**Unusual Lessons**

**by [oblate1971](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1142101&page=submissions)©**

My name is Peter. For the last few years I've been living in Japan in a small town near Tokyo. I live alone and I have a good life over here, there are few things that I miss from England and those I have learned to mostly live without. The one thing that I still do miss is going to naturist beaches. In Japan there is nothing equivalent to that. There are onsen, natural hot springs, but there men and women are separated so it is not the same.  
  
My Japanese is pretty good, having been over here for so long it would be scandalous if it was not. I have a Japanese teacher, Aya, who comes to my apartment once a week to teach me and I try to study everyday as well. A couple of years ago we were chatting about something, I forget what, and Aya mentioned that she had seen, in magazines, photos of some actresses topless at the beach which is something that definitely does not happen in Japan. She asked me if that was a typical thing to do.   
  
"Do many women do that? Is it even legal?" asked Emi.  
  
"Yes, of course, in Europe lots of women go topless." I told her. "Actually, not just topless there are even beaches where you can go completely naked."   
  
"What? Men and women together, you mean?" she asked.  
  
"Yes, nudist beaches. I've been to nudist beaches. It's really comfortable, much more comfortable than wearing swimming trunks." I said.  
  
"You've been naked on the beach with loads of other people. But aren't you embarrassed, to be naked in front of everybody? Doesn't everybody stare at you?"   
  
"No, not really because everybody is naked. It's just a really comfortable feeling. A couple of years ago I went on holiday to a place called Cap D'agde which is really a nudist town, it's wonderful, you can go shopping naked, eat dinner naked, everything." I said.  
  
"Hmm, I'm not sure that I could do that." said Aya.  
  
"If you tried it I'm sure that you'd enjoy it. After a few minutes you kind of forget that you are even naked, it just becomes normal to be like that. You know, in the Summer, when you aren't here, when I am on my own I'm always naked at home, I just put on clothes before you get here but I really prefer to be naked." I said.  
  
By this time Aya was looking a little red in the face, perhaps I had gone too far, I hadn't wanted to embarrass her I just wanted to let her know about my hobby.   
  
After that the conversation moved on and I didn't think anything more about it. The lesson finished and Aya left. It had been fun to tell her about what I liked to do but knowing what Japanese women are like, quite shy and modest, I didn't think anything would come from it.  
  
The next week, before my lesson I was tidying my apartment before Aya came over. Of course I was doing it in the nude because I like to be nude and because the Summer is so hot that it is just easier to nude than to wear clothes most of the time. I hadn't really been paying attention to the time so I hadn't put any clothes on before the doorbell rang. Luckily the door was still locked so Aya couldn't just walk in, I shouted to her to wait a minute and quickly pulled on some shorts. I grabbed a T-shirt and was pulling it over my head when I opened the door, Aya came in just as I was pulling it down to my waist.  
  
Aya looked at me as she took of her shoes. I apologized for keeping her waiting.  
  
"Were you naked just now?" she asked me.  
  
"Yes, sorry, I didn't realize the time." I told her.  
  
"No, that's fine, I suppose you really do prefer to be naked." She said.  
  
"Yes, didn't you believe me last week?" I asked  
  
"No, not really, well, it just seems a bit strange to me." she said.  
  
"Oh well, I don't mind wearing clothes whilst you're here." I said.  
  
"Well, if ..." she hesitated, "if you really do prefer to be naked then I don't mind if you are, if you want to take your clothes off go ahead."   
  
"Really?" I couldn't believe what I was hearing, I had to check that I had really understood what she had said. "You don't mind if I have a lesson naked?"   
  
"No, I'm not going to take my clothes off but I don't mind if you do." she said.  
  
"I really appreciate that. I'll just go and change." I said. It's a strange thing about nudists that the act of getting nude is still done a little privately whilst being nude is done publicly.  
  
I went in to my bedroom stripped off my T-shirt and shorts. "Are you sure about this?" I asked, just to check one final time.  
  
"Yes." She said.  
  
"Ok then." I said and walked naked back in to the living room. Emi was sitting on one of the two sofas that face each other. She glanced up and down at my body as anybody would in that situation but she didn't linger on anything and she didn't avoid looking at me either.  
  
"Would you like a drink?" I asked her.  
  
"Tea, please." She replied.  
  
"OK." I walked through to the kitchen, filled the kettle and turned it on. I came back to the living room and stood in the doorway and we chatted about what we had done that week. It was a perfectly normal conversation except one of us was naked. I felt perfectly comfortable and after a few minutes Aya seemed to be perfectly at ease with me like that as well. The kettle boiled, I went back to the kitchen, made a cup of tea and brought it through and put it on the coffee table in front of the sofas.  
  
I sat opposite her and we chatted for the rest of the lesson as though nothing had changed because, really, nothing had changed. The time seemed to fly by and the lesson soon ended.   
  
"Was this ok for you? Me being naked" I asked.  
  
"Yes, after the beginning I didn't really think about it, I hope it was good for you as well." She said.  
  
"You don't mind if I'm like this for the lesson next week as well then?" I asked.  
  
"No, not at all, just as long as you are warm enough." She said with a smile.  
  
I laughed and we said goodbye to each other.  
  
The next week came along and this time I didn't bother to put any clothes on. When the doorbell rang I checked that it was Aya through the spy hole and, hiding my body a little behind the door so that nobody outside could see me, I opened it.  
  
This lesson was like the others except that Aya asked me more questions about being a nudist. What did I do if somebody rang the doorbell? What was it like swimming naked? How did I start being a nudist? Quite a lot of the lesson was taken up by me explaining more about what being a nudist was. Again, the time flew by and the lesson was over.  
  
The following week the doorbell rang, I opened it and let Aya in. She came and sat down on the sofa as usual and we started chatting but I thought that Aya was a little quieter than usual. I asked her if everything was alright, was my being naked starting to bother her. If it was then I would put some clothes on.  
  
"No, it's not that, it's just, well, I kind of want to try to be naked. Just naked, nothing else, I don't want to have sex, it's nothing like that. I just want to know what it's like to be naked with a man. You seem to enjoy it so much and you seem so comfortable. I've been thinking about it all week. I really want to do it but at the same time I don't want to do it." She said.  
  
This was great, I really hoped that I would be able to help her be naked because it is just so much fun.  
  
"Well, the only way to try it is to do it." I said.  
  
"Yes, this week all my family were out for a few hours so I decided to give it a go. I took a shower and after the shower I dried myself. Then I walked back to my bedroom without a towel. I was so nervous in case somebody came home but you are right, it does feel so comfortable. And I looked at some nudist sites on the internet and saw so many pictures of people having fun. I really want to try that." Said Aya.  
  
"Ok, well, if you want to you can go in to my bedroom and take your clothes off and come back in here." I told her.  
  
She took a deep breath. "Ok, I'll do it." She said and went in to my bedroom.  
  
I waited quietly, I could hear her unzipping zips and her clothes dropping to the floor. After a couple of minutes she called out, "Ok, I'm coming out now." And she walked in to the living room. Her fists were clenched and her shoulders were slightly hunched, she was clearly nervous about what she was doing.  
  
"Sit down," I invited her and she did, sitting on the sofa opposite to me.  
  
We chatted about my work, we chatted about her work, we chatted about a variety of things and soon she relaxed. Rather than sitting rigidly in one pose she started to move her body about a little, she started to smile and laugh. The hour, as always, was over far too quickly and it was time for her to put her clothes on again.  
  
"I really had a great time today." She said.  
  
"I'm glad."  
  
"I can't wait for next week." She said.