**Caught!**

by Emi Tsuruta

This happened when I was in my junior year at Oceanview University here in California. I was just sitting in class with my friend Satomi, listening to the prof and taking notes, when I notice these two blonde Anglo-American boys looking back up at me.

"Hey, isn't that the girl from the video?" one whispered.

Video? What video? My first reaction was to look behind me to see if there was some other girl who'd been in a music video or something. Before I could find this 'actress' though, I heard the other guy whisper back,

"I don't know. If it is, she sure looks different with her clothes on."

I did my best to keep a straight face, but to tell you the truth, a shiver ran up my spine. Oh no! There probably aren't any other girls who wander around naked near campus, so I thought that they must be talking about me. But what 'video'? Surely not the one my boyfriend Ryosuke made. The morning before we visited our friends Kiyomi and Eden near San Francisco, Ryosuke borrowed a camcorder from school, and filmed me. We're pretty sure that Eden saw that video, but how would these guys get it? It must be some other video, but if so, where was it shot? This can't be good.

The prof noticed the two boys looking back at me, and cleared his throat to get them to face front. I smiled at the prof, but actually, I had other problems to worry about now. What is this video they're talking about, and who all has seen it?

That night when I got back home, I scoured the internet for a video with me in it. I tried searching all kinds of keywords: Japanese girl, Oceanview, SoCal, nude beach... everything I could think of. I didn't really know where to find this kind of thing, so I ended up phoning my boyfriend Ryosuke. He had hidden away the video and all his photos of me in a box with a lock, so he didn't think this video came from him. He looked around on the internet too, but neither of us could find any videos with me in them. That was a relief, but that still didn't solve the question of what these boys were talking about.

We eventually came up with another plan. In the college cafeteria, I pointed out the two boys to Ryosuke, and he recognized them. Apparently, their names are Roger and Ryan, and they belong to the university sailing team. Eventually, we found out from Ryosuke's Mexican friend Manuel that Roger and Ryan had borrowed a camcorder from the University Media Center where Manuel works. I wasn't so keen on involving Manuel, but Ryosuke said that we could trust him. The two of them are pretty close because they are always doing computer stuff together. Anyway, Ryosuke asked Manuel to see if he could find out about this tape of me.

Weeks went by, and we didn't hear anything, but then one day, Ryosuke phones me up with news. Roger and Ryan initially denied having any secret videos, but they kept coming back to the AV centre to borrow camcorders from Manuel. Eventually, they fessed up, and sent him a copy of the video, and he forwarded it to Ryosuke. I was relieved that we'd finally get to see it, but I was also quite worried about what it might be of.

Then, one night after school, Ryosuke had me over to his house to watch it. In some ways, it was much worse than I'd thought. It was me alright and Satomi at the beach. Luckily, I was wearing these big dark sunglasses in the video, so it would be harder for people to tell it was me. Whoever the cameraman was, he followed Satomi and me when we went to get changed. It wasn't even the nude beach - it was the main textile beach. The washrooms were packed, so I asked Satomi if she could keep watch while I changed in the trees just on the edge of this car park. I think the reason that neither Satomi nor I noticed the cameraman is he was off in the distance filming us with some kind of zoom lens. Looking back, I did hear voices in the distance, but I honestly thought that no one was watching.

Fortunately, the video is kind of unsteady, and there are tree branches and leaves blocking the view. The cameraman, whoever he was, must have been nervous and excited to have caught Satomi and me changing like that. I was so sure that no one was watching us though that I took off my poncho and shorts, and stood there bottomless holding the towel for Satomi while she got changed. The cameraman zooms in on my bare behind.

Seeing this, Ryosuke scrunched up his lips in a funny expression. I guess he could tell I was upset, but he also seemed amused that I'd taken such a horrible chance in the first place.

"I had no idea someone was videoing us," I assured him. He nodded, but you could tell he thought this was partly my fault.

The cameraman even got a shot of Satomi naked when I let the towel blow to the side. Ryosuke was trying so hard not to smile, but I could tell he was kind of excited by all this. I don't think he likes Satomi in that way, but she hates it when people see her naked, so it's kind of a rare event.

Luckily, we heard a car coming after that, and rushed to pull on our bikinis, but I was wearing platform sandals, and even in my bikini I looked pretty hot. As we come out of the thicket of trees, the video pans down, and suddenly, I remember. That was the day that Doug from our Anthropology class came, and hit on us. He introduced us to a guy named Marv, who lived nearby, and they invited us to come check out Marv's hot tub. Luckily, that wasn't in the video, but a bit later, the cameraman found us again when Satomi and I went to buy hot dogs.

Ryosuke didn't seem quite so happy watching me get hit on by Doug. Worse still, you can kind of tell I'm not wearing anything under my poncho. I don't know what got into me that day! I swear I didn't think anyone saw us, let alone was videotaping. It's kind of obvious I was enjoying running around naked. Fortunately, I turned Doug down, but in the video you see him giving me his phone number, and then Satomi and I laughing as he walks away.

After that, I don't appear in the video anymore, but there are shots of other girls in their bikinis. Satomi and I seem to be the only ones they caught naked. I wonder how many people have seen this. Roger, Ryan, Manuel? Who else? Roger and Ryan don't seem to know it's me, so maybe it wasn't even them filming.

At school, Roger and Ryan didn't bother me, so I think they'd come to the conclusion that the girl in the video couldn't be me. That was a lucky break, but even so, I was more careful after that changing indoors instead of out.

Then, one night, I was sitting in the common room of Satomi's dorm. A guy named Graeme came in, and recognized me. I kind of knew him. We'd met during Orientation when I was just a fresher. He was from Australia, and like me, a long way from home, so I guess we kind of hung around together a bit that first week. I think he was studying English literature, but I don't think we've ever had a class together. Anyway, he starts going on about this girl we saw at the Orientation Dance that year. Apparently, she stripped off her clothes while dancing that night. I didn't know the girl, but I do remember seeing a girl strip.

She was kind of pretty with sandy light brown hair, sort of British-looking. She danced - buck naked - all packed in with these other girls up on the stage. I was kind of surprised that she was willing to strip naked with so many people there. She made an even bigger impression on Graeme though, because apparently, he'd been looking for her ever since, and only recently, happened to bump into her out on the street somewhere.

As he is telling me all this, I'm trying very hard to keep a straight face. I want very much to meet this woman, because clearly we have a lot in common, but I didn't want to give myself away to Graeme. He said he got her phone number, but now he's too embarrassed to call. I guess it's hard to ask "Are you that girl I saw naked at Orientation?"

I offered to phone in his place, and set up a meeting. Her name is Crystal, but beyond that, neither of us knew much about her. It turned out that she didn't even go to Oceanview U., but was just in town for Orientation. Her area code was a San Francisco number. It figures. I hadn't really visited San Fran so much, but from what I'd heard, it seems like people there are wilder than people in Oceanview.

Anyway, I exchanged numbers with Graeme, and told him I'd call him once I'd gotten through to Crystal. That weekend, I asked Loretta if I could make a long distance call, and phoned Crystal from the safety of my room. Crystal sounded normal enough, not wild at all. She'd graduated from Berkeley, and was working in San Fran. Luckily, she had fond memories of her visits to Oceanview, and agreed to meet Graeme and me for coffee in San Fran. This wasn't exactly what I wanted. For one thing, it meant we'd have to go up there, and perhaps stay the night because it's pretty far from Oceanview. Also, I kind of wanted to ask her about the stripping, but it would be hard with Graeme there. Anyway, I promised to set it up, and call her back.

Satomi got a bit freaked out, when I told her I was going to San Francisco with Graeme. I guess I could ask Kiyomi if we could stay with her and Eden, but I thought that might be awkward given that Eden had seen the other video of me. We ended up booking a night in one of San Fran's youth hostels. I just told Ryosuke I was busy on the weekend. Ryosuke was working anyway.

The next Saturday morning, I met up with Graeme, and we took the train up to San Francisco. Graeme and I still had this rapport going, both having been born outside the U.S., but actually, he seemed a bit confused as to why I was tagging along. I guess he thought maybe I was interested in him romantically. Graeme seemed like a nice enough guy I guess, but the real truth was I was dying to meet Crystal, and find out if she was the same as me. I don't know that many exhibitionists - at least not people who admit to being one.

Anyway, we ended up in this weird coffee shop that smelled like incense with red walls and an Anglo-American server girl in a Chinese dragon lady dress. I'm pretty sure the waitress was a 'butch dyke' (my apologies if that's the wrong way to say it). When Crystal showed up, she was dressed in a navy business blazer and knee length skirt - on break from work apparently. Graeme was trying desperately to connect with her, but his excitement was making him nervous, and Crystal was just being polite, not knowing quite what to make of the two of us. I realized that she was about to excuse herself, and head back to work, but luckily, Graeme headed off to the washroom, giving me a chance to talk to her. I grabbed her by the arm to get her to listen.

"Um, Crystal, there's something I really want to ask you."

"Um, yeah, what?" she replied, a bit surprised.

"Do you remember that Orientation dance? It was in the Globe Theater right next to the residences."

"Um, I went to a few different parties that week. I don't..."

From the vaguely fearful look in her eye, I could tell she knew exactly what I was talking about. I very much doubted that she goes around stripping naked at a whole bunch of different parties. There was something about that night, that atmosphere. She was away from San Fran, away from Berkeley, and wanted to blow off some steam. There was a whole bunch of girls together with her up on the side stage. Maybe some of them were her friends. The guys were down on the dance floor a bit farther off. The strobe lights kept flashing on and off, different colors, and there was theatrical smoke in the air, making it a bit hard to see. Almost everyone had been drinking, so she was probably pretty drunk. She caught my eye though when she started to strip, first her top and skirt, and eventually her bra and panties as well. No matter how dark and smoky it was, it was hard to miss that. Her pubic hair was light brown just like the hair on her head. She looked so excited.

"Listen, we don't have much time. I just wanted to tell you that I know what you did that night, and I know exactly how you feel. I've done some pretty crazy things myself..."

There was this brief flash of recognition, but then her eyes went blank again.

"I really don't know what you are talking about..."

I glanced over at the counter. Our lesbian waitress was staring at us, this knowing look in her eye. Oh, for heaven's sake, I'm not a lesbian, I wanted to tell her.

Unfortunately, then, Graeme came back, and I lost my chance. Crystal made her excuses, and got out of there in quite a rush. I guess my confronting her like that made her uneasy. Graeme looked kind of disappointed too that our meeting hadn't gone better.

Anyway, Graeme and I headed up to the hostel, both feeling a bit dejected. I could understand though why she was being so cautious. It looked like she had a serious job now.

After we'd dropped off our bags at the hostel, Graeme and I went to a seafood restaurant nearby. He thanked me for helping him, but finally asked,

"Why'd you come all this way?"

"I think I know how Crystal feels," I began.

"What do you mean?"

I looked at him, wondering briefly whether I should tell him about my 'tendencies,' but decided not.

"She doesn't know anything about you and me. We are just two complete strangers who saw her that night. Of course, we remember her, but she doesn't know us from Adam. And she's worried too I guess. Are we police? Are we there to harm her?"

"I would never hurt her," Graeme protested. "She seems sweet... innocent even."

I had a certain sympathy with Graeme too. He was attracted to Crystal despite her exhibitionism, maybe even because of it. He seemed like a good guy.

"Maybe she is innocent. Maybe she doesn't usually do that kind of thing."

I was sure that Crystal was the girl from the dance, but I could tell that Graeme was wavering. I guess he felt betrayed, having built up this image of this sexy vixen in his mind, only to meet the straight-laced Crystal in her business suit. He couldn't understand how she could have these two different sides to her. I understood only too well. She reminded me of myself.

Anyway, after supper, we headed back to the hostel. It was actually pretty nice, right in Golden Gate Park, not too far from the beach. It was a bit overcast though and fairly windy, so we decided to just hang around in the hostel. Graeme wanted to talk, mostly about Crystal, but I wasn't really in the mood, so I went off, had a shower, and then changed into my p.j.'s. I came out to the guest lounge to see what Graeme was doing. He was in this theater-like room watching TV. I left to check my email, and then said good night, and headed off for bed.

I couldn't get the day's events off my mind though, so eventually I got my cell phone out, wondering if I should give Crystal a call. She didn't seem all that keen on seeing us again, but maybe if I caught her at home, I could make her understand.

"Crystal? Hi, it's Emi. Thanks for meeting us today. It was really nice to see you again."

"Um, Emi. Listen. I really think that you must have me mixed up with someone else."

"No. I don't think I'll ever forget you."

The line went silent. Crystal was obviously a bit distressed by the whole situation, getting found out and all.

"Sorry. I wasn't trying to imply that you are lying or anything."

More silence.

"Things are different up here in San Fran," I went on. "I mean you have all these different parades where people walk around naked..." I deliberately lowered my voice when I said the word 'naked.' In my hostel room, there were several bunk beds, and I'd seen a blonde woman wandering around earlier, and was worried that she might be up in one of the beds.

"In Oceanview, we have this nude beach, but actually, I think public nudity is illegal in L.A. County..." I realized that I was babbling now. "What were you doing in Oceanview that weekend anyway?" I asked.

Crystal paused for a bit longer, but then finally spoke.

"I'd already been to Berkeley Orientation, and I knew a few girls who go to Oceanview. They just invited me to come down, and party..." The last word caught in her throat, probably because she thought it might give her away.

"Yeah, you looked like you were having a good time...," I laughed. She didn't laugh with me. She knew I'd 'made' her.

"Is that true about the laws in L.A. County?" she asked.

"What?"

"That public nudity is illegal?"

I smiled at this. I guess she hadn't even realized that what she had done was wrong.

"You're from San Fran originally?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"Yeah, it's true. I don't know the details, but I'm pretty sure I saw something like that on the web. What about here? Is it illegal?"

"No, it isn't. I mean they were talking about introducing some kind of bylaw about not being able to go into stores or restaurants naked."

I laughed.

"Even with our nude beach and everything, the attitudes in Oceanview are pretty strict. I mean I've never had any run-ins with the police or anything...," I explained, lowering my voice again. I wonder if I should even be telling her any of this. It seemed so dangerous...

"The police? What do you mean?"

I had to decide whether I should tell her everything or not. Surely if there was anyone who could understand it would be her.

"Um, you know. Like I mean them discovering me some place..."

"Discovering you?" Crystal seemed determined to play dumb, to coax me into saying it.

"Well, I don't know. Like that night with you dancing on the stage. If the dean's wife had seen you, I think she would have called the police..."

Crystal went silent again. She didn't want to admit that she'd stripped naked that night, but obviously, I knew, so there was little point in denying it.

"Do you do things like that?" she countered.

"Not in front of so many people. And not on purpose," I stated matter-of-factly as if that somehow made it alright. She pondered that a bit longer.

"Listen, Emi. It's getting kind of late..."

"I have a question for you. When you say it's not illegal to walk around naked in San Francisco, does that mean you can just wander around outside on the street naked?" As soon as I said this, I regretted it, but I was so excited I was getting ahead of myself.

"No, it's nothing like that. A pretty young girl like yourself can't just wander around naked all the time..."

Even though I could hear what she was saying, I was still getting very excited at the possibilities. All my life I'd lived in fear of getting caught, but now I was in a place where it was actually OK to be naked.

"Wow! That's so cool!" I burbled.

"Emi! Did you even hear what I said?"

"I heard you. I heard you. I know. I'm just saying that it must be cool to live in a place like that - to be able to get naked anytime, anywhere." In my excitement, I'd raised my voice a bit, but then I heard this rustling from one of the beds above. So that blonde woman I'd seen earlier was here. Had she heard me?

"Listen, Crystal. I'd better go, but could we talk some other time? There's so much I want to ask you..."

"Emi, I... um... I'm not..."

"I know. Don't worry. I just want to chat. Would that be OK?"

"Emi, like I said, I'm a little bit worried that you've gotten the wrong idea..."

I couldn't help feeling disappointed. I was so sure that deep down she was an exhibitionist just like me, but no matter what I said, I couldn't get her to admit it.

"Anyway, I guess, we can talk again some time," she finally relented. "But whatever you do, promise me you'll be careful."

"Yeah, don't worry. I'll be fine. Next time we talk, I'll tell you all about it."

Anyway, we finally said goodbye, and hung up. The woman in the other bunk had gone quiet again, so maybe she was asleep. I lay there on the bed for a while, contemplating what Crystal had said. It's legal to walk around outside naked here. Wow! That would be something. I've always wanted to try something like that.

I reached inside the collar of my pajama top, and pulled out my lucky locket. Ryosuke had given it to me a long time ago as a kind of good luck charm. I opened it up, and looked at the picture for a moment, but then shut it again, and pushed it back down the front of my top. For some reason, it always seemed to protect me from harm, no matter what I'm doing. I wonder... I'm in San Francisco. Should I? Dare I take the chance?

The more I lay there though, the more excited I got. It's hard to explain. I was just in such awe... of Crystal, of San Fran. This youth hostel seemed much like other ones I'd been to. It was actually quite nice, but the difference was here it might actually be OK to walk around naked. It seemed so strange, so hard to believe, but I couldn't get that thought out of my mind. I wonder if Graeme has gone to bed yet.

Reaching down, I slid my hands inside my p.j. bottoms and panties, trying to push them down. The drawstring was too tight though, so I had to undo it first. I fumbled with the knot. I was getting more and more impatient, the longer this took. I tugged, and tugged on the strings of the bow, and finally managed to pull it undone. With one smooth motion, I pushed down my bottoms and panties, luxuriating in the feeling of the sheets directly on my naked skin. Quickly, before I could change my mind, I sat up, and slid my bare feet into my slippers. Bunched up from lying down, my pajama top was nowhere near long enough to cover my pussy or bare bottom, but here at least, it probably didn't matter. Then again Crystal had warned me to be careful, but I wanted to do something.

I cautiously looked up at the woman in the top bunk. She seemed to be asleep. Leaving my slippers there, I softly tiptoed over to the door, and peeked out into the hallway, trying to see if anyone else was around. The feeling of the air swirling around my pussy places was so tantalizing, so exquisite. Out here in the open, my common sense finally kicked in, and I pulled the tails of my night blouse down to cover up. There didn't seem to be anyone in the hall, but I can't just walk out there with my pussy on display. Can I?

The room I was staying in was for women, but just across the hall there were two more bedrooms where Graeme and other guys were staying. I couldn't really hear much noise coming from those rooms except for a bit of snoring. I didn't think Graeme had gone to bed yet. He was probably down in the TV room closer to the other end of the building. I kind of wanted to get to one of the computers to check if what Crystal had said about the nudity laws here was true. Unfortunately, the computers were quite some distance down the hall, probably past the TV room even.

I stood there debating whether to put my p.j. bottoms back on, but finally decided to chance it. The floor was linoleum and a bit cold on my bare feet, but that was the least of my worries. I cautiously peered out down the hall toward the glass doors leading outside. It was dark out, but you could see the streetlights shining in. The next area was the guest dining room, but luckily, there was no one there. I brushed my fingers against my bare buttocks confirming that my p.j. top was far too short to be wandering around in public in. My breasts had snapped to attention from the excitement. I held my hand in front of my pussy trying to hide it, but if anyone did see me, it would be obvious I was naked from the waist down. I sure hope Crystal is right about this.

I sprinted past the door of the TV room, and slid into this big black leather chair in front of one of the computers in the hall. I could hear the TV, but anyway, the people in that room were all facing the other way, so I don't think they saw me. The feeling of the cool leather on my bare bottom was driving me crazy though, and the computer was taking forever to boot up. I gently dabbed at my hello kitty, but it was so sensitive it sent a shockwave of pleasure rippling through my body. Oh god. What am I doing out here? This is crazy!

Anyway, I finally got the computer going, and typed "public nudity laws San Francisco" into a search engine. I didn't really have time to read it all, but anyway, as far as I could see, San Fran had stopped enforcing nudity laws in 2008, and were only now discussing the possibility of imposing new rules. Wow! She was right!

Even so, I was just too nervous to stay out here any longer. I shut the computer down. For some reason though, perhaps from all the tension, I'd lost my nerve. I hesitated for the longest time, not wanting to wander past the door of the TV room again, worried that they might see me. I couldn't just stay out here though, so I finally made a run for it, dashing all the way down the hall back to my room, and closing the door behind me. I was still quite nervous about waking up the blonde woman, but I eventually managed to tiptoe over to my bed, and get under the covers. To tell you the truth, I wanted to do more, maybe go outside even, but the stress was too much. I guess I'll have to come back here some other day, and try again.

The next morning I got up early, and had a shower, but the bravest I could manage was to go to breakfast in my p.j. top and white cotton panties. There were lots of people in the cafe, but no one seemed to find it all that strange that I was dressed like that.

After breakfast, Graeme and I stopped in the guest lounge to take a peek at the newspaper. I curled up on one of the love seats, pulling up my legs to give Graeme a peek at the crotch of my panties. I'll admit to teasing him a bit, asking him again about the night we'd seen Crystal dancing naked. He hemmed and hawed avoiding the question, so using the newspaper as cover, I undid the buttons on my top, half intending to give him a peek at my tits if he'd admit to being interested in me. He was remarkably cautious though, not realizing what I was up to, so eventually, we ended up going back to our rooms to get ready to check out.

There was no one in my room, so I stripped naked. I really wanted to go out into the hallway that way, and maybe peek in to say hi to Graeme, but I couldn't for the life of me think of any excuse that would make sense. I ended up getting back dressed, and then after we checked out, heading to the train station to go back to Oceanview.

I haven't seen Graeme that much since then, but I did see Crystal. I'll write about that another time.