**The Girl Next Door**

by Martin Suncrest

**The Girl Next Door 1: Mayu's Secret**

Sometimes when I'm sitting at my desk in my apartment, I'll get tired of staring at the computer screen, and take a look out the window to see what's going on outside. Just below and to the left of my balcony, there is quite a large house where a Japanese family lives (I live in Tokyo). Sometimes, I see the mother or the daughter out in their backyard hanging out their laundry. From the looks of her school uniform, I would say that the daughter is probably a high school student, even though her mother looks pretty young for someone who has a child that age. Both mother and daughter are quite good looking in fact. They have such clear skin, long shiny black hair, perky little bodies and those exotic almond shaped eyes that sort of draw you in. I don't know them that well, but I must say when they do come out of their house, it forms quite a pleasant diversion from my work. Some of my friends have been saying I should move out of this apartment, and get a bigger place, but actually, lately this place has started to grow on me, and I'll tell you why.

I'm not sure what first set me off, but actually, I noticed quite a while ago that every once in a while, the daughter would be doing things that seemed a bit peculiar. At first, I didn't think much of it. After school, she would come out on the back step dressed in her sailor suit school uniform. You've probably seen them, you know, a pleated navy flare miniskirt, white blouse with a blue collar and a red kerchief tied around her neck, sort of like the uniforms girls wear at private schools back in the States. She'd stand there looking up at my building and the other buildings that border her yard. It got to the point where she'd done it so many times I began to wonder what she was up to. She'd just stand there in the doorway, fluttering her eyelashes nervously, and only when she seemed satisfied that no one was watching would she come out.

Her yard is just below my window, so I can see her quite well, but for some reason, she doesn't ever seem to notice me. I guess it must be the lace sheers I have hung on my window or the darkness of my room compared to how bright it is outside.

This went on for a few weeks, and then one afternoon, instead of her uniform, she appeared at the back door dressed in a long thigh-length t-shirt holding a laundry basket in front of her. She stood there for a long time looking all around just like she always did. So as not to alarm her, I moved away from the window, and tried to concentrate on my work, but then I heard the click clack of her sandals coming down the steps. She'd got my curiosity up, and so eventually, I stood up again, and peeked through the curtains at her standing there just below.

Her legs were bare, and the hem of her t-shirt was fluttering a bit in the wind. I just stayed there, staring at her for a long while, fascinated by her innocent young beauty. She had such delicate features, almost like a model or one of those teen idols that you see on TV so much here. I slowly realized that her cheeks, usually a pale white, had turned a darker shade of pink, almost red. What's that about? Is she blushing, for heaven's sake? That's strange. I couldn't figure out what she'd be blushing about just standing in her backyard like that.

She set down her laundry basket, turning her back to me, picked up what looked like a cheerleader's skirt, and reached up to hang it on the clothesline. I guess she must be a cheerleader at school, and was just washing her uniform. I glanced down at her hips. As she reached further and further up to clip the skirt onto the line, the hem of her t-shirt kept rising up the back of her lovely young thighs. I kept expecting her panties to pop into view, but instead all I could see was more skin. Her two round buttocks slid out, their round pinkness glowing brightly in the light of the warm afternoon sun. Can she be wearing a thong for heaven's sake? No wonder she was blushing. The little devil!

She got the skirt clipped to the line, and came back down, her t-shirt once again covering her cute little fanny. I forgot completely about my work, now absolutely intrigued by my daring little neighbor. I moved closer to the window, and pulled my shears away, so I could get a better look. She reached down again for the next item, a pair of her panties apparently. As she leaned forward, I caught another glimpse of the cheeks of her buttocks, and a dark patch in between. Could she be wearing a black thong? This struck me as quite strange. She couldn't be much older than seventeen, eighteen at most, and I'd always imagined her as the shy innocent type. Sweet sixteen, never been kissed.

She reached up, and spread her legs again, and I was astonished by what I saw. No panties, no thong, just two cute little round buttocks, and a shock of soft black pubic hair hanging down between. I rubbed my eyes, and squinted down at her, but there was no mistaking it. She was walking around outside in a short t-shirt and not much else.

At first, I just kind of stood there, stunned. Never in my wildest dreams did I expect this young innocent waif of a girl to be so delightfully naughty. So that's why she always seemed anxious about coming out into her own backyard! She probably hadn't had any underwear on under her uniform either. The cheeky little devil! Who would have thought such a sweet looking girl would ever do such a thing? I was completely amazed.

I stood there watching her, wondering if she would turn around, and give me a peek at her pussy as well. She kept her back to me though. She can't know I'm up here obviously. If she did, there's no way she would have come out here dressed like that. So why won't she do me a favor, and turn around? I've been a good boy. If lady luck could just grant me one more wish...

Unfortunately, my little princess seemed determined to continue facing the other way. On the plus side, though, as she became more accustomed to being outside in such a skimpy little tee, she began to get braver, reaching up higher and higher almost as if she were deliberately pulling the shirt hem up to expose more and more of her cute little backside. I started to wonder if I should go fetch my camera, but then her mother called for her. She jumped, a bit startled perhaps, and then rushed back inside the house.

I just sat there for the longest time after that, delighted by my discovery, replaying it over and over again in my mind. She really did have the cutest little ass I think I've ever seen, round, a bit pudgy perhaps, but with curves in all the right places. Looking at it made me just want to... well, you know, get to know her better.

The more I thought about it though, I still couldn't understand how such a bright innocent young girl as her, from what seemed such a fine upstanding family could go ahead, and do something so utterly kinky, so brazen, so daring. As far as I could see, she didn't have a boyfriend. I'd seen her out shopping with her mother sometimes, or talking with her friends on the train to school, and she always seemed like the shyest little shrinking violet, the very picture of virgin purity and virtue. The way she was blushing and quivering whenever she stood there at her back door seemed to suggest that she was embarrassed by what she was doing. But then why? Why take the chance of getting caught?

The only thing I could think of was that she enjoyed embarrassing herself, tempting fate, being nude or whatever. Maybe she'd tried it once, and then got so hooked she couldn't help herself anymore. Whatever it was, I was thrilled. Perhaps I still didn't know her very well, but I did know a secret about her, something probably no one else knew. I couldn't wait to see her again. Just knowing she did things like this brightened my day no end.

I decided to write, and tell my friends back home in the States. They'll never believe it! A cute little virgin flasher right here in my own backyard. I need some proof though I guess. I knew this might not be the most gentlemanly thing to do, but I was so excited I ended up getting out my camcorder and a telephoto lens, and set it up on a tripod just at the edge of the sheers. That way, if she ever came out, and did something like that again, I'd be ready. She really is the most gorgeous girl, and I still couldn't get over the fact that she would do something like this. It just seemed to good to be true.

Unfortunately, I didn't see her again for quite some time. I wondered where she'd disappeared to, and I even ended up going down to their front gate. The nameplate said "Hamada" on it. A few days later, I bumped into the mom at the grocery store, and said hi. I thought about asking about her daughter, but decided not to. If it got back to little Miss Hamada that a "gaijin" (foreigner) was asking about her, she might stop playing her little games, and that was the last thing I wanted her to do.

Eventually, I got back into my work, and almost forgot about her, but then late one night, I got tired of working, and decided to go out for little bit of fresh air. I stopped in to rent a movie at the local DVD store, and then headed across to the convenience store to pick up some snacks. I was standing there in front of the drink fridge mulling over what to buy when I heard the voices of two young girls come into the store. They came into the next aisle over, and were giggling away about some in-joke, which I didn't quite catch. I peered over the shelf and sure enough it was young Miss Hamada and one of her friends, the girl I usually saw riding with her to school on the train.

I wondered what the two of them could be doing out so late. I tensed, concentrating trying to overhear their conversation. Miss Hamada's first name was apparently Mayu, and her friend was Megumi. Cute names I thought. Their speech was sprinkled with lines and catch phrases from popular TV shows with which I was only vaguely familiar, but whatever it was they were talking about, they kept breaking out into laughter every few minutes. I grabbed a carton of juice, and walked over to the counter to get a better look at them. Megumi was in these boys-style pajamas, and the lovely Mayu had on a thigh length t-shirt, sandals, an ankle bracelet and perhaps not much else. The tender flesh of her long bare legs shone radiantly in the store's bright light. Mayu must be sleeping over at Megumi's house, and they'd just come out to pick up some late night snacks.

Pretending I'd forgotten something, I headed down the aisle where they were standing. Megumi was standing with her back to me, but Mayu saw me and told her to move out of the way, so I could get past. Mayu stared up at me with wide eyes as I drew nearer, and it was no wonder. Her t-shirt was clinging tightly to her tender little tits, and there was no mistaking the shape of her nipples. She huddled up against the shelves as I made my way past, but the hem of her t-shirt had gotten caught in the crack of her buttocks, making it painfully obvious she was wearing nothing at all underneath her thin white t-shirt. Looking at her there quivering nervously, perhaps realizing that I had found out her secret, somehow made her seem sexier than ever. I strained to hide my mounting hard on.

They moved towards the counter, and fascinated, I couldn't help but follow. The shop clerk glanced back and forth at them as he rung their items through. While they faced him, I slipped around behind, and leaned over to get a better look at Mayu's cute little ass. Even through her t-shirt, it was exquisite. If she'd only lean forward a little more...

They paid their bill, and then quickly skeedaddled out of the store. Mayu looked back at me through the store window, perhaps finally recognizing me as her neighbor. She squatted down for a moment outside the store, apparently refastening the buckle on her sandals. I quickly paid for my own things, but by the time, I made it outside, they were gone.

After that, I didn't see Mayu much again except for the odd time coming back from school, or heading out with her mom. At least, I'd found out her name, and I managed to stumble on her school one day while I was out for a walk. I just saw her for a second, but it seemed to be a private girl's school of some kind. Maybe that's what drove her to dabble in exhibition - the stress of studying for Japan's notoriously difficult university entrance exams.

Not too long after, I saw Mayu come home from school. A little while later, I saw her mother go out. That probably meant that dear little Mayu was at home all alone in their big house. I was trying to finish up a long translation for work, but I couldn't concentrate on it at all. I kept wondering what Mayu might be up to. I peered out the window to see if she would come out. I saw something moving through the sliding glass doors at the back of their house, but it was hard to tell for sure what was going on. I looked at the camera, which was still on its tripod, and wondered if I should get it ready. I pulled it over, and tried to peer in through the window, but I couldn't really see her at all until she stepped out from behind their sheers.

She had a big towel wrapped around her, and her hair was obviously wet. She'd probably just taken a shower, and was looking out at the laundry hanging in the back yard for something to wear. I stood absolutely still, silently praying for her to come outside in just the towel. Fresh from the shower, she exuded this sweet healthy sexuality. She finally pushed open the glass door, and stepped out into a pair of sandals on the back step.

I pressed record on the camcorder, and focused in. Almost as if she was deliberately posing for me, she pulled her hair back out of her eyes, and peered around at all the clothes hanging on the line. Her towel blew a little in the wind. The little vixen really seemed to be enjoying this, tempting fate with her daring. She reached out, and felt a hoodie with one hand, apparently to see if it was dry, then pulled it off the line, and went back inside. I breathed a sigh, fearing that the show was over.

Finally, a few minutes later, she reappeared at the door. She had the hoodie on top and the towel was wrapped around her slender young waist. She looked very intent as if bracing to do something, and eventually she slid the door open again, and very cautiously stepped out. She looked up this way. I froze, holding my breath, worried she'd found me out. Her eyes didn't change though, and soon she turned, and looked the other way. I let out a sigh of relief. That was close. I lined up the camera again, but she started walking toward my building, and then went under my balcony right out of my line of sight.

Now what do I do? I know she's down there, but I can't very well go out on my balcony. She'd hear the noise of the sliding door for sure. I got up on my tiptoes peering out through the big glass balcony doors from inside, and I finally caught a glimpse of her head. She was staring down the laneway that ran next to her house to the street. What does she think she's doing? If someone walks by on the street, or if our neighbors look out the window, they'll see her. Heck, I can see her. There's probably someone else watching her already.

It did look like she was aware that she was taking quite a chance walking out to where she could be seen from the street. She was moving forward so slowly, and obviously trembling with fear or perhaps excitement. I couldn't take the suspense, not being able to see, so I ever so quietly pushed open my balcony door, and stood hiding behind the sheers peering around the curtain with one eye. I moved forward just far enough to see her, but I couldn't very well pull the camera out. I just stood there watching, and waiting to see what she would do.

I don't know if she heard the door, but she looked back up this way for a second, but somehow managed to miss me standing huddled behind the curtains in the door. All this hide-and-seek was playing havoc with my heart. The excitement, the tension in the air was incredible.

Seemingly satisfied that no one was there, she moved over to this rail fence that extends up from this concrete trench that runs along the side of their house. I hadn't really noticed it before, but I guess it is supposed to let sunlight into the basement windows. She started rubbing her bottom up against the fence, and again I wondered what she was up to. Then, suddenly the towel came undone, and fell to the ground!

There she was, suddenly standing there half naked, her short hoodie nowhere near long enough to cover her exquisite young pussy and ass. Both her pitch-black pussy hair and her curvy white young hips looked so soft and inviting. I was getting very seriously turned on just looking at her. She was looking back and forth trying to make out as if dropping the towel had been an accident, but with one foot, she skillfully kicked it under the fence. It fell straight down into the trench, leaving her a few yards from the street with nothing to cover her. She brought her fingers up, and covered her open mouth, skillfully playing the damsel in distress.

More than the coy acting though, I couldn't get over what a completely luscious body she had. Almost as if to emphasize that point, she leaned far forward over the railing pointing her scrumptious little behind high in the air. I grabbed my camera, and focused in on it, getting a clear shot of her beautiful ass with her little pink pussy lips just peeking out from in between. They were glistening wet in the sun, and I almost shot my load. God, she is such a work. I don't think I've ever seen such a sexy girl in my whole life.

I couldn't control myself anymore. I lurched forward on to my balcony, and stared down over the edge. It was five, six yards straight down. What am I thinking? There's just no way I'd be able to jump down.

She raised her head back up, and I realized she might be able to see me, so I quickly slipped back inside my apartment. My heart was pounding in my chest, and it took a few seconds before I could get up the nerve to look back out.

In the meantime, she'd opened the gate in the fence, and climbed down into the trench obviously wanting to get her towel back, rather than continue to run around bottomless. She disappeared from sight, and then as she climbed back up, she was looking up this way. I backed away from the window, but I wanted so much to see what was going on. I waited for as long as I could, and then cautiously peeked back out. Fortunately, she was standing with her back to me facing the street tying her long black hair up in a ponytail. I debated what to do. I finally left my camera on my desk, and edged forward again, gathering the curtain around me to hide.

As I inched forward, I saw first her hoodie extending most of the way down her back and then... her delicious little bare bottom, shining invitingly in the bright sunlight. She had planted her legs so far apart I could see a tantalizing little lick of pubic hair peeking out from between them. I wanted so much to go down there, and... well, give her a good spanking or perhaps something a little more enjoyable for the two of us. As she turned, I realized she'd been clutching the corner of the towel in her teeth using it to hide her pussy from anyone who might walk by on the street in front of her.

The towel had gotten wet on the ground, but unable to take the tension anymore, she turned, and wrapped it tightly around her curvaceous little rear. I was still breathing heavily, but she disappeared back under my balcony and out of sight. She must be horny as heck too by now. I wonder if I should go down, and knock on her door. The whole problem was I didn't really have any excuse to talk to her.

'I just happened to notice you running around naked in your backyard, and...' No, that wouldn't do.

I hurried over to the side window, but she quickly slipped back inside, out of sight again. I watched, and waited to see if she would come back out. There was no sign of her for the longest time, and then I caught a glimpse of something moving in the glass doors way down the far end of the back of her house. I couldn't see so well because it was at quite a sharp angle. I kept wondering if I should go down there, but that wouldn't be good if I just walked straight into her backyard uninvited. Behind her backyard was the wall of an auto garage or something, so that was no help. I don't suppose I'd be able to see anything from the street that runs in front of the garage either.

I felt so frustrated, but I didn't know what to do. I wanted so much to talk to her, to introduce myself, but I couldn't think of what I could say. Anyway, it didn't look like she was coming out again, so I finally sat down. I hooked up my camera to my computer, and downloaded a few vidcaps onto my hard drive. There were some choice ones, especially of her leaning over the rail with her cute little butt in the air. I picked out the best one, and emailed it off to my friend John back in the States. I titled the email "The girl next door." This will get him going. Can't wait to hear what he says.

**The Girl Next Door 2: Cheerleading Practice**

The story so far: I'm an American, a translator living and working out of a cozy little apartment in an upscale neighborhood in western Tokyo. Directly below my apartment lives Mayu Hamada, an beautiful young Japanese schoolgirl, with her mom and dad. Without really intending to, I have discovered a secret about the shy young Mayu: she has a great body but no great love of underwear. One afternoon, I spotted her out in her backyard in a thigh-length t-shirt and not much else, and even ran into her and her best friend Megumi late one night at a convenience store in the same outfit. As you might guess, I've become fascinated with this adventurous young miss, and have been trying to figure out how to strike up a conversation, and maybe get to know her a little bit better.

The next few days just dragged by. I tried to finish up all my work, but I couldn't stop thinking of Mayu. I usually caught a glimpse of her leaving in the morning and when she came home in the afternoon, but she didn't come out into the yard anymore. Maybe I should just go down there, and knock on her door. Still, her mom seemed to be home a lot. Maybe that's why she wasn't coming out. It felt like she was under heavy guard. For all I knew, she might just feel the same way.

A few days later, I got an email from my friend John asking where on earth I got the picture I'd sent him of Mayu's cute little ass. He couldn't believe I'd taken it. Oh well. I guess I'll just have to enjoy this myself for now. But how on earth am I ever going to get to talk to her?

By luck, one afternoon not long afterward, I managed to stumble onto her. It was hot in my apartment, and I was getting tired of working inside, so I packed up my laptop, and headed out for a nearby park, Komazawa Olympic Park. It was built for the Tokyo Olympics in 1964, so it has all kinds of facilities: an outdoor swimming pool, tennis courts, an archery range, and two baseball diamonds, all in a pleasant treed setting. On the edge of the park, there is even an interesting little art gallery. Tucked away in the back, there are a few peaceful corners with shaded picnic tables where I sometimes go to relax, and enjoy the breeze on hot summer days.

Anyway, I picked out my spot, and took out my laptop half intending to work, but before long, I heard the voices of young girls coming this way. I turned, and a group of ten or so high school girls dressed in t-shirts and navy gym shorts ("bloomers") came parading by. It was just past 3:30, so this must be some kind of after-school activity or club. As I looked closer, I realized that Mayu was among them. This must be her school's cheerleading team come to practice in the park. They walked by gabbing away happily. My curiosity peaked, I hastily packed up my laptop, and went after them, keeping back a safe distance.

Just short of one of the buildings, they turned, and disappeared out of sight behind a line of trees. I cautiously entered the wood, and then stopped when I came to the edge of a little grassy clearing where they were setting down their things. They were all quite cute, sporty looking in their tight little gym uniforms. Some of them were a bit chunkier than Mayu, but fit and athletic looking all the same. Many of them, Mayu included, had their long silky black hair tied up in ponytails to keep it out of their eyes I guess. They all exuded a healthy giggly girlish innocence I found quite fetching.

The place they had chosen was fairly secluded. Behind them, there were some bushes and then more trees blocking the view from the building, but surely anyone walking by on the path they'd come in from would be able to see them. I reeled back in disbelief though as I suddenly realized they were intending to change into their cheerleading uniforms right here in the middle of this bustling park!

Sensibly though, most of the group formed a little circle around the ones who were changing to shield them from view. The guards weren't that vigilant though, and from my vantage point, I could see well enough what was going on in the middle of the group. One after another, they would strip off their t-shirts, and quickly pull on their cheerleading tops. Their lacy white sports bras fit snuggly over their nubile young breasts. Next, they would pull on their cheerleading skirts over their bloomers. The skirts were wide and flared and not terribly long, so as they pulled down their bloomers, I usually got a little peek at their white cotton panties as they bent over.

Mayu stood in the outer circle for a long time chatting happily away with her teammates. Finally, it came her turn, and she moved to the middle of the circle. Before she started to change though, she looked all around. As her gaze turned this way, I moved behind a tree, a bit frightened now that she might have seen me. When I peeked back out, she seemed satisfied though, and quickly peeled off her t-shirt, and slid her cheerleader top on. I just caught a brief glimpse of her bra-covered tits, but they looked quite sexy, filling out nicely her frilly white bra. She turned away from me, and quickly pulled on her skirt. She slid her hands inside it from the bottom, but then paused for a long time as if she were trying to get up her nerve. I'd seen her do this before back at her house, so I already had a sneaking suspicion what she might be up to.

She slowly slid her bloomers down her silky young thighs, but it took me another second before I could confirm that she was sliding down her panties with them. With panties mid-thigh, she paused for a moment to straighten them out leaning forward enough for me to see her delightfully spankable bare bottom peeking out from under the hem. She pushed her bloomers and panties down letting them fall to her ankles, and then daintily stepped out of them, briefly exposing her delectable ass again. Suddenly, a lot of the girls around her started breaking away, running off down the path. I looked over to see another girl walking across the field towards them. A couple of them called out,

"Megumi!" and I finally recognized her as the girl in her pajamas from the convenience store the other night. Mayu hesitated, wondering what to do. She was now stuck out in the middle of this field with no underwear and precious few of her classmates around to guard her. She finally leaned over flashing me her ass yet again, and tucked her bloomers away into her bag. Just watching her, I was starting to get a very serious hard-on. Mayu strolled across the field to where Megumi was, her skirt bouncing up and down in rhythm as she walked, exposing first her ass and then her pussy over and over in rapid succession. None of the other girls seemed to notice, but I was getting seriously excited. I'd never seen such a brazen act in my whole life. She was now standing not so very far from the path and the entrance to the building behind them. I stood watching with bated breath, wondering if she was going to get spotted by someone walking along the path.

Eventually, they all came back, and the circle reformed, but Mayu stood there for a while longer with her back to me gabbing away with Megumi. It was stifling hot, but every time a breeze blew by, her skirt would flutter up exposing her precious little bottom again. Mayu was standing with her legs wide apart slowly rotating her hips as if she was savoring the felling of the breeze on her sweet little virgin pussy. I could almost taste it. I was dangerously close to coming, but I couldn't take my eyes off her. She was truly a wet dream come true.

Eventually, they were all almost ready, so Mayu rushed into the middle of the group, bent over again, and dug her panties out. She turned to face this way, and lifted up one leg to slide her panty on, giving me a brief glimpse of her pussy. Once she'd got the other leg through she stood there for moment with her panties hanging mid-thigh, and was fiddling with something up inside her skirt. Their coach came out, so she quickly pulled her panties up and not a moment too soon. He seemed the stern "tough love" type, and set them to work warming up at once.

To avoid being seen, I backed up into the woods a bit, and eventually found a safer vantage point further back out of view. I liked how they warmed up, working in pairs, one girl lifting up the other girl's leg as high as it would go, and holding it there. They didn't seem to find this strange at all, but I couldn't help examining their outstretched crotches as they did this. Athletic little bodies.

Their cheerleading routines were pretty impressive too. They had this one routine where three girls would throw one of the lighter girls up in the air, and hold her standing on their shoulder for a few seconds. When she came tumbling back down her, skirt would inevitably billow up in the wind, exposing her panties. I wondered if Mayu had ever done the same stunt without her panties. That would be a sight to see.

Anyway, before I knew it, they'd finished. They grabbed their stuff, and headed off to the showers. I hung around a while longer, but couldn't find them again. I still couldn't get over how brave little Mayu was to run around the park without her panties. I guess I was the only one watching them, but if they did this kind of thing regularly, they'd probably attract quite an audience. Maybe that's why they'd come to the park: to get away from the staring boys on the school's back field.

After that day, I lost track of Mayu again for the next few weeks. The whole thing was really getting to me though. I had to find some way to talk to her. I finally decided to take the bull by the horns, and try to chat with her mother. I'd seen her around on the street on the way to the train station a few times, although I doubt she knew we were neighbors. I started bowing to her every time we passed on the street, and saying,

"Konnichi wa. (Hello)."

She seemed pretty surprised the first time, but after I'd done it a few more times, she eventually started greeting me back. I was always on my best behavior, trying to be friendly enough to make an impression, but not so friendly as to arouse suspicion. Eventually, I bumped into the two of them, mother and daughter together, in a nearby supermarket.

"Konnichi wa," I said bowing my head slightly.

"Konnichi wa," her mom answered back smiling.

"Dare? (Who's that?)," Mayu whispered in her mom's ear. Taking this as a signal, I introduced myself.

"Martin Suncrest to moushimasu. Hajimemashite. (My name is Martin, Martin Suncrest. Nice to meet you)."

"Sankuresuto-san desu ka? (Your name is Suncrest?)," her mom replied a bit uncertainly.

"Hai, sou desu. Tonari desu yo ne, watashitachi. (Yes, that's right. We're neighbors, aren't we?)" I immediately wondered if that didn't sound suspicious in itself, but they made no sign.

"Eeee? Nihongo jouzu desu ne. (Oh my. You speak Japanese so well)."

People always say this even if they don't always mean it.

"Sono koto nai desu yo. (No, not at all)," I denied, trying to appear humble. "Waei hon'yaku no shigoto wo shite imasu node, mou chotto jouzu ni naranai to. (I'm a Japanese to English translator, so I really should study more)."

Both of them seem impressed and amused to have found a Japanese-speaking foreigner.

"Eigo desu ka. Amerika no kata? (English? Are you American?)"

"Hai. (Yes)."

They looked at each other, obviously making some kind of connection I couldn't yet guess.

"Uchi no ko wa ima juken de eigo wo benkyou shite imasu. Zenzen dame desu kedo ne. (My daughter here is studying English for her university entrance exams. She's hopeless though)."

I knew she was just being modest, but it gave me just the opening I'd been looking for.

"Oshiemashou ka. (I could teach her if you'd like)."

"E? Hontou desu ka. Demo isogashii deshou. (Really? But you must be very busy)."

"Iyee. Moshi yoroshikereba, yorokonde. (No, not at all. If you'd like, it would be my pleasure)."

Mayu looked up at me, wide-eyed with curiosity.

"Ja, onegai shiyou kashira. (Then maybe we should take you up on your offer)."

I gave them my phone number and my email address, urging them not to hesitate to call. They both bowed low as they walked off, seemingly a bit overwhelmed at having talked with a westerner. Well, anyway, at last, I'd made contact with the elusive Mayu.

Maybe a week or so later, I got a phone call from Mr. Hamada, Mayu's father. This made me more than a bit nervous, but he turned out to be more approachable than I would have guessed. Their son was going to university in the States. This explained the knowing look the mom had given Mayu when I said I was from the States. This was doubtless why they were so keen on having Mayu study English. Mr. Hamada invited me to come over to their house, so we could work out the details. We arranged a time, and then said goodbye. I was so excited. I could barely believe it - me getting to teach Mayu. It was almost to good to be true. I could hardly wait.

The day finally came. I showed up at their door at the appointed time, and Mr. Hamada escorted me into their dining room. He and Mayu sat across the table from me, but he did all the talking with Mayu just staring down meekly at the table. He grilled me on my academic background. Did I have any teaching experience? How much did I charge? I almost felt like telling him I'd do it for free, but realized this wouldn't sound right. I chose a reasonable sounding figure, and slowly the topic changed to more relaxing matters. He asked how I'd come to Japan, and told me about his son, and his business trips to the U.S., and other places around the world. He turned out to be quite the globe trotter with pictures and souvenirs of each of the places he'd been to. Mayu and her mother had been with him to the States to see their son, but in general, it seemed they stayed here at home while he traveled. So that's why I almost never see him.

The whole time I was there Mayu didn't say a single word. I wondered how she felt about being made to study English with me, but there was no way to tell. She avoided my gaze. Still her mother and father seemed happy enough with me. I could only hope I could make as good impression on Mayu herself.

The next weekend, it finally came time for our first lesson. I knocked, and both Mr. and Mrs. Hamada came to the door to greet me. They called Mayu out from her room. She was dressed very casually, in track pants and a t-shirt, but looked pretty cute as always. They invited me into their dining room for some tea and more chat. The father loved to talk to someone who could appreciate his wide knowledge of the world. Mayu just sat there shyly sipping her green tea. I finished my tea. Mr. Hamada seemed to want to talk some more, but Mrs. Hamada rescued us suggesting Mayu and I should go off, and study. Mayu stood up, and led me off to her bedroom. It was decorated in pinks and frilly curtains, quite feminine and neat. She plopped herself down unceremoniously on her bed.

"Douzo yoroshiku onegai shimasu. (I'm looking forward to studying with you. I hope you'll teach me well)," she said solemnly bowing her head low.

"Kochira koso. (No, rather it is I...)"

These were the standard Japanese pleasantries. I felt awkward being treated in such a formal manner, but there was no denying that we were near complete strangers. Trying to lighten the mood, I sat down in the only chair, and tried to shift to a more friendly tone.

"De gakkou de dou nandai? Umaku itteiru? (So how's your schoolwork going? Well?)"

It turned out she was getting good marks in her English class, but couldn't really speak at all. Their class seemed to be all about reading and translation.

"Ikita eigo wo benkyou shitai. (I want to study living English)."

I nodded, a bit amused by her choice of words. Living? In what way?

"Tatoeba? (For example?)" I asked trying not to smiile.

She dug out her English textbook out, and handed it to me.

"Tatoeba, nanashou wo mite. (For example, take a look at Chapter 7)," she answered.

I opened the book, and glanced at the heading: parts of the body. The whole chapter seemed to be vocabulary complete with diagrams of the various body parts. I looked over at her a bit surprised that she'd want to start here. What was she up to?

"Kyoukasho ni kaite inai bubun mo aru n desu kedo, (There are some parts not in the text)," she went on calmly. I raised an eyebrow. Her door was still open, so I got up, and closed it. I wasn't sure where this was leading, but I certainly didn't want an audience, listening in.

"What parts do you know?" I asked in my best teacherly tone of voice.

"Nani, nani? (What?)," she asked, not understanding my English.

"Ima made donna bubun wo benkyou shita no? (What parts have you studied so far?)"

"Nnn, tatoeba eruboo toka fingaa toka rippusu...(Well, for example, elbow, and fingers and lips...)." As she said this, she pointed to each place in succession, pausing and looking deep into my eyes as she said 'lips.' I stared back at her for a moment stunned by her forwardness. She had such soft feminine looking lips, so inviting and kissable.

I shook my head, realizing that this might not be the best way to start our lessons. She was quite the temptress though obviously. She lay down on her bed, and innocently looked over at me. Her t-shirt clung tightly to her pert little breasts making it obvious she was not wearing a bra. Her track pants hung fairly low on her curvy hips.

"Oheso wa eigo de nan te iu ka wakarimasu ka? (Do you know what a navel is called in English?)" I asked trying to sound professional.

She lifted up her t-shirt, and showed me her bellybutton.

"Wakannai. (I don't know)."

"Bellybutton."

"Beribotan," she repeated. She got out her note book, and lying face down on her bed, wrote it down."

"Abara wa? (What about ribs?)" I asked. She tilted back towards me, and lifted up her t-shirt to show me her ribs as well. She had a splendidly flat tummy, as you would expect a cheerleader might.

"Ribu."

"Pinpon. (That's right.)"

"Hora hora. Tabemono no ribu aru deshou. Dakara shitteiru. (Yeah, yeah. They serve ribs in a restaurant. That's how I know)," she told me proudly. I laughed, pleased she seemed to be getting the hang of this.

"Oppai wa? (What about 'breasts'?)" I asked hoping she might show those to me as well. She thought for a moment, but finally decided not to. I taught her "breasts," and she dutifully wrote it down in her notebook. I watched her, absolutely fascinated by her every gesture - the way she batted her eyelashes, and licked her lips before putting all of her concentration into writing out these seemingly simple words. I rolled my chair over closer to the bed, and touched her on the heel of her bare foot.

"Kakato wa? (What about 'heel'?)"

The skin on the soles of her feet was so soft I could hardly believe it. She wrote down 'heel,' and then I slowly went up her leg touching each part in turn through the material of her track pants: ankle, calf, knee and thigh, teaching her each one in turn. She didn't object to my touching her, but just kept on dutifully writing down each part in her notebook. I stared down at her hips. They seemed much wider than most of the schoolgirls I'd seen here, but she had the same slender waist. I could still remember the shape of her rear from seeing it in the park. Unable to contain my curiosity, I reached out, hooked my finger onto her waistband, and pulled it down exposing her bare behind.

"Sensei, yada. Nani shitenno? (Mr. Suncrest, ah! What are you doing?)"

I had seen her rear before, but never from so up close. It looked so soft, hairless and cushiony. It would doubtless make for a joyously smooth ride if I slid my schlong inside her. She wriggled her ass back and forth trying to get me to let go. I could feel my erection growing stronger with every second.

"E? Doushite pantsu wo haiteinai n desu ka? (How come you're not you wearing panties?)" I asked a bit shocked.

"Datte ie no naka da mon. ('Cause I'm at home now)."

I let go of her waistband, and it snapped back into place. She quickly pulled it back up around her waist.

"Sensei wa ie no naka pantsu haku no? (Mr. Suncrest, do you wear underpants when you're at home?)"

I heard the question, but it didn't really register. I was still thinking what a gorgeous rear end she had.

"Sensei? Sensei? Daijoubu desu ka. (Mr. Suncrest? Mr. Suncrest? Are you all right?)"

Just at that moment, there came a knock at the door. Mayu and I both stared over at the door nervously.

"Ocha demo dou desu ka. (I thought you might like some more tea)." The door opened, and it was Mayu's mom carrying a tray with more tea. How long had she been standing there? Had she overheard our conversation?

**The Girl Next Door 3: Lessons in Love**

The story so far: I'm an American, a translator living and working out of a cozy little apartment in an upscale neighborhood in western Tokyo. Directly below my apartment lives Mayu Hamada, a beautiful young Japanese schoolgirl, with her mom and dad. Without really intending to, I have discovered a secret about the shy young Mayu: she is a bit of an exhibitionist. I caught her a couple of times, flitting around her yard, at a convenience store, in a park doing cheerleading practice, sometimes without the benefit of panties. I have to admit I have become somewhat obsessed with her lately. Eventually, I finally got up the nerve to approach her and her mother at a grocery store, and offer to teach her English. Today is my first day on the job. In her room, teaching her about the parts of the body, I got a bit carried away, and pulled open her track pants to take a peek at her cute little rear. Before I could apologize, her mother showed up bringing some tea.

Both Mayu and I stared over at her mother, spooked at how she'd popped out of nowhere like that almost as if she knew I was up to something. Well I hadn't done anything wrong really. For one thing, I'd expected her to be wearing underwear of some kind under her track pants, and even if I had seen her dainty little derriere, this wasn't the first time. I'd even made a videotape of her gallivanting around their yard bottomless in full view of the street. Not that I was about to tell them about the videotape, mind you. It was just that she had started it, this little game of hide and seek.

Mayu sat up as soon as her mother came in, and looked down, letting her hair fall over her face. She was obviously very unnerved by the whole thing, not so much at my having seen her ass, as that her mom had almost found us out. Every time, her parents were around she seemed to clam up tight. There's an old saying like that, isn't there? "Children should be seen and not heard." My parents hadn't been very strict, so I'd never much thought about it, but this was a whole different ballgame.

"Ara? Darashinai ne. (Oh dear. You look such a mess)," Mayu's mom chided her. "Chanto shita kakkou ni kigaereba. (Why don't you change into something more respectable?)"

"A, hai. (Yes ma'am)," Mayu said bowing low, and then jumping up to obey. Mayu looked fine to me. A lot of American kids dressed in sweats and t-shirts, and I certainly wasn't offended, but anyway, Mayu's mom seemed concerned about what kind of impression Mayu was making. She needn't be. I'd been obsessed with Mayu for weeks now.

"Mayu no dekiguai wa dou desu ka. (How's Mayu's English?)," her mom asked me, while Mayu rooted around in her dresser for some suitable clothes. She bent way over to open the bottom drawer, and I found myself staring at her precious little ass again. Even covered, it still looked mighty fine to me stuck up in the air like that. "Sensei? (Mr. Suncrest?)"

"A. Hai. A, jouzu, jouzu desu yo. (Oh, yes. It's good, quite good)."

Having found her school uniform, Mayu turned her back to us, reached down, and grabbing the hem of her t-shirt at the sides, started pulling it up her back. Her mom noticed my eyes widening, and turned to see Mayu taking off her t-shirt right there in front of us. She'd got it half way up her back, when her mom cried out,

"Mayu!" to get her to stop.

"A, gomen, (Sorry)," Mayu blushed. She grabbed her skirt and blouse, and ran off to the bathroom across the hall.

"Ano ko wa ne, tennenboke no tokoro ga aru kara, ki wo tsukenai to. (That girl can be a bit ditzy sometimes. If we're not careful...)." Mayu's mom started telling me all about their misadventures during their trip to the States. Most of these seemed to be related to their inability to understand English, but I also wondered if Mayu hadn't got up to some other mischief while she was over there.

The bathroom door opened a crack, and Mayu peeked out.

"Chotto shawaa abite ii? (Can I have a quick shower?)"

"Hai, hai. Demo hayaku shite choudai. Sensei wa matte iru kara ne. (Yes, but hurry up, all right? You don't want to keep Mr. Suncrest waiting)," her mother shouted back. She turned back to me, and continued with her story. Mayu hadn't quite shut the bathroom door, and it slowly swung further and further open. She finally realized, and came running back very embarrassed and very naked. Her mom noticed me staring, and turned, but by then Mayu had already shut the door. "Nanika? (Is there something wrong?)"

"Iye. Douzo tsuzukete kudasai. (No. Please go on)." I couldn't get over what a little gem Mayu was. Even assuming that she hadn't left the door open on purpose, it was still a treat to see her running around naked with her mom right here. I sat back down trying to hide my erection. Mayu's mom continued to talk until her husband appeared at the door.

"Mayu wa? (Where's Mayu?)"

"Ima shawaa. (She's in the shower)."

He smiled, and grabbed the opportunity to regale me with some more of his stories of his travels around the world. Eventually, Mayu emerged from the bathroom dressed in the white blouse and navy mini-skirt of her school uniform. Instead of coming in, she stayed out in the hall peering over nervously at us. As I looked closer, I realized she was blushing and holding her skirt steady with her hands. I'll be darned. She mustn't have taken any underwear with her into the shower. She stood there trembling slightly for quite some time, until her mom finally interrupted her father,

"A! Benkyou no tsuzuki? Ojama shimashita. (Oh, I guess you'd better get back to studying. Sorry to disturb you)." They finally left patting Mayu on the shoulder as they passed her in the hall. I guess they must have thought she was nervous about having to speak English with me, but I knew better. She peered in for another minute, and then finally came in, and made a beeline straight for her dresser. I got up, made sure her parents were gone, and then closed the door. She'd gotten out a pair of panties, and obviously wanted to go back to the bathroom to put them on. I, however, had other ideas.

"Jaa, sakki no tsuzuki wo shiyou. Oshiri wa eigo de nante iu no? (OK, let's continue what we started there. What do you call your fanny in English?)"

"Wakannai. Chotto otearai ikashite. (I don't know. Can I just go back to the bathroom for a sec?)."

"Doushite? Ima kita bakari ja nai. (Why? You just came from the bathroom)."

"Datte... (But...)," she said holding up the panties for me to see. She finally realized what was she was doing, and hid them behind her back, embarrassed even more.

"Datte nani? (But what?)"

"Mada kigae owatte inai no. (I'm not finished changing)."

"Iya, datte seifuku kite iru jan. (But you're already in your uniform)."

"Kutsushita haitte inai shi. (But I'm not wearing socks and...)."

"Koko de kireba ii jan. Tonikaku ressun no jikan naku naru kara, saki ni susumou. 'Oshiri' wa nante iu. (You could put them on here. Anyway, we're running out of time for the lesson, so let's move on. How do you say 'buttocks'?)"

"Wakannai to yutte iru deshou. (I told you I don't know)." She turned her back to me facing her desk. I'm sure this wasn't an invitation, but I couldn't help myself. I reached down, and pulled up her skirt to take another look at her precious little buns.

"Iya, minai de. (Don't look)," she whispered softly. We were both worried that her mom might come storming back in, but I was fascinated by her gorgeous curves and their squeezable cushiony softness.

"Kotaetara, oroshite yaru. (If you answer my question, I'll let your skirt down )."

She grabbed her Japanese-English dictionary, and quickly looked up "shiri."

"Za hippusu, za bakkusaido, za battokkusu. (The hips, the backside, the buttocks)," she read out.

"Pinpon. (That's right)," I agreed finally letting her skirt back down. I still wasn't done though. I put my hands on her shoulders, and got her to turn around, and face me.

"Nani, nani? (What are you doing?)"

I looked down at her blouse, searching for the buttons, but there didn't seem to be any.

"Seerafuku wo dou yatte tsukeru no? Botan ga nai ja nai? (How do you do up your blouse? There doesn't seem to be any buttons)."

"Yada! Nani itte iru n desu ka. (Oooo! What do you want to know that for?)"

"Iya, chikubi ni tsuite kikou ka to. (I was going to ask you how to say 'nipple'?)."

"Yada! Atashi no minakute ii deshou. (Ha! You don't have to take a look at mine for that)."

I peered over at the side of her blouse, found a zipper running up, and reached over to unzip it. She pulled away, and when I went after her, we collided, and she fell back onto her bed. She looked up at me, and broke out laughing.

"Sensei, hen na koto wo kangaeru ne. (You sure have a strange way of teaching)."

I lay down on top of her, rubbing my schlong into her outspread pussy. Our faces were just inches from each other, and I started to flex my hips, slowly humping her through my clothes. She gave me this naughty look, but then tried to back away.

"Sensei oshiete kurenai no. (Well, aren't you going to teach me?)"

"Nani? (What?)"

"Chikubi wa nante iu ka. (How to say nipples in English)."

"Mishite kurenai to oshienai. (Not unless you show them to me)."

"Dattara ii desu. (Then I don't want to know)," she made her cute little lips into this mock pout that made me want to kiss her. I got up off her, and moved down till my face was just above her skirt.

"Kokorahen wa tango ippai aru. (There are all kinds of words to describe this region)," I grinned. She shook her head for me to stop, but I just couldn't resist. I flipped her skirt up, and gazed down in delight at her gorgeious little pussy. I was sitting in between her legs, so she couldn't close them. She tried to flip her skirt back down, but I grabbed it, and held it up around her tummy.

"Kore wa? (What about this part?)" I asked running my fingers through her soft black pubic hair.

"Shiranai! (I don't know)," she squealed, her breath was coming faster now. I ran my finger gently along her delicate pussy lips.

"Kore wa? (What about here?)"

She tensed, and shuddered, fighting back an orgasm perhaps. I dabbed some of her love juice onto my fingers, and held up my hand to her face to show her how wet she was getting.

"Kore wa? (What about this?)"

She shook her head, quivering more than ever.

"Mou hitotsu daiji na tokoro ga aru. (There's one more really important part)." I slid my fingers along the mouth of her slit, wetting them and probing for her hood. Her lips were a most beautiful and vivid pink. It took a moment to coax her clitoris out of its hiding place, but she was obviously quite turned on. I lovingly stroked it to life, fascinated as she struggled to pull away, spreading her legs even wider. As I found the right spot, she started squealing, getting gradually louder till she was literally screaming.

I tried to cover her mouth, but it was too late. Her parents would be here any second. I pulled down her skirt, grabbed her panties off her desk, and slid her bare feet into them. She scrambled to sit up, pulled her panties up, and shifted to the chair. By the time her mom got there, she was sitting facing her desk staring down in shock at her open notebook.

"Dou shita no? (What's wrong?)," her mom asked as she opened the door.

"A, gomen. Mushi datta. (Oh, sorry. It was just a bug)," Mayu said pointing to the window. Her mom still seemed concerned, but eventually, she left us alone again.

"Gomen. (Sorry)," I apologized, regretting rushing into things, but thankful for her quick thinking. That would have been hard to explain if her mom had burst in on us, with me stroking Mayu's erect little clit. I guess I should have known that Mayu might react, but I hadn't expected her to scream so loudly.

"Datte sensei ikinari sawatte kuru nda mon. Aa, bikkuri shita. (All of a sudden, you just started touching me, and I didn't know what was happening. I was so surprised)."

"Gomen. (Sorry)."

"Koko wa atashi no uchi dakara, sou iu koto wo shinai de kureru? (This is my house, so could you not do those things here?)"

"Hai, wakarimashita. Hansei shite imasu. (Yes, I understand. I swear I'll be on my best behavior from here on in)."

"Aa, bikkuri shita. (I was so surprised)."

I was feeling a bit dazed too. I don't know what came over me. It was all the tension building up over the last few weeks. Seeing her outside, and naked over by the shower, and her coming in with no panties on. It had got me so riled up I didn't know what I was doing anymore. I'd honestly forgotten we were in her house with her parents right downstairs. Anyway, we both breathed in deeply trying to calm down. Finally, she spoke.

"De sakki no tango wa nan deshita kke? (Now what were those words again?)," she asked turning to the appropriate page in her notebook. One by one, I taught her how to spell "buttocks," "nipple," "vagina," "pubic hair," "lubrication" and "clitoris," and she carefully wrote each word down with the appropriate translation. She wasn't too sure about the meaning of "clitoris," but I explained that that was what probably set her off screaming. She wrote down the Japanese character for "mame" as the translation, literally "bean." Could that be what she called it? I was learning something here too.

Finally, we both managed to settle down enough that we could go through some more mundane items: internal organs, the differences between "back" and "hips," or "lap" and "legs." Before I knew it, our time was up. She stood up, and thanked me for the lesson bowing low. I was surprised by her formality, and still pretty excited from having touched her, but I bowed back. There'd be time enough for fun and games later.

We went back downstairs, and her mom came out, and thanked me too. She discreetly slipped me an envelope with my pay in it. Mr. Hamada came to the door to see me off, and I bowed them all farewell. Mayu came out with me to the street, and waved goodbye as I walked away. I felt a little bit bad about almost getting her in trouble like that, but I felt exhilarated, absolutely ecstatic to have finally made contact. If anything, I was more fascinated with her than ever. What a girl!

I went back up to my room, and just lay there on my bed, running over the events of the "lesson" in my mind. I could much better understand now why she did what she did; she was looking for an escape. She always had to play the good girl around her family, and the tension must be building up - typical teenage rebellion against the strict rules of her parents, but what a way to rebel.

One thing I couldn't get though was how she could be so forward with me. Sure I'd seen her around our neighborhood, a few dozen times, but I'd never thought she was paying much attention to me. Surely, she doesn't act like that around everyone. I still couldn't figure out why, but whatever the reason I was grateful. I was in heaven.

That night, I saw her come to the back door, and look up at my apartment. I still didn't think she could see me looking out down at her, but how did she know this was where I lived? Had her little teasing shows been for my benefit all along?

First thing Monday morning, I waited for Mayu out by the main road, a little way from her house. I was a bit worried her mother might come out with her, but then maybe I could just make out that I was coming back from somewhere. Luckily, Mayu came out alone.

"Ohayo. (Good morning)," she called, her face brightening when she saw me. "Odekake desu ka. (Are you going out?)"

"Un, kaisha no hou e. (Yes, to work)." I didn't really have to go to work, but it made a good excuse to go with Mayu on the train as she headed off to school.

"Kono aida wa doumo. (Thanks for the other day)," she smiled shyly.

"Iye. (You're welcome)."

For some reason, it seemed like she wasn't nearly as embarrassed by the whole thing as I was. I guess she hadn't done anything she felt embarrassed about. I was feeling a tinge of regret for playing with her pussy like that. She was a pretty cheerful girl, and didn't seem worried in the least.

As we approached the next intersection, I caught sight of Mayu's friend, Megumi standing at the corner obviously waiting for Mayu. She waved, and smiled, and then looked over at me curious.

"A, ima battari atta. Atarashii katei kyoushi, Sankuresuto-san desu. (Oh, I just bumped into him now. This is my new tutor, Mr. Suncrest)."

"Iya, Martin de ii yo. (Please call me Martin)."

"Machin? (Martin?)" Megumi queried, tilting her head to the side in the cutest way, looking puzzled. She was a real beauty too, with dark mascara around her eyes that made her look a bit like a cat. She had the cutest little lips and expressions. I'd grown quite fond of Mayu, but Megumi might give her a run for her money, at least in the looks department.

As we walked along, Mayu explained how we'd met, and how I'd started teaching her. Naturally, she left out the details of what we'd "studied." Megumi, brightened, burbling,

"Atashi mo onegai shiyou kana. Eigo zenzen dame desu yo. (Maybe I should get you to tutor me too. I'm hopeless at English)."

Mayu frowned for a second, and then quickly recovered.

"Iya, sore yori sa, atashitachi no bodigaado to iu no wa dou yo? (No, instead of that, what about getting him to be our bodyguard?)"

Obviously, Mayu wasn't too keen on the idea of me teaching the parts of the body to Megumi. I wouldn't have minded, but Mayu clearly had other plans.

"Bodiigaado? (Bodyguard?)" I asked not quite sure what she had in mind. Megumi looked me up and down, a naughty gleam in her dark little eyes.

"Iya, tatoeba densha no naka toka. (I mean in the train and stuff)." Mayu turned her face down, but looked up at me shyly through her bangs. "Dame? (Would you do that for us?)"

She looked so cute I agreed straight off.

"Ii yo, mochiron. (Sure. Of course)."

"A, yokatta! (Oh, that's wonderful)," her eyes narrowed as she flashed me the cutest smile.

"Sou sou sou. Chikan ga yoku sawatte kuru no. Yada ne. (Yeah, that's right. Gropers come up, and touch us. It's horrible)."

I looked down at the shining pink flesh of their bare legs and arms and the way their pleated skirts hovered in the air not quite long enough to cover their panties as they bounced along. I could easily understand the temptation to reach out, and touch them. They looked so appealing it would be hard to resist.

We finally got to the station, and walked down the stairs to the ticket gate. There were quite a few other schoolgirls there, but they had on uniforms slightly different from Mayu's and Megumi's, so they must go to a different school. We bought our tickets, and went in. I held back a bit, and let them go up the stairs first, trying to look innocent as I stared up their too short skirts. They were both wearing white cotton panties that hugged their cute little rear ends, showing them off to nice advantage. They didn't seem overly concerned that I and the other guys standing next to me could see up their skirts. Mayu turned, and motioned for me to hurry up, so I ran up the stairs after them.

The train pulled up, and it was already almost packed to overflowing. No one gets off at our stop in the mornings, so you have to sort of push your way on, or get left behind. I stayed behind the girls guarding them as best I could. We only made it as far as the middle of the car. It was better to be by the doors, so you weren't so surrounded by people. Mayu and Megumi turned around to face me, so we could continue talking, but Megu in particular was standing awfully close to me, falling against me the first time the train rounded a curve. She looked really embarrassed as I tried to help her back up. She'd gotten one of her thighs stuck between mine, and was pressing her breasts against my stomach. Mayu was right behind her, and Megu was sort of sandwiched between us. The sweet fresh smell that Megu was giving off wasn't making it any easier to ignore her close proximity.

I got her, so she was standing back up straight again, but her breasts kept brushing against my stomach. I had to adjust my crotch as my cock started to come alive. The train lurched again, and now Megu had her tummy firmly pressed against my stiffening cock. The train came to a stop, and a few people got off, but Megu held onto me tight as if she were frightened to let go.

We rode the wave as even more people got on. Mayu had a hold of Megu's arm, and was trying to pull her off of me, but there were just too many people. There was no room to move. Megu looked down blushing intensely, embarrassed to have her soft little breasts pressed up against me and feeling my growing cock on her tummy twitching from the stimulation.

Trying to give her some room, I tilted my body somewhat, but I lost my balance, and stumbled forward, accidentally burying my thigh deep between hers brushing against her soft pussy.

**The Girl Next Door 4: After school**

The story so far: I'm an American translator living and working out of a cozy little apartment in an upscale neighborhood in western Tokyo. Directly below my apartment lives Mayu Hamada, a beautiful young Japanese schoolgirl, with her mom and dad. Without really intending to, I have discovered a secret about the shy young Mayu: despite her shy appearance, she has turned out to be quite the exhibitionist. I caught her a couple of times, flitting around her yard, at a convenience store, in a park doing cheerleading practice without panties, sometimes wearing very little at all. Eventually, I finally got up the nerve to approach her and her mother at a grocery store, and offer to teach her English. Our first lesson was pretty stimulating, going through the parts of the body. Monday morning I went out, and met her and her best friend, Megumi, and they asked me to act as their bodyguard on the crowded train. Without intending to, I ended up with my leg between Megu's nubile young thighs.

She looked up at me in shock, but I shook my head, protesting that it was an accident. She began twisting her body about, trying to back away, but this just got her pussy sliding up and down my thigh. I reached out, and grabbed her waist to lift her off of me, but my fingers slid up inside her blouse touching her soft bare flesh. My penis was ramrod erect by then, poking her taut tummy. She bit her lip, blushing furiously just feeding my erection more. At last, she managed to get her footing, and pulled away. Her face was all flushed, embarrassed certainly, but seemingly a bit excited as well.

The train finally pulled into Shibuya, and before I knew it, we were washed along by the crowd as they rushed to get off. We finally managed to break away, and stand off at the side of the platform till the crowd passed.

"Gomen. (Sorry)," I apologized feeling distinctly like a heel for having gotten so excited when she had obviously been in some distress.

"Ii yo. Tasukarimashita. Machin-san wa inakattara motto warui me ni atta to omou yo. (No, that's OK. You were a great help. If you hadn't been there, it could have been a lot worse)," Megumi told me smiling shyly. I was glad she felt that way, but it made me wonder what kind of things these gropers usually did.

"Motto warui me tte? (What kind of things do they do?)," I asked, unable to contain my curiosity. Megumi blinked shyly, but Mayu was kind enough to elaborate.

"Te de sawatte kuru n da mon nee, nechikoku. (They move their hands in, and touch us all over. They're quite persistent)," Mayu answered, opening her eyes wide in simulated shock.

I just stood there gazing at her, trying my best to hide my arousal. She reached out, and wrapped her fingers around Megu's left breast, and slid her other hand into Megu's skirt to demonstrate. Megumi gave out a little squeal as Mayu's fingers found their target. As far as I could tell Mayu was simply trying to show me what the gropers did, but I was finding Megumi's squirming and intermittent squeals of protest intensely arousing. Megumi finally got Mayu to stop, but not before I'd gotten a most noticeable hard-on. Mayu suddenly snapped her fingers.

"A sou da. Megumi wa shitsumon ga atta yo ne. Motto otoko no koto wo shiritai tte. (Oh, that reminds me. Megumi had a question. She wants to know more about men)," Mayu went on cheerfully.

I straightened out my trousers, trying to make the bulge less obvious, and then looked over at Megumi. She wants to know more about men, huh? I'll bet she does.

"Suki na ko ga iru yo ne. Dou yatte kare no kigen wo toru toka. (There's a boy she likes. She wants to know how to get him interested in her)."

Yeah, well, a few squeals like that, and Megumi would probably have just about any boy eating out of her hand. I could vividly recall how it felt to have her nubile young thighs wrapped around mine.

"Suki na hito ga iru no kai? Ja, ii yo. Oshiete ageyou ka. (There's a boy you like, is there? OK. I can teach you a few things)."

Megumi glanced at her slender wristwatch.

"A, ikenai! Isoganai to okurechau. (Oh oh. We'd better hurry up, or we'll be late)."

The crowd had died down a bit by then, so we rushed over to the stairs, and the two of them bolted up. Halfway up though, Mayu bent over to straighten her socks. I couldn't help but stop, and stare up at her cute little ass. Her buttocks cheeks looked so silky smooth, and her white cotton panties were stretched tightly across her sweet little virgin pussy. The material was so thin you could almost make out her pubic hair through the weave. Her skirt was so short it was hard to avoid giving people the occasional peek, but this was way beyond that. She was deliberately showing me what a hot little tush she had, just in case I'd forgotten after all this business with Megumi. I definitely hadn't forgotten, but it was always a pleasure to get another look.

Megumi kept heading on up a few more stairs, and then stopped, waiting for us to catch up. Mayu straightened back up, her face made up in this look of girlish innocence. She was quite a work all right, pulling all these little stunts, one after another, but never letting on for a second how much she was getting off on doing it.

At the top of the stairs, we went out the turnstiles, and up more stairs. I found myself comparing Mayu's curvy little behind with Megumi's. It was so hard to decide which I liked better. They both looked so delectable. I wondered how the two such precocious little beauties had ever come to be friends.

We reached the top, and I came out of my reverie. We emerged out onto Hachiko plaza, one of the busiest meeting spots in all of Tokyo.

"Atashitachi wa acchi. (We go this way)," Mayu told me pointing back behind the station.

"Ja, houkago koko de machiawase suru? Nanji? (Do you want to meet here after school? What time?)" I asked.

"Un, wakatta. Ja, koko de yoji ne. (OK. We'll meet you here at four o'clock)."

They both smiled, waved goodbye, and ran off to school. This was great. Things were going so well. I couldn't stop smiling all the way to the office.

It seemed like four o'clock would never arrive. I ended up going back to my apartment again, showering, and changing into some more casual clothes. I arrive at Hachiko a bit early, so I just sat there looking out at all the other people waiting for their dates. This being Shibuya, most everyone was fashionably dressed. A couple of girls started looking over this way, pointing at me and giggling. They were pretty good-looking, but anyway, today for once, I had bigger fish to fry.

When four finally rolled around, Mayu and Megumi showed up right on time, cheerfully smiling to find me there waiting. They led me across over to Sentaagai, the main shopping street in Shibuya. I'd been there before of course, but never with two such lovely ladies for company. I'd kind of hoped to get Mayu alone, but Megumi was pretty cute too, so I could hardly complain. We walked a bit, and Mayu motioned for us to go into a three-storey fast food restaurant on the corner.

We ordered some light food and drinks, and then I followed them up to the second floor seating area. There was a group of four girls from another school sitting at the back, so Mayu nodded for us to sit right by the floor-to-ceiling window looking out over the street. As we drew closer though, we saw these guys standing down below in the intersection looking up eagerly at Mayu and Megumi. Megumi hesitated, and looked nervously over at Mayu wondering if they should be sitting here in such clear view of the street in their short skirts. Mayu calmly sat down tilting her legs off to the side, so the guys below wouldn't be able to see up her skirt. Megumi reluctantly followed suit, sitting on the other side of me, locking her legs tightly together, and looking down anxiously at their erstwhile admirers.

As they settled in, I turned to Megumi.

"Nde, asa yutta koto, suki na hito ga iru to. (Oh, about what you said this morning. There's some boy you like)."

"Yada. Sonna maji ni kikanai de yo. Suki made ikanai kedo, chotto koukishin ga aru. Dou kana tte. (Oh, don't take it so seriously. It's not that I like him. I'm just a bit curious. I wonder what it would be like)."

I smiled, charmed by her coyness.

"Dou tte? (What what would be like?)."

"Iya. Kare to tsukiau koto. (What it would be like to go out with him...)" she went on her voice trailing off shyly. Suddenly, she yelled over at Mayu. "Oi, Mayu. Nozokarete iru yo. (Hey, Mayu, be careful. Those guys are looking up your skirt)."

Mayu looked down, and blushed. She had absentmindedly spread her legs apart, revealing her vaguely see-through panties to the boys down below. She pulled her legs back together, and turned her back to us, obviously embarrassed to be caught like that.

"Dou shiyou. (Oh my. What should I do?)" Mayu opined anxiously. "Chotto matte ne. (Wait a minute, OK?)" Mayu fished around in her bag for something. She pulled out a pair of silky white panties, less see-through than the ones she was wearing but still quite sexy. Megumi leaned forward, putting her hands on my shoulders, peering over at Mayu.

"Nani shitenno? (What are you doing?)" Megumi purred into my ear, the tips of her nipples brushing against my back. That I could feel her nipples so clearly must mean she wasn't wearing a bra. The feeling of her cute little tits pressed up against my flesh was making the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

"Kigaette kuru. (I'm just going to go change)," Mayu blushed.

"Kyou bodiigaado ga iru kara, soko de kigaereba. (Since we've got a bodyguard today, why don't you change right there?)" Megumi whispered huskily, her breath tickling my ear.

"Yada! Nani wo iu no yo. (Ohmigod! What are you saying?)" Mayu exclaimed, feigning shock at this scandalous suggestion. Despite her protests though, she peered back over her shoulder at me, obviously wondering what I thought about all this. I was a bit surprised that they would even contemplate such a thing given the crowd of guys looking on below, but I quickly nodded.

"Iya, ii yo. Mamotte ageru. (No, it's OK with me. I'll protect you)."

"Dou shiyou ka na. (Hmm. Should I?)," she teased, leaving us there hanging. We just sat there staring at her intently, but she seemed to be enjoying teasing us. Megumi finally reached out, and pushed her shoulder.

"Hayaku shiro yo. Aa, onaka suita. (Hurry up for heaven's sake. I'm hungry)."

Mayu bowed her head down, obviously trying to get up the nerve to strip here in front of everyone.

"Tetsudawou ka. (Shall I help you?)," I offered.

"Ii desu. (No, thank you)," she replied coolly. I was on the edge of my seat with anticipation, but Megumi was pretending she'd lost interest. She sat back down, and started eating.

"Itsumo kou nan dakara! (Mayu's always like this)," she complained.

Mayu abruptly nodded as if she'd finally made up her mind. I tensed watching her. She turned her back to us, peering out the window at the boys below. Some of them looked up here, but apparently, they couldn't tell what she was doing from that angle. She slid her hands into her skirt, lifted up her cute little behind, and then pulled her panties down her thighs. The hem of her pleated navy skirt continued to shield her tush from view. I wanted so much to reach out, and lift up her skirt.

Megumi put her hand on my shoulder again, and looked at me. She had apparently sensed what I was thinking, and motioned for me to go ahead. I reached out, and ever so gently lifted up the hem exposing the soft well-rounded curves of Mayu's snow-white little bottom. I went to let go, but Megumi carefully took the hem from me, and tucked it into Mayu's belt leaving her glorious round backside completely exposed.

"Nani shite iru no? (What are you two doing?)" Mayu whispered back at us, as she struggled to pull her panties off. They'd gotten tangled around her ankles, and she kept shifting her cute little bottom in her seat trying to pull them loose. My cock stiffened, aching to be slid into Mayu's hips.

Finally getting the panties free, Mayu moved to pull on the other pair, but Megumi shot me this mischievous little grin, and got up. She reached over, grabbed both pairs from Mayu, and then backed away, smiling like the cat that ate the canary.

"Oi, kaeshite yo. (Hey, give those back!)," Mayu yelled. I got up to stop them, but suddenly, Megumi raced off down the stairs taking Mayu's panties with her. Mayu looked back at me with these puppy dog eyes, trembling with embarrassment as she sat there pantiless in the bright sun. "Totte kite. Onegai. (Could you go get them? Please)."

I felt this intense desire for her welling up inside of me. She looked so vulnerable and beautiful sitting there like that pushing down the front of her skirt. I couldn't resist. I leaned forward, and gave her a gentle kiss. Her lips were so soft and warm; her scent, so feminine and attractive. Her eyes widened in shock, and she gave out a little gasp, but she didn't pull away. My emotions went into overdrive as I finally managed to fulfill my long simmering desire. With an effort, I finally pulled back to see her reaction. She looked up at me confused, torn perhaps by my sudden forwardness. She was breathing heavily, still desperately holding her skirt down over her pussy. I smiled, and said,

"Hai, sugu motte kuru. (OK, I'll bring them right back)." I went to leave, but when I looked back at her, I noticed that all the boys down in the square were going bananas, whooping and cheering. At first I thought it might be because of the kiss, but then I suddenly remembered that Megumi had tucked the hem of Mayu's skirt into her belt. The guys were whooping it up because she was unknowingly flashing them her cute little bare bottom as she turned to watch me leave. I hurried back, reached down, pulled her skirt back out, and straightened it. At first, she pulled back, wondering what I was doing, but once she saw what had happened to her skirt, she started blushing and rubbing her rear end embarrassed to have been caught like that. She hadn't really intended to show everyone, but she had been asking for trouble by agreeing to take off her panties in the first place. I never even dreamed that she would go through with it.

I rushed down the stairs, and out into the square. The guys all kind of looked over wondering if I might be coming after them, but soon I spotted Megumi. She was standing there glaring at me angrily.

"Nande Mayu to kisu nanka suru no? Zurui ja nai. (What did you go, and kiss Mayu for? It's not fair)."

"Iya, betsu ni... (Uh, I didn't mean...)." Now it was my turn to feel confused. Why was Megumi getting so upset? It almost seemed like she was jealous. She'd just told me there was a boy at school she had a crush on. What should she care what Mayu and I do? Still, she looked pretty upset. "Gomen nasai. Tsui. (I'm sorry. I just kind of did it. I don't know what came over me)."

"Iyaaa, nanka yadana, hontou ni. (I can't believe it. I can't believe you would do something like that)."

"Gomen nasai. (I'm sorry)."

It was clear she was still ticked off, but anyway, she finally gave me Mayu's panties. The guys in the square were all staring at us, whispering to each other about why some gaijin (foreigner) was out with these two beautiful young girls, and why one of them had just up and taken off her panties. I looked up at Mayu. She was sitting there with her legs pressed together looking down at us, blushing furiously.

I tromped back up the stairs, and handed her her panties. She gave me a quick peck on the cheek, and ran off to the washroom. Just at the door, she paused for a moment, and then bent over to fix her socks, giving me one last look at her cute little rear. The group of high school girls noticed her, paused for a moment, and then broke out into a fit of giggles. I wondered for a moment why they didn't seem more shocked. Had they perhaps done the same thing themselves? Perhaps the girls here are a lot less innocent than they seem.

Megumi came back up, followed by a couple of the guys from below who'd come to get a closer look. I could see why these two needed a bodyguard. If I hadn't been around, they might have been in for quite a bit of unwanted attention.

Mayu came back out, and the three of us sat down, and ate our food. I wanted to ask Megumi a bit more about this boy she liked, but she still seemed to be angry at me for kissing Mayu. I rubbed my cheek where Mayu had kissed me, and looked over at her knowingly, but she gave me this wide-eyed look like she didn't know what I was grinning about. Megumi kept glaring at me suspiciously, so I finally had to go back to eating, and keep my lascivious thoughts to myself.

After we finished, we went back outside. Some of the boys from the square starting following us, but Mayu and Megumi ran on ahead slipping through the crowded streets with practiced ease. No doubt they got chased around a lot. I finally caught up to them back at the intersection in front of the station. They said that they had to head back, or else their parents would worry. I kind of wanted to talk with Mayu some more, but anyway, we got on the train, and headed back. It wasn't nearly as crowded as it was that morning. We got off at our stop, walked up to that convenience store where I'd first seen Megumi, and bought a few things.

"Atashi kocchi dakara. Jaa. (I have to go this way. See you)," Megumi said sadly, and then ran off towards her house. Mayu and I walked along in silence, just the two of us through the back streets towards home. I felt so much like kissing her again, or at least asking when I could see her, but she seemed kind of nervous.

"Ashita wa...? (About tomorrow...?)," I started to ask.

"Chiagaaru no renshuu. Mokuyoubi mo. (I have cheerleading practice. Thursday too)."

"A sou ka. Kouen de? (I see. In the park?)"

"Iya, gakkou no guraundo. (No, in the field behind our school)." She tilted her head, and looked at me suspiciously. "Doushite kouen no koto wo shitte iru no? (How do you know we practice in the park?)"

"Iya, kono aida mikakete sa. (Oh, I just happened to see you there one day)."

She opened her eyes wide, and suddenly started blushing as she wondered if I'd seen her flitting around with no panties that one time. I tried to look innocent, but this just confirmed her suspicions. She stared down at the sidewalk blushing even more.

"Maa maa, kinishinai de. Ore shigoto ga aru kara, shibaraku aenai to omou kedo. (Anyway, don't worry about it. I have some work I have to do, so I don't think I'll be able to see you for the next little bit.)."

"A sou. (Oh.)" she said not looking up. When we got close to her house, she ran on ahead, then turned, and waved goodbye.

"Kyou wa arigatou. (Thanks for all you did for us today)."

I smiled, and waved back. She was quite a treasure, she was.

The next couple of days I worked away at home, catching up on my work. I saw her leave in the morning, and come home after school. She seemed in a pretty good mood, and I wondered if it was because of me. Thursday afternoon, I decided to surprise her, and go down, and watch her cheerleading practice. I left early, but it took me a while to find the school again. I finally spotted some girls in the same uniform heading this way, and eventually found it.

I went around back, but there was no one on the field. I saw these two boys peeking into one of the classroom windows, but when I came closer, they ran away. As I peered in, I realized that they'd been peeping in on the cheerleading team as they changed in an empty classroom. I knew I probably shouldn't look, but it was hard to resist. The girls had mostly finished changing anyway. I looked around for Mayu and Megumi, but they didn't seem to be there. Eventually, they came rushing in.

"Gomen, gomen, (Sorry)," they apologized, and quickly started undoing their navy blue mini-skirts, and slipping out of them. Their white cotton panties clung tightly to their pubic mounds giving me a hard-on again. The other girls told Mayu and Megumi to hurry up, and then left the classroom, leaving the two of them alone. Mayu went to the door to make sure they had gone, and then started sliding down her frilly lace panties. Megumi turned this way, and almost caught me staring in. I backed off for a minute, but I simply couldn't contain my curiosity. I peeked over the sill, and saw Megumi lifting her blouse over her head, the little triangle of her black pubic hair already bare.

Unfortunately, I could hear the voices of the other cheerleaders coming out the door not far from where I was standing. I didn't want them to find me here spying, so I walked that way, and passed them in the doorway as they came out. They looked up at me surprised to see a tall foreigner visiting their school. As they walked away, I heard them giggling.

I made my way into the school, and quickly found the classroom where Mayu and Megumi were changing. I glanced in through the window in the door, and what do you know if the two of them weren't standing there naked in just their shoes and socks by the blackboard. I gasped stunned by their audacity. This was a girl's school, but still to lounge around class naked... They seemed to be talking something over, and scribbling on the board. I'd never seen Megumi naked before, but she was every bit as stunning as the lovely Mayu. She had ample round tits for a teenager and a lush furry bush. Mayu was standing with her back to me, tilting her cute little ass to the side. Both of them had the smoothest skin I'd ever seen.

Suddenly, Megumi's eyes went wide in shock as she finally noticed me standing peering in on them from the door.

**The Girl Next Door 5: Beach Date**

The story so far: I'm an American translator living and working out of a cozy little apartment in an upscale neighborhood in western Tokyo . Directly below lives Mayu Hamada, a beautiful young Japanese schoolgirl, with her mom and dad. Despite her shy appearance, Mayu has turned out to be quite the exhibitionist. I caught her a couple of times, parading around outside without panties, sometimes wearing very little at all. One day, I approached her and her mother at a grocery store, and they agreed to let me teach Mayu English. During our first lesson, Mayu continued to tease, and I almost lost control. A few days later, she and her best friend Megumi asked me to be their bodyguard, and I ended up kissing Mayu in a fast food restaurant in Shibuya. Then, one day I decided to drop by at their school to watch their cheerleading practice. I spotted them getting changed in an empty classroom, and went inside the school to find them standing naked by the blackboard. Unfortunately, they caught me peering in through the door to the hall.

"Kyaa! Nozokima! Hentai! Minai de yo! (Ohmigod! Peeping tom! Pervert! Don't look!)" The two of them started screaming their heads off, covering their delightful little pussies and tits with their hands. Damn! What on earth are they getting so upset about? I'd seen Mayu naked a few times before, and it didn't seem like Megumi was any shyer. Who strips naked in a classroom anyway?

"Ochitsuke! Ochitsuke! Wazato ja nai yo. Hadaka da to omowanakatta. (Calm down! Relax! It wasn't on purpose. I didn't realize you'd be naked)," I rushed to reassure them opening the door. Of course this wasn't 100% true. I'd seen them changing from outside, and had hoped to catch a glimpse of something more, but who would have thought they'd strip stark raving naked. "Sakki otoko no ko ga mado kara nozoitteita kedo, ore oidashita. (There were a couple of boys peeping in on you from the window, but I chased them away)."

"Kyaa! (Oh no!)" they screamed turning to face the window, not bothering to hide their cute little asses. I'd seen Mayu's before, round pink cheeks exuding a clean healthy sensuality. Megumi's was a little whiter, more slender, but quite cute in a girlish way. They stood there for a moment almost as if they were deliberately letting me see. Mayu even spread her legs, and leaned forward a little, giving me a tantalizing glimpse of her pussy. Her pose was so risque, looking almost as if she were inviting me to fuck her. I covered my crotch as my cock flared to life.

They finally turned back.

"Mou sore wa ii kara, dete ike! Ja nai to sensei yobu yo! (That's fine, but anyway, get out! If you don't, we'll call the teacher)."

I bowed my head, feeling a tad guilty, but I couldn't take my eyes off of them. For some reason, their sudden bashfulness was getting me even hornier still. They looked so damn sexy clutching their pussies and breasts in a vain effort to hide them. Unfortunately, it looked like they were pretty upset at my storming in on them. I reluctantly backed away rather than risk angering them further.

"Wakatta. Iku yo. Ja. (Alright, alright. I'm leaving, OK?)" I took one last look at them. Mayu stuck out her tongue at me. I bowed once more, and closed the door.

Out in the hall, an older man in a suit was coming this way. I guess he'd heard their screams, and was coming to investigate. He looked a bit surprised to see a western man here in his all-girls school.

"Nn? Nanika? (Huh? Is there something I can do for you?)" he asked hesitantly. I was worried he might take a look in the class, and find Mayu and Megu standing there naked. My mind raced to think of an excuse.

"A, hai. Koko wa Aoyama Daigaku desu ka ne. (Uh, yes there is. Is this Aoyama University?)" I asked pretending to be lost. He took me out to the front of the school, and pointed in the direction of Aoyama. I breathed a deep sigh of relief. It's too bad I had to leave, but with any luck, they'd be safely dressed by now.

I went back around behind the school, and eventually, the two of them came out onto the field, and joined the other cheerleaders. There were some other boys sitting in the stands watching them. I couldn't tell if it was the same boys from earlier, but it seemed likely. Did they come here often? Did Mayu and Megu always change in the classroom like that? Why hadn't they realize that they were being watched? Surely they'd check. Or was it that they wanted to be seen? In any case, I'm going to have to keep on an eye on them if I'm going to be taking my bodyguard duties seriously.

Eventually, the practice finished, and they all headed back inside to change back into their school uniforms. The boys and I eyed each other suspiciously, but when we headed back toward the school, the curtains on the classroom were closed. At least, it seemed like the girls had learned their lesson. I was relieved in a way. I didn't want the whole world ogling my newfound sweethearts.

The cheerleaders all came out in a group. I hung nearby, but Mayu and Megu didn't even look this way. I guess they didn't want their friends to know that they were hanging out with me for some reason. Mayu hadn't seemed too keen on letting even Megu know about me. Ah well. I decided to let it be, and lost them in the crowd around Shibuya station.

I had deadlines piling up at work, so I stayed at home the next day, and tried to catch up a bit. I saw Mayu come home from school, and then a little later her mother went out. Mayu came to the back door, and peered up at my building. It seemed that somehow she'd figured out that this was the building I lived in. I'd kind of been hoping that she'd come out into her backyard as she had in the past, but it looked like she was more wary now. Soon she disappeared back inside.

I still had plenty of work yet to do, but seeing her again had piqued my curiosity. With Mayu home alone, I was pretty sure she'd get up to something. I tried my best to concentrate on my work, but I couldn't stop thinking of her. I finally got up, and went down and out to her house. Should I knock? I wonder if she's still angry about my peeking in on them. Probably. Maybe I should apologize. I stood there for a long time, hesitating to knock. Maybe I should wait. I'll see her next week anyway, for our English lesson.

Then, through the bubbled glass next to the front door, I saw her come down the stairs, and go into the dining room. It was hard to tell exactly what she was wearing because the bubbles acted like a funhouse mirror distorting her image, but it did look like her legs were bare. I looked over at the gate into her yard and the large dining room windows beyond. I wonder if I can sneak in, and just take a quick peek. There was no one out on the balconies in my building, and I couldn't see anyone in the house next to Mayu's either. I slowly opened the gate, but it gave out a horrendous creeking noise. I hope she didn't hear that. I cautiously crept down to the window, peering in. The blinds were wide open.

Mayu was behind the kitchen counter making something. I could see her head bent down over the counter consulting some kind of cookbook. She was so busy concentrating on whatever it was she was making she didn't notice me at all. I hid as best I could at the window's edge, watching to see what she would do next. She came to the door of the kitchen, and peered over this way, so I had to duck back. I tried to hold back as long as I could, but the suspense was killing me. I had to get a closer look at what she was wearing. I finally peeked one eye out around the corner of the window. She was sitting at the table stirring a mixing bowl, cake perhaps. I could see her bare feet and legs, but the table was in the way. I couldn't see her midriff.

Finally, she got up, and walked back to the counter. Her dark t-shirt hung down to her waist, but as I had suspected, she was naked from the waist down. She leaned forward on to the counter, sticking out her precious little rear end in the sexiest way possible. This was too rich. Drat! I should have brought my camera.

Just then behind me, I heard this horrible clatter. I backed away from the window, and looked up. On the second floor of the next door neighbor's house, a young boy was opening his window, apparently trying to get a look inside Mayu's house. Mayu, for her part, scampered over this way, and quickly shut the blinds. I don't think she saw me, but she'd definitely seen the neighbor boy. Damn! Why couldn't he have left well enough alone? I guess he must have seen me spying in, and wanted to get a look at whatever it was I was looking at. Now with the blinds closed neither of us could see a thing. He looked down at me, a bit nervously, but I just rubbed my neck, annoyed.

I decided to go back out to the street rather than risk sticking around. I guess I shouldn't be sneaking around outside Mayu's house anyway. Her mom might come back soon in any case. I hung out on the street corner for a bit, and then wonder of wonders, Mayu came out of her house. She'd changed into a navy blue hoodie and a pair of red gym shorts, 'bloomers' as they're called here. She saw me right away, but gave me the cold shoulder.

"Kinou gomen ne. Masaka soko ni kigaete iru to wa... (Sorry about yesterday. I never dreamed you'd be changing there)," I apologized.

She just walked straight past, obviously in a bad mood.

"Ne, okoru na yo. Wazato ja nai to yutte iru deshou? (Don't be so angry. I'm telling you it wasn't on purpose)."

She just kept right on walking, her shorts caught up inside her sweet little ass cheeks. She had a great ass.

"Doko ni iku no? (Where are you going?)," I persisted.

"Kaimono. (Shopping)," she finally said, acknowledging my presence.

"Nani kau no? (What are you going to buy?)"

"Ringo toka. Mafin wo tsukutteiru no. (Apples and stuff. I'm making muffins)."

"Eee. Ryouri dekiru nda. (Really? You can cook?)."

"Maa ne. (Yeah, a little)."

I was glad she finally seemed to be getting over her anger. I honestly hadn't meant to upset her, but clearly they'd been asking for it changing in such a wide open place.

We arrived at a small fruit market. Mayu leaned forward picking up apples, looking for the best one. Peeking down the front of her hoodie, I realized that she wasn't wearing a bra. The little vixen! Her perky titties were hanging down like ripe apples about to fall off a tree. Her nipples were the most glorious shade of pink. I adjusted my crotch to hide my mounting hard-on.

"Ne, ne, Mayu chan. Kondo dokka ikanai? (Um, Mayu. What do you say we go out somewhere sometime?)."

She blinked at me innocently, still trying to make out that she didn't realize I could see her gorgeous breasts.

"E? Dokka tte? (What? Like where?)."

Was she playing coy, playing hard to get? I moved my gaze up from her tits to her eyes, but I still couldn't figure out if she was just teasing me, or honestly as innocent as she was trying to make out. How could a girl so insanely sexy not know what I was suggesting?

"Un, maa. Dokka ikitai tokoro aru? (Um, I don't know. Is there some place you'd like to go?)."

"Un. Sou ne. (Hmm. Let's see)." She continued to sort through the apples, but one of the stock boys had noticed her, and was staring mouth agape at her juicy tits. My own hard-on was getting harder and harder to conceal, but luckily(?), she finally straightened up.

"Ja umi ni tsurete ite yo. (OK, then. Let's go to the ocean)," she bubbled cheerfully.

"Aa, ii yo, mochiron. (Sure)," I smiled, ecstatic she had agreed. "Doyoubi wa dou? (What about this Saturday?)."

"Ja, ryoushin ni kiite miru ne. Ato Megumi wo sasou. (OK, I'll ask my parents. And I'll invite Megumi too)."

Woops! I hadn't counted on that. It was beginning to seem like she didn't go anywhere without Megumi along as a chaperone. Ah well. I guess I shouldn't complain. Megumi was a cute girl too.

For the next couple of days, I didn't see much of Mayu. I had to catch up on my work in any case, and now that we were all set up for a date, it seemed like the right time. Then late one night, I got up to get a glass of water, and happened to glance out my window, and see Mayu leaving her house. What's she up to at this hour? I quickly changed into some clothes, and headed out after her, but I couldn't catch her. It looked like she had headed off in the direction of Megumi's house. I'd seen the two of them over there by the convenience store once. I wonder what she was up to.

Anyway, finally Saturday came rolling around. I met Mayu out on the corner, just out of sight of her house. Even though it was a Saturday, she was in her school uniform: short-sleeved white blouse, pleated navy blue miniskirt, black leather shoes and "loose" white socks bunched up at her ankles. She explained that she'd told her parents that she and Megumi were going off to find out about a cram school nearby. I laughed at her canniness. She was quite the work, but it was sad that she had to resort to deception. I guess Japanese high school students aren't nearly as free as American ones.

We walked over to Megumi's, chatting cheerfully along the way, and then phoned Megumi from the street. Soon, Megumi came out also in uniform. I felt a bit self-conscious about being seen all the time with two schoolgirls, but they didn't seem worried, and no one else seemed to care either. They did get their share of stares though. I could easily understand why. They were good-looking girls.

We got on the train bound for one of the more popular beaches near Tokyo, Enoshima. Mayu and Megumi both babbled on excitedly about how long it had been since they went to the beach and how much they were looking forward to swimming. Even on the train, we saw lots of people dressed in sandals and beach cover-ups. It was a beautiful day out, so I guess they all had the same idea.

Down at the beach, vendors had already started putting up concession stands and make-shift change rooms getting ready for the summer. This particular beach had a very young crowd, mostly university or high school age. The whole beach had an atmosphere like a carnival, very upbeat and fun. The girls were all dressed in these skimpy brightly-colored bikinis, and we saw tons of boys out on the hunt.

Mayu and Megumi led me down the ramp onto the east beach. We set our stuff down at the back of the beach in the shade, a bit of a way off from everyone else. Mayu and Megumi looked over at me shyly, but when they saw me eyeing them, they looked away, and started to get their things out of their bags.

Not wanting to be rude, I looked away, but it soon became apparent that they intended to change into their swimsuits right there on the beach. All three of us were kind of off in a corner between this concrete embankment and the wall of a closed drink stand. Mayu held up a big towel to shield Megumi from view while she changed. I immediately sat up, astounded that they would even consider changing out in the open on such a crowded beach.

Below the towel, I could see Megumi's slender ankles and calves. Her white cotton panties slid into view as she pushed them down her legs, and then stepped out of them. I don't know why, but I found this incredibly arousing. She looked suitably embarrassed, but if she didn't want people to watch she should have chosen a more private place. These girls seemed to enjoy changing in the most public places. I was still having trouble getting used to it. They tried to act like it was no big deal, but I wasn't the only one on the beach keeping a close eye on Megumi. It was almost like they enjoyed the attention.

I watched apprehensive, as Megumi slid her skirt down her legs and off. She still had her shoes and socks on, but was presumably standing there bottomless behind the towel.

Mayu looked over at me, distracted. I'm not sure what she was musing about, but she became so fixated on me that her arms started swaying back and forth, giving me a peek at Megumi's luscious black muff behind the towel. Megumi grabbed her arm, and pulled it back trying to get her to hold the towel steady, but then Mayu motioned with her forehead toward where I was sitting. Megumi peered over curiously at me, but when our eyes met, she turned away seemingly flustered. I saw her lift up her feet one at a time to pull her swimsuit bottoms on. Once she had her bottoms on, she came out from behind the towel.

Next, they switched positions with Megumi standing with her back to me holding the towel up. There was something strangely kinky about how she was dressed: this skimpy orange string bikini bottom hugging her rear with a white school blouse on top and black shoes on her feet. I wasn't the only one who noticed it either. A lot of the boys on the beach were looking over this way, ogling Megumi's ass and giving me the evil eye. She had such a gorgeous rear for a girl so young, toned and curvaceous. Her legs were creamy white. She clearly hadn't been out in the sun much. I wasn't quite sure what to make of Megumi's outfit. Was she deliberately trying to turn me on?

Mayu stripped off enthusiastically, throwing her panties, skirt, blouse and bra down on her towel. She was facing this way, but talking with her head down, so I couldn't quite hear what she was saying. Megu shook her head no, and they argued back and forth.

I finally noticed that Megumi, standing with her back to me, had gotten her bikini bottoms caught in the crack of her rear. The soft round flesh of her buttocks looked positively indecent. I stood up to warn her.

"Bikini kuikonde iru yo. (Megumi, you've got a wedgy)."

She reached back to fix her bottoms, lowering the towel. Suddenly, I could see Mayu standing there on the bright sunny beach - stark naked! My eyes were drawn to her furry black bush. Her hair was quite thick but neatly trimmed. I strained to see her pussy lips, but before I could, she turned around and squatted down frantically pawing through her bag for something to cover up with. Her hips were round and full, and as she leaned forward to look in the bag, she was inadvertently treating us all to a glimpse of her starfish anus and a hint of black pubic hair beyond. I could sense guys gathering around drawn like a magnet to this precocious little tart, yearning to get a closer look. I knew I should protect her, but my own cock was getting unbearably stiff. Mayu pulled out a hoodie, and slid it on, but it did nothing to cover her pudgy little rear, the real problem.

Megumi finally lifted the towel back up covering Mayu again. I turned, and grimaced at the swarm of hungry wolves who had gathered. They stopped, keeping their distance, eyeing me cautiously. I got up, and walked over to where Mayu and Megumi were standing. Mayu turned her head to look back at me, still quivering there half naked behind the towel.

"Bodigaado ga iru kara tte minna ni supponpon wo sarasu koto wa nai ja nai. (Just because you've got a bodyguard today doesn't mean you should flash the whole beach)," I warned motioning at our audience.

"Machin-san no sei deshou ga. Mizugi kuikonde iru to yutteita n ja nai? (It's your fault for telling me my bikini was crooked)," Megumi snapped back.

"Sono kakkou mo mondai ari. (Your outfit isn't helping)," I said nodding at her sailor top and skimpy bikini bottom.

"Doushite? (Why? What's wrong?)."

"Ya, nanka etchi. (It's kind of kinky, don't you think?)."

"Doko ga warui? Gakuseifuku. Hentai! Hentai otoko! (What's wrong with it? This is just my school uniform. Pervert! You're nothing but a dirty old man!)."

Megumi finally just gave the towel to Mayu to wrap around her naked torso. The two of them sat down on their towels and started rubbing some sunscreen on.

"Mayu. Hayaku mizugi ni kigaete. (Mayu, you'd better hurry up, and change into your swimsuit)," I warned, worried about all these guys staring at them.

"Ja, Machin-san, taoru motte. (You hold the towel then)." She stood up, turned her back to the beach, and pulled the towel open letting me take it from her. I held it high enough to cover her up, but I was a lot taller than she, so I could see cute little bare ass as clear as anything. She didn't seem too worried that I was watching her. She bent down, ostensibly to get her bikini bottoms out of her bag, but in the process she was giving me an excellent view of her round little rump. The sun lit up her gorgeous round butt cheeks, but her delicate little pussy lips were still shrouded in shade. Lord, she must know what effect this is having on me. I wanted so much to undo my shorts and ram my aching cock inside her.

"Yada, minai de yo. (Oh no. Don't look!)," Megumi cried out, reaching up and grabbing my head, trying to forcibly turn it away. I struggled to turn my head back towards Mayu, but in my overheated state, I let the towel drop again. Mayu straightened back up, covering her big bare ass with the delicate little fingers of her hand. Megumi had climbed up onto my back, and was dragging me down, leaving poor Mayu standing there half-naked and exposed.

"Chotto, chotto. (Hey, hey. What are you doing?)," Mayu cried out frantically, as Megumi and I fell back onto the sand. Mayu looked back helplessly at her own naked rear, and then out all the surprised onlookers. She looked suitably shocked, but I thought I detected a hint of secret delight at exposing her gorgeous bod to such a large audience of appreciative viewers. She pressed her fingers against her lips milking the damsel in distress routine for all it was worth, but she made not the slightest effort to cover up her obscenely sexy body. I put my hand on my crotch straining not to come in my jeans. To make matters even worse, the naked Mayu dove on top of me, cursing and desperately trying to wrench the towel away from my grasp.

"Hanashite. Hanashite yo. Hazukashii n dakara. (Let go. Let go. God, this is so embarrassing)."

She did look to be blushing somewhat, but even as she cried out at me, it seemed like she was smiling. She was sitting straddled on my cock, rubbing her pussy against it in the sexiest way possible. I let go of the towel, and struggled to sit up to get her off me before I blew my load. She finally grabbed the towel, stood back up, and wrapped it around her.

Megumi was still pummeling me with her dainty little fists from behind. I turned, and realized I was lying right on top of her pinning her to the sand. I quickly scrambled to my feet, and got off of her. She looked even more upset than Mayu did, not used to having six foot tall men lying on top of her I guess.

Mayu scrambled to pull on her bikini bottoms, and I finally turned to look out at the crowd. There were scads of buff young beach studs all staring over at us open-mouthed unable to believe their good fortune. Mayu was such a hot little number, and now practically the whole beach knew it. Mayu lightly struck me on the shoulder trying to make out that it was all my fault. I breathed deeply trying to calm back down. I couldn't very well deny that I had found this little turn of events arousing to say the least, but it wasn't like I had planned it or anything.

"Gomen, gomen, (Sorry. Sorry)," I apologized, holding my hands together asking for forgiveness. Mayu finally got her bikini on, and peeled off her towel, amazingly calm considering. Megumi was still grimacing at me, sure that I had done all this on purpose.

**The Girl Next Door 6: Out of control**

The story so far: I'm an American translator living and working out of a cozy little apartment in an upscale neighborhood in western Tokyo. Just below my balcony lives Mayu Hamada, a beautiful young Japanese schoolgirl, in a house with her mom and dad. Despite her shy appearance, Mayu has some strange habits. I caught her a couple of times, parading around outside without panties, sometimes wearing very little at all. Intrigued one day, I approached her and her mother at a grocery store, and they agreed to let me teach Mayu English. During our lessons, Mayu continued to tease. A few days later, she and her best friend Megumi asked me to be their bodyguard, and I ended up kissing Mayu in a fast food restaurant. A week or so later, I asked her out on a date, but she ended up inviting Megumi to come along with us to the beach. The two of them got changed right on the beach accidentally(?) flashing their fit little bodies to the crowd of guys hanging around.

Anyway, eventually Megumi settled down, and we spread out our towels on the sand. The crowd around continued to stare at the two of them in their skimpy bikinis for quite a long time, but they just ignored it, and went in swimming. I stripped down to my swim trunks, and put on some sun block. Mayu and Megumi always seemed quite skilled at their cheerleading routines, but neither of them were quite as good at swimming. Still, they laughed, and played in the waves, and definitely seemed to be having a good time. I was a bit concerned because some of the boys seemed to be following them around, but the two of them kept their distance, and eventually came back to where I was.

"Ohiru wa dou shimasu? (What do you want to do for lunch?)," Mayu asked cheerfully.

"Eki no hou ni omise aru yo ne. (There are some restaurants back by the station)," I suggested. Mayu towelled off, took a hoodie out of her bag, and pulled it on. She bent over to gather up her stuff, and I found myself staring at her cute little bikini-clad ass. She noticed, and asked,

"Doushita no? (What's wrong?)."

My mind raced for an excuse.

"Suna tsuite iru zo. (You've got sand on you)," I deadpanned. Megumi tilted her ass towards me, and asked,

"Atashi wa? (What about me?)."

I grinned, glad for the opportunity to examine Megu's ass more closely. I gave it a gentle swat pretending to be brushing off the sand.

"Chotto ne. (A bit)."

Mayu pulled up the hem of her hoodie to take a better look at her own tight little butt. She slid her fingers in the bikini bottom pulling it away from her soft flesh. She glanced back at me somewhat teasingly as she straightened it out. Was this an invitation? She was such a precocious little tart.

Megumi pulled on a sweatshirt, and we walked back towards the street. A lot of the guys back on the beach stared at the two of them as we walked away, obviously sad to see them go. We wandered into a burger chain. There were a bunch of surfer guys in long swimming trunks milling around, glancing over at Mayu and Megu and talking amongst themselves. They seemed a bit put off by my presence, but I just smiled at them calmly. Once we'd got our food, we walked up the short stairs, and sat down in one of the booths away from the window. Mayu kept looking down, and fiddling with her bottoms.

"Doushita no? (What's wrong?)," I asked.

"Nanka nurunuru shite kimochi warui. (It feels kind of clammy and gross)," she mugged. She glanced a bit nervously back at the surfers sitting around by the window behind her, but finally, got up. "Chotto itte kuru ne. (I'll be right back)," she called back as she scurried off to the washroom. I looked over at Megu wondering what Mayu might be up to, but she just shrugged, and slid another french fry into her mouth. Soon, Mayu peeked her head out of the washroom door.

"Megu, taoru wo totte kite. (Megu, can you hand me my towel?)"

Megu dug it out of Mayu's bag, but handed it to me to take over. I got up, and walked over to the door of the ladies' room. Mayu was standing there leaning forward clutching the hem of her hoodie trying to hide her crotch from me. However, behind her, I could see the reflection of her cute little bikini ass in the mirror. She took the towel from me with a playful little grin waiting for me to go back to our table before going back inside. I sat back down, and ate a bit more, but my curiosity was getting the better of me. I gestured in apology to Megu, and got back up.

"Ee? Doko ni iku no? (What? Where are you going?)," she asked surprised.

"Chotto. (Just over there)," I replied. I went into the guys' washroom, and washed my hands, but on the way back out, I couldn't resist checking in on Mayu. I gently pressed the girls' door open peeking in.

As I suspected, she'd stripped out of her hoodie and bikini, and was standing there naked with her back to me in front of the mirror drying off her body. Her skin was still fairly light, but it was even whiter still in the triangle on her ass where her bikini had been. Her ass curved out quite nicely, pudgy-looking and soft, with this cleft in each cheek showing what good shape she was in from all her cheerleading. She had threaded the towel between her legs, and was pulling it back and forth, ostensibly in an effort to dry off her wet pubic hair. I thought I could hear her moaning slightly, muffling her own voice with her hand, as the soft towel brushed against her sensitive little clit.

Just looking at her made me want to... I mean, I was so taken with her beauty I forgot for a moment where I was. She looked back this way, so I quickly shut the door, and scurried away, but I could hear her calling.

"E? Dare na no? (What? Who is it?)."

I was so glad she hadn't realized it was me. When she finally came out, she had her hoodie back on, but was struggling to hold the hem down to cover both her crotch and her backside. Surely she hadn't come out here bottomless? She promptly sat down, and I couldn't contain my curiosity.

"Noopan na no? (You're not going commando, are you?)"

"Yada. Chigau yo. (Are you kidding? No way)." She lifted up her hoodie to show me she was wearing a pair of snug-fitting khaki shorts. Megumi laughed, but Mayu looked offended. "Nani kangaete n no? Sukebei. (What are you thinking? Pervert!)"

I couldn't understand what she was getting so upset about. Knowing how she was, it wasn't that farfetched, especially after watching them get changed on the beach there earlier. I didn't understand how they could be so brazen one minute and so indignant the next. There was still a lot I had to learn.

On our way out, I noticed one of the surfer guys pull off his sunglasses to get a better look at Mayu and Megu as they passed. Mayu tilted her body to the side, trying to squeeze past without showing them her rear, but she accidentally bumped her butt cheek against the table behind her. She jumped, let out a little squeal, and looked down, knocking her own sunglasses onto the floor. One of the surfers was kind enough to pick them up for her, but she hesitated to let go of the hem of her sweatshirt which she was holding down to cover her ass. He finally placed the sunglasses back on her head giving her this big satisfied grin. She quickly scrambled down the stairs, while all of us watched her cute little behind. A couple of the surfers got up, and followed us to the door, but they stayed there as we walked away.

"Mou oyoganai no? (Aren't you going in swimming again?)" I asked.

"Shima no hou ni ikou. (Let's go to the island)," Mayu finally suggested. Megu nodded, and off we went. We crossed the bridge to the island, and stopped in some of the souvenir shops. I bought each of them some ice cream and a box of treats to take home with them. We climbed up the mountain, and rested in one of the tea shops that looked out over the ocean. It was a beautiful place, and I was grateful to Mayu for suggesting it.

Megu got up, and headed off to the washroom to change out of her swimsuit. I looked over at Mayu, wondering what she thought of this, our first real excursion away from the city together.

"Dou? Tanoshii? (So what do you think? Are you having fun?)," I asked. She looked at me thoughtfully for a moment, but then turned to look out over the ocean. I found my eyes wander down to her ass, tightly encased as it was in her shorts. Even clothed, she looked great.

"Maa, ii kana. (Well, it's not too bad I guess)," she shrugged diffidently.

"Ne kondo shibuya de hon'yaku no nakama to paatii ga aru kedo, issho ni ikanai? (By the way, coming up there's this party in Shibuya with some of my translator friends. Do you want to come with me?)"

"Paatii? Kiru mono nai naa. (A party? I don't have anything to wear)."

"Ja, wakatta. Ore katte ageru kara. (That's OK. I'll buy you something)."

She looked up a bit surprised I guess that I would offer. She didn't answer right away, but it seemed to me that she just might come.

Megumi came back to the table dressed in her school uniform. It was getting late, so we'd have to hurry. Their parents would probably be wondering where they were. Mayu headed off to the washroom next, and came back in the same sailor suit as Megumi.

We headed back down the mountain to the station, and got on the train back to Tokyo. After we got off at our station, Megumi walked part way with us, and then thanked me for the day. She was a good kid and a good friend to Mayu. As we got closer to Mayu's house, I asked her again about the party, but Mayu just said we were going to meet again the next day anyway for our lesson, so we could talk about it then. I wasn't really sure where this all was heading, but in many ways, it had been a good day. I had pleasant dreams that night.

The next morning, I dressed up in serious teacher duds, worried a bit about Mayu's parents. I rang the doorbell, and Mayu's mom answered. Her dad was out playing golf it seemed. Her mom yelled up the stairs for Mayu to come downstairs, and study at the dining room table. Mayu came down wearing these loose fitting white track pants, a yellow crop top and a pair of glasses. I didn't realize she even wore glasses, but maybe this was just for the benefit of her mom to show she was serious about studying.

We got right down to studying, but with her mom in the kitchen looking out at us, we were both on our best behavior. Soon lunch was ready, but her mom invited me to stay, and eat with them. We cleared off our books, and she brought out a wonderful home cooked meal of roasted fish, spinach with sesame, rice and soup. I complimented her mom on her cooking, and her mom laughed, and denied any great skill. I was glad I seemed to be in her good books.

My eyes wandered back over to Mayu, and I noticed she had a small pink metallic box-thing clipped to her waistband.

"What's that?" I asked her in English.

"My cell phone," she answered, proud that she knew the right English word. She took it off, and opened it up to show me. It was more or less like mine, but a bit more compact and somewhat girly in design. When her mom got up to go to the kitchen, we exchanged phone numbers, and then Mayu clipped it back onto her belt. As she did so though, it tugged at the loose waistband of her track pants exposing a bit more of the bare skin of her cute round butt. She looked straight ahead the same as before, but I could now see the crack of her ass peeking out from above the waistband. Intrigued I decided to pursue this a little further.

"Do you know about SMS?" I asked continuing in English. She looked over at me, unsure, so I reached down, and took a hold of her cellphone ostensibly to show her. I tugged on the waistband a bit more trying to drag it down, but Mayu shot me a stern look, and then glanced over at her mother who was just behind us. Mayu patiently waited for her mother to pass, and sit down, and only then raised her rear allowing me to do as I would with her waistband.

I dragged it down a little further until I could see both of her glorious white buttocks cheeks. Rather than bothering to pull it back up, she just sat down right like that leaving her bare bottom exposed for me to ogle. Didn't she care? Surely she must realize that I might find her bare ass more than a little arousing. Or perhaps this was just another one of her games, her way of getting off by exposing herself while her mother was here. I pretended to scroll through the menu on the cellphone, all the while examing her bare ass from this direction and that. It was magnificent, perfect, round and marshmellowy, still with the tanlines from the day we had spent in the sun. The more I studied it, the harder it became to conceal my mounting hard-on.

"Maa, keitai wa ato de sureba. Ima dezaato wo dashimasu kara. (Maybe you could work on the cellphone later. I'm just about to serve dessert)," her mom said heading back to the kitchen. I tensed worried that her mom might notice what I had done to her daughter's pants, but Mayu just kept staring straight ahead, and somehow this managed to fool her mother into thinking nothing was wrong. Her mom brought out a dish of fresh strawberries, some toothpicks and serviettes, and set them down on the table, smiling away the same as ever. I reached down, and clipped the cellphone back onto Mayu's waistband, and she shot me a look as I tugged at it, trying to bring it down even more. She wiped some sweat from her brow, and then got up to pick up a toothpick to skewer a strawberry with. Unable to resist the temptation, I gave the cellphone another little tug, but what happened next shocked even me. Her waistband snapped, and fell down to her knees. She spread her legs trying to stop it there, but the weight of the cellphone was too great, and her pants fell all the way down to her ankles. She quickly covered her pubic hair with her hand, but my cock had gone into overdrive. Here she was standing there bottomless just across the table from her mom.

"Dou shita no? (What's wrong?)," her mom asked noticing the sudden change in Mayu's expression.

"Iya, nandemo nai. (No, nothing at all)," she smiled sweetly. Inside though she was doubtless cursing me and my stupid prank. I wanted to help, but neither of us could figure out quite what to do with her mom looking on. Mayu finally sat back down, her left hand covering her bush, her whole body tensing and straightening up as she tried to hide how embarrassed she must feel. God, she had such beautiful creamy thighs, that divine ass, and if she'd just move her hand...

Mayu quickly gobbled down her strawberry, and leaned forward to pluck another one off the plate. As she did so, she pulled her left hand away from her pussy. A first, I wondered if she had decided to oblige, and show me her pussy, but instead, she swung her hand down, and scooped up her fallen pants, desperately trying to pull them back up without tipping off her mom. The far side was caught on her calf, and no matter how hard she struggled, she couldn't pull them all the way up.

She looked over at me plaintively obviously asking for help, but I had a problem of my own. My erection had grown to the point where if I stood up her mom would surely notice. I leaned forward pretending to be tying my shoes, and pulled the waistband free of her calf, but next it got caught around her knees. She teetered there for a moment, blushing profusely from the embarrassment of flashing me her most private places, but finally sat down her pants still caught around her knees. Sweat was pouring down the sides of her face, but she was still doing her best to conceal her feelings from her mom. She glanced down at her pussy, trying to hide her blushing face in her hair. Just then, the phone rang.

"Ara otousan kashira. (I wonder if that's your father)." Her mom seemed in no hurry to answer obviously expecting Mayu to get it. Mayu finished off her strawberry, and cautiously half stood up desperately trying to pull her pants back up. They were stuck on her thighs now, and she couldn't get them back up, so she ended up sitting back down.

"Mayu osoi yo. Atashi deru ne. (Mayu, you're so slow. I'll get it)," her mother finally volunteered. Her mother finally turned her back on us, so Mayu bravely stood straight up, and pulled her pants the rest of the way up. She glared at me clearly furious over the humiliation I'd caused her. We'd managed to escape without her mother finding out, but I'd been little help. I'd wanted to. I really did, but somehow, looking at her like that...

Her mom came back cleared off the table, so we could continue our lesson. Mayu continued to glare at me every time her mother wasn't looking, but somehow I managed to get through to the end of the lesson. I gathered up my stuff, and thanked Mrs. Hamada for the meal. Mayu came with me to the front door, pulled on her runners, and followed me out. Closing the door behind her, she started yelling,

"Nan no tsumori datta? Atashi no karada sonna ni miryokuteki? (What were you thinking? Is my body so appealing?)."

I nodded an apology, but it seemed that there was little I could do to calm her down. I'd clearly been way out of line. Of course, I hadn't really planned to pull her pants all the way down, but there was no denying that I had been curious to get a better look at her. Mayu's voice was getting louder and louder to the point I worried her mom might hear, but telling her to hush just got her angrier still.

"Sonna ni mitai no? Ee? Dou da? (You really want so much to see my body? Do you?)," she continued to rant, flying way off the handle. I sheepishly nodded a yes, but that just made her really lose control.

"Ja, kanaete yaru yo. (OK, then, well, I'll do it!)" She ripped open the bow on her waistband, and yanked her pants back down. Of course, I was glad in a way that she seemed so willing to show me her most precious assets, but this time we were out on the street! There were cars streaming by just a little further down at the intersection. We were standing in plain view of my whole building, and the peeping tom boy from the other day lived just next door. Mayu had completely lost it though. She ripped her track pants off from right over her running shoes, and threw them at me. I was fascinated that she was willing to strip naked right here in front of her house, knowing her mom was just inside, and her dad god knows where, but somehow I had to rein her back in. Her mom was bound to wonder what we were doing out here, and if she came out, and found her dear virgin daughter naked from the waist down... I shudder to think of the consequences.

Mayu's whole body was shaking like crazy. She'd spread her legs wide, and put her hands on her hips proudly showing me her bush, but it was obvious from her expression that she was caught between anger and mounting arousal.

**The Girl Next Door 7: Shopping**

The story so far: I'm an American translator living and working out of a cozy little apartment in an upscale neighborhood in western Tokyo. Just below my balcony lives Mayu Hamada, a beautiful young Japanese schoolgirl, with her mom and dad. Despite her shy appearance, Mayu has some strange habits. I caught her a couple of times, parading around outside without panties, sometimes wearing very little at all. One day, I approached her and her mother at a grocery store, and they agreed to let me teach Mayu English. At one of our lessons, I'd kind of been playing with the cellphone she had clipped to the waistband of her track pants, and accidentally pulled them down, exposing her tight little rear end. Her mom was hovering nearby, but luckily she managed to get them pulled back up before her mom noticed. When I left though, Mayu came outside furious, and tore off her track pants throwing them at me.

I stared down in shock at her fleecey black bush. She looked obscenely sexy, her expression torn between embarrassment and anger, as she stood out here half naked on the street in the bright sun. Even so, I couldn't just let her stand there shouting at me. Her mom back in their house would hear for sure, if none of the drivers out here noticed first. I stepped forward, and put my hand across her mouth trying to get her to keep quiet. Her cute little eyes bugged out wide, and she started to squeal even louder into my hand.

Unfortunately, her little act of daring had got me all excited. I had such a woody like you wouldn't believe. Unable to control myself anymore, I pulled her close, leaned down, and kissed her full on the lips. She was quivering, but it seemed to me that she narrowed her eyes, and gave into the kiss. I was getting so worked up I was probably poking her with my erection. It was a long deep kiss. I finally broke away all out of breath. Mayu looked incredulous, her lips puckered out in this strange expression, my kiss obviously having caught her off guard.

"Nani? (What?)," she said all confused. This wasn't the first time I had kissed her, but it was certainly more passionate than the last. Unfortunately, before I could kiss her again, we heard her mother calling.

"Mayu! Mayu! Doko ni iru no? (Mayu! Where are you?)."

Her self-consciousness returning, Mayu ran over, and gathered up her track pants, running back into the laneway between the two houses to get out of sight. She slowly pulled her track pants back on, but my hard on was raging unabated. She paused at the door to look at me, teary-eyed, and then went inside, shutting the door, leaving me standing outside on the street. Aw man! What on earth am I doing? She's driving me crazy!

Anyway, I slowly walked back to my apartment recalling what all had happened. At least I had her cellphone number now, so I could call her without having to worry about her mom answering. We still hadn't sorted out if she was coming to the translators party I'd invited her too, but there was time enough to worry about that later.

I held off on phoning her for a few days, but then one afternoon after school, I gave her a call, and arranged to meet her in Shibuya, so we could go shopping for an outfit for her to wear to the party. As usual, she brought her friend Megumi along rather than face me alone. Mayu was pretty quiet at first, wary of me I guess after what happened at our last study session, but I took them to a big department store, and soon, she forgot about her worries, and excitedly pointed out what kind of clothes she liked.

We checked a few more department stores, but couldn't find anything, so I ended up taking them down Center Gai, the main shopping street in Shibuya. We stumbled upon a small shop with rough American-style fashions, and stopped to check it out. They had tons of jeans and t-shirts. Mayu found a pair of jeans in her size, and went back to the change stall to try them on.

The curtain didn't quite close all the way, but she didn't even seem to notice. Megu had wandered up to the front of the store, looking for other things to try, so I took the opportunity to peek through the crack. I watched as Mayu unzipped her navy blue mini-skirt, and stepped out of it. Her white cotton panties nicely hugged her cute little rear. Minutes later, she emerged in the jeans. They were very low-rise, so much so that you could see her panties sticking out from over top.

Megu brought her over a pair of low-rise panties, and Mayu went back to the change stall, leaving the curtain even wider open. Was she deliberately tempting me to watch? Megu noticed this time, and looked at me suspiciously, but I didn't say anything. Trying not to look too conspicuous, I peeked in as Mayu kicked off her shoes, wiggled out of the tight jeans, and quickly shed her panties as well. Still bottomless, she suddenly turned this way, so I hastily backed away from the door. Pulling the curtain across her pussy to cover up, she came right out into the doorway. She didn't seem concerned in the least, but in the mirror behind her, I could see the reflection of her cute little bare behind.

"T-shatsu aru? (Are there any t-shirts?)," she asked cheerily. Megu scrambled off to find some, but half-joking, I picked out one that said 'Fuck me' on the front, and handed it to her. She looked at it for a second, but I guess she didn't understand what it meant. The phrase certainly wasn't in her textbooks, and our English lessons hadn't gotten quite that far yet.

"Maa ii ka. (I guess this will do)," she sighed, turning back to try it on. She made an effort to close the curtain this time, but there was a bit of breeze blowing in, causing it to blow up in the wind. Unconcerned, Mayu undid her red kerchief, and pulled her white sailor blouse off over her head revealing that she wasn't wearing a bra underneath. Oh my! She was now standing there stark naked save her little white socks.

That wouldn't have been such a problem except that the change stall was right on the aisle, and two school boys on the street must have caught a glimpse of her. They craned their necks back and forth trying to catch another glimpse, but I grimaced at them, and they eventually moved on. Megumi came back, wondering what had happened. I told her not to worry, and soon Mayu emerged from the changing stall in her new outfit.

"Dou? (How do I look?)," she asked. The t-shirt was so tight you could make out the outline of her nipples, and the waistband of her jeans hung disarmingly low on her hips.

"Un, kawaii yo. (Yeah, cute)," I nodded.

"Ja, kore ni shiyou. (I'll take them then)."

Maybe I should have tried to talk her out of the t-shirt, but I guess I was grateful that we'd found something she liked. I bought her the clothes, and asked them if they wanted to stop for a tea on the way home, but they begged off saying they had to get home, so that their moms didn't get suspicious. I rode with them to our station, and then walked Mayu to near her house. She thanked me for the clothes, and finally agreed to come to the party.

Friday morning, I bumped into Megumi on the train.

"Mayu-chan wa? (Where's Mayu?)," I asked, curious.

"Maachin-chan wa Mayu Mayu Mayu bakari yo ne. (You are always on about Mayu)," she complained.

"Iya, maa. (Yeah, well, that may be true, but...)." I guess I'd noticed it before, but Megumi seemed a little jealous, what with me buying all these things for Mayu, inviting her out on dates and such. Megumi sulked for a while, and then pulled a little game machine out of her pocket.

"Kore tte shitte iru? Tamagocchi. (Do you know this game? It's called Tamagocchi)."

She held it up, so I could see. There was an animated baby chick on the screen, and she kept pressing different buttons, feeding it, bathing it, talking to it, petting it. She told me that if she played it right, it would grow larger eventually into an adult chicken I guess. She held it up, and pressed away at the buttons until the train swerved again, and she fell right into me. She put out her hand to break her fall, but it landed right on my crotch. She held it there for quite some time, and involuntarily, my cock started growing stiff. She finally found her feet, and drew away, but by then she was staring at the tent in my trousers.

"Ara! Ookiku natteiru jan. (Oh my. It's getting bigger)," she giggled, covering her mouth. "A, sou sou sou. Eigo no shitsumon. Asoko wa nante iu? (Oh, that's right. I have an English question. What do you call that?)" she gushed pointing right at my growing schlong. I leaned over, and whispered,

"Penis," trying to get my erection back under control.

"Sore tte nihongo jan? (That's the Japanese word)," she squealed all excited.

"Eigo de onaji. (It's the same in English)." I took out a handkerchief, and wiped the sweat from my brow. God, these two were vexing. We finally arrived at Shibuya.

"Mata oshiete ne. (Teach me more next time)," she said, cheerily waving goodbye as she ran off towards her school. I rubbed my head wondering where this all would lead.

Finally, Saturday night rolled around. Mayu showed up in her new 'Fuck me' t-shirt and low rise jeans with Megumi in tow. Don't these two ever do anything seperately? We took the train into Shibuya, and found the club where the party was to be held.

It was a nice enough club with dark wooden interiors, but translators are not exactly the hardest partying crowd. There weren't too many women there, and all the guys kept coming over to take a gawk at Mayu and Megumi. With "fuck me" plastered across her tits, poor Mayu was attracting quite a bit of attention. She just smiled back sweetly, wondering why so many people were staring. We went up to the bar to order, and after a while, most of the guys drifted back to their own conversations.

Mayu and Megumi climbed up unto the high stools at the bar, but they were both under age. I ordered a series of daiquiries for myself, surreptitiously letting them sip away. Soon, Mayu's face had turned a bright pink, a sign I guess that she was getting drunk. Sitting on the bar stool next to me, she undid the front button on her jeans.

"Kitsui. (They're too tight)," she whispered conspiratorally. I could see her belly button and the flesh of her tummy all the way down to near the top of her pubic hair. It was quite the sight.

I took them out dancing for a while, but when we came back, someone had taken our stools. Off at the side, there were a couple of chairs. Mayu motioned for me and Megumi to sit down, and then Mayu climbed up on my lap. Unable to resist, I placed my hands on her hips, pulling her back into me. She had such a nice little rear end, hugged so tightly by her spanking new jeans. I started to get a hard on again. She held my hands trying to get me to behave, but with her grinding her ass into my cock, it was hard to stay calm.

Unfortunately, the two of them had to be home early, so soon we had to leave. They were both a bit drunk tottering along unsteadily. Mayu leaned over, wrapped her arm around me, and whispered,

"Oshikko. (I have to pee)."

I looked over at Megumi, but she just said,

"Atashi mo. (Me too)." I guess I'd let them drink a bit too much. We wandered around looking for a washroom, but all the fast food joints seemed to be closed for the night. The two of them wandered into this parking lot, and went around behind a line of cars. At first, I wondered what they were up to, but then Mayu reached down, and pulled down her jeans and panties all the way to her knees. Staring at her tight little pussy, I was both horrified and amazed. Where on earth does she get the courage to do these things? She squatted down flashing me her slit, and did her business peering up at me giggling. When she stood up, she paused there for a moment giving me a good look at her rich black pubic hair. God, she was gorgeous.

Megumi was a bit more reticent at first, but eventually, she tilted to the side to hide her pussy, and pulled down her own shorts and panties. She seemed kind of tense, but flashed me a brief glimpse of her bush as she stood back up. My cock had perked up again, but there was little I could do about it out here on the street. We walked to the station, and grabbed a train home saying good night as if nothing much had happened. That night though, laying in bed remembering their two pussies, it took some time before I fell asleep.

The next day, I had another private lesson with Mayu. She was up in her room, so her mom told me to go right on up. She was lying face down on her bed in her sailor suit skirt and blouse talking on the phone with Megu. I sat down on the edge of the bed, placing my hand on the small of her back. She just kept on talking, so I lifted up her skirt to take another peek at her panty-clad ass. She still wasn't objecting, so I slid my fingers into the back of her panties trying to pull them down. Finally, she reacted, squealing and rolling off the bed to get out of reach.

"Iya, chotto oshiete ageyou to omotte. (I just thought I'd teach you a little something)," I explained.

"Sekkusu no koto wo oshietai nara, Megumi ni oshiete yo. Kanojo no hou ga sou iu koto de nayande iru n deshou. (If you want to teach someone about sex, start with Megumi. She is the one who's worrying about it now)." Mayu had told me before that Megumi was interested in some guy at school, and asked my help in getting his attention.

"Ja, itsu ni suru? (When then?)" I asked more than a little frustrated.

"Wakannai kedo, mata chikai uchi ni. (I don't know, but maybe we could do it sometime soon)." Mayu said goodbye to Megumi, but when we started to get down to our lesson, her mom came upstairs to keep an eye on us. I was worried a bit that she might have overheard our conversation, but when I left, she said goodbye as polite as ever.

Soon after, late one school night, I spotted Mayu coming out of her house. I quickly dashed down, and caught up with her, making out as if it was some kind of coincidence.

"Doko ni iku no? (Where are you going?)" I asked cheerfully.

"Megu to konbini he. (With Megu to the convenience store)."

"A, boku mo. Issho ni itte ii? (Yeah me too. Mind if I tag along?)"

"Un, ii yo. (Sure, I don't mind)."

Mayu led me up to the window of this house, and picked up a small pebble throwing it up at the glass. Soon, Megumi opened the window, and stuck her head out.

"Nani yo futari sorotte. (What are the two of you doing here together?)" she asked all surprised.

"Maa ii kara hayaku dete kite yo. (Oh, hurry on up, and come outside, will you?)," Mayu chirped.

"Iya, kon'ya wa dame nano. Kono aida yotta koto ga barete, okaasan kankan nano. Mou pajama ni kigaetta shi. (I can't tonight. My mom noticed I came home drunk the other night, and now she's all angry. Besides I'm in my pj's already)."

Mayu glared up at her all disappointed.

"Maa ii yo, okaasan wa. Mado kara orite koreba. Tetsudau kara. (Forget about your mom. Just come out the window. We'll help)."

Megumi looked all nervous, worried that her parents might hear, but she finally gave in. She tossed a pair of sandals down at us, and then leaned out the window. I grabbed her arms getting ready to lower her down, but she shook her head motioning for me to stop.

"Dou shita no? (What's wrong?)" Mayu asked.

"Nanka pajama ga hikakatte iru. (My pj bottoms are caught on something)," she whispered. She was frantically trying to free them, but we could hear noise coming from back in the house, maybe her mother out in the hall. Megumi tried to pull herself back up into her room, but she was leaning out too far, and couldn't get there. It went quiet again, and she nodded for me to continue lowering her down.

"Kyaa, nugechau. (Help! They're coming off)," she cried nodding towards her bottoms. I carefully lowered her, and set her down on the ground, but she had indeed lost her pj bottoms. "Yada. Minai de. Hazukashii. (Hey! Don't look! This is so embarrassing)."

It was all very well for her to tell us not to look, but both Mayu and I stared on in wonder at Megu desperately pulling the hem of her top down to hide her sexy little bush. Curious, I went around behind her lifting up the hem at the back to get a better look at her cute little behind.