**Our Local Sentou**

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At Christmas time in my junior year at Oceanview U., I went home to Japan to stay with my parents for a week or two. One morning, I was up in my pajamas in my old room getting ready to go out, when I heard these loud metallic crunching noises coming from downstairs. I went down, and asked my mom what was going on.

"Oh you know how the sliding glass door to the bath always sticks. We finally decided to get it fixed."

"Oh shoot. I kind of wanted to take a shower." I walked over, and took a peek into the bath room. The workman was wrestling with the door making a horrible racket. He was just your typical middle aged guy. He was wearing a onesie, probably his company's uniform. "Um, excuse me," I called out. "Is this going to take long? I kind of want to use the shower."

He looked at me curiously, and took off his cap, scratching his head.

"I think I'm going to have to take out the frame here, and put in a new one. It'll take a while for the plaster to dry. Maybe you'd better go someplace else."

I looked back at my mom, a bit upset.

"Your father and I are checking into an inn," she noted.

"Oh no! I don't have time. I'm supposed to meet Miori in Tokyo at 6." Miori is the girl I met at the Shinto festival the year before.

"You could go to a sentou," Mom suggested. Sentous are public bath houses. They are pretty common in Japan, although I guess they are less popular than they used to be. I'd been to one before, but not lately. I'd gotten so used to having a bath in our house.

"OK, OK. Where's the nearest one?"

"There's Shimizuyu and Well Heartopia near Zaimokuza beach. Takinoyu went out of business."

I didn't have much time, so I ran back upstairs, changed into jeans and a sweater, and stuffed a towel, my shower kit and a nicer outfit into my bag. Mom gave me directions, and I bundled up in my winter coat and boots, and headed out. Shimizuyu is quite a long bus ride from my house. I guess it's not that far really. It just seemed like it because I was in a hurry.

The building was kind of older, Japanese style with white walls, grey tile roofing and a noren curtain hanging over the entrance. I slid open the door, took off my boots, and put them in a locker. I went in the women's side, and just inside the door was the bandai, a raised counter where this older guy was sitting. He had a white handkerchief tied on his head and a towel around his neck, and seemed quite at home sitting there in his t-shirt. I guess it was pretty warm inside the bath house. Maybe he was the owner or something.

"Irasshai (=Welcome)," he smiled. I was feeling a bit nervous, this being my first time and all, but he seemed harmless enough. I handed him my four hundred yen, and he nodded for me to go in. The women's change room was divided in two by a high bank of lockers running up the middle. That was all well and good, but half of the bandai is actually inside the women's change room, so the owner guy was right there! I glanced at him, but he was reading the newspaper. I don't know if all sentous are like this, but this one definitely was. I found it so strange to have the owner guy right here looking out over the women's change room! Japan is like this though sometimes. No privacy.

I didn't really want to change out here where he could see, so I walked around to the far side of the lockers. The sun was shining in through windows high in the wall. Outside I could see some trees and the wall of the shop next door. I couldn't believe how out in the open it all was. Do women actually change here? I guess no one is going to come down the alleyway, and peek in, but still!

Anyway, I didn't have much time, so I stuffed my bag into one of the lockers, and hurried to undress. I took off my coat, and put it in the locker. It was hard to stay calm though knowing that that man was just round the corner. Maybe he was used to the situation, but I certainly wasn't. Still, I'd better hurry it up, if I want to make it to Tokyo on time.

I kicked off my shoes, and pulled down my jeans and panties. I took off my socks next, but I was starting to feel a tingle of excitement from being bottomless. I stripped out of my sweater, blouse and bra, stuffed them in the locker, shut it, and pulled out the key. Only then I suddenly realized I'd left my towel inside the locker. Oh shoot! I've got to stop doing this. I put the key back in the lock, but I'd couldn't get the locker to open. I looked closer, and realized that a strap from my backpack had gotten caught in the lock. I struggled with the door, and there was no handle or anything to grab onto. Oh no! Here I was stark naked, and I couldn't get to my clothes. I tried, and I tried, but eventually, I realized I'd have to ask the man at the desk to help.

I looked down at my naked body. Because it was winter, I didn't have any tan lines or anything, but I looked horribly indecent with my breasts sticking out and my fluffy black pubic hair glistening in the sun. I tried to cover my naughty bits with my hands, but that just looked silly. Anyway, I can't just stand here forever. I peeked my head around the corner, and looked over at the man. He was still reading the newspaper, but he looked up when he saw me.

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

"Um, I... uh... I can't get the locker open."

He squinted at me, annoyed, but soon got up, pushed open the swinging door in the counter, and came over. I bit my lip bracing to see his reaction. He glanced down at my pussy, but didn't seem that surprised. Maybe this kind of thing has happened before. Even so, I was shocked by how calm he was. Here I was, a beautiful (?) young woman in the flower of my youth, standing here naked. I was so nervous my whole body was shaking. I didn't know what to do, how to act. I guess I should have covered up, but I didn't want to make this any weirder than it already was. There was a piece of fluff on my leg, so I reached down, and brushed it off.

He didn't stare, but even so, I felt horribly embarrassed. I finally moved around behind him to hide, as he fiddled with the lock. He turned the key, and pulled on the strap finally wrenching the door open. He turned to look at me, and scolded,

"You can't let things get caught in the door. These are old lockers, and can't handle that kind of thing."

I bowed an apology. Obviously I never intended to mess up the lock. I don't know why he was yelling at me. I felt embarrassed enough as it was, standing here in my bare scuddy. He squinted at me for a moment. He took pity though, and finally left, heading back to the bandai.

I let out a sigh of relief. That was just so weird. Still, I didn't have time to worry about that now. I grabbed my towel, and hit the showers.

Once I'd showered, I slipped into the pool, and tried to calm down. By the time I got dried off, and dressed, I had regained my calm enough to face the owner. When I came back out, he was trying to act stern, but I thought I detected a faint smile on his lips. I guess he had got a kick out of seeing me naked after all.

I didn't quite make it to Tokyo for six, but I ended up having a good visit with Miori anyway. She was still planning to come to the States to visit me. I didn't bother telling her about the sentou owner. They had a bath at her house, so probably, she doesn't have to worry about these things.

When I got back to my house that night, my parents were off at the hotel, so no one was home. It felt strange to be home alone. The door to our bath had been torn right out, and there were tarps and buckets of plaster everywhere. I kind of wanted to take a bath, so I phoned my mom, but she told me to wait till the work was all finished. I reminded her that my friend, Michiyo, and my older sister, Norika, were coming to our house the next day. She told me that the workman should be done by then. I watched a bit of TV, and then went to bed.

The next morning, I woke up to the sound of the workman knocking on our door. Mom and dad weren't home, so I had to go down, and let him in. He did look a bit surprised to see me in my p.j.'s. I didn't have on any make-up, so I shielded my face, and ran back upstairs. Anyway, I don't have time to fool around. I had to get ready, and go meet Michiyo. I decided to just quickly wash my hair in the kitchen sink, and then head out to the sentou.

I tiptoed back downstairs, and peeked into the bath. The workman had gone back outside, so I grabbed my shampoo, a sponge and a towel. I set them down next to the sink in the kitchen, and pulled the thin yellow curtain across the doorway to the bath. I heard him come, and go.

I quickly washed, and rinsed my hair, and then started to sponge off my tummy. I wanted to sponge off my whole body, but I probably shouldn't with the workman here. He seemed the serious sort—probably married with a kid or two. I didn't like feeling all sticky though. I peered over at the wispy curtain, floating up in the breeze, trying to tell what he was doing. He was probably right there, just around the corner, setting up his stuff. He seemed focused on his work.

Watching the door, I unbuttoned my p.j. top, and sponged my breasts and underarms. It had kind of gone quiet. Maybe the workman had gone outside. I quickly pulled down my p.j. bottoms, and sponged between my legs. I felt really antsy, but I somehow got up the nerve to pull my bottoms right off, and shoved them in the washing machine. I rubbed soap and water all over my nether regions, getting a bit excited.

Suddenly, I heard my smartphone ringing. Oh shoot. It must be Michiyo. I'd better answer it. I glanced back at the washing machine, wondering if I should fish out my bottoms. There were dirty anyway, so I ended up leaving them there. It was kind of thrilling sneaking around the house bottomless.

I peeked through the curtain into the bath. The workman was there fooling with the plaster in his buckets. I ran around though the dining room and living room to the front hall where my bag was. I quickly bent over, and fished my phone out of my bag, but the workman had left the front door open. I covered my pussy with my hand, but the breeze was getting me even more excited.

"Hello, Michiyo. Yeah, it's me." I tiptoed over to the front door, and leaned out to grab the handle. It was a beautiful morning out, bright, sunny, much warmer than the day before. I didn't see anyone outside, so I paused for a moment savoring the feeling of the warm sun on my pussy. The breeze was blowing all around my naked hips, tickling me. When I turned though, I suddenly realized the workman had come out into the hallway, and was staring down at my bare behind!

"Oh sorry," he blushed. "I just have to get my tool case," he explained, pointing at it near my feet. I let go of the door, and rushed to pull my top together to cover my breasts. He widened his eyes when he saw my pussy, but I signaled for him to wait while I got off the phone with Michiyo. He went quiet, and was clearly trying to play it cool, but I think me standing here with my pussy showing was getting him all flustered.

"Emi, are we still on for today?" Michiyo asked.

"Oh yeah, sorry. There's a workman here...," I noted, smiling at him. "Anyway, I've got to get ready. I may be a bit late. I'll call you when I'm at the station, OK?"

I hung up the phone. The workman gestured for me to let him get his case, so I backed away from it, letting him come closer. He didn't stare or anything, but I'm pretty sure I was making him nervous. When he reached down for his case, I ran off letting him see my bare behind. He was a gentleman, but even so, my heart was pounding in my chest, as I scurried back to the kitchen. Oh god. I really should be more careful.

I quickly sponged off the rest of my body. I came back out to the living room, but luckily, he wasn't in the front hall anymore, so I dashed up to my room, and got dressed. I left the house in a terrible rush. I sure hope he doesn't tell my mom about this. She'd freak if she found out I'd flashed him.

Anyway, I caught the bus to the sentou, took off my boots, and went in. There was no one on the bandai, so I went into the women's change room. There were two women, naked, fresh from the bath, a couple of young women already dressed, and another man (the real owner?) and his wife sweeping the floor.

I was so shocked to see this guy in the change room with these naked women there. They weren't that upset though. They were even kind of laughing because the guy was deliberately sweeping right next to them, so he could get a better look at their naked bodies. One of the women quickly pulled on a t-shirt, and wrapped a towel around her waist, but the other woman just stood there nervously smiling, letting him look as she did up her bra. The man's wife was laughing. Eventually, the guy let them be, and came back to the bandai, so I could pay him.

Just as I went in, another quite sexy young woman came out of the bath naked, and dried off right in front of us all. I was amazed at her self confidence. I'd been so embarrassed the day before. Judging from how these women were acting though, they thought this all was normal. I'd been living in the States, so I wasn't quite sure how things are in Japan.

I was still a bit apprehensive, but all the other women were changing on this side of the lockers, so to fit in, I joined them. Husband and wife had disappeared, but just as I was about to take off my panties, the man came back into the room. I waited for him to go back to the bandai, and then stripped naked. I have to admit I felt embarrassed, but also excited knowing he was right there.

I went into the baths, showered off, and took a quick dip in the pool. There was another girl there around my age. Was her bath under repair too? Or more likely these women were all tourists in town getting ready to go swimming at the beach.

The girl and I finished bathing, and came out to the changing room at the same time. The man seemed especially interested in the two of us, since we were younger than the women earlier. He got down off the bandai, and kept walking past us obviously trying to get a better look at our naked bodies. The other girl didn't seem too worried. I felt a bit anxious though, not used to having an audience when I change. I arched my back trying to look sexy, but actually, I didn't have much time, so I soon got dressed, and headed out to meet Michiyo.

That night, Michiyo came back to our house with me. The workman had finished installing the new door, but the plaster still wasn't dry, so we couldn't use the bath yet. My sister Norika was there too, and my parents offered to get us a room at their inn, but I suggested we go to the sentou instead. I kind of wanted to show it to Michiyo and Norika anyway, and see what they made of it. I kept wondering if I was the only one who thought it was weird.

When we got there though, instead of the old men, there was a young man our age on the bandai. I recognized him though. He was one of the boys Michiyo and I used to go to school with.

"Emi?" he cried, recognizing me.

"Naoya? What are you doing here?" I asked. I hadn't seen him since graduation.

"I'm just helping my parents out over the break," he smiled. Thinking back, I remembered him saying that his parents ran a sentou. I think he even invited us here, although I didn't go at the time. Naoya is a nice guy, and was even kind of one of our group, but he wasn't one of the cool kids. He always seems too eager if you know what I mean.

"Three?" he asked. I nodded, and we paid. Michiyo had gone all quiet all of a sudden, embarrassed I guess to run into Naoya here. He motioned for us to go on through, but Michiyo looked a bit hesitant.

"Did you know he'd be here?" Michiyo whispered. I shook my head no. There seemed to be a few women in the bath, but there was no one in the change room. Norika moved a bit further down, and started changing. I guess she didn't know Naoya, but Michiyo didn't want to undress in front of him. He was looking down at a magazine or something, trying to act like he didn't care. I was nervous too, but we were here now. I took off my boots, pants and tights, but when I looked in my bag, I realized I'd forgotten to bring a towel.

"Do you want a towel?" I asked Michiyo. She nodded. I pulled my sweater down to cover my panties, walked over, and asked Naoya,

"Um, could I get two towels?"

He looked up. He glanced down at my bare legs, and then over at Michiyo and Norika. Michiyo blushed, and held her slacks up to hide her panties.

"Uh... yeah... sure," he nodded. Seeing Naoya brought back a lot of memories. He'd always been pretty nice to me.

He brought back two towels, and handed them to me. I smiled at him, and then scooted back to my locker. I gave Michiyo her towel, and waited for Naoya to turn away. He definitely took his time about sitting down. Norika was kind of shielded by the two of us, so she just nonchalantly peeled off her top, and undid her bra. I was the closest to him, so I waited till he was definitely looking away, and finally pulled off my panties.

"This towel's kind of small, don't you think?" Michiyo said holding it up against her body. "More like a washcloth than a towel."

Naoya overheard her, and looked up again. I grabbed my own towel, and held it up to cover my bare bottom. It was one thing to have those old men ogling me, and quite another to have a boy I know stare. Norika was naked by then, and she calmly walked back to the bath, and went inside. Naoya craned his head, trying to get a look at her bare behind. He saw me glaring at him, and pretended to go back to reading his magazine.

Michiyo still looked unhappy with her washcloth. I moved mine around to cover my pussy, and then walked back to the desk.

"Do you have any bigger towels?"

The look on his face! You should have seen him. He wasn't quite smiling, but looked baffled that I would come right over bottomless with just the small washcloth to cover up.

"Oh, yeah, maybe. Let me check." He came right into the women's change room, so I backed up to let him to pass. I had this burbly feeling welling up inside me. I hadn't planned on any of this, but it was kind of fun teasing him. He disappeared off round this corner into a back office. He must have stumbled or something because soon we heard this loud crash.

"Are you alright?" I asked.

"Yeah, yeah. I'm fine."

Michiyo offered me my panties, but I waved her away. I was embarrassed, sure, but this was my third time, so I was kind of getting used to being here naked. She tried to force me to take my panties, but I refused. Just for a joke, I grabbed her panties, and tried to pull them down.

"Kyaaa!" she squealed. It wouldn't have been so bad, but just then, three guys came in the main entrance. Over the counter, they could see into the women's change room, so I quickly scooted over to hide behind the lockers. Michiyo hit me on the shoulder, but I told her to shush. The guys seemed to be construction workers, young men, wearing hachimakis (headbands).

Soon, Naoya came back out. I spun around to face him. He rushed over to take the guys' money. One of the guys kept peering in, trying to get a better look at Michiyo and me. I made a funny face at him, trying to shoo him away. My heart was beating away pitter-pat.

Eventually, they disappeared into the guys' changing room. We could still hear their voices. Naoya turned back to me, and said,

"I can't seem to find the bigger towels. I don't know where my mom put them."

Michiyo looked upset, but what could we do? We'd have to make do with the small ones. Eventually, Naoya settled back into his seat. Michiyo and I quickly finished undressing, and headed into the bath.

"What took you guys so long?" Norika asked.

"Michiyo wanted a bigger towel," I explained. Norika laughed. We sat our bare bottoms down on the little plastic stools, and ran the water.

"Hey, it's cold," Michiyo complained. My water was cold too. We looked over at Norika, who was already soaking in the pool.

"Mine was alright," she told us. We tried a couple more taps, but they all seemed to be for cold water. Michiyo and I looked at each other. We had to ask Naoya.

"I'll go," I offered.

"But put something on," she called after me. I spread the small washcloth over my bush, but I didn't have anything to cover my breasts with. I dabbed at my nipples, excited by all this. I finally slid open the glass door. I paused for a moment to get up my nerve, and then walked over to the bandai, peering up coyly at Naoya, showing him my breasts. He looked even more shocked.

"All we're getting from the t-t-taps is c-c-cold water," I shivered. Naoya just sat there, staring at me. My nipples were poking up from the excitement. I must have looked pretty indecent. I felt so weird standing here naked. He went out into the front hall this time.

"I thought I'd turned all the water heaters on. It must be one of these switches," I could hear him saying. Cautiously, I followed him out, pushing open the door, peering out at the front entrance. There wasn't anyone there. The workers we saw earlier had gone into the baths on the guys' side. I felt so strange standing here in the buff so close to the street.

Naoya had disappeared off into some utility room, so seizing my chance, I daintily stepped down into the foyer, and scurried over to the front door. It sounded pretty quiet, so I carefully slid it open, and peeked out. The blast of cold air reminded me of how naked I was. There was snow on the streets, but no cars. I was sorely tempted to step outside, just to see what I would feel like to be naked on the street. Unfortunately, it sounded like Naoya was coming, so I quickly shut the door, and scooted back to the girls' change room.

"Everything seems alright there," he assured me. "Are you sure you're turning the taps right? There's kind of trick to it."

I was glad he hadn't caught me, but I was too excited now to think straight. He asked,

"Do you mind if I come in, and show you?" He was trying to act all calm and professional, but a little tent had formed in his trousers! I think in high school, he might have had a crush on me, and now here I was standing naked in front of him. I was plenty excited myself.

I backed up out of his way, and let him pass. He glanced back at me, but dutifully went to the bath, and rapped on the glazed glass door.

"Emi?" Michiyo called out nervously.

"It's Naoya. Can I just show you how to adjust the tap to get hot water?"

Michiyo didn't answer, but I was too horny to stop now. I motioned for Naoya to go on in. I knew of course that Michiyo wouldn't like it, but I was curious how they all would react.

"Excuse me for barging in like this," he said politely. His eyes were just gleaming though. I think a lot of guys had had a thing for Michiyo in high school, what with her little nose and lustrous pink lips. She was kneeling by one of the taps, blushing like crazy, desperately tried to cover her pussy at least. She does have the cutest ass though. Naoya's eyes were shining at the sight of us.

I motioned for him to get on with it, so he crouched down up next to her, to show us how to use the taps. He showed us this big steel dial that you have to rotate.

"There. That's hotter, isn't it?" he muttered. I was so nervous I almost slipped, but I finally managed to set my bare bottom down on one of the stools. I could feel his eyes on me, looking me over. I found the dial, and turned it.

"Oh, I see now. Thanks," I gushed. He looked pleased as punch that he'd finally gotten something right. I took the adjustable shower head off its cradle, and started spraying myself. Naoya licked his lips, virtually drooling.

Norika cradled her head on her hands at the edge of the tub, and asked him,

"Do you come into the girls' side often?" She was hiding her body from him, so it wasn't fair, but she does like to tease.

"To clean it when there's no one here. Usually girls don't like it if I come in."

I could certainly understand that. Michiyo looked mortified. She was trying to hard to hide her pussy from Naoya, but her tits had perked right up. She shooed him away with her hand, obviously quite embarrassed.

Naoya stood up, and backed away, but his eyes were still glued to my ass. I glanced back at him, unintentionally flirting. I was pretty hot and bothered myself.

"So were you guys in the same class?" Norika asked, continuing to tease.

"Yeah, I guess we were," he said, sliding around behind Michiyo, and sitting down next to Norika. His eyes were boring into both Michiyo and I. He clearly planned to stay, and watch us shower.

"Here, why don't you get him to scrub your backs?" Norika teased. Naoya grinned, but Michiyo shook her head no, horrified. I don't think Michiyo has been in this situation before, naked in front of one of our classmates. Even for me, it was pretty heady stuff.

"Um no thanks. Michiyo and I aren't really used to bathing with guys," I explained. I put my hand on her shoulder to see if she was all right, but she glared at me with this fire in her eyes. I'd never seen her like this before. Was this turning her on too? She was definitely worked up about something.

"Um, I was thinking...," Naoya went on. "Now that Emi's back maybe we should organize some kind of reunion... you know for people from our class."

Michiyo looked over at me, pleading with me to get him to leave.

"Um... yeah, maybe. Can we talk about that later?"

Naoya was so entranced by us he didn't respond at first. Michiyo was freaking though, so I waved for him to leave. Reluctantly, he got up.

"Anyway, it's great seeing you gals again. We should definitely do something." As he passed behind us, he almost tripped over a plastic stool. Norika broke out laughing, while I motioned for him to be careful. He slowly backed out, staring right at me till the very last moment.

Michiyo looked relieved once he left.

"He isn't such a bad guy," I mused, going over and joining Norika in the bath. She was still giggling away at the three of us.

"He looked pretty happy to see you two," she joked.

When we were done, I went to the glass door, and peeked out to see if Naoya was watching. Luckily, he seemed to be talking to some customers on the other side, so we all dashed out, and quickly got dressed. On our way out, he asked,

"Can I get your phone numbers? I'll call up Hasebe and Yuuji and them, and set something up." Hasebe was another classmate, and Yuuji was a guy that Michiyo kind of liked. I hadn't seen them for ages. I gave him my number, but Michiyo went outside, too embarrassed.

"OK, I'll call you," he shouted after us. I waved goodbye, and left. Norika had this catlike smile the whole way home.

"What?" I asked.

"No, it's just you two seem pretty popular."

I laughed, but Michiyo just winced.

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