**Sleepovers in Japan**

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

When my sister Norika came to visit me in Oceanview, I found out that she doesn't like to wear nighties to bed. She didn't bring any with her, and even though I live with an American family, she didn't seem keen on putting one on. I had a real time of it trying to keep her from flashing the host son, Brandon, and the mother's boyfriend, Hank.

Up until then, I'd only rarely slept in the nude, but the next summer when I went back to Japan, this habit of Norika's was on my mind. It was really hot out, and to tell you the truth, I don't much care for clothes myself. The idea of sleeping naked did sound appealing.

The first night, I stripped down, and slept au naturel with all my windows open, but the door shut, so my mom and dad wouldn't see. It felt good actually, the sensation of the soft cotton sheets against my bare skin. I felt free, liberated, a bit aroused even.

The next morning, I awoke to the sounds of my mom rattling around in the kitchen downstairs. I sat up, and immediately noticed I was still naked. My door was closed, and everything seemed normal, so I guess my parents hadn't found out. That was a relief.

I hopped out of bed, and got out a big towel and a t-shirt. I wrapped the towel around me, and nipped downstairs to have a shower. Our bath is right next to our kitchen with only a see-through yellow curtain hanging between the two. My mom was busy though, so she stayed away from the door, as I stripped off my towel, and opened the glass door going into the shower itself. I adjusted the water temperature, and then took the handheld shower head, and turned it on all of my most private places. When I was all clean, I toweled off, pulled the t-shirt on, and started doing my make-up in the mirror just outside our bath. I did feel a little naughty, standing here bottomless with my mom rattling around in the next room.

For some reason though, that day of all days, my dad suddenly decided to open the door behind me, and peer in on me. My dad is just your typical salaryman, hardworking, wears glasses, a little bit gruff, but nice enough to me anyway. I guess he must have been in a rush, getting ready for work, but even so, I was kind of shocked that he would open the door without knocking. In the mirror, I could see him gaze down at my bare behind, which wasn't quite covered by the short t-shirt I had on. I was leaning forward putting on raspberry lip gloss, checking my lips in the mirror, so I must have looked quite the sight. I thought my dad would leave as soon as he saw I was naked, but instead, he just stood there, staring down at my bottom with this funny expression on his face.

"You should get dressed," he whispered softly. He was trying to come across as all stern and disapproving, but it wasn't like I was the one in the wrong. I'd just got out of the shower for heaven's sake, and this was the change room. Dad was the one who was being bad, peeking in on me, when I was in such a vulnerable position.

"I had the door closed until you barged in," I pointed out. I pretended to be annoyed, but I wasn't angry really. It was kind of funny seeing his reaction.

"Where are you going all made up like that?" he asked, trying to act more fatherly.

"I'm going to Tokyo to see a friend." I was actually meeting my boyfriend Ryosuke, but I didn't want to tell him that. My dad mulled this over, but he kept his eyes fixed on my bare bottom, getting me all embarrassed.

"How do I look?" I asked, turning toward him. I was actually asking about my make-up, but instead, he looked down at my still wet bush. I covered my pussy with one hand, and slapped his shoulder.

"Daddy!" I squealed in mock horror.

"You look fine. You've grown into a beautiful young woman," he replied more gently. I blushed at this compliment. "Whatever you do, don't let your mother see you like this. She wouldn't like it."

I stuck my lips out in a pout. It was true that my mom doesn't like it when I run around naked. I don't think she had heard us though. My dad and I were talking softly.

"Yes daddy," I nodded obediently. He placed his hand on the small of my back, motioning for me to clear out. I felt even more embarrassed by his touch, so I finally slid out past him, and stood a few paces away, giving him one last look at my bunny bun buns. I was actually surprised at how fascinated he seemed by my body, but I was worried that my mom would see, so I finally dashed up the stairs back to the safety of my room.

I got dressed, and headed up to Tokyo to go shopping with Ryosuke. I was in a bit of a frisky mood, but I tried to hide this from Ryosuke. We wandered around Shibuya and Harajuku window-shopping. I was kind of hoping we could go some place private, but we ended up just having supper, and chatting. All too soon, the evening ended. I kissed him good night, and headed back home. When I got home to my room, I peeled off all my clothes, and slept in the buff again. I felt a bit nervous still, but I had gotten away with it the first night.

The next morning, I heard mom downstairs, but the second floor seemed quiet. I wanted to check messenger, so I pulled on a t-shirt, and scooted over to the den, where Dad keeps his computer. Ryosuke wasn't online, so I signed into my email. Soon, from behind me, I heard an,

"Oh!" of surprise. It was my dad again. I don't know why he seemed so surprised to see me bottomless. He was the one who kept barging in on me.

"I was just checking my mail," I explained, all hot now. He came in looking at the computer screen, trying to see whom I was writing to. I covered the screen with my hands to keep him from seeing, but he just shifted his gaze to my pussy.

"You don't run around naked in California, I hope," he coughed. I placed a hand between my legs, covering my pussy at least.

"No," I answered uncertainly. Brandon had caught me naked a few times, but I was pretty sure Brandon's mom didn't know at that point. I pulled my legs together, but my hello kitty was tingling.

"I know you are a young lady now, and going through changes, but you should be careful. You never know who may be watching."

I nodded gravely. He would have been more convincing if he didn't keep staring down at the hand I had over my pussy.

"Do you want to use the computer?" I asked trying to change the subject.

"No, go ahead. Finish your mail." He checked the hall to make sure that mom wasn't coming, but then turned back to look at my rear. I peered back at him, embarrassed. I guess I should stop teasing him. This was getting too weird even for me.

"That's OK. I can do it later." I logged out, and stood up offering him the chair.

"You look like your mom did when she was younger," he mused.

"Daddy!" I squealed slapping him on the shoulder as I slid past. I rushed back to my room, and pulled on some shorts. I felt kind of bad about getting caught naked like that, but at least, he hadn't freaked out.

Soon after that, I got talking to Miori, the girl whom I met at a Shinto festival a year or two before. Miori is kind of cute. She has noticeable canine teeth, but cherry pink lips, a puppy dog nose, and curious eyes. There were a bunch of guys following us around the day of the festival, maybe hoping to hit on her (or me?).

I'd only seen her a few times at that point, but we'd been writing back and forth. She liked what I'd told her about California so much that lately she'd been talking about coming to the States herself. I'd been to her house in eastern Tokyo - her dad runs a kimono shop - but she'd never been here to see us in Kamakura, so I invited her to come sleep over.

Dad and I picked Miori up at the station. She was dressed fairly plain, at least compared to the loincloth I'd seen her in last time - grey jacket, white sweatshirt, black miniskirt, black tights and a grey baseball cap. She was happy to see me, giving me a big hug. In the car, she bubbled over asking all kinds of questions about the States. Dad didn't say anything, but he was kind of eyeing her, amused by her energy.

After supper, my family all disappeared off to other rooms, leaving Miori and I to talk. She had stories she wanted to share, but apparently, they were too risqué to tell with my family around. We talked about safer topics, and eventually, my mom came to say the bath was ready. Miori followed me into the bath area, and kept gabbing away as we got undressed. When I first met her, she seemed shy, but now she was surer of herself and her appeal. She is pretty fit. She looked down at my naked body with this twinkle in her eye, almost as if she were a boy checking me out.

Soon, I realized we needed washcloths and towels. I called for my mom, but Dad shouted back that she'd gone upstairs. Perhaps a bit infected by Miori's giddiness, I quickly dashed out - still naked - into the dining room to fetch the towels myself. Dad was in the next room watching TV, but he looked up when I ran past the open door. I felt embarrassed of course, but as I said, he'd seen me naked so many times lately one more would hardly matter.

Miori was still talking to me though. She came out to the door to the dining room, standing there - naked! - right where Dad could see her. Dad went into conniptions as soon as he saw her.

Miori's body is quite the sight. She is more slender than I am, but she has curvy hips and lustrous soft skin. Her pert breasts aren't large, but perfectly shaped with pinkish red nipples. Her black pubic hair is surprisingly lush like a little jungle. Dad was completely freaking at the sight of her. I guess that's the first time he ever saw one of my friends naked.

Miori continued to stand there, blinking and yammering away, oblivious, until I finally pointed out that my dad could see her! She cried out,

"Ohmigod!" and backed away from the door, mortified. I took down two towels and washcloths, and came back, giving my dad a dirty look. He had sat straight up, craning his head trying to get another peek at poor Miori.

"Sorry," she bowed. "I didn't realize. I mean I thought..."

"That's OK. It was my fault. I should have warned you."

Miori was blushing bright red. I guess it never occurred to her that I would run around naked in front of my dad. I don't usually, but I'd kind of let my guard down.

I tried to reassure Miori, calm her down, but soon, Dad appeared at the door peeking in on us. I tried to shield Miori, but I was naked too. Miori was crying out,

"Hey! Don't look!" taking a washcloth from me, and throwing it at him. I grabbed her by the wrist, and finally convinced her to go into the makeup nook, to get away from my dad. I worried for a moment that Dad might follow us in, but in the end, he backed off, and left us alone.

Miori looked scandalized by what had just happened. I felt bad of course, but honestly, I thought that she was overreacting. I mean if she didn't want him to see her naked, she shouldn't have come out to the dining room in the first place. We both heard Dad answer when I called for my mom. She should have known he was right there. I did my best to console her, but honestly, I couldn't help wondering if she'd done it on purpose.

Eventually, I got her to calm down, and we had our bath. We dried off, changed into our nighties, and scooted upstairs. I was going to lay out a futon on the floor for her, but Miori asked if she could share my bed. I said alright, and she crawled in next to me.

We stayed up late, talking about all kinds of things. Miori told me about Keisuke, my boyfriend's younger brother who goes to the same college as her. He sounded kind of shyer than I expected. I teased her a bit that maybe he liked her, but she just laughed. Anyway, it sounded like they weren't really at that stage yet. That would be kind of funny if Miori and I ended up dating brothers. We could get together, and compare notes.

The next morning, Miori and I got up, and had breakfast with my mom, dad and Norika. Dad was trying not to grin. Miori looked so embarrassed. I was glad they didn't tell Mom. She would freak for sure.

Not long after that one of my best friends, Michiyo Kotani, invited me over to her house. Michiyo is cute too, but much shyer than Miori. She has this sort of breathless wide-eyed look about her. A lot of guys liked Michiyo in high school, but her romances never seemed to work out, partly because of her strict parents. She does have a wacky sense of humor, but she doesn't show it to many people.

She used to invite me over to her house a lot, so I knew her family. Like Michiyo, her dad was pretty quiet most of the time, but every once in a while, he'd slip in a joke. He cuts his black hair short, like a crew cut, and I guess he looks younger than my dad. Michiyo's brother, Naoto, is pretty shy too, but kind of cute. I kind of suspected that he might have a crush on me. He has a very earnest quality about him, which I liked.

When I got to their house, we had supper with her parents. After supper, we sat around the supper table, while Michiyo and her mom filled me in on the latest. Our old classmates were getting jobs, boyfriends, starting new lives.

Eventually, Michiyo's mom excused herself, and disappeared off into the back. We moved to the living room, and sat with her father watching TV. Soon, Michiyo's mom came out, and said that the bath was ready. Michiyo showed me where the bath was, but she didn't seem interested in bathing together. I quickly got undressed, had a shower, and then soaked in the tub for a bit. Once I was done, I got back out, wrapped a towel around myself, and called to Michiyo that she could use the bath. She came in, but there wasn't much room, so I grabbed my bag, and moved out into the hallway to dry off.

In their living room, Michiyo's dad, Mr. Kotani, was watching TV. In just my towel, I wasn't decent, so I squatted down, and fished out a t-shirt. On TV though, I heard this cool song playing. I quickly pulled the t-shirt on, took off the towel, and pushed down the hem of the t-shirt trying to cover up my pussy. Curious about the song, I moved closer to the door to watch. Michiyo's dad turned to look at me. I'm sure he was just trying to be friendly. I nodded a greeting, but embarrassed by my bottomlessness, I kind of hid behind the door frame just out of view. The whole thing reminded me of how my dad had seen Miori naked. Miori didn't like that, but looking back, that was pretty funny.

"What's this program?" I asked, peeking my head out around the corner.

"Music Station," he told me in his good-natured jovial way. He's not movie star handsome, but he can be pretty witty at times. He is always nice to me.

"Are these guys famous?" I asked pointing to the band on TV.

"They're fairly new I guess. I haven't really been following."

Holding the towel in front of my pussy, I cautiously stepped forward into the doorway. He'd turned back to the TV, but to tell you the truth, my hello kitty was tingling away like crazy. I guess I should have pulled on some panties or something, but I was in a funny mood, wondering what he would do. Trying to hear the song, I moved closer, feeling a little nervous.

Michiyo's dad knew I was there obviously, but it seemed like he was trying not to stare. He did seem a bit nervous. The hair on my head was still dripping wet, so I backed up into the hall, and lifted the towel up to dry my hair. I felt so weird standing here bottomless, flashing my pussy, but I tried to stay away from the door, so her dad wouldn't see.

"So Emi, how is your school coming these days?" he called over to me. I cautiously tiptoed back to the door, hiding my pussy behind the door frame.

"OK, I guess, Mr. Kotani."

"So your English must be getting pretty good by now with all this time your spending in the States."

"I still have a lot to learn," I blushed.

"Come on in, and sit down," he suggested, pointing to the sofa. I peered down at my pussy wondering what to do. I knew that I shouldn't. My t-shirt was nowhere near long enough to cover my bare bottom. I didn't want to seem rude though. Michiyo was still in the bath.

I took a deep breath, and draped the towel across my pussy. I knew this was kind of crazy, but I was still wondering how Miori felt when my dad saw her naked. I came out from behind the door frame, watching Mr. Kotani's face. He kept his eyes front, but he blinked as I tiptoed past, flashing him my bare behind. I plopped my bottom down on the sofa at the far end from where he was sitting.

Looking back, this was all pretty crazy. I honestly don't know what I was thinking. I was so wired by that point. They had a throw on the sofa, and the soft fur was tickling my you-know-where. I couldn't stop thinking about it. Mr. Kotani finally turned to me, and motioned for me to sit at his feet.

"Here. I'll dry your hair."

Didn't he know I was bottomless? It was hard to tell for sure. I slid down off the couch, but as my bottom touched down, I could feel the plush carpet brush against my hello kitty, getting me even more aroused. I was so excited it wasn't even funny anymore. Mr. Kotani took the towel from me, leaving me hopelessly exposed. I was starting to breathe deep, fighting the orgasm I could feel coming on.

"I haven't seen Japanese TV for ages," I told him, trying to change the subject. Soon, I heard the rattle of keys in the front door. Oh god! That's probably Naoto, Michiyo's brother back from outside. I freaked, pulling my legs together trying to hide my pussy. Naoto came in, said hi to his dad, and peered down at me curiously. Naoto had his hair cut short, like his dad's, and the pupils of his eyes were like pitch black. He looked confused to find me there, sitting at his dad's feet dressed in just this short white t-shirt.

"Emi, what are you doing here?"

I was panicking, worried that he could see my pussy. Soon though I realized he was probably asking about why I was at their house.

"Michiyo invited me," I rushed to explain.

"Oh," he said, nodding as he set down his bag. He went off to the kitchen, so I had a few moments to think. I should probably go get my clothes, but Mr. Kotani was still drying my hair with the towel. I turned my head, meaning to ask him to stop, but he continued to ruffle away, maybe a bit nervous himself.

Before I could say anything, Naoto came back. I tried to hide my pussy with my ankles. Naoto peered down at me curiously, clearly eyeing my bare thighs. I was so nervous, but luckily, Michiyo came back, giving me an excuse to ask for my towel back.

"Thanks, Mr. Kotani. I think it's almost dry," I told him, taking the towel from him. I slid it between my legs, covering my pussy, but Michiyo's eyes shot down to my bare behind. I think all three of them were probably wondering if I was indeed naked by that point.

"Emi, do you want me to get you some pajama bottoms?"

Naoto was probably staring the most. I hadn't felt so embarrassed when it was just Mr. Kotani, but knowing that Naoto maybe liked me made this all more complicated. I wanted to get dressed, but my bag with my clothes was way off in the hallway behind Naoto. This small white towel was all I had. Mr. Kotani was the first to break the awkward silence.

"Maybe I should turn in." Still on my knees, I scooched over to the side clearing him a path. He peered over curiously at my bare behind, making me nervous, but he didn't question why I was dressed this way, and eventually got up, and left for upstairs.

"Oyasumi nasai!" (Good night).

Naoto continued to gawk at me in amazement.

"Are you sure you don't want some p.j.'s?" Michiyo asked again. I probably should have said yes, but in my panic, I was no longer thinking clearly.

"Can you turn down the lights? It's kind of bright in here."

Michiyo rotated the dimmer, and then scampered off to the kitchen. Maybe she hadn't realized I was naked. Naoto seemed fascinated though by my bare bottom. He sat down on the sofa, peering over at me, all excited apparently. I tried to pretend like this was normal, but I am sure he could tell I was naked. It got to the point where I couldn't take the tension anymore. I lay down on my side, showing him my bare behind.

He gulped when he saw, tugging at his collar. I was worried too actually. This was clearly not normal, flashing him. It's hard to explain why I did it even. Looking back, I'm not sure I can.

I slowly pulled the towel out from between my legs, vaguely intending to cover up, but actually, I was curious, wondering what Naoto made of my body. His face was a bit strained, but he didn't look upset exactly. He seemed to be contemplating doing something, but seemed worried about Michiyo finding us.

I heard Michiyo coming back though, so I lay face down, and draped the towel across my rear. She looked down at me, and finally announced,

"Here. I'm going to run upstairs, and get you some decent p.j.'s, Emi. And, turn down the TV. Mom and dad are trying to sleep." She disappeared off upstairs. I glanced back at Naoto, but he was sitting there, still in shock.

"How do you turn it down?" I finally asked.

"Ah. The remote's on the coffee table," he grunted. He was too out of it to be of any help. I finally got up on all fours, letting the towel drop to the floor. His eyes went wide, even more scandalized that I was showing him my pussy. I crawled over, and grabbed the remote. I press the button, but nothing happened.

"It's not working!" I whined. He slowly dragged his gaze away from my slit, and pointed to the TV/DVD switch on the side.

"You have to flick that to TV."

I finally managed to turn the TV down, and turned to look back at him. Naoto suddenly got up though, and handed me my towel.

"You dropped this," he said holding it out.

"Thanks," I blushed.

"Do you want me to finish drying your hair?" he offered. I was so confused and excited. Michiyo would be back any minute.

"OK, but hurry," I told him, handing my towel back. I scrambled over, and kneeled at his feet, making no effort to hide my bare bottom. We were both so excited, wondering what to do, how far to take this. He leaned forward, and whispered,

"You have a gorgeous body," placing one hand on my hip. His breath in my ear was getting me hornier still, and I tensed wondering what he would do next. He pulled on my t-shirt, trying to get me to expose my breasts, but I didn't want Michiyo to find us fooling around. I grabbed his hands, and tried to make him let go. He'd lost it though, and leaned in kissing me on the cheek.

"I have a boyfriend," I told him, surprised by his sudden aggressiveness. I realize this was mainly my fault. I shouldn't have teased him. I guess I thought he wouldn't try anything with his family here. I turned, and grabbed the towel, backing away, signaling for him to be quiet. He scooted down onto the carpet, aiming to kiss me again I think, but I could hear Michiyo coming down the stairs. I got up, and ran to her, motioning for her to go back up, so we could get away from Naoto.

"What happened?" she asked.

"Shh. Keep your voice down. Your parents."

She went quiet, but we could hear panting noises coming from their room.

"Are they... having sex?" I mouthed.

"Um, yeah, maybe," Michiyo said, clearly embarrassed. I guess that makes sense. Seeing me naked probably got her father's motor running.

"What happened?" Michiyo repeated.

"Nothing. I'll tell you later."

Michiyo didn't seem satisfied, but she led me into her room, and shut the door.

"They're still active," I marveled gesturing towards her parents. Michiyo just blushed, embarrassed that I should hear this. It was lucky in a way, because the noise moved the focus off of me.

I finally pulled on the pajamas Michiyo gave me. Michiyo got out a spare futon, and laid it out on the floor of her bedroom. I heard Naoto come upstairs, but thankfully, he didn't disturb us. I don't know what he must have thought. Sorry about that, Naoto.

The next morning, Michiyo still looked curious, but she didn't press. When we went downstairs, Naoto eyed me, clearly still wondering what I'd been trying to pull the night before. I waited until no one was looking, and signaled an apology to Naoto. He didn't seem that happy about it, but he kept quiet, and didn't tell the others what had happened. Their dad and mom seemed pretty happy. After breakfast, I headed back to my parents' house, and didn't see them again that trip. I still chat with Michiyo online, but I didn't see Naoto for quite some time after that.

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