**Blowing Off Steam**

by Emi Tsuruta

It was getting near the end of my senior year in Oceanview U., and soon I'd have to start decide what I wanted to do in the future. My mom was lobbying for me to go back to Japan, but actually, I didn't want to leave. Instead, I was been scrambling around trying to connect with people I knew in the States.

In my posts, I've mentioned Crystal a few times. She is the brown-haired British-looking girl I first saw when she stripped naked at an Orientation dance in Oceanview my freshman year. She actually lived in San Francisco, and worked in civil rights. She refused to talk about her strip, but I was slowly getting to know her by tramping up to San Fran, and hanging out.

I knew that she used to be into the clubbing scene - she was even dating a club manager - so I asked her to show me one of the dance clubs in San Francisco. I was a bit curious about this guy friend she'd mentioned, but more than that, I was hoping if she got a little alcohol in her, she'd open up more. That night she stripped, she must have been plenty drunk.

Anyway, we ended up going to this place called the Dinner Club or something like that. It was a bit strange for me. Crystal's boyfriend was nowhere to be seen, and they had this pink lighting inside which gave everything a weird glow. The music was slow - ambient chillout or something like that. People were dressed casually, but there were a few handsome guys, and everyone was pretty relaxed.

Crystal and I bought drinks, and headed up to the second level where it was a bit quieter to talk. The second floor was sort of like a balcony, so you could look down, and see the dancing below. I felt a bit out of my element, so I didn't really press Crystal at all, and just went with the flow. She told me about her work. She seemed so different from the girl I'd seen dancing on stage, so serious now.

She did introduce me to a few people she knew at the club. They asked me a lot of questions, trying to understand what my connection was with Crystal. I didn't want to tell them about Crystal's strip tease, so I tactfully avoided the whole question. These people seemed nice enough though, if a bit straight-laced. After a while, Crystal suggested we head out, so I suspect that they weren't really her kind of people either.

I think Crystal was starting to warm to me, trust me more now that she keep I could keep her secrets. She promised to take me to her fitness club the next time I came to San Fran, so I was looking forward to that.

A few weeks went by, and I headed up to San Francisco again. The people who worked in the youth hostel were getting pretty used to me by then, and seemed curious as to why I kept stopping by. I told them "visiting a friend," and left it at that.

Crystal suggested we meet early in the morning this time, and she took me to her fitness club as promised. It was really nice inside - all shiny steel and glass at the entrance and in the aerobics studios. The building used to belong to this hoity-toity women's club, the Shelley Club, but it had been bought out by a chain of gyms, Fit for Life. The club accepted men now, but there weren't many people there yet, so early in the day.

Crystal suggested we get a massage in their spa, but I was all brimming with energy, excited about finally getting to spend some time with her. I suggested that we go in for a swim first. We wandered down to the pool, and it was truly spectacular. It had this high vaulted ceiling with natural sunlight pouring in from the windows high up. There was even a sauna and whirlpool and a gorgeous marble deck for sunning yourself. Strangely, there didn't seem to be anyone around.

"Do you come here often?" I asked as we got changed.

"I used to, more so before the buyout." Crystal had told me that back when it was owned by the Shelley Club, you could skinny-dip in the pool since there were no men allowed in the club.

"Have you ever gone in skinny-dipping?" I finally asked, now that we were here. She didn't answer, but just kind of smiled, this wistful look in her eyes. "I'll take that as a yes," I smiled back.

I changed into my blue-navy racing suit, while Crystal also had a one-piece, a bit more colorful in pink and white and sky blue. We quickly showered down, and then headed out to the pool. They even had these tropical plants on the deck to make it feel more like a resort.

"Where is everybody?" I asked.

"It's usually not that crowded in the mornings," she mused. I got out of the pool, and listened at the entrance to the men's change room, but it sounded like no one was there either.

"Do you think we could skinny-dip now?" I asked, unable to contain my curiosity. Crystal didn't seem surprised by my question, and instead got up to check the other entrance to see if any of the staff were around. Clearly, she had skinny-dipped here before. I began to wonder if that's why she brought me here, and insisted we meet so early in the morning. Even from the start, I hadn't tried to hide the fact that I like to get naked, and I think she does too.

I guess we both knew that we wouldn't be able to swim there nude for long, but she seemed willing to chance it, so we both quickly slipped out of our swimsuits before anyone came. Her body was just as beautiful as I remembered - slender limbs, the odd freckle, but a glowing smile and wonderful natural quality about her. No wonder she didn't mind getting naked. She looked great that way.

She seemed a bit more skittish about looking at my naked body. I'd hoped she'd enjoy a bit of company, but it looked like she'd never done this kind of thing with anybody else before. I guess she was vaguely worried that I might be a lesbian, but she seemed to be getting over that.

Unfortunately, it was hard to enjoy our swim because we could still hear people's voices outside down the corridor. We were both kind of jumpy, and ended up getting out of the pool, grabbing our suits, and running back to the women's change room before we were discovered.

Crystal didn't say much about what we'd just done, but it was obvious by then, that the two of us shared a bond. I returned to Oceanview energized, so happy I'd finally been able to affirm her interest in things like skinny-dipping.

Back in Oceanview, soon after that, I got together with Minori and Nao, two girls who were here from Japan studying English. We got to talking about how to get in shape for summer. We'd gone swimming, and played volleyball, but they wanted to try something new, so I suggested jogging. There is this long park that runs behind my house, which I kind of like. We'd be able to enjoy the greenery and fresh air while we got in some exercise. They sounded keen, so we made it a date.

I already knew what I wanted to wear - my pink terry-cloth top and shorts which I wear to the fitness center sometimes. There is nothing terribly outrageous about this outfit. I mainly liked the feel of the soft cotton on my skin. The top was long-sleeved, but the collar was loose enough that it usually only covered one shoulder. The shorts had a drawstring at the front and a loose waistband, but the whole outfit looks fairly respectable.

Minori and Nao wanted to go shopping to buy new jogging wear, so we postponed our first run for a few days. Once they were set, we met at the bus stop near my house one morning, and jogged to the park from there.

Minori, the little minx, had actually managed to outsexy me. She had on these beige and white shorts that hugged her rear quite snugly. On top, she had on an ultramarine sports bra with a white tank top over it, showing off her bare shoulders. She'd done up her hair in a ponytail with a fluffy light orange band, and was wearing bright orange runners with no socks. Even I had to admit that she looked hot.

Nao was dressed a bit more conservatively, but still cute. She had on a banana yellow track suit of sorts with a short sleeve top and tight-fitting yoga capris that just went down to her knees. Her runners were white. Anyway, I guess that the three of us were more or less dressed to kill even if there wasn't really much of anyone around.

There are a bunch of stately old homes in that neighborhood, so it was kind of fun running through imagining what it would be like to be rich. Finally, we got to the park which was down in this valley below. We scooted down the path, and came out in this clearing under a bridge.

Most of that park is heavily wooded, but just by that clearing, there is a big grassy hill sloping up to a field at the top with tennis courts and a waterworks building. There tend to be people up by the tennis courts or jogging around on the flat field at the top of the hill, but the valley is usually deserted. As long as we stayed down here, I didn't think we'd run into many people this early in the day.

"Race you to the top of the hill," I suggested. Minori and Nao were up for a little competition. We raced up to the top of the hill and back down a few times, laughing and horsing around along the way.

We saw the odd car go by on the bridge, and there were some apartments in the distance, but other than that, there didn't seem to be anyone around. After we'd run a bit, we sat down under the bridge to take a rest.

"How'd you find out about this park?" Minori asked. "It's kind of cool."

"If we go down to that end, the park actually opens out onto my backyard. I come through here when I go grocery shopping. Oh yeah, and this is also the park where Oliver and I did my self-portraits for my photography class."

"Self-portraits?" Nao asked.

"Yeah, I posed in the nude, just down there," I told them, pointing towards the woods.

"Emi! You didn't!" Minori laughed.

"I sure did. I set up my camera on a timer, while Oliver kept watch."

"Didn't you get caught?"

"Nah. People never come through here anyway," I reassured them. Actually, a couple of people did spot me naked that day, but not up close.

I stood up again, and walked out to see if anyone was up on the ridge above us. We'd heard a few cars go by on the street above us, but hadn't seen any people.

"Here, I'll show you," I grinned, all excited now. I looked around, but not seeing anyone, I pushed down my shorts and panties, and stepped out of them. This really was taking a horrible chance, because I was in the middle of the clearing half naked. If anyone did appear on the ridge, they'd see me for sure.

I was too excited though by that point. I pulled off my top too, and lay it down on the grass next to my shorts, basking in the warmth of the bright morning sun. Minori was killing herself laughing, and Nao was frantically motioning for me to get back dressed. I was so happy to be naked that I did a cartwheel on the grass. The further I got from my clothes, the more excited I became. The problem though was that there were definitely cars going by on the bridge, and perhaps people up there too. It was fun teasing Minori and Nao like this, getting a rise out of them, but I knew that I couldn't stay out here naked for long.

I savored the feeling for a while, but I eventually went back to my clothes, and pulled them back on.

"Emi. You're crazy, do you know that?" Minori laughed. Nao didn't seem so sure, but she didn't get angry or anything. We ended up running around a bit more, and then heading back to my place for some lemonade. That was a fun day actually.

Unfortunately, I had exams coming up, so I had to get down to studying after that. I didn't want to be cooped up inside, so I'd gather my books, and go lie out in the backyard or on one of the fields on campus. I got so comfortable lying out under the warm sun that sometimes I'd fall asleep. I needed to come up with some way to stay awake.

Around that time, I'd recently bought a white-stripe poncho dress I'd stumbled on in an off price shop. There are no sleeves. It just kind of hangs down around my wrists and down to my thighs with the sides wide open. Even though it's longish, it's nice and cool because it lets my body breathe. And it looks sexy because the material in between the white stripes is a bit see-through. I knew it was a bit risqu, to be wearing outside, but most of the other students were indoors studying, so I didn't think I'd run into Satomi or anyone like that.

I decided I'd just go down to the field on front campus, and lie out on a blanket, and study. I wore panties with the poncho, but no bra, figuring that the stimulation might help me stay awake. It definitely worked because the whole bus ride down I could feel my nipples perking right up. Luckily, I didn't bump into anyone I knew on the way.

When I got to school, there didn't seem to be anyone around on the main field. That was good though, because that meant I could relax. I lay back, and tried to get my head around the book I'd brought. It was big and colorful with a fair number of pictures for a textbook, but even so, my thoughts kept drifting. Since no one seemed to be around, I kept wondering if I could get away with taking off my panties for a while.

I glanced around. There was a road that circled the field, and there were quite a few cars parked there, but not many people nearby. There were a few students I guess heading into the library over on the other side, but they were quite a ways from here. I was lying closest to the seminary which always seems pretty quiet. Anyway, maybe I'll just go for it, and see what happens.

Lying down flat on my back, I tried to pull the poncho over so that it was covering up my pubic region. This wasn't as easy as it sounds because the corner of the poncho is tapered, and doesn't really cover that much. I could still feel the air on my skin quite far up my side, but I finally judged it to be safe, and started pushing my panties down my legs. The poncho kept pulling off to the side, and I think if anyone had been nearby, they probably would have caught a glimpse of my pussy before I managed to fix the poncho. My heart was kind of racing though, because I hadn't actually meant to flash my family jewels in this way. I lay there for a while struggling to get my feelings in check. Eventually, I managed to calm down enough to reach for my book, so I could at least pretend like I was studying.

People kept walking by on the sidewalk on the far side of the road, making me nervous. I wonder if they can tell I'm naked. Eventually, though I managed to calm down enough to turn over onto my side, doing my best to keep my bare bottom covered with the corner of the poncho. It probably fell open a few times, but it still seemed pretty quiet.

Suddenly though, I noticed a shadow fall over me, and I looked up to see Derek, this American guy I used to know.

"Hullo... Emi. Long time no see. How've you been?"

When I was in freshman year, Derek lived on campus, maybe even in Satomi's dorm, so I saw him quite a bit. He was tall with dark black hair and a lot going on in his eyes. Back when we first met, he'd sort of made it obvious that he was interested in me. I don't think we ever went out on a date, but I probably chatted with him in the cafeteria a fair bit. Soon after that, though, I got involved with Ryosuke, and didn't see Derek as much. This was all kind of a distant memory for me, but from the look in Derek's eye, I got the impression that he still had feelings for me left over from those days.

I guess I was glad to see him, but I wasn't really in any state to chat, lying here almost naked. To make myself more presentable, I sat up, and held my legs together to hide my pussy. I think the stripes were hiding my nipples, but he could definitely see my naked thighs, and must have wondered what I was wearing underneath.

"Derek! I didn't see you." Hoping he would go away, I tried to sound coolish. My outfit had plainly got his attention though. He kept glancing down at my crotch. I don't think he saw my bush, but he might have caught a glimpse of my behind when I sat up. The poncho was so open at the bottom. I was finding it difficult not to flash him, not because I wanted to, but just because there was so little material to cover myself with. Why oh why did I come out here dressed like this in the first place?

He stood there staring, eventually asking a question or two. It was so hard to think. Trying to sit up straight, I accidentally spread my legs letting him see my pussy for real now. He didn't flinch, or look away. His expression didn't change even. There was still this look of longing in his eyes, perhaps a bit more intense than before. He looked so nervous, so fragile. I knew it would be a mistake to start up with Derek now, but if I'm going to be perfectly honest, I did feel something for him. When someone likes you so much, it's hard not to be affected.

"What are you doing out here anyways?" he asked, having trouble controlling his feelings.

"I was just studying for the history exam..." I said, trying to sound distant. I definitely didn't want him to think I'd flashed him on purpose. He glanced at my textbook, so I laid it out next to me, and flipped the pages showing him the pictures. I crossed my ankles in front of my pussy, but I felt horribly exposed. He gazed at my ankles clearly more interested in my pussy than any musty old textbook. I breathed in deep trying not to get excited myself.

"Anyway, I'd better get back to studying," I told him meekly, feeling bad for being rude. I mean if we met under other circumstances, well, me being dressed for one, I would have been willing to chat. He seemed hurt though that I was chasing him off, so focused on his feelings for me. I implored him with my eyes to understand. It's not because of you. I have to get back dressed, I wanted to tell him.

He was clearly struggling to process all this. Why was I out here naked anyway? There didn't seem to be anyone around, no boyfriend or anything. And why was I being so distant? Surely I must know he could see my pussy, he seemed to be thinking.

'Could he see my pussy?' I wondered. I had my ankles crossed in front of it, but he sure seemed interested in whatever he could see down there. I needed to stretch though. The tension was getting too much. Turning my textbook back around, I casually unclasped my ankles, and pretended to read. He peered down at my pussy lips, clearly quite excited. I was pretty horny too, but trying not to let it show. Oh god. I hope he doesn't ask what I'm doing flashing him like this. It would be impossible to explain.

There were other people though coming this way. I was beginning to get frightened. Derek amazingly managed to pick up on my fear, and finally said,

"Oh OK. It was nice seeing you."

I nodded my gratitude, and waited for him to back off, before turning to lie face down hoping to cover up. He stared in wonder at my bare behind, while I tried to pull the corner of my poncho over top of it. The couple glanced over in my direction, but I don't think they realized I was naked. I felt so embarrassed though with Derek and these other people clearly checking me out.

Eventually though, Derek and the couple went on their merry way. Breathing heavily, I gathered up my stuff, and headed into the seminary, to find a washroom. It had been... interesting seeing Derek, but I was kicking myself for dressing like that on campus. I made a note not to do that again.