**At My Friend's Swimming Pool**

by Emi Tsuruta

Hi, it's me, Emi again. A lot has been happening lately. There's so much to tell I hardly know where to start. For one thing, at the beginning of the summer, I got a job working at this ice cream stand near the beach. It's only part-time, so I haven't been too busy. The other big news is that my host mom kind of told my parents about my boyfriend, Ryosuke (I mean that he and I are going out). At first, I thought they'd get angry, but anyway, they want to meet him, so I guess that's a good sign. He's probably going to come with me next time I go back to Japan.

Another thing I guess I should tell you about is my friend, Debbie. Actually, I've known her for a long time now. I started doing a language exchange with her more than a year ago. She's learning Japanese which I thought was kind of cool. At first, we took the exchange part really seriously, but the longer we did it, the more we started to chat about other things. She told me about the guys she's seeing, and I've been telling her more and more about what Ryosuke and I get up to.

Debbie and I get along, but we are different in some ways. She always seems to be going out with a different guy. She is quite the flirt. She has long blonde hair and blue eyes, and looks like a California beach bunny. I'm kind of jealous. At first, I avoided introducing her to Ryosuke. I was afraid that she'd steal him away from me, but eventually, they met anyway.

For a long time, I was kind of wondering if I should tell Debbie about the things Ryosuke and I do - fooling around outdoors I mean - because I was worried that she would think I was weird. Still, she was telling me all these things about her boyfriends, you know like really personal stuff (one guy tied her to a chair!), and more and more, I began to feel like I could trust her.

Eventually, I showed her what I'd written about the first time Ryosuke and I ever did it outdoors. She was so shocked. You see, normally at school, I am such a good girl. At first, she thought I was making it all up. I knew she might react like this, but I really wanted to tell someone. She's one of the few people I trust. I think she believes me now, although she thinks I'm a bit weird.

Anyway, last summer I guess it was, Debbie invited me over to her house. She lives in a really nice part of Oceanview where there are all these big houses, even bigger than my host family's house. I was a bit nervous at first, but I met her younger brother and parents, and they all seemed nice. She even has a swimming pool in her backyard. I kind of knew that people here sometimes have a pool, but it was the first time I'd ever seen a real one in someone's backyard. She kept saying it's not that big, but it looked pretty big to me, almost like the pools at school.

Then one day - I guess it was right at the end of the summer - she invited me over to her house to go swimming. Every time I'd been there before, her family was there, but this time, it was all quiet. She said that her parents had gone out. I got changed into my swimsuit, the red and white bikini that ties on, and we went in swimming. We started splashing each other, giggling like crazy. It was fun.

After I'd been swimming around for a while, I got out, sat down on one of the reclining chairs, and just lay there relaxing. It was so nice. I felt like I was on vacation.

I guess it was just a few weeks after Satomi and I had been to the nude beach, and I was kind of looking to find other people who would go with me. I asked her,

"Have you ever been to the nude beach near campus?"

"No," she said, looking a bit uneasy. "I'm not really interested." Then she went all quiet. She wasn't blushing, but you could tell she was thinking about something. I didn't want to push it, so I turned over on my front, and didn't say anything.

"Have you?" she finally asked.

"Yeah, once, with Satomi." Satomi's my friend, and they kind of know each other from school. Debbie looked at me waiting, but when I didn't go on, she finally said,

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

"So what was it like?"

"I don't know. I had fun."

"What kind of guys were there?"

"I thought you said you weren't interested."

"I'm not. I'm just... curious. That's all."

"In psychology class, I think our prof said curiosity and interest are kind of the same thing."

"Pfft!" she blew a puff of air up into her bangs. "Well, come on. Tell me."

"They were all really handsome and hunky, and they were just falling over each other trying to talk to us," I joked. Well, I guess I told you the only two guys who talked to us were this older hippy guy and one of his chubby friends, and more than talk, they just wanted to stare at Satomi and me or rather our naked bodies. The whole thing was pretty embarrassing, but I didn't want to tell Debbie that.

"Really?" she kind of lay there staring off into space for a while. I wondered if she was fantasizing.

"Do you ever go swimming nude here?" I asked.

"What? In the pool, do you mean?"

"Yeah."

"No." She looked around at the high fence surrounding their back yard.

"Why not?"

She just kind of stared at me. Usually, she's the one who tries to act like she could do anything. It was kind of funny to see her at a loss for once.

"I don't know, Emi. You're so funny. At school, you are such the good girl, always doing your homework, so quiet and shy. And then in secret, you make up all these stories about your boyfriend..."

"They are not stories! I told you. That's how he really is."

"Whatever. You mean to tell me that you could take off your swimsuit right here and now, and not worry about someone seeing you."

"I will, if you will." I turned over again, and sat up. I was so ready to do this. Ever since Ryosuke and I started doing all this stuff, I've wanted a friend to talk to, someone who knows how I feel. With Debbie being such a flirt around guys, I had the feeling that she could be that friend... with a little bit of pushing. She already knew all about what Ryosuke and I do, even if she didn't quite believe it.

"Oh, get serious. Besides, my brother is upstairs."

"What? I thought you said there was no one here."

"He's upstairs in his room. He's supposed to be sick or something, but I'm sure he's just faking."

I looked up at the windows at the back of the house, but I couldn't see anyone.

"Do you think he is watching us?"

"I don't know. Probably."

"Let's go look."

"No! Why?"

"The first rule. Try to figure out if anyone is going to see you."

"You go look. I'm keeping my swimsuit on."

I stuck out my tongue at Debbie, then picked up my white hoodie, and went inside. It was so quiet in the house. I pulled the hoodie on, and then carefully tiptoed up the stairs. You could hear my bare feet squeaking on each step. I don't know why, but my heart started beating faster. I felt like a spy or something. At first, I went into Debbie's room by mistake. Then I remembered. Kyle, her brother's room was across the hall. I nervously pushed the door open. He was lying on his bed with his eyes closed, breathing deeply. He sure looked like he was asleep.

"Kyle," I whispered calling him. "Kyle, are you asleep?" Every time I'm around, he's always so quiet and kind of serious. He's kind of handsome I guess in a boyish way. Not really my type though, but I thought it would be fun to tease him. I tiptoed a bit closer, but then he moved. I almost jumped out of my skin! It looked like he was still asleep though. I breathed a sigh of relief, but I still felt really nervous. I looked at him closer, trying to tell if he was faking.

I finally decided to try a little test. I reached around behind my neck, and undid the strap of my still wet bikini top. If this doesn't get a rise out of him...

I reached up the back of my hoodie, and undid the other strap, and pulled my bikini top right off. I stuck it in the front pouch of my hoodie. I still had my hoodie on, so you couldn't see anything, but the soft cotton was tickling my nipples. He hadn't moved, or reacted at all. Maybe he is asleep.

My heart was beating so fast. I just had to push this a little further. Nervously, I slid my hands up from the bottom into the hoodie, and undid the bows on either side of my bikini bottom. I caught it as it slid off, and then I stuffed it in my pouch with the top.

I was now standing in his room completely naked except for this short hoodie. It just barely covered my bush. I got this tingling feeling between my legs. I was so excited I was shaking.

Without thinking, I stretched my arms up above my head, flashing my pussy. I quickly let down my arms, and pulled the hem back down to cover up. What am I doing flashing Debbie's poor little brother? If only he were awake, wouldn't he be shocked? Debbie had said she was pretty sure he didn't even have a girlfriend yet, so he'd probably have a heart attack. The tension though was getting too much for me, so I left, closing his door behind me. I ran back down, and out to the deck.

"He's asleep alright," I announced happily.

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I have my ways." I sat down on the edge of the pool, pulled off my hoodie, and slid into the water, naked. "Why don't you come in, and join me?" I paddled out into the middle of the pool, enjoying the feeling of the water on my skin. Debbie looked like she was going to have a fit.

"What on earth are you doing?"

"I'm just going for a swim. What's wrong?"

"Where's your suit?"

"I took it off. Calm down. It's no big deal."

She just sat there gaping at me. I don't know why everyone gets so freaked out by these things. It's not like anyone was watching or anything.

"Come on in. Once you're in the pool, no one will be able to tell anyway."

Well, maybe this wasn't completely true. The water was so clear I could at least make out the colors of my own pink skin and black pubic hair pretty clearly. Still with all the ripples in the surface, it would be hard to tell for sure. Debbie started staring up at the window of her brother's room. I could tell she wanted to try, but was so afraid that someone might see her. My sister Norika used to roam around our house in the nude back in Japan. It didn't seem like such a big deal to me. I didn't care so much even if Kyle did see me. It would be kind of fun to see how he would react.

"Debbie, come on. Try," I shouted. She got up, and came over to the edge, her eyes still on Kyle's window. She squatted down at the edge, and I held out my hand to get her to come in. She slipped quietly into the water, but when she came back up, she looked really nervous. I tried to get a hold of her bikini bottoms, but she swam away before I could pull them down.

"You're crazy, you know," she said laughing.

"At least I never let my boyfriend tie me to a chair," I teased back.

She started slapping the water to splash me in the face.

"That's not true," she cried out, laughing harder. "He wasn't my boyfriend!"

I swam in close to her, and just barely held on to her waist as she kicked away. I finally started to get a better grip on her bottoms. She was laughing so hard she had trouble fighting back, and finally she said,

"OK, OK, I surrender. Just let me do it, OK?" She swam to the edge, and pulled her long blonde hair back out of her eyes. We both looked up at Kyle's window, but there was still no sign of life. Maybe he really was sick. Debbie looked at me, as she cautiously put her hands on her waistband. "But if we get caught, I'm blaming it on you."

I gave her a big smile. I was so happy to have found a friend. Debbie is usually so calm and collected, but after she peeled off her swimsuit, she looked an absolute nervous wreck. I kept joking with her and trying to get her to snap out of it, but she didn't seem comfortable. Still, it was a start, and now maybe I could talk her into coming to the nude beach with me and Satomi. The more of us that went, the better it would be.

After we'd been fooling around like that for a while, we heard a male voice coming from side of the house.

"Hello, hello! Is anybody home?"

I felt a shiver run up my spine. I quickly looked around to see where I'd left my suit. Debbie looked even more terrified than me.

"It's Alvin," she said reaching her suit at the pool's edge and frantically pulling it on. "Kyle's friend."

That was a relief. I'd thought it might be Debbie's father. Alvin didn't seem to be at the gate yet, so I got up onto the edge of the pool, and pulled my hoodie on over my head. I was breathing hard, but more curious than worried. I wanted to get a look at what this Alvin looked like before I changed back into my clothes. Debbie, now in her swimsuit, grabbed her towel, and wrapped it around her before walking to the gate. I stood up, but realizing that my hoodie was a bit too short, hid around the corner as Debbie opened the gate.

"Where's Kyle? I've been calling all afternoon," Alvin said. Alvin was thin, and had glasses, your typical teenage boy I guess.

"Oh sorry. I didn't hear you. We were just swimming in the pool." Debbie motioned towards me, so I pulled the hoodie down as far as it would go, and bowed a greeting. "This is Emi, a friend of mine from school."

"Oh, hi," he said. His eyes brightened to see me, but slowly drifted down to where my hand was tightly holding my hoodie between my legs. I could feel the cool air on my behind.

"Kyle's upstairs. He's sick," Debbie explained.

"Do you mind...?" Alvin said pointing towards the back door. I backed up to let him past, but almost lost my balance. I let go of the hem, and for a split second, it slid up revealing my pussy. Fortunately, I don't think Alvin saw. Debbie had though, and she slapped me on the shoulder, whispering,

"What do you think you're doing?"

I let go of the hem, and lifted up my arms showing her my pussy.

"A little bit overboard, was it?" I smiled, blushing. She gave me that look again like she thought I was crazy. I had no regrets though. One problem was that the arrival of Alvin had got me a bit excited. I wanted to give Ryosuke a call, but he was still at work.

"Hurry up, and get dressed. My parents will be back soon," she urged.

"Not until you tell me how it felt." Just when I thought I was making progress, convincing her that it was fun to skinny-dip, Alvin had shown up, and suddenly, she was her old prudish self again.

"What? Aren't you listening? My parents will be back soon."

"No, no, I'm serious. How did it feel to skinny-dip in your own pool?"

She shushed me, and pulled me off to the side, worried now that Alvin and Kyle might overhear.

"I don't want you telling anyone about this, OK?"

I looked at her a bit surprised.

"Sure, I promise. Anyway, it's not like you don't know any secrets about me."

"You mean, like that story was true?"

"About Ryosuke and me in the woods? Yeah, it's true. But that was just the first time. Since then..."

"No, no, don't tell me." She looked up at Kyle's room again. "Anyway, not here, not now. You'd better hurry up, and get dressed."

I finally gave in, satisfied at least that I'd talked her into skinny-dipping. I guess I shouldn't rush things. It wasn't that long ago that Ryosuke was trying to get me to do all these things, and I wasn't so keen. I suppose it takes a while to get used to the idea, before you can relax, and really enjoy it.

I gathered up all my stuff in my arms, and headed into the house. Behind me, I could hear Debbie laughing.

"What?" I asked. She answered in Japanese:

"Emi sugoi kakkou shite iru yo. Oshiri marumie." which translates as something like "That's quite some outfit. You can see your whole bottom." I just laughed, and wiggled my hips back and forth as a joke. I thought of going upstairs and walking past Kyle's room like that, but Debbie, spoilsport that she is, steered me to the downstairs washroom. It felt like such a let down to have to change into my clothes, but anyway, Debbie and I were still good friends, and that was the most important thing.

I've got a whole bunch more I want to tell you, but I guess I'd better save it for next time. Bye for now.

**016 - At a Public Swimming Pool**

Hi, it's me, Emi again. I've been having kind of a weird summer this year, what with my job and my parents finding out about my boyfriend Ryosuke and everything. Anyway, it looks like I'm going back to Japan for a little while this fall, so I'm pretty excited about that. I still see Ryosuke on weekends, but we've both been kind of busy, so I haven't seen him as much as I did in the summer. I still have a whole bunch of stuff to tell you though, so I guess I should start in on that.

In Oceanview, the town where I'm staying in California, one really cool place that I found is this aquatic center they have on the north side of town. Most of the time, when I go swimming, I go to the pool at the fitness center on campus. It's OK, but it's just one normal rectangular pool. The aquatic center though has these really cool water slides. Do you know the ones I mean? Flume slides I think they are called. You climb up two flights of stairs, and you can look out over all the pools, and then you get in, and slide all the way down on this stream of water. The big one curves back and forth. It really feels like you are on a roller coaster or something.

Anyway, I'd been there once, but I wanted to go back, so I tried to convince Ryosuke to take me. At first, he didn't seem so keen, but anyway, he'd been pestering me to wear my new swimsuit, the ultramarine thong one. Up until then, he'd only seen me in it the day he bought it for me, and I'd been too embarrassed to wear it to the beach. It looks OK from the front I guess, I mean just like a regular one-piece (although the legs are kind of high cut). The problem is the back. There is just this tiny strand of material between my butt cheeks. Although I guess you can see the strap, I swear it feels like I'm not wearing anything at all. To tell you the truth, I didn't want to wear it - I was still pretty shy at that time - but anyway, Ryosuke had got me a cover-up, a fuzzy white terry-cloth hoodie, to go with it, and so anyway, I promised him if he came with me, I'd wear this swimsuit for him. I also took along another one just in case I changed my mind.

Anyway, finally the day came, and I took the bus up, and met Ryosuke on the way. We got to the aquatic center, and for some reason, it was free to get in that day, so we just went into the change rooms. On the girl's side, there are about four or five small rooms each with benches and coin lockers on the walls. As I said, I was still kind of shy (well, most of the time), so I tried to find a change room with no one in it. They were all pretty busy, so I finally settled on the one near the entrance with only this older American lady in it. I wondered if people were maybe shying away from this room because they were afraid someone might peek in at the entrance. The two guys at the desk looked pretty trustworthy, so I guessed they would probably stop anyone who tried to peek in. I found an empty locker, and took out my swimsuit, cover-up and towel from my bag, and laid them all out on the bench.

It's hard to explain why, but for some reason, I felt a bit nervous getting undressed there. The first time I came, it wasn't so bad because I was with one of my American friends, Debbie, but this time there was just Ryosuke, and he was on the other side. Before I took off my blouse, I kind of glanced over at the other woman, but she was just minding her own business, so I finally got up the nerve to take it off (is it just me or is everyone like this?). I quickly pulled off my skirt and then my underwear, and began pulling on my swimsuit.

The woman had her back to me, but for some reason, I was still afraid that someone might see me. When I finally got my swimsuit on, I looked around at the back. It was even worse than I remembered. You could see my whole bottom and a large part of my bare back. The thong was buried deep between the cheeks of my bottom. Even when I tried to pull it out, it made no difference. Quickly, I pulled on my hoodie to try to cover up before someone noticed. I wondered if I should change into the other suit I'd brought.

I folded up my clothes, put them in my bag, and then got out a quarter for the coin locker. As I leaned forward to close the locker, I could feel the hem of my cover-up sliding up, exposing my bare bottom. I should have brought a longer cover-up.

I walked out toward the showers, and realized that I would have to take one. I could hear people's voices from the pool just around the corner. There was an American woman there who had taken off her suit, and was showering in the nude. I wondered if I should do the same. I took off my cover-up, and hung it on this bar in the doorway with my towel. I started to shower with my suit on, but finally got up the nerve to take it off. There were a lot of people passing through, mostly little girls and their mothers. I felt so self-conscious standing here naked as they all walked by. Suddenly, I realized I'd left my washcloth in the locker. I decided it would be too much bother to go back for it, so I just used my hands and the body shampoo that was there to lather up. I could feel people staring, but I just pretended not to notice. I finished up my shower, toweled off, and then quickly put my suit and cover-up back on, and went out onto the pool deck.

The center is a really big place with a lot of different kinds of pools. It was a weekend, so it was crowded. At first, I couldn't find Ryosuke, but eventually, he came out. He was grinning from ear to ear, obviously glad to see me. I felt a faint twinge of embarrassment, as he looked me over. I pulled the hem down, and playfully hit him.

"What? I was just wondering how you like your new suit," he smiled.

I looked up at him with wide eyes, nervously straightening the hem. I considered giving him a peek, but there were already quite a few people looking over at us, so instead I took his hand, and pulled him over towards the stairs that lead to the top of the slides. I set my towel down on the window sill, and started to go up. The stairs were kind of slippery, so I let go of Ryosuke, and grabbed a hold of the handrail. I walked up a few steps, and turned to find Ryosuke staring directly at my behind. I reached down to try to cover up, but it was hopeless.

"Are you sure you have your suit on? It looks like you're wearing nothing at all," he said smiling. My face felt hot. I pushed down the hem of my hoodie, and continued on up the stairs.

On the first deck up, there was the place you get in the small slide and some tables and chairs next to this huge picture window looking out onto the beach behind the center. There didn't seem to be many people outside.

I went up the next set of stairs, and got into line to ride down the big slide. There were a couple of little boys in line in front of me and the life guard. Ryosuke came up behind me, and I was kind of worried he might try something, but he didn't. I wondered why at first, but then I realized that he was staring at the lifeguard. She was pretty, probably Korean American, and perhaps a bit younger than us. She was wearing a t-shirt over her suit, but it was even shorter than my cover-up, so you could see her crotch.

The lifeguard wasn't looking at us. She was watching the people go down the slide. Still I got more and more annoyed as Ryosuke kept staring at her and not me. I felt so jealous. I have at least as good a body as that. I nervously ran my fingers along the hem of my cover-up. Maybe I'd better leave it here, and come back for it. I don't want it getting all wet. I took a deep breath, and slowly lifted the hem. Ryosuke snapped out of his daydream, and dropped his eyes down to look at my backside. I could feel the cool air all over my body. I wanted to pull the cover-up back down, but I wasn't about to lose out to some lifeguard. I shook out my hair, and then looked shyly back at Ryosuke.

"Well, what do you think?" I felt pretty embarrassed. Here I was standing two storeys up in full view of the whole pool in this skimpy little excuse for a swimsuit. My heart started beating faster. The other times I'd done crazy things, there was usually no one around. That day, the pool was absolutely packed.

Giddy with excitement, I leaned forward to set my cover-up down on the deck. I straightened up, and looked back at Ryosuke, but his face had gone white, as he continued to stare at my backside. I blushed even more. A mom and her daughter started coming up the stairs behind us, so we both tried to settle down. I got Ryosuke to stand close behind me to hide my bottom.

Finally, my turn came. I didn't bother to hide my body from the lifeguard. I wanted her to know that she wasn't the only one with a hot body. When she noticed my suit, she seemed startled a bit, but didn't say anything. She gave me the signal, and I pushed myself off into the stream of water lying down flat so I could go as fast as possible.

"Weeee!" It was fun. You race through the rafters of the building, and I could feel the water on my bottom. At the end, you fall right into the pool, and have to get out of the way quickly so the next person doesn't fall on you. I waded over to the far side, and turned around to wait for Ryosuke.

I could see some of the guys on the deck checking me out. How could they have noticed already? I came flying into the water pretty fast. I guess they must have seen me take off my cover-up upstairs. Whenever I looked over at one of them, they would always look away, but when I turned to watch Ryosuke, I could feel their eyes on me again. I crouched down into the water to try to hide. The water was pretty clear though so you could probably see my hips under the surface even from a distance.

Ryosuke came flying down even faster than I did. He claims that he doesn't like water sliders, but I know better. He smiled when he came up.

"One more time?"

"Sure."

I walked over to the ladder to get out of the pool, but hesitated. There was no way that I would be able to cover up as I pulled myself up the ladder. I looked at Ryosuke, but he just motioned for me to go ahead. I looked over at the guys on the far side of the deck, and sure enough they were looking over at ne with this hungry look in their eyes. I fiddled with my suit at the back, but there was nothing I could do.

"C'mon. Let's go," Ryosuke urged, patting me on the bottom under the water. I felt even more embarrassed. Finally, I turned, and started to climb up the ladder. It felt like everyone was watching me. I scampered onto the deck, and quickly turned around. Sure enough even fathers with their children were looking at me. As soon as Ryosuke was out, I went over, and put my arm around his to emphasize that we were together, but everyone was still staring.

I tried to keep my back to the wall as we walked toward the stairs. Ryosuke doesn't usually touch me in public, but this time he put his arm around my waist. I could feel his soft fingers slipping around on my naked skin. I pulled away not so much because I was embarrassed as because his hand was tickling me. He reached out to grab me again, so I ran away, but one of the lifeguards blew his whistle at me.

"No running on the deck!"

I stopped, and turned back to bow an apology to the lifeguard. I guess Americans don't bow, but in Japan, we do. As I straightened back up, I suddenly realized that I'd turned my back to the pool. I put my hand on my behind feeling for my swimsuit, but all I could feel were the cheeks of my bare behind. For a second, I thought my swimsuit had fallen off, but eventually, I found the strap buried deep in my butt crack. I gave it a little tug to try to coax it out, but I could feel the string working its way up inside my secret place. I started to slide my middle finger down the crack of my bottom, but people were still watching. I turned my back to the wall again, but Ryosuke motion for me to follow him to the stairs for the sliders.

"Stop playing with yourself," he scolded.

"I wasn't ..." I couldn't believe it, that he would even think such a thing. I pulled away, and started up the stairs, but when I glanced back at him, he made this silly face. He didn't really believe it after all.

As soon as I made it up to the highest deck, I bent over, and scooped up my cover-up. I was feeling more and more nervous about walking around like that. Should I put it back on?

The same lifeguard was still there. She acts innocent, as if she didn't know her outfit was turning on all the guys. To help the people getting on the slide, she'd turn her back to us, showing us her tush. Her hips were a lot more slender than mine. She looked like a kid I thought, but her swimsuit was pretty risquÃ(C) for a lifeguard anyway. I decided to set my cover-up down, and go for another slide.

When I came up again, I knew the guys were still watching me, but I decided not to worry about it. I did feel pretty embarrassed as I climbed out of the pool, but I quickly went back up to the deck, and got my cover-up. The Korean lifeguard was kind of eyeing me, but I just ignored her as I pulled on my cover-up. I came back down the stairs. Ryosuke was waiting at the bottom.

"There's a heated pool down at the other end. Do you want to try?" he suggested. He didn't like that I'd pulled my hoodie back on, but anyway, we walked down to the other end.

You had to stand in line for the heated pool. There was another lifeguard getting people to line up there, and sure enough, soon Ryosuke was staring at her too. She was kind of tall and dark, like someone from the Mediterranean, but she was pretty aloof. He asked her how long we'd have to wait, but she just answered politely,

"Just a few more minutes."

When it was finally our turn, I took off my cover-up, and waded in down this ramp. They had like these jet streams that pour out through holes in the sides. I got up right next to one, and felt the warm water drilling into my bare back. Ryosuke held my hands, and I started kicking my legs as if I was swimming. Apparently, you are not supposed to swim, so Ryosuke eventually told me to stop. I cuddled up next to him, and was just kind of enjoying the warmth.

After a while, I noticed Ryosuke looking behind us at something, and so I turned around to see what it was. There was some Chinese guy sitting in the pool next to us, and his girlfriend was standing at the side talking to him in Cantonese. I looked up at her, and she had on this white bikini with blue polka dots. I soon realized that her suit was a bit see-through. You could see her black pubic hair, and her red nipples pretty clearly. Ryosuke just kept staring at her, and she didn't seem embarrassed at all. In fact, she seemed to be liking the attention. Her boyfriend didn't seem too happy though, so eventually Ryosuke turned back this way.

After our time was up, we went swimming for a while. The Chinese couple started swimming right near us, and they were both pretty good swimmers. I wondered why they kept following us, but I guess it's a small pool.

After we'd been swimming for a while, the lifeguards blew the whistle, and said it was closing time. I couldn't believe they closed so early, but I guess it was a Sunday, and all the lifeguards want to go home. We stayed in the pool as long as we could until one of the lifeguards finally told us to leave. I arranged to meet Ryosuke by the front desk, and went into the women's change room.

First, I had a shower. There were still some people there, some older women and some little girls, and they were all showering in the nude, so I decided to take my swimsuit off too. I wanted my washcloth and shampoo, so I walked over to the locker room to get them. I don't normally walk around change rooms in the nude, so I felt kind of funny. I kept feeling like I should cover up or something, but I didn't, and just tried to enjoy the feeling of being nude.

While I was showering, the Chinese woman came in, and she was kind of looking at me with this strange grin on her face. I thought maybe she was gloating because she'd captured Ryosuke's eye. She took off her suit, and started basking in the shower, kind of flaunting her body. I didn't think she was so good-looking. She was definitely a lot older than me, maybe around thirty or so, and her tummy stuck out a bit. I looked down at my own body. I have a much thinner waist with a taut little tummy, and the nipples on my breasts are more pinkish than brown. Ryosuke was just looking at you because of your obscene swimsuit. Have you no shame?

I walked back to my locker, without putting my suit back on. As I toweled off, I began to feel happier about my own body. I have long slender legs with smooth skin and almost no body hair except well, you know where. I was sure that Ryosuke likes the way I look. He doesn't say it very much, but every time I get naked, he always gets excited.

I began to hear a voice coming from the entrance next to the room where I was changing.

"Emi! Emi!" It was Ryosuke. My heart sped up. I was still naked. I quickly pulled the cover-up over my head, and holding my towel in front of my pussy cautiously tip-toed around the corner to the door.

"Emi, are you ready?"

"No, I'm still changing," I whispered back.

"Here, come here." I could feel the air between my bare legs, and my heart was beating faster and faster, but I moved a bit closer to the door. "You look fine to me. Get your stuff, and let's go." Behind him, I could see the two clean-cut American guys, off-duty lifeguards probably, manning the front desk. I switched to Japanese.

"I'm not wearing anything underneath this." Ryosuke straightened up, his face turning serious. He glanced nervously back at the two guys perhaps wondering if they had understood my Japanese. They seemed annoyed at him for standing at the door of the ladies' change room, but they didn't look at me. One of them cleared his throat perhaps to tell Ryosuke to move back.

"OK, OK, hurry up then," Ryosuke urged. For once, he seemed more nervous about my nudity than I was. I was about to go back in, but I suddenly got this urge to tease him. I looked out into the hall, and there didn't seem to be anyone there except Ryosuke and the two guys at the desk. Trying to get up my nerve, I edged forward, and handed Ryosuke my towel.

"Here, hold this."

Ryosuke could see my pussy now, but the two guys still weren't paying attention.

"What are you doing?" he whispered, all frantic.

"I'm just going to get a drink. That's all." I got up my nerve, and then slowly walked out past Ryosuke. Despite my bravado, I felt incredibly embarrassed. I was very clearly bottomless, and out now, where the lifeguards might see.

I stepped out into the main foyer, but the air between my legs was giving me goose bumps. Ryosuke moved to grab my arm, but I slipped out of his grasp, and kept on walking toward the fountain. I wasn't sure how far down the hem of my hoodie was hanging, but when I felt for it, I realized it was up around my waist. If those guys look over, they'll notice I'm naked for sure.

I stopped in front of the fountain, worried that if I bent over, I'd just make it worse. I glanced back, but they seemed to be looking at some papers on the desk, so I quickly bent down, and took a sip from the fountain. I straightened up again, but I was beginning to feel very, very horny. I looked back at Ryosuke, but he just signaled for me to come back. Instead, I headed off down the corridor, at least getting away from the two handsome lifeguards.

"Emi!" Ryosuke whispered sharply. I found the doors leading outside. I was threatening to take a peek outside, but Ryosuke couldn't take it anymore. He came up behind me, and wrapped my towel around my waist.

"Spoilsport," I whispered, kissing him. He looked tense, but finally gave in to the kiss.

"Well, my dear Miss Tsuruta, now what do we do? It's not as if there are any love hotels nearby," he whispered back in Japanese. In Japan, you can rent a room in a love hotel for a few hours if you want to be alone. In Oceanview, we still hadn't found anywhere like that.

"I don't know," I said sadly. Just behind us though there was a stairway, leading up to the stands above the pool where people would sit, and watch when they had swim meets. I nodded towards it, and Ryosuke tried the door. It made a little creak as it opened, but we went through, and carefully closed it behind us. I was pretty sure there would be no one up there, because we hadn't seen anyone there earlier and most people had gone home by now. I undid my towel again, and carried it in my hand. I walked up the stairs in front of Ryosuke, wiggling my ass to tease him. He tried to catch me, but I ran up the rest of the way before he got a hold of me.

I waited for him to catch up before opening the door at the top of the stairs. We both held our breath, as he opened the door to look out into the stands. There were just a few rows of seats, and luckily, there was no one there. There didn't seem to be anyone on the pool deck either. Ryosuke sat down on one of the seats right by the door, and motioned for me to sit on his lap. I held the towel in front of me, and got up on tip-toe to make sure no one was below. As soon as I was sure, I pulled the towel away to give Ryosuke a peak at my pussy, and then squatted down next to him in the aisle.

"I don't know, Ryosuke. This seems pretty risky. If anyone comes out onto the deck, it'll be pretty obvious what we are doing."

"No, come on. It'll be OK." He undid his shorts, and let penis pop out. He must have been pretty excited by the situation because it was sticking straight up. I gave it a gentle little squeeze, and Ryosuke's eyes glazed over. It wouldn't take long for him to come at this rate. I was pretty wet too, from flashing those two hunky lifeguards even if they hadn't seen. I turned my back to him, and slipped around in front of him. Grabbing onto the arm rests, I slowly lowered my hips down onto his... well, you know. Suddenly, we heard this voice from below.

"Hey, you up there. The pool's closing. Time to clear out." It was one of the girl lifeguards getting ready to lock up. I shifted, and sat down in the seat next to Ryosuke trying to make it look like that's what I meant to do in the first place. We were both so horny. I bowed to the girl. I was trying to figure out if she'd seen my pussy.

"Hurry it up," she insisted.

Once the lifeguard moved out of view, I tied the towel back around my waist, and we reluctantly went back. I felt really frustrated. I'm sure Ryosuke must have felt the same. One of the male lifeguards was locking up the change rooms when we came back out.

"Hey, our stuff is in there."

He glanced down at the towel around my waist, making me nervous. He unlocked the girl's change room, letting me back in. I decided to take another shower because... well, I was kind of sticky if you know what I mean.

I stripped back down, but when I went there, the Korean lifeguard was already there showering in the nude. Her skin was so white, but she still had her whistle and a pair of goggles on around her neck which looked kind of funny with her standing there in the nude. Her shoulders looked strong I guess from swimming all the time, but her breasts were smaller than mine. I didn't feel nearly so jealous now that I'd got a better look at her. She glanced at me sideways for a moment, and then disappeared off in the direction of the lockers. I waited for a couple of minutes, but when I didn't hear her anymore, I ran back to my locker -still naked - and got out my cell phone to call Ryosuke.

"Hello."

"It's me, Emi. Hurry up, and come on over here... from the poolside. There's no one here."

He hung up, and by the time, I'd made it back to the showers he was standing there in the door wearing his swimming trunks. I turned on one of the showers, and stood under it smiling at him coyly and posing. He pulled off his shorts, rinsed off his face, and then started lathering up my breasts. We were both so hot. Soon, he had a condom on, and slid into me from behind. It felt so good to finally have him inside of me.

Unfortunately, just when I was starting to feel really good, the Korean lifeguard appeared at the door, still naked as a jaybird. I could feel Ryosuke's cock swelling up, at the sight of her. She looked horrified, appalled that we were having sex. I reached back to try to get Ryosuke to stop, but he was too excited. She let out this ear-piercing scream, and he must have come. His thrusts reached a crescendo, and then dropped off. He pulled out, and ran away back to the boy's side.

"Sonya, are you OK?" It was one of the male lifeguards calling from the door. Sonya backed away, but I lunged forward, and grabbed her wrist begging her not to tell on us. This was the first time we'd been caught having sex. I was panicking. I didn't want her to tell the other lifeguards. We could end up getting arrested or worse.

"Sonya?" the other lifeguard called out again. I bowed my head deeply, begging for mercy. Finally she turned toward the door, and answered.

"No, no, that's OK, Jim. I'm OK."

"What was it? What happened?" 'Jim' asked. I motioned for her to make up something. She looked at me angrily for a moment, but finally told him.

"It was just a bug, but it's gone now."

'Jim' seemed to accept this, and went away. I fell to my knees, and thanked her over and over.

"You saved my life."

"What the hell did you guys think you were doing anyway?"

"I'm sorry. I guess we got a bit carried away. We don't really have any other place we can go."

"Well, anyway, don't do it here. I just about had a heart attack."

"Thank you, Sonya. Thank you. How can I repay you?"

She didn't smile. She looked so annoyed.

"You're that couple on the slides a bit earlier."

"Yes, my name's Emi, and that was my boyfriend."

"You're from Japan, aren't you?"

"Yes, that's right."

Sonya turned on the shower, and rinsed off her face. For a minute there, it looked like she was going to say something about Ryosuke, but she ended up not. I guess she'd noticed him staring at her earlier. I couldn't quite figure out what she was thinking, but anyway, I showered off, and then bowed to her as I left. She was still shaken, but maybe not angry. I hope she doesn't tell.

I quickly got dressed, went out, and finally found Ryosuke outside where he was sort of hiding around the corner.

"I think it'll be OK," I told him.

"She's kind of hot, huh?" he mused, still remembering her naked body. I slapped him on the shoulder, but I wasn't angry. The whole thing was kind of exciting.