**Mountain Retreat**

by Emi Tsuruta

This happened a couple of years ago, the spring of the year my American friend Debbie was supposed to graduate. We were sitting around in the cafe at school talking about what we should do to celebrate her graduating. Her friend Angela was there, and this other Japanese girl Fujiko who I'd been playing tennis with. Debbie told us about the university chalet up in the mountains to the east of Oceanview. I'd heard about it before, from my boyfriend Ryosuke I guess, but it took me a moment to remember why. Apparently, there was a pond for swimming nearby, and students used to go skinny-dipping there back in the day. Ryosuke had found out about it in one of the old yearbooks. He'd been pushing me to go, but neither of us knew too much about it, so we never went. Debbie had been there before though, and she said she could make the arrangements.

At first, I kind of hoped it would be an all-girls thing, but Fujiko has been on me for a long time to introduce her to guys. She's not in university with us, just studying English at a local language school, but she really wants to stay on in the States, so she's kind of been looking for an American boyfriend. I wasn't so keen, but Debbie suggested we invite Winston, this Chinese American swimmer and his frat mates.

I knew Winston because he often came swimming at the campus fitness center where I work. I liked him. He was quiet and honest, but one time when I invited him to come drinking with us, he brought two of his American frat mates Gus and Paul with him, and they seemed a bit out of hand. They're nice enough I guess, but Gus kept hitting on me all the time, and not just me, just about any girl he met. Paul wasn't so forward, but it seemed like he was always cracking jokes, one after another.

I told Fujiko all this, but she said she wanted to see for herself. I guess I'm a bit careful when it comes to guys, but Fujiko is different. She's always so open and friendly to everyone, even people I wouldn't normally talk to. Anyway, I finally gave in, and we set the whole thing up for the weekend after exams finished.

Debbie and I finished exams early that year, so we went up on the Thursday. Fujiko was supposed to come on the Friday and then Angela and the boys on the Saturday. Even though I had my doubts about how all it would go, I was really excited about the trip. On the bus, I kept going on and on about it. Ryosuke had told me a fair bit about the place, and even showed me pictures, so I sort of had this romantic image in my head about what it would be like.

The bus dropped us off in town, but from there, we had to walk quite a way up this tree-lined road that ran up the side of the mountain. We finally found it, and knocked on the door, but the place was deserted. The campus club center back in Oceanview had lent us a key though, so we let ourselves in. It was a nice place. There was a big meeting room, a small kitchen, and up this long hall at the back, a shower room and bedrooms. We opened all the windows to air it out. There was this cool patio deck out back looking out over the trees and down at the town below. We were getting hungry, so we ended up walking back down to town to buy some groceries.

After supper, we sat out on the patio for a while, and then I wanted to go find the swimming hole. We had to walk up the road even further, and then cut off down this path into the woods till we finally found it. It was big and round with even a bit of sand on the banks.

"You know they used to skinny-dip here," I told Debbie. "Oceanview students back in the day I mean." She didn't seem nearly as impressed by this as I'd been when Ryosuke told me. I thought it was great that people had been so free in those days. Debbie likes to have fun, but actually, she isn't really the skinny-dipping type. I had managed to talk her into it a couple of times in her backyard pool when no one was around, but she'd always refused to come to the nude beach with me. Ignoring her, I pulled off my running shoes and my hoodie.

"Come on. Let's swim," I chimed. She just sat down on a rock by the water's edge, and motioned for me to go ahead. I stripped naked, and waded in. The water was cool, but it had been a warm day. It was refreshing after a long day cramped up inside a bus. I swam around for a while, enjoying the feeling of the water on my bare skin, but Debbie looked bored, so I finally came back out, and went over to my clothes. I didn't want to get back dressed while my body was still wet, so I sat my bare bottom down on the rock beside her, brushed off my feet, and then pulled on my socks and shoes.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"It's OK. I just want to let my body dry off," I told her, flicking my arms out to shake off the water.

"You're crazy, you know that?" she said, disapproving.

"We haven't seen anyone since we arrived," I noted. I knew of course that it probably wasn't a good idea to wander around outside naked, but Debbie doesn't object as much as some of my friends. She doesn't like to advertise it, but she's done some pretty crazy things herself.

Debbie started walking back around the pond, laughing to herself at my strangeness. I stuffed my clothes into my bag, and then scurried after her, all goose bumps from the feeling of the cool night air on my bare skin. It did feel weird walking around outside naked. I can't really do that in Oceanview.

As we approached the road, I began to get worried again. Debbie looked back at me wondering I guess if I really was planning on walking along the road naked. Despite my brave words, I hesitated to step out from the woods. I looked this way and that, and only slowly edged out into the open.

"Maybe you'd better get dressed," she warned more kindly now. I knew she was right, but I foolishly came out onto the road, following along behind her. I was so excited I wasn't really thinking straight. I handed her my bag, and then started hopping, skipping and kicking pebbles into the forest. Soon though I heard the sound of a car coming from behind. I dashed down the embankment into the woods trying to hide. By the time I turned around, the car had gone.

"I told you someone would come," Debbie called out from the road. It was hard to tell for sure, but it looked like they hadn't seen me. I finally came back up to where Debbie was standing, sheepishly took my bag from her, and pulled on my hoodie. The hoodie wasn't quite long enough to cover my bare bottom, but there didn't seem to be any more cars coming. We made it back to the chalet. I had a shower, and tucked in for bed. It had been an interesting day.

The next morning I woke up before Debbie. Getting up and wiping the sleep from my eyes, I walked - naked - down the hall to the kitchen. I almost jumped out of my skin because in the kitchen, there was this strange man standing at the counter making breakfast. He looked even more surprised to see me. I quickly backed up into the main room, but he followed me out. I picked up a throw pillow from the couch to cover myself with.

"Wh-wh-who on earth are you?" I stuttered.

"Henderson, Jack Henderson. I'm the custodian here," he replied. Dazed, I fell back onto the sofa, trying in vain to cover both my pussy and breasts with the pillow. It wasn't quite big enough, but he took pity on me, and tried not to stare.

"They told me you'd be coming," he went on. "Three ladies and three gentlemen from Oceanview U., reserved for this weekend." He glanced past me at the hall that led to the bedrooms. "Are the gentlemen here already?" he asked, taking me for some kind of spring break party nympho.

"No, no, of course not," I replied, shocked that he would even think such a thing. "I would never... I mean it's not that kind of group."

He gestured towards my bare behind.

"Then why...?" he asked.

"I was... I mean, I thought..." Unable to explain why I was naked, I bowed my head down low, and apologized, "Sorry." Leaning forward made my nipples pop out, startling him even more. Annoyed, I finally stood up clutching the pillow against my tummy, and turned to leave. He stared at my bottom as I scurried off down the hall to go fetch my clothes.

It turned out he was who he said he was. He lived nearby, and prepared meals for guests of this chalet. He naturally had a key of his own, and had let himself in. Debbie shot me such a look when she found out I'd let him see me naked, but Mr. Henderson was very polite to me after that. Fujiko showed up a bit later. I finally managed to get my mind off my troubles by going down, and playing some tennis with her and Debbie in this park down by the town.

That night while Fujiko and I were showering, I debated telling her about skinny-dipping at the swimming hole, but eventually decided not to. It's so hard to bring up these things when you don't know people well.

The next day around lunchtime, Angela, Winston, Gus and Paul finally showed up. We ate lunch together. Gus and Paul had brought some beer with them, and were trying to get Fujiko and me to drink with them. Eventually, while they were making all this racket, I managed to corner Fujiko and Winston, and convince them to come check out the swimming hole with me. I wasn't really sure what they were expecting, but none of us took our swimsuits. When we got there, we sat down on the bank, and watched Winston skip stones across the surface. Winston is a quiet boy, very tall and a good swimmer. I finally managed to get up the nerve to say what I'd been meaning to.

"They used to go skinny-dipping here years ago."

Winston didn't react at all, and Fujiko looked over at me, curious.

"Really?" she snorted, amused. I was trying to figure out if they were interested, but neither of them said anything.

"Do you want to try?" I blurted out. Fujiko looked at me again, and then broke out laughing.

"You're not serious?" she guffawed. Winston finally looked over at me, the faintest hint of a grin on his lips.

"Sure, why not?" I asked cheerily. Winston still didn't say anything, but I could tell from his eyes he wanted to see me naked. I am pretty sure Fujiko is not an exhibitionist really, but she does have the sort of personality where she is ready to try anything.

Winston and I started stripping, and before long, Fujiko did too. It had been a long time since I'd gone skinny-dipping with boys, but I'd seen Winston in his Speedo often enough I could kind of guess what his... uh... 'equipment' looks like, if you know what I mean. He's tall with a well-toned body. His penis wasn't particularly big, but I guess he wasn't all that excited yet. I don't know if he likes me, but he did raise his eyebrows as I stripped out of my clothes. Fujiko kept on laughing the whole time. She has a very muscular body for a girl, almost like an athlete, but her breasts are fairly large considering. Winston looked her up and down, but she quickly dashed out into the water to hide.

One thing that surprised me was that the two of them seemed to treat the whole thing as some kind of joke. I must admit that I was a bit turned on at seeing Winston naked, but the two of them seemed reluctant to admit that there was anything sexual going on here. I eventually got out, and lay face up on a big rock. This got more of a reaction. Winston peered over at my pussy. He was a man after all.

Unfortunately, soon we heard Gus and Paul shouting and joking as they headed this way. I didn't really mind letting Winston see my naked body, but I wasn't so keen on showing Gus or Paul. I really didn't understand what Debbie saw in them, but I guess that was true of a lot of her guy friends. I dove into the water to hide, and warned Fujiko to stay in, as Gus and Paul came out of the woods.

"What are you guys doing here?" Gus called out to us, perhaps a little drunk.

"Swimming," I answered trying to make it sound innocent. Winston nodded backing me up. Gus and Paul stared over at our clothes perhaps already suspecting that we were naked. They finally sat down at the water's edge settling in to watch. Fujiko looked at me, just as unhappy with the situation as I was. She had wanted to meet them, but I don't think she'd intended to let them see her naked first thing.

"Where are Debbie and Angela?" I asked hoping they'd leave.

"Angela got angry at us, so we decided to come down here, and see what you guys were doing."

That was what I was afraid of. Now what do we do? Winston looked over at us sympathetically, but if he got out, they would know we were naked too. I tried different ploys to try to convince Gus and Paul to go away, but they wouldn't budge. I wasn't sure if they knew or not, but in any case, they seemed determined to stick around till we came out. I finally nodded solemnly to Fujiko.

"This is hopeless."

She looked over at Gus and Paul, but they just raised their beer cans to us in a toast. Slowly, the three of us emerged from the water. Gus and Paul's eyes went wide in astonishment to see the three of us, the 'shy ones' in their eyes, buck naked. I didn't want to pull on my clothes while I was still all wet, but I had to. We hurriedly pull on our things, while the guys looked on in shock. On the way back, I tried to make out like it was no big deal, but Gus and Paul were clearly ecstatic at having got a look at Fujiko and me naked.

After we got back to the chalet, Fujiko and I hid in our room for a while, too embarrassed to face them all. We could still hear them down in the main room laughing away. Debbie came to see what was wrong, but I told her we just wanted to relax. We came out for a quick bite to eat, but Gus and Paul were still carrying on, making all these cracks about what sweet bodies we have. Neither Debbie nor Angela knew what they were going on about, but I guess they could tell something was up.

Eventually, Debbie, Angela and the guys moved the party outside onto the deck at the back, and things quietened down. It was still early, but I was starting to feel sleepy, so Fujiko and I headed down to the showers as we had the night before. Down in the shower room, we couldn't hear them anymore. We stripped out of our clothes, and went into the shower. At first, I didn't really think about it, but the windows were still open from when Debbie and I had opened them on the first day. I turned on the shower, rinsed off, and then lathered up my body.

Only slowly did I begin to feel like we were being watched. I glanced out the windows, but I couldn't see anything. Still unsure, I caught Fujiko's attention, and pointed out the window. She looked that way, but shrugged that she couldn't see anything either. I went back to showering, but the feeling wouldn't go away. I finally shut off my shower, grabbed my towel, and walked around to the change rooms where there was a door to outside. Wrapping my towel around me, I opened the door, and peered out into the dark. I could see the silhouettes of the trees, but it was hard to see much in the dark. As far as I could tell, there didn't seem to be anyone near the window, so I came back inside, and went back to showering. Fujiko was looking over at me with this curious look in her eye.

"You like this kind of thing, don't you?" she asked.

"What?" I replied, playing dumb.

"I don't know - skinny-dipping, showing off your body."

"No, no, I don't. Honest."

Fujiko didn't say anything, but clearly she didn't believe me. Was it really that obvious?

After drying off, I pulled on my hoodie, and wrapped the towel around my waist, but Fujiko wanted to go talk with the others, so she got back dressed. Alone in our room with the others all outside, I soon drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, I awoke soon after dawn with the sun shining in through the window. I still had my hoodie on, but my towel had come undone, so I carefully wrapped it back around my waist, and tied it in place. It looked like Fujiko had stayed up late. She was completely out of it.

I got up, and went out into the hall, but all I could hear was the sound of birds chirping outside. The others must have been up late too, because there was no sign of life anywhere. I glanced at the clock. It was something like 6 in the morning. Mr. Henderson wouldn't be here for at least a couple more hours, so I decided to fix my own breakfast. I got out a bowl, poured some cereal, and sat down to eat.

It looked to be a beautiful day out. After breakfast, I pulled on my shoes, and decided to go for a little walk. I suppose I should have gotten dressed first, but with everyone still asleep, I didn't think it would matter. Instead of walking back up towards the swimming hole, I wandered down the road back towards town. There is a forest blocking the view most of the way, but I finally made it all the way down to the corner, and gazed out over the village below. From way up here on the mountainside, I could see the whole town and surrounding countryside spread out before me. I always thought people in the countryside got up early, but it looked pretty quiet. I guess it was a Sunday and all, so everyone must be still asleep.

When I got back to the chalet, there was still no sign of Mr. Henderson, but Winston was up, in the kitchen looking for something to eat.

"Here, sit down. I'll make you something," I offered. He nodded, smiled, and sat down. He was really the alright sort. Maybe it was just I knew him better than Gus or Paul, but somehow I felt comfortable with Winston around. He reminded me a bit of Kennedy or Clint from the pizzeria back in Oceanview, two other Chinese Americans I was friends with. They were shy too in a way, but Winston was shyer still, strange I thought for someone so tall and athletic.

I poured him a glass of juice, and started making some bacon and eggs for him on the stove. When I glanced back, he was peering down curiously at my backside, reminding me that I didn't have any panties on under the towel.

"What's wrong?" I asked, checking the towel to make sure everything was covered.

"No, nothing," he said, pushing his glasses up his nose. "It's just that..."

I turned, and looked him in the eye, but that just made him stop.

"No, nothing. Forget it."

He really was terribly shy, but I kind of suspected he was beginning to fancy me. Perhaps he'd been thinking about our skinny-dipping yesterday, or maybe he was just happy that I was cooking for him. I must admit I hadn't really thought about him in that way before, but if it was true, I was flattered. He did seem like a nice guy. If I didn't already have a boyfriend of my own...

As soon as they were done, I moved the bacon and eggs to a plate, and served them to him. I sat down across watching him eat. He seemed so self-conscious, and barely looked at me.

"What time did you guys stay up to last night?" I asked.

"Oh, I was only out there with them for a bit. I came back in, and went to sleep soon after you did."

Maybe I'm overly suspicious, but the way he said this struck me as a bit strange. He refused to look me in the eye.

"Hmm! I didn't hear you come in," I mused aloud. He just shrugged, and continued eating. Suddenly, a strange thought struck me. Was he the peeping tom I sensed last night? Almost as if to test him, I pulled my legs up onto the chair, aware that this would leave my pussy exposed. He couldn't see of course, because the table was in the way, but in spite of myself, I was starting to get excited.

"Were you walking around outside?" I pressed.

"No," he answered flatly, still not looking me in the eye. It was hard to tell if he was lying or not. He seemed pretty calm, but maybe he was just good at hiding his feelings. Then again even if he did see us, there's not much I can do about it now. It wouldn't be the first time some guy spied in on me while I was naked. I set my legs back down, but the knot at the side of my towel was coming loose. I went to fix it, but then got another naughty thought. Maybe I'll just leave it, and see what happens.

"So what are the plans for today?" I asked more cheerily now.

"I don't know. Those guys are probably going to be out of it for a while. They are always so hung-over the morning after."

I laughed, straightening up in my seat. The knot finally gave way, and the towel fell open. I covered my pussy with my hand, but realizing he couldn't see it anyway, I finally lifted my hand back up leaving my pussy exposed. I felt so naughty now sitting across from him naked from the waist down. My pussy was tingling like crazy. Almost as if he could sense what I was feeling, he asked,

"Do you wanna go swimming again?"

The image of his naked body flashed through my mind, getting me even more worked up. I felt this incredible urge to touch myself. I managed to resist, but I was seriously starting to lose it. Spreading my legs, I reached down, and ran a finger along my pussy lips confirming that I was soaking wet. Unfortunately, before I could answer, we heard noises coming from the next room. Gus stumbled in, and by some incredible stroke of luck didn't notice I was sitting here bare-assed. I quickly closed my legs, and tried to pull down the hem of my hoodie at the back to cover up my bare behind, but it was way too short.

"Aw jeez, what a night that was! My head feels like it's in a vice." Gus stumbled over to the fridge, blinking in the bright light.

I was sitting on my towel. I tried to grab the ends, but it was caught. I have to do something though.

"I'd better go," I whispered to Winston, starting to get up. I fumbled to grab the towel, but I was so nervous. Winston leaned way over staring at my pussy. I blushed, embarrassed. I didn't want Gus to see though, so I finally turned tail, and ran. I don't think Gus saw, but Winston got up and followed me out into the big room.

"Emi!" he called after me. I stopped at the far door, looking back to see what he wanted. He didn't say anything though, just stared at my bare behind. Fearing Gus might come out, I finally said,

"I'd better go," and scurried back off to my bedroom. Fujiko was still asleep. What am I doing? She's the one who came here to find a boyfriend, not me. Sliding one hand up my hoodie, I gently kneaded one breast and then the other. Where is Ryosuke when you need him? Wetting my finger tip, I gently drew circles around my hello kitty, then dipped my fingers in. I swear I never used to do this kind of thing. I don't know what's gotten into me lately. I lay down on my bed, searching, probing for release, but even after I came, I still felt excited. I heard Debbie and them getting up though, so I dashed down to the showers, and did my best to clean up, and cool off. Later, after I'd gotten dressed, I finally answered Winston's question.

"Maybe we can go swimming again some other time, but today we'd better just get packed, and do some sightseeing on our way back."

He continued to watch me on the trip home, but he never did ask me out. On the train back, it became apparent that Fujiko had hit it off with Gus and Paul, and they were making plans to see each other again. I was glad for her in a way. It'll be nice if she can find a boyfriend of her own.