom might see - but I couldn't get the quilt to stretch far enough to cover my behind. The quilt was stuck, held tight by the table top.

Nervous, I peered over at the door, but there was no sign of my mom. I pretended to work away at my resumes, still tugging on the quilt, trying to pull it loose. Soon though, my mom came back, so I slid under the covers, hiding my bare bottom. She hovered at the door for a moment, but she didn't really look at me. She made some comment, and then flitted off again.

I slowly sat up, all excited, wondering if I should pull my pants back on now that my mom was back. I reached round, and fingered my bare butt cheeks, debating what to do. I slid one hand under the covers, dabbing gently at my pussy, and as I feared, I was getting pretty wet. I knew I shouldn't play with myself with my mom right there, but I was getting too excited. It felt good to run my finger tips along my slit. Like it or not, I was getting horny.

While I was wavering, I suddenly heard someone at the front door. I looked up at the clock, only to realize it was already 5:45! With all this fooling around, I'd completely lost track of time. Usually, my mom warns me when it's getting near time for supper, but today, she hadn't for some reason. Oh oh! Now what do I do?

Soon, Evan came in, home from work. Evan is my sister Norika's British fiancÃ(C). He's been staying with us while they fixed up their new place. He's an okay guy I guess, kind of tall and good-looking, but a bit of a straight arrow. My mom had warned me to be good, so I'd been trying to stay out of his way. Norika kept saying they were going to move out to their new place, so I was a bit surprised he was still here even.

Worried he might see my bare patootie, I lay down pulling the quilt up around my waist. Evan came right over to the door of the Japanese room, looking in. Something on TV had caught his eye.

"What's this? What are you watching?" he asked. I looked up at him, all anxious. I was a bit surprised because he doesn't usually talk to me.

"Um, I don't know," I answered meekly.

"Hey, this is pretty funny," he said, nodding towards the TV. Because I was lying back, I couldn't see what program it was. I lay there, looking up at him, worried that he'd figure out that I was bottomless. My fingers were all sticky. My cheeks were probably red from the embarrassment. Before I could do much, I heard someone else at the front door.

"I'm home," Norika called in. Of all the days for Norika to come back! She knows me, and might twig to the fact I was naked. I have to do something quick before she comes in, and sees me.

All in a rush now, I sat up, and reached down into the dugout, feeling around for my workout pants. The quilt was no longer covering my bare bottom, but luckily, Evan was still looking at the TV. I guess he didn't really expect me to be naked. I franticly felt around for my pants in the dugout, but for the life of me, I couldn't seem to find them. They had to be here somewhere.

Norika came into the dining room, next door, shedding her wet rain coat.

"Is it raining out?" my mom asked.

"Yeah, it's really pouring down now. Is Dad home yet?" Norika replied, coming over to give Evan a kiss. Oh no! The two of them were standing right there. God, please don't look this way.

"Not yet," Mom said from the kitchen, "but he'll be here soon. Supper's almost ready."

Panicking, I slid down under the table, and finally found my pants. I got back up out of the dugout, exposing my hiney again. I had a hard time getting my pants straightened out. Luckily, Norika had turned away talking to Mom. Evan was still facing this way, but watching the TV not me. I eventually managed to get my pants untangled, and rushed to pull them back on. Not a moment too soon either, because Norika finally turned to talk to me! Wide-eyed, I gazed up at her, afraid that she might have seen.

"Hey, you. How's the big job search coming?" she smiled.

"Um... yeah, fine," I blushed.

"Glad to see you working away. If there's anything I can do, just holler."

I gave her a weak smile, but quickly got up, and ran off to the bath. My cheeks were beet red, but I don't think any of them had figured out why. Phew! That was a bit too close!

Supper was a bit awkward, but the three of them seemed pretty calm. I guess they hadn't seen me after all.

The next day, I decided to get out of the house. I wanted to go visit my cousin Namie, Aunt Sachi's daughter. Namie is a few years older than me, but we'd always been pretty close, travelling together and such. I came back to Japan for her wedding when she got married to Ryoichi, this serious salaryman. She's kind of beautiful, vivacious, cosmopolitan, but he's a bit more staid. I'd kind of been giving Namie advice on how to spice up their sex life, and was curious how things were going.

Anyway, before my morning shower, I dug out the most boring clothes I could find - black loafers, black tights, a grey t-shirt dress with a tree pattern, a cream sweater, black sunglasses and a new white bucket hat. Mom had been on me to dress modestly since Evan was staying with us. I'd been humoring her, dressing as decently as I could, but I did skip wearing panties that day. These tights aren't that see-through. As long as the hem of my t-shirt doesn't flip up, I don't think anyone will be able to tell. I even stopped to buy some Japanese sweets (daifuku ice) on the way, but the clerk didn't stare or anything. I don't look that strange, I guess.

This was the first time I'd seen Namie's new place. I buzzed up, and Namie came down to the front to give me a little tour. The building she lives in is quite tall, and there were a few other buildings like it nearby. Right in the middle of the complex, there was a wading pool with a bunch of neighbor kids playing in it, trying to cool down in the summer heat. Nearby, their mothers were sitting in the shade of the trees chatting. Namie knew a couple of the mothers, and introduced me. We exchanged a few words, but soon they went back to talking amongst themselves.

Looking around at the deck of the wading pool, I suddenly realized that one of the girls was naked. I was actually quite surprised by this. In the States, where I'd been living, you're not really supposed to get naked outside. No one here seemed worried though. She must be someone's daughter. I was absolutely fascinated. Norika and I used to run around naked on the beach, but we had to stop after we moved to Hawaii. I pointed this girl out to Namie, but she just shrugged.

"She doesn't know any better. What can you do?"

I nodded, still a bit puzzled at how she could get away with this. The girl herself didn't seem embarrassed at all, and went charging across the deck to go fetch her towel. She didn't use the towel to cover herself even, but just draped it around her shoulders. I was actually a bit worried for her. There was a guy sitting across the way, maybe someone's father or brother, but he was just talking with the housewives. I felt pretty silly. Here I was, bundled up like an Eskimo in the sweltering heat, while this girl was out here running around naked. I was so jealous.

Anyway, eventually, Namie took me upstairs to see her apartment. It was all quite new. They had a system kitchen and a sparkling stainless steel bath. I gave Namie the daifuku ice, and we ate while we chatted.

"Is Ryoichi at work?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"How's it going? Married life I mean."

"It's OK. He's out a lot, drinking with his coworkers, dirt-bike riding..."

"How about in the bedroom?"

"Emi!" she squealed.

"No, I'm serious. Have things heated up at all?"

"I don't know," she blushed, looking down.

"I'm envious really. When you're married, you could have sex every day if you wanted."

"What about you and Ryosuke?" she asked, trying to change the subject. Ryosuke was my boyfriend when I lived in the States.

"Oh he's still in California. We kind of broke up. I picture married sex as different though. No rush or fear of being caught. You can really let loose, do what you want."

Namie laughed.

"What?" I asked.

"You're so bad."

I wanted to hear more, but Namie kept changing the subject, asking about what I'd been up to. Soon she scooted off to the kitchen to make us some lunch. She did tell me about her work and her parents. Sachi was really involved at the local civic center, organizing benefits and selling refreshments. There was some kind of ballet show coming up which Namie was supposed to help with.

"Do you want to come?" Namie asked.

"Um, maybe. I'll talk to Sachi."

Late afternoon, my mom called. She was getting ready to make supper, and wanted my help. I wanted to talk with Namie some more, but she said I could come anytime. I apologized, and eventually, headed out. I guess I could see her at this benefit.

When I got outside, the sun was shining bright. I got my sunglasses out of my backpack, and pulled them on. I found Dad's car, and got in behind the wheel, but it was so hot. The car had been parked in the sun, so it was sweltering inside. Trying to cool down, I rolled down the windows, kicked off my loafers, and pulled down my tights, taking them off. There. That's a bit better.

As I said, I wasn't wearing panties that day. It felt so weird sitting here pantiless. I started up the car, and headed for home. The hem of my t-shirt wasn't very long, so I could feel the breeze on my pussy. It was a nice feeling though, kind of exciting actually. I think that this was probably the first time I'd driven commando. Between Hiratsuka and Kamakura, it's all one-lane highways, so I didn't have to worry about truck drivers peeking in, and seeing my pussy. I passed Satoshi's convenience store on the way, but thought I'd better not stop. He'd seen me in my bikini, but bottomless might be a bit much. ;-p

When I got back home, I pulled on my tights before I went inside. Mom seemed in a pretty good mood.

Early Saturday morning, Mom came in to my room to wake me up. I was a bit surprised actually because she doesn't usually barge right in like this. It turned out that she and Dad were going for a drive along the coast, and she wanted to know if I'd like to come. I had promised Hana that we'd go swimming though, and I had to do my laundry first. I told Mom to go on without me. After they left, I thought I might be home alone, but when I went downstairs to check, I found Evan in our living room watching TV. I guess the workmen hadn't finished fixing up their new place.

Anyway, I headed back up to my room, and gathered my laundry in a basket, before going back down to the kitchen where our wash is. The house was pretty quiet. All I could hear was the TV.

I fed my clothes into the washing machine, coloreds first. I glanced down at the workout pants I was wearing, wondering if I should throw them in too. They were kind of dirty. I was a little bit worried about Evan, but he was still off in the living room.

As quietly as I could, I pushed down my workout pants, and stepped out of them. I felt pretty excited stripping bottomless with Evan home. I didn't think he'd come to the kitchen - he rarely does - but still I'll have to be careful.

I needed a clean t-shirt for after my shower. I scooted back to the bath, and peeked around the corner to see what Evan was doing. He was still watching TV. The t-shirt I was wearing was fairly long. He probably won't realize I'm naked underneath if I just dash across quickly. I gathered my nerve, and then zipped across the hall. Even didn't look over. It was almost as if I were invisible or something.

Back up in my room, I tried to focus. Oh that's right. I need a fresh t-shirt. I nervously leafed through my closet, but most of my t-shirt dresses were in the wash. The shirts that were left were kind of short. I pulled one out wondering what to do. Evan did seem kind of absorbed in whatever he was watching. Maybe it'll be okay.

Taking the t-shirt with me, I crept back down the stairs, pausing at the foot to peek round the corner at Evan. He'd barely moved since last time. Taking a deep breath, I streaked back across the hall. I still don't think he noticed. My heart in my throat, I dropped the clean t-shirt in the basket just outside the bath before heading back to the kitchen.

I was still pretty nervous, but honestly, it didn't look like Evan had clued in at all. Deciding to push things even farther, I stripped off the t-shirt I was wearing, and put it in with the rest of my wash. I was stark naked now. I felt so naughty, but I started up the washing machine anyway, worrying a bit as it roared to life. I stood stock still, listening, but all I could hear was the TV. I finally went into the bath, and had a shower.

Once I was done, I toweled off, and pulled on the clean white t-shirt. It was frightfully short. I could kind of cover my pussy if I pulled the hem down at the front, but there was no way I could cover my bare behind. I really should go get some bottoms to wear.

I fetched the laundry basket from the kitchen, and then came back peeking around the corner at Evan again. His eyes were still on the TV, but he looked like he might say something. Was he aware of what I was up to? It was hard to tell for sure.

I straightened out the hem of my t-shirt, and tried to cover my pussy at least. The problem was I was starting to get really excited. I tried to calm down, and then scooted out into the hall, quickly heading up the stairs before Even could look up. I felt so naughty, but honestly, I don't think Evan had caught on yet. Once I made it to my room, I looked at myself in the mirror, twirling my wet pubic hair with my fingers. I am such a bad girl.

I piled another load of laundry into my basket. I tiptoed downstairs, and zipped out past Evan again. He must know I'm here, mustn't he? Curious, I put the basket down, and came back to the door. I pulled the hem of my t-shirt down over my pussy before peeking out at him. He was watching some kind of wide show, current events. It didn't look all that interesting to me. I ducked into the make-up nook to hide, but he wasn't watching me anyway. What does a girl have to do...?

The first wash cycle ended, so I scooted back to the kitchen to move my colored wash into the spin dryer, and put in my whites. I hung in the kitchen mostly, trying to stay out of sight, but I was pretty wired, stuck standing here half naked. I peered around the corner. Evan's show must have ended, because he'd got up to stretch. I was panicking, but he didn't come over this way. He just peered out the window at our garden. Eventually, he settled back in to watch a different program.

I was going a bit stir crazy standing here with my fluffy pussy showing. Since Evan was ignoring me, I kind of wanted to have some fun, see how far I could push this. When the spin cycle finished, I pulled out my wash, but walked right out into the dining room, directly into Evan's line of sight, not covering up my bare bottom. I guess the dining room table was sort of in the way, but if he looked over, I think he'd be able to tell. Once I made it to the other side, I really got daring, reaching up to hang my clothes on the hangers, quite blatantly flashing my bare ass. Part of me was proud for getting up the nerve to do such a thing, but honestly, I was so nervous I was shaking.

Evan still had his eyes on the TV, but he sat up, perhaps aware that I was up to something after all. I braced myself, waiting for him to look over, but unfortunately, just then, I heard a car pull up outside. Oh shoot! That must be my parents. I dashed back to the kitchen franticly looking around for something to cover up with. There wasn't much at hand, so I ended up streaking past Evan again, bounding upstairs to my room. Geez! That was a bit too close. I really should stop doing this kind of stuff.