**Volleyball**

by Emi Tsuruta

When I was growing up, my family always lived near the sea. Often I'd get invited to play games of pick-up volleyball down on the beach. Most times, we'd just fool around tossing an inflatable beach ball up in the air, and batting it around. I didn't really know what the rules were in those days, but it was kind of fun playing with my friends under the warm sun.

I guess it was a bit later when I was in high school in Japan that I found out that beach volleyball is a real sport. This one summer, my dad was watching the Olympics on TV, and beach volleyball came on. I was fascinated because I'd played, and I wanted to see how it's really done. They made it look easy, running to where the ball would land even before it made it over the net. I watched, and tried to learn, but I still didn't play that much.

After I grew up, and came to California, at the start, I was kind of busy with school, but I went swimming at the beach in the summer, and guys would come up to us, and ask if we wanted to play beach volleyball with them. We'd play, and slowly I got to know some of the other players. I became friends with this one guy named David, a second generation Chinese-American, a funny guy with a bit of a shy streak but a fit body. We exchanged phone numbers, and one day when it was raining out, he called, and invited me and my friend Asuna to go to a community center with him to play volleyball indoors.

At this community center, it was mostly men, Anglo or Chinese, and only a few girls. Everyone was pretty friendly to us though, and tried to make us feel at home.

One thing I noticed right off is that people seemed to touch each other more than in the other sports I'd played. If I scored a point, this one Chinese American guy James would put up his hand for a high five. Even when someone missed a shot, the other players would give the person a pat on the back to cheer them up. Our friend David didn't touch me, but some of the other guys did - on my back or sometimes even on my bottom. Asuna didn't know quite what to make of all this touching, but I wasn't offended. I figured it was just part of the game.

Another problem I had at first was what to wear. On the beach, you play in whatever you have on - a swimsuit, beach cover-up or shorts and a t-shirt. The first time I went to the community center though, I changed into my tennis outfit, a white polo shirt and mini-skirt, but I overheard one of the guys joking about it, so I figured that wasn't right.

One of the Chinese wives wore black shorts, so next, I brought my navy blue 'bloomers.' All the girls had to wear bloomers in my high school gym class, these high cut racing briefs like volleyballers wear. This older Vietnamese guy Canh would sit on the bench behind me cheering me on, but it became pretty obvious that he was staring at my backside. Just to tide me over, I ended up buying a few other pairs of shorts: long red ones and sleek black ones. After that, the guys stopped staring so much, so I figured I must have finally gotten it right.

At this particular center, in order to reserve a spot for volleyball, you had to go a bit early, and pick up a ticket. Sometimes though I got there so early that none of the other volleyball players were around. This one Thursday, I got there about an hour before, and not knowing what else to do, I went into the women's change room to change into my gym outfit. I pried off my shoes, then stripped off my jeans and panties, and sat my delicate bare behind down on the wooden bench. It was kind of quiet in the change room. It sounded like no one else was around. I ran my middle finger along the crack of my pussy, surprised to find that I was a little wet. I'd been a bit jumpy all day, but I hadn't really noticed until then. I pulled off my hoodie, blouse and bra stripping naked.

I fished my white sports bra out of my bag, pulled it on, squeezing my breasts in so they wouldn't overflow. I pulled on my Mizuno polo shirt next. It hugs my breasts fairly snugly, but the guys all seem to like it, so I hadn't gotten around to buying a bigger one yet. All this playing with my breasts though was starting to get me excited. I rubbed the bare cheek of my behind, conscious of the fact that I was still bottomless. I pulled on my socks next. I'd just bought a whole new outfit especially for volleyball, Mizuno, made in Japan, so I felt ready for once. My bottom still uncovered, I slid on my indoor court shoes, half intending to go look at myself in the mirror.

Just then, though a young east European woman came in, motioning that she wanted to get to the locker in front of where I was sitting. I pulled a small towel from my bag, and holding it in front of my pussy, I stood up, and stepped over the bench to the other side, so she could get through. She must have thought I was so strange, sitting here with my shoes on but no bottoms. I asked her if she'd had a good work out, and she started chatting away telling me how much she enjoyed exercising. I smiled, and listened till my cell phone rang. I had to dig through my coat pockets to get it, but when I looked back at her, she smiled weakly, having seen my bare bottom when I turned away.

Since she'd seen that I was naked, I figured there was no need to pretend anymore. I lay my towel down on the bench, and scooted out around the end of the lockers and back towards where the showers were. I must say I felt naughty traipsing around the locker room with no bottoms on, but luckily, there was no one back there.

It was my boyfriend Ryosuke on the phone. He was supposed to come out, and play volleyball with us, but was phoning to tell me he'd got caught up at work, and couldn't make it. I hadn't heard from Asuna yet either, so I felt a bit disappointed.

The east European girl waved goodbye, and left, as I talked with Ryosuke on my cell. Couldn't he ask his boss to let him go early? No, he told me. I was so tempted to tell him that I was walking around the locker room bottomless, but I knew he probably wouldn't be able to get out of work, so it was no use getting him all worked up. I walked back to the entrance to make sure that the girl had left. I could hear the instructor's voice from the hot yoga class in the gym. As Ryosuke tried to make me feel better, I found myself wandering closer and closer to the door. I was tempted to step out of the change room half-naked like that, but I was a bit worried that someone might come, so I ended up going back, and pulling on my panties and shorts before going out into the foyer.

The other community center we went to was a lot quieter. It was in an elementary school, so on the walls, there were drawings and low hooks for hanging children's coats. They didn't offer many sports, just swimming for kids, but that was in a different part of the building. The volleyball had a good turnout though especially on weekends. There were more Filipinos here and Mexicans and even the odd younger Chinese woman coming with a boyfriend.

I liked the atmosphere at that center because all the people seemed so friendly, but actually, Asuna was a bit put off because the guys were always trying to chat us up. James, the Chinese high-five guy, kept offering us a ride home in his car, but Asuna didn't want to go with him, so we'd usually just walk to the bus stop with David.

There was this other guy Rafael, who I think was part Chinese but born in Malaysia. I guess he was handsome, but not my type exactly. He was quite the character though always talking about how beautiful this or that woman was, though I'd never seen him with a girlfriend. He did make a half-hearted effort to hit on me, but he was too proud to chase anyone. He did tease me an awful lot, and Asuna too when she showed up. We got used to him though. Most of the time, he was off playing with his friends, and would leave us alone.

On weekdays, that center was so quiet. When I'd go on a Monday, there was the girl in the office who collected our money and one custodian, but there never seemed to be anyone else around. If I got there early, I'd wander the deserted halls looking at the drink machines, or else go into the gym, and set up the nets, but it could get kind of boring just sitting there for so long waiting for everyone. David worked on weekdays, so he didn't arrive until late, and Asuna preferred to play on weekends.

Another thing I noticed was that some of the guys would come to the center, wearing their gym outfits under their clothes, and would get changed in the gym itself rather than the change rooms. There wasn't anything indecent about this. Even when they took off their outer clothes, they still had their gym wear on underneath, but at first I found it a bit strange for them to be changing with me looking on. Sometimes someone would make a wisecrack teasing them about 'stripping,' but most people didn't seem to mind.

I mulled this over for a while, and then one Monday, when no one was around, I got up the nerve to try changing in the gym myself. I was so nervous the first time - my heart pounding in my chest - but actually no one came, so I realized I'd been worrying for nothing. The staff girl and custodian almost never came in the gym, and David and most of the other players were working, so no one was around. As time went by, I got braver, actually removing both my jeans and panties, and sitting bare-assed on the bench in the gym, while I checked my cell phone messages.

Unfortunately though, one time, this guy named Colin showed up while I was sitting there bottomless. Colin was a youngish polite African-American. He worked as some kind of researcher. He was a bit shyer than the Chinese or Filipino-American guys, but he did have a nice car, and had offered me a ride home a few times. I didn't really know quite what to make of him, so I'd declined, but I did get the feeling that he liked me.

Anyway, here I am, bare ass, sitting on the bench, fiddling with my cell phone, in my polo shirt. Luckily, the hem of my top was covering my pubic hair, but he could no doubt see my butt cheeks. I pressed my legs together, and looked at him so shocked to see him here. Almost immediately, my hello kitty started to tingle from the excitement. He looked really surprised too, not knowing quite what to make of my outfit.

"Uh hi," he said hesitantly, apparently wondering what the etiquette was given my state of undress. Perhaps he thought I was still in my undies, or had on a pair of really short shorts. I glanced around looking for my backpack with my shorts in them, but it was just out of reach on the floor a little ways away. If I stood up to get it, he would see my pussy for sure.

"Oh, um, hi... Colin. I was uh... I was uh..." My mind was racing, but I was drawing a complete blank as to how to explain why I was naked.

"Are we the first ones here?" he asked. He came right over to the bench where I was sitting, and took off his coat. This was of course a normal thing to do since I was the only other one there - except this time I was naked. If it had been another guy, one of those slick womanizers, I might have been frightened, but Colin is pretty mild-mannered. I wonder how he'd react if I stood up, and showed him my pussy.

"Uh, yeah, I guess, we are," I finally agreed. "Um, Colin, could you do me a favor?"

"A favor? What kind of favor?" he asked still unsure what was going on.

"Could you turn around for a few minutes? I'm kind of in the middle of..." I didn't want to come out, and say I was naked, but surely he could tell!

Colin looked me over, examining my butt cheek more closely. I bit my lip, embarrassed. I flattened my polo shirt at the front, but there was no way to cover my tush.

"What- what- what's going on?" he asked, baffled.

"I was just getting changed when you came in," I finally admitted.

He kind of bugged his eyes out, even more shocked now.

"What are you wearing?" he asked, unable to contain his curiosity. I felt so embarrrassed.

"Do you promise not to tell anyone?" I asked hopefully.

"Um, yeah, sure," he gulped.

"Well, you see I thought no one would come in..." I was hoping that he would put two and two together, and not make me spell it out, but he was just standing there gawking, wide-eyed, so shocked. I guess he had this picture of me as a 'good girl,' and couldn't believe I would do anything crazy.

Anyway, I finally broke down, and told him.

"I'm naked."

He glanced down at my bottom, and then at my blushing face, and then my bottom again.

"Nooo!" he shook his head, still refusing to believe it.

"I am... really," I assured him. I was so excited I probably wasn't thinking straight anymore. I wanted so much to share my secret, so I finally lifted up the front of my polo shirt giving him a peek at the silky black hair of my pussy. I was so nervous my hands were shaking.

"Wow!" he burst out.

"I didn't think you'd get here so early. Otherwise, I would never have...," I babbled on. Figuring that the cat was out of the bag anyway, I stood up showing him my bare behind. He blinked, and shook his head, almost as if to deny this was actually happening. Looking back, even I don't understood how I got so brave all of a sudden. He's such a shy bookish guy. Just from his stunned reaction, you could tell nothing like this had ever happened to him before. He couldn't believe that an innocent girl like me could do such a thing. I guess that was part of the reason I did. I was getting a real kick out of it shattering his stereotypes.

Unfortunately, it was terribly dangerous standing out here bottomless like this. The other guys who come to volleyball are not nearly so pure. I could hear shuffling noises coming from the hallway, spooking me even more. Deciding I had to get out of there, I leaned over to pick up my bag. Colin was freaking, fascinated by my backside. I bowed excusing myself, and then zipped over to the girl's change room.

Even once I was safely out of sight, it took me a long time to calm down. I kept kicking myself for getting caught like that. Would Colin tell the others? I'd better tell him not to say anything.

I got up, and went to the door, but now I could definitely hear voices, other volleyball players arriving. I can't go out bottomless like this. I have to get dressed.

When I finally came out, Colin was surrounded by some of the other regulars. He was peering over this way, but I think he was in too much shock to say anything. I think he was wondering if I was coming on to him. I mean I like him well enough, but I already have a boyfriend. This was all going to be hard to explain. I ended up not talking to him. I'm not sure what he thought, but he didn't bring it up either. After that, I stopped changing in the gym for a while.

Not long after, the Olympics started. I was kind of happy because I got to see some athletes I know on TV. I was usually out at school during the day, but every once in a while, I'd wander by a TV, and catch a replay of some event with a Japanese athlete in it.

This one day, I was up at the other community center, the modern one with all the Chinese. I don't think I've ever seen Colin come there, so I didn't have to worry about that at least.

We'd finished playing volleyball, and I'd gone into the change room to have a shower. In the main foyer though, they had the TV on, and I could hear Rafael and all the other guys outside cheering about something. Then, I heard the announcer guy say the name 'Kosuke Kitajima!' Wow! Was he on TV? Kitajima, you see, won a couple of gold medals in swimming at the Athens Olympics in 2004. He was sort of a hero of mine, of all Japanese maybe. The Americans had a strong medal hope in swimming too - Hansen, I think his name was. That's probably what the boys were all excited about.

I'd just gotten out of the shower, so I was still naked, but it sounded like the event was just about to start, and I didn't want to miss it. I quickly grabbed my towel, and wrapped it around me. I rushed to the change room door, and peered out. I couldn't see the TV, so I ended up going right out into the foyer to get a better look. Sure enough it was Kitajima(!) on TV and Hansen too in one of the big races, the 100 meter breast stroke I think it was. I was so excited to get to see the race live. I'm really more of a swimmer than a volleyball player in any case.

David was the first to notice me. I blushed at him, and tried to hold the towel steady, but I was nervous and excited to see Kitajima and all. Rafael noticed me too, but I just blinked, and tried to ignore them.

The starting gun fired, and off they went. During the first lap, they were all neck and neck, so it was hard to tell who was leading. After the turn-around, the announcer called out Hansen's name, but on the screen we could see Kitajima in the lead. Wow! Look at him go. The boys were all shouting,

"Go! Go! Go!" at Hansen, but Kitajima was clearly pulling away from the pack. I put my hands together, praying for Kitajima to hold on. Stroke, stroke, stroke. He seemed to pick up speed with each kick. A really strong finish, and in the end, Kitajima won! I couldn't believe it! Another gold medal!

"Woooohoo!" I thrust my arms up in the air, jumping for joy. I was so happy that he'd won! Unfortunately though, when I jumped up, the knot in my towel came loose. I grabbed for it, but I was too late. It unravelled, and fell to the ground, leaving me standing there - stark naked! - right in the middle of the foyer.

David quickly pointed to my fallen towel, but the other guys all turned this way. James' face lit up. He started jumping up and down too, trying to keep me company I guess. Rafael got an evil gleam in his eye. On TV, Kitajima was shouting too - we all were now - caught up in the excitement. I was so far gone that I stepped away from my towel, and did a naked victory dance while they all whooped, and cheered. It was pretty exciting let me tell you.

Eventually, though, I realized that this wasn't such a good idea bouncing around naked in front of all these horny guys. They were mostly just staring at me now, but you could tell from the way they were jostling each other that they were hatching wicked schemes. David, concerned for my honour, picked up my towel, and handed it to me. I kind of paused there for a moment wondering what he thought of my body. He's a physical trainer you see, so he's always working at helping girls improve their figures. I'm kind of proud of how I look these days, but he was too embarrassed to comment. Maybe I can ask him later.

Rafael, on the other hand, was clearly lusting after me now. James made a silly face trying to make it all into some kind of joke. I was kind of curious what the other guys thought too, but anyway, I had to get out of there. I took the towel from David, and ran back inside the girl's change room. That was pretty amazing. I can't believe I did that.

Once I was dressed, I went back out. Rafael and them offered to take me out to supper to celebrate. I felt plenty embarrassed, but they promised to be good, so I finally agreed.

After that, I resolved to be more careful. I switched to wearing longer shorts, and turned down their offers to take me out for drinks. I don't think Asuna knew what had happened, but I guess she could tell from the way they were treating me. David was more or less the same, but Rafael started bringing me gifts, and the other guys were always asking me to play on their team. For a little while there, I was definitely the Belle of the ball.

After a few months passed, things started to settle down. Canh was still staring at my rear, and James kept trying to high-five me, but Rafael stopped asking me out so much, and there wasn't such a fuss every time I walked in the gym.

Summer came, and I continued to play indoors with David and the rest of them. Ryosuke didn't come so much anymore, but David was always there, and Asuna came out every once in awhile.

Then there was this one day where I'd got caught up talking to people at school, and didn't make it to the gym until quite late. David and James and them had already started playing, so I rushed down to our end thinking I could just quickly change, and join in. For some reason, I thought I'd put on my uniform under my clothes that morning. I'd started doing that around that time, especially on days like this where I knew I might be late.

Turning my back to the guys, I kicked off my shoes, and yanked down my sweatpants. I guess the feeling of the air on my pussy should have set me off, but actually, it took me the longest time to clue in.

Still rushing, I kicked off my sweatpants, jammed my feet into my sneakers, and pulled up my hoodie intending to take it off. It was only then that I noticed everyone was staring at me, mouths wide open. When I looked down, I suddenly realized I didn't have my shorts on after all. Here I was flashing them all my luxurious black bush. Oh my god! What am I doing?

I lowered my hoodie back down, covering my pussy with my hand, but practically the whole gym- David, James, Rafael, the Chinese wives - were all staring straight at me, wondering what on earth I was doing. I just stood there at a complete loss how to explain.

With an act of will, I tried to focus, recall where I'd put my shorts and sports bra. I knew I hadn't put them in my bag, but I could have sworn I'd changed into them after breakfast. Were they still back in my dresser at home? Or might they be down in the dryer in the laundry? Anyway, if they are not here, what am I going to wear?

Meanwhile, Canh had circled around to get a look at my bare behind. David looked embarrassed for me, but I think even he was wondering why I keep doing these things. Rafael clutched the side of his head, struggling with his own inner demons no doubt. He'd almost got over me, and here I was naked again.

"Woops! Mistake!" I cried out, trying to convince them that I hadn't stripped on purpose. David was too shy to stare, but Rafael was peering lustfully at the hand I had over my pussy. Realizing I had to do something, I bent over, and picked up my sweatpants and bag, and dashed down the length of the gym heading for the change rooms. These other guys sitting on the bench all did a doubletake as I ran past still bottomless.

Once I made it into the girls' change room, I racked my brains trying to remember what I had done with my uniform. It wasn't in my bag. I ended up pulling my sweatpants back on, and going home too embarrassed to face them all. I even skipped the next few volleyball sessions.

Soon David called, saying that it was no big deal, and that I should come back. I eventually gave in and went, but I switched back to wearing sweatpants. I felt embarrassed, but the boys weren't that weird about it actually

I tried to be careful after that, but one more thing happened. It was a Sunday, and it was getting near closing time, so some of the people had already hit the showers. I was still playing a casual game with Colin, a Chinese woman and another guy who was around our level. Rafael had finished his game, and was sitting on the bench behind me.

The other team hit the ball right to the back, and when I backed up to get it, I kind of fell back bumping into Rafael. Neither of us was hurt. I just apologized, and went back to the game. He continued to sit there though watching me.

Anyway, I was focusing on the game, trying to return the ball The two players on the other side had gone into a huddle discussing their strategy, so I was just standing there, my hands on my hips waiting for them to finish, so we could play.

All of a sudden, I felt someone tugging on my sweatpants. I turned, and there was Rafael crouched down behind me. He'd grabbed a hold of my sweatpants and panties, and was yanking them down! I covered my bush with one hand, and tried to get Rafael to stop, but he seemed intent on stripping me! Can you imagine? Right there with everyone looking on!

We wrestled like that for a while. David noticed, and came over, demanding that Rafael let me go. Rafael was laughing so hard that I finally managed to wriggle free, and pull my sweatpants back up. I felt so embarrassed, but I guess he thought I'd be fine with it given the way I'd flashed them in the past.

Anyway, I still go to that community center sometimes, but I'm always on my guard now when Rafael is around. David is sweet, and tries to protect me. Thankfully, not much has happened since then.