How I met my girlfriend

A little while ago, I wrote up the story of how I met my girlfriend, which is pretty much a true story (as far as I can remember; t was a couple years ago and the details are sketchy). It involved some stripping, and possibly some humiliation (though hopefully not too much to my girlfriend). So here it is:  
  
  
A Hot Spring Story  
  
I was living in Japan a couple years back, and my male friend (let's call him "Kenji") and I took a trip to a hot spring town in the mountains. Most hot springs are divided male/female, but towns like this usually have a big co-ed hot spring (called "konyoku"). These used to be like nude beaches, but nowadays people wear swimsuits.  
  
Anyway.  
  
Kenji and I had gone there to pick up girls, but there weren't any prospects around. But then at night, everyone was back at their hotels, he and I went for a walk down by the big pool, and we noticed that a couple of girls were in the pool. I was about to go say hi, but Kenji stopped me, and we hid behind a rock and watched. A few seconds later, I saw one of the girls rise up out of the water, and I realized they were both naked. I gaped. Kenji held his finger in front of his mouth and grinned. He pointed to a fence nearby, and I saw that their clothes - light kimono-style robes called "yukata" - were hanging over the fence near to where we were.  
  
We waited for a few minutes, watching them, until they swam over to the other edge of the pool. Then Kenji darted over to where the yukatas were hanging, being careful not to make any sound, and swiped them! He ran back to me and tossed me one of them, a huge grin on his face.  
  
After another few minutes, the girls swam back toward where we were, laughing and tired. They were about twenty, short and small-breasted like most Japanese girls, but with great skin and big beautiful eyes. Whispering to each other, they climbed out of the pool, and in the moonlight we could see every detail. I noticed that both of them had great legs. They looked very natural naked, not sexual at all, but just pretty and...natural.  
  
When they found their clothes were missing, though, they immediately cried out, "Heyyy!" (which is actually the same in Japanese). Kenji darted out and held out one of the robes in front of him, and I followed his lead and did the same. Seeing us, the girls yelled and covered themselves. One girl - shorter and a bit prettier - dropped to a crouch, while the other one - a little taller, with dyed light-brown hair and tan skin - did the "one arm over the chest, the other hand over the crotch" thing and glared at us.  
  
"Give it back," the tan girl said.  
  
Kenji laughed. "What, this?" he said. "How do we know these are yours?"  
  
"Give it back or we call the police," the tan girl said.  
  
"You want the police to see you naked?" asked Kenji, grinning. "How about this? We give you these if you come back to our room and have sex with us."  
  
When he said that, the crouching girl looked really dismayed, and looked up at her friend for help. I looked at Kenji, feeling bad, because I didn't want to get girls that way. Kenji is kind of an asshole to women.  
  
"Pervert," the standing girl said. "Can't you get sex on your own?"  
  
"OK," said Kenji, turning halfway around. "We'll just take these back to our room."  
  
"No!" the crouching girl cried. "We're embarrassed!"  
  
I looked at her, crouching on the ground, naked, with her arms wrapped around her knees, and I felt really sorry for her.  
  
"OK," said the taller girl. "We'll do it. Give us the yukata and we'll fuck you."  
  
"How about you?" Kenji asked the girl crouching on the ground.  
  
But before she could answer, I threw her robe over the fence. It landed over her knees, and she grabbed it and covered herself with it.  
  
"Hey!" Kenji yelled.  
  
"Thank you!" the girl said to me.  
  
Realizing there was not much else he could do, Kenji threw the other robe to the standing girl. She calmly put it on, not embarrassed to give us one final glimpse of her nude body, and glared at Kenji.  
  
Kenji and I quickly walked away, back to our hotel, and he was pissed. "We were about to get laid!" he said. I just shook my head. It was fun to see those girls naked - hey, they had been skinny-dipping in a public pool, after all - but sexual blackmail is way out of line for me.  
  
But here's the ending to the story. About an hour later, I went out of my hotel room and down to the road to get a drink from the machine, and there was the girl I had thrown the robe to! At first she was embarrassed to see me, but then I apologized for taking her robe, and said that my friend was just an asshole. She accepted my (halting) apology, and I told her she was beautiful. Then I don't know what happened, but we started kissing each other right there in the road.  
  
Well, to make a long story short, I got to see her without the robe again that night. And later, we found out that we lived in the same city (Nagoya, which is in central Japan), and agreed to meet back up after our trips were done.  
  
"Kenji" and I stopped being friends a little while later, and he's probably off tormenting girls somewhere. And, I'm happy to say, that girl I met is now my girlfriend, and we've been happily together ever since.   
  
But ever since that night, I've always gotten the biggest turn-on from surprising my girlfriend when she's in the nude - walking in on her while she's in the shower, or stealing her towel, or pulling her pajamas down from behind. And she likes it too - it reminds us both of that first time we got together. That image of her, standing naked in the moonlight, looking so natural and sweet, wondering where her robe had gone, will always be how I think of her.