**My Sister Norika**

by Emi Tsuruta

At the beginning of April, I had essays and final exams, and then, I went home to Japan for a couple of months. I'm back now though, so I finally have the time to sit down, and bring you up to date on what's been happening.

When I left for Japan at the beginning of April, my boyfriend Ryosuke stayed here in California. We didn't really do anything exciting before I left, so there's not much to tell about that. I missed him, of course. The night before I left, he gave me this necklace and locket with a picture of the two of us in it, so that was kind of nice.

It was good to go home, and see all my family and friends again. My parents were especially happy to see me because this was my first time home in two years. The day after I arrived, we phoned up my sister Norika, so I got a chance to catch up with her.

In some ways, I guess, the two of us are not all that close, not as close as some sisters anyway. She doesn't really talk to me about her boyfriends much, for instance. She's two years older than me, and so she was always the first one to do things. Still I used to wish that I could be more like her. She always seemed so self-confident as if she knows exactly what she wants to do, and goes out, and does it. I always used to be the shy one, more worried about what people would think. She didn't seem to care so much about what people thought of her. I guess that's selfish in a way, but she does seem happier for it.

She mentioned that her favorite water park had closed. I kind of knew the one she was talking about. It was like an indoor amusement park with a beach and water sliders and palm trees and everything. For some reason, I got this picture of her parading around in a string bikini, playing in the waves with her boyfriend, and accidentally letting her top come undone or whatever. Of course, she didn't say anything like that, but that was what I pictured.

Norika has never been shy about her body. She used to get changed right there on the beach. In Japan, some people do that, and it's not such a big deal. I mean I guess if there are guys around they might notice, but it's not like it is in the States. One time when we were in Hawaii, she tried the same thing, but this American woman came over, and said something about a 'birthday suit.' At first, we didn't know what she was talking about, but anyway, we ended up going back to the car, and getting changed there. Dad told us that 'birthday suit' meant 'naked.' My mom got all worried, and warned us to be more careful.

Mom and Norika used to wrangle about her clothes a lot, especially when we were in Japan. In American school, you can dress how you like, but in Japan, in a lot of schools you have to wear a uniform from a designated tailor. The school dress code has rules about how long your skirt is supposed to be, but Norika secretly rebelled, folding her skirt over at the top, so it was shorter than the required length. She used to be a rebel that way.

The summer I turned 18, dad took us on a trip to the east coast of the States. We went to stay with a friend of my dad's, Jack. He and my dad had gone to college together. Jack was a protestant minister, but he was easy-going and funny, a bit different from your typical preacher. His house was pretty big, but there weren't enough bedrooms for all of us, so for some reason, I got put out in this tent with Jack's son who was also around 18.

It was so weird being out in this huge tent with a boy I'd just met. I felt so nervous, but he started saying all these silly things till I couldn't help but laugh. He went off to get changed into his p.j.'s, and I quickly changed into mine before he got back.

As you probably know, boys who are 18 are very curious about girls. Up out of the blue, he asked me to pull down my p.j. bottoms, and show him my yoohoo. I was pretty shocked. I told him no, but then he came over, and grabbed me, and tried to pull my p.j.'s down. I pushed him back, but he was laughing so hard he fell over. At first, I was a little afraid, but when I saw him laughing like that, I got angry, and tried to pull his p.j.'s down, and get a peek at his willy. I almost had him too, but he got a hold of my waistband, so I switched to holding it up, and backed away. We chased each other around the tent for quite some time. Eventually, he got tired of running, and offered a truce. I never saw him again after that, although I think my dad might still keep in touch with Jack.

We also went to visit another one of my dad's friends who lived on an island off the east coast. The father was a doctor, and had a son Hans and a daughter Elsie around the same age as Norika and me. Now I realize that they must be German, although I didn't know about such things at the time. Anyway, Elsie took us out to shed behind the house, and they were just playing around. Then suddenly, for no reason that I could see, she took her clothes off. Her breasts were quite large, and I guess she was beautiful, but her naked body seemed kind of obscene to me somehow, and I was actually quite shocked. I didn't really understand why she was stripping, but it was sort of like she was just playing, and didn't really mean anything by it. Hans didn't seem to find it that weird. Eventually, her mom came, but she just laughed. Apparently, Elsie had done this kind of thing before.

In September, Norika went off to university in Tokyo, but came back at the end of March after her finals. My dad had some vacation time too, so he took the four of us to this hot spring resort in the mountains. It turned out to be a really quiet place, just a little inn in this secluded valley, but the scenery was nice, and we forgot about our troubles for a while.

The first day of the trip, we came back from sightseeing pretty early in the afternoon because my dad was tired, and wanted to take a nap. My mom stayed with him, and Norika and I changed into these light cotton bathrobes, and went off to explore the hot springs.

We found the ladies' indoor bath, and took a shower to rinse off. The bath was nothing special, perhaps a bit bigger than our bath room at home, but otherwise pretty normal.

The real attraction was supposed to be the big outdoor bath. I'd never been to one of these before, so we went to take a look. We walked down this long corridor, and came outside near the road we'd drove in on. On the left, there was a solid bamboo fence blocking the view from the road, but off to the right, there was a beautiful little river valley with trees overhanging the deck. There was this kind of mist rising off the top of the water, so it looked like something out of a postcard.

It was still quite bright out, and through the mist, we could see there were three or four men in their twenties sitting in the bath. As soon as we got there, they went completely quiet, and were looking this way to see if Norika and I would take off our robes, and come in. There were no change rooms, just some baskets lying on the stone deck near the entrance.

While these men gazed over hungrily at us, there was this weird tension in the air. I guess not a lot of women come down to the bath, while it is still light out. Norika and I looked at each other, but being stared at by a group of strange men was a bit much, so we retreated back to our room.

We hung around there, but then it was getting near suppertime. Mom and dad were still resting, so we went down to the dining hall to have a look. All the other guests seemed to be there. Norika suggested that now might be a good chance to try the outdoor bath, and I eventually agreed.

We hurried off to the bath, and sure enough it was empty. Off to the left over the fence, we could see the men from before walking away down the road. They must live nearby, and had stopped by for a quick dip. I wanted to wait for them to get out of sight, but Norika started to take off her robe immediately. I looked nervously at the men, but they just kept on walking as Norika undid her bra. She seemed to be watching them too, as she took off the bra, and laid it on top of her robe in the basket. She slid her fingers inside the waistband of her panties. She nervously looked back at the entranceway, but there was no one there. She looked back at me.

"Well, aren't you going to change?"

I was still worried about the men on the road. It looked like they weren't going to turn around, and come back, but from the way they had looked at us before, you could tell they wanted to see us naked. I slowly undid my belt, and let my robe fall open. I was pretty embarrassed worried they might see my breasts.

The men finally moved out of sight round a bend in the road, so Norika pulled down her panties, and put them with the rest of her clothes. She stood there for a moment, smoothing out her pubic hair, and shivering a little. It was almost as if she wanted to show someone how far her body had developed. Her breasts seemed even larger than I remembered. She put her hand between her legs for a moment, and then raised it over her flat tummy to just tickle the top of her thick black pubic hair.

My face was getting hot. To try to stay calm, I took off my robe, but the cool air on my skin just made it worse. Norika picked up her towel, and then slid into the nearest bath. I clumsily took off my bra and panties, and turning my back to her, self-consciously looked down at my naked body. I quickly picked up my towel, and slid into the bath.

We just sat there for a while, not saying anything, and eventually I began to calm down, and enjoy the warmth of the bath and the rustling of the leaves in the trees. It was so peaceful and quiet, so different from the busy life I was leading. Norika looked happy too.

Suddenly, we heard voices coming from the entrance. Before we could get up, this couple, maybe university age, came in. The woman had long tousled black hair, and the guy had this sheepish grin on his face. As soon as they noticed us, they straightened up, and then walked way down to the other end of the bath. They did not look this way, but instead calmly stripped, and got into the far bath.

Norika and I looked at each other not sure what to do. We both sank neck deep into the bath, so they would not be able to see our bodies. I picked up my towel from the edge of the bath, and wrapped it around me in the water. Norika just floated there, not bothering to cover up. The two of them sat quietly, looking around at the trees and valley, but did not look back at us. Probably they had hoped that no one would be here, since most everyone was still in the dining room.

Norika and I stayed for some time, partly because we were too bashful to get out with them there. While I was trying to get up the courage to leave, a funny thing happened. The girl got up out of the bath, and stood up straight on the deck. She didn't have her towel or anything. She was just standing there totally naked. Of course, there was the mist from the springs, but both Norika and I could see her quite well.

We just sat there amazed, not quite believing how brave she was being. She walked over to the edge of the deck, and stood there looking down at the river below. I remember being impressed because she had an even better figure than Norika. There was something so sexy about the way the water dripped from her thick pubic hair. Her whole body had this sheen. Her boyfriend was staring at her with obvious delight. For a moment, I found myself feeling jealous of her and the attention she was getting. I wished I had a boyfriend who would look at me like that.

Suddenly, she turned toward us, a little nervously, almost as if she was checking our reaction. I looked away, but Norika kept staring with her mouth wide open.

Eventually, the woman got back into the bath, and then they stood up to leave. We watched, as the two of them got dressed. The woman pulled her robe on over her naked skin. She hadn't brought any underwear with her. Then they left.

Norika and I just sat there in silence not knowing quite what to say. Norika seemed somewhat in awe of the woman's daring. I had more mixed feelings. I couldn't help feeling that what that woman had done was so completely wrong. I didn't understand it well at the time, but I sensed that she was probably using Norika and me to get her boyfriend more excited. She was a 'bad girl,' I decided.

That night, I vaguely remember waking up in the middle of the night. I looked over, and Norika was not in her futon. I figured she must have gone to the washroom, and just went back to sleep.

The next morning, we saw the couple from the day before in the dining hall. The woman was wearing glasses, and had her hair up. She looked very shy, like a librarian or something, not at all like the bad girl we'd seen the day before. I didn't know quite what to make of the change. I decided that this librarian self was just an act she put on, and that the bad girl was the real her.

Norika seemed to be thinking of something for most of the next day. I'm sure she was wondering about that woman.

The next few nights, our family came back from our sightseeing a bit later, so it was already dark when we went to the baths. There was a bit of light coming from the inn and the stars, but anyway, I felt a lot safer than that first day. Every once in a while, we'd meet people, but they'd usually sit quite far away. In any case, I'd become more used to the situation, and now had the courage to get out of the bath while they watched as long as I had my towel wrapped around me.

The second night, I woke up again. Norika was sitting over by the window in this little alcove. It was pretty dark, but I could just make out her outline against the light from the stars outside. It may have been a trick of the light, but I thought I saw her breasts sticking out from between the sides of her open robe. The next day, she seemed back to normal, lecturing me on this and that, talking her usual nonsense.

I guess it was the morning that we were supposed to leave when I woke up to find Norika's futon empty again. I figured that she must have woken up early to go to the baths, so I gathered up my stuff, and hurried after her. I had a quick shower in the indoor bath, and then scooted down the hallway towards the big bath. When I got there, at first I couldn't see her anywhere. There was a towel and robe in one of the baskets, but no sign of anyone. I was about to go back, when I heard this cracking noise from down below. I walked to the edge of the deck, and there was Norika playing in the river. She was totally naked.

I had a complete bird. Here it was maybe 7:30 in the morning, and she was standing stark naked in full view of the rooms at the back of the inn. If anyone looked out their window, they would notice her for sure. I called out to her, and she almost jumped out of her skin. I guess she hadn't realized what time it was.

Quickly, she climbed back up, and I passed her robe to her just in time. An older couple came in for their bath. We hurried out of there towards the dining hall for breakfast. Norika was singing and dancing around, when suddenly I figured out why. She wasn't wearing any underwear underneath the thin cotton robe. I became terrified that someone would notice, or that someone had already seen her running around naked behind the inn, but fortunately, no one seemed to pay much attention to us. Norika made me promise not to tell anyone, and it became our secret. This is the first time I've ever told anyone about it.

Norika went back to university in April, but I'd applied to universities in the States, so I just got a part time job to save up some money before I left. During Golden Week, my dad took us all to this seaside village called Dogashima in the Izu peninsula, quite a ways from our house. The village turned out to be just a few fishing huts and a small old-style hotel on a beach on a small inlet. It was beautiful in a way though. Just behind the hotel, there were these tree-covered mountains surrounding the bay on three sides. The beach was nice too, although there weren't many people there.

I brought my school swimsuit, a largish navy blue one-piece tank suit. Norika had bought a light blue polka dot bikini with these really thin side ties like string. I asked her if she wasn't worried that they'd come undone, but she said they were quite strong. Neither dad nor mom said anything about it, although it was much more daring than the suits we'd seen her in until then.

Dad brought this big inflatable lifesaver ring for us to play with, but it took forever to fill it up with air. We finally got it working, and then swam out to this floating platform in the bay. Norika kept looking back at the beach, but not too many people even came in swimming. At maybe four o'clock, a lot of the other people there started packing up to go home. We swam a bit more, but then took the ring back to the shore. Mom wanted to go back inside, so dad said he'd get the front desk to ring her once we were all packed up.

Dad and I started getting things ready, but Norika went off somewhere to get changed. When she came back, she was wearing this white t-shirt. Her legs were bare, and she was walking really slowly. Instead of coming right back to where dad and I were, she just kind of stayed in the shadow of the hotel looking up and down the beach. Most people had already gone in, but there were a few people walking around here and there.

Dad and I pulled the cap off the spout on the inflatable ring to let the air out, but the hole was so small it took a long time for the air to seep out. Dad kneeled down on it, and motioned for me to do the same. Norika finally came out of the shade, and slowly walked towards us. I noticed that she had her fingers spread out across the hem of the t-shirt at the front, and was pushing it down. Dad said to her,

"Here Norika, can you help your sister do this? I'll start taking the chairs and stuff to the car."

Norika nodded, but didn't move. Dad folded up our lawn chairs, and started walking towards the car. Only when he had rounded the corner of the hotel did Norika step forward. I looked up at her. She kept looking around nervously.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing," she replied, but I could tell something was up.

"Here, can you just hold down that part?" I said pointing to the other side of the ring I was squishing down on. She put one hand between her legs to push the t-shirt down, moved the other hand around to the back, and carefully squatted down. I suddenly realized why she was acting so strange. She must not have anything on under her t-shirt.

She brought out her hand from behind her back, used it to steady herself on the ring, and then kneeled down onto it. She began gently bouncing up and down on the tube. She put one hand on the tube to steady herself, and buried the other deep between her legs pulling the t-shirt down with it. When she bounced, her t-shirt billowed up at the back. She lifted her hand off the ring, but then apparently decided to leave the t-shirt alone. In fact, she sat up straight until I could see the crack of her bottom. She nervously peered over her shoulder to see if anyone was watching. Her cheeks had turned bright red, and she had this fearful look in her eyes.

We finally got all of the air out of the ring. I stood up, and brushed myself off, while Norika just kneeled there for a moment. I took a quick step to the side, and sure enough I could see her bare backside peeking out from under the t-shirt. She quickly pulled down the hem to cover it.

I looked up at the hotel behind us wondering if anyone had been watching. At first, it looked safe, but then I spotted someone in one of the second floor rooms. He backed away from the window when our eyes met, but I was sure he had been watching. It even looked like he had a camera in his hand.

Norika had trouble standing up while holding on to her t-shirt like that, so she let go, letting the hem hang free. She brushed her hands together to get off the sand. The t-shirt swayed in the breeze, coming dangerously close to revealing her pudgy behind again. Norika looked over at me, perhaps realizing that I had noticed her secret.

To tell you the truth, I felt confused, perhaps a bit angry even. I couldn't believe my own sister would do such a silly thing as walk around outside with no underwear on. It served her right if that guy had got some pictures of her. I decided to ignore her, and picked up one of the towels we had been sitting on to shake it off.

Norika just sort of stood there looking around to see if there was anyone nearby. There wasn't, so she raised her hands above her head to stretch. Her t-shirt rose, revealing her pussy to the sunlight. I shielded my eyes from the bright sun, but I could just make out the outline of the man returning to the window. Worried, I said,

"Here, we'd better go. Dad is waiting."

Unfortunately, she bent over to pick up the ring and her bag and towel. Both this guy and I could see her round spankable bottom and her pussy lips peeking out from in-between. You could even hear his camera clicking away. As she straightened up, she giggled, and shyly pulled the t-shirt back down over her behind.

We finished packing up all our stuff, and started heading back towards the car. I was wondering if I should tell her about the guy, but she noticed him herself. He was standing right there framed in the window staring down at us. Sure enough, he had a camera with a long zoom lens.

Norika looked down, annoyed maybe. She kept on walking, but her cheeks were turning redder and redder. She kept trodding forward, staring blankly down at the sand. She looked so sad and fragile, not like Norika at all. I wondered if she was going to cry.

Once we had got round the edge of the hotel and into the parking lot, her mood lightened again. I guess she had decided to accept what had happened. It was her fault, after all.

While dad was putting the stuff in the trunk, Norika walked around to the side, took some jean cut-offs out of her bag, and pulled them on. I was glad she didn't go to supper like that. I can just imagine the looks she would have got in the restaurant if she walked in wearing just a t-shirt.

The next day, we left early to go sightseeing. We never saw that guy again. I wonder what he must have thought.

There are still a couple more things I want to tell you about Norika, but I guess I'd better stop here for now.