**My Host Mom's Son Brandon**

by Emi Tsuruta

Soon after I arrived in Oceanview, I found a home stay with an American family, Loretta and her two kids, Brandon and Jennifer. They were a few years younger than me, so I kind of looked at them as children, but now more and more they were growing up. Jennifer was always a good girl, but Brandon is a bit more of a prankster. Loretta would ask me to watch them, and Brandon would pull Jen's hair, or chase her around the house. I would try to break it up, but then they would come after me, giggling away like crazy.

They're both cute kids, so I didn't mind so much, but sometimes, they'd get a bit out of hand. Brandon would come up behind me when I was sitting on the rug, and try to wrestle me to the ground. I would get up on top of him, but he would just keep on laughing, squeezing my breasts or trying to get a hand down between my legs. I think he was just trying to be funny, but it was hard to stay calm. As they got older, we stopped rough-housing, but that's what they were like when I first met them.

I don't think my host family knows much about my 'hobby.' They have caught me a few times. I remember this one morning. I got up, and took my shampoo and stuff across to the bathroom, so I could have a shower. I thought I had everything, so I stripped out of my nightie, and got into the tub, but then I realized I'd forgotten my washcloth back in my room. I could hear voices and the rattling of dishes coming from downstairs, so I thought that the three of them must be down in the kitchen eating breakfast.

Standing there shivering in my bare scuddy, I opened the bathroom door, and took a peek out into the hall. I couldn't see anyone, so I tiptoed out, walking across to my room, stark naked. Just then though, Brandon came out of his room rubbing his eyes. I was so surprised to see him. I immediately covered my pussy and breasts with my hands. He could see I was naked. He peered at me wide eyed, trying to get me to move my hands, but when I motioned for him to quit it, he started yelling,

"Mom!"

I lifted a finger to my mouth, signaling for him to keep quiet, letting him see my breasts. This just got him more excited. I was so worried that his mom would come up, and find me, seducing her poor innocent son. Luckily though, I don't think she heard him. Once I was sure she wasn't coming, I beat a retreat to my room, and shut the door. Soon, he came knocking.

"What on earth were you doing?" he demanded.

"Nothing. I was going to have a shower. I thought you were downstairs."

"Here! Open up!"

"No way!"

"I'll tell mom."

"I'm not letting you in."

He tried to push open the door, but I pressed up against it holding it shut. Eventually, he gave up. I pulled on shorts and a t-shirt, and then dashed across to have a shower.

When I finally went downstairs, Brandon had the funniest look on his face. Luckily, his mom seemed to think he was making this all up. I guess she has this image of me as a good girl who would never do anything to corrupt her son. I didn't say anything, but I did feel a bit guilty. I'll have to be more careful.

After that though, Brandon paid a lot more attention whenever I came home. He'd try to peek in on me while I was having a shower. I guess it was just schoolboy mischief, but I did kind of wonder if he liked me that way.

Eventually, summer rolled around. Oceanview was so hot. Japan is hot too of course, but it's not too bad till the end of July. Oceanview was hot from May on. In the daytime, it's all right because you can go to the beach or a swimming pool to cool down, but sometimes it's still hot at night. I'd have to open my window all the way, and leave my door wide open, and even then there wasn't much of breeze.

The first summer I was here, I used to wear shorts and halters for pajamas, but then the next year, I started sleeping in my underwear. I was a bit worried that Brandon would see, but the three of them all dressed pretty light in the summer too. Brandon sniggered the first time he saw me in my undies, but then, I teased him about the outrageous big swimming trunks he wears. After that, he settled down.

Then the third summer I was here, there was this one particularly hot August night. I was lying here in my underwear tossing and turning. I'd bought a little electric fan, but that was packed away in my closet. I'd have to dig it out, and clean it off, and the whole thing seemed like too much bother.

I finally got up, went downstairs, and poured myself a glass of water. The first floor was a bit cooler, but I didn't think I should sleep on the couch without asking first. Loretta, Brandon and Jen all seemed to be asleep. I splashed some water on my face, and then went back upstairs, and collapsed on to my bed trying to forget how hot it was.

Finally, without thinking much about it, I reached around, and undid my bra. For some reason, this felt a lot cooler. I took my bra right off, and then lay face up on my bed enjoying the feeling of the air on my bare breasts. I glanced over at the hall, just to make sure no one was up, and then took off my panties too. I felt weird being naked, but it was more comfortable.

In the morning, I awoke with a start. I soon realized I was still naked, lying on top of my sheets. I could hear Loretta clanking around in the kitchen downstairs. Hadn't she seen me when she walked past my room? Surely, she would have closed the door if she had. How could she not notice?

I got up, and went digging for something to wear. My door was still wide open. Is Brandon up? I wonder if he saw me. I hadn't really meant to sleep the whole night naked. It was almost 8 o'clock. If Brandon and Jen weren't up, they would be soon. My heart beating away, I pulled on shorts and a halter, and quietly padded downstairs to the kitchen. Loretta was humming away making breakfast.

"Good morning. Do you want some toast?" she asked. I guess she mustn't have seen me after all. That was close though. I'm going to have to be more careful.

I poured some barley tea, and sat down. I was still kind of worried. I should probably stop sleeping in the nude, but it looks like I got away with it for one night at least.

The next few nights, I went back to sleeping in my undies. It was still pretty hot out, but I figured after my run-in with Brandon, I shouldn't risk it. However, the weekend came, and I was still having trouble sleeping. I asked Loretta if I could sleep on the couch, and she said I could. I went downstairs, lay down on the couch, and listened to the crickets, but there really wasn't much of a breeze. I wondered if I could get away with sleeping in the nude again. I went upstairs, and brought back down my alarm clock. If I was going to sleep naked, I'd have to get up early, so I could get back dressed before Loretta and them came down.

I took off my underwear, and lay down - naked. It was a bit nerve-wracking because cars kept driving by out front. I could see their headlights flash across the living room as they passed. I was pretty sure they couldn't see me, but even so, it had me all worried.

In the middle of the night, I woke up. I thought I heard something. When I looked up, Jen was standing right there looking down at me in shock.

"What are you doing?" she shrieked. I felt so embarrassed. I wanted to cover up, but I couldn't see my underwear in the dark. She could clearly see that I was naked. There was no way I could deny it. I rolled over onto my back, looking up at her, licking my lips, trying to think what to say. She looked completely freaked out.

"Oh, sorry, I... uh... didn't..." My mind was drawing a blank. I couldn't think of an excuse that made any sense.

"Oh, sorry," she mumbled. "It's just I thought... I thought... Oh, I don't know what I thought. Are you like sleeping in the nude?"

"Yeah."

"Oh gee. You scared me." She held her heart. "It is kind of hot I guess. You'd better not let Brandon see you like that though. He'd go ape."

"Yeah," I nodded. I didn't dare tell her he'd already seen me naked before the time I dashed across from the shower.

Jen wandered off to the kitchen shaking her head in amazement. Wanting to explain, I got up, and went after her. I glanced back at the big picture window, worried that someone outside might see me. It didn't look like there was anyone out front, but it was hard to tell for sure. I opened the kitchen door, and scooted in to hide.

Jen frowned that I was still naked, but I figured it wasn't that strange. We were both girls after all.

"What are you doing up?" I asked.

"I was thirsty. Aren't you embarrassed walking around naked like that?" She was clearly quite curious about my body, but didn't want to seem rude. I motioned for her to keep her voice down. I didn't want Brandon or Loretta to find out.

"Um, yeah. Of course I am," I told her. Embarrassed, sure, but also kind of excited I wanted to say.

"Do you walk around naked a lot?"

"Sometimes. Don't you?"

She glared at me for a second, and then giggled.

"Almost never. I never even thought about it."

"In Japan, it's not such a big deal to be nude I guess. My sister and I used to run around naked on the beach."

Jen laughed. She obviously thought I was a bit weird, but she didn't seem offended or anything.

"Anyway, you'd better get dressed before Brandon comes down."

"Yes, mom!" I joked. She tried to give me a stern look, but clearly thought I was pretty funny. She was sleepy though, so she went back upstairs to bed. It was cooler by then, so I pulled my undies back on, and went back to sleep. That morning when Brandon came down, he saw me in my undies, but at least I wasn't naked.

A few days after that, I was at home, but no one else was around. Loretta had taken the car, shopping I guess, and Jen and Brandon had gone out with their friends. I wanted to go out too, but I didn't have a thing to wear. I had to do my laundry.

I piled all my colored clothes in a basket, and lugged it downstairs to the washing machine. I put everything in, and then looked down at the t-shirt and shorts I was wearing. I guess I should do these too while I'm at it. I took off my shorts, getting a little thrill from stripping, and threw them into the machine. I thought about throwing my t-shirt in too, but to go back upstairs, I'd have to walk past the front window, so I'd better keep it for now. This t-shirt was a blue stripe with a scoop neck. I like the way the buttery soft cotton feels on my skin, but actually, it's a bit too short to wear out in public. I tugged at the hem trying to cover up my bare behind, but it wasn't long enough. The material would always bounce right back up as soon as I let go. Even worse, the feeling of the air on my pussy was driving me to distraction.

I carried the basket back upstairs, but as I passed the front door, I wondered if I had any mail. I opened the door, and peeked out, but no one seemed to be around. It's usually pretty quiet during the day because everyone's off at work or wherever. I pulled down the hem to cover my pussy at least, and stepped outside. I felt so weird to be outside half naked. It was amazing.

The mailbox was stuffed with flyers, and I was so excited from standing outside like this, I ended up dropping some of them on the ground. I squatted down to pick them up, but I shuddered when the cool air licked at my hello kitty. I felt so naughty. The tails of my top were blowing in the breeze, exposing my backside to the street. I looked around to make sure no one was watching, and then hurried back inside.

I closed the door, and pressed my back up against it, my heart pounding from the chance I'd just taken. I walked back upstairs sliding my hand between my legs to check how wet I'd become.

I honestly don't know why I get so excited every time I do things like that. I guess part of it is it reminds me of my boyfriend, Ryosuke, but it's not just that. Once I start feeling like this, all excited I mean, it's like I can't help myself. I just love running around naked. I keep wanting to push it a bit farther, see how far I can go. I was definitely in one of those moods.

I went upstairs to my room, and took off my t-shirt. What else do I have here I can wear? Hanging in my closet, I found my red and white striped hoodie. It's made of brushed cotton, sort of like a sweatshirt, and feels so silky soft. I pulled it on over my head, really enjoying the feeling of the soft material on my bare breasts. I checked the length in my mirror. This particular hoodie was even shorter than the t-shirt. I pulled the hood up over my head, and the hem slid up exposing my pussy. I turned around, and admired my own rear in the mirror. Ryosuke loves it when I dress like this. Too bad he's at work today. I was getting all excited just thinking about it though.

Suddenly, I remembered my laundry. I piled all my whites in the basket, and wondered if I could risk heading downstairs like this. Loretta and them probably wouldn't be home for a little while yet. It was fun walking around bottomless. It felt kind of naughty.

I pulled the hood off, but left the hem up around my waist. Taking the basket, I went out into the hall. I was a bit worried about being seen, so I held the basket in front of me to hide my pussy. Even so, I was getting more and more excited. I peered out the front window, but luckily, there didn't seem to be anyone out there. I covered my backside with my hand as I walked back to the room with our washing machine. I was so proud of myself for having been so daring to have come all the way down here. It would probably get quite a rise out of Brandon if he saw me like this.

After I'd put in the second load, I took the basket back upstairs, but this time, as I passed the window, I didn't bother to cover my bare bottom. It felt so exhilarating walking around half naked like this. I could feel myself sliding deeper and deeper down that slippery slope.

Unable to be good, I went back downstairs, wondering what other mischief I could get up to. There didn't seem to be anybody on the street. I wonder if I can just open the door, and take a quick peek out. I wasn't really sure what time it was, or when Loretta and them were supposed to be back. If I want to do this, there isn't much time.

I sat my bare behind down on a stair, and pulled on my running shoes. The cool wooden floor felt so weird on my bare bottom. It seemed kind of strange to be wearing shoes but no bottoms. I stood up, and held the basket against my tummy, trying to get my butterflies to settle down. My pussy was tingling like crazy,

I carefully unlatched the lock. I opened the door a crack, and then a bit more. The feeling of the breeze on my pussy felt so good. I peered out at all the houses trying to tell if anyone was home. The house right across from us has a highish fence and a tree on their lawn, so they probably can't see too well. The houses on the left and right are two storeys with windows on the second floor overlooking the street. Whoever lived in the second floor room in the house on the left had left their window open, and the curtain was fluttering in the wind. I couldn't see anyone though.

Holding the basket in front of me, I stepped out the front door, and just stood there for a moment enjoying the feeling of the breeze between my legs. Further down the street from the corner, I could hear cars driving by. I suddenly thought 'What on earth am I doing?', and ran back inside, closing the door behind me.

I couldn't calm down though. I took off my shoes, and carried them with me to the back of the house. I looked out the window at the backyard. We have neighbors on either side, but I rarely see them out in their backyards. Right at the back of our yard, there is a line of trees and beyond that a park. I couldn't stop shaking, but I decided to take a chance, and go out. I pulled my shoes back on, but decided to take my hoodie off. I pulled it up over my head, getting so excited to be naked in our kitchen. I left the hoodie on the counter, unlatched the door, and peeked out. I couldn't see the neighbors, so I finally stepped out into the bright sunlight.

It felt so wonderful to be naked outside. I walked along the deck to the stairs, and then scrambled down to the grass. I was so excited I was shaking all over. I thought about walking round the house to the front, but I realized that might not be safe. Once before, I did that, and I think a couple of the neighbor girls saw me.

I came back in, and took off my shoes. My face was all hot, and no matter what I did I couldn't calm down. Taking my shoes and my hoodie with me, I walked back through the living room, right past the front window. I set my shoes down on the mat, and then went back upstairs. I was too highly strung to just stop, but part of me knew I shouldn't take this too far. I was just too worked up. I found a crop top tee in my closet, and pulled it on. I looked in the mirror at my pussy. The tee didn't even go down to my bellybutton. I ran my fingers through my pubic hair, trying to stay in control. I finally padded downstairs, and pulled my shoes on again. OK, I promise myself. I'll just do this one last thing, and then stop.

I picked up the basket, and cautiously opened the front door. I was so nervous. If someone saw me, there would be no mistaking that I was naked. I looked left and right, but the street was still deserted. I stepped right out onto the porch, pressing the basket tightly against my pussy. I spread my legs a bit, giving in to the pleasurable sensations. I knew I really shouldn't be doing this, but it just felt so good.

I felt so embarrassed though. I was so obviously naked. I took a deep breath, and then sidled over to the low wall that runs around the edge of porch. I leaned my bottom up against the cool concrete, sending shivers up my spine. I tried to hold back my feelings, but it was getting harder and harder. I was nearing the edge again, and I hadn't even touched myself. I climbed up till I was sitting right on the edge of the wall, dropping the basket onto the porch. I pulled my knees to my chest, and hid my pussy with my ankles, but I was seriously starting to lose control.

Suddenly, down the street, I saw Brandon come round the corner. My heart stopped. I can't let him see me like this. Covering my pussy with my hand, I scrambled down from the wall, picked up my basket, and dashed back inside. I slammed the door shut, safe for the moment, and I was so worried that he saw me. I kicked off my shoes, and ran upstairs, racing to pull on some panties and a skirt. It all happened so fast. I wasn't sure if he'd seen me or not. I sat down on my bed, my heart pounding, listening as his key slid into the door.

"I'm home!" he called out.

I held my breath, but all I could hear was silence. Soon, though I heard him bounding up the stairs.

"Emi?"

I'd shut my door, and I didn't answer hoping he would go away.

"Are you in there?" he asked finally opening my door.

"I thought I told you to knock," I yelled throwing my pillow at him.

"Sorry. You're dressed!" he said looking surprised.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Didn't I just see you naked?"

Drat! He had seen me.

"Right. In your dreams!" I squealed, trying to make out as if he'd imagined it.

"No, no. I definitely saw you. What were you doing out there?"

"I was just doing some reading," I told him gesturing at the magazines on my night table. He stared at me, knowing better.

"Yeah, whatever. I know what I saw," he insisted. "Emi, you should be careful. It's not safe."

I wanted to answer back, but he was right for once. It was a silly thing to do, and I shouldn't have done it. I guess I was lucky in a way that he found me first. He thought I was strange, but he seemed pretty calm considering. If it had been Loretta or one of the neighbors, probably they would have flipped out completely.

Anyway, as usual, there's a lot more I want to tell you, but I guess I'd better save it for next time. Ta.