**Miori in America Part 1**

by Emi Tsuruta

Miori was coming to America. She is the girl I met at the Shinto festival in Tokyo a few years ago. When I first met her, like me, she was dressed up a happi coat and fundoshi, trying to hide from the guys who were staring. I thought she was so shy, but then when I went to her house, she stripped naked right in front of me, and I realized that she was anything but. She did the same thing when she came to my house, coming out from the bath naked, letting my dad accidentally see her.

Anyway, despite her eccentricities, I was looking forward to having her here. She is really one of my closest friends, one of the few people I tell everything to. She was only going to stay for a week, but she'd been talking about coming here to study. That would be so cool, Em and M together taking on California!

Before she arrived though, I was a little bit worried about how this all was going to go. She is cute, and tends to develop boy fans wherever she goes. She has the biggest eyes and two buck teeth like a bunny rabbit. She was flying in through Los Angeles, and would probably be a bit jetlagged, so I arranged for us to spend the first night at Futoshi's. Futoshi is one of my boyfriend Ryosuke's friends. Ryosuke hadn't shown that much interest in Miori at the festival. Maybe she is too cute for him, but I was a bit worried about how Futoshi would react.

Miori came out the arrivals gate, dressed for summer - big sunglasses, a straw hat and a sleeveless floral sundress. I guess she thought this was L. A., and was trying to dress like a Hollywood movie star. As soon as she saw me though, she came over, and gave me a hug. She seemed so excited to be here.

I introduced her to Futoshi. Both Ryosuke and Futoshi had funny looks on their faces, like they found her attractive, but were trying not to let on. I put my arm around Ryosuke's arm reminding him of who is girlfriend is.

Futoshi drove us back to his place, so Miori could get some sleep. He let her sleep in his bed. Once Miori was settled in, Ryosuke, Futoshi and I went out to get a coffee. They both seemed so pleased. Futoshi letting her sleep in his bed was already pretty suspicious. They swore they would sleep out in the living room, but Futoshi was definitely giving her special treatment.

When we got back to the apartment, we peeked in, and I was dismayed to find Miori sleeping in just a boy-style p.j. top and white cotton panties. Ryosuke and Futoshi tried not to stare, but you could tell they were fascinated by her cute little panty-clad bottom. She has these remarkably round cushy butt cheeks especially considering how petite she is.

"Hey!" I protested. Ryosuke rushed to reassure me,

"Your ass is much better." Geez! Thanks!

The next morning, when I got up, Miori was still traipsing around in her panties. I finally convinced her to go in for a shower, and then kept guard so the boys didn't try to spy in on her. You could hear her cheerfully singing away, seemingly unaware of the stir she was causing.

Once we were all ready, Futoshi took us to Hollywood to look for movie stars. We did see some people who looked like they might be famous.

After supper, Futoshi dropped us off at the train station. Futoshi looked sorry to see Miori go, but we promised to visit him again.

Ryosuke, Miori and I took a train to Oceanview. Ryosuke seemed a bit more talkative than usual, but maybe he was just trying to be helpful. I held his arm again marking out very clearly that he was mine.

When we got to Oceanview, Ryosuke headed back to his own house, while Miori and I came to mine. Brandon, my host mother Loretta's son, came out to meet her. His eyes went wide when he saw how cute she was, and he was too tongue-tied to say much after that. I felt a bit jealous. Usually, Ryosuke, Futoshi and them make a big deal about me.

It was getting late, so I got Miori set up in the shower, and lent her my biggest pair of p.j.'s, just so she wouldn't be prancing around in her undies again. She came down to the living room where Brandon and I were watching TV, still toweling off her wet hair. She didn't look happy with her frumpy p.j.'s, but better that than getting Brandon all worked up.

I took Miori back upstairs, and got out a futon for her, but she didn't like that plan.

"What?" I asked.

"I just thought we could sleep together... in the same bed."

I guess it was an innocent enough request... but there was something about the way she said it. I'd slept in the same bed with friends before and my boyfriend of course, but I was a bit worried about what Loretta might think. I shut the door, and the two of us slipped into my bed.

It'd been a while since I'd slept with another girl. She smelled so fresh and clean, so feminine compared with Ryosuke. Eventually, I did manage to drift off to sleep.

Later, when I awoke in the middle of the night, Miori had one arm wrapped round my tummy like I was her teddy bear or something. I felt a bit funny, but I carefully moved her arm away, and went back to sleep.

The next morning, Miori was up before I was, washing her face, and brushing her teeth. She was so cheerful and excited, anxious to get out, and see Oceanview. I took her down to the university, and introduced her to my friends Satomi and Asuna. Miori babbled away, excitedly telling us about all the things she wanted to do. Everywhere I took her, she would 'oo' and 'ah,' saying how wonderful it was to be in 'America.' :p

Miori's English wasn't very good, but whenever she was in a fix, she would bat her eyelashes, and some guy would rush to help her. Brandon was the worst of all, letting her play all his video games, all sweetness and light for a change. I didn't mind so much, but one night, Ryosuke phoned up, and invited himself over. We were in Brandon's room playing a tennis game on his Wii when Ryosuke came in. Miori was sprawled out on Brandon's bed, clutching the Wii remocon, in bare feet, a loose white crop top and tight-fitting orange shorts. Ryosuke peered down at her backside, amused by her squeals of glee.

"What do you say we play something different?" Ryosuke suggested. I was suspicious already, wondering what he had in mind. He noticed my displeasure, but went ahead anyway.

"How about Oosama game?"

It's sort of like Truth Dare. Miori leapt up, squealing,

"Let's play! Let's play!" but I put up my arms in an X, vetoing the idea. Miori looked disappointed, but I was worried that Ryosuke might steer things in a dangerous direction. I wouldn't mind if it was just the two of us, but I definitely didn't want him convincing Miori to take off her clothes.

We chatted, and played more Wii, and eventually, Ryosuke went home. Miori went in for a shower, so I got out another pair of big pajamas for her to wear. When she came downstairs though, she was wearing just the p.j. top. It was long enough to hide her panties, but Brandon kept glancing at her bare legs. I wanted to say something, but I didn't want to seem uptight. Eventually, we came back up, and went to sleep.

The next day, I got Miori to pack her swimsuit, and took her down to the ocean. It was the high season, so I knew the beach was going to be packed, so instead I took her to the cliffs. Even there, we found tons of campers and holidayers. I led her through the woods, trying to get away from the crowds. On the far side of the hill, it was a bit quieter, just a few American girls sunbathing. There was even a pebble beach that was easier to walk on than the stony ones near the entrance.

There were no change rooms though. We looked at each other, wondering what to do. Eventually, I suggested we hide in the trees, and change there. Miori eyed me curiously, drawing attention to the fact that this time it was me asking her to get naked. I really didn't mean anything by it. We had to change into our swimsuits anyway if we wanted to swim. Ignoring her, I undid my jeans, and peeled them off. She mugged her amusement, and then got undressed herself.

Miori was kind of smiling to herself as she stripped. Getting naked is a simple joy that everyone can appreciate, but she seems to take more pleasure in it than most. She is becoming more and more like me.

Once we'd stripped down, we just sort of stood there, eyeing each other, giggling away at our situation, two rambunctious girls, standing here naked in the woods.

We didn't have time to enjoy our freedom though. Back behind us, I heard people coming up the path. They were speaking in Korean. Through the trees I saw what looked to be a Korean mother, father and daughter and this other youngish Korean man. They were preoccupied I guess, so they didn't see us at first. My heart sped up because these Koreans could probably see us through the trees.

Miori picked up a towel, asking with her eyes if she should cover up, but I motioned for her to stay still, hoping they wouldn't notice. I crouched a bit trying to hide my body behind the leaves in the trees. They came awfully close, only a few yards away from where we were standing.

Luckily, though the Korean man had his back to us, talking with the family, as he picked his way through the rocks. Miori was making these scared faces. I was shaking too, more from excitement than fear. I was glad to have Miori here though. I think she is one of the few people I know who understands what it's like to do these things.

The Koreans went right past us. I was still pretty excited, but not wanting to tempt fate, we quickly pulled on our bikinis. It took me a while to calm back down, but eventually, we came out, and went down to the water's edge to swim. The Korean guy finally noticed us, but he was more focused on the daughter than us. We went in wading for a while, but we didn't stay long. We ended up just pulling our clothes on over our still damp bikinis.

"That was kind of fun," I confided on the way back. Miori didn't say so, but I'm sure she felt it too. She was giggly and nervous all evening. Eventually, it came time for bed, and I got out another pair of pajamas for her to wear. She hovered at my door for a second, obviously wanting to say something.

"Do you want to come shower with me?" she asked. I looked at her, a bit surprised. Miori and I had actually bathed together at my parent's house in Japan the last time I was there, but somehow here in the States, it didn't seem quite so natural. I guess people don't really bathe together in the States.

"Um... yeah I guess," I nodded. I couldn't help feeling self-conscious with Brandon, Loretta and Jennifer all home. That could be kind of embarrassing if one of them came up, and found the two of us showering together.

Once we were across the hall in the bathroom, I motioned for her to keep as quiet as possible. She quickly stripped out of her clothes, but then turned to watch me as I got undressed. I'd noticed this before. She has always shown great interest in my body. Once I was naked, I turned to fix my hair in the mirror, as she looked me up and down. She seems quite interested in my hips, almost as if she were a boy. Even after we got in the shower, she was still sneaking peeks at my bush as I shampooed my hair.

"Here let me scrub your back," she offered. She poured some body soap on her hand, and then rubbed it into my bare back. Her hands felt good - warm, soft... sensual even. When I was all clean, we traded places. My nipples brushed against hers, as we swung around past each other. She was kind of grinning to herself, excited by the situation. To be perfectly honest, I felt a bit excited myself.

Coming out of the bath, I suddenly realized I'd only brought one bath towel. I smiled wanly, handing it to her, looking down at my own wet body. Shivering, I opened the bathroom door a crack, trying to tell if my host family had come upstairs.

"I dare you to run across to your room, and get another towel," Miori joked.

"No, better not. Brandon could be out there," I frowned.

"If you tell me where they are, I'll go," she teased.

"There are some big towels in the hall closet," I teased back, not really expecting her to go through with it. The closet was right across from Brandon's room. She handed me the towel, and then opened the door, listening to see if Brandon was in his room.

His door was wide open, but it was awfully quiet. I tried to convince her to take the towel with her, but before I could stop her, Miori scooted out - buck naked - into the hall, and opened the closet door. I was gesturing frantically towards Brandon's room, but Miori just peeked in, pursing her lips, not telling me if he was there or not. She fished out a big towel, and then trotted back to my room. I wrapped my towel around me, and ran after her.

"Was he there?" I asked.

"Why don't you go take a look yourself?" she continued to tease.

I shook my head no, not wanting to mess with my host family. Brandon actually knew a little of my tendencies, but I didn't want to get in trouble.

"I'll go with you," she offered. I really didn't want to, but Miori insisted, so I went along with it. She pulled on her towel, and the two of us tiptoed out into the hall to peek into Brandon's room. I was so relieved to find that he wasn't there. Miori must have known that right from the start. She waltzed into his room, and picked up one of the Wii remotes.

"Do you want to play Wii tennis?" she grinned. I was pretty sure that both Brandon and Loretta were downstairs. I could hear the sound of the TV coming from the living room. I wasn't so keen on hanging in his room in just our towels. I guess it wouldn't be that strange even if he saw us, but the problem was more that the idea was getting me excited. Miori turned on the TV and the Wii, and handed me the other remote.

She sat down on the edge of his bed, and cued up the tennis. I held the knot in my towel to keep it from coming undone, but Miori just left her towel as it unraveled. She eyed the door nervously, but it sounded pretty quiet downstairs, so she eventually let the towel fall, sitting there with her cute breasts exposed. Her breasts are actually quite sizeable especially for such a small girl. When she smiles, her overbite shows, but I'm sure guys find that adorable too.

When our game finished, she got up to fiddle with the game box, leaving her towel behind her on the bed. She arched her back apparently getting a real kick out of being naked in Brandon's room.

"Miori!" I whispered urgently. "He's right downstairs!"

"We'll hear him if he comes up," she assured me. I wasn't so sure, but I let it go for now. She came back to the bed, playing the next game naked, but soon started swatting at the knot in my towel urging me to get naked too. I shooed her away, but eventually let her knock my towel open. Despite myself, I was getting so excited.

Miori looked positively ecstatic. She stuck her little tongue out, and licked her lustrous lips, still trying to win the game, doubtless aware that I was watching her. She lay sprawled out face down on his bed, with her legs spread wide almost as if she wanted me to look at her pussy. I was trying not to, but it was hard not to sneak a peek. Her pussy lips were glistening wet, forming a cute little sideways mouth surrounded by her sleek black pubic hair. She gave out a yelp of delight as she won our tennis game. She grinned back at me obviously really enjoying all this.

"Had enough?" she taunted.

"I wasn't even paying attention. If I try hard, I could whip your ass," I boasted, choking on that last word, trying hard not to look at her bare backside.

"You wouldn't dare!" she retorted coyly, covering her rear with her hand almost as if she were goading me to spank her. Giddily, I pushed her hand away, and swatted her one square on the behind, her soft cheeks jiggling from the reverb.

"Noooo!" she squealed as I swatted her again, climbing up on top of her, the two of us giggling away like crazy. My heart almost skipped a beat when suddenly, we heard a voice call up from downstairs.

"What are you two girls up to?" It was my host mom Loretta who must have heard us laughing. I scanned around for my towel, but it must have fallen on the floor in the commotion. Miori gazed back at me all panicked now, partly because I had her pinned to the bed. Despite myself, with Miori's naked body pressed against mine, I was getting more and more excited.

Loretta's voice pulled me out of my daydream, and I finally managed to get enough of a grip to get up off Miori, and go to the door.

"Nothing. Nothing," I called down the stairs. "We're just playing some video games."

"Well, settle down now. I don't want any roughhousing in the house."

Miori rolled over to face me on the bed, covering her mouth to keep from laughing. Her eyes were positively glowing, as she savored the whole naughtiness of what we were doing. Still naked and nervous, I shut down the Wii, and pulled Miori up off the bed before Brandon came up. We hurriedly picked up our towels, and hung at the door for a moment trying to hear if anyone was coming upstairs. We made it back to my room alright, and lay down on my bed. My heart was still pounding away from the excitement.

"You are a naughty girl. Do you know that?" I chastised.

"What about you at the beach today? I was the one who wanted to cover up."

The two of us lay there - still naked - but soon I heard someone coming upstairs, so I got up, and pushed the door to, so they wouldn't see us. We continued to lie there listening as Loretta, Jennifer and Brandon came up, and got ready for bed.

Before long, Miori had drifted off to sleep, her cute breasts rising and falling as she breathed. She must have been so tired from the jet lag and all. I wanted to go brush my teeth, so I pulled on a longish t-shirt, and dashed across to the bathroom. I felt a bit guilty for having fooled around in Brandon's room like that, but I was happy that we'd managed to get away with it. After brushing my teeth, I turned off the light in my room, and tucked myself into bed.