**My Trip Home**

by Emi Tsuruta

Even on the morning I was supposed to leave Oceanview, I was still rushing around, trying to fit all my stuff into my luggage. I ended up asking Loretta, my host mom, if she could store a few things for me. I hadn't told my mom this, but I was still hoping to come back to Oceanview someday to visit if not to live. I had a lot of good memories here.

Anyway, I finally got my bags packed. Loretta drove me to the train station, and her kids Brandon and Jennifer tagged along to see me off. They'd been good to me my whole time here. I was going to miss them all.

My next stop was Los Angeles. One of our friends, Futoshi, lives up that way, and had agreed to let me sleep over, so I could go straight to the airport from his place. I was kind of wondering if he was single. When I first met Futoshi, he seemed a bit of a golden boy, too eager to please, but in the years since, he'd been a really good friend to me. He defended me when others were teasing me. He took the bullet for me in our strip poker game. He lent us his car, and now he was letting me stay with him. He really is one of my closest male friends.

As it turned out though, Futoshi was shacking up with some girl... or at least that's what he claimed. There was an extra bedroom in his apartment, and there were a few of her things here and there, but actually, there was no sign of the girl herself. Had they had some kind of fight? It was hard to tell.

Anyway, he got me set up in his 'girlfriend's' room, and we chatted a bit about what we'd been up to. He was working for some kind of stock brokerage, and was hoping to move into banking. I was actually quite interested to hear all of this, because I had just graduated, and was looking for a job myself.

Eventually, it got late, so we both headed to our rooms to go to bed. I closed the door, and opened my luggage. I couldn't find my p.j.'s though. I guess I must have sent them home, or left them at Loretta's. I went back out, and knocked on Futoshi's door.

"Can I borrow some p.j.'s? I don't seem to have any."

There was a long silence, and then Futoshi came, and opened the door. He was wearing p.j. bottoms but no top. He has a nice chest, muscular, hairless. He'd always been in pretty good shape.

"Yeah, sure. Check the closet," he said. His closet was quite large with all kinds of suits hung up. I did manage to find a silky white nightshirt and a pair of soft navy track pants with a drawstring.

"Thanks," I smiled. "Oh, and can I have a shower?"

"Yeah, sure. I laid out some towels for you." Futoshi has always been good with the details.

The bathroom was just off his bedroom. It felt a bit weird showering there knowing that Futoshi was right there in his room. I think actually, he used to be interested in me, back when I was going out with Ryosuke. It's too bad about this new girl though. If he likes her, I shouldn't get involved. I'm heading to Japan in any case.

After my shower, I changed into the pajamas he'd lent me, and said 'good night' heading back to my own room. I turned out the lights, and looked out at the beautiful night skyline before drifting off to sleep.

The next morning, I awoke to hear Futoshi clanking around in the kitchen, making breakfast. I sat up, and rubbed the sleep out of my eyes. I wanted to have another shower, but I needed to do my laundry first. I stumbled out to the kitchen, and asked,

"Do you have a washing machine?"

"There's a coin laundry on the second floor. You'll need a key tag," he said fishing one out. "Here, have some breakfast." He'd laid out some carrot loaf and green tea on the table. I sat down, and took a bite. Mmm. Yummy!

"What time do you go to work?" I asked.

"It starts at 9, but I have a teleconference with my boss this morning, so I'm just going to sign in from here, and then go in later."

"High tech," I laughed.

After breakfast, I packed up my clothes, and set off to find this laundry room. It was in the corner of the building on the second floor. Inside, there was a bunch of washing machines and dryers divided into two aisles with a big picture window overlooking a little parkette out back. There was no one else there. I guess everyone was off at work.

I loaded all my clothes into one of the machines, and then looked down at the track pants Futoshi had lent me. I guess I should wash these too. I pulled them off, and stuck them in the washer. Without really thinking, I absentmindedly started unbuttoning my nightshirt as well.

I don't know if I actually would have stripped naked, but in any case, before I could, a guy appeared at the door. He was wearing glasses, but fairly handsome. He reminded me of a grad student or lawyer or something. He gave me a strange look, gazing down at my bare legs. The shirt I was wearing had gaps at either side, so he could probably see a fair bit of my hips. I tried to act natural, feeding quarters into the machine, and starting it up, but I think he could tell I didn't have anything on under the night shirt. I was already starting to feel funny, aroused or whatever.

Before I could do much, my cell phone rang. It was my best friend Satomi back in Oceanview. The call gave me an excuse to turn away, and ignore the guy, but I was blocking the aisle, and he motioned that he wanted to get past. I pressed my hips up against the washer trying to make space so he could get by. As he passed, I felt something brush up against my backside. Was that his penis? I glanced down at his crotch, but couldn't tell if he had a hard-on or not. I studied his face, but he looked fairly calm. If it wasn't his dick, maybe he'd just brushed against me accidentally with his hand.

Once the guy had made it around to the far side, he opened one of the washers, and started pulling his clothes out. I stayed with my back to him, but out of the corner of my eye, I could see him studying my behind clearly interested. Worried that he might be able to see my butt cheeks, I tugged on the tail of the shirt. It was hard to tell how much he could see, but he certainly seemed fascinated with my hips.

Anyway, I listened to Satomi, but the way this guy was staring was getting me all hot and bothered. I glanced back at him nervously, but he just looked away, pretending like he wasn't staring. As soon as I turned away, his eyes returned to my rear. I guess he could see my bottom. The shirt was kind of short.

Now what do I do? I shouldn't just stand here letting this guy ogle me. This was Futoshi's apartment after all, and I didn't want to get him in trouble with his neighbors. Hurry up washing machine! I've got to go!

On the phone, Satomi was rhyming off things she wanted me to send her from Japan.

"Satomi! I can't remember all that stuff," I balked.

"Don't you have a pen?" she asked.

"I don't know. Maybe in my bag." I squatted down, hiding behind the washers. Luckily, the guy got a call on his own cell - maybe his wife or his girlfriend. He craned his head trying to get a look at my bottom, but ultimately, gave up, and went out into the hall to talk on his phone. Relieved, I stood back up. I still felt pretty nervous standing here pantiless, but I saw him pass the window hopefully on his way back upstairs.

I quickly scribbled down some notes for Satomi, but worried that the guy might come back, I said goodbye, and grabbed my bag. When I rushed out into the hall though, the guy was still there. He eyed me, sneering lustfully at my indecent outfit. I quickly turned tail, and headed into the stairwell, running back up to Futoshi's apartment. I was still pretty excited, but relieved to make it back to safety.

Futoshi was in his room sitting at his computer. I wanted to ask him if I could borrow another pair of bottoms, but he seemed to be talking with someone on video chat. Trying not to disturb him, I tiptoed into is room and over to his closet. The person on the screen noticed me though, and asked,

"Futoshi, is that your girlfriend?"

They both looked at me. I'd undone the top few buttons of the night shirt, so I think they could see my breasts. Even if they couldn't see my nipples, they could probably tell I was braless.

"No. Uh... that's Emi. We went to university together," Futoshi explained, clearly embarrassed to be caught with 'another woman.'

"Emi, is it? What did you study?" the American man on the screen asked.

"Um, arts and humanities, sir," I told him, pulling my shirt together to hide my breasts.

"This is my boss," Futoshi whispered. "Mr. Simonsen."

"Do you live in Los Angeles?" Mr. Simonsen asked me. I knew I probably shouldn't interfere, but I wondered if he might offer me a job. I did want to work in the States. Curious, I sat down on Futoshi's bed. It was hard to keep my shirt straight though, and soon they were staring at my pussy which was peeking out from between the two tails. Embarrassed, I tried to straighten up, but I think that just pulled the shirt up more. My hello kitty was buzzing like crazy, all excited to be seen.

"No, sir. I was living in Oceanview, south of here, but tomorrow I'm going to Japan."

"Are you coming back to the States?" he persisted.

"I'd like to, sir." Feeling a bit guilty for flashing them my pussy, I reached around trying to gather up the covers from Futoshi's bed, but he'd already made it, so I couldn't pull them loose. Futoshi seemed scandalized, so I finally skedaddled away hiding in his closet. I tried to straighten out the tails to cover my bare behind, but I think they could see that too. I was getting more and more excited. I hadn't intended to flash anyone. It was all the openings on this dad blamed shirt.

In the closet, there didn't seem to be any more track pants on the hangers. I kind of know that Futoshi and Mr. Simonsen were watching me, but I went up on tip toe anyway to see if there were any track pants on the top shelf. That pulled up the shirt until they could see my bare bottom quite clearly. Futoshi, fed up with my teasing, finally came over to find me something to cover up with.

"Mr. Simonsen seems nice," I joked.

"Here. You settle down," Futoshi warned. I pretended to be hurt, but I continued to undo the buttons on my shirt, showing him even more of my breasts. I don't know why, but I was so turned on by all this. Futoshi is cute when he's embarrassed, and Mr. Simonsen obviously didn't mind. Futoshi however didn't find it quite so funny. He insisted I cover up, and finally fished out a pair of board shorts, and handed them to me. "Put those on, and behave," he begged me.

"Yes, sir," I replied, still toying with the idea of letting him see my breasts. He shooed me away, so I finally came out, and waved goodbye to Mr. Simonsen.

"Nice meeting you, Emi," he smiled, not bothered at all by my teasing. I scooted back to my room, and pulled the board shorts on. The check-in time for my flight was approaching, so I had to get going. I went down, and put my laundry in the dryer. I kept a lookout for the horny grad student guy, but he didn't show. Once my clothes were dry, I took them back upstairs, and packed. I asked Futoshi if I could borrow his silk shirt and track pants till I saw him again, and he said sure. He's such a nice guy, isn't he?

Anyway, Futoshi headed off to work, and I went to the airport. I gave him a hug and a kiss on the cheek when we parted. I promised to come visit, and he said he'd come see me in Japan before too long.

I made it to the airport on time, and got checked in. My seat on the flight was right at the back on the window side with no one sitting next to me. Across the aisle, there was a jolly looking American salesman. There were a bunch more people sitting in front, but my corner was pretty quiet.

I'd brought along a book to read, Emmanuelle. I didn't know that much about it, just that it's famous, and started with a woman taking a flight fro London to Bangkok. She was a French newlywed travelling to see her husband after a year living apart. That would have been nice if there were some handsome young suitor waiting for me at Narita, but no such luck this time, just my mom.

In the book, Emmanuelle has an encounter with the man who is flying in the same compartment as her. I looked up from the book to see if there were any tall dark strangers on this flight. The salesman was a stranger alright, but he looked like a family man fattened up by his wife's rich cooking. His cheeks were red like Santa Claus, and he had a kind round face. It was hard to imagine him cheating on his wife. Ah well.

When the sun went down, they dimmed the lights. I guess they expect us to sleep. I kind of wanted to keep reading, but the overhead light wasn't all that bright, and I didn't want to bother people. I turned the light off, tilted my seat back, and tried to sleep.

A red-haired Japanese steward came back, and gave me a blue blanket. I unfurled it to cover my body, and tried to relax. 'Santa' had closed his eyes, and I couldn't really see the other passengers over the seat backs. I was wearing a t-shirt and Futoshi's track pants. Those pants are kind of weird though. They have an artificial plasticy kind of feeling, so trying to get more comfortable, I slid my hands in, and pushed them down. I felt a bit embarrassed lying here in just my panties, but no one could see me anyway back here in the corner.

Absentmindedly, I slid my hand into my panties, and began tousling my pubic hair. Maybe if I relieve the tension, it'll be easier to sleep. I didn't want to wreck these panties though. I didn't bring that many with me, so I might need them for meeting my mom. Carefully, trying not to be seen, I took off my panties too, ending up bottomless under my blanket.

I lay there motionless for the longest time, but eventually, I couldn't contain myself, and started dabbing at my pussy lips with my fingertips. It was okay to get my fingers wet now. I could wash them off later. Before I got too far though, the steward popped by, giving me a start.

"Is everything alright, miss?"

I waved my hand that I was fine, but he continued to look at me for a moment, perhaps suspecting. Maybe I'd better pull my panties back on before I get into trouble. I watched him walk away, and then lay still trying to tell if he'd gone back to his station. Maybe it'll be okay.

I lay back, and closed my eyes, but I was too worked up to sleep. I kept rolling this way and that trying to get comfy. Eventually, I realized that the salesman was looking over at me now. Wondering what he was looking at, I reached down, only to find that the blanket wasn't quite covering my thighs! I think he probably saw the bare skin of my hips, maybe the curve of my rear end. I hope he didn't see my pussy. He didn't look all that perturbed, but it was hard to tell for sure.

When I glanced at him, he turned away, but clearly he'd been watching. I reached down trying to find my undies, but I think they must have fallen onto the floor. I wanted to get back dressed, but if I go for my panties, I might end up flashing him even more. I lay still, pretending like nothing was wrong, eyeing him edgily now and then. He wasn't doing much actually. He did keep glancing at me, but his face looked fairly calm.

Eventually, I tried to fix my blanket at least. One corner had gotten caught under my foot, and when I tried to shake it free, I think I pulled the blanket down even more. I'm going to have to be careful here. Maybe I should wait for the salesman to go to sleep. It would be a lot easier to fetch my undies without him watching.

He lay back too, but for whatever reason, I seemed to have piqued his curiosity. Had he seen me pull my panties off? I sure hope not. That would be embarrassing. I tried to stay calm, but inside I felt nervous. When I heard the steward coming, I grabbed the blanket, and pulled hard bringing it across. I still felt anxious, but I think I managedto cover myself.

Trying not to worry, I looked around for my book. Where did it get to? I sat up, and probed around for it under the covers, but the blanket fell down onto my lap. I tried to pull it back up, but it was heavy, and kept sliding down. Santa Claus looked over at me again. I think he could see my hips, and maybe even the crack of my bottom, but luckily, he didn't say anything.

A different person came down our aisle heading for the lavatories. I was worried they might see too, but they passed by without noticing. I guess the cabin was fairly dark.

I actually stayed like that for most of the flight, my blanket sitting loose on my lap, covering my pussy but not quite covering my bottom. I wanted so much to touch myself, but every time I moved, Santa Claus would turn, and watch to see what I was doing. It wasn't like he was complaining or anything, but knowing I was naked was making it hard for him to sleep. I tried not to tease him, but I was too excited to just sit here. I squirmed, stretched, or sat up, trying so hard to resist the urge to masturbate. Santa would perk right up whenever I slid forward, or lifted my bottom off the seat. He evidently quite liked the shape of my derriere. I wasn't deliberately showing it to him exactly, but it was kind of fun watching his reaction whenever I leaned forward to get something.

Suddenly, the cabin lights came back on! We must be nearing Narita. My heart went into overdrive. I had to find my panties before anyone else sees me. All in a rush now, I sat straight up, but I lost my grip on my blanket. It slid down my slippery thighs, causing my fluffy black bush to pop into view! I looked around to see if anyone was watching, but by some miracle, Santa had finally drifted off to sleep. Even so, I felt so wired. I could hardly believe I was sitting here in the plane with my pussy showing. I finally spotted my panties, reached down, and scooped them up.

I was so nervous though that I knocked my blanket onto the floor. The feeling of the breeze on my bare pussy just made me even more excited. I sat up, and peered over the seat backs trying to see what everyone was doing. A young guy in a baseball cap stood up in the far aisle, but I don't think he could see my hips. I shook out my panties, trying to straighten them out. I wanted to get my yellow dress out of my bag, but I couldn't very well stand up with no bottoms on. The whole cabin seemed to be in motion.

I finally managed to get my panties facing around the right way, and lowered them, so I could thread my feet into them. I was still wearing my boots, but there were people coming, so I had to hurry. I yanked them on over my boots, and then pulled them up just in the nick of time. The steward came down the aisle telling people to get ready for landing.

I needed my dress though, so I stood up, and opened the overhead compartment to get my bag. All the commotion had woken Santa. He peered over at my panty clad ass, surprised to see me dressed. I ignored him, and scooted back to the lavatory to change into my dress.

Once I was changed, I came back out, sat down, and did up my seatbelt for the final approach. Saint Nick was still looking at me curiously, but I think he was wondering if he'd dreamed my being naked. I was just glad he didn't say anything. Now that I'm back home in Japan, I'm going to have to be good.