

Masturbation in Japan

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My experience of masturbation in Japan

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I lived in Japan for many years as a teacher instructing high school and university students for the Japanese government. For much of the time I was the only foreigner in my area. It was not an uncomfortable living. On the contrary, I was set up in a nicely furnished apartment overlooking the university and surrounded by friendly people. In my second week there, I met a young Japanese woman who would later become my girlfriend for the duration of my stay. My apartment block was brand new when I moved in and while the government provided quite a lot in the way of furnishing, it was still bare bones. I had no TV, no VCR, no phone and, oh yeah, no cutlery, pots and pans. I'd been in Japan only one week attending an International teacher's conference in Tokyo. This was in preparation for my arrival in the prefecture I would be teaching in. The week in Tokyo was amazing. Aside from the work during the day, there was dancing at night in Rappongi at Java Jive, the Lexington Queen, The Buzz and drinks at the Hard Rock Cafe with visiting members of the San Francisco 49ers and the Los Angeles Rams. That in itself, is worthy of a story. Once that week was over, I was bussed along with 40 new teachers from Canada, the U.S., Australia, Britain, New Zealand and Ireland from Tokyo to Kofu. And from Kofu, I was picked up by the teachers of my host school. I arrived at my school to meet the principal, the English staff and to get the rest of my luggage consisting of three suitcases which had been forwarded from Narita Airport. It was night already and I was hot, tired and very weary. The head English teacher drove me to my new apartment. It was a small two room affair with hardwood floors. All of my furniture and linens sat in the middle of the room still in their wrappers. I was given a tour of the place by the teacher and a phone number to call if I needed assistance. The nearest phone was a coin box half a block away. I was left alone to unpack. It was dark outside and still hot as hell. The humidity was such that I was dripping wet. I opened the glass doors leading to a narrow balcony outside. There was no breeze to speak of. I sighed. It looked like I wasn't going to get relief from the weather. Resigned to the fact that I wasn't going to sleep until my linens were unwrapped, I began to process of unpacking. The bed was a fold-out from the wall. I was told this was unusual. Most people slept on futons placed over tatami mats. It took me nearly an hour to rip open the packaging covering the pillows, sheets, futon and comforter. I figured the rest of the furniture moving could wait till the next day. I still had a table, two chairs, a washing machine, a

rice cooker, a cabinet and other assorted things to unwrap or put into place. There was nothing else I could do till the next day. My clothes were drenched with perspiration. Never in my life had I experienced such humidity. I decided to shower and head to bed. I was about to take my clothes off for a shower when I was struck by one fact I'd forgotten. The room had no curtains! I noted that if I could see outside, someone across on the other mountain could sure as hell see me. I turned off the light and undressed in the dark. No sense alarming my Japanese neighbors and letting them see the barbarian they already thought I was. Luckily, I had soap, shampoo and conditioner. I luxuriated in the shower and washed all the day's travel and unpacking away. Once I stepped out, I realized how hard it was going to be to sleep. The humidity had me perspiring already. I stepped into the darkened main room in the nude. That is how I've slept since I was about 10. On such a hot, humid nights, it is the only way to sleep. For a few minutes I just lay under a single sheet, my body glistening. It was intolerable. The air just hung there miserably. In the dark I looked at the open sliding glass door at the starry night. On the left part of the glass door though, I saw a light flash. At first I thought it was car coming up the mountain road but the light stayed in place. It took me a moment to realize the illumination was from the apartment next door. Through some freak of angles, light and the fact that I had no curtains, I could see images of what was going on in my neighbor's apartment. Footsteps from next door could be heard. The walls were not exactly thick. A TV was turned on. The image of the TV screen appeared on my sliding glass door windows. Freaky! I thought. Maybe I didn't have to buy a TV after all. Sitting up on my elbows, I forgot about the heat entirely. I was curious to see my neighbor. Knowing my luck, it was going to be some Sumo wrestler. I saw something momentarily but just as quickly it disappeared. I was intrigued by being a voyeur. Could I be seen too? I didn't think so. My room was completely dark. I figured that one apartment had to be dark and the other lit for anything to be seen. There was another flash of movement in the neighbor's apartment. I wasn't going to be able to sleep till I saw the person there or until the light went out. More footsteps sounded through the wall. Whoever it was must be in the kitchen. A few moments later, I saw a glimmer of movement and then the person appeared. I almost stood up and applauded. It was a Japanese girl, probably a freshman of the college campus my apartment overlooked. She was wearing just a pair of panties and a T-shirt. In her hands was a bowl of rice. She sat cross legged on the floor and ate her dinner while watching TV. She was a very attractive girl. Like many Japanese, she wasn't that tall, maybe 5'2". She was slender, pale skin. Her breasts were gentle swells with under a white bra. I think I was having a Zen moment watching her eat rice from a bowl sitting there in panties and bra. For some reason as I watched, I became very erect. All she was doing was eating and watching TV but I found it to be very erotic. Before I left for Japan, many of my friends were saying they envied me because they found Asian women to be beautiful. I didn't disagree but I thought all women whatever their ethnicity had beauty. But watching this young Japanese student alone in her apartment, I started to see what they meant. Her creamy pale skin was illuminated by the TV screen and her lovely dark, black hair hung long down her back. My erect cock was demanding attention now as I watched her. I began to masturbate quietly. After a while, the girl got up and returned to the kitchen. I thought with that the light would go off and I would masturbate to orgasm with her image in my head. But she

returned a moment later still in panties and bra. She turned off the TV but the light on her night table illuminated the room. I watched as my neighbor fluffed her pillow. Next, she stripped off her panties and bra and tossed them into what looked like a laundry hamper. Wow. I looked at her slender physique, her cute ass. I held my breath as she turned around. Amazing. It was the first time I was able to see her face clearly. The long black hair of her framed a beautiful face. Although I wasn't able to see clearly from the reflection, I could tell she had the black/brown eyes that made all Japanese women alluring. Her breasts were small but deliciously perky with swollen, erect nipples. The colour was not exactly pink, more reddish auburn, maybe maroon. Whatever they were, they were a marvel to look at. My eyes followed down from her breasts to her waist, attractive belly button and lower still to her pussy. I'd had seen a few pussies in my time but never a Japanese one. The hair was a dark as the hair on her head but it had a silky quality. It was straight and soft looking. It appeared like it was trimmed but I felt that probably it wasn't. I was entranced at how exotic this woman was. She stood nude in the middle of her room. I continued masturbating quietly knowing that any sound would pass through the walls to her ears. She probably didn't even know that I'd moved in during the day. Certainly, she probably didn't know her neighbor was a gaikin, a barbarian. The young woman sat on her futon and lay on top of her covers. It was hot enough to sleep without. Personally, I needed a sheet because I felt vulnerable any other way. The sheet at the moment was kicked to my heels as I masturbated in earnest. It was so voyeuristic watching this girl but I couldn't help myself. She was so gorgeous. I held off on cumming. Slowly I stroked my cock up and down. She moved to her side table. It looked like she was about to turn off the light but instead picked up a magazine. I held my breath. Lying nude on the bed, she flipped casually through the pages. And then it happened. She started to use her other hand to caress her breasts. I was going to see her masturbate! Straining my ears to hear, I could make out the pages turning. I tried to be as quiet as I could. Soon, her breathing could be heard through the walls. Pages continued to flip and she teased her breasts some more. First one, then the other. It was graceful little circles that progressed to pinching her nipples to exquisite erectness. I couldn't make out what type of magazine she was reading it. To me it looked like one of those Japanese celebrity mags, a little racier version Teenbeat probably. The girl's legs spread as she flipped through the magazine. Her hand crept down from her perky tits and nestled in her soft fur. The breathing in the next room was noticeably heavier. Mine was getting a bit ragged too and I struggled to control it. I'd been ready to cum for a few minutes now but held back. A sudden thump startled me. I had been listening so carefully, it came as surprise when she put the magazine down. Aw, don't stop, I thought. She didn't. It was obvious she wanted to use both hands. Her left hand massaged her breasts while her right hand was buried in her pussy. She pinched and squeezed her nipples while her face contorted in pleasure. She was wasting no time pleasuring herself. Her fingers were a blur on her clit and her legs were spread wide. Suddenly, she took her hand away from her pussy and she plunged her fingers into her mouth, wetting them, licking them. I groaned a low groan as I watched. She wouldn't have heard it anyways. Her huffing and puffing had given way to moans and cries. It is hard to describe how a Japanese woman reacts in pleasure. It is very different from North American women. Even though she was getting into it, it seemed delicate in some way.

And dare I say, cute. The way that her hair hung wetly over her face, how her mouth formed a perfect O, the look of her tits as they strained to ever greater erectness. My cock was aching to cum. I was so close. By the looks of it, so was she. Her right hand was working hard on her pussy. She gathered some moisture by dipping her fingers into herself and then she renewed her vigorous strumming on her clit. I could hear her cries through the wall. "Aaah!! Aaahh!! Aaahh!!!" she moaned. Her hips bucked off the bed and her pussy hair was matted with moisture. I could see her whole body was dripping and that her hair was wet and stringy in her face. She was so close and I timed my orgasm with hers. And then she came. I heard it before I saw it. She shrieked when it started. "Ahhhhiiiiieeeeeaaaiiiiieeeee!!!!" she screamed. Her fingers were a blur on her clit, roughly thrusting at herself, cumming hard. She pinched her nipples painfully, her hips rising high I had timed my orgasm just right. My own hips rose off the bed and with both hands jerking on my cock, I exploded with cum. Bursts of semen arced into the air and landed in splashes on the floor, on my stomach, on the bed. Another spurt shot up and hit me in the chest. I shuddered uncontrollably, my eyes glued to the girl in the room as she writhed on the bed in orgasm. As much as I wanted to, I didn't utter a word nor a groan despite the excruciating pleasure I'd just felt. I was gasping for breath though and had to wipe my brow. The girl next door lay flat on her futon wasted. Her fingers lazily teased her drenched pussy and the other teased her still heaving tits. She let out a huge sigh of contentment. After a few minutes of afterglow, she put her fingers in her mouth and licked them one at a time. My cock began to stiffen again as I watched. She sat up in bed and from where I was, I could see it was wet from her entire body. She turned on a small electric fan to dry it and walked nude into the other room. I took the opportunity myself to get up and clean off. There was cum all over the room. The shower from her apartment came on. I thought it might be a good idea for me too. I was soaked to the skin and knew I'd find it hard to sleep like that. I padded barefoot to the shower myself and felt better for it. When I stepped back into the room, the girl next door was climbing back into bed. She turned off her night light and was asleep in seconds. I climbed back into bed myself and was asleep in about the same amount of time. For the next year, the girl next door routinely masturbated or had sex that I was able to see from via the reflection in my window and heard through the walls. It was perhaps two weeks later that I returned the favour for her and let her watch. Her name was Akiko and although we never had a physical relationship, we very much intimate with each other that year.