**Sleep in the Raw**

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

After my boyfriend Ryosuke and I had been going out for a while, he started inviting me over to his host family's house in Oceanview, California. I'd met his family a few times, but at first, I found it a bit nerve-wracking visiting them. They live in a kind of rich part of town, so I felt intimidated, as if I had to be on my best behavior. The Francis' house is so big. In Japan, almost no one lives in a house like that, unless you go way out in the countryside. It looks like a mansion from a movie, like a haunted house or something.  
  
Mr. Francis is a sharp, well-groomed businessman. He was friendly enough, but the way he looks me straight in the eye kind of put me on edge. He's always on about something too. I guess Ryosuke must have told him about my family, because Mr. Francis says he wants to meet my dad. They work in the same field. His wife, Mrs. Francis, dresses kind of retro, smock dresses, her hair in a bouffant. She works part-time for some kind of consumer magazine.  
  
Daniel is their son, a tall guy, a bit older than me, rugged masculine features, well kept brown hair. Daniel is kind of handsome, almost too good-looking, but he was always polite to me. I didn't know him so well. I guess I wanted him to like me.  
  
Whenever I went over, they all tried to be nice, but I couldn't relax. I guess part of it was that when Ryosuke and I started messing around in their house, I felt guilty. I was worried that they might hear us, and realize we were having sex. Not that they ever complained or anything. It was just this feeling I had.  
  
One afternoon, Ryosuke and I ended up making out in his room when the three of them were out. Afterwards, I wrapped a towel around me, and went to shower in the bathroom off the parents' bedroom. While I was showering, I thought I heard someone come in. I shut off the shower, so I could hear better.  
  
"Mom, where's my jacket?" It had to be Daniel. I was so surprised! He opened the bathroom door! "Mom?"  
  
"Um. She's not here," I replied, trying to hide my naked body in the shadow of the shower curtain. I was so anxious I was shaking.  
  
"Who's that?" he asked.  
  
"It's Emi. Emi Tsuruta. Ryosuke's girlfriend," I sputtered.  
  
"Oh sorry. I thought Mom was up here."  
  
I heard the door close. I was so rattled. My heart was pounding. I guess it was mainly the surprise of getting caught like that, but maybe I have a bit of a thing for Daniel. He does seem like a sweet guy. Ryosuke is nice too of course...  
  
After that day, I was too spooked to go back, but Ryosuke kept begging me to come. It did make sense to meet at his place. If Loretta found out that Ryosuke and I were having sex, she might tell my parents, and I didn't want that. Eventually, I told Ryosuke yes, I'd come to his place.  
  
I wondered what I should bring for nightwear. My boy-style p.j.'s are too cutesy for lovemaking, while my nighties were too sexy to wear in front of the Francis'. I checked online, and discovered a Korean fashion trend—hauisiljong it's called which I think means something like 'missing bottoms.' Girls wear an oversize t-shirt that hides whether they have on shorts or not. It's kind of sexy because it gets guys wondering if you are commando. You see the same fashion in the States too now with the VSCO girls. Anyway, I packed cute t-shirts and other stuff in my night bag, and headed for Ryosuke's place.  
  
When I got there, I wanted to take another shower. Mr. and Mrs. Francis were downstairs, so I used their bath room again. I was a bit shy, so I pulled on some yoga pants too. Ryosuke and I just kind of waited in his room until we heard them all go to bed.  
  
We tried to be quiet, but soon Ryosuke started kissing me... It was pretty exciting when we stripped naked, and started messing around. I might have let out a yelp or two. I winced as he slid his penis in, and soon we were humping away like anything. It felt good.  
  
After we both came, Ryosuke started to drift off. I swear he always does this. I wanted to wash up, so I pulled on a white t-shirt and cotton panties, and got out a big white towel. You could only get to the bathroom upstairs through Mr. and Mrs. Francis' bedroom, so I had to go find the downstairs bath room. I softly tiptoed out into the hall and down. From the back of the house, I could hear a TV. Oh oh. Someone is still up. I hope they didn't hear us. The TV was fairly loud.  
  
I looked down at my panties, a bit embarrassed. I probably smell like sex. Anyway, I have to get cleaned up.  
  
The TV watcher was Daniel. He turned to look at me as soon as I came to the door. I pointed at the bathroom, gesturing that I wanted to use it. He waved for me to go ahead. Once inside, I breathed a sigh of relief, but still felt antsy knowing he was right outside. I eventually got up the nerve, and stripped out of my t-shirt and panties. It felt weird being naked with him so close, but anyway, I needed to get washed up.  
  
The shower handle was different from the one upstairs. There was a round dial with red and blue bands marked on it for hot and cold, but then there was this lever. I could rotate the lever easily enough, but only a trickle of water came out. How do you get water to come out? I tried a whole bunch of different things, pressing on the lever, or trying to rotate the dial, but nothing seemed to work. Shoot! Should I ask Daniel? That might be awkward.  
  
I got out of the shower, and wrapped the towel around me, tying a knot in two corners just above my right breast. In the mirror, I didn't exactly look decent. I guess I could keep my pussy covered if I pulled down the towel at the front, but the cheeks of my buttocks were kind of peeking out at the back. I guess this is a kind of hauisiljong too! Anxious, I hesitated for the longest time, but I had to do something. I finally screwed up my courage, opened the bathroom door just a bit, and stuck my head out.  
  
"Um, Daniel... How does this shower work?"  
  
"Um, you have to... uh...," he started to explain. He ended up coming over right into the bathroom! I was so nervous. I tried to smooth the towel down over my behind. He glanced over at me, apparently a bit amused himself. We both tried to act serious, but it was hard not to feel anxious. Eventually, he got into the shower, and showed me how to work it. You had to pull on the lever, and rotate it to get the right temperature.  
  
"Here, you try."  
  
I held my towel in place with one hand, and reached out with the other. I finally got the water to come out. I thanked him, and he retreated back to the rec room. I almost felt disappointed. Had I spooked him somehow? I hadn't meant to. Like I said, I wanted him to like me.  
  
Anyway, I finally closed the door, and had a shower. Afterwards, I dried myself off as quickly as I could, tied the towel back on, and gathered up my t-shirt and undies. Coming out, I thanked Daniel again. It almost looked like he was blushing. Was he embarrassed by my outfit?  
  
Just as I went to leave, I heard someone say "Escondido" on the TV. I'd heard that word before. Looking at the program, I soon realized it was a place I'd been thinking of traveling to. Oh I remember now—hot springs. It was a resort town in California with hot springs.  
  
Why was Daniel watching this travel program? I guess it was late, and there wasn't much else on. I shivered, standing here dripping wet in just this short towel, but I was curious. I wanted to see if they would talk about the hot spring inns. I sat down in this big easy chair across from where Daniel was sitting on the sofa. When I sat down, my towel fell open, exposing my hip quite some ways up. Daniel blinked, but didn't say anything. His eyes were on the TV. I just left my towel like that.  
  
Escondido is near San Diego in a shallow valley surrounded by rocky hills, the announcer said. They talked about the culture and nightlife, but were taking their time getting to the hot springs. In Japan, everyone loves to go to hot springs. They are so warm and inviting, a chance to get naked, kick back and relax.  
  
I glanced over at Daniel. He had clearly been checking me out, but tried to make out as if he was watching the program. I wondered if I should turn, and 'accidentally' flash him my bare behind, but I was too afraid. It was all a bit overwhelming—the big house, dreamy Daniel, Ryosuke being right upstairs. Trying to get a grip, I carefully fixed my towel, stood up, bid him good night, and headed upstairs.  
  
Ryosuke opened his eyes when I came in. He looked at me a bit suspiciously. I think he must have heard Daniel and I talking, and wondered what was going on. I pulled on a t-shirt/nightie, and climbed into bed, giving him a hug to reassure him. Soon we both went to sleep.  
  
The next morning, I was kind of kicking myself for letting Daniel see me like that. Ryosuke didn't seem angry or anything, but I knew I shouldn't play with fire. It's something about the night time air. My inhibitions seem to drop, and then the next morning, I wake up regretting it. Ah well. No harm done I guess.  
  
I pulled on some jeans, and we went down for breakfast. Daniel didn't show at first. I don't know why I'm waiting for him anyway. Daniel isn't my boyfriend. I really should stop thinking about him.  
  
I continued to visit Ryosuke's on and off. If the Francis' were out, we had free reign. Even if they were home, we'd still have sex, but tried to keep it down.  
  
One night, Ryosuke and I did it in his room, but even after we came, I was still feeling... um... horny if you know what I mean. I wanted to fool around some more, but Ryosuke had closed his eyes. I wanted to rouse him, but I knew he was tired.  
  
I pulled on a thick white cotton t-shirt getting ready to go have a shower. I'd brought some fresh white panties, but I was kind of sticky down there, and didn't want to get these panties dirty. I stuffed them into my night bag, and got up to examine myself in the mirror. I kind of had to hold down the hem of my t-shirt to cover my muff, but I'd seen k-pop idols do this at press photoshoots. I wonder if Daniel is up anyway. If he's not down there, then it doesn't really matter what I wear.  
  
I grabbed my shower kit and towel, and tiptoed out into the hall, trying not to wake anyone as I closed the door behind me. I wasn't sure who was up, but the house sounded pretty quiet.  
  
I kept playing with the hem of my tee, but I think even then I realized that it was way too short to be out here in their house in. I quietly tiptoed over to the stairs, but by then, the embarrassment, the feeling of the breeze was getting me too turned on to stop. I glided down the steps, getting further and further from my clothes, more focused on my own mounting lust than any danger that lay ahead.  
  
I made it all the way to the first floor, and out into their living room, before I realized that someone, probably Daniel, was indeed up, watching TV in the rec room. Was he waiting for me to come down? It did seem possible after the way he was acting last time I came down.  
  
I stopped short of the doorway, wondering what I should do. I made another attempt to cover my pussy, but this shirt was terrifyingly short. I could think of many reasons not to go further. Ryosuke wouldn't like it. Daniel himself might freak, or get the wrong idea. It might wreck my good girl image.  
  
But on the other hand, maybe I'm overthinking this. Maybe he won't even look up, or he won't be able to tell I'm bottomless. He might think I'm wearing a thong or something. I mean what's the worst that can happen.  
  
I was so anxious though that before I had made up my mind, I stumbled over right into the doorway. Daniel straightened right up as soon as he saw me. Oh oh. That's not a good sign. Can he see my pussy?  
  
I held my shower kit in front of my cooch, but his eyes looked a bit crazy. Did he see? Oh poor sweet Daniel, please don't be upset! I didn't mean to come out here, and flash you. I slipped.  
  
He gazed at me, transfixed, but it was starting; the orgasm was welling up inside of me. Not wanting him to see me come, I pointed towards the bath room. He was breathing heavily, a hungry look in his eyes. The sexual tension between us was incredible. I was burning hot, but anyway, I finally managed to tear myself away. I think he probably caught a glimpse of my backside before I closed the door.  
  
Safe inside the bath room, I couldn't calm down for the life of me. I hadn't really meant to flash him, but what was that all about? The lust in his eyes, the tension. Before that, I actually didn't think he was that into me.  
  
I eventually got into the shower, and that helped me cool down a little bit. I suddenly realized I hadn't even brought any panties down with me! Oh shoot! That means I have to go back out there dressed like this. I was beginning to feel guilty for flashing him, but I dried off my bush and the hair on my head as best I could. I pulled my t-shirt back on, and picked up my shower kit and tiny towel. I opened the door a crack, my heart all atwitter.  
  
I did manage to slip out the door more quietly this time. His eyes were riveted to my wet pussy, but I just bowed, and whispered,  
  
"Sorry," running off into the living room. He got up to watch me, but I scampered off upstairs before he could follow. Whew! That was close.  
  
Back in Ryosuke's room, he was wide awake.  
  
"Emi! What are you doing? You can't run around the house dressed like that! Someone might see you!"  
  
"I... uh... I... uh...," I stammered. Oh oh. Truth time. I'm horrible at this. "I was just having a shower," I finally got out.  
  
Ryosuke looked away, clearly quite upset. I set down my stuff, and went over, and sat down next to him, trying to reassure him.  
  
"Here. Put on some shorts or something," he finally suggested.  
  
"Not in the mood for round two?" I teased. I do love Ryosuke. What happened with Daniel was just a one time accident. It won't happen again, I promised myself. Ryosuke eventually calmed down. I hope he isn't too mad.  
  
After that, I didn't go over to Ryosuke's house for a while, but we went other places. Over Christmas, I went home to Japan to see my family. Ryosuke had to work though, so he was stuck in Oceanview. To make it up to him, I fudged the day I was supposed to come back, so I could sleep over at Ryosuke's house without Loretta or my parents catching on. Ryosuke came all the way to Los Angeles to pick me up at the airport. I was happy to see him. On the train ride home, I rested my head on his shoulder, and drifted off. It felt good to be back.  
  
When we got to his house, all the lights were out, and there was no car in the driveway.  
  
"I guess they all must have gone out somewhere," Ryosuke smiled. He went to the kitchen to get me something to drink, but I was zonked from the flight. We sat down on the sofa in the living room, but I started to drift off.  
  
"Here. We'd better get you out of those clothes," Ryosuke grinned. I opened my eyes, realizing he was suggesting we make love in their living room. I knew this was a bad idea, but I didn't want to argue. He helped me out of my thick winter clothes, and I started to wake up from the excitement of being stripped naked. We started fooling around on the couch, but it was too narrow for the two of us.  
  
He pulled me up, and led me upstairs to his bedroom. He stripped out of his own clothes, and started kissing and touching me all over, my neck, my back, my pussy and my crack. I was still a bit sleepy, but when he started licking my hello kitty, that woke me up. I returned the favor, sucking on his you know. Soon he got me to lay back, got up on top of me, and slid it in. I shuddered as he entered, but it felt so good. I rocked my hips back and forth trying to get him in deeper. It was scrumptious. It didn't take long before I came. We basked in the afterglow for a while, but I must have drifted off to sleep.  
  
Hours later, I woke up. It was dark, but I was still naked. I stumbled around looking for my clothes. They must still be downstairs. I wanted to have a shower too, but how am I going to do this?  
  
I got up, and put my ear to the door. I could hear some noise coming from outside, but it was almost 2 a.m. Cautiously, I opened the door, and peeked out. Darn it! Ryosuke told me not to wander around their house naked, but then, why didn't he bring up my clothes? I have to go get them before the Francis' notice.  
  
The parents' bedroom door was closed. It sounded like they were asleep. I wasn't sure where Daniel was. Surely they all must be asleep by now, wouldn't you think? I softly tiptoed out into the hall, going over to the top of the stairs, acutely aware of how naked I was. I could hear noise coming from downstairs though. Drat. Is that the TV? Is Daniel still up? I'd kind of promised myself I wouldn't flash him anymore. Now what do I do?  
  
I softly tiptoed down the stairs, but the noise just grew closer. I couldn't even see my clothes on the sofa or anywhere. I wondered if I dare risk going down there, but before I could get up the nerve, I heard rustling coming from upstairs. Oh I can't let his parents catch me naked. I was so terrified that I left my things, and went back to Ryosuke's room. That was close. I'll have to figure out something tomorrow. I jumped back into bed, and eventually, went back to asleep.  
  
Early the next morning, I vaguely recall hearing Ryosuke's voice.  
  
"Emi, you've got to get up, and get dressed. Miguel will be here soon."  
  
What? Where am I? Isn't this my bed? What's Ryosuke doing here? And Miguel? Maybe I'm just dreaming. Still tired from jet lag, I closed my eyes, and went back to sleep.  
  
Some time later, I awoke to hear voices again. Someone was pulling my covers off.  
  
"Madre de dios!"  
  
"Emi just flew in from Japan yesterday, so she's still kind of flaked out," Ryosuke explained. "Rise and shine, sleepy head!"  
  
"Ryosuke?" I murmured, grabbing for my covers as they slipped away. "What time is it?"  
  
The Spanish voice said,  
  
"Maybe I should..."  
  
I opened my eyes, but it was so bright. There was definitely someone else in the room.  
  
"She has such a beautiful body really. I wish I had a girlfriend like this."  
  
Slowly, it dawned on me that this wasn't my own bed after all. The Spanish speaker was Miguel from school. I don't know his last name, but he is a friend of Ryosuke's. What was he doing here? And where am I anyway?  
  
My eyes slowly adjusted to the light. Ryosuke and Miguel were standing there, fully dressed, staring down at me in wonder. Miguel seemed amazed. I looked down, and finally realized I was still naked from the night before. I was lying on my back, legs up. My breasts were pointed skyward, and my black pubic hair was all tousled, unkempt. Ryosuke must have pulled off my sheets, deliberately letting Miguel see me!  
  
"What the...?"  
  
"Up and at 'em!" Ryosuke bellowed. Shoot! I tossed my pillow at him, but he just laughed. "I told you to get dressed. Too late now. Doesn't she have the most delicious body?"  
  
Mortified, I slid one hand down over my pussy, and used the other arm to cover my breasts. Miguel just moved down, circling to peek between my thighs. I was so embarrassed.  
  
"Oh, come on, guys. This isn't funny. Where are my clothes?"  
  
"Downstairs, right where you left them."  
  
A bit weirded out by the way Miguel was staring, I sat up.  
  
"Can you go get them?" I begged.  
  
"Oh don't cover up. Stand up, and show us!" Ryosuke countered.  
  
"Ryosuke!"  
  
"What? He's seen you naked before!"  
  
This wasn't exactly true. Miguel had seen a video of a girl changing in the parking lot at the beach, a girl who two of my classmates thought was me, and was in fact me, but Miguel perhaps didn't know that it was me.  
  
"Shh! Keep your voice down," I whispered. "The Francis' might hear."  
  
Ryosuke nodded. He motioned for Miguel and I to keep our voices down. He's the one who'd been yelling!  
  
"Anyway, can I at least have a shower?" I asked more gently.

Ryosuke peered at me sympathetically, and eventually, took pity, and went to fetch me a towel. Strange as it may seem, I think this was Ryosuke's way of trying to get me to behave. He didn't like that I had flashed Daniel, and this was his way of warning me. A pretty crazy way mind you, but he was completely right that I should try to be careful around his host family.  
  
"Where are the Francis'?" I asked, trying to focus. Ryosuke handed me a short white towel, and then went out in the hall to check. I had to uncover my body to pull the towel around my bare bottom. Miguel laughed when I let him see my bush and breasts.  
  
"Here, Miguel. Can you turn around or something?" I asked.  
  
"No. Emi. I don't think I will. You are... como se dice?... the sexiest woman I have ever seen."  
  
Miguel is perhaps not the last of the great Latin lovers, but I must admit he has his charm. I had no idea if he has a girlfriend or not, but that day at least, he seemed quite fascinated by my naked body. I wrapped the towel around my rear, but it wasn't quite long enough to tie in a knot. Ryosuke came back, signaling it was safe to use the Francis' bath room.  
  
"Can you bring me some clothes too?" I asked. He gave me a thumbs up, so I blew them a kiss, and scurried off to the Francis' bedroom. I climbed into the shower, glad to finally wash off. It felt good to get clean.  
  
A quiet knock at the door made me jump, but luckily, it was Ryosuke.  
  
"Here. I brought you these." He handed me a fresh white t-shirt and a blue pleated mini-skirt from my luggage.  
  
"What about my undies?" I asked.  
  
"Oh. Sorry. Are they in your suitcase?" he whispered.  
  
"Yeah."  
  
He ran off to go look I guess. I pulled on the t-shirt and skirt, and straightened them out as best I could. Ryosuke had somehow managed to find one of my shortest skirts. Darn! I need my undies.  
  
When I came back out, Daniel appeared in the door of his own room.  
  
"Oh good morning, Emi. I didn't realize you were here."  
  
I guess he hadn't seen my clothes in the living room downstairs, but then how...?  
  
"Um, yeah, I just got back last night," I blushed, pressing down on my skirt, trying to keep my pussy covered. Mrs. Francis called up the stairs that they were about to eat breakfast, and I was welcome to join. I think I was almost decent by this point, but I motioned for Daniel to go downstairs first just in case my bare bottom was showing. Ryosuke was in the living room standing by my suitcase, but so was Mr. Francis.  
  
"Good morning, Emi! Did you sleep well?" he smiled.  
  
"Uh, yeah, I did. Thanks." There was an awkward pause, and then I suggested to the Francis men, "You go on ahead. I'll be there in a sec."  
  
They went off to eat. Ryosuke seemed apologetic, but soon Miguel came down. I motioned for him to go to the dining room, but he was still all excited at having seen me naked. I made a vague effort to smooth my skirt over my bare behind, and then squatted down to open my suitcase. Miguel was babbling in Spanish again, so I guess he could see my behind. I fished out a pair of panties, and then dashed back upstairs to pull them on. I still looked like a bit of a tart, but at least, I was decent. My heart was still pounding, but eventually, I came down, and joined them all for breakfast.  
  
They all asked me how my trip to Japan was, so I finally managed to steer the conversation in a more innocent direction. They do seem nice enough. A harrowing night and day, but I somehow got through it.  
  
Emi Tsuruta