**My Sister Comes to Visit**

by Emi Tsuruta

That summer, just when I thought things might calm down for a change, my older sister Norika arrived from Japan to stay with me. I'd kind of invited my whole family to come, but my dad couldn't get time off, and my mom didn't want to leave him alone, so Norika ended up coming by herself. The day of her flight, I took the train up to Los Angeles to meet her at the airport. She was all dressed up in a short flowery sun dress and sunglasses in a holiday mood. We came back to my house, and I introduced her to my host mom, Loretta and her kids, Brandon and Jennifer. Loretta was warm and welcoming, but Norika was all tired out from the flight, so I took her up to my room, and laid out a futon for her on my floor. She had a quick shower, came back wrapped in a towel, and went to sleep. Norika used to tease me a lot when we were young, but still I was glad to have her here, so I could show her a bit of my new life in the States.

The next morning, Loretta made us some pancakes while we showered, and got dressed. She and the kids were asking Norika all kinds of questions. Norika's English was pretty good, better than I remember. Norika's boyfriend Evan is British. Loretta took the kids off to camp on her way to work, and I had to go to work too at my summer job. For the first day, Norika said she was just wanted to stay around the house, and take it easy.

"That's a nice backyard. Maybe I'll work on my tan," she told me. I gave her a spare key, and headed off to work.

That night when I came back, I could tell right away that something had happened. Brandon looked over at me with this silly grin on his face, and kept giggling.

"What? What's wrong?" I asked, but he wouldn't tell me. I went up to my room, and found Norika lying on her futon reading a guidebook.

"How was your day?" I asked cautiously.

"Fine. Have you been to the Japanese garden here?"

"Yeah, it's on campus, near the anthro building. What did you do all day?"

"Oh nothing. What else is there to do here? How far is San Diego?"

"It's not that far. What's Brandon giggling about?"

"I don't know. Maybe he's a happy guy. How far is it to L.A.?"

"Norika! I want you to tell me what's going on. What were you doing today?"

"Nothing. I told you. I was just sunbathing in the backyard."

I glared at her sternly. My mind flashed back to the time I'd caught her out sunbathing naked in our yard at home in Kamakura.

"What were you wearing?" I pressed.

"Oh I don't know. It was so hot out. I couldn't find your swimsuits. Where do you keep them anyway?"

"Norika! You didn't!"

"Oh, it was nothing I swear. He only saw me for a second. I didn't realize he'd be home so early."

I sat down at my desk chair, shocked that she would have the nerve to sunbathe naked in our backyard.

"Oh, don't make such a big deal. So he saw me naked. It's not like it's the end of the world!"

I stared at Norika, appalled. This was my home, my host family that she was messing with. I'd always tried to be so careful here. Now Brandon would know the times that he caught me naked it wasn't just coincidence.

"Anyway, don't do that here. Loretta would freak if she saw you."

"Oh c'mon, Emi. Don't be such a sourpuss. I'm here on vacation. I want to have fun. What do you want me to do?"

I looked over at her. I guess I could understand how she felt. She was away from home. She wanted to kick back, relax, do things she couldn't do in Japan.

"There's a nude beach in town," I noted cautiously.

"Really? Wow! That's great. Let's go!"

"Norika! It's not that simple. There are some weird guys there."

"So you've been, have you? Did you get naked?"

"Keep your voice down."

Norika was getting all excited now. I wasn't really sure if I wanted to go with her. I'd seen her do some pretty crazy things on the beach in Japan. I was worried if we got there, I wouldn't be able to calm her down.

"Oh c'mon. Let's go. I promise I'll be good."

"Well, I'll think about it. I'm off on Saturday. Maybe we could go then."

"Oh that's wonderful. You're the best." She got up, and gave me a hug. I was still worried about what I was letting myself in for, but anyway, hopefully this would get her to be more careful around the house.

That evening, my host mom's boyfriend, Hank came over to join us for supper. I was nervous about this. Loretta was older, but Hank was closer to our age, fit, handsome. I'd had a little late night run-in with him myself. I guess I came home a little tipsy, and one thing led to another. Not much happened really, but there'd been this tension between us ever since.

Norika looked him up and down. He is a handsome guy. At supper, we chatted back and forth about life in Oceanview and back home in Japan. Brandon had so many questions for Norika, but Hank was pretty quiet most of the night. I was relieved though when he finally went home.

As it got near bedtime, I let Norika have a shower first, and then I had one. When I came back, she was still lounging around in her towel.

"Where are your pajamas?" I asked.

"I guess I must have forgotten them at home."

"Here. I'll lend you some." I got out the most conservative pair I had, boy style with long sleeves, and threw them at her. She didn't look too impressed, but she did say,

"Thanks," and put them on.

The next few days went by pretty peacefully. Norika went out shopping, exploring Oceanview's sights. She dressed for summer, but she wasn't wearing anything more outrageous than what the American girls wear.

Saturday finally rolled around, and we got ready to head to the beach. I dug out this big hat and sunglasses, trying to disguise myself in case we bumped into anyone I knew. Norika was all excited though. This was her first time ever to go to a nude beach.

We took the bus to campus, and then headed down the hillside through the trees to the beach. It was absolutely packed, the busiest I'd ever seen it. There were more women than usual, and almost everyone seemed to be naked for a change. I gazed around, but as far as I could tell, there wasn't anyone I knew from campus. There were quite a few guys checking us out though, so I dragged Norika down to the far end where there weren't so many people. We set down our stuff, and she looked up at me expectantly.

"So how does this work? Are there change rooms or what?"

I looked at her, and laughed.

"No, there are no change rooms. This isn't even an official nude beach. The only reason they have one here is because the police never come down this way."

She looked at me wide-eyed, struck by how naughty the whole thing seemed.

"They should have these in Japan."

"They do," I let slip, immediately regretting it. She shot me a look.

"What? Are you some kind of nudist now?" she asked, shocked.

"No, no," I assured her. "I just read about it somewhere."

She looked at me with a knowing grin, sure that I knew more than I was letting on.

"You knew this beach was here when you decided to come to Oceanview!" she blurted out. I wanted to deny it, but it was true. They do sort of mention in the guidebooks that Oceanview has a nude beach, and I must admit I was curious even then, back when I was in high school deciding where to go to study. I'd certainly never told Norika that though. I always try to be the good girl at home.

"Anyway, you wanted to see the nude beach, and here it is," I went on, trying to change the subject. I got a towel out of my bag, spread it out on the sand, and sat down. "This is only my fourth time here," I reassured her, trying to get her to calm down.

"You've been here four times!" she exclaimed teasing me.

"The first two, there was hardly anyone here."

Norika finally got out her own towel, and sat down, looking around in wide-eyed wonder at all the naked people. We just sat there for a long time, staring out at the ocean and around at the beach. Norika seemed nervous about getting undressed, and I can't say I blame her. Even though I'd been here before, it did seem a bit daunting with all these naked guys peering over at us. I looked over at her, and smiled. She seemed a bit defensive, obviously unsure.

"Mom and Dad would freak if they knew we were here," she giggled.

"Yeah," I laughed. I began to suspect she didn't have enough nerve to actually strip, so I stretched out, and relaxed.

"Hey! Hey!" she protested. "Is that it?"

"I'll get undressed if you will," I offered calmly. Actually, I wasn't that afraid of getting naked. Almost everyone on the beach was naked. Still, I didn't want her to think I was used to this. It should be a big deal. That was half the fun.

"This is kind of embarrassing," she said pulling her dress off over her head. She was wearing matching floral bra and panties. She looked good. For some reason, I had the impression that she and Evan didn't fool around that much, but maybe I was wrong. I unbuttoned my jeans, and looked around. Some guys sitting not too far away had perked right up as soon as Norika took off her dress. I could tell she was nervous, but ever so slowly, she undid the hook on her bra.

"Anyway, as long as we're here, we might as well go for it," she smiled, blinking, nervous. I pulled off my jeans, but peered over at the guys. They eventually lay back down, so Norika and I quickly peeled off our remaining clothes, and lay face down. Some guy wandered by staring down at my bare bottom. I felt funny, embarrassed, excited I guess to be naked. Norika looked skittish at all the attention, kicking her feet up in the air.

I reached over, and got some sun block out of my bag. I offered it to Norika, and she pointed for me to rub some on her. I got up on top of her, and straddled her legs. Norika is a bit stockier than I am, but she has a good body. As I rubbed the sun block into her big round bottom, we noticed these two American guys staring. I was like whatever, but Norika smiled at one, encouraging him.

"Hey, cut that out!" I warned her. It was too late though. They got up, and came over, grinning from ear to ear.

"Hey, what are you girls up to?"

I tried not to look at their penises, but it was hard not to. They were standing right there. Norika looked over her shoulder at them, shielding her eyes from the sun.

"We just came down to check out the beach," she bubbled. I swatted her behind trying to keep her from encouraging them.

"You want to play beach volleyball or something?" one suggested.

"No, thanks," I replied, frowning. "We just came to work on our tans."

"Fair enough. If you change your mind, though, we'll be right over there."

After they'd walked away, Norika giggled.

"Why'd you chase them off? They were kind of cute."

"You already have a boyfriend."

"I didn't say I was going to do anything, just talk. What's wrong with that?"

I don't know what had gotten into Norika. After she started dating Evan, she dressed more conservatively. I thought she'd settled down.

"Things aren't going well with Evan?" I asked.

"Things are going fine. I just want to have a little fun this trip; that's all."

We eventually turned over, lying face up. I had to run sun block onto my breasts and pussy, and the guys kept staring. I felt kind of horny too, but I'd left my boyfriend Ryosuke out of this. After a while, I went in swimming. A whole string of guys came up, and hit on Norika. She'd flirt with them a bit, but I guess she knew I was watching. Eventually, she'd send them on their way. That was a relief. I didn't know Evan very well. He is perhaps a bit uptight, but even so, I didn't think she should fool around on him behind his back.

After a while, the wind picked up, blowing sand all over the place. Norika didn't want to leave, but it was getting late, and we had to find supper. The guys lying near us were still giving us the eye, but I finally convinced Norika to get back dressed.

Back at Loretta's place, we found Hank in the living room.

"Where were you two lovely ladies today?" he grinned.

"At the beach. Where's Loretta?"

"She's upstairs getting ready," he replied. "I'm taking her out to dinner. Brandon and Jennifer have already eaten."

"What do you want for supper?" I asked Norika. We ended up ordering ramen. When we went upstairs, I found Loretta getting all dressed up in this fancy dress, looking forward to her night out with handsome Hank.

Norika went into my room, and stripped out of her clothes. She was obviously still in a giddy mood from our trip to the beach. She streaked across to the bathroom in the buff, carrying her towel in her hand. I sat in the bathroom with her, chatting while she showered. When she was done, I stripped down, and was just about to get in when the doorbell rang. It had to be the ramen guy.

"I'll get it," Norika chimed, trying to wrap her towel around her. I tensed, worried, but before I could stop her, she'd run across the hall to fetch her purse. I scrambled to find a towel, and wrap it around me, but she was half way down the stairs by the time I made it out to the hall.

Loretta was still in her room, but Hank was probably there watching. Although I don't think Norika did it on purpose, her towel had come undone, falling open at the back, revealing her bare bottom. I hurried down the steps, and sure enough Hank was right there staring at her cute little bare ass. I'd been hoping to catch her, cover her up, but it was too late. I gazed over at Hank, nervously clutching my own towel, trying at least to keep my own body covered.

The delivery guy handed Norika the first bowl of ramen. She took it from him, and turned to set it down on the step, flashing him her bare bottom in the process. When she turned back to him, he said something I didn't quite catch, but she just giggled nervously. Her towel was floating all over the place as she took the second bowl of ramen from him, and I wouldn't be surprised if he caught a glimpse of her pussy. She paid him, and he grinned, appreciating her little show.

Hank seemed pretty darn pleased too. I mean I think he loves Loretta and everything, but the sight of Norika naked was enough to get any man excited. I apologized profusely, but he just laughed and laughed, not minding in the least.

Norika scooped up both ramen dishes, and took them upstairs. I hurried after her. She was losing her towel, so I took one bowl from her, and went into my room. Loretta's door was open, but she seemed to be putting on her make-up, so I don't think she saw us. Once we'd put the bowls down, I swatted Norika for being so naughty.

"What?" she giggled away like it was the funniest thing in the world. I was pretty upset, but clearly, Hank and the delivery guy had gotten a kick out of her antics. I pulled on a t-shirt and shorts, and Norika put on the pajama top I'd lent her, but refused to wear the bottoms.

"You be good now, you hear?" I warned. She just laughed. I went out to see Loretta and Hank off. Norika came out to the top of the stairs. Hank peered up at her, his eyes sparkling. Anyway, I was relieved when they finally left. Now that we were alone, we brought the ramen down to the living room, and switched on the TV.

"You really shouldn't do that, you know?" I complained. It was hard to be too critical though, because I'd teased Hank too. Maybe I'd learned it from her. Norika used to tease my boyfriends.

"Calm down. He loved it I'm sure."

I admire her self-confidence. I'd always looked up to her, even though I wished she'd be more careful about whom she teased. At least, she didn't flirt with Ryosuke.

Not long after, Jennifer came home, and headed up to her room, and soon Brandon got back too. Norika was still in my p.j. top with no bottoms. The top hung down in two tails at the back and front, but you see her bare hip from the side. Young Brandon noticed right away. He came in, and sat down glancing over at her. A commercial came on, and Norika got up, and turned to me, asking,

"Do you have anything to drink?"

My heart almost skipped a beat, because we could kind of see her rear. He could probably tell she didn't have on any undies. I tugged at Norika's sleeve urging her to sit back down, but she just ignored me, and headed into the kitchen. Brandon jumped up to follow. Worried, I quickly ran after them. Brandon opened the fridge, and was listing off the drinks we have. Before I could stop her though, Norika reached up, and opened one of the cupboards, exposing her bare behind in the process.

"Where do you keep the glasses?" she asked innocently. She tilted this way, teasing Brandon, threatening to show him her pussy too. His eyes had glazed over. She finally reached a hand around behind to hide her bottom.

"Oh sorry. I forgot I wasn't wearing any panties," she giggled. I was so angry at her for teasing Brandon! Enough was enough. I walked over, and pushed her out the door back into the dining room.

"Here, you go get dressed," I insisted.

She pouted a bit, but finally ran off upstairs to fetch the p.j. bottoms.

Just a few days later, she was gone, back to Japan to her job and life. It had been a harrowing week in some ways, but I did miss her. Since that visit, we've kept in closer touch.