**Swimming**

by Emi Tsuruta

So I'd been back home in Japan for while, living with my parents, looking for work. I'd visited some companies, and done some interviews, but after that, I decided to take a break. In Kamakura, they'd built this new outdoor pool complex down by the beach, so I went down to check it out. It was so big. It had one 50 yard pool, one 25 yard pool and two smaller pools for kids. It was all quite new, but they hadn't built real change rooms yet. All they had was this makeshift hut with tarps for walls. Anyway, I quickly changed into my swimsuit, the navy racing one-piece I used to wear in high school, and came back out.

There weren't that many people there that day - a few housewives, older people and one girl my age. She apparently recognized me from somewhere. Her name was Hana. She had this goofy bubbliness about her, sort of like the American actress Zooey Deschanel if you know who that is.

I dove into the 50 yard pool, and did some laps. When I was in the States, I swam all the time, but I hadn't really got a chance to swim since I came back to Japan. It felt good to dive in, feel the water on my body under the warm summer sun. I felt alive, invigorated. I'd missed it.

I swam around for quite a while, but eventually, it got near closing time, so I got out, and went back to the change room. Hana followed me in, cheerfully telling me about all the different places she swims at.

I wanted to wash off, so I left her in the change room part, and ducked into the shower area. The booths were just flimsy tarps hung on wooden frames with a shower head nailed to one of the beams. I stripped naked, and got in, but Hana came over, still talking to me. I was a bit surprised. In change rooms in the States, the American girls tend to give you your space. I wasn't offended by Hana though. It was kind of refreshing that she didn't seem fazed by my nudity.

"What beach do you like?" I asked.

"Enoshima I guess, but sometimes I go to Yuigahama or Oiso or even Izu Shirahama. Wherever the waves beckon," she laughed. She was pretty funny. She reminded me a bit of my friend from high school, Michiyo. Hana and I hit it off so well that we ended up exchanging phone numbers, and made plans to go to Enoshima on the weekend. I was glad to have made a new friend.

The next couple days, I was out visiting companies to ask about jobs. On Saturday, I woke up, all excited, looking forward to going to the beach. I wanted to wear a different swimsuit, so I sifted through the parcels I'd sent from California. I found my red and white bikini with the side ties. I think it's one of my more decent swimsuits, although I guess it's sexy that you can just tug on a bow to untie it. I should take a cover up too. My Body Glove t-shirt is one of the longer ones I have, so I grabbed that, and took them down with me to the bath.

After my shower, I tied my bikini on. It still fit okay, although it was a bit snugger than I remember especially around my hips. I checked my reflection in the mirror. It covered my pubic hair at the front, and didn't look too indecent from the back. I pulled on the t-shirt, checking the hem in the mirror. I look downright respectable, I thought.

Happy with my outfit, I nipped out to the dining room to grab a slice of toast. My sister's British fiancÃ(C), Evan, was sitting right there. He's tall, dark-haired and fairly handsome, but a bit reserved. He's staying with us while they work on their new apartment. I'd met him a few times on my trips back, but I actually don't know him all that well. He seems nice enough.

I gave him a bashful smile, wondering what he thought of me coming out here in just a t-shirt. My mom made me dress modestly when he was around, so I think this was the first time he'd seen my bare legs since I got back. A bit self-conscious, I turned my back to him while I talked to my mom. He was kind of staring at my bare thighs. My mom didn't like it though, and chased me out of the kitchen, yelling for me to go get dressed. To please her, I ran upstairs, and pulled on some fleecy grey workout pants for the drive to the beach.

It's just a short drive to Enoshima, but it took a while to find a place to park. There were so many people there that day. It was warm out, but there was the odd cloud. I finally got parked, and went looking for Hana. She was close to the bridge, chatting with these three other boys: Masashi, Nobuo and Toshi.

They were young, bright-eyed and kind of cute. Masashi reminds me of a puppy dog, so eager to please, hanging on my every word. Nobuo is more self-confident and funny, but teased his friends mercilessly. Toshi didn't have much of a tan. He seemed more serious, and is really into music. They watched wide-eyed as I pulled off my track pants and t-shirt right there in front of them. They didn't say anything, but definitely seemed to like how I look.

I actually wanted to go in swimming, but Masashi wanted to talk. He asked where I was from and if I lived nearby. While I answered, Nobuo edged around to my side, sneaking a peek at my bottom I guess. Self-conscious, I checked the bows I'd tie at my hips, but they seemed to be done up tight. Hana looked pretty sexy in her sleek black bikini, so I'm not sure why the boys were so fascinated by me. I guess I was new, and they wanted to see what I was like.

I stood talking with them for a while, but before we could go in swimming, it started to rain. I quickly squatted down, and gathered up my stuff. I didn't want to get rained on, so I headed for my dad's car motioning for Hana to follow. I thought the boys might come too, but they hung back gathering up their own stuff I guess.

"Shoot! I wanted to go swimming," I pouted, drying myself off with a towel. "Do your friends need a ride somewhere?"

"I think they live nearby. Do you want to go get something to drink?"

"Um... yeah sure."

I waited for a moment to see if Masashi and them would come join us, but they headed into the concessions getting shelter there. I was actually surprised at how shy they were. In California, guys are more forward.

Anyway, eventually, I drove to a convenience store. I debated pulling on my t-shirt, but I didn't want it to get wet. We ended up going in just our bikinis, dashing through the rain. The clerk perked right up when he saw us. With our hair and skin all wet, we did look kind of sexy.

Hana and I headed to the back of the store, but the clerk came over to that aisle to get a better look at us. I pulled on my sunglasses trying to hide my eyes at least. The clerk was kind of cute. He reminded me of the actor Satoshi Tsumabuki from Waterboys - tall, good-looking with an impish grin. I nudged Hana, and she nodded, agreeing that he was cute.

Anyway, we ended up buying some drinks. I kind of wanted to hang around, and chat with the clerk, but other customers kept coming in, so we headed back out to the car. We got in, and sat there sipping our drinks.

It turned out that Hana had gone to the same high school as me. We weren't in the same class, but she remembered me. I guess we must have swum together because she knew Ms. Sasaki, my old swim coach. Apparently, Ms. Sasaki had moved to a job coaching at Kamakura Women's University. I should drop by, and say hi. She was really nice.

Anyway, eventually, it got late, so I drove Hana home. Hana had other plans for Sunday, but we promised to go to the beach again soon.

When I got home, Evan was still there. The workmen still hadn't finished working on Norika and Evan's new place. Anyway, I had supper and a bath, changed into p.j.'s, and went to bed early.

That night, I awoke to the sound of thunder. It was still raining out. I sat up, only to discover that I was naked. I guess I must have pulled my p.j.'s off while I was asleep. This wasn't the first time I'd done this. I'm not sure why. Maybe something in my dreams.

Feeling thirsty, I stood up, and padded over to the door to my room. I felt kind of naughty wandering around naked. It was pretty quiet though. Everyone must be asleep.

I debated whether I should pull my p.j.'s back on, but I was kind of enjoying being naked. I tiptoed out and down the stairs. The light from the windows lit up my body, and the stairs kind of creaked. Worried that I might wake Evan, I lost my nerve, and came back to my room. It was fun sneaking around, but I had to be careful. I'd promised my mom I'd be good while Evan was here.

On Monday, I got up planning to go visit Ms. Sasaki. I grabbed what I thought was a hoodie dress, and dashed down to the bath. I could hear Evan and my mom just around the corner in the dining room. I felt a bit nervous. There's just this thin curtain that separates our bath area from the kitchen, so if either of them came over, they'd see me. Trying to be brave, I stripped out of my p.j.'s, and went into the bath. I had a quick shower, and rinsed off.

When I came back out, I could see Evan through the curtain down at the far end of our dining room table. He wasn't looking at me exactly - he was leafing through his briefcase - but he was facing this way. I grabbed a towel, and draped it across my breasts and bush. You could still kind of see my bare hips and the side of my boobs. Embarrassed, I tried to cover my breasts, but I couldn't get it to go all the way.

Evan continued to stand there, fiddling with his stuff. He did kind of glance this way, perhaps wondering if I was Norika. Nervous, I leaned down to get my hoodie. I quickly pulled it on, holding the small towel with one hand over my pussy. When I tried to pull the hem of the hoodie down to cover up, the material stopped at my waist, leaving my bare bottom exposed. Drat! In my rush earlier, I must have brought down a hoodie top instead of a dress.

Evan was still kind of looking away, but he had this funny expression on his face. I think he was watching me, but trying not to let on. I straightened the little towel, trying to keep my pussy covered at least.

Eventually, my mom reminded Evan that he had to get to work, so he snapped out of it, and headed out. The whole thing was so strange. Was he spying on me? He didn't seem like that kind of guy, but then why was he smiling?

Anyway, after Evan left, I ran back upstairs, and pulled on some undies and a demure thigh-length dress. I got in our car, and headed to the university. I guess it's kind of similar to universities in the States - cafeterias and classrooms, sleek glass and metal. It is pretty nice. Eventually, I found Ms. Sasaki in her office just off the pool.

"Emi? Is that you? Look at you, all grown up!" she beamed.

"Yeah, I'm back. I was living in the States for a while. I don't know if you heard."

I told her about my time abroad, going to university in Oceanview. When I mentioned I was looking for a job, she told me about their training camp. She needed an assistant to help supervise the girls on the team. I don't think I'm good enough to be a coach, but she said it would be fine, so I said sure. I love swimming so this was ideal.

Ms. Sasaki had to get back to work, so I thanked her, and promised to drop by again. Before I headed home, I took a look around. In one of the auditoriums, there seemed to be some kind of cheerleading practice. A lot of the students were wearing navy blazers even though it was summer. Their mini-skirts were navy too and surprisingly short. None of the girls seemed embarrassed though. It's just the fashion I guess.

The rest of the week, I focused on my job search. By Saturday, I was raring to go to the beach. I was looking forward to seeing Hana, Masashi and them again. I went through the swimsuits I hadn't worn yet, but they were all a bit on the risquÃ(C) side. My ultramarine one-piece is mostly just string, and doesn't cover my hiney. My white bikini was even worse with this seam running up the slit of my yoohoo. I didn't want to wear the same suit again. I'm going to have to buy some new suits. In the meantime though, I rinsed off my one piece navy racing suit, and wore that. I'll go shopping next week.

For a cover-up, I picked out a grey t-shirt with a glade of willow trees on the front. I wasn't sure if it was long enough, but I took it with me to the bath. I had a quick shower, pulled on my swimsuit and t-shirt, and slipped out before my mom saw. The t-shirt wasn't that long, but I don't think I looked that indecent.

At the beach, I tried to find Hana and them. The wind was kicking up a horrible fuss, blowing sand all over. It looked like a lot of the regulars had already packed it in, so I eventually gave up, and headed to my aunt Sachi's place instead. She lives in Enoshima with her husband Yuuzou and son Hideki, not that far from the beach.

Sachi herself answered the door. She was wearing an apron, cooking in the kitchen.

"Oh Emi! So nice to see you!" she squealed kissing me on the cheek. My aunt's family lived in Singapore for a while. I don't know if that's why, but she acts very western, much more open than my mom. "Come in. Come in. Oh look at you. You're covered in sand. Let me get you a towel."

"Yeah, it's like a sandstorm out there. Can I use your shower?"

"Sure. I'll bring you something to wear."

"Yeah, great. Just a t-shirt or whatever," I called after her. I shed my flip-flops, and scooted down the hall tracking sand all over the house. "Oh dear. I'm making a mess. Can I use your laundry?"

"Sure. Go ahead."

I found the washing machine in this little room off the hall. I peeled off my t-shirt, and put it in.

"Um... are Hideki and Uncle Yuuzou here?" I asked, wondering what to do about my swimsuit.

"Hideki's out with his friends, and Yuuzou is in the garage."

Relieved that they weren't here, I ended up stripping out of my swimsuit, and putting it in the wash as well. I felt kind of strange standing in their house naked, but I didn't think my aunt would mind. They aren't naturists really, but Sachi, Yuuzou, Hideki and I went skinny-dipping together once at the base of a waterfall in western Tokyo. Even I felt strange getting naked in front of my family, but none of them seemed to think it was that weird.

Once, I'd gotten the wash going, I scooted back down the hall to their bath near the front door. It felt so good to get in the shower, and wash off all the sand.

When I came back out, I found a t-shirt and towel waiting for me sitting on the sink. I quickly wiped myself off with the towel, and pulled the t-shirt on. It said American Beach Club in English on the front, but the hem didn't go down past my waist.

"Um, Sachi? Could I get some bottoms too?" I called out. I had asked her for a t-shirt, but I assumed she'd bring some shorts with them.

"I can't hear you," Sachi yelled back. Not sure what else to do, I wrapped the small towel around my waist. It didn't quite go all the way around, so I had to hold it in place. I looked horribly indecent, but I didn't want to yell. I stepped out into the hall, feeling terribly embarrassed. It's a good thing Hideki isn't around. He'd probably freak if he saw me like this.

I cautiously tiptoed down the hall, until I noticed the door to the garage was open. Had Sachi gone outside? I took a peek out. Uncle Yuuzou was there, filling a bucket with water.

"Hey, Emi! You're here. Good to see you!" he smiled. "How've you been?"

"I'm good. Do you know where Sachi is?"

Yuuzou peered down at my bare hips. He didn't say anything, but he could probably tell I was naked underneath. Practically my whole butt cheek was showing through the gap.

"I'm not sure. I was just about to wash the car."

"I should wash Dad's car," I mused. Curious, I stepped out into the garage watching him pour cleanser into the pale. The garage door was wide open, but luckily there didn't seem to be anyone on the street. Uncle Yuuzou looked a bit concerned, worried that someone might see me, but he didn't object.

"Can I watch?" I asked. I guess I can admit I was a bit excited by then, standing out here with just a tiny towel to cover myself so close to the street. I nervously tiptoed over to where my uncle was working, peering down at what he was doing. I was actually wondering if he'd tell me to go back inside, but instead he just dipped the squeegee in the pail, and started wiping the trunk. So that's how you do it!

"Do you have an extra sponge?" I asked, trying to be helpful. He paused for a moment, still worried about my get-up, but handed me a sponge. With my one free hand, I dipped it in the water, and started wiping the windows.

Just then, a boy rode by on his bike out on the street. My heart sped up as he passed. I still had an awkward grip on the little towel around my waist, but it was hard to do two things at once. I could feel the towel slipping. I didn't want my uncle to see, so I moved away from him, but closer to the street.

Another boy rode by on a bike, and he didn't notice me either. It was really bright outside, but dark in the garage. Maybe they can't see so well.

Getting more courageous, when my uncle went round to the back of the car, I pressed my hips against the hood, and let go of my towel. The towel clung to my bare buns, but I couldn't take the suspense, and backed away from the car, letting the towel fall to the ground. I was naked! I turned, flashing first my pussy and then my bottom at the open door. I was tempted to step out into the sun, but I was worried my uncle might see. I stayed like that as long as I dared, but eventually, my uncle came back this way, so I quickly squatted down, and pulled the towel back around my waist. I felt so horny it wasn't even funny.

Yuuzou peered over at me, wondering what I was doing.

"Where are your clothes?" he finally asked.

"My bikini is in the wash," I blushed.

"Maybe you'd better go back inside," he finally warned, nodding towards the street. I looked back, but there was no sign of the bicycle boys. I suppose the neighbors could be watching from their houses though. I finally did as he asked. I handed him back the sponge, and reluctantly headed inside. That was fun, but there was no sense in pressing my luck.