**Japanese Bottoms**

by[**EmiTsuruta**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=80688&page=submissions)©

At the beginning of term in Oceanview U., California, my best friend Satomi told me she was planning to take an anthropology course. I went to the first few classes with her to see what it was like. It was kind of interesting. In one class, the prof talked about how anthropologists tell the difference between people from different parts of the world, using traits like skin color or body shape.

After class, I invited Satomi to come swimming with me at the fitness center. I could tell something was bothering her. After we swam, and came back to the locker room, Satomi was looking around at the other girls.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"We look so different."

"What do you mean?"

"From them," she lamented nodding toward these two tall blonde girls.

"Of course we look different. It doesn't matter, does it?"

"American girls are so tall and curvy. Japanese are so frumpy, so blah."

This was nonsense. Satomi doesn't look blah, nor do I. Satomi is actually quite cute with a small round face, big black eyes, and lustrous pink lips. Her body is plenty 'curvy' too (though somewhat compact). I think a lot of guys like her. For one, that dreamy Goth guy Adam seemed interested in her, although I don't think she believed it.

"Oh come on, Satomi. You're being silly. You're every bit as beautiful as those girls..."

"No, it's like the prof said. Each part of the world has its own body shape. California girls are blonde with long legs and big breasts, and Japanese are so..."

"Satomi!"

I kind of knew why she was going on like this. Her current flame Hiro was leaving soon to go home to Japan. His visa was expiring, but she seemed to be blaming herself.

"I mean look at our hips," she went on. "Japanese bottoms are so saggy. Even Chinese or Koreans have better bottoms than us."

"Satomi!" I squealed, horrified that she would say this. I don't know. I feel good about my sexiness, my body, and my bottom in particular. Guys do seem to like the way I look. My boyfriend Ryosuke says I have the 'most scrumptious ass.' Out on the street, sometimes, I get guys whistling at me, or hitting on me, or whatever.

Maybe realizing I was upset, Satomi settled down. What she said did get me thinking. What does Satomi mean 'sag?' My butt cheeks do curve out below my slender waist, but that's just the way women are built—the hourglass figure. I felt my own butt cheeks, checking myself in the mirror, pulling them apart, but some women wandered in, so I stopped.

On the bus ride home, I found myself mulling this over. Could it be true? Ryosuke does kind of eye the beach bunnies. Do they really have something I don't?

I probably would have forgotten about the whole thing if not for what happened in my next tutorial. It wasn't supposed to start for another half an hour, but I had time on my hands, so I went to class early. There were two American guys there, Brad and Luke, good-looking I guess, but not the nicest. As I came in, I overheard them talking about this one blonde girl who was in our class.

"Did you see Candy in her tight little miniskirt today? She's so hot!"

"Yeah, jeez. You should tap that."

Brad and Luke are always like this. I cleared my throat. They finally noticed me, and stopped talking. I went in, and sat on the far side of the room. Brad leaned over, whispering to Luke something about me it seemed, and they both laughed.

"What are you laughing about?" I asked, irritated.

"What? Nothing!"

"I know what it is. I heard you. You were all on about Candy, weren't you?"

They eyed each other, but didn't answer.

"I don't know why you guys are so hung up on blondes. What's wrong with Japanese girls?" I asked.

"Sorry, Emi," Luke apologized. "We didn't think anyone was listening."

"No, seriously. I want to know what you think, your honest opinion. You prefer blondes, do you?"

They both kind of eyed me edgily.

"Is it their bodies?" I persisted.

Brad shrugged.

"What about Japanese girls? Don't we have nice bodies too?" I was dressed pretty plainly that day—in torn blue jeans and a white t-shirt. I sat up straight pulling back my shoulders trying to show off my breasts. They looked me over, but didn't seem convinced.

"No, you look fine. It's just that...," Luke stammered. Before he could finish, our classmates arrived, and we had to stop. I sat through the whole class brooding. Even when it was over, Brad and Luke hightailed it out of there before I could get to them. I was so annoyed. They seemed to have some kind of opinion, but they wouldn't tell me.

It was kind of late when I got home. Brandon, my host mom's 19 year old son, was sitting in the living room watching TV. Brandon can be a nuisance at times, but deep down I think he's a good kid. I sometimes wonder if he has a thing for me, but he tries to act not. It's kind of funny actually.

"Where are your mom and Jennifer?" I asked him. Jennifer is Brandon's sister.

"I don't know," he shrugged. "Upstairs, I guess,"

I ran upstairs, but all was quiet. They must have gone to bed. I had a quick shower, changed into a clean white t-shirt and grey workout pants, and came back downstairs. Brandon was sitting on the sofa, so I lay face down on the rug. Maybe it was just the dim light, but he looked handsome for once. He'd got his hair cut or something, and looked kind of nice.

"What are you watching?" I asked.

"I don't know. Some car chase show."

"Can I change the channel?"

"Um... yeah, I guess."

I got up on all fours, crawled over to the remote, and scrolled through the channels. I finally found a program I liked, and turned to see if Brandon was game. He was staring straight at my rear. As soon as our eyes met, he looked away, trying to pretend like he hadn't been staring. These pants do hang pretty low I guess, so maybe he saw the crack of my bottom. I pulled them up, but when I crawled back, they just fell back down again.

"How was your day?" he asked peering down at me, all curious now.

"Fine. I went to anthropology with Satomi. Now she's all on about body shapes."

"What? Why?"

"She says Japanese have saggy bottoms," I shrugged.

"Ah," he said, nodding.

"What? You think so too?" I balked, offended.

"I don't know. I've never seen one."

"You've seen me naked!" I protested, upset that he didn't remember. He'd caught me coming out of the shower naked once (and in other places too (o^\_^o) ).

"Not recently!"

I lay there, mulling this over. There was this tension in the air now. It sounded like he wanted me to show him. Of course, I knew this was playing with fire, but he'd got my interest piqued. I wanted to know what people thought, and this was a chance to ask.

"If I show you, will you tell me if it's saggy or not?" I whispered. Brandon's eyes widened, evidently shocked that I would suggest this.

"K," he breathed, his voice all hoarse from the excitement. I felt a bit guilty. I knew I shouldn't tease him, but I was a bit off-balance after my run-in with Brad and Luke.

I got up on my knees, and looked back at Brandon. He'd sat up ramrod straight, blinking, absolutely electrified at the thought of seeing me naked. Young boys!

Ever so slowly, I pushed down the waistband of my sweatpants, showing him more and more of my bottom. I gave him a little smile, trying to reassure him that this wasn't so weird. Unfortunately, once I pushed them down past my crotch, my hello kitty sprung to life, tingling away like crazy. I started to space out, pushing my waistband all the way down to my thighs, giving him a good look at my quivering buttocks.

"Well?" I asked, a bit breathless myself.

"Jeez, Emi. I uh..." He was so stunned he could hardly speak. I clenched my pelvis, fighting off the first flickers of an orgasm. I don't know why I was getting so excited. It's not like he's my boyfriend or anything. I just found it weird, kind of kinky exposing myself to him like this.

Just then, we heard a noise from upstairs. It was probably Loretta, Brandon's mom. I grabbed my pants, and pulled them back up. I certainly didn't want Loretta to catch me here seducing her poor son. I couldn't tell if Brandon had a hard-on, but his face had gone white.

"Anyway, I'll take that as a vote in favor of Japanese rears," I teased, getting up. I decided to retreat, so I bid him good night, and scampered up to my room. I don't know why I did that, but it was kind of funny, seeing his reaction. It's nice that he at least finds me attractive.

After that, my confidence returned, but the real problem was Satomi. How was I going to convince her that her body was at least as sexy as any western girl? The next night, I stopped by at her dorm. She was sitting in the common room watching TV with our Italian friend Sarah, Natasha from France and this new girl Ji-Hyun from Korea. The three of them are all kind of good-looking I realized, but at least not blonde. Sarah is tall, tanned, young and lovely. She looks Roman almost, like a statue of the goddess of love, Venus. Natasha is even worse with her sexy French accent and creamy white skin. Ji-Hyun looks Japanese almost, except she has kind of a puppy dog nose and a wistful air about her.

I went in, and sat down. They were all watching what Ricardo calls a 'chick flick.' Satomi was squinting, I guess because the movie had the tall blondes that she'd become so jealous of. I decided to ask the others.

"In anthro the other day, the prof was saying how people from different countries have different body types."

Sarah and Natasha looked at me, but they didn't respond right away.

"And then Satomi was saying that Japanese have saggy bottoms. Do you think so?"

"I don't know," Sarah laughed. "You think we check these things?"

"No, I'm serious. What do you think?" I stood up, and turned my back to them showing them my rear. Honestly, I was expecting them to say I look great, and we'd be done with it.

"Oh Emi," Natasha guffawed.

"No, no, tell me what you think."

"Looks fine to me," Natasha told me, still trying to watch the movie.

"I can't tell," Sarah smirked. "Your shorts are too baggy."

I glanced over at Ji-Hyun trying to figure out how she would react if I mooned them. I knew Sarah and Natasha fairly well by then. We went swimming together, and one time we'd gotten naked in the pool sauna together. I'd seen Ji-Hyun around, but I hadn't really talked to her much. She was just kind of sitting there, like a cat, taking it all in.

I glanced out the window, but no one seemed to be coming, so I decided to go for it. A shiver ran up my spine as I undid the button on my shorts. I pulled them and my panties down, showing the four of them my bare bottom. Satomi motioned for me to cover up, but I told her to wait till the others said something. Sarah broke out laughing. Ji-Hyun looked scandalized, her eyes bigger than ever.

"Well, is it saggy?" I asked. Satomi came over, and I lost my balance, and fell on the carpet. Sheepishly, I pulled up my shorts, and got back up into my chair. Sarah couldn't stop laughing, but eventually, she said,

"It looks fine. I think Satomi is just teasing you."

"No!" Satomi protested. "I'm serious. Japanese bottoms are different from other people's."

"Satomi, maybe it's just yours that's different," Natasha taunted. Satomi glared at her, all upset now. I was trying to remember what Satomi's bottom looks like. She has wide hips, so it's kind of cushy I guess. Even so, both Ryosuke and the masseur at the spa had seemed quite impressed with her assets. She is sexy. I felt pretty sure about that.

I grabbed Satomi around the waist, and called for Sarah to come over, and pull down Satomi's shorts. Satomi was kicking and screaming like anything, but Sarah just laughed.

"Emi! Leave her alone! Can't you see she's sensitive?" Natasha warned me.

"No sag here," I mocked, giving Satomi a playful little spank. I finally let her go.

"No, but I mean it looks different from western behinds, heavier, more bottom heavy," Satomi went on, brushing her hair out of her eyes. I'd never even thought of that. Could she be right?

"So what do western bottoms look like?" I called over to Sarah.

"What? You want us to show you?" Sarah protested.

"Yeah. Do you have a camera or something? Maybe we could take pictures, and compare. Satomi could hand it in as an essay for her class. Gluteus Maximus: Western versus Japanese Posteriors!" I joked. Natasha guffawed. The more I thought about it, the more I liked the idea. "No, I'm serious. Do you have a camera?"

"Oh, Emi," Sarah laughed.

"We don't have to do it here. Some place private. No one would ever have to know."

Sarah was laughing, but Natasha looked like she disapproved.

"I know! Tomorrow why don't you guys come over with us to the swimming pool? We could do it in the change room."

They weren't that keen, but I kept at them, and eventually, Sarah and Natasha agreed. Ji-Hyun didn't say much, but I could tell she was kind of curious. She was an exchange student, and hadn't been here long. I guess girls don't really do things like this in Korea.

The next day, mid-afternoon, I went to Satomi's dorm. Sarah had her door open with music playing, but she was more or less ready. Satomi came to her door when I knocked. She kept saying how silly the whole idea was, but she had her swimsuit and stuff already packed. It took a bit more convincing to get Natasha and Ji-Hyun to come with us, but they finally got ready, and came out to meet us. Everyone was kind of quiet on the way over, a bit nervous I guess.

There were a few American girls in the locker room, but it wasn't that busy. We chose one of the empty aisles, and set our stuff down on the bench. I got out my camera, and set it down next to my bag. Sarah and Natasha were cool, but Ji-Hyun was peering around nervously. We all got undressed, ending up naked. Ji-Hyun held a towel to hide her pussy. I guess it's not that strange to be naked in the girl's locker room, but some of the women who walked by looked alarmed by my camera. I guess you're not supposed to use cameras here.

Anyway, I told Satomi to turn around, so I could take her picture first. I've seen Satomi naked before, so no surprises here. Her thighs have just a hint of a tan, but her butt cheeks are whiter, giving an air of the forbidden. I didn't like the angle with her standing straight.

"Can you bend over?" I asked. She looked back at me, a bit distressed at the thought, but did as I asked, blushing. Bending made her hips wider. Her vagina shone in the light as if it were wet. I wondered if she was turned on, but didn't ask. I got some nice pictures though—very sexy!

Sarah was next. She has tan lines too, but her skin is much darker, almost leathery. Her cheeks can look sexy even just standing straight, but she did have the same thing as Satomi, her hips being wide from high up. If anything, I think Satomi's buns look a bit cuter.

I got Sarah to take some pictures of my behind. I have a slimmer waist then Satomi or Sarah, or maybe my waist is just lower. From the side, my butt cheeks curve out in an almost perfect semi-circle, and then curve back in at my thighs. I think this is a good shape. Guys seem to like it anyway.

Natasha posed next. Her skin is fairly white. Her cheeks are circular too, but her thighs are a bit thicker, not a bad thing. She could work as a stripper, I mused.

I motioned for Ji-Hyun to turn around, but she wouldn't. Apparently, she was embarrassed to show us her rear. We finally got her to turn around, so we could see. She does look Japanese. She is almost hairless, very slender - waist, behind and thighs - and has the same soft pink skin with no tan lines at all.

Once we had everyone, I showed them the pictures. We talked about it back and forth, but we couldn't really agree on who had the sexiest behind. All five of us look good I think. Sarah and Natasha said the same thing.

"Next, let me take a picture of everyone's pussies," I suggested, but Satomi screeched,

"No way!"

"OK, maybe next time," I giggled.

Not long after that, I went to visit another of my close friends, Asuna, Ryosuke's girl cousin at her condo. Asuna is cute too, younger than Satomi or I, but with an aquiline nose and big ears. She has a very Japanesey look, almost like an Edo era geisha or maiko. Asuna is perhaps a bit naive to the ways of the world, but she has a healthy curiosity. We get along well though. She greeted me at the door, as bubbly as ever.

"Hey Emi. You made it! Come in," she cooed, all excited. I followed her over to the dining room. There are big floor to ceiling glass windows looking out into the courtyard out front. There weren't many people out there, but sometimes someone would walk by outside.

One of her roommates, Sandra, was making something in the kitchen with her boyfriend Craig. Craig and I have some history. He's like one of those ladies men from the movies - that same sort of smarmy good looks and bad boy swagger. He walked in on me in the shower once, and another night I caught him spying on me while I slept. He nodded yet another apology. I continued to eye him suspiciously, while Asuna nattered away.

"Do you want something to drink?" she asked cheerily.

"Do you have any barley tea?"

"Yeah, sure. I'll make some," she offered heading into the kitchen. Sandra headed off to her room to get something, leaving the two of us alone in the kitchen with Craig. Craig flashed me a grin, but I just frowned, still annoyed with him for spying on me.

"So Emi, what's new anyway?" Asuna asked.

"Last week, I sat in on Satomi's anthro class, and now she's all on about body shapes," I babbled, all nervous with Craig here. Asuna filled the kettle, and then turned on the heat.

"She says Japanese bottoms are saggy," I let slip, watching Craig's reaction.

"You two! Is that all you ever talk about?" Asuna snorted. Craig glanced down at my jeans and then over at Asuna's looser fitting workout pants. Noting his interest, I had to ask.

"What do you think, Craig?"

"I wouldn't know," he responded coolly.

He'd seen me naked too. I was curious, so I continued to press.

"Surely you have some opinion."

Asuna opened the cupboard reaching up for the box of tea. It seemed to be on the top shelf, so she got way up on her tiptoes. Asuna really has the cutest little behind you are ever likely to see - almost as cute as mine, I laughed. Seeing Asuna standing there with her rear end stuck out reminded me—sometimes Ryosuke would 'pants' me, pulling down my pants as a kind of prank. I was kind of angry the first time he did it. Now though I could see the temptation. Craig's eyes were gleaming. He was probably thinking the same thing.

"Do you need some help?" I offered, biting my lip as I struggled to keep a straight face. I shot Craig an evil grin, and nodded for him to pull Asuna's pants down. He shook his head no, but I couldn't just let it go.

As poor Asuna tottered on her tiptoes struggling to reach the tea, I grabbed the sides of her workout pants, and pulled straight down. To my great surprise, she wasn't wearing any underwear! There they were, her scrumptious little butt cheeks! They were so plump and squeezable like a soft ripe peach. Her bottom looked even sexier than I remember.

"Kya! What the...?" Asuna squealed shocked. She glanced back at Craig, thinking it was him, but he waved his hand no, pointing at me. She tried to reach down, and grab her waistband, but I got a bit carried away. I pulled her pants down past her thighs and knees all the way to her ankles. I knew she looked great, but I wanted Craig to confirm this.

"Emi! Let go!" she shrieked, squirming around trying to get me to let go. Craig breathed in sharply, obviously surprised. He didn't say anything, but he didn't need to. He was obviously turned on. She is quite the little hottie.

It wasn't just Asuna's ass, which is sizzling, but also the way she was wiggling it all around. I'm sure she was excited too. Craig is kind of good-looking. Asuna's cheeks flushed pink from the embarrassment, but I thought I detected a fire burning in her eyes. A dead giveaway was the way she braced her hands on the edge of the counter. Was she fighting off an orgasm? I was getting pretty excited myself, just watching.

Craig checked the door, but then tried to get Asuna to turn, and show us her snatch. She clearly didn't want to, and turned away. I was still vaguely hoping Craig would pass judgment on her behind, but he was too randy now to listen. She seemed pretty upset though, so I finally took pity on her, and let go.

Asuna was so frantic that at first she didn't realize I'd backed off. She slid a hand down deep between her legs. Was she playing with herself? It kind of looked like it. I started to worry about Sandra, so I nudged Asuna, to pull up her pants. Finally, she reached down, and pulled them back up, blushing like crazy.

"What did you do that for?" she squealed.

"I told you. I want to hear what Craig thinks about Japanese rear ends."

"Emi!"

"It's no big deal. I can show you mine if you want," I grinned. Asuna shook her head no, but Craig put his hands together begging for me to do it. He checked the door again, and then gave me the OK sign. Even though I knew I shouldn't, I slowly started undoing my belt. I undid my button and zipper next, sliding my thumbs into the waistband at the back, and checking the door myself. No sign of Sandra, so I finally pulled my jeans and panties down to my knees, and showed them my bare bottom. My heart was beating like crazy. I was so horny it wasn't even funny.

I gripped one butt cheek with one hand, and dabbed at my hello kitty with my middle finger, getting even more excited. I looked back at Craig, opening my mouth wide as I struggled to contain myself. Actually, I already knew Craig liked my bottom, liked my whole body actually. I mean why else would he spy on me that night. He doubtless wanted to see my pussy too.

I'm not sure what I would have done, but before I could decide, I suddenly noticed that there were people out in the courtyard, peering in. Oh no! I hadn't realized we had an audience. These guys outside looked pretty shocked. My fingers were all wet from playing with my pussy, and they could see. One guy broke out laughing, and the girl they were with seemed to think it was funny too.

Soon though, I heard Sandra coming, so I hastily pulled up my panties and jeans, and did them back up. Sandra appeared at the door, just as I was doing up my belt. Luckily, I don't think she saw me naked, but I think she probably could tell something had happened. Asuna still had her mouth open, all in shock. Craig looked guilty as anything. I rubbed my face, trying to hide the fact that I was blushing.

Eventually, I got some tea. Craig kept making goo-goo eyes over at me, whenever Sandra wasn't looking, so Asuna and I eventually moved to her room. She bawled me out for 'pantsing' her, but to tell you the truth, I'm pretty sure she get a kick out of it. Even if she won't admit it, I'm sure she knows how attractive Craig is. I had fun anyway.

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