**My Host Mom's Boyfriend Hank**

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

My host mom, Loretta, has been dating this guy, Hank, for the last little while. I first met Hank a couple of years ago. Loretta's kids and I all kind of knew she was seeing someone, and then one day, he turned up at the house. I was a bit surprised because he was so handsome. I mean not that Loretta isn't good-looking or anything, but I've always pictured her as a typical mom, so I thought she'd probably end up going out with someone steady and serious I guess.  
  
Hank is kind of special though. He has a sweet smile and a muscular body. He is younger than Loretta, maybe in his early thirties. He apparently works as a building contractor. Even when I first met him, he seemed like a really nice guy. Even though Loretta introduced me as 'the exchange student who's staying with us,' he smiled, and gave me a friendly wink. I could tell he kind of liked me even then.  
  
We saw quite a bit of him after that. On the days he wasn't working, he would come over, hang out, and watch TV or whatever. Loretta would be off cooking supper, so I used to go in, and sit with him in the living room. At first, I felt a bit nervous. I'd never really hung around with such a hunky American guy. It was obvious that he and Loretta were dating, but sometimes, I would catch him glancing over at me. Not that he flirted with me or anything. He just seemed curious for some reason.  
  
One time in the summer, I had the day off, so I went to the beach with my friend Asuna. We had a good time swimming, and then at night, Asuna had other plans, so I came home. Hank was sitting in the living room watching TV. He said 'hi' when I came in.   
  
I was kind of thirsty, so I went to the kitchen to get some lemonade. I was still in my pink bikini and white hoodie, and Hank turned to check out my backside as I walked by. I pretended not to notice, but it was a bit unsettling.  
  
Loretta was working on this whole big spread in the kitchen.  
  
"What's going on?" I asked.  
  
"I'm holding a party here tonight. Didn't I tell you?"  
  
"Oh, that's right. Do you need some help?"  
  
"No, I'm fine." She looked down disapprovingly at my bikini. "You'd better hurry up, and get changed. The guests will be arriving soon."  
  
Unlike my own mom, Loretta doesn't usually complain about what I wear. Maybe she didn't want me dressing like this with Hank here though. I vaguely nodded, poured myself some lemonade, and took it out to the living room.  
  
"What are you watching?" I asked Hank, curious.  
  
"I don't know. Some show."  
  
I pulled over one of the dining room chairs, and stepped across straddling it backwards. Hank perked right up at this, examining my rear end more carefully now. I felt butterflies in my tummy, but honestly, I thought Loretta was just being silly. It was summer, and I'd just been swimming, so of course I was wearing a bikini. There's nothing so strange about that.  
  
"Is there anything else on?" I asked peering back at Hank.  
  
"Not really. What are those?" he said pointing toward some DVD's lying on the floor.  
  
"Oh just some movies. This one's good. It's about a woman boxer and her trainer."  
  
"Yeah, that sounds good! Put it on."  
  
I got up off the chair, and kneeled down in front of the TV. I could feel his eyes on my behind as I leaned forward, and stuck the DVD into the player. I straightened back up, but I felt hot. Still sitting on the floor, I pulled off my hoodie, letting him see my bare back. He didn't say anything, but I could feel his eyes on me, checking me out.  
  
The movie started playing, but there were these big black bars at the top and bottom of the screen.  
  
"Oh no. This is the wide screen version. Maybe you have to flip it over..."  
  
I leaned forward again, sticking my bottom in the air. I was beginning to feel a little tingly down there.  
  
Hank straightened up in his chair, trying to hide the tent developing in his trousers. Had I gone too far? I hadn't meant to tease him exactly. He was looking at me more seriously now, wondering perhaps if I was coming on to him. I retreated to my room, before I get in trouble. It was kind of fun seeing him all excited like that. I haven't lost my touch.  
  
Up on the second floor, there was no sign of my host mom's kids Brandon and Jennifer. They must be out, avoiding the party. I didn't really want to go either, but I didn't have any plans. I sat down, and turned on my computer. I signed in to messenger, and sure enough, my boyfriend Ryosuke was online.  
  
"What are you doing?" I typed.  
  
"I got that webcam you were asking about. Do you want to try?"  
  
It took us a few minutes to get it all set up, but soon, I could see his smiling face.  
  
"Were you swimming?" he asked, noting my pink bikini.  
  
"Yeah, I was at the beach with Asuna. What are you up to now? Loretta's having a party, but I'd rather go out. Are you busy?"  
  
"Oh, I don't know. I was just planning on staying here, and getting some rest."  
  
I was kind of disappointed to hear this. I wanted to go out.  
  
"Is there anything I can do to change our mind?" I whispered into the mike. He raised an eyebrow. I got up, closed the door, and came back.  
  
"Like what?"  
  
"Oh I don't know," I answered, playing hard to get. "I was thinking of having a shower."  
  
He gave me this funny look. I could tell he wanted to see me. He was just too lazy to come over.  
  
"Nah, I think I'll pass for today. I appreciate the offer though."  
  
Unwilling to give up so easily, I pulled the straps on my bikini off my shoulders and down.  
  
"Are you sure you don't want to join me? I need someone to scrub my back."  
  
Ryosuke sat there blinking mulling it over. I felt a bit embarrassed, but I finally undid my top, and took it off, showing him my bare breasts. He perked right up.  
  
"Can you show me a bit more?"  
  
Shivering a bit, I stood up, and slowly pulled down my bottoms, showing him my pussy and then my behind. He wiped some drool from the corner of his mouth. I was sure I had him, till the doorbell rang downstairs.  
  
"Oh, shoot! Loretta's guests are here." I sat back down, but the moment passed. Ryosuke's eyes narrowed. He told me to give him a call later, but I knew he wasn't coming. He did seem tired. I felt frustrated. I hate it when he ignores me like this. Maybe I should find a new boyfriend, someone who appreciates me more.  
  
I shut down the PC, wrapped a towel around me, and snuck across to the bathroom. I could hear the guests arriving. Maybe I'll just stay up here, and read or something. Soon though, I heard Loretta calling.  
  
"Emi! Emi! Are you ready yet? The guests are all here."  
  
I turned off the shower, and quickly dried myself off. Figuring everyone was downstairs, I came out into the hall naked, rubbing my hair with the towel.  
  
"You can eat without me. I'll get something later," I shouted down the stairs.  
  
"K."  
  
I turned to go back to the bathroom, but there standing in Loretta's doorway was Hank! He'd clearly been watching, all excited to see me naked. I covered my mouth in shock. I was so flustered I even dropped my towel.  
  
"Wha- wha- what are you doing here?" I blurted out.  
  
"It's OK. Relax," Hank whispered. "I just came up to get something..."  
  
I bent over to get my towel.  
  
"Wow!" he gasped. "You've got a great body!"  
  
I blew the hair out of my eyes, marveling at how he could be so casual. We could hear Loretta downstairs though. He signaled for me to shush, and motioned for me to come closer. I wasn't sure what he was suggesting. Was he trying to start something? Or trying to get me to hide before Loretta came up, and found us? I couldn't tell which.  
  
I stretched the towel out intending to wrap it back around me, but Hank lurched forward, bumping into me. Maybe he was just trying to get me to hide, but it kind of spooked me. Still struggling with the towel, I finally dashed back to my room, closing the door behind me. My heart was pounding. I couldn't believe I'd just flashed him like that. What must he think?  
  
Hank gently rapped at the door.  
  
"Sorry," he whispered. I appreciated his apology, but I was so worried. Loretta will freak if she finds out.  
  
Soon, I heard Hank go back downstairs. I lay there on my bed playing the whole thing over in my head. How could I be so stupid? Shoot. I really hope I don't get in trouble for this.  
  
Eventually though, I started getting hungry. I got dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, and went downstairs. Hank looked repentant, but Loretta clearly had no idea what had happened. That's a relief. I don't want this to turn into something bigger than it is.  
  
For the next little while, I avoided Hank. He did look genuinely sorry. I eventually decided I was overreacting. It was all just a big misunderstanding. Hank was with Loretta, and that had nothing to do with me. I wasn't trying to seduce him, and he wasn't trying to spy on me. No one was to blame.  
  
Then, one night, I went with my friend Satomi to Ryosuke's restaurant. Ryosuke's boss, Mr. Ueda was there, and he treated us to a little sake. Ryosuke still had to work, so I came home. I was feeling a little neglected. Ryosuke always seems so busy.  
  
When I came in, I found Hank in our living room watching TV with the lights down low. Loretta and the kids had apparently gone to bed.  
  
"You're home late," Hank noted. I pulled off my shoes, and stumbled in trying to shake off the effects of the sake.  
  
"Uh, yeah, sorry," I apologized, pulling my hair back out of my eyes. "You're here late too. Are you sleeping over?" I'd long suspected that Loretta and Hank were sleeping together, but this was the first time I'd seen him here so late.  
  
"No, I guess I'll be heading home soon. I was just recharging my batteries for the trek home," he smiled. I went over, trying to see what he was watching. "Have a seat," he offered. I looked at him, a bit surprised by his sudden friendliness.  
  
"No, that's OK. I'd better go upstairs, and have a shower."  
  
His eyes narrowed, obviously remembering having seen me naked. I excused myself, and ran upstairs. What did I have to go, and mention the shower for? It'd taken us this long just to get back to talking again, but here I'd gone, and dredged up that whole incident. That was a silly thing to do.  
  
I peeked out my door, just to make sure Hank was still downstairs, and then quickly stripped out of my clothes. For some reason, I couldn't stop thinking about that night. What had he said? 'You have a great body.' I was glad that someone appreciated it.  
  
I nipped across to the bathroom, had a quick shower, and toweled off. I wrapped the towel around me, and snuck back to my room. There was no sign of Hank this time. I pulled on a pair of big bulky boy-style p.j.'s. I was getting thirsty, so I headed back downstairs to get a drink. Hank was still sitting there quietly in the dark watching a monster movie. I sat down on the sofa across from him.  
  
"So Emi, what are you up to these days? I haven't seen you for a while."  
  
I eyed him nervously. He'd noticed I'd been avoiding him.  
  
"Not much. My friend Asuna's having a pajama party on Saturday," I told him, all nervous again. He raised an eyebrow, intrigued.  
  
"What are you going to wear?" he asked. I eyed him suspiciously, wondering why he seemed so interested. I guess it was a harmless enough question, but for some reason, everything kept reminding me of the evening he saw me naked.  
  
"I don't know. I haven't really decided yet."  
  
"What kind of pajamas do you have?" he persisted. I glanced over, wondering if I should show him. I guess it's no big deal.  
  
"OK, wait here. I'll be right back." I ran upstairs, and fished through my drawers. A lot of my p.j.'s were in the laundry, but I did find one long flower-print nightgown and my frilly white baby doll nightie and shorts. I looked them over, and finally decided to take them too. I tiptoed back downstairs, careful not to wake Loretta. I held up the nightgown for him to see.  
  
"How's this?"  
  
"I can't really tell. Maybe you'd better try it on," he suggested. I hesitated, a bit embarrassed.  
  
"Try it on?" I asked, confused. Was he asking me to change right here in front of him?  
  
"Yeah, sure. In the kitchen or wherever."  
  
I glanced over at the kitchen door. Surely, he wouldn't try to spy on me again, would he? He seemed calm enough, so I finally went into the kitchen, and closed the door. I don't know why, but I was getting all excited. I checked the door, just to make sure he wasn't trying to peek, and then undid the buttons on my top, and pulled it off. I wasn't wearing a bra, so I felt a bit self-conscious standing here topless in the kitchen, my breasts sticking out. I quickly pulled the nightgown on over my head, and then shed my bottoms. The gown wasn't terribly low cut or anything, so I looked decent enough.  
  
I stepped out into the living room to show him. I felt naughty though because I wasn't wearing any undies.  
  
"Nice," he grinned looking me up and down. "What's that other outfit?"  
  
"Oh, that. I don't think I can wear that one."  
  
"Why not? It looks nice."  
  
"Yeah, it looks OK, but the panties tie at the sides. The bows always come loose."  
  
He got up from his chair, and got me to show them to him.  
  
"Maybe you're not tying them on right. Have you tried a slip knot?" His eyes were kind of shining in the darkness.  
  
"What's that?"  
  
"It's a special kind of knot sailors use. I used to work on a ship. Here try them on, and I'll show you."  
  
Looking back, I now realize that this was heading in a dangerous direction, but at the time, it seemed reasonable. Maybe I was still a bit drunk from the sake I'd had earlier. I gathered up my p.j.'s, and headed back to the kitchen to change again. I got the nightie on easily enough, but the strings on the panties were as slippery as ever. I tied them in a bow as tightly as I could, and then cautiously peeked out the door to the living room.  
  
"This is kind of embarrassing," I blushed, hiding behind the door.  
  
"No worries. Come on out, and let me see."  
  
I stepped out into the living room, and showed him.  
  
"Wow!" he gushed. "You look gorgeous."  
  
I blushed covering my crotch with my hand.  
  
"Hey, don't worry," he said. "You look great."  
  
"Oh, I don't know," I shook my head.  
  
"Here let me see..."  
  
I rubbed my face, my whole body burning with embarrassment. I slowly lifted up the hem of the nightie showing him my silky white panties.  
  
"Turn around," he told me. I did.  
  
"Wow! You've got the cutest little a-..." He broke off mid-word.  
  
"What?"  
  
"No, nothing. Here, let me see the ties."  
  
What was he going to say? I have the cutest little what, I wonder. I went over, and stood in front of the big armchair where he sat. He motioned for me to come closer.  
  
"You're just using bows, are you? No wonder." He gave one bow a gentle tug, and it came undone. I gasped as my panties slipped, and almost fell. I felt insanely exposed standing here in the soft flickering light of the TV not far from our front window.  
  
"So how do you make this slip knot, was it?" I asked, my voice quivering. He made a loop with either end, and then passed one loop inside the other, and then tightened it. It did look a bit safer than a simple bow.  
  
"Here. You try?" he said pointing to the bow on the other side. I turned my back to him, and undid that bow, while he quickly pulled apart his own slipknot. My pussy was tingling like crazy. With him sitting and me standing, he was staring right at my behind.  
  
"Here, sit down," he suggested pointing to his lap. At first, I resisted, but then he pulled my panties down, peeking at my bare backside. I was so shocked!  
  
"Hey, cut that out!" I quickly sat down on his knee trying to hide my bottom.  
  
"Honestly, Emi, I swear you've got the cutest ass I've ever seen."  
  
I grabbed one of the armrests trying to straighten up, but clearly, I'd taken my teasing too far. He'd pulled my panties away from my rear, and was pulling me back into him, letting me feel the size of his erection. His penis must be huge. I grabbed the other armrest to get up, but he was all horny now, and pulled my panties clear off. I looked down in shock at my pussy, lit up by the light shining in through the front window. He'd grabbed my hips in his strong hands, and was sliding me back onto him, poking at my gates of heaven with his schlong, getting me all excited.  
  
Before we could do anything though, I heard rustling from upstairs. My squealing must have woken Loretta. I signaled for Hank to behave, and listened as Loretta's foot falls came closer, out of her room to the top of the stairs.  
  
"Emi, is that you?"  
  
I muffled a whimper as Hank's fingers slid down between my legs, probing for my clitoris.  
  
"Yeah, it's me," I finally answered, trying not to squeal.  
  
"Is someone down there with you?" she asked, suspicious. Had she heard Hank's voice? I looked back at Hank, but there was a fire burning in his eyes, like he was the devil or something. It was almost like he'd forgotten where we were, forgotten about everything. He'd found my hello kitty alright, and was flicking away at it, rubbing my love juice around, getting me all hot and bothered despite myself.  
  
"Um, yeah, Hank and I were just watching some TV." I grabbed his wrist trying to get him to stop, but he was pretty insistent, let me tell you. It was all I could do to keep from coming.  
  
Soon though, I heard Loretta coming down the stairs!  
  
"Hank, darling, sorry I didn't realize you were still here. I must have drifted off."  
  
Hank was still kind of holding me, one arm across my tummy, pulling me into him, but I pried his arm away, and dove over onto the couch. This nightie was insanely short, and I was terrified that Loretta would see that I was bottomless. She came right into the living room, standing just behind me.  
  
"Emi, don't you have school tomorrow? Shouldn't you go to bed?"  
  
I looked back at her, trying to hide my fear. She seemed maybe a little bleary from being woken up, and was looking more at Hank than me. I waited till she went past, and then made a mad dash for the stairs. Hank peered after me, clearly quite frustrated that I was running away, but I was just thankful that Loretta hadn't clued in. Phew! That was close!  
  
Back up in my room, I took a deep breath, wiped the love juice off of my pussy, and pulled on a fresh pair of panties. My heart wouldn't stop pounding in my chest. I couldn't hear what they were talking about, and worse still, the first pair of panties were still down there somewhere. Soon, I heard Hank's van start in the driveway, so he must have gone home. I waited till I heard Loretta come back up, and only then snuck down to find them.  
  
The next morning, Loretta seemed as cheerful as ever, so I guess she didn't know what had happened. I was so relieved. That would have been horrible if she'd found us shagging say. I promised myself to be more careful.  
  
The next time I saw Hank, the air was pretty tense, let me tell you. I guess he could tell though that I didn't want to upset Loretta. He respected my wishes, and didn't press. It was just one of those crazy things that happen at night.  
  
Emi Tsuruta