**My First Time Playing Squash**

by Emi Tsuruta

Hi there. It's me, Emi, again. I was up in my room, going through my old diaries, when I realized I haven't told you about the time my boyfriend Ryosuke took me to play squash. This was a couple of years ago when he and I were first starting to get serious. I was such a basket case in those days. I really wanted things to go well, but I didn't know what to do, how to act, so sometimes I would get my wires crossed, and do silly things. I'd like to think I've grown up since then, but that was still pretty early in our relationship.

That was a weird time really. Ryosuke and I had just started fooling around, and he wanted me to do all these crazy things. I was so worried that my friends or classmates would find out. I was so careful, dressing conservatively at school, keeping on my best behavior so that no one would suspect. As time went by, I began to understand him better, but back then, this was all kind of scary and new.

Anyway, I guess it was a Sunday. I was sitting, watching TV with my host family's kids, Brandon and Jennifer. It was raining out, and I didn't really feel like studying. My mom had sent me a care package from Japan, so I made some Japanese Ramen (noodles) for my host family for lunch. They liked it well enough. After lunch, we were just kind of vegging, wishing the rain would stop.

Suddenly, the phone rang. It was Ryosuke. He invited me to go for a swim at the fitness center on campus. I like swimming. I used to belong to a swimming circle in high school, but I'd never gone swimming with Ryosuke before. I was bit nervous, worried about how I look.

As soon as I got off the phone, I ran upstairs, and put on my swimsuit. It's just a simple navy one piece, the one we had to buy in our high school. What should I wear over it? I didn't want to wear anything too fancy to the fitness center, so I dug out this comfy red hoodie I have and a matching skirt, and pulled them on over my swimsuit. All excited about our date, I stuffed a towel and shampoo into my bag, ran down the stairs, and headed out.

"Bye, everyone. I probably won't be back for supper."

Because it was raining, I grabbed an umbrella, and waited for the bus. When I finally got to the fitness center, Ryosuke was already there. There were two squash racquets sticking out of his bag.

"I thought you said we were going swimming."

"Oh yeah, just before I left, one of my friends called saying that he had reserved a squash court for 3 o'clock, but couldn't go, so I thought you might want to try."

I'd never played squash in my life. I played tennis and ping pong a little in high school, but I'd never even seen a squash court. I just kind of looked at him, so finally he said,

"OK, I'll tell you what. First we'll go for a short swim, and then we'll play some squash. How does that sound?"

"Um, yeah, OK."

I was glad we could swim. I am a pretty good swimmer, and I kind of wanted to show him what I could do. We went to our separate changing rooms, and then met again on the inside. Ryosuke got this funny look on his face when he saw my swimsuit. I guess it's not as flashy as the colorful bikini's the girls here wear, but this is what everyone wore in my school in Japan.

Anyway, we swam for a while. Ryosuke is not a bad swimmer. He likes sports, and is body is pretty fit.

Just before 3, Ryosuke motioned that we should go get ready for squash. Somewhat reluctantly, I got out, and went into the change room. I took off my swimsuit, had a shower, and then toweled off. I felt refreshed after my swim. I walked naked from the shower to the change room feeling a bit naughty as I passed some American girls. I guess people don't walk around naked in the change rooms here as much as in Japan.

Pulling my bag out of the locker, I rifled through it looking for my underwear. Only slowly did it dawn on me that I hadn't brought any. I hadn't even thought of it when I left the house. Now what am I going to do?

I thought about putting my bathing suit back on, but it was all wet and clammy. Still naked, I walked over to the sinks, and wrung it out, but it was still soaking wet. I can't wear this! I went back to my locker, and puzzled over what to do.

Some of the American girls were looking at me strange for wandering around naked. I reluctantly took out my hoodie and skirt, and pulled them on. The fluffy material felt kind of ticklish on my naked skin. It was giving me butterflies, getting me excited. I straightened my clothes, and tried not to smile as I walked to where the mirrors were.

I looked normal enough I guess, but I could definitely feel the air between my legs, 'down there.' The hoodie was kind of big and bulky, so you couldn't tell that I was braless, but the problem was more the skirt. It is not as short as some of my skirts, but it isn't long either. I twirled around to look at the back. Maybe it'll be OK if I don't jump around too much. I nervously tugged at the hem. At least, the material was fairly thick, so it wouldn't billow up in the wind or anything.

I went back to the locker, and looked at my swimsuit again. It was still wet, so I hung it up, and shut the locker. I went over to the entrance, took a deep breath, and stepped outside.

The minute I went out, I could feel the breeze all over my body. My outfit was kind of loose fitting, so I could barely feel the material. The skirt seemed long enough, but as soon as I took a step I could feel the air tickling me between my legs.

I finally noticed Ryosuke, standing over by the front desk. I walked over, puckering my lips up, hoping he wouldn't notice how nervous I was. My face felt hot.

"Sorry, I was just ... um figuring out what to wear. I left my swimsuit in there," I told him, immediately kicking myself for telling him. Ryosuke hesitated when he heard this, already wondering.

I guess the people around us couldn't tell I was commando, but I couldn't stop thinking about it. My face must have been bright red by then.

"C'mon. Let's go. It's almost three," Ryosuke noted.

We walked down to where the courts were, but the pair before us were still finishing up their game.

"C'mon. If we go upstairs, we can watch them play," Ryosuke suggested. He took me over to a narrow stairwell, and held the door for me. Not wanting him to see up my skirt, I motioned for him to go first. He went ahead, and I followed, but now I was worried someone else might come in behind. This is crazy. I'd better go get some undies before I get found out. I stopped, but Ryosuke kept going, so I had to follow.

"Hey! Wait up!"

When we got to the top, there was a gallery looking out over the courts. Ryosuke went over, and looked down at them playing. I worried that the people below would be able to see up my skirt, so I stood a few steps back from the railing.

"C'mon. Take a look. It's a bit like tennis," Ryosuke smiled. Slowly, I edged towards the railing. I could see the small ball bouncing off the wall, but I couldn't see the players at first. The viewing platform was on an overhang, so you had to really lean forward to see them. Ryosuke held me steady, as I leaned out. I brushed down my skirt worried that they might see. Thankfully, the two of them seemed to be concentrating on their game. Gradually, I eased up, letting the skirt hang freely. I swear I felt like a stripper or something, but fortunately, my 'audience' was too busy to notice.

Soon enough, they finished playing. Ryosuke led me back down the stairs. I held my skirt down, but when he reached the corner, he turned, and looked up at me. I was so surprised that I slipped, and fell back on to the stairs.

"Ouch," I cried out, landing on my bum.

"Are you OK?" Ryosuke asked. I spread my legs when I fell, but as soon as I realized, I closed them, hoping he hadn't seen.

"Uh yeah," I said standing up. He helped me brush off my skirt. He kept swatting my bottom. I soon realized he was checking, feeling through the material for my non-existent underwear. I let out a little yelp, surprised by his audacity. I was so nervous I was shaking.

Ryosuke finally reached down, and lifted up the front of my skirt, peering down at my bush.

"For god's sake, Emi, where are your panties?"

"I forgot them at home," I cried. He looked so shocked. I guess he didn't think I would do something like that. It's not like I planned it.

Suddenly, he reached down to touch me, but I broke away, and backed up the stairs, straightening my skirt. I could hear people's voices in the corridor and the sound of the squash balls bouncing on walls.

"Please Ryosuke, not here."

He just looked at me, incredulous, and also pretty clearly excited.

"Calm down, will you? It's not like I did it on purpose," I assured him. I don't think he believed me though. He just kept making this shocked face. He told me to come closer, but it's not like we could have sex in the stairwell here. People would hear for sure.

Anyway, eventually, I got him to go out into the hall. He went to the fountain, and splashed water on his face trying to cool down. I thought he was laying it on a bit thick, but we both were pretty excited. This was obviously my first time wandering around the fitness center commando.

Anyway, the squash court was free now, so we went in. Trying to get his mind off my predicament, I asked him to explain the rules.

"Basically, it's like tennis except you play up to nine points."

We started to play, but every time I swung my racket, my skirt would billow up. I squealed, and batted it back down, but this got him even more excited. He was having trouble focusing on the game. He missed an easy return, and I laughed.

"Hey! I haven't played for a while either, you know," he explained. That broke the tension a bit.

At first, I was so worried about keeping my skirt down, but eventually, I got more into the game. I began to jump around a bit more, giving him peeks at my bare bottom. Once I jumped so high that my whole skirt billowed up. I turned around worried that someone might have seen, but there was no one at the window or upstairs. Ryosuke just grinned.

After we'd warmed up for a while, we started to play games. I thought that Ryosuke would be really good, but actually, he wasn't that much better than me. Finally he said,

"To make this more interesting, let's play for something."

Oh oh. Here we go.

"OK, how about this? If you win, I have to do one favor for you, anything you want. If I win, you have to do something."

"Yeah, right.

"C'mon, it'll be fun."

I hesitated, worried about where this might lead, but finally nodded OK.

"OK, great."

I managed to win the first game, and I got him to promise to buy me a new bathing suit. I knew he wanted me to get one anyway, so it seemed like a good thing to ask for. I was beginning to feel pretty proud of my play, and was wondering what to ask for next, when in our next game, he suddenly started playing seriously.

"Hey, no fair."

He let me win a few points back, but started playing for real again. I ended up losing.

"You were just pretending to be bad, weren't you?"

"What? No. You won the first game."

"So what do I have to do?" I asked.

"OK, how's this? All you have to do is take off your skirt."

"What?"

"You heard me."

"I can't do that. The people outside will see." We both looked out the little window in the door and up to the balcony. We'd seen people in the halls earlier. Ryosuke took out his towel, and hung it over the window.

"There."

"What about upstairs?" I asked.

"If you stand back here, no one will see you. There's no one up there anyway."

I went to the far side, and looked up, but I couldn't see anyone.

"OK, but if someone comes, I get to put my skirt back on."

"Deal."

I kind of felt like I'd been hand, but I didn't want to argue. I walked to the back wall, and set down my racquet.

"I can't believe I'm agreeing to this. You'd better buy me a nice swimsuit."

He nodded. I took a deep breath, and slipped my skirt down and off. I felt so excited. I set my skirt down on top of my backpack, and nervously pulled the hem of my hoodie down trying to cover up my bush. It was soooo embarrassing.

"I feel silly."

"You look great, sweetie." He came over, and gave me a pat on the bottom. Truth to tell, I was pretty turned on, but I didn't want him to know. I picked up the ball and racquet.

"My serve?" I won the next few points mainly because Ryosuke was too busy ogling me. His shorts had formed a little tent. To tease him, I walked to the front of the court, and bent over, showing him my pussy as I picked up the ball. We could hear voices in the halls, but I don't think they were coming from the gallery. Even so, I was taking a terrible chance fooling around like this. I was too excited to play though, so I lost the game.

"Take off your hoodie," he demanded, his voice cracking from the tension.

I was reluctant to part with my last cover.

"C'mon. Be a good girl now."

I straightened up, and pulled my shoulders back to make my breasts look as big as possible. Ryosuke started clapping as I pulled the hoodie off over my head. I motioned for him to shush, worried that someone would hear. I was naked now except for my white tennis shoes, pink socks and my black watch. I felt so kinky dressed like this, like some kind of playboy model. Not knowing quite what to do, I kneeled down, and straightened my socks. My breasts seemed bigger than usual, maybe because I was so excited. Trying to focus, I picked up my racquet.

"We'd better hurry before someone comes." I peered up at the viewing deck. I felt terribly vulnerable. We could hear games going on in the other courts. "Are you sure this is safe?" I asked. I hid against the back wall trying to stay out of sight.

"Yeah, it'll be OK, at least till 4 o'clock," he told me. I checked my watch. It was already 3:50.

"OK, we'd better hurry. Make this the last game," I said trying to sound calm.

"No, we've got plenty of time. Let's play two or three more."

I was so nervous that someone would come. Ryosuke kept peering over at me really getting off on seeing me run around naked. He won the next game too.

"Now what?" I asked worried. He walked over to my backpack, and stuffed my clothes in it.

"Listen, I'm going to go upstairs for a minute. You just keep on playing." He picked up our bags, and opened the door.

"Hey, wait a second. What about me?" I huddled close to the wall trying to stay out of sight.

"Oh, don't worry. I'll be around." He almost closed the door, but noticed the towel over the window, and took it too.

"Hey!" I protested. Now people walking by in the hall could see in. I was so nervous now. I mean there I was naked in the center with who knows how many people around. I stood pressing my backside against the wall, praying for Ryosuke to hurry up, and come back. It was almost four, and the next pair would be here soon. This is crazy. Suddenly, I heard Ryosuke's voice from above.

"Hey, I can't see you," he complained.

"Listen, Ryosuke. I don't think this is such a good idea."

"Nah, it'll be fine. Trust me. Just play a bit, out where I can see you." I took a step from the wall, and peered out the window.

"Was there anyone in the hall?"

"No, I don't think so."

"You don't think so?"

"Relax. There's no one there."

"I don't know, Ryosuke, I mean I think this is way too dangerous."

"Hurry up, and play before the next people come."

I looked at my watch. It was 3:55. Not sure what else I could do, I walked out to the center, and hit the ball against the wall. Ryosuke had his camera out, and was taking pictures.

"Hey, stop that."

"It'll make a great memento."

I was so nervous, but I humored him, and played a bit more while he snapped shots. Soon though, I stopped, too worried to continue.

"Ryosuke, throw me down my clothes. It's almost four."

"I've got a better idea. You come up here."

"This is no time for jokes."

"Come on. Quick like a bunny," he insisted. "It'll be OK."

I slowly realized he was serious. I really didn't want to go out into the hall stark naked, but I didn't have much choice. I walked to the door, and looked out. It looked quiet enough. I opened it a crack. A cool rush of air washed over my body. My head was swimming. Half crazy with embarrassment, I stepped out into the hall, and ran to the stairs. I sped up the stairs, but when I got to the top, I realized that the players in the other courts could see. Ryosuke was still taking pictures, enjoying my embarrassment.

"Wow! I didn't think you'd actually do it! Amazing!" he gushed.

Shivering with fear, I tiptoed past the first court. I could see the players, but they were focused on their game. My heart was beating away like crazy. I was so nervous I dropped the squash ball I was carrying, and it bounced down into one of the courts. The players looked up, so I backed away from the edge. I wasn't sure if they could see me or not. The tension in the air was incredible.

"Did someone lose a ball up there?" one guy called up. Ryosuke answered,

"Sorry. I'll be right down to get it."

I was worried he was going to run off with my clothes, but luckily, he finally took pity, and handed me my bag. I sat my bare bottom down on the cold floor, and dug out my skirt and hoodie. Still worried about those players below, I held my breath.

I eventually got dressed, but I still didn't have any underwear on. We ran into some people in the halls, who looked down curiously at my creamy white thighs. Even Ryosuke could sense the danger, so he let me go to the change room to retrieve my swimsuit. I felt so relieved when it was still there in the locker. Quickly, I had a shower, and got dressed. The swimsuit still felt funny, but it was drier than before.

After that, we went to a fast food restaurant near campus, and I told him how I'd left the house in a hurry, so that's why I forgot my undies. He doesn't believe me though. He thinks I did it on purpose to tease him. Anyway, I still go to that fitness center, but that was probably the first time I ever did anything like that.

Anyway, I've got a whole bunch more things I want to tell you. I'll write again soon. Take care.