**My Sister Comes To Visit**

by EmiTsuruta

*Norika comes to Oceanview in a sexy mood.*

That summer, just when I thought things might calm down for a change, my older sister Norika arrived from Japan to stay with me. I'd kind of invited my whole family to come, but my dad couldn't get time off, and my mom didn't want to leave him alone, so Norika ended up coming by herself.

The day of her flight, I took the train up to Los Angeles to meet her at the airport. She was all dressed up in a short flowery sun dress and sunglasses in a holiday mood. Even though she and I are sisters, we don't look that much alike. I'm kind of cheerful and bubbly while she often has this serious expression on her face. I think she thinks it looks sexy, staring right at you with these shining brown eyes. Maybe my eyes are even darker than hers, more black than brown. She has a slender nose, and she tweezes her eyebrow into arches, so she looks quite elegant, refined. I'm more of a girl next door type, wide eyed, innocent.

We came back to my house, and I introduced her to my host mom, Loretta and her 19-year-old son, Brandon, and his sister, Jennifer. Loretta was warm and welcoming, but Norika was all tired out from the flight, so I took her up to my room, and laid out a futon for her on my floor. She had a quick shower, came back wrapped in a towel, and went to sleep. Norika used to tease me a lot when we were young, but still I was glad to have her here, so I could show her a bit of my new life in the States.

The next morning, Loretta made us some pancakes while we showered, and got dressed. She and Brandon were asking Norika all kinds of questions. Norika's English was pretty good, better than I remember. Norika's boyfriend Evan is British. Loretta took Brandon and Jenn off to camp on her way to work, and I had to go to work too at my summer job. For the first day, Norika said she was just wanted to stay around the house, and take it easy.

"That's a nice backyard. Maybe I'll work on my tan," she told me. I gave her a spare key, and headed off to work.

That night when I came back, I could tell right away that something had happened. Brandon looked over at me with this silly grin on his face.

"What? What's wrong?" I asked, but he wouldn't tell me. I went up to my room, and found Norika in a flower dress lying on her futon reading a guidebook.

"How was your day?" I asked cautiously.

"Fine. Have you been to the Japanese garden here?"

"Yeah, it's on campus, near the anthro building. What did you do all day?"

"Oh nothing. What else is there to do here? How far is San Diego?"

"It's not that far. What's Brandon grinning about?"

"I don't know. Maybe he's a happy guy. How far is it to L.A.?"

"Norika! I want you to tell me what's going on. What were you doing today?"

"Nothing. I told you. I was just sunbathing in the backyard."

I glared at her sternly. My mind flashed back to the time I'd caught her out sunbathing naked in our yard at home in Kamakura.

"What were you wearing?" I pressed.

"Oh I don't know. It was so hot out. I couldn't find your swimsuits. Where do you keep them anyway?"

"Norika! You didn't!"

"Oh, it was nothing I swear. He only saw me for a second. I didn't realize he'd be home so early."

I sat down at my desk chair, shocked that she would have the nerve to sunbathe naked in our backyard.

"Oh, don't make such a big deal. So he saw me naked. It's not like it's the end of the world!"

I stared at Norika, appalled. This was my home, my host family that she was messing with. I'd always tried to be so careful here. Now Brandon would know the times that he caught me naked it wasn't just an accident.

"Anyway, don't do that here. Loretta would freak if she saw you."

"Oh c'mon, Emi. Don't be such a sourpuss. I'm here on vacation. I want to have fun. What do you want me to do?"

I looked over at her. I guess I could understand how she felt. She was away from home. She wanted to kick back, relax, do things she couldn't do in Japan.

"There's a nude beach in town," I noted cautiously.

"Really? Wow! That's great. Let's go!"

"Norika! It's not that simple. There are some weird guys there."

"So you've been, have you? Did you get naked?"

"Keep your voice down."

Norika was getting all excited now. I wasn't really sure if I wanted to go with her. She does tend to get a bit carried away. I was worried if we got there, I wouldn't be able to calm her down.

"Oh c'mon. Let's go. I promise I'll be good."

"Well, I'll think about it. I'm off on Saturday. Maybe we could go then."

"Oh that's wonderful. You're the best." She got up, and gave me a hug. I was still worried about what I was letting myself in for, but anyway, hopefully this would get her to be more careful around the house.

That evening, my host mom's boyfriend, Hank came over to join us for supper. I was nervous about this. Loretta was older, but Hank was 30ish, closer to our age, fit, handsome. He has a sharp straight nose. His nostrils flare a bit, and he has kind of cute lips. His hair is brown and always cut short and neatly combed. I'd had a little late night run-in with him myself. I guess I came home a little tipsy, and one thing led to another. I managed to get away before things really got serious, but there'd been this tension between us ever since.

Norika looked him up and down, clearly intrigued. At supper, we chatted back and forth about life in Oceanview and back home in Japan. Brandon had so many questions for Norika, but Hank was pretty quiet most of the night. I was relieved though when he finally went home.

As it got near bedtime, I let Norika have a shower first, and then I had one. When I came back, she was still lounging around in her towel.

"Where are your pajamas?" I asked.

"I guess I must have forgotten them at home."

"Here. I'll lend you some." I got out the most conservative pair I had, boy style with long sleeves, and threw them at her. She didn't look too impressed, but she did say,

"Thanks," and put them on.

The next few days went by pretty peacefully. Norika went out shopping, exploring Oceanview's sights. She dressed for summer, but she wasn't wearing anything more outrageous than what the American girls wear, brightly colored mini sun dresses and the like.

Saturday finally rolled around, and we got ready to head to the beach. I dug out this big hat and sunglasses, trying to disguise myself in case we bumped into anyone I knew. Norika was all excited though. This was her first time ever to go to a nude beach.

We took the bus to campus, and then headed down the hillside through the trees to the beach. It was absolutely packed, the busiest I'd ever seen it. There were more women than usual, and almost everyone seemed to be naked for a change. I gazed around, but as far as I could tell, there wasn't anyone I knew from campus. There were quite a few guys checking us out though, so I dragged Norika down to the far end where there weren't so many people. We set down our stuff, and she looked up at me expectantly.

"So how does this work? Are there change rooms or what?"

I looked at her, and laughed.

"No, there are no change rooms. This isn't even an official nude beach. The only reason they have one here is because the police never come down this way."

She looked at me wide-eyed, struck by how naughty the whole thing seemed.

"They should have these in Japan."

"They do," I let slip, immediately regretting it. She shot me a look.

"What? Are you some kind of nudist now?" she asked, shocked.

"No, no," I assured her. "I just read about it somewhere."

She looked at me with a knowing grin, sure that I knew more than I was letting on.

"You knew this beach was here when you decided to come to Oceanview!" she blurted out. I wanted to deny it, but it was true. They do sort of mention in the guidebooks that Oceanview has a nude beach, and I must admit I was curious even then, back when I was deciding where to go to study. I'd certainly never told Norika that though. I always try to be the good girl at home around Mom and Dad.

"Anyway, you wanted to see the nude beach, and here it is," I went on, trying to change the subject. I got a towel out of my bag, spread it out on the sand, and sat down. "This is only my fourth time here," I reassured her, trying to get her to calm down.

"You've been here four times!" she exclaimed, teasing me.

"The first two, there was hardly anyone here."

Norika finally got out her own towel, and sat down, looking around in wide-eyed wonder at all the naked people. We just sat there for a long time, staring out at the ocean and around at the beach. Norika seemed nervous about getting undressed, and I can't say I blame her. Even though I'd been here before, it did seem a bit daunting with all these naked guys peering over at us. I looked over at her, and smiled. She seemed a bit defensive, obviously unsure.

"Mom and Dad would freak if they knew we were here," she giggled.

"Yeah," I laughed. I began to suspect she didn't have enough nerve to actually strip, so I stretched out, and relaxed.

"Hey! Hey!" she protested. "Is that it?"

"I'll get undressed if you will," I offered calmly. Actually, I wasn't that afraid of getting naked. Almost everyone on the beach was naked. Still, I didn't want her to think I was used to this. It should be a big deal. That was half the fun.

"This is kind of embarrassing," she said pulling her dress off over her head. She was wearing matching floral bra and panties. She looked good. For some reason, I had the impression that she and Evan didn't fool around that much, but maybe I was wrong. I unbuttoned my jeans, and looked around. Some guys sitting not too far away had perked right up as soon as they saw Norika take off her dress. I could tell she was nervous, but ever so slowly, she undid the hook on her bra.

"Anyway, as long as we're here, we might as well go for it," she smiled, blinking, nervous. I pulled off my jeans, but peered over at the guys. They eventually lay back down, so Norika and I quickly peeled off our remaining clothes, stripping naked(!), and lay face down. Some guy wandered by staring down at our bare backsides. I felt funny, embarrassed, excited I guess. Norika looked skittish at all the attention, kicking her feet up in the air.

I reached over, and got some sun block out of my bag. I offered it to Norika, and she pointed for me to rub some on her. I got up on top of her, and straddled her legs. Norika is a bit stockier than I am, but she has a good body. Her backside is so wide, while I'm just a slender little thing by comparison. As I rubbed the sun block into her big round bottom, we noticed these two American guys staring at us. I was like whatever, but Norika smiled at one, encouraging him.

"Hey, cut that out!" I warned her. It was too late though. They got up, and came over. They were trying so hard to look calm and unthreatening, but they weren't covering up at all. I tried not to look at their penises, but it was hard not to. Their penises weren't huge, but they were kind of standing up, half erect, a sign I guess that they were turned on at the sight of me straddling Norika, my whole body on display. Norika looked over her shoulder at them, shielding her eyes from the sun.

"Hey, what are you girls up to?"

"We just came down to check out the beach," Norika bubbled. I swatted her on the behind trying to keep her from encouraging them.

"I'm Curt, and that's Steve. You want to play beach volleyball or something?"

This was an innocent enough request I suppose, but their penises were rising, excited I guess at the sight of me on my knees on top of Norika. My breasts were glistening in the bright sun.

"Um, no, thanks," I squinted at them. "We just came to work on our tans."

"Oh come on. We don't bite."

I looked to Norika, questioning what she thought. I think Norika actually wanted to join them, but she signaled for me to decide. I turned back to the guys, and told them,

"Maybe some other time. Thanks for the offer though."

They just stood there though, staring at us, cocks floating even higher, unwilling to give up so easily. I finally got off of Norika, and crawled over, pulling a towel out of my bag to cover up with, trying to signal for them to move on. They squinted at each other, and then finally, bowed.

"OK. Fair enough. If you change your mind, though, we'll be right over there."

After they walked away, Norika giggled.

"Why'd you chase them off? They were kind of hunky."

"You already have a boyfriend."

"I didn't say I was going to do anything, just play volleyball. What's wrong with that?"

I don't know what had gotten into Norika. After she started dating Evan, she dressed more conservatively. I thought she'd settled down.

"Things aren't going well with Evan?" I asked.

"Things are going fine. I just want to have a little fun this trip; that's all."

I put down the towel, and lay back, face up. I had to rub sun block onto my breasts and pussy, but Curt and Steve were still eyeing us. I felt kind of horny too, but I try to quell my own feelings. Ryosuke was off at work today, and probably wouldn't like it that I was here even.

After a while, I went in swimming. Curt got up, and went to try Norika alone. She sat up, and smiled, a bit receptive, but soon, she was squinting out at me, perhaps hoping I'd come rescue her. Eventually, Curt took a hint, and went back to his towel. That was a relief. It was true that both Curt and Steve were quite fit, muscular in their bare scuddies, but still...

When I went back to our towels, Norika asked,

"Do you have a cover up?"

"What? Why?"

"I was thinking we could cover up a bit, and then see if Curt and Steve want to get a coffee somewhere."

I looked at her gravely trying to tell if she was serious. I've always tried to be a good girl, treat the nude beach like the naturists do, as just a place where people happen to be naked, nothing special. It was true that being out here naked with all these guys ogling us, Curt and Steve hitting on us, was making me hot. I think one reason I'd been pushing them away is that I didn't trust myself to do the right thing. If we went out to coffee, they might invite us to a love hotel (or wherever Americans go), and things could escalate from there.

I looked over at Curt and Steve, and they were staring right at us, still quite focused on us. It was flattering really, 'cause they were indeed cute, especially with their penises stuck up in the air. How long had they been erect?

"I don't know. I don't think that's such a good idea..."

"Oh come on, Emi. Just for me. I want to see what American men are like."

That sounded ominous. Against my better judgment, I toweled off, and pulled on a wispy cotton green and brown poncho I'd brought. Norika pulled out a white lacy beach cardigan, and pulled it on.

"You can't go up to campus dressed like that!" I noted.

"What? Why not?"

"It doesn't have any buttons... and it's see-through. I can still see your pussy."

She struck a sexy pose, showing it off.

"What about yours? It's see-through too," she guffawed, pointing.

"Not as bad as yours!" I giggled back.

The guys were staring over at us, wondering what was so funny.

"Here, anyway, you'd better put on a swimsuit at least."

"I didn't bring mine."

We looked over at the guys, who perked up realizing we were talking about them, but I was starting to get cold feet again. Mom would absolutely kill me if she found out I'd help set Norika up for a one night stand with an admittedly hot American guy. Mom wanted us to remain virgins till we got married. I wasn't sure if Norika was sleeping with her current boyfriend Evan, but the way she was acting today, she couldn't be a virgin.

"Here. Let's just get dressed," I finally said pulling out my jeans and panties.

"What? No! Oh come on, Emi. Don't be like that!"

I motioned for her to keep her voice down, worried that Curt and Steve would overhear. They sat up, eagerly waiting for us to go over, but once I'd finally coaxed Norika into her clothes, I dragged her off up the hill away from them. It was getting late, and we had to go find supper.

Back at Loretta's place, we found Hank in the living room. Norika eyed him, another handsome Oceanview hunk, an 'American man.' He looked as rugged as ever.

"Where were you two lovely ladies today?" he grinned.

"At the beach. Where's Loretta?"

"She's upstairs getting ready," he replied. "I'm taking her out to dinner. Brandon and Jennifer have already eaten."

"What do you want for supper?" I asked Norika. We ended up ordering ramen. When we went upstairs, I found Loretta getting all dressed up in this fancy dress, looking forward to her night out with Hank.

Norika went into my room, and stripped out of her clothes. She was obviously still in a giddy mood from our trip to the beach. She streaked across to the bathroom in the buff, carrying her towel in her hand. Luckily, Loretta didn't see I don't think. I sat in the bathroom with Norika, chatting while she showered. When she was done, I stripped down, and got in, turning on the shower. Just then, the doorbell rang. It had to be the ramen guy.

"I'll get it," Norika chimed, trying to wrap her towel around her. I tensed, worried, but before I could stop her, she'd run across the hall to fetch her purse. I shut off the shower, grabbed a towel, and scrambled to wrap it around me, but she was half way down the stairs by the time I made it out to the hall.

Loretta was still in her room, but Hank was probably down there in the living room by the front door. Although I don't think Norika did it on purpose, her towel had come undone, falling open at the back, leaving that chunky bare bottom showing. I hurried down the steps as quickly as I could manage. Sure enough Hank was right there on the sofa peering over lustfully at Norika's backside. He raised his eyebrows at me, obviously delighted. I grabbed the handrail, trying to steady myself as my wet feet slipped on the smooth polished wood of the stairs.

Norika, clutching the towel, opened the front door. The delivery guy looked Chinese, and seemed surprised to see both of us in towels. He confirmed this was the right place, and handed Norika the first bowl of ramen. I realized she was going to flash him when she turned, so I tried to run down the last few steps to stop her, but I slipped, and fell, losing my own towel!

Hank rushed over to see if I was OK, but his eyes opened wide when he saw that I was naked. I was sitting here on the step, stunned, my legs wide open with Hank hulking over me. Hank put out his hands to help me up. I worried that Loretta might come out from her room, and see Norika and I naked down here 'seducing' her boyfriend. Hank smiled, trying to reassure me it was OK. At least, he wasn't trying to boink me this time.

I finally took Hank's hands, and arched my back as he lifted me—still completely naked—to my feet. The Chinese delivery guy was gawking at me, scowling for some reason. I guess he didn't approve of Norika and I running around in towels, and dropping them. I just kind of stood there for a moment, dazed by this sudden turn of events. I'd been trying so hard to get Norika to behave around Hank, but here I was the one who'd ended up naked. The way Hank's strong hands held mine was making my pulse race. The breeze from the open door was getting me even more excited.

Norika turned her back to the delivery guy, flashing him her bare bottom, and then set down the ramen bowl on a shelf.

"Are you OK?" she asked, unworried that this guy was staring at her ass.

"Yeah, I'm OK. Just get the other bowl, and pay the guy," I instructed, hoping to wrap things up quickly before Loretta came out, and found us. Hank grinned at me, perhaps sensing how excited I was. He'd been trying to patch things up with me ever since that night of our close encounter.

Norika got the second bowl from the delivery guy, but her towel was floating way up, flashing him her pussy. He seemed kind of afraid of Hank, thinking Hank was my boyfriend. Norika paid him, and he tipped his cap to us, then scurried off into the night.

"Hank, darling, who is it?" Loretta's voice came from upstairs. I finally grabbed my towel off the step, and got Hank to back up, so I could wrap it around me.

"Oh the girls ordered take out. It's just the delivery guy," he called up the stairs to her.

"I'm almost ready. I'll be down in a sec."

I swatted Hank on the shoulder although I guess he hadn't done anything wrong this time. I motioned he should go attend to Loretta. He gave Norika a cheeky smirk, and then dutifully obeyed. Hank distracted Loretta, so Norika and I could sneak into my room until they left. Once I closed the door, I swatted Norika too for being so naughty.

"What?" she giggled away like it was the funniest thing in the world. I was kind of upset, more at myself than anyone. Clearly, Hank and the delivery guy had gotten a real kick out of us flashing them. I pulled on a t-shirt and shorts, and Norika put on the pajama top I'd lent her, but refused to wear the bottoms. The pajama top was maybe long enough to cover her pussy, but it still looked pretty darn sexy.

"You be good now, you hear?" I warned. She just laughed. I went out to see Loretta and Hank off. Norika came out to the top of the stairs. Hank peered up at her, bare legged, her pussy just barely covered. Anyway, I was relieved when they finally left. Now that Norika and I were alone, we brought the ramen down to the living room, and switched on the TV.

"You really shouldn't do that, you know?" I complained. It was hard to be too critical though, because I'd teased Hank too. Maybe I'd learned it from her. Norika used to tease my boyfriends.

"Calm down. He loved it I'm sure."

I admire her self-confidence. I'd always looked up to her, even though I wished she'd be more careful around my host family. At least, she didn't flirt with Ryosuke.

Not long after, Jennifer came home, and headed up to her room, and soon Brandon got back too. Brandon is a much slimmer guy than Hank or Curt and Steve from the beach. I think he's goofy, and maybe treat him like a pest, but some of my girlfriends say he's cute. His hair is nice, black, but his eyes are kind of beady, and he looks evil when he grins.

Norika was still in my p.j. top with no bottoms. The top hung down in two tails at the back and front, but you could see her bare hip from the side. Brandon noticed right away. He came in, and sat down glancing over at her. A commercial came on, and Norika got up, and turned to me, asking,

"Do you have anything to drink?"

My heart almost skipped a beat, because I think Brandon could see her bare bottom. He could probably tell she didn't have on any undies. I tugged at Norika's sleeve urging her to sit back down, but she just ignored me, and headed into the kitchen. Brandon jumped up to follow. Worried, I quickly ran after them. Brandon opened the fridge, and was listing off the drinks we have. Before I could stop her though, Norika reached up, and opened one of the cupboards, exposing her bare behind to the two of us in the process. Her butt cheeks are so pudgy, but that just makes her look all the more indecent.

"Where do you keep the glasses?" she asked innocently. She tilted this way, teasing Brandon, threatening to show him her pussy too. His eyes had glazed over. She finally reached a hand around behind to hide her bottom.

"Oh sorry. I forgot I wasn't wearing any panties," she giggled. I was so angry at her for teasing him! I walked over, and pushed her out the door back into the dining room.

"Here, you go get dressed," I insisted.

She pouted a bit, but finally ran off upstairs to fetch the p.j. bottoms. When she came back down, she was decent, but Brandon kept staring at her, so horny for her. I just sighed. Brandon didn't try anything, but Norika certainly made an impression.

A few days later, I took her back up to L.A., so she could catch a flight home. It had been a nerve-wracking week in some ways, but I did miss her. Since that visit, we've kept in closer touch.