**Teasing Brandon**

by Emi Tsuruta

I always used to try so hard to be a good girl in my home stay here in Oceanview. My host mother Loretta had met my parents who were still back in Japan, and I really didn't want any word getting back to them about my antics here in California. If Loretta asked me to babysit, or pick up her kids, Brandon and Jennifer, from somewhere, I'd always say 'sure,' figuring it was the least I could do after all that they'd done for me. When her kids were young, it was easy to be good, because I wanted them to grow up to be sensible adults. As they got older though, and I grew more comfortable in their house, I let my guard down, allowing them to catch me in embarrassing situations a few times.

Still it wasn't like I was the only one to blame. At first, Loretta's son Brandon saw me as a symbol of authority when his mom wasn't around, always making him do his homework, take baths, or clean up his room. That was certainly true, but the problem was that as he got older, we both were becoming more aware of each other as members of the opposite sex. He was no longer a kid. He was slowly growing up into a handsome young man, confident and ready to take on the world. I have to admit I was a little curious about him and what he was like.

One change I'd noticed was that when he was young, his mom had made him take baths at night to scrub off all the dirt he'd picked up during the day. But then once he hit his late teens, he started to shower in the mornings without anyone telling him to, getting all gussied up for whatever girl it was at school he was interested in. I asked him who she was, but he kept denying that there was any such girl. I knew better though. He had to be putting in all this work for someone.

I did think it was kind of cute. One morning, I couldn't resist the temptation anymore. I peeked in on him while he was naked in the shower, making some remark about how his ladylove would be so pleased at how clean he was getting. All I saw was his bare behind, fairly hairless for a guy, but he was outraged of course, and I immediately regretted doing it. No matter how much I apologized, he still seemed steamed. Ah well. He's bound to calm down eventually.

Time passed, and I'd almost forgotten about the whole thing, when one day, my best friend Satomi and I came back from swimming at the beach. I'd had a shower at the surf center, but Satomi doesn't like to get naked in public :p, so she'd waited till we got back to Loretta's house before showering. I was just lying there on my bed relaxing when suddenly, I heard Satomi cry out from the bathroom.

"Waaa!"

At first I didn't know what it was, but when I got up, I saw Brandon dash out from the bathroom back to his room. Darn! I guess he must have thought it was me in the shower, and was trying to get his revenge, but poor Satomi had ended up the victim of his peeping tomfoolery.

I tried to get Satomi to calm back down, but she was completely scandalized that this boy I was living with had snuck in, and peeked on in on her while she was naked. I thought she was making a big deal over nothing, and had trouble not smiling. This just made her angrier still. She's always been pretty sensitive about these sorts of things.

Once she was dressed, she stormed into Brandon's room, and smacked him good, flat across the cheek. He looked shocked, but even this didn't seem to satisfy her, and she started pounding on his chest until I managed to pull her off. After that, I even felt a little sorry for Brandon, because I don't think he'd really intended to peek in on Satomi at all. I was the one he was after. In a way, it was my fault he'd peeked in on her.

For the next little while, Satomi made a real point of not coming over to my house 'because that pervert Brandon might be there.' Maybe it had been wrong of him to spy on her like that, but I didn't really like the way she was dissing him. I actually felt sorry for him. Perhaps he'd gotten a bit out of line, but Satomi didn't know the whole story, so maybe it was harder for her to understand.

At home, as a result of these run-ins, I did make an effort to keep my guard up. For instance, on this one day, when I went over to shower, I took a knee-length yukata (robe) with me, and wore it when I came back to my room. I'd made a point of pushing my door all the way shut, and then even pulled on some panties and jeans before taking off my yukata. I was looking in my closet - bare-breasted mind you - trying to figure out what blouse I should wear, when, suddenly,

"Hey, Emi. Have you seen my baseball cap?" Just like that, Brandon opens the door, and comes right into my room without knocking. I covered my breasts with my hands, and turned to glare at him, annoyed that he would burst in on me like this.

"Oh sorry. I didn't realize that you were still getting dressed," he apologized. I looked down at my breasts to make sure I had them covered, but he just continued to stand there, staring at me, fascinated.

"What?" I demanded sternly. He kind of looked at me sheepishly, but then nodded towards my breasts, saying,

"That's interesting how you can hide them like that."

"Tebura," I explained in Japanese.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Tebura," I repeated. He still didn't understand, so I translated back into English, "A hand bra."

He mulled this over, examining my tits from this angle and that. I finally chased him out. Later in the car, I caught him staring at my breasts again, but at least by then, I was dressed in one of my more modest blouses.

I guess that wasn't so bad, but the problem was that this little run-in kept running through my mind. It was silly - nothing really, but I guess I had gotten a bit excited being caught topless like that. I continued to be careful though, keeping my door firmly closed whenever I changed, and being extra cautious when I knew he was around.

It's hard though to be on your guard all the time, and not long after, it happened again. I was in the bathroom trying to tie my hair back into a ponytail. I was decently dressed in a t-shirt and summer yukata. I guess I knew that the belt on my yukata had come loose, but I was more focused on trying to fold the rubber band over in two, so it would fit around my hair more tightly. I heard Brandon come upstairs, but didn't really think much of it. No. That doesn't look right. Let me try again.

"Emi. Is that you?" Brandon called through the door.

"Yeah."

"Are you almost done? I have to get some stuff out of the cupboard in there."

I turned my head to the side, looking in the mirror to see if I'd gotten the ponytail right, but it still seemed off-centre somehow.

"It's OK. Come on in," I said without really thinking. It was just as the door was opening that I looked down realizing that the yukata had come open at the front exposing my fluffy bush. I shot my hand down to cover up, just as Brandon came in. He noticed right away, peering down at my crotch, as I did my best to cover my pubic hair, now grown quite lush, with my free hand. He didn't say anything though, and instead kneeled down to open the cupboard beneath the sink. He had said he needed something from down there, but now his eyes were just a few inches from my pussy. I did my best to try to keep calm, but actually, I could feel myself getting wetter by the second.

Brandon fished whatever it was he needed out of the cupboard, but then brushed my yukata aside, so he could take a peek at my bare bottom.

"Wow! You look so hot!" he enthused, the delight dancing in his eyes. Then, as quickly as he'd come, he was gone, leaving me standing there in a daze. I was surprised both by the compliment and his calm reserve. Every day he seemed less like a boy and more like a man.

A few weeks after that, Loretta invited me to join them for a backyard barbecue. That morning, I ended up going down to the beach with Satomi. The two of us lay out in our bikinis on the sand while I tried to tempt some of the boys into asking us out. Satomi, ever the critic, turned up her nose at all the guys who seemed interested in us. I told her about the barbecue, but after what had happened the last time with Brandon, she insisted on going back to her dorm to get cleaned up, so we went our separate ways. I promised to call her later.

When I got home, I peeked out the back window to see who all was there for the barbecue. It turned out it was just Loretta, her hunky boyfriend Hank, Brandon, his friend Dylan and Jennifer. Hmm. That's just as well I guess. I won't need to dress up so much since it's just people I know.

I rushed upstairs, and pulled on a pair of soft pink sweatpants and an airy white t-shirt. As I walked back downstairs, I realized that the sweatpants hung a bit low on my hips, and the t-shirt wasn't quite long enough to cover my belly button, but it was summer after all. No big deal.

As soon as I came out, I told them that I had to go meet Satomi later, so I could only stay for a bit. Hank and Brandon both peered down at my naked midriff, but I just ignored them, and fixed myself a hot dog from the grill. I knew that Hank had to be on his best behavior because Loretta was right there, but Brandon made no bones about staring at my hips. I plopped my bottom down in the chair next to him, sitting up straight, my lips pursed together feigning innocence. Every time I turned away, I could feel Brandon's eyes on my behind. I guess he could see the crack of my bottom peeking out from above the low hanging waistband. When he thought I wasn't looking, Brandon even waved for Dylan to check out my ass, but Dylan was too shy to look.

I was doing my best to act like everything was normal, but when I got up to get another hot dog from the barbecue, I could feel them watching me. I felt a bit self-conscious, wearing such a revealing outfit, but it was nice that they all seemed so interested. When I came back, I got a bit carried away, and slid my rear along the seat of my chair, deliberately pulling my pants down even more. At first, I sat back in the chair to hide my bare behind, but Brandon was clearly dying to get a peek, so I eventually took pity on him, and edged forward to let him see.

I could feel the cool autumn air on my behind, but actually, my body was heating up from the excitement. I munched on the hot dog, peering over at Brandon to see what he made of my buns. He looked a bit scandalized, wondering if I realized how much of my bare bottom he could see. I didn't let on whether I knew or not, but when I slid back in my chair again, I accidentally (?) pulled my waistband down even further. Dylan and Hank couldn't really see from where they were sitting, but Brandon was having a complete bird as I was calmly sitting here almost completely bare-assed now. I wanted to get some relish for my hot dog, but I was worried that if I stood up like this, I would lose my bottoms, so I finally had to pull them back up. Brandon looked disappointed.

We continued to play cat and mouse for a little while longer, but I had to call Satomi, so eventually, I made my apologies, and headed inside. That was interesting I thought.

I ended up going down to the university to meet up with Satomi and her dorm mates. On campus, no one seemed to care so much how I dressed, so it wasn't as big of a deal.

Then, one Saturday morning not long after, I had a shower, pulled on my yukata, and then came back to my room to figure out what to wear. I didn't have to work or anything that day, so I could wear something casual. In the bottom drawer, I found a pair of old jeans I hadn't worn for a while. They'd gotten all worn out with rips and holes, so I'd been thinking of throwing them out, or trying to convert them to shorts.

Sitting down on the edge of my bed, I started tearing off the legs to see if I could make shorts out of them. I managed to tear the legs off, but the problem was that especially in the seat, the material had become so thin it was hard to keep that part from ripping too. I worked at it as best I could, but when I finally took off my yukata, and tried the shorts on, I realized that you could see my round little butt cheeks where the material was torn. If I had any sense, I should have just thrown them out, but my mind started wandering to other possibilities. I couldn't help wondering what Brandon would make of these, so I kept them on, and went looking for him.

I pranced over to the door, intending to go out, when I suddenly realized that my breasts were bouncing free, so I'd need some kind of top. Silly me! That would have been a bit much, going out topless, I laughed. I dug out a simple grey crop-top tee, and pulled it on. There. That's better.

My heart was beating away as I made my way downstairs looking for Brandon. Jennifer was in the living room, watching TV, but there was no sign of Brandon anywhere.

"What's wrong?" Jennifer asked, noticing my disappointment.

"No, nothing. I was just looking for Brandon," I sighed.

"What is it? Maybe I can help," she smiled kindly.

"Um no. I just wanted to ask his opinion on something."

"Hmm," she murmured. I couldn't very well tell her I wanted to know what he thought of... no, not my shorts, but rather my body. I guess I could ask Jennifer's opinion, but that wasn't quite the same thing. I plopped myself down on the couch, stretching back, and sighed again. How come guys are never around when you need them?

I lay there daydreaming for the longest time. Soon there came a knock at the door. My heart leapt because I thought it might be Brandon, but it turned out to be Cameron, a tall boy, a classmate of Jennifer's.

"What are you kids up to?" I asked, curious.

"Oh, we have a science project for school, so we're going to work on that," Jennifer explained. They got out their books, and sat down at the dining room table, leaving me alone in the living room. I didn't really feel in a TV watching mood, so I slid down onto the carpet, and crawled over to the stack of DVDs next to the TV to see what there was. I was of course aware that my not-really-covered ass might distract Cameron from their studies, but that was the whole point really. I'd been meaning to show Brandon, but since he wasn't around, Cameron would have to do.

Jennifer asked Cameron some serious question about their experiment, but when Cameron didn't answer right away, she followed his gaze to me. I quickly sat back up, but she clearly wasn't pleased with me 'seducing her man' although that wasn't exactly what I was intending. I was just bored and frustrated because Brandon wasn't around. Jennifer didn't seem too impressed with my cut-offs though.

We sat there in silence for a while, me trying to pretend I'd done nothing wrong, Cameron with this goofy grin on his face, and Jennifer staring daggers at me for interrupting their study session. I was a bit curious about how much of my rear was showing because it was hard to tell from here. I think that perhaps a good deal more was showing than I'd first intended, just based on the look on their faces. I hadn't really meant to offend Jennifer although if they could see my pussy or my pubic hair, I could understand why she might be angry.

Unable to stand the tension, I finally stood up, and stretched, with my back still to them. I felt kind of torn, happy that Cameron seemed so enchanted with my 'assets,' but not wanting to offend Jennifer any further. I debated walking over to give Cameron a closer look, but finally thought better of it, and headed for the stairs. Cameron craned his neck to watch me as I walked away, but Jennifer finally couldn't take it anymore, and swatted him with a notebook. I didn't hear what they said next, but it did sound like cross words were exchanged.

Brandon didn't come home until much later that day, and by then, I'd already changed into something more decent. Ah well. His loss.

Our next little encounter just kind of came up out of the blue. My host family knows that in the summer, I like to go down to the beach to go swimming. One day, Loretta suggested that the four of us go - her, Brandon, Jennifer and me. I just quickly grabbed my swimsuit, and we piled into the SUV, and headed out. When we got to the beach, she parked in one of the city's lots amongst the trees, a bit back from the beach itself. The three of them got out their stuff, but I hadn't changed yet, so I told them to go on ahead, and get us a spot. Loretta gave me the car keys, so I could lock up, and then the three of them headed out. Brandon seemed curious about me. He looked back at me over his shoulder as they walked away.

I went around to the back of the mini-van, and opened the rear hatch to get my stuff. It was a really gorgeous day out, not a cloud in the sky, and I could hear cicadas chirping away. It reminded me of summers in Japan.

I wanted to get changed, but actually, I got caught changing once on video by some guys from my university, so I decided to have a look around first, and make sure no one was watching. The parking lot itself seemed empty, but just to be sure I walked along the tree line, peering through the branches seeing if anyone was around. There were cars going by on the road on the far side of the trees, but I don't think anyone in a car would be able to see me with all the trees in the way.

While I was poking around though, I suddenly caught sight of Brandon. He was toptoeing back this way, trying to hide himself behind a neighboring car. The sneaky little devil! I guess he didn't realize I'd spotted him because he kept on coming. I scooted back to the van before he saw me, wondering what I should do.

I guess it is a bit weird for him to come spy on me like that, but I wasn't really all that offended. Boys will be boys. In some ways, I was actually glad, because it might be safer to change with him right here watching out for people.

Still pretending like I hadn't seen him, I undid my shorts, and pulled them down. This is actually kind of fun 'cause I could tease him without him knowing that I was doing it on purpose. Taking one last look around, I finally got up my nerve, and slid my panties down too, letting him see my ass. I was actually pretty excited. I don't think I'd ever done anything like this before, deliberately flashing Brandon out in public. I didn't even have to cover up this time, because he thinks I don't know he's there. All giddy with excitement, I pulled off my top and bra, and threw them in the van with the rest of my clothes, standing there completely naked now.

I knew I was taking a terrible chance, but I was just so excited I wasn't thinking straight any more. But I couldn't just stand here. I needed some kind of excuse for why I wasn't getting back dressed.

I got a rubber band out of my bag, and then carefully gathered my hair up into a ponytail intending to tie it back with the band. I realized I was probably blushing, so I turned away from Brandon, letting him ogle my behind, while I did up my hair. I had to look around to make sure no one else was watching, but it looked like I was safe for the moment.

Still blushing, I turned to dig out my sunscreen next. I felt so naughty bending over knowing he was watching. I glanced through the window trying to see what he was doing. It was hard to tell, but I think he may have got his cell phone out, and was trying to take my picture. I can always sneak into his room, and erase those later, but taking a picture isn't such a bad idea.

I wasn't sure where my own camera was, so I leaned further into the van to dig out my bag. Brandon got so excited he'd stepped out from behind the car, so I could see him. Unfortunately, I heard voices coming this way. Oh oh. I'd better get out of here.

Still buck naked, I grabbed the keys and my bag, and closed the back hatch. The voices were drawing quite close now, so I scurried around to the driver's side, frantically sifting through the keys looking for the right one. I ducked my head down hoping that whoever it was wouldn't see me. It sounded like boys, maybe surfers headed for the beach. The voices continued on past maybe a few cars over. I wonder if they saw Brandon skulking out there. It would have served him right if they caught him spying.

I felt relieved as their voices trailed off. Phew! That was close. Good thing I heard them in time. Gathering up my nerve again, I peeked around the front of the SUV to make sure they were gone. I knew it was kind of crazy roaming around naked out here, but it was kind of fun. I had my lucky necklace on, so maybe that was helping.

While I examined the keys, I suddenly heard Loretta calling,

"Brandon! Brandon!"

I guess he still must be over here, and she'd come looking for him. I don't want her to see me naked! I finally found the right key, and opened the door, scrambling inside. Not a second too soon because she was right there. I quickly ducked down, and tried to find my bikini in my bag. Oh god. I hope she doesn't come over here. Brandon is over the other way there, not here.

I found my bikini top, and quickly rapped it around me, struggling a bit to get it down up. Luckily, Loretta paused for a moment, maybe having caught sight of Brandon, and that gave me time to fish out my bottoms as well. She waved at me to roll down the window, just as I was getting my bikini bottom tied on.

"Have you seen Brandon?" she asked.

"Uh, yeah. He's just over there I think," I told her, pointing in the direction I'd last seen him. She paused for a moment, maybe wondering what the two of us had been doing. Does she suspect? I guess I should have told her I hadn't seen him, but anyway, what's done is done. I got out, locked up, and headed for the beach.

Jennifer was just sitting on a towel in a large one piece bathing suit, taking it all in.

"Where's Mom and Brandon?" she asked.

"Um, your mom is still looking for him I think. They're in the parking lot somewhere."

She seemed satisfied with that answer, pulled her sunglasses on, and lay back. I finally got out my sunscreen, and rubbed it on. When Brandon finally showed up, he looked at me strange, seemingly upset that I'd been gallivanting around in the nude. I don't know what he had to be so angry about. My whole show was for his benefit, but anyway, it looked like he hadn't realized that I knew he was watching.