**Visiting My Cousin Namie**

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

I think this was like in my sophomore year at Oceanview U. in southern California. Christmas rolled around, and I went home to Japan. One of the people I wanted to see was my cousin, Namie. I mainly just see her on special occasions, but she's always been nice to me, and we're kind of friends. She's older than me, and married now, but to me at least, she's one of the most beautiful women in my family with her creamy white skin, cute features and breathless quality. Strangely, she's a bit shy around other people. She met her husband, Ryoichi, through a matchmaker. I know that sounds old-fashioned, but it's not so unusual in Japan. I hadn't seen her since her wedding, so I wanted to meet up, and hear all about her new adventures.  
  
So after I arrived, I called up Namie, and we agreed to meet at Aunt Sachie's house. Sachi is Namie's mother. Sachi is middle-aged, but she seems quite young and vivacious, always teasing and laughing. She has a spark, a liveliness, different from my mom who is more... mmm... restrained she we say.  
  
Anyway, that morning, I showered, and pulled on white undies, blue jeans, a white t-shirt and a lilac sweater. I caught the street car to Sachi's house, near the beach in Enoshima. When I got there, Namie came to the door smiling away, happy to see me. She was dressed casually, in blue jeans and a red plaid lumberjack shirt with a red kerchief in her hair. I teased her that she looked like a housewife, but actually, she looked good. She's always looks good. The first time I showed her picture to my boyfriend Ryosuke, he was like "Wow!" I think he thinks she's hot, although I haven't told her that.  
  
"Come in, come in. Emi. Good to see you." Namie beckoned, leading me back to their living room. Aunt Sachi was making us some tea, and had her sewing machine out on the dining room table.  
  
"What are you guys up to?" I asked.  
  
"I'm sorting through my old clothes, and was wondering if you wanted any of them." Namie used to work in a jewelry shop in Ginza in Tokyo, so she has some pretty swanky outfits I knew, evening gowns, all lace and puffy sleeves, quite stylish.  
  
"I can fix them if the size isn't right," Sachi explained nodding at the sewing machine, as she brought out our tea.  
  
"Um OK," I nodded, curious. Namie ran upstairs, and brought down a stack of clothes for me to try. She had all kinds of stuff—dresses, jeans, t-shirts, swimsuits and bloomers (high cut racing briefs).  
  
"So how's married life?" I asked Namie, as I leafed through her clothes. Aunt Sachi tittered. "What?" I asked.  
  
"Oh, she thinks I should hurry up, and have kids," Namie explained. "It's just that Ryoichi and I are both so busy. He works Saturdays, and Sundays he just wants to sleep."  
  
"Oh, that's no fun. Do you mean you two never...?"  
  
"I told you. We're busy. I don't know. Sometimes, I think he'd rather hang out with his friends than me."  
  
"Yeah, my mom was saying at the wedding how all his friends seemed to be guys. Maybe he's just shy. Maybe you have to take the lead more, you know?"  
  
"Take the lead?" Namie chimed back, tilting her head to the side, so cute. "What do you mean?"  
  
I looked at Sachi. I knew that she and my mom talked, so I was a bit worried about letting on how much I know about sex now. My mom would freak if she heard about half the stuff Ryosuke and I get up to. Maybe my mom thinks I'm still a virgin.  
  
"I don't know. Make him a candlelit dinner. Get dressed up in a frilly apron. You know what guys like."  
  
Namie gave me this blank look. Apparently, she doesn't know what guys like.  
  
"Aunt Sachi, don't you have some advice?" I asked, trying to deflect attention away from my own tawdry sex habits. I pulled off my sweater, and then pulled on one of Namie's dresses.  
  
"I don't know," Sachi scratched her head. "Things have changed a lot since my day. I never used to run around half naked...," she sniggered.  
  
I guess I should explain. The last time I was here, my friend Michiyo and I had gotten caught in a rainstorm, so we ran all the way here. Sachi lent me one of Namie's t-shirts to wear when I got out of the shower, but she didn't give me any bottoms. There were a whole bunch of people here: my uncle, my cousin Kanako, her husband, Namie's brother Hideki and one of his friends, 'Itou,' and anyway, I got caught out in the hall with my bare bottom showing.  
  
That was pretty embarrassing... and more Sachi's fault than mine! She'd promised to bring me some clothes, but never brought any underwear! I hadn't planned on flashing anyone. It had just happened. I flushed hot at the memory, but tried to change the subject back to Namie.  
  
"You have to tease guys, get their imagination working, get them wanting you," I mused. I pulled the first dress off over my head, and picked up another.  
  
"So where'd you learn all this?" Sachi asked coyly, teasing.  
  
"I studied it in school. I took a course: human sexual response." I was joking of course. They both broke out laughing. "Didn't you see 'Masters of Sex'?" I asked.  
  
"What?"  
  
"Oh, nothing. Anyway, our professor said one key is being seen."  
  
"Your professor told you this?" Sachi guffawed. "Things have changed."  
  
I'd gone through all Namie's dresses, and came to the jeans. I looked down at my own jeans, realizing I'd have to take them off. I felt a bit self-conscious about stripping, but Sachi and Namie politely averted their eyes. I looked out the big picture window at the back of their house, but all I could see was the snowdrifts in their garden. I struggled out of my own jeans, and then pulled Namie's on. The first pair weren't quite the right fit.  
  
"Being seen?" Namie said, puzzled. "What do you mean?"  
  
"Play is kind of important. Flirtation. Teasing." I looked down at Namie's swimsuit. It looked like it might fit, but I'd have to try it on to be sure. I hesitated, wondering if I dare strip naked in front of them. That would be kind of weird standing right here in middle of their living room, but then again we were all girls after all. Sachi had obviously seen me naked.  
  
"Do you mind if I try this on?" I asked pointing at the swimsuit.  
  
"Go ahead," Sachi smiled, sewing something on her machine.  
  
I peeked out the back window again, and then undid the zipper on the jeans. I felt reticent, but Sachi went off to the kitchen, and Namie was staring off into space. I stripped out of my jeans, and then rather rashly peeled off my t-shirt. Namie wasn't objecting, so I ended up taking off my bra and panties too. It felt so weird, but here I was in their living room naked!  
  
Just as I reached for the swimsuit, my smartphone rang. It was so loud. I giggled nervously, a bit embarrassed as Namie turned to look, but still naked, I finally squatted down, and dug my phone out of my bag. It turned out to be Ryosuke back in the States.  
  
"Emi! I finally got you. I phoned your house, but no one was answering."  
  
"I guess my mom's gone out," I answered in English. Aunt Sachi came out, and finding me naked, started sniggering again. I told her to shush, but she wouldn't settle down, so I went out into the hall.  
  
"What do you want? I'm kind of in the middle of something here," I whispered to Ryosuke. It was kind of cool in the hallway, so I was acutely aware of my nudity. My nipples were perking up. Aunt Sachi was laughing away, so I moved further down the hall where it was quieter.  
  
"What?" Ryosuke moped. "I just wanted to say hi, see how you're doing."  
  
"I'm at Aunt Sachi's right now. Namie's here, and I'm trying on some clothes." I didn't mention that I was naked. No sense getting him all excited while he's thousands of miles away.  
  
"Namie? That's the bride from the wedding, right? The foxy one?"  
  
"Yeah." I looked back down the hall trying to see if Namie was listening.  
  
"Tell her I say hi. Oh, there's something I'm supposed to ask you."  
  
I was so distracted, at first, I didn't notice the rattling of keys at the front door. Suddenly, the door opened, and there was my cousin, Hideki, Namie's younger brother, in the doorway. He looked so shocked to see me standing here shivering, naked. I covered my pussy with one hand, and waved for Hideki to shut the door at least. Aunt Sachi came out into the hall, and hissed at me,  
  
"Emi! Your clothes!"  
  
I was of course aware that I shouldn't just stand here with Hideki looking on, but it all happened so fast. The breeze from the door was cold, but my whole body was heating up from excitement. I couldn't believe my bad luck. Hideki looked so surprised, unsure why I was out here naked. I didn't know what to say. I finally stuck out my tongue at him, and ran back to the living room, all excited despite myself.  
  
"Ryosuke, I'd better call you back," I said into the phone, putting it away. Hideki followed me in, clearly fascinated by my bare bottom.  
  
"I was just changing," I explained. "Don't look!"  
  
I don't think I've ever seen Hideki looked so amazed. His eyes usually little slits, had gone wide. Hideki is a handsome boy, but judging from his reaction, it would seem like he'd never seen a girl naked before. He looked me up and down, all agawk.  
  
"Oh, Hideki, shoo. Shoo. give the poor girl some privacy," Sachi scolded.  
  
Hideki nodded, but he was still in shock. He kept right on staring. I guess I can admit I was a bit hot and bothered myself. Not that I wanted to have sex with Hideki, just the whole situation was so kinky. Namie wasn't having it though, and pushed Hideki off into the kitchen. Sachi motioned for me to hurry up, and get dressed. I picked up the swimsuit, stepped into it, and eventually got it on. It was a bit baggy in the middle.  
  
"Hideki, could you go somewhere else?" I called out to him through the door. "We're trying to work on these clothes. We need some privacy."  
  
Eventually, he came out. He was still staring at me, but Sachi chased him off down the hall. I waited while he pulled his boots and coat back on.  
  
"OK, OK, I'm going already. Sheesh!" he exclaimed, annoyed I guess at being chased away. He went outside, and I finally could breathe again.  
  
"I'm sorry about that, Emi," Sachi apologized. "He used to be such a good boy."  
  
"I think he has a crush on you, Emi," Namie observed. "You shouldn't tease him."  
  
"Hideki's the one who teases me. He used to put toads in my hair."  
  
"I think he had a crush on you even then."  
  
Yeah, I don't know about this whole crush business. He'd always been a pest, but it was true that lately, he seems more googly-eyed around me. I guess I wasn't helping matters by running around naked all the time. I stripped out of the swimsuit, and gave it to Sachi.  
  
"Can you take this in at the waist?" I shivered, more from the excitement than cold. Namie gave me a strange look, so I pulled on one of her t-shirts. I guess they could still see my derriere, but at least I wasn't naked.  
  
"Oh, don't be silly. Hideki couldn't care less about me," I scoffed. I walked over to the table, and re-filled my teacup, while Sachi worked on the swimsuit. Namie was sitting there, her mouth agape, still a bit shocked at my immodesty I guess.  
  
"I'm always amazed when you do things like that. I don't think I could do that in front of Ryoichi."  
  
"What? Get naked?"  
  
"In the middle of the living room?" she exclaimed.  
  
"Why not? He's your husband."  
  
"Yeah, but I haven't known him that long. We just dated a few times... "  
  
"What about us? Could you do that in front of with us?" I asked, curious.  
  
"Well, yeah, but..."  
  
"Hey, I've got an idea. Why don't you pretend like I'm Ryoichi? Show me how you'd seduce him."  
  
Namie looked down at the floor, embarrassed. Sachi interjected,  
  
"Just pretend like I'm not here."  
  
Good ol' Sachi. She wanted Namie to be happy.  
  
"What would you do first?" I asked, testing Namie.  
  
"I don't know. Say 'Hi honey, how was your day?'"  
  
"Oh, that won't do at all. Try to be sexier. Think what guys like."  
  
"Oh I don't know. What would you do?"  
  
"Well, first those clothes have got to go. They make you look too dowdy."  
  
She looked down at her lumberjack shirt. I know she was just trying to be casual, but it reminded me of the slackers in the States. I paused waiting.  
  
"What? You want me to get undressed? Here?" she exclaimed.  
  
"Yeah. Why not? You've got to learn to be comfortable with your body, to enjoy being naked." I glanced over at Sachi, wondering if I was giving too much away, but she didn't say anything.  
  
Namie undid a button or two, but then stopped, and laughed.  
  
"I can't do this. This is silly."  
  
"No, no, you're doing fine. Keep going."  
  
Namie looked down at the floor, hesitating. She was obviously self-conscious about her body. I never understood why. Namie is a beautiful woman, 'foxy' as Ryosuke put it. I went over to her, and pulled her hair away from her face. She was quivering a bit under my gaze.  
  
"Relax. There's nothing to be afraid of. Tell yourself 'I have a beautiful body. I'm sexy.'"  
  
Namie pulled back, defensive. I didn't understand what she was so sensitive about. Everyone gets naked. It's such a simple thing.  
  
"Oh, c'mon, Namie. It's just us. Look how I'm dressed." I lifted my t-shirt, flashing her my pussy.  
  
"Oh Emi! I can't do that."  
  
"Sure you can. You don't have to be so shy. You have a beautiful body. You should be proud of it." I looked over at Sachi again. She had a strange look on her face, like she was worried about me, but she didn't object. I reached down, and tried to undo the button on Namie's jeans. She giggled, and pulled away.  
  
"What are you doing?"  
  
"Namie, relax. You've got a great body. Guys think you're hot." I didn't want to tell her what Ryosuke had said, but it was on my mind.  
  
"Really? I don't think so."  
  
"Sure. You always look beautiful... even in those clothes. I thought so when I came in."  
  
She lowered her head gazing up at me through her bangs. You could tell she wanted to... to get naughty I mean. She has a sexual side, even if she keeps it well hidden.  
  
"There. That's more like it," I smiled.  
  
Namie glanced out the window, trying to tell if anyone was in their backyard. It looked like the coast was clear. I motioned for her to get undressed, but went over to the window just to be sure. I didn't see anyone at first, but I couldn't help feeling like there was someone watching. I looked back at Namie, but she'd finally started to take off her jeans. I checked the window again, and caught a glimpse of two shadows on the snow. I wasn't sure, but it could be people, maybe Hideki and one of his friends. Afraid, I backed away from the window, covering my pussy with my hand.  
  
"What is it?" Namie asked, nervous enough as it was.  
  
"No, nothing," I assured her, not wanting to get sidetracked. I didn't want to alarm her, but calling his friend over to spy on us did seem like something Hideki might do. I wonder if it's that 'Itou' guy. I'd only met Itou once, but he was kind of good looking too. He had these deep black eyes and spikey hair, a bit like Hideki himself. Vaguely holding my t-shirt hem in place over my pussy, I moved closer to the window again, trying to see if they were out there. I don't know why, but I was getting all excited. It was kind of a funny situation.  
  
Namie had got her jeans off, and looked down at her bare legs.  
  
"Now what?"  
  
I wasn't sure what to do. Here I was telling Namie she had to be braver, but we might very well have an audience. I turned my back to the window, trying not to think about it. If they were out there, they could probably see my bare behind. I felt so naughty, but a bit guilty too for getting so excited. Trying to calm myself, I came away from the window.  
  
Namie was looking at me expectantly, wondering what I wanted her to do next. My original plan was to have her strip, but this would be awkward if Hideki and Itou were out there spying on us. Then again, we were finally making progress. Namie seemed willing to try. This might be my only chance to break her out of this bashfulness.  
  
I finally made up my mind. I moved closer, and started undoing the buttons on Namie's blouse. She looked nervous, but not as nervous as I felt, knowing the boys might be watching. The hem of my t-shirt was floating terribly high. My hello kitty was buzzing like crazy.  
  
Under Namie's shirt, she had on a shiny camisole, quite sexy I thought.  
  
"Where'd you get this?"  
  
"I bought it in Ginza. It's quite warm."  
  
"You don't want warm. You want sexy," I teased. I really don't know what had got in to me. My thoughts kept heading in a naughty direction.  
  
I pulled the camisole up over her head and off. Namie's underwear was white and lacy.  
  
"Do you want to go out shopping some day?" I suggested.  
  
She laughed.  
  
"Is my underwear that bad?"  
  
"They're OK. I was just thinking you might like something special... for bedtime."  
  
Namie blushed.  
  
I backed up, looking her up and down. Namie does have a fine body, fit, with curves in all the right places. She looked so nervous though, so awkward, and she wasn't even naked yet. Here I was standing in this too short t-shirt, with my pussy and behind showing, and god only knows who all looking on. I checked the window again, but I still couldn't see Hideki nor his friend. Had they given up? I kind of wanted to know if they were out there, before getting Namie to strip. I couldn't see anyone. Maybe I'd just imagined it.  
  
I was still a bit worried, but I went back to Namie, and helped her undo her bra. She covered her breasts with her hands, self conscious. I motioned for her to move her hands, so I could see. Her breasts are maybe a bit bigger than mine, full and bouncy.  
  
"Do you have an all over tan?" I gasped.  
  
"No," she frowned, embarrassed.  
  
Unable to resist the urge to tease her, I reached out, and tweaked her nipples. She squealed, and her cheeks turned an even deeper shade of red. She looked really sexy now, almost certainly turned on.  
  
I tried to pull down her panties, but she grabbed them, and wouldn't let go. Finally, she relented, and let me. Her pubic hair was quite lush, thick, dark and fluffy. Ryosuke says thick hair is a sign of a woman with a strong sex drive. Was she a nympho too?  
  
"How do you feel?" I asked, a bit surprised she'd let me strip her naked in front of her mother (and brother and cute friend?).  
  
"Cold. Can I get back dressed now?" she complained.  
  
"No. Let's give your hubby a call. He's at work, is he?"  
  
Sachi, who'd been silent all this time, finally couldn't control herself.  
  
"My dear Emi, you really are a naughty girl," she laughed.  
  
"What? I'm just trying to help," I protested.  
  
Sachi obviously thought I was a bit crazy, but she seemed fascinated at what I'd come up with. I'd been nude when I talked with Ryosuke, so it seemed only natural for Namie to give her hubby a call. Namie went to sit down in the big armchair, but I stopped her.  
  
"Oh, don't sit there. Sit by the window," I suggested, trying to push her to challenge her limits. I still wasn't sure if the boys were watching, but I was starting to get excited. My common sense had gone out the window.  
  
Namie looked afraid, but her mom nodded it was alright, so to humor me, she finally went over to the window. She peeked out, but the boys if they were out there were well hidden. She jumped up onto the seat of the couch, flashing her naked body to whoever was outside, shocking me with her daring.  
  
"Oh, careful, Namie," Sachi warned. "Someone might be watching."  
  
'Too late,' I thought. Namie stood there blinking nervously, luxuriating in the dazzling sunlight. If Hideki and friend were out there, they were getting the full show.  
  
Namie eventually turned, and set her bare behind down on the window sill! I wanted to warn her. I honestly did, but I just stood there, a bit in awe at her sudden bravery. Covering my own pussy at least, I edged closer to the window, peering out. Hideki? Where are you?  
  
Oblivious, Namie dialed Ryoichi on her cell. She spoke in a whisper, shielding what she was saying from Sachi and me. I was more worried about the boys. It's not like Namie ever shows much skin. Now though, she seemed strangely unconcerned. I guess she was trusting me, or maybe she was excited too.

Anxious to see what was going on, I cautiously walked over to the end of the couch, and peered out the window. They didn't seem to be down in the snow. The only thing I could think was that they'd climbed up onto the back porch, and were watching from there. I couldn't check with the couch in the way, but if they were there, they'd be able to see Namie well enough. She was busy whispering to Ryoichi, giggling away, and waving her fingers in the air, almost like she wanted to touch herself.  
  
After the longest time, she finally came down off the couch, and put away her phone.  
  
"What did he say?" I asked.  
  
"He said he'll try to come home early tonight," she smiled, blushing.  
  
"Oh, that's great. Good for you." I gave her a gentle hug. She ran over, and gave her mom a hug too. Sachi was a bit taken aback, but we were both glad to see Namie happy.  
  
While Namie got dressed, Sachi held up the swimsuit triumphantly.  
  
"There. How's that?" she asked.  
  
"It looks good," I agreed. I went over, and she nodded for me to try it on. I hesitated though glancing back at the window.  
  
"Is there someone out there?" Sachi asked, getting up to look out the window. Suddenly, we all heard a crunching noise. It had to be Hideki and Itou or whoever, but we still couldn't see them. I was more sure than ever though that they must be out back spying in on us.  
  
Sachi couldn't see them though, so she signaled for me to go ahead. More worried now, I went over into the dining room before taking off my t-shirt. They still might be able to see through the windows in the back door, but I couldn't see anything. I pulled the swimsuit on, letting Sachi see. Sachi motioned for me to come over into the light of the living room window, so she could check the fit. Once she was done, she told me to take it off again.  
  
I peered out at the snowy backyard, so sure that they must be out there. I carefully pulled down the suit, exposing first my breasts, then my pussy to the bright light. I felt a bit like a stripper, but it was kind of exciting knowing that Itou must be watching. I was tempted to open the back door, but I guess I shouldn't get too crazy with Sachi here. She is pretty open-minded, but anyway, I didn't want to shock her. In the end, I got back dressed.  
  
Eventually, Hideki came back in. He was trying to look innocent, but there was a fire burning in his eyes. I'm positive he saw Namie naked and probably me as well.  
  
Uncle Yuuzou came back, and we all had supper together. Hideki was pretty quiet. I wonder if he is embarrassed about letting his friend see his sister and me naked. They must have wondered what we were doing.  
  
Emi Tsuruta