**Peeping Tom**

by[EmiTsuruta](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=80688&page=submissions)©

I guess this started when my friend Asuna invited Satomi and me to come sleep over at her condo. Asuna is a sparky lass, a year younger than us, smart enough, but she has this sort of wide-eyed innocence about her. She looks very Japanese, sleek creamy skin, narrow eyes with mysterious wisps of hair almost like antennae floating at her temples. Satomi is more uptight, cautious, but cute too with big black eyes, duck bill lips and a burbly voice. Whenever I do anything crazy, Asuna just kind of watches in wonder, while Satomi tends to yell at me to stop. I kind of enjoy teasing them, just to see how they'll react.  
  
So one day, the three of us were out with Takuya and Hiro, two boys from Kansai (west Japan) who live in Satomi's dorm. Takuya is tall, wears glasses, and has a booming voice, while Hiro is shorter, but kind of cute, like a boy band dancer. Asuna was talking about having us over, and then someone (me?) mentioned pajama parties. I originally pictured us inviting the boys too. I think Satomi likes Hiro, so inviting him might help them bond, but Satomi crossed her hands making an X, nixing that idea. It would be just us girls. Even so, I was kind of looking forward to it. This would be a good chance for the three of us to get together, and blow off some steam.  
  
The day of the party, I worked the front desk at the campus fitness center until four, and then went to gymnastics class. It starts at 2:30, so usually I'm working, but I know the instructor, Stephanie, and she lets me come in just for the tail end. I went into the locker room, and changed into a soft white cotton t-shirt and scarlet 'bloomers' (high-cut girl's racing briefs). On my way back out, I passed Gavin, my co-worker who'd taken over for me at the desk. He is a bit of a jock, but he's nice to me. He wolf-whistled when he saw my outfit.  
  
"Cute shorts!" he called after me. I looked down. These were a pair I brought with me from Japan. They were kind of tight, and got caught in the crack of my bottom. I gave my tail a little wiggle. "Where are you going all suited up like that?" he grinned.  
  
"Gymnastics," I blushed, trying to pull the material out of my crack. When I got to class, Stephanie was explaining how to do cartwheels. I'd been working on them, but didn't quite have them down. I was getting better at somersaults and handstands and stuff.  
  
After class, I headed back to the locker room to have a shower. Gavin was talking to a member, but he smiled at me, as I walked past.  
  
I found my locker, and got undressed. I don't know why, but I used to be so shy about walking around the locker room naked. Women in Japan do that of course, but somehow America felt different. Maybe women here are more cautious. Anyway, I eventually shook off my bashfulness, and started wandering around naked here too. I walked over to the showers, set my towel and bag down on this little bench in this big open stall, and went across to shower in one of the smaller stalls.  
  
An American woman came in, a student maybe, and starting running the water in the big stall where my clothes were. We were both naked, so I was a bit nervous, but eventually, I went over, and rescued my stuff, so it wouldn't get wet. She kind of laughed, and apologized, and explained how running the water in the big stall seemed to make the other showers warmer too. We started talking. She was so natural and friendly I didn't feel self-conscious at all, even though we were nude.  
  
She went into one of the stalls, and I went back to my own shower. I could hear voices coming from the pool, so I asked her if there was a class going on.  
  
"I guess," she shrugged. She turned back toward her shower, but I was curious now. I tiptoed over to the door to the pool, opened it, and peeked out. I could see people swimming lengths, but I couldn't really tell which class it was. I glanced back at the woman, but she wasn't watching, so I got up my nerve, and opened the door wider to get a better look at the pool. The swimming instructor, another American woman, caught sight of me. She looked pretty shocked to see me standing here naked. I bowed an apology, and scurried back to my shower. I don't know why I do these things, but it is kind of fun to sneak around in the buff.  
  
Anyway, I had to go meet Satomi, so I quickly toweled off, and got dressed. It's just a short walk to Satomi's dorm. Satomi seemed happy to see me. I guess she was looking forward to our pajama party too. She'd dyed her hair brown, and was wearing a big bulky navy cardigan and a grey tartan skirt. Looked hot, but that's how she is.  
  
The two of us headed to Asuna's condo. Asuna lives a bit closer to the beach. I kind of like the whole atmosphere around there. Even on the street, everyone is walking around in shorts or swimsuits, and everyone seems in such a holiday mood.  
  
Asuna's condo unit is on the main floor, so we just walked up, and knocked on her glass patio door. Asuna had her hair up in two ponytails, and was wearing a short-sleeved blue summer dress, looking as cute as ever. Her two roommates, Sandra, an American, and Maria, a Mexican, had gone out, so it was just the three of us. We cooked up some Japanese noodles for supper, and then sat around in the living room watching TV and gabbing.  
  
Satomi talked a bit about Hiro. They weren't a couple yet. He is kind of immature I guess, but it was nice to see her seeing someone for a change. Asuna had her eye on one of the guys in the Japanese Student Union, whom I didn't really know. They asked how things were going between me and Ryosuke. I didn't have much to report. We'd both been so busy lately with work and stuff. I'd barely seen him all summer.  
  
Eventually, Maria came home. She went off to her room, but Asuna turned the TV down, and told us to talk quieter. I'd kind of been hoping that Maria would come out, and join us, but I guess she and Asuna aren't that close.  
  
It was getting late, so we all went to Asuna's room, and got changed into our sleepwear. Satomi had a dusty rose velour hoodie and track pants, OK-looking I guess, but a bit boyish. Asuna's robe was interesting, like a mini-yukata with pink carnations. I pulled on a cream shoulder-less baby-doll nightie with lace panties with side ties. I don't think either was that see-through, but the nightie was kind of short, not going down much past my waist. Satomi knitted her brow. Maybe she thought my outfit was too sexy. Anyway, the boys weren't here, so it hardly mattered.  
  
We went back out to the living room, and stretched out on their sofa and carpet. I wanted to hear more about Asuna's new heartthrob, but she seemed shy to talk about him, and kept asking about me. I started telling them about gymnastics class, and got up to show them some of the things I was learning.  
  
Asuna's living room is kind of small, so there wasn't much space for somersaults. I went over to the mirrored wall in the dining room, and tried to show them a handstand. Asuna got up, and helped me, and I finally managed to do one. My nightie ended up falling open. I started laughing because if anyone walked by outside, they'd see my bare breasts through their floor to ceiling windows. Satomi seemed worried, but it looked like no one was out there. I got back down, and told Asuna to try.  
  
Asuna was all embarrassed, but I finally got her to put her hands down, and lifted her up. Her yukata fell open too, exposing her panties. She started giggling so hard she fell, and ended up upside down in a heap on the floor. She looked so silly even Satomi giggled.  
  
I turned to Satomi, and told her to try. She looked hesitant, but we finally managed to convince her, and helped her flip up. Her hoodie fell open, but she was wearing a bra. Just because I thought it would be funny, I grabbed the waistband of Satomi's track bottoms, and started pulling them off. She let her arms go, and started to fall, but I held her there for a moment, examining her pussy. Her precious little slit looked insanely sexy. I hadn't noticed this before, but her pubic hair curves out to the sides kind of like a palm tree.  
  
Asuna thought this was tremendously funny, but Satomi twisted her body free, and collapsed onto the floor, her bottoms down around her knees. Her cute little bare bottom was perched up in the air, and you could see it in double with its reflection in the mirror. She quickly pulled up her bottoms, blushing like crazy, but once she was decent, she got up, and came after me.  
  
"What did you do that for?" Satomi has this high-pitched voice, so she sounds cute even when she's angry.  
  
"Hey, hey! Relax. It's not like anyone saw you or anything."  
  
"Mou!" she sulked. "How would you like it if we did that to you?"  
  
"Relax. If it'll make you feel any better, go ahead. It's not such a big deal."  
  
Satomi pouted out her lips, and went off to sit the sofa, all in a huff. I went back over to the mirror wall, and bent down getting ready to do another handstand.  
  
"Asuna, can you spot me?" I asked. She came over, but she kept looking out the window to make sure no one was coming.  
  
"Emi? Be careful," she whispered. I swung my legs up, and she caught them, but she seemed worried.  
  
"Pull on the bow," I told her nodding for her to undo the side ties on my panties. She made a frowny face, so I finally nodded for her to let go, and flipped back down onto my feet. I don't know why, but I was starting to feel frisky.  
  
There didn't seem to be anyone outside, so I reached down myself, and undid the bows, pulling my panties off, and putting them on the coffee table. I don't normally do this at home with Brandon and them all there, but here at Asuna's, I felt freer for some reason. It was like a whole different world, what with the beach and tropical atmosphere. I felt like I was on vacation.  
  
Asuna looked worried I guess that someone might walk by outside, and see me. I brushed down my pubic hair, trying to calm down. I felt nervous of course, but committed now, I planted my hands on the carpet, and flipped up and over steadying myself with my bare feet high up on the mirror wall. My nightie fell way down, leaving my breasts and pussy exposed. I was getting all excited.  
  
I shook the nightie, till it came loose, and tumbled down around my wrists. I had my lucky necklace on, but other than that, I was completely naked. It was so exciting! I flipped back down onto my feet, leaving my nightie lying there on the carpet, all horny to be naked here in her living room, so close to the windows.  
  
"Emi! Emi!" Asuna called out. "You'd better get dressed. Someone's coming."  
  
I peered out the glass doors, but I couldn't see anyone.  
  
"Here, I just want to try one more thing," I told them prancing over toward the door. I turned, and then came back, doing a quick hop and step, trying to go into a cartwheel. I couldn't quite do it though. I gave up, and skidded, stopping myself before I ran into the window.  
  
"Emi! Cut it out! Just get back dressed, will you?" Asuna squealed.  
  
"Sorry," I apologized. Asuna picked up my nightie, and held it out. Just then though, we heard a key in the door. Taking the nightie from her, I hastily pulled it on over my head.  
  
It turned out to be Asuna's other roommate, Sandra, and her tall boyfriend Craig(!) coming back from a night on the town. Craig and I had had run-ins before. He's kind of annoying in that he's so good-looking, and knows it. I swear he always has this goofy grin on his face every time he sees me... and here I was bottomless in their living room! I pulled down the hem of my nightie trying to cover my pussy, and did my best to hide behind Asuna.  
  
"What are you guys doing?" Sandra asked, already suspicious. The last time I was here, I'd come out to their living room naked (long story). I didn't get in trouble that time, but Sandra did look annoyed to find us here.  
  
"We're having a pajama party," Asuna explained. "I told you about it. Remember?"  
  
Craig was chuckling away. I soon realized he could see my bare backside in the mirror. The frilly hem of my nightie was hanging part way down my bottom, but maybe he could tell I was naked. All embarrassed to be caught like this, I tensed my shoulders, pulling my hem up higher! Craig was just beaming, maybe thinking I was flashing him on purpose! Unsure what else to do, I stood there praying that Sandra wouldn't notice.  
  
Satomi came over and stood in the way trying to block Craig's view. That helped, but it sounded like there might be people outside in the courtyard too. I felt so embarrassed. I probably shouldn't have stripped naked out here. Luckily, Sandra dragged Craig off to her room. Satomi glared at me, upset.  
  
"See what happens when you fool around like that," she scolded. I smiled an apology, but truth to tell, I was feeling kind of horny. This was like my third time running into Craig. I mean it shouldn't bother me. He's taken and everything, but there is something about him...  
  
Anyway, I finally went over, got my panties, and tied them on. It was getting pretty late by then, so Asuna went, and laid out a futon on the floor of her room. Asuna said one of us could sleep on the sofa in the living room, so I took that. Asuna brought out a sheet and a white lace comforter, and helped me get set up.  
  
"No more funny business, you hear," Asuna warned. I nodded that I'd be good. We all brushed our teeth, and then Asuna came out to say good night. After she turned out the lights, and left, I got up, and went to the patio door looking out at the trees and winding pathways in the courtyard outside. It was a nice place, so calm and peaceful. My own house with my host mom Loretta was nice too, but it was kind of fun staying away from home. Felt like an adventure.  
  
Eventually, I went back to the sofa, lay down, and pulled the comforter around me. The ties on my panties had come loose, so I reached down, and tried to fix them. I undid one side, and tried to do it back up in a slipknot. No, that's not right. How does it go again? No, that's not it either. Anyway, I slowly drifted off, and fell asleep.  
  
Later that night though, I woke up. There was some kind of rustling noise, footsteps. I opened my eyes, but it was kind of dark even with the light of the gas lamps from the courtyard. It did sound like there was someone rattling around in the kitchen. I closed my eyes, but then I heard the footfalls again.  
  
I opened one eye, watching as Craig walked past. I was about to go to sleep, but the footfalls stopped. Soon Craig was back peeking down at me from around the corner. I thought this strange - I mean, why was he spying on me with his girlfriend Sandra waiting for him? I closed my eyes, and prayed he'd go away. Slowly though, I realized I could feel the comforter brushing up against my pussy. I reached down, and sure enough I was naked from the waist down. I glanced around for my panties, but somehow they'd ended up on the coffee table. Did I do that? Maybe while I was sleeping? It sometimes happens.  
  
Anyway, worried Craig could see my pussy, I pushed down the hem of my nightie trying to cover up, but I was getting all excited. How long had he been spying on me? I think I was decent now, but I wondered if the comforter had fallen open earlier. Craig seemed fascinated. I pretended to be asleep, but it was impossible to relax with him right there staring at my bare legs.  
  
This comforter did have some holes in it as part of the design, but I didn't think he could see all that much in the dim light. He disappeared off to the kitchen, but when he came back, he had a drink in his hand, and took up his spot at the foot of the sofa. Worse, the comforter was tickling my pubic hair getting me all excited.  
  
Maybe if I pretend to be asleep, he'll give up, and go away. Trying to get comfortable, I ended up rolling over on to my side. Craig perked up, but I think the covers were still covering my bare behind. I reached around to check, my heart pounding. I think I was still safe, but my body was starting to heat up from the excitement. I held that position for as long as I could, but eventually, I rolled over, turning face down. Luckily, I could still feel the comforter on my hiney.  
  
Unfortunately, this turned out to be a mistake. Soon, I felt the comforter pulling away. Craig, the little devil, had come right out into the living room, and was trying to steal the comforter away from me. I held on tight, but he was too strong. Suddenly, I was lying here my cute little bare bottom showing! Oh my god! What's he doing? Trying to strip me naked? What should I do? I can't just lie here!  
  
I turned, and peeked over at him, utterly shocked that he would do such a thing. Craig was beaming away, evidently delighted to find me naked. I pulled down the hem of my nightie, but it was too short to be of much help.  
  
Just then, we heard a bump and more rustling coming from down the hall. Craig disappeared, but when I rolled over, I couldn't see my panties nor comforter anymore! Did he take them? The nerve of him! Still, someone was coming. Worried that it might be Sandra, I zipped across to the dining room hiding behind the kitchen wall.  
  
I still couldn't cover my pussy. Across the courtyard, it looked like our neighbors were still up. It was pretty dark in our apartment, but somehow they must have spotted me, and came to their window. There was nowhere I could hide though. I tried to ignore them, and focus on whoever it was who'd come out into the kitchen. I think it was Sandra. Craig was probably nearby, but I didn't dare look for fear of being spotted.  
  
I stood stock still, trying to ignore the couple in the other apartment. They were gesturing at me though, so eventually, I turned around, showing them my bare behind instead. I guess they wondered what on earth I was doing over here, prancing around half naked. It's not my fault. I was stupid Craig!  
  
Eventually, the kitchen went quiet again. I guess Sandra must have gone back to her room, hopefully taking Craig with her. Now where are my panties? They didn't seem to be in the living room or kitchen. Cautiously, I tiptoed over to the hallway. Asuna and Satomi were over here, so I had to be careful not to wake them. I didn't think Craig would take my panties to Sandra's room, and where then? Just next to the front door, there were a pair of sliding doors, so I quietly opened them. It turned out to be an alcove with their washer and dryer, and luckily, my panties and the comforter were there.  
  
I was about to pull on my panties when Craig came tiptoeing out.  
  
"You've got a dynamite body," he whispered.  
  
"And you've got a girlfriend," I harrumphed turning my back to him.  
  
Craig was licking his lips at the sight of me, but at least he was being quiet. Shivering from the tension, I finally managed to pull my panties back on. I honestly don't understand what he was thinking. Why was he chasing after me, when his own girlfriend was right here down in her bedroom? I pointed at her room, motioning for him to go back to bed. He gestured an apology, but was grinning as he did, kind of undermining the effect.  
  
Soon, we heard Sandra calling. Craig made one last try at convincing me he was sincerely sorry, but I just waved him off, so he finally left. I was kind of upset with him, but on the other hand, I suspect that I was the one who pulled off my panties, so I guess I was partly to blame too. The couple across the way were still watching, but I ignored them, and lay down, tucking myself back in. It took me quite a while to calm down enough to go back to sleep.  
  
The next morning, the atmosphere was so weird. Craig was still grinning that goofy grin. Asuna and Satomi looked a bit steamed, but not as much as Sandra. Sandra didn't say anything, but she did seem upset. I really am going to have to be more careful.  
  
Emi Tsuruta