**Miori's Dad's Kimono Shop**

by Emi Tsuruta

A while ago, I told you about the summer matsuri (festival) my boyfriend Ryosuke took me to in Tokyo. We met this girl, Miori Tanaka, who was helping carry the omikoshi, the same as me. Her dad was one of the organizers of the festival, so she had got roped into helping out. I got talking to her, and it turned out that she was going to the same college as Ryosuke's younger brother, Keisuke. Miori and I hit it off, and we've been keeping in touch ever since.

I gave Miori a call a few days later to see if we could get together again before I came back to the States. She's such a nice person really. She sounded all excited when I called, like she was really looking forward to seeing me. School had started for her, and she had to help out in her father's shop a lot, but she invited me to drop by some weekday after school. She said that if I went up there soon, I would catch the tail end of the festival, because they still had things going on all that week. My American friend Debbie had already gone back to Oceanview, so I had some free time. I wanted to go into Tokyo anyway to do some shopping, so the next day, I headed up that way.

Summer vacation was over, but the weather was still incredibly hot. That morning, I just pulled on something light - a royal blue suede mini-skirt and a loose-fitting white tank tee. The skirt fits fairly snugly around my bottom, and the tee has fairly large arm holes, so you could maybe see the side of my breasts, but I don't think either looks indecent. Even so, my mom always has a fit when I dress like this, but what was I supposed to do? It was absolutely sweltering out.

Mom didn't make me change for once, but she did insist I bring a jacket, so I went, and got my lacy white beach cover-up to wear over my tank top. She took me to buy some wagashi, Japanese sweets, to give to the Tanaka's for all their kindness. My mom saw me off to the station, and I caught the train heading into Tokyo.

Miori had given me the address, a kimono shop on the eastern Shitamachi side of Tokyo. Shitamachi has a special atmosphere. There were all these old-fashioned tiled-roof shops selling tea, dango (dumplings) or monjayaki (cabbage pancakes?). It looks like something out of the Tora-san movies.

I ambled along, peeking into the different shops, when a couple of youngish guys came up, and asked me where I was going. I showed them the address of Miori's dad's shop, and they ended up taking me all the way there. That was nice of them. They apparently even knew who Miori was, and said she was quite famous in that neighborhood, the 'kamban musume,' the 'billboard daughter.' I wondered if they were joking, but they seemed quite serious. When we got there, they went into the shop, but soon came back out.

"It looks like she's not here," they told me, looking disappointed. The shop clerk standing out front overheard us.

"Who are you looking for?" he asked.

"Miori. Miori Tanaka. Does she work here?"

"Yes, she does. She hasn't come back from school yet."

My two guides looked heartbroken. They apologized, and then bid me farewell. At first, I wondered if they were hitting on me, but I guess they were just being nice.

The clerk looked vaguely familiar. I must have seen him at the festival. He looked over at me, and then pointed down to a big aquarium tank sitting on the ground at his feet.

"Do you want to try? While you wait I mean," he smiled. Maybe he was just being friendly, but he was kind of looking me over. I fluffed down my miniskirt, and then looked down at the tank. It was filled with little goldfish swimming this way and that.

"I... uh... I don't have anywhere to put them."

"We can just put them back then," he smiled. "Still, at least give it a try. We went, and got all these fish, but hardly anyone's caught one all day." He held out a little net for me to use. I took off my backpack and windbreaker, took the net from him, and squatted down in front of the tank.

"I haven't done this for ages," I laughed. Kingyo-sukui it's called in Japanese. They used to have the same kind of thing in Kamakura when I was growing up. I leaned forward, chasing after the little swimming fish. It looks easy enough, but actually, somehow they always seem to swim out of reach.

As I leaned forward, swaying from side to side, I slowly realized that the clerk was staring down my tank top. I wasn't wearing a bra that day, and my top had fallen open at the front. He seemed mesmerized by my bouncing tits. I tried to ignore him, and focus on catching a fish. As I bobbed, and weaved though, one of the straps on my tank top fell off my shoulder. You could see most of one breast, almost to the edge of that nipple. The fish I was after dashed away, and I dove after it. The clerk was ooing and ahing, all excited now. I blushed, but I didn't fix my top at first.

Then, suddenly, Miori's dad, Mr. Tanaka came out. I pulled my shoulder straps back up, and stood up. I think he caught sight of my tits too, and that's maybe why he came over.

"Um, Ms. Tsuruta, was it?" he asked. He remembered me from the matsuri.

"Yes."

"Oh, Miori said you might drop by. Thank you so much for all your help the other day." He bowed a greeting. I managed a weak smile, but I'm sure my face must have been red. I felt so embarrassed. I pulled on my windbreaker, and did it up, trying to cover up my tits.

"You've met Satoru, I see," he said gesturing towards the goldfish clerk. I bowed to him, but glanced around looking for Miori. Luckily, she was just down the street walking this way. I was so relieved. She came over as soon as she saw me.

"Oh, Emi. You made it. That's wonderful. I'm so glad you came. We were all looking forward to seeing you. Isn't that right, daddy?"

He cleared his throat. What had they been saying about me? I hadn't been wearing much at the matsuri. I hope it's not about that.

"Anyway, come in. Come in," Miori burbled. "Come on upstairs. I just want to get changed." She was wearing a sailor suit uniform: a white short-sleeved blouse, a grey pleated mini-skirt, black knee-high socks and black loafers. I was kind of puzzled by her uniform, because I knew that Keisuke, her classmate, went to college. Maybe this wasn't an official uniform, but just something she wore to look studious. When she twirled to go inside, her skirt billowed up giving us a peek at her white cotton panties. Now it was Satoru's turn to blush. Did he have a thing for Miori?

The inside of the shop was packed to overflowing with traditional Japanese garments: yukatas, kimonos, zori (slippers) and tabi (socks). They had a wide assortment of colors and patterns. I stopped to take a look, but Miori told me,

"We can come back, and try some on later if you'd like. First come, meet my mom." Miori led me to the back of the store, and then through this curtain into what seemed to be their house. Her mother was there sitting on the tatami (straw mat floor) sipping a cup of tea.

"Mom, this is Emi, the girl I was telling you about from the matsuri."

I bowed a greeting, and handed her the wagashi (sweets) my mom and I had bought for them.

"Oh, thank you, Emi. That's so kind of you. You shouldn't have. Miori's been telling us so much about you."

I smiled, but I kept wondering what Miori was telling them.

Miori led me upstairs to her room. On the stairs, I found myself staring up the back of her miniskirt. Her white cotton panties clung tightly to her cute little behind.

"That's an awfully short skirt," I noted. Even when I reached the top of the stairs, I could still see her panties as she bounced along.

"This? Oh, this skirt isn't so bad. Ever since the festival, Dad's been trying to get me to wear that same outfit - the fundoshi (loincloth) and the happi jacket I mean."

I laughed, pretty sure she was joking. Wearing a fundoshi that day was bad enough. Having to wear it every day would be torture.

We went into Miori's room. The ceiling sloped with the angle of the roof, so it wasn't that big, but she decorated it nicely. Soon her mom came upstairs with some tea, and we all sat down on the tatami around this low table. Her mom thanked me for my help at the festival, and asked what it was like to go to university in the States. Apparently, Miori was thinking of studying abroad too. Her mom was worried about how safe it was. I started telling them about Oceanview U., where I study, but before I could get into it, Miori's dad called up the stairs.

"Here I'll go see what he wants," her mom told us. "But Miori, I guess you'd better get changed, and come down too. I'm really sorry about this, Emi. The store's been so busy today."

"That's alright. Actually, I'd like to take a look around the store myself. I don't have a yukata or anything like that."

Her mom smiled, and went downstairs. Miori sighed.

"Sorry for all that. My mom is such a worry wart."

"That's OK. Mine too," I told her. "Oceanview is a nice place I think."

She got up, slid open the closet door, and pulled out her happi jacket, showing it to me. I laughed recalling my embarrassment at wearing one at the matsuri.

"Oh, by the way, I ran into some boys on the way here who said they knew you," I told her.

"E?" she said surprised. She turned her back to me, undid her skirt, and slid it off. She seemed to be blushing. Was she embarrassed about the boys, or because she was getting undressed in front of me? I glanced over at the open window, but she didn't seem too worried about that. I couldn't help wondering if someone might be peeping in.

"These boys brought me all the way to the store, and then went inside looking for you," I explained.

"Who could it be?" she mused, slipping off her panties. The flesh of her bottom was so soft and smooth, but she definitely had a woman's curves. The crack of her bottom went so deep it just sort of drew you in, made you wonder what was there in between. She went out into the hall, and tossed her panties into the laundry hamper, and stood there a moment almost as if she wanted me to look at her pussy. I don't think she trimmed her pubic hair at all, but it seemed quite wispy like it was still growing in. In the back of my mind, I started wondering if she was a virgin after all. She seemed surprisingly confident for a younger girl. There was something kinky about the way she was dressed too, standing there in just her white sailor top.

She did remind me of me. In Japan, everyone expects us to be a good girl all the time, but deep inside we all have these feelings. We want to be free, to do the things we want to do. I think she's that way too.

"Anyway, you seem to be quite popular here," I assured her.

She pulled off her blouse, and turned her back to me, getting me to undo her bra. I felt a faint twinge of jealousy. She was a bit younger than me, but she had the kind of body that drives boys crazy. She went out into the hall - naked this time - and threw her bra in the hamper. I wondered if she always scampered around her house naked like this... or was this just for my benefit? She came back, and went digging in her closet for a pair of shorts to wear. She found some light blue ones, pulled them on, and finally glanced over at the window.

"Gosh, it's hot today," she sighed wiping sweat from her brow. "If you want to take a shower...," she offered.

"No, I'm OK for now." It was hot, but her lack of shame was making me edgy. I guess I'm this way too, but I'm not used to it in other women. Most Japanese girls (and guys) are pretty shy.

Her mom called from downstairs. It sounded like they needed help in the store after all. Miori pulled on the happi jacket, tied it up, and we headed down. 'No bra!' I thought. Of course I don't have one on either, but still! Her mom looked relieved when we came down.

"Here, I'll go make supper," her mom told us, and disappeared off into the back. Mr. Tanaka was talking to one group of customers, and Miori went off to help another. I looked around at all the clothes on the walls and racks. They had some beautiful kimonos, but they were so expensive. I think my parents bought me a girl's kimono when I was young, but I hardly even remember wearing it. I wonder if we still have it. Soon, Miori came back, and saw me looking at the kimonos.

"Would you like to try one on?"

"Oh, I could never afford it."

"No, just for fun I mean. Come on. I'll help you put it on." She started gathering up the under-robe, obi (wide silk belts), tabi (split-toe socks) and zori (slippers), and got me to choose the kimono I liked best. I was worried about getting it dirty, but she said it would be fine. Her dad came back.

"Emi's going to buy a kimono?" he asked hopefully.

"We're just going to try it on," Miori explained. The changing booth was kind of small, so we went back up to her room. I took off my skirt and blouse, but at first kept my panties on. "You're not going to wear your undies, are you?" she asked surprised.

"Oh, yeah. I guess you're not supposed to," I said peeling them off. Ryosuke told me that panties are a western invention. Apparently, in Japan, no one ever used to wear them. Miori kneeled down in front of me, and stared at my pussy. On instinct, I covered it with my hand.

"What?" I asked.

"No, no. I was just curious," she chirped, standing back up. I laughed. She was a funny girl.

Getting the kimono on was quite a struggle. First you have to tie the under-robe closed using thinner belts, and then tie on the kimono on top of that with a big wide obi. To do it right, the obi has to have a big bow at the back, almost like you are being gift-wrapped. Miori seemed to know what to do. I guess she'd worked in the store ever since she was little. She even got out some hair pins, and helped me do up my hair in matomekami, a bun hairstyle that's supposed to show off the back of your neck. In traditional Japan, the neck was supposed to be one of the sexiest parts of a woman's body.

"How do I look?" I asked.

"Great!"

I examined myself in the mirror, but it was kind of dark in her room.

"Can we go outside, and take a picture?" I asked.

"Sure."

I found it kind of hard to walk in the kimono. All these layers were wrapped so tightly around my calves I had to make these little mincing steps, like geishas do. I felt almost like someone had tied my ankles together. I got out my camera, and carried it and the zori sandals downstairs, and then put the sandals back on. Miori's mom saw us, and said,

"Wow! You look like a lady of the court. We should get you to model for our ads."

I laughed. Miori led me out through the back room into their garden. I handed her my camera, and she gave me a parasol to hold. I tried my best to pose like a calendar model, and Miori laughed. Soon we heard noise from up above. Some boys on the second floor of the building behind us had come to the window to watch. I went to go back inside, but the boys yelled after us,

"Come back! Come back!"

It seemed like we were quite popular all of a sudden. I was still worried about messing up the kimono though, so we went back to the store to look for something else to try on. I found some yukatas at the back of the store. They seemed more affordable.

"Could I try one of these? I might even buy one."

"Sure, sure. Whichever one you like."

I picked out a dark blue one with a lime green belt. I took off the zori again, and followed Miori up to her room. Miori helped me undo the obi, but the boys from across the way were looking in our window.

"Who are those boys anyway?" I asked nodding towards them.

"I don't know. I guess they work there. I think it's some kind of print shop. The owner sometimes comes over here, and talks with my dad. I don't really know them that well."

"You don't suppose they were spying on us earlier when we were changing," I asked.

Miori's face went white. She got me to move away from the window, and then peeked out at them. They certainly looked to be all excited about something. They came to the window pretty quick when we came out into the courtyard. Maybe they had seen us. Miori yelled across at them,

"Shouldn't you boys be working?"

They all laughed, but eventually, they moved away from the window. Miori looked pretty upset.

"Don't worry. They probably just noticed us when we went out there," I tried to reassure her. I guess we really should have checked the windows more carefully. It was hard to know for sure, but they might have seen us naked. Oh well, it wouldn't be the first time. You'd think at least on the second floor you'd be safe.

Anyway, we stayed away from the window while I got undressed. Miori was sulking, but I told her it was OK. If anything, I was excited. Some of those boys were kind of cute.

The yukata was much simpler to put on. It's only one layer, and it's made of cotton not silk, so you don't have to be so careful with it. Miori got me a fan and a pair of more informal zori to wear. I sat down on the tatami, and took off the tabi (socks).

"Thanks," I said as she gathered up all the kimono stuff, and took it back downstairs. As soon as I was ready, I followed her down. Miori's mom smiled when she saw me.

"You look beautiful. I don't think I've ever seen a customer who looked better in our yukata. You should go out front, and show Satoru."

Miori was still putting all the stuff back, so I wandered up to the front of the store. The yukata was definitely much cooler than the kimono. It would be nice to have one of these for the summer. Satoru was still minding the fish aquarium. He opened his eyes wide when he saw me, impressed. I fanned my face, blushing.

"Wow!" he exclaimed. I just smiled. I was glad I could get such a reaction. "You look perfect - like a beauty from old Japan. If you catch some goldfish like that, people will flock around for sure."

I just laughed, but soon Miori came to the door.

"Don't you think so, Miori? We should hire her to join our staff."

Miori laughed too. I got the feeling she didn't take Satoru so seriously. He held out a net, so I finally took it, and squatted down.

"I didn't catch any fish at all earlier," I told Miori. I chased after them, but the goldfish seemed even faster now, as if they knew what I was planning. I rolled up my sleeves, and concentrated, determined to catch at least one. I almost had one too, but he slipped away at the last minute. I looked up at Satoru, but this time he was staring down at my crotch. I looked down only to realize that my pussy was peeking out from between the folds of the yukata. I'd completely forgotten I wasn't wearing panties. I jumped up, accidentally splashing Satoru in the face with water from my net.

"What's wrong?" Miori asked. I guess she was too far back to see. I looked around, but I think Satoru was only one who'd seen my pussy.

"Nothing," I winced, embarrassed. I bowed to Satoru, handed him the net, and hurried back inside. My heart was pounding away. I hadn't meant to flash him at all. I've got to be more careful.

"What's wrong?" Miori asked again.

"Oh nothing. Maybe I'd better change into something else."

She followed me into the back of the shop. I felt all excited. I took a deep breath trying to calm down. I'd better settle back down here before I do something rash. I checked their racks to see what else they had. Trying to hide my excitement from Miori, I pulled a colorful red coat off the rack.

"What's this?" I asked.

"That's a dotera." The sleeves and hem are shorter, and the material much thicker than a yukata. There seemed to be some kind of padding inside.

"Can I try it?"

"Sure."

We went back upstairs, but I was still so worked up. Miori went to the window to see if the peeping toms were still there, but I just stood there in the middle of the room undoing my yukata.

"What are you doing?" Miori panicked, pushing me off to the side away from the window.

"Oh sorry. Right," I said. I hadn't really forgotten about our fan club out back. I was just in a funny mood now.

Shielded by the wall, I stripped off the yukata, and pulled on the dotera. It was sort of a red white and green plaid with a black band around the collar. It hung down to my thighs, but the front was open with just this little tie half way down. I tied it up, but you could still see my pussy between the two sides.

"I guess you're supposed to wear something underneath," she laughed nodding at my furry bush.

"Like what?" I asked slipping my feet into the zori.

"I don't know. Like a yukata or rough kimono type thing. Craftsmen used to wear dotera over their other clothes."

Cautiously, I walked over to the stairs, and peeked down. I could hear Miori's father's voice way off at the front of the store.

"Where are you going?" she squealed, alarmed that I was going down with my pussy showing.

"To find something that will go with it," I teased. Before I lost my nerve, I dashed down the stairs with Miori calling after me to stop. There didn't seem to be anyone around at the back of the shop. I was kind of wondering if Satoru would come looking for me. I guess Mr. Tanaka was making him stay by the fish tank out front. It was too bad, because I kind of wanted to show this to someone. Not flash them my pussy exactly, but threaten to. Miori came down, and I whispered to her,

"Can you get my camera?"

"What are you going to do?"

"I just want to take one quick picture," I whispered. I held one corner of the thick material against my pussy to show her how I planned to stay covered. She didn't seem pleased, but finally did as I asked, and ran back upstairs. Despite my bravado, my heart was pounding away a mile a minute. I cautiously went back through the kitchen where Mrs. Tanaka was cooking.

"What have you got on now? A dotera!" she laughed. I blushed, embarrassed, but bowed a greeting. There was a counter between me and her, so she couldn't see my pussy.

"I thought it looked interesting. My family doesn't have one of these," I explained breathless. I was so excited. Miori came down, but she looked kind of worried. I pulled her into the back room, and then gathered my nerve to go out. I noticed a tub up against the far wall.

"What's that?"

"Our bath."

A strange place for a bath.

I finally opened the door, and stepped out into the sunshine. The guys in the print shop all gathered at the window again, so I quickly turned my back to them. It was so exciting to be out here with my pussy showing. Miori came out, and looked up at them obviously quite worried.

"Hurry up, and take the picture!" I told her. She looked tense, but she slowly raised the camera. Suddenly, I realized my hair was still up in a bun from when we put on the kimono. "Hold on. Let me fix my hair." I reached up, and started pulling out the hair pins and comb. The boys behind us went silent. It turned out that when I raised my arms, it pulled the hem up, letting them see my bare behind. Miori rushed forward.

"Leave your hair. It's fine," she shouted, trying to get me stop.

"Just a sec." Riding on a natural high, I gathered my hair up into a ponytail, and then bent way forward, deliberately flashing them my bare behind. I felt so naughty. I eventually got the elastic wrapped around my ponytail, and straightened back up, but the boys were all pounding the wall, and shouting,

"More! More! Show us your pussy!"

Soon though we heard a man's voice coming from behind them.

"What's all this ruckus? Get back to work!"

The boys reluctantly backed away, and soon their boss came to the window. "Oh, hi, Miori. Sorry about that." He looked down at me. "Who's your friend?"

"This is Emi. She was one of the mikoshi bearers at the festival," Miori yelled up to him.

"Oh, that's great."

I vaguely turned towards him, and made a little bow, trying to keep my pussy covered. I don't think he realized I was pantiless.

"Anyway, if my boys ever bother you, just let me know."

She bowed her thanks, and he turned back to his work. I quickly got Miori to take my picture, and then I ran back inside, and got dressed. I still don't know what got into me that day, but now that I think about it, it was kind of fun. Miori didn't seem angry at me or anything. I ended up buying a yukata, some tabi, zori and a few other accessories from their shop, and I brought them back with me to the States.

I've got a whole bunch more stories to tell you about Miori and my yukata and stuff, but I'll save those for next time. Hope everyone has a nice Christmas.