**Fun and Games**

by Emi Tsuruta

So my (ex?)boyfriend Ryosuke was angry at me for not wanting him to sleep with this girl Kiyomi. The son in my host family, Brandon was angry at me for dousing him with water in the shower. I'd been hanging around at my friend Satomi's dorm, but there was still no sign of Todd, the one guy whom I thought might really understand me. And as if all that weren't bad enough, my mom had ordered me to stop 'wasting time' in the States, and come home to Japan. I was feeling a bit at sea.

I didn't think there was much I could do about Ryosuke, Todd or my mom, but I did want to apologize to Brandon before I left for Japan. Unfortunately, it seemed like he was avoiding me. I guess he thought I'd soaked him on purpose to put a damper on any romantic feelings he might have towards me. That wasn't it at all though. He'd been good to me, keeping my secrets from his mom and sister. I knew him better than any other American boy (and certainly better than Todd). I guess I can admit I had feelings for Brandon although maybe not quite in the same way he did for me.

Anyway, I kept checking Brandon's room, but he never seemed to be home. To get my mind off my problems, I called up my friend Minori.

"Do you want to go check out that game center that Mark was telling us about?" I asked her. Mark was the Japanese American boy we knew from the Japanese Student Union at my university here in Oceanview. "Mark said they have some Japanese games."

"Yeah, sure. I used to go to game centers all the time when I was in high school. Do you think they have print club or dance dance revolution?" Minori asked, obviously interested.

"I don't know. He didn't say. Do you still have your old high school uniform?"

"Umm. Yeah... maybe, or something like it."

"Let's get dressed up, just for old time's sake." I'd recently bought a sailor suit uniform for my job at the comic con. It was a bit revealing, but maybe if I wore a sweater vest on top and knee-high socks, it would be okay.

Anyway, Minori and I headed down one Saturday to check it out. Minori had managed to find a sailor suit similar to mine - pleated navy mini-skirt, navy sweater vest, white blouse, and blue knee high socks. She looked like a real school girl. It was kind of fun getting dressed up like that again. It brought back a lot of memories from when I lived in Japan.

The arcade was down by the waterfront, not so far from the beaches on the south side of Oceanview. It's in what looks like an old converted store. The front was kind of wide open, but it wasn't all that big. They did have some Japanese games - UFO catcher (with the crane), air hockey, race games, but no print club nor dance dance revolution. There were a few American boys hanging around here and there, but they seemed to be absorbed in their games.

We wandered around the arcade checking out the different games. We eventually stopped by one, Whack-a-mole I think it's called. You get this big rubber mallet, and moles keep popping out of the board, and you have to hit them on the head before they go back into their holes. I put some quarters in, and we tried.

At first, we were concentrating on this game, trying to hit these little guys before they disappear. I think we were doing well for beginners. Part way through though, Minori touched my hand gesturing towards the guys behind us. It seems they were watching us. They were wearing glasses, but looked kind of cool for gamers.

At first I thought they were just watching our gaming technique, but as this went on, I realized that they were clapping and cheering most whenever I jumped up, or leaned forward. The skirt on my uniform is quite short in the first place, and I'd pulled up the belt quite high. I guess they could see my panties or maybe even the cheeks of my bottom. Having them watch us gave me butterflies, but we were still in a middle of a game, so I tried to ignore them, and go after these moles.

Our audience was making me nervous though, so I kept missing, banging the wrong hole. Not really on purpose, I rocked my hips back and forth, humping the air, making my skirt flip up even more. The boys' eyes were kind of swimming, a bit taken aback by my 'wild' behavior. Minori peered over at me, a mischievous look in her eye, but we avoided making eye contact with the guys.

Anyway, the game finally wound down. I prodded Minori questioning what she wanted to do about our admirers. If I'm going to be completely honest, I was vaguely thinking of teasing them more, but I didn't want to freak Minori out too much. She is a bit of a tease too, but I didn't want to do anything too weird.

It did look like these guys might be gearing up to come over to ask us out. Minori didn't seem keen though, so we ended up heading out instead. With me leaving for Japan soon, there wasn't much point in starting things up if Minori wasn't interested. It was kind of fun though teasing them, watching their reactions.

When I got home that night, there was still no sign of Brandon. He always used to be home. Is he avoiding me? He can't still be angry about that shower thing, can he? Anyway, I got ready for bed, and tried not to worry about it.

The next morning I got up early, and puttered around in the kitchen vaguely hoping Brandon would come down. He stayed in his room for quite a while, and after his shower, he headed straight out without even saying hi.

"Where's he off to in such a rush?" I asked his sister Jenn.

"He's got that little league baseball game coming up, so he's probably off practicing."

Shoot! I'd forgotten all about that. I didn't realize he was taking that so seriously. Anyway, maybe that's why he's never around. Maybe he's not avoiding me after all.

I still felt restless though. I ended up having a shower, and then going out for a walk in the ravine behind our house. The path was a bit damp - it must have rained the night before - and there weren't many people around. I walked down to the half way point, over the bridge, and then headed off into the woods down towards the stream. That area of the park is quite pretty and hidden from view by quite a few trees and bushes. I wanted to sit down, and rest, but the ground was wet, so I just squatted there, surrounded by all these plants.

That stream isn't deep enough to swim in, but the water is quite clear and brisk. Since no one seemed to be around, I stripped off my clothes, and went in for a little dip. It felt good to forget my worldly cares, and commune with nature for a bit. The last time I'd done this though, I ended up getting caught by this man Gavin and his father, and that had been pretty embarrassing. I only stayed there a short while this time. I soon pulled my clothes back on, and headed back to the house for another shower.

On Monday, I decided to go down to the university, and see what Satomi was doing. I found her out in the quad of her dorm lying on a beach blanket studying. I'd brought my books with me, but I didn't really feel like studying. The sun was high in the sky. The weather was simply gorgeous.

"Do you mind if I join you?" I asked Satomi.

"Be my guest," Satomi offered, clearing a space on her blanket for me. I lay face down, and opened a book, staring somewhat blankly at the pages. My body felt strange though - itchy I guess. I reached down the back of my shorts, vaguely scratching my bottom, trying to make the feeling go away.

"What are you doing?" Satomi finally asked.

"Nothing," I shook my head.

"With the scratching I mean!"

"Oh. That. I was in the ravine yesterday. I must have gotten bitten by a mosquito or something."

Satomi eyed me suspiciously, rightly sensing that there was more to the story.

"How did you get bitten there?" she asked pointing to my behind. I rubbed my brow, hiding my face in my hair, a bit embarrassed.

"I don't know. Does it matter?"

"You have red spots on your thighs," she pointed out. I looked down. I didn't actually feel all that bad, but she was right. I did seem to be having a reaction to something. I must have brushed up against something when I took off my clothes.

"You should get it looked at. Maybe you have West Nile," she mused.

"Oh, don't be silly. I don't have West Nile."

"You should see someone though."

Soon, we caught sight of Anton walking across the quad. Anton was a tall blonde medical student who lived in Satomi's dorm. I think he's of Slavic descent, but he looks a bit like a young Bill Clinton.

"Anton! Anton!" Satomi called out to him. He heard her, and came over. "Emi isn't feeling well. We think she has West Nile."

I laughed.

"Oh, don't be silly, Satomi," I scoffed. "It's nothing."

"I can take a look if you want," he offered.

I sat up, fingering my waistband, vaguely wondering if I should show him. Satomi quickly piped up.

"Look at her legs. There are red spots."

"I'm fine really," I insisted.

"Are you sure?" he asked with a look of genuine concern.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine."

"Oh OK," he said. "But if you ever need any medical advice, just let me know. We're supposed to be looking for people to practice on anyway."

"Oh OK, thanks," I smiled. Eventually, he headed on his way.

"You really should get someone to take a look," Satomi insisted. "It's better to get these things treated right away."

I nodded, but I was really in no rush. It would be hard to explain how I'd gotten a rash up in such private places.

The week rolled by, and I did finally manage to get some studying in, and pass my first few exams. Then, the day of the Brandon's baseball game arrived. I decided to take a break from studying to go cheer him on. I had a shower, and put some ointment on my rash, but I was actually feeling a bit love-starved what with Ryosuke and I on the rocks. I decided to dress up a little. Maybe that would cheer Brandon up too.

It was warm that day too, so I pulled on some white panties, a beige mini-skirt, black halter and a white terry cloth hoodie. I didn't wear a bra, but that was because my breasts felt a bit funny too. I also took along a wide brimmed straw hat and mirror sunglasses to shield me from the sun... oh and my open toe platform sandals. I rubbed on some sun block on my legs and chest till they glistened. There. That looks pretty good.

I don't think I'd ever been to Brandon's school before that. There were a lot of people out on the field out back, but it looked like the players were still inside. I went into the school, looking for the home team's locker room. There was some boy's father standing down the hall. He looked over at me, checking me out I guess. Another boy walked by heading into the locker, so I asked him to get Brandon to come out, so I could wish him luck. Soon, Brandon appeared at the door.

"Emi! What are you doing here?" He seemed surprised to see me.

"I thought I'd come, and cheer you on."

"Um... oh. I see." He looked a bit nervous actually. I wasn't sure if it was the way I was dressed, or just that he felt self-conscious about admitting he knew me in front of his team mates. His edginess made me want to tease him though. I leaned forward, and peeked into the locker room.

"Um, are your team mates all getting dressed for the big game?" I asked, coyly.

"Yeah, I guess. Listen, Emi. Can we talk later? I gotta go."

I gave him a frowny face, but he just sniffed, and headed back inside. My first thought was I should follow him into the change room. The dad was still staring at me. Partly to get away from him, I teetered forward on my platform sandals, waltzing right into the boys' locker room.

"Brandon? Brandon?" I called out softly. A different boy stuck his head out from around the corner. "Is it okay if I come in? I'm looking for Brandon," I told him. This boy looked at me strangely, and then checked the locker room to see if any of his team mates were changing.

"I think I saw Brandon come through. And you are?"

"Um, Emi," I smiled shyly. "I live with Brandon. I just wanted to wish him good luck."

The boy eyed me curiously. 'Live with Brandon?' Was I his girlfriend? He finally motioned that I could come in, but I think this was just because he was curious. Here I am, this hot Japanese girl, all dressed up in my tight little mini-skirt, trying to come into the boys locker room. It was actually pretty weird going in with all of these boys there. They all looked up at me wondering what on earth I was doing there.

"Is Brandon here?" I asked. They just gawked at me, but Brandon wasn't there.

"Maybe he's in the dugout," one boy finally suggested. I wandered over to the far side, but accidentally, found myself standing at the entrance to the showers. There was one boy in there showering - naked - but as soon as the other boys realized, they jumped up to pull me out.

"Sorry," I smiled apologetically. They were still all kind of staring at me. I felt pretty embarrassed myself, but a bit excited too. I finally found the exit, and wandered out to the dugout. Brandon glared at me shocked that I'd come through the boys change room after him.

"Emi! You can't be down here. The game is about to start."

"Sorry," I apologized. "I just wanted to wish you luck." Brandon led me down to the far end of the dugout showing me where the stands were. I peered back at him as I walked away. His team mates had all flocked around, asking him who I was. Brandon still didn't seem keen on telling them about me. I guess he hadn't told them I was living at his place.

In the stands, it seemed to be mostly moms and dads, sisters and brothers, cheering on the boys. I walked down the line towards first base, and found a seat. I hadn't seen a baseball game for a long time. In Japan, little league baseball is a big deal. They show the finals on TV, and the announcers focus in on the players - the joy of victory, the agony of defeat. There seemed to be the same sort of drama here. The other team was considerably stronger than Brandon's, so his team was struggling from the start. I wanted to cheer him up somehow, but I wasn't sure how.

It was kind of hot that day especially up in the stands, so during a lull, I slipped off to the washroom to wash my face. My halter felt a bit tight. I'd had to squeeze my breasts into it, so maybe it wasn't big enough. Checking the door to make sure no one was coming, I took off my hoodie and halter, stripping topless, and then pulled my hoodie back on over my bare breasts, and did up the zip. There. That's better. As long as I keep the front zipped up, no one would be able to see my breasts anyway. I did leave the front slightly open, so you could see a bit of cleavage.

When I got back outside, I felt a lot better. It felt good to be free of that restrictive halter, to feel my breasts bouncing around inside the soft terry cloth of my hoodie. Now I had my own little secret.

Eventually, Brandon hit a single, and came down to first base just in front of where I was sitting. I whistled, and he looked over. He was still trying to act like he didn't know me, so just to tease him, I slowly unzipped my hoodie, showing him my bare breasts. He gave me a sharp look, acting annoyed, but I could tell he was excited. Before I could pull my zipper back up, the first basemen looked over at me too, quite shocked to see my tits.

I zipped back up, feeling a bit embarrassed myself. I hadn't really meant to flash that other boy. Ah well. Maybe it'll be okay. That boy was from another school anyway.

The next batter, Brandon's team mate, hit a pop fly. Brandon was still glancing edgily over at me, so it took him a while to start running. Luckily, the first baseman was distracted too, and missed the ball completely when they threw it to him. Both Brandon and his team mate made it to their bases.

I was kind of laughing because it was probably my breast flash that had put the first baseman off his game. Brandon scratched his neck sheepishly, not really wanting to acknowledge that I'd helped him out. Brandon even made it home while the first basemen continued to glance over at me.

After the game, I went down to the dugout. Brandon's team had lost, but they'd put up a good fight in the second half. His team mates all started grinning when I came up. I didn't think they'd seen me flash Brandon my tits, but who knows? Maybe some of them had. I didn't feel that embarrassed. I continued to fiddle with the zipper, vaguely wondering if I should give them another peek. Brandon grabbed me though, and dragged me off around the corner.

"Emi! What are you doing?" he asked, still pretending to be annoyed.

"Nothing. I just came to watch you play. Sorry you guys lost."

"No. I mean with your... you know. I thought mom told you not to dress like that anymore."

"She said not in the house. I thought it would cheer you up."

He glanced down at my cleavage, obviously interested.

"You're crazy. You know that, don't you?" he complained.

"Yeah, but you love it."

He just laughed. His team mates had come down to the corner, and were watching us.

"Anyway," I went on, "I wanted to say sorry for dousing you in the shower the other day. No hard feelings?"

He licked his lips without answering. He was trying not to let it show, but you could see he was a bit turned on by what I'd done.

"Are you coming home tonight?" I asked.

His face looked torn, wondering I guess why I was so interested, but he finally said,

"I promised these guys I'd go out with them. When are you leaving anyway?"

"Just a few more days. I'm going to be busy though. I have to go see Satomi, and then there's my farewell party. Anyway, even after I go to Japan, I'll come back to Oceanview, and visit some day."

For the first time, I could see in his face that he really was quite sad now that I was leaving. I leaned in, and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. He stared at me, a bit surprised I guess. I didn't say anything, but waved goodbye, and headed back home. I was glad we'd finally made up. He's a nice guy.