**Miori in America Part 2**

by Emi Tsuruta

As I told you last time, my friend Miori had come from Japan to stay with me and my host family here in Oceanview, California for a week. Miori was so excited about being here she'd become quite the handful, charging around taking terrible chances, but we'd made it through the first couple of days without getting in too much trouble. At night, on her suggestion, we ended up sleeping together in the same bed.

The next morning when I woke up, Miori was no longer in bed. She was sitting - still naked - at my computer checking her email. She looked over, and smiled, happy to see me awake.

"I'm starved. Can we get some breakfast?" she chirped. I kind of panicked, worried that my host mom Loretta or her kids Brandon and Jennifer might come in, and see her, but it sounded like they were downstairs in the kitchen. When I moved to get up, I suddenly realized I wasn't wearing any bottoms either. Loretta would probably be scandalized if she found out that we'd slept together naked. Girls sleeping together isn't such a big deal in Japan, but the naked part was definitely not ordinary.

"Maybe we'd better have a shower first," I suggested. I pulled on some shorts, but Miori picked out a towel, threatening to go over to the bathroom naked. I tossed her a yukata, but she frowned a bit at being made to put it on. In the light of a new day, I was determined to be a good girl, but Miori still looked like she wanted to fool around some more.

After our shower, I got dressed in clean shorts and t-shirt. Miori emerged in her white halter and a light blue flared mini-skirt which I hadn't seen before. She had this silly grin on her face. I knew she must be up to something, but at that point, I hadn't guessed what.

We went downstairs, and joined Brandon, Loretta and Jennifer for breakfast. Miori was strangely quiet, her cheeks tinted a faint pink.

My boyfriend Ryosuke had suggested that we swing by the sushi bar where he worked. I figured that would be safe enough, so I changed into my own mini-skirt and halter, we watched some TV, and then headed there for lunch. We took the bus, and then walked, Miori still all clammed up, peering around nervously. It was only after we went down the stairs that led to the restaurant that I finally realized what Miori was up to. Just outside the door, Miori squatted down to tighten the buckle on her sandals. I glanced up her skirt only to find that she wasn't wearing any panties!

"Miori, what on earth are you doing? Where are your panties?" I squealed in horror. She motioned for me to keep my voice down, and whispered meekly,

"I left them at home. I didn't feel like wearing them today."

I was actually quite angry at first. Ryosuke was my boyfriend, and he'd probably go gaga if he realized Miori was commando. She's a cute girl, and he already seemed pretty excited about her being here. I don't think she was doing it for his benefit though. She knows perhaps better than anyone the games I get up to, and maybe this was like her way of showing she understood. This was serious though. Her skirt was awfully short. I was amazed no one had 'made' her on the way here.

"Did you bring a spare pair at least?"

"No, I didn't," she pouted, flashing me her puppy dog eyes. The more I thought about it, the more worried I became. Miori was blushing, so Ryosuke very well might twig.

"We have to go somewhere, buy you some panties or something," I babbled. She nodded apologetically, but where on earth could we buy panties around here? There were CD shops I knew and music stores, but I couldn't for the life of me think of a clothing store nearby.

All kinds of strange thoughts popped into my head. I began to worry that Ryosuke would find out that Miori was commando... and I wasn't. I know that that's crazy, but I couldn't get that picture out of my head. Maybe I should take off my own panties. Of course, thinking about it rationally, this could only make things worse, but in my heated state, it made a twisted kind of sense.

Where we were standing, at the bottom of these stairs, people couldn't see us from the street. Quickly, before I could change my mind, I pulled down my own panties, stepped out of them, and put them away in my purse. The skirt I was wearing was horribly short, not much longer than Miori's. With the breeze blowing in, my pussy started tingling like crazy. I was completely losing it, not used to standing in such a public place with so little on. Miori was still blushing, but she must have been more used to the feeling by then, but for me, it was all so fresh and new. Half intoxicated, I teetered forward, the breeze licking at my privates, and opened the door to go in. I was in a complete daze as Suzuda, the Maitre D, came up.

"A table for two?" he asked.

"Um, yeah," I nodded, trying my best to act like everything was normal. We followed him to a table at the back near the window that looked out over the bamboo rock garden. I sat down, but I swear the air blowing up my skirt was driving me to distraction. I tried to ignore the feeling, but Miori kept biting her lip, obviously nervous. The waitress, a new girl, took our drink order, and Miori and I sat there awkwardly trying to keep covered. Some of the customers kept peering over this way, probably just checking us out, but all the attention just made me more nervous.

Ryosuke finally came out to say hi. He came over, and gave me a kiss on the cheek, sending a shiver up my spine. Miori sat there blushing shyly, but then he went over, and kissed her too. I knew that this was just a California thing, kissing your friends' friends, but Miori looked shocked, baffled at why a normal looking Japanese boy would do such a thing. He patted her on the back, assuring her that it wasn't that strange, but she just sat up, struggling to keep her emotions in check. What complicated the situation was that Miori was apparently quite taken with Ryosuke's younger brother Keisuke back in Japan.

Ryosuke soon changed the subject, jabbering away about what delicacies they had on the menu that day. He eventually headed back to the kitchen without having twigged. I am guessing that it was the kiss that helped us out, because it created a perfectly reasonable explanation for why we were blushing.

When our food came, we ate in silence trying not to attract any more attention. It felt so weird sitting in the restaurant without any underwear on. It was kind of exciting I guess, but nerve wracking too.

After we'd paid the bill, and were on our way out, Ryosuke came rushing out of the kitchen to say goodbye. A little fearful, I said thanks, and herded Miori out the door as quickly as I could, but unfortunately, when we started up the stairs, he came out to see us off. I urged Miori to hurry, but it was too late. He stared up at my bare behind in shock, surprised that I was running around pantiless in broad daylight. Miori continued to clomp up the stairs, the hem of her skirt bobbing up with each step, flashing us glimpses of her cute little rear. I glanced back at Ryosuke, worried that the sight of Miori's bottom would get him all excited, but he seemed to understand my concern, and didn't stare at her.

I pulled my skirt up, giving him a better view of my own rear, but when emerged at the top of the stairs, I had to let it fall back down, before anyone else saw. Ryosuke looked sorry he had to work, but he eventually waved goodbye, and let us go.

Up on street level, things were trickier. The wind kept blowing, making it a struggle to keep our skirts in check. Guys did turn to check us out, but I think for the most part they didn't realize we were pantiless.

I was still thinking vaguely of finding some place to get panties for Miori, but we passed one of the CD shops, and Miori wanted to go in. There were a fair number of youngish American guys in the store, and they all looked over at us when we came in. Miori stared wide-eyed at the display shelves, pursing her lips, playing the innocent for all she was worth. I'm pretty sure she would have never have been doing this unless I was there, but doing it together seemed safer somehow. She kept looking over this way, wanting me to keep an eye out I guess to see if anyone was on to us. The guys though had mostly gone back to looking through the CD's.

Miori wandered over to one of the bins, glanced around, and then leaned forward to take a closer look. This pulled her miniskirt up to the point where you could see her buttocks cheeks. My heart skipped a beat, and I drew closer trying to shield her from the view of the guys. Miori's hair was sticking to her face, wet with sweat. She blew her bangs up out of her eyes, nervous about what she was doing. I motioned for her to straighten back up, and eventually, she did. I was a bit too nervous to enjoy all this. There were too many guys, not really staring at us, but you could tell they were curious. Miori finally nodded, and we left the shop.

Miori now seemed willing to seek cover, so we walked quickly to the train station. Just inside the turnstiles, there was an open hall just before you get to the stairs that lead down to the platforms. There were a few people outside the turnstiles, and quite a few more people downstairs waiting for the trains, but there was no one much in this plaza. I went to go downstairs, but Miori held my arm, pointing down at the floor. I gave her a puzzled look, not sure what she wanted me to see.

"The pattern on the floor. Doesn't it look like an ishikeri course?" she explained. 'Ishikeri' is the Japanese version of the game hopscotch. I'd been through this station hundreds of times, but I'd never really noticed the floor pattern. It was true though. It was divided up into a square pattern, but one row of squares was set off from the next just like a hopscotch course. "Here. Let's play," she suggested. She started rifling through her purse looking for a stone. "Do you have like a button or something?"

To humor her, I looked through my own purse, but an older woman came in the turnstiles, and walked past us.

"Maybe we'd just better go home," I suggested, still nervous at my lack of clothing.

"Oh, what about this?" she said pulling out a thick rubber band, and tying it in a knot. I found a rubber band as well, and now we had our stones. "OK, that square is one. Two and three. Four. Five and six. Seven and home." She tried to drop her rubber band ball into the square she'd called 'one,' but it kept bouncing all over the place. I tried next, but neither of us could get our balls to stay in the square.

Before we could continue the game though, an American man in glasses and a suit came in through the turnstiles, and took up a position behind us off by the wall. It looked like he might be waiting for someone, but actually, I could feel him watching us, wondering I guess what we were doing. Before I could warn Miori though, she bent over to pick up her ball, inadvertently flashing him her bare behind in the process. I of course knew she was naked, but I cautiously glanced over at him wondering if he'd realized. He skittishly looked away, perhaps suspecting, but not sure.

I put my hand on Miori's arm to warn her, but she just brushed me aside, still trying to focus on the game. She'd finally got her ball in the first square, and hopping up and down on one foot kicked it towards the next square. She bouncing up and down, giving us repeated peeks at her bare behind, and this had clearly caught our American friend's attention. He stared on, amazed.

Miori, meanwhile, had missed, and came back to the start, finally noticing our not so secret admirer. She didn't seem overly worried, and motioned for me to take my turn.

I was terribly nervous. Perhaps he hadn't 'made' me yet, but if we kept playing, he would surely put two and two together soon enough. I had to remember not to push down my skirt though, because that would just make it more suspicious. My heart was racing, as I tried yet again to drop the ball into the first square. It bounced way off to the side again, and when I scrambled after it, I ended up bending down, flashing him my bare bottom.

I glanced back at the man. He still looked unsure, but I was starting to get more and more excited. It was Miori's turn again, and she resumed her hopping, flashing him again. She was jumping quite high now causing her skirt to billow way up, but now the man was looking away perhaps not wanting to be caught staring at Miori's spankable little bottom.

I was a bit worried that he might call the station attendant, or make a fuss. I tried to be more careful when it was my turn, but actually, he just sort of stood there, blinking his eyes, more fascinated than angry. I began to feel a little braver. Once I was sure there was no one else around, I bent way over, flashing him my pussy, leaving no room for doubt.

He yanked on his shirt collar, maybe a bit uncomfortable himself. He just stood there though watching. I quickly straightened back up, acting innocent and pretending like I didn't even know he was there.

The Ishikeri game wasn't really working, what with the balls bouncing all over the place. Miori was clearly enjoying teasing the man. Whenever someone else came through, we would stop playing, but once they were gone, Miori would giddily chase after her ball again, making not even the slightest effort to cover up. I guess I should have known better, but I was kind of enjoying our little game as well.

Slowly, I began to make some progress getting my ball more than half way through the course. I absentmindedly began singing, and doing a little dance. I started rotating my hips, twerking, showing off my rear. I waited until there didn't seem to be anyone else around except our admirer, and then started into the dance, deliberately flipping my skirt up as I wiggled my behind for him.

Even he was blushing now, and I felt this wave of regret wash over me, as another group of people came through. I suddenly grabbed Miori by the arm, and pulled her along with the crowd down the stairs before the American man could realize we were leaving. At first, Miori seemed a bit disappointed that I was calling an end to her fun, but I guess she knew it was dangerous too. We ran all the way down to the far end of the platform, and luckily, the train came before our admirer could find us. On the train, we stood there huffing and puffing, still a bit flustered, but safer now.

When we finally got home, Loretta came out of the kitchen to welcome us, but we ran straight upstairs to my room, and shut the door, safe at last. I lay down on the bed, and Miori lay next to me, both of us still breathing fast from our long sprint home and all the excitement.

We both changed into more decent clothes - jeans and t-shirts - for supper, but neither of us talked much. Tomorrow Miori would have to go home, and I was definitely going to miss her. After supper, we sat in the living room with Brandon and Jennifer watching TV. Jennifer eventually went upstairs to her room. We turned out the lights, so as not to disturb her and Loretta. Miori went up for her shower, and I brought down a blanket to snuggle up under on the couch. Miori came down wearing my big p.j. top, but her legs were bare. Brandon noticed, even in the relative dark, so I motioned for Miori to get under the blanket to cover up. I left the two of them there to go have a quick shower of my own.

I'd used up all of my p.j.'s lending them to Miori, so after my shower, I just pulled on a pair of red plaid shorts and a t-shirt. When I came back downstairs, Miori flashed me a big grin, but Brandon was gazing at her curiously, obviously puzzled. It immediately struck me - had Miori come down here in just the p.j. top and no bottoms? Oh no. Not again.

I motioned for her to move over, so that I could sit down on the sofa between her and Brandon who was sitting over in the easy chair. She lifted the blanket to let me get under, but Brandon's eyes shot straight for her hips. I couldn't tell if she was wearing panties or not, and clearly Brandon was mulling over the same question. Once under the blanket, I wasn't sure what to do. I couldn't very well ask her in front of Brandon, and it would have been even stranger if I started probing around under the covers to see if she had any panties on. The three of us sat there, Miori gazing innocently at the T.V., and Brandon practically cross-eyed with curiosity, obviously annoyed that I was now blocking his view.

I slowly settled in, and tried to focus on what was on TV, but I couldn't stop thinking about Miori. If she really were bottomless, how was she able to sit here with a straight face, knowing that Brandon was watching? I know we'd been doing silly things all week, but this was my host family's son, the boy I had to live with every day. I did feel a bit nervous about her making herself at home like this in Loretta's house in front of Brandon.

Eventually, Brandon stopped looking over this way, and became enwrapped in whatever TV program was on. Miori softly pushed the blanket away, letting it fall down around her hips. I could now see the pink curve of her delicate little rear, but it was hard to tell if she was wearing panties or not. Luckily, Brandon hadn't noticed. Miori had been watching the TV too, but she saw me checking her out, and glanced over at me. The somewhat tense expression on her face seemed to confirm my suspicions. She was surprisingly good at hiding her feelings, but I'd been in her situation often enough to recognize the signs - the slightly faster breathing, the flush in her cheeks, the way she probed with her eyes to see if she'd been found out. I was now fairly sure that she was indeed freemuffing it.

With Brandon's eyes on the TV, Miori went ahead, and pushed things a little further. She ruffled the blanket up letting it fall even further down her thighs. I could now see her fluffy black pubic hair peeking out from between the tails on her top. Nervously, I peered over at Brandon, but luckily, he hadn't noticed. I was terribly worried now though, so I finally spoke,

"Miori. Maybe we'd better go to bed. You have a long flight ahead tomorrow."

She shot me a look of disappointment, upset that I was interfering with her fun. She finally nodded agreement, and stood up, leaving the blanket on the sofa. I peered wide-eyed at her hips, praying that she wouldn't accidentally flash Brandon her pussy. I picked up the blanket, and used it to usher her towards the stairs before anything else happened.

"Good night," Brandon called after us weakly.

Once we were safe up in my room, I started in lecturing Miori on her recklessness.

"I can't believe you did that. What if he had seen?"

"But he didn't. You worry too much," she retorted. "Can I check my email?"

I glared at her, annoyed, until her question finally registered.

"Yeah, yeah, but for heaven's sake, try to be careful. I live here you know."

She nodded apologetically, and then leaned down to turn the computer on. While it was booting up, she turned back to me, and gestured with her hand that she wanted to take her top off. I let out a sigh.

"Oh for heaven's sake. You never listen to me anyway. Hey, it's your life."

She peeled off her top, standing there naked now. Before she could sit down, I rushed over and laid out a towel for her to sit on. It was hard to stay angry at her though, especially since I sometimes lounge around my room naked too.

"Do you do this at home?" I asked.

"No, of course not," she protested. "You were the one who got me into this in the first place."

Thinking back, that was probably true. She was so shy the first time I met her, and even those times I'd been to her house it was mainly me who'd been fooling around. I guess this was her way of getting 'revenge' on me.

I went across to the bathroom. Brandon had shut off the TV, and come upstairs. It made me nervous knowing that he was poking around with Miori nude in my room next door. I told her to get dressed, and for once, she obliged pulling on her p.j.'s before going across to the bathroom herself. When she came back, I turned off the light, and we tucked in.

"Emi," she purred softly. I turned to face her. Her feline eyes were sparkling in the dark.

"What?"

"I can't sleep."

"Having trouble calming down?"

"Yeah."

"Just close your eyes. Sleep will come."

"Emi, can I ask you a question?"

"Um, yeah."

"What does a kiss taste like?"

I was a bit shocked by her question, but I guess it was only natural. She was young and curious.

"I don't know. It doesn't have a flavor exactly. It's more of a feeling."

"But I mean what's it like?"

"Soft sometimes. Other times a bit more urgent."

"Urgent? Like how?"

"I don't know. It's hard to describe."

She stuck her little lips out in a pout, obviously unhappy with my explanation.

"Can you show me?"

"Show you? How?"

"Kiss me."

I widened my eyes in shock. Was she serious? I don't think I'd ever kissed a girl before - not my mom or aunt or anybody.

Miori snuggled up closer bringing her face within striking range. She wasn't about to force a kiss on me, but she clearly wanted to. I turned my face away, nervous, not sure what it would mean if I did kiss her.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"I ... uh ..."

Miori continued to hover in front of me gazing into my eyes. I didn't really want to, but soon our lips were touching. Shivers ran up my spine as I struggled to control my feelings. For someone who'd apparently never kissed anyone before she was awfully good at it. As I pulled back, she leaned into me, getting up on top of me, pressing her body against mine. I slid an arm between us trying to keep her breasts from bouncing against mine, but if I'm going to be perfectly honest, I was a little aroused. What I didn't understand was if we were to have sex, how would that work? Almost on reflex, I slid my hand down between her legs trying to find her penis, but she didn't have one. My fumbling fingers must have brushed against her most sensitive place, because her embrace became more insistent, even as I struggled to break away.

"Miori. Miori!'

I was just lying there passively now as she moved to explore. She squeezed one of my breasts ... gently ... the way I would do myself, making me jump as my body responded. Her hand made its way down between my legs, but something didn't seem right. I didn't want to cheat on Ryosuke - that was part of it, but even more than that, I didn't want to do it with a girl - no matter how close I felt to her.

"Miori. Miori. Listen to me. I'm not ..." I didn't want to say 'a lesbian' although that's what I was thinking. I wasn't even sure if Miori herself was bisexual or even bi-curious. She was just excited, and looking for an outlet. Yes, that's what it must be.

"Calm down. Calm down," I told her, pushing her hands away from my pussy. Slowly, she relented.

"Oh, Emi. I'm sorry," she said, tears welling up in her eyes.

"It's OK. It's not a problem. You just got a little carried away." I took her in my arms, and held her - more calmly now, wiping away her tears. She took a deep breath, and stopped sobbing. She peered over at me, obviously feeling guilty for having tried to seduce me.

"It's OK. Don't worry. I think I understand how you feel."

She smiled through her teary eyes, obviously glad that we were still friends. That's probably the closest I've ever come to doing it with a girl. Anyway, we finally drifted off to sleep, and the next morning the whole thing seemed like a dream.

On the train ride to Los Angeles, Miori jabbered on about all the wonderful things she had seen this trip, and promised to come back. It had been an eventful week, but definitely one I would remember. At the airport departures gate, I gave her a hug, and waved as she walked away wondering what would happen the next time we met.