**My Girlfriend's Secret Tennis Circle**

by Paul Lavreau

**My Girlfriend's Secret Tennis Circle 1**

Hi, I'm Paul Lavreau, a senior in cinema studies at a college here in Honolulu, Hawaii. The reason I'm writing is I've been going out with this girl for the last few months, and well, everything was going along fine, till one day, I found out something about her and her friends that just blew me away. You see... well, just hang on, and I'll tell you the whole story right from the start.

First, my girlfriend's name is Misayo, Misayo Ishii, and she's an exchange student from Japan, studying at another college here in Honolulu. I met her through a mutual friend, and we've kind of been seeing each other on and off ever since. All our friends treat us like we're an item, but actually both of us have been so busy doing other things, so to be honest, it hasn't gotten that serious yet. She's a great gal and quite a looker if you ask me, and we'd talked enough that I was starting to feel like I knew her pretty well, but we hadn't taken that last little step.

One thing is that I always had this image of her as being pretty conservative in a lot of ways. Like, we hadn't even held hands or kissed, and she always wanted to go home pretty early. Another funny thing is her parents come to Hawaii to visit pretty regularly, and she hasn't told them about me. She says they're pretty strict. In Japan, apparently she went to a girl's school, and you can kind of tell because she has this shy demure ultra-polite manner to her a lot of the time, especially around strangers.

That's what shocked me about the whole thing. It happened one afternoon when I was over at Misayo's apartment. She shares an apartment with three other girls who all go to the same college she does. This particular day when I went over, there were these two other guys there talking with her about some school project while she made something in the kitchen. Apparently, these guys live just down the hall from her, and are friends with her roommates, but I was kind of irritated that they were there talking to my girlfriend. I didn't want to be rude or anything, and they did seem to be in the middle of something, so I just sat down in the living room, and waited for them to finish.

I sat there, looking out the window not really paying attention to the conversation. Misayo and the two other guys came out of the kitchen, but they went, and sat over by the window, but they kept on talking about this project. Against the wall, they had this bookshelf with a whole bunch of pictures, trophies and little knick-knacks and stuff. One of the trophies was for some kind of tennis championship. I knew Misayo played tennis, but we'd never played together.

I sat down again on the couch, and started looking at some pictures that were lying there on the table. Eventually, I came to some shots of Misayo on vacation with her friends and family. I absentmindedly flipped through the pile, while the three of them jabbered on, until I came to this one picture. I blinked when I saw it because it was a picture of four young women standing there naked in front of this fence with some trees behind. They were all wearing white tennis shoes and socks and carrying tennis rackets, but other than that they they had nothing on. Oh, one girl had wrist bands and a necklace on, and as I looked closer, I realized it was Misayo! Shocked, I looked over at the real-life Misayo, still calmly talking to the other two, and then back at the picture.

I'd never seen Misayo naked before - as I said we hadn't even kissed yet - but there she was as naked as the day she was born, standing in just her shoes on what must have been a tennis court somewhere. The other girls looked pretty nervous. They were all Japanese with lovely smooth pinkish white skin, little rosey red nipples and stark black pubic hair,. They seemed to be giggling and talking amongst themselves rather than looking at the camera, but Misayo had her arms up holding the racket behind her head, her whole body proudly on display. The more I looked at her, the more excited I got. She had such an amazing body with this hourglass figure, perfectly shaped breasts, and this little triangle of pitch black pussy hair shining in the bright sunlight. I looked at the other girls, and they were gorgeous too, blushing shyly or giggling nervously at being naked in such a place. They were all quite slim with these perky little tits, curvy hips, and neatly groomed black bushes. God, what a picture! I discreetly adjusted my pants trying to hide my mounting hard-on.

I looked back at the real Misayo sitting just a few feet away. She had such a cute face and features, but she always dressed so conservatively it was so hard to tell what her body looked like. Today too, she was wearing jeans and a long sleeved blouse, but as I stared at her some more, I focused in on where her blouse jutted out at the front where her tits must be.

"OK, I'll go get it," she said to the other two, and walked around the corner toward her room. I got up, and ran after her, my hard-on banging against my too tight pants, making it hard to walk normally.

"Misayo! Misayo!" I adjusted my pants again, and once we'd got around the corner, I stopped her, and showed her the picture. "What on earth is this?"

She looked up at me a little nervously, and then looked down to compose her feelings.

"Oh, that," she said trying to sound nonchalant. "Those are the girls in my tennis club."

I stared at her open-mouthed.

"OK, OK, I can see that, but what on earth are the four of you doing?"

She grinned slightly, and then turned, and went into her room.

"We were playing tennis, silly."

I was dumbfounded. The thought of my girlfriend knocking balls around with three other gorgeous women in the raw was almost more than I could take.

"No, no, I mean, where are your uniforms?"

"We took them off," she said matter of factly, searching through her bookshelf for whatever it was she'd come to get.

"I can see that, but for god sakes, why?"

"OK, it was just for a joke, OK? It was early Sunday morning, and there was no one around, so someone suggested we play in the nude for a change. What's the big deal?"

"Oh, geez, Misa. What would have happened if someone saw you?"

"They would have seen us... but anyway, no one did, so what are you getting all upset about? Didn't you ever do anything just for the fun of it? We had a great time."

This was all just a little more than I could easily comprehend. My dear conservative little Misa who rarely ever wore skirts or even short-sleeved shirts had been prancing around some tennis court in the nude.

"Where was it?"

"It's that park we always go to on the other side of Diamondhead. You've been there, haven't you?"

"Are you crazy? There's tons of people going through there, all the time."

"No, it wasn't like that. There was no one there, I swear. You're making such a big deal over nothing."

I realized that my voice had gotten pretty loud.

"OK, sorry, you're right. We'd better keep our voices down, before your two classmates wonder what we're talking about."

"Oh, if you mean the picture, they've already seen it."

"What?" I almost blew a gasket. These two guys had seen my girlfriend naked before I even had.

"C'mon, Ben. It's no big deal. Peggy and Meg showed it to them. They laughed themselves silly. It's become like the biggest joke." Peggy and Meg are two of Misayo's roommates.

I just didn't know what to say. She clearly couldn't understand why I was getting so upset. Hearing her argue back so calmly, I began to wonder if I was just overreacting. Probably more than anything I was frustrated that I hadn't been around when she'd done it in the first place. What I wouldn't give to have been there that day, and see the four of them playing like that. I hadn't even met the girls from her tennis club.

"OK listen, I'm sorry, Misa. Maybe you're right. Maybe I am overreacting." I looked down at the picture, and smiled a little. " I guess it is pretty funny." She smiled too, glad I had finally come around.

"Oh, look at the time. Aren't you supposed to go meet Mr. Chin?"

"His name is Mr. Kim. Yeah, I'd almost forgotten about that. I guess I'd better get going." I tried to casually slip the photo into my breast pocket, but Misa caught me, and took it back.

"Oh no, you don't."

I laughed.

"OK well anyway, do you think you could at least hide it somewhere till we've had time to sit down, and talk about this?"

"OK, yeah sure. Everyone's seen it already anyway."

"What?"

"Just joking. I haven't shown it to my parents. They would really flip."

I winced. She walked me to the door. I felt so much like kissing her, but she held her book tightly in front of her almost like she was blocking me off. I still couldn't reconcile these two sides to her, the conservative Misa I knew and the wild fun-loving naked girl in the picture.

"Are you free on the weekend?" I asked trying to sound casual.

"I've got to finish this up," she said pointing to the book, "but anyway, give me a call." I looked deep into her eyes, but she turned away, and held the door. God, she's so aggravating.

That night I had a dream. Misa and I were at this tennis court about to play a game. She introduces me to her parents, and then they sit in the bleachers. Then Misa takes off all her clothes, and we play. I win, and she volunteers to suck my cock as my reward for winning. Her parents come down, and congratulate me while Misa is sucking me off. Just as I'm about to come, Misa backs off, and I end up spray loads of semen all over her cute little face. Her dad complements me on my 'vigour.' (Don't you ever have dreams like that?)

The next few days went by, and between one thing and another, I never seemed able to catch Misa in. She had her cell phone switched off too. Still the whole thing with the picture was driving me crazy. Not knowing quite what else to do, I phoned up the Japanese American Cultural Center, and asked about their tennis classes. Apparently, the classes are not run by the Center itself, but they gave me the name of the instructor, a woman named Maeyama. I vaguely remembered Misa mentioning her. I gave her a call, and she said her classes were already full, but I was welcome to come down to watch, and sign up for the next course. She told me where it was, and sure enough it was the Diamondhead court Misayo had mentioned. I headed down early for the Sunday morning class, but neither Misayo nor any of the other girls from the picture were there. I asked Ms. Maeyama about Misayo, and she kind of gave me a funny look. Apparently, the group of them had their class on another day, though she wouldn't tell me when. This made me all the more suspicious. What? Do they play naked every week for heaven's sake? The thought got me all riled up again. I said goodbye, and headed home.

The next Sunday morning, I found myself back at the tennis court near Diamondhead. Unfortunately, at first, there didn't seem to be anyone there. I was just about to go home when I heard some voices coming from the woods next to the courts. The trees were pretty close together, so I couldn't see far, but it sounded like there was some people in the forest there. I pushed my way through the bush, and eventually came to a small clearing.

I squinted to see, and then reeled back stunned when I saw two beautiful young women lying there sunning themselves... in the nude! They were calmly lying on their fronts with the heads down, their delicious little rear-ends sticking up invitingly. They had long black hair, and I suddenly realized that it must be two of the girls from the picture I had seen. Who else would dare sunbathe here in the nude?

I wasn't sure what to do. I really wanted to get a closer look, but I worried that if I walked over, I might alarm them. Before I could decide though, they spotted me, and quickly pulled out their towels to cover up, chattering away anxiously and looking a bit frightened. Undeterred, I stepped out of the woods, and walked over.

"Hey, you girls are Misa's teammates from the tennis club, aren't you?"

"How do you know that?" the one lying further away snapped, suspiciously. She had turned to face me, with one hand holding her towel together in front of her tits, the other pushing the towel down flat over her pussy. The other girl was still lying on her front with the towel now draped over her cute little ass. They looked incredibly sexy with their delicate white skin wet with lotion glistening in the sunlight. Despite their frightened grimaces, you could tell they were both quite cute, like young actresses or models. Misa was cute too of course, but the way they were blushing and scrambling to cover their athletic little bodies was quite a turn on.

"I'm Misa's boyfriend, Paul Lavreau."

They looked at each other, and then broke out laughing.

"So you're Paul!"

"Yep, Misa showed me the picture of the four of you on the tennis court over there."

They glanced at each other, clearly wondering if I was talking about the picture of them standing there in the nude.

"But I'm afraid she didn't tell me your names."

The far one turned away from me, and reached into her bag. Peeking out from under the towel, I could just see the line of her cute little rear. She had the most perfect body. If she would just turn a little more...

"I'm Shiori, and this is Nanae," she said pulling a pair of white cotton panties out of her bag. "Listen, do you think you could give us a chance to get dressed? It's a bit embarrassing talking to you like this."

"I don't mind."

They looked at me surprised, then giggled again.

"Yeah, well, maybe you don't, but I think Misa would. We don't want her to think we're trying to steal her boyfriend away from her." The way she said this with this ambiguous look on her face, her lying there naked, her legs spread apart and her towel perched precariously over her open pussy, I couldn't help wondering if this was a challenge or an invitation. Nanae was gathering her long black hair into a pony tail and glancing at me out of the corner of her eye. I wouldn't mind sleeping with either of them or even better, both at the same time, but anyway, maybe I'd better cool out, and just see what develops.

"OK. I'll uh... wait for you over by the tennis courts."

"Thanks, that'd be great."

I walked away slowly, and glanced back at them, but they remained covered up waiting for me to get out of sight. I headed off through the woods, but then circled round, and hid behind a bush to spy on them. They kept staring off the way I had gone until they felt sure I was out of range. Despite their bravery at sunbathing nude in the first place, they were clearly very worried about the possibility of being seen. Shiori's gaze scanned the woods where I was hiding as she skillfully slid on her panties without exposing her sexy little bush. Nanae was watching the far side, as she felt around in her bag for her own clothes. I thought for sure Shiori would spot me, but I kneeled there as still as I could until finally she seemed confident that no one was there. The shirt I was wearing was green, so it must have blended in with the leaves.

Nanae got up on all fours, and her towel fell off onto the ground giving me a clear view of her cute little upturned ass. Her legs were spread seductively to the point where I could almost taste her juicy little pussy. She suddenly realized that this was not the most lady-like pose, sat back down, and pulled her towel back across her front. She pulled a tube top out of her bag, and holding her towel in her mouth, pulled it on. She then pulled on her panties as well, and a pair of hiphugger jeans. She stood up and enjoyed watching her wiggling around trying to get the tight jeans done up, but then I realized they'd soon be heading this way, so I beat a hasty retreat to the tennis courts. I couldn't stop smiling to myself over my wondrous luck in finding them.

They showed up soon, smiling shyly and looking almost as ravishing clothed as they had nude. Shiori had on a light blue shoulderless sun dress. Nanae had pulled on a blouse over her tube top, but she left the buttons undone, so I could still see her cleavage and her bare hipbones above her low rise jeans. If the jeans were any lower, I'd be able to see her pubic hair for sure. She didn't seem to mind my staring, although it was hard to tell for sure, because they both had sun glasses on. They looked like young starlets hiding from their fans. We found a donut shop not too far away, went in and sat down.

"Do you have a car, Paul?" Nanae asked innocently as she took off her blouse, and folded it over her bag. Her tits stuck out quite noticeably in the tube top, looking much larger than in the picture.

"Um, no... but my dad lets me borrow his if he's not using it."

She brightened up at this news, and leaned forward giving me a view of even more of her cleavage.

"We need someone to drive us here for our tennis games."

I swallowed hard, picturing them playing in the nude again.

"Oh, I could do that. No problem. When do you play next?" I could hardly hide my excitement. Who wouldn't want to drive four hot young Japanese girls just about anywhere they wanted to go?

"How about next Saturday early in the morning?"

"Sure, shouldn't be a problem."

We chatted a bit more about what they were studying at school and how they liked living in Hawaii. I kept wanting to ask them about the picture or why they'd been sunbathing nude in the woods there, but they both looked at me with these wide innocent eyes, so I decided not to. There'd be time enough for these things later.

We finished up our drinks and then they had to go. We rode the same bus back into town, and then said goodbye, and got off. Things were definitely looking up for yours truly.

**My Girlfriend's Secret Tennis Circle 2:**

**My Tennis Game with Kaori**

The story so far: I'm Paul Lavreau, a senior in cinema studies at a college in Honolulu, Hawaii. For the last few months, I've been going out with a girl from Japan called Misayo Ishii. One day, I was over at her place, and found a picture of Misayo and three other Japanese girls standing naked on an outdoor tennis court. I was really shocked at how my dear sweet innocent Misa could do something like that. I couldn't get it out of my mind, and eventually, I went and found the court in the picture. I heard some voices, and followed them to find two Japanese girls lying out sunbathing nude on the grass. I went up, and introduced myself, and they were Misa's friends alright, Nanae and Shiori. Embarrassed at being found, they asked if they could get dressed, so I left them, and went off into the woods. When we went out for donuts, Nanae asked if I could drive the four of them to the court that next Saturday for their weekly practice session. Naturally, I said "sure."

On the way home, suddenly it struck me that Misayo might not be so keen on the idea of my driving them all to their tennis game. I had been hoping to get to see them play in the nude, but if that's what they were planning, I doubted Misayo would agree to let me come along. It's true we'd been going out for a few months now, but for some reason, Misayo always seemed a bit shy about showing me her skin. Every time we'd been out on a date, she always wore the most conservative clothes: long sleeve sweatshirts, baggy jeans, or things like that. I'd been hoping for a while to take our relationship to the next level, but so far, she'd always managed to avoid it.

I got so worried I didn't phone Misa for a few days. When I finally did call, she hadn't even heard from Nanae and Shiori yet about my agreeing to drive the four of them all to their game. In a way, I was relieved she didn't know, but this just postponed the problem. I finally decided to go over to Misa's apartment, and talk to her about it. When I knocked, she answered the door dressed in a towel.

"What's going on?" I asked surprised to see her running around so scantily clad in the middle of the day. The towel hung precariously half way down the slope of her breasts, and was just barely long enough to cover her pubis. She looked darned sexy, standing there shivering a bit from the breeze coming through the open door. She was obviously naked underneath the towel. I swallowed hard, and tried to conceal my mounting erection.

"Oh, Paul. I didn't realize you were coming. Actually, now isn't such a good time. I have to take a shower, and then, we have to work on our assignment some more."

"Misa, there's something important I want to talk to you about."

She looked at me, seemingly a bit nervous about her lack of clothing, and pulled her towel up further to better cover her breasts. They seemed larger than I remembered, but maybe it was just because I'd never seen them so close like this before. I looked down, and the towel was still floating dangerously close to where her muff must be.

"What are you doing? Are you getting ready to go meet those guys again?"

"No, they're already here. They're out on the patio."

I peered around the corner, and sure enough there they were sitting out in the courtyard drinking lemonade.

"You were out there talking to them dressed like that?" I almost flipped. Misa's apartment is on the first floor, and so her patio opens out onto the courtyard and parking lot that everyone comes through on their way in. Tons of people must have seen her if she'd been out there.

"Oh, it's not like that. Calm down."

"You and your friends are driving me crazy with all this teasing!" I shouted unable to control myself.

"Keep your voice down. They'll hear you." She paused for a moment, and then shot me a glance sideways out of the corner of her eye. "What do you mean 'my friends'?"

Woops. Damn. I hadn't meant to let that slip out.

"Oh, uh, yeah, that's just what I was saying. I met Nanae and Shiori the other day."

"What? When? Where?"

"Uh, Sunday, near that tennis court you were talking about at Diamondhead." I had kind of guessed that she might not react well to this news, but I just sort of blurted it out before I'd thought it through. She looked absolutely livid with anger.

"What were you doing out there? Checking up on me?"

"No, I wasn't. I swear. Uh... I just wanted to see you, and..." I thought of the picture, but managed to keep from mentioning it. "I was thinking I might try to learn a bit of tennis."

She poked her tongue into her cheek, and narrowed her eyes. She didn't buy my story for a minute, and worse it looked like she had half guessed what had happened with Nanae and Shiori. She finally pushed me back toward the door.

"Anyway, I don't have time for this now. Just go, and I'll call you, OK?"

"Oh, c'mon, Misa. Don't be like that."

"No, just leave." She waved her hands in the air, and stormed off into the living room. I knew she might get upset, but she was reacting even worse than I feared. I watched as she went out the glass doors onto the patio where her two male classmates were sitting. She was really heated up, angrily gesturing towards me and shouting, but she was moving around too much, and suddenly the knot on her towel came undone. The next thing I knew there she was standing stark naked in the courtyard, while a whole gallery of guys in the parking lot looked on. It was the first time I'd seen Misa naked, and I rushed over to get a better look. She had an absolutely amazing body, even better than in the picture - perky breasts, curvy hips, and a luscious black bush, her whole body shining in the bright sunlight. She had this priceless look on her face, gazing straight at me open mouthed, obviously not wanting me in particular to see her naked.

After this whole bevy of guys had gotten a nice long look at her gorgeous bod, she finally scooped up her towel, ran back in, and bolted past me to her room. The guys in the parking lot and her two classmates were still standing there gaping unable to believe how lucky they'd been. I ran back to see if Misa was OK, but in the back of my mind I wished I'd brought my video camera. All these months of silent endurance, and now this. Too much!

Misa lay crumpled on her bed sobbing into her pillow, her towel wrapped around her. I sat down on the edge of the bed, but the way she was lying, her towel didn't quite reach down far enough. I could see the soft contours of her cute little ass peeking out from underneath the bottom. She was angrily babbling something in Japanese that I couldn't understand. Then she finally shouted,

"See what you made me do!"

"There, there, Misa. That's OK. We all know it was just an accident." I was having trouble keeping from smiling though. It was obvious she hadn't meant to drop her towel, but of all the places to do it in, it was hard to imagine anywhere more completely out in the open.

"Get out! Just get out!" She was obviously in no mood to be reasoned with, but I didn't want to leave. Pretending to straighten her towel, I lifted it up further uncovering her bare bottom. God, she's gorgeous. I wondered if she staged the whole thing on purpose just to get me turned on. If so, it was definitely working. With an effort, I resisted the urge to touch her. She pulled the towel up around her, but this just exposed her ass more. I was getting pretty darn randy just looking at her, but I finally stood up so as not to do something I'd regret later. Maybe she was trying to get me turned on, but I didn't want to take the chance of upsetting her if that wasn't the case.

"OK, I'm leaving, but I'll give you a call later to make sure you're OK, alright?"

She didn't answer, but finally, I left, closing her door behind me. I didn't want her classmates coming in and spying on her half naked like that.

On my way out, I started trying to puzzle this all through, why she'd gotten so upset. Unfortunately, my concentration was broken when I passed a Japanese girl coming in to the building. I turned around, and did a double take. It was hard to tell for sure, but I guessed this girl must be the fourth nude tennis player from the picture. She was even wearing a tennis outfit - a short-sleeved white blouse and matching mini-skirt - and carrying two rackets in her bag. I rushed back, and stopped her.

"Hi, I'm Paul... Misa's boyfriend. Are you...?"

She looked at me, surprised for a minute, but then finally twigged as to who I was.

"Oh, you're Paul! I'm Kaori. I was just going to go see Misa."

I was glad she'd heard of me. Misa must have told all three of them about me. As I gazed at her though, this image of her and Misa playing tennis nude on the court flashed into my mind's eye. Kaori looked the youngest of the four - smallish tits, a slender waist, a bit shy looking perhaps, her hair done up in an elaborate style that made her look quite attractive. Her skin was a creamy white, and her complexion flawless. What I wouldn't give to see her running around the court naked. Finally, I realized that she was staring at me, wondering why I wasn't saying anything. I snapped out of it.

"Uh, I hate to spoil your plans, but I think Misa's probably pretty busy right now. Two of her classmates are there, and they're supposed to be working on some kind of project for school."

"Oh," she said, looking disappointed.

"Hey, I was just about to go get some lunch. Why don't you join me, and maybe after lunch, I could play with you for a bit? How's that sound?" I must admit I'm not really so good at talking to girls I don't know, but somehow, my curiosity about the picture helped me overcome my usual reticence, and ask her out. She looked a bit taken aback by my offer.

"Oh, you don't have to. It was just an idea," I said giving her my best friendly smile.

"Oh, well, yeah, um, I guess that would be alright," she stammered somewhat nervously. She definitely seemed a lot less confident than Misa, Nanae and Shiori, perhaps younger, and less good at English. The way she was reacting also suggested that she might not have a boyfriend. I felt like a bit of a heel for asking her out, but I was becoming frustrated with the aloof way Misa treated me all the time. Besides, it was no big deal. It was just lunch for heaven's sake.

We had to walk a bit to find a good restaurant. We walked all the way up to the local shopping mall, and had lunch in their food court. They even had a Japanese fast food joint, Japan Express or something like that. She suggested I try the salmon, and it was a lot better than I'd been expecting. I asked her about why she'd decided to come to Hawaii, her family and what she was studying in school. She was frightfully shy, and took a while to answer my questions as she struggled with the English. Still, I found her girlish bashfulness attractive - sexy almost. I even tried out some Japanese words Misa or someone had taught me, and managed to get her laughing. When she laughed, she covered her mouth, but her eyes smiled away gleefully. I was enchanted by her gentle feminine charm.

After lunch, we sat there chatting for a while till I remembered our plan to play tennis.

"Oh, you don't have to," she said modestly. "I was hoping to practice a bit, but I can always do it another day."

"No, no, I'd love to. Let's go." I'd hardly ever played tennis in my life, but there was no way I was passing up a chance like this. I was burning to find out what these four incredible beauties had been up to that day.

We walked back to Misa's condo complex where there is one outdoor court next to the swimming pool. It wasn't the season yet, so no one was on the court. We opened the door, and went in.

Once on the court, Kaori looked like a real pro in her white tennis outfit. She pulled on a headband to hold back her hair and wristbands to strengthen her wrists. I wasn't exactly dressed for tennis, but Kaori lent me one of her rackets, and we started to play. We were both in a wonderful mood from our long chat at lunch.

Every time, she went to serve her skirt billowed way up, and I found my eyes drawn to her tight little white panties. If she knew I was staring at her, she gave no sign of it. Perhaps she didn't mind. Without really meaning to, I started hitting the ball as hard as I could, trying to get her to run, and flip her skirt up. Unfortunately, I didn't know my own strength. I kept overshooting the mark, knocking the ball way out. One time, I hit the ball so hard it flew over the fence, and got stuck up in a tree. We both went out to take a look, but this particular tree had no branches low enough to grab on to.

"Sorry, I guess I lost it," I nodded apologizing. "I'll buy you a new one."

"No, no, I'll climb up. Can you..." She folded her hands into a step to show that she wanted me to give her a boost. I folded my hands as she'd suggested, and she stepped into them, climbed up, and finally got a hold of a branch. I looked up to see how she was doing, but I quickly realized I was staring right up her skirt. She had on these ultra-clean white cotton panties, which hugged her cute little ass quite snugly indeed. She looked down, and I tried to pretend I hadn't been staring.

"Can you lift me up a bit more?" she asked.

I gave her another push, but I was finding it hard not to think about what was inside her panties. I wonder what she'd look like without them. She had such a compact little body, lithe and flexible from all the exercise she must do. She finally reached the ball, threw it down, grabbed one of the sturdiest branches, and hung there seemingly afraid to jump down. Unable to resist the temptation, I reached up inside her skirt, and started pulling down her panties. Luckily for me, she just giggled, and twisted back and forth a bit, trying to make it more difficult for me. Still, she didn't let go of the branch.

"Just like Coach Takezawa," she laughed cheerfully. This was not the reaction I'd been expecting, but since she didn't seem to be objecting, I continued to pull her panties down.

"Who is Coach Takezawa?" I asked, curious. Had the lucky bastard already seen her without her panties?

"Our tennis coach!" she said giggling as my fingers slid down the sides of her hips pulling more and more of her ass into view. I finally got the waistband over the hump of her buttocks, and my eyes widened as her crack slid into view. Her lips were this lovely shade of pink, and under the dense covering of her black pubic hair I thought I could even make out the hood that hid her delicate little clitoris. She'd gone quiet all of a sudden perhaps frightened or excited at being stripped out in the open like this.

I was still pretty aroused from Misa's little show that morning, and probably as a result was feeling much more daring than I usually am. I kept on sliding her panties down her thighs, and she started undulating her hips in and out as if she were trying to get them back. This was getting me even more excited watching her athletic young hips wriggling about. Hornier than ever, I pulled her panties straight down to her ankles.

"Kyaa!" she screamed, her high-pitched voice piercing the afternoon quiet. She obviously hadn't expected me to actually take them off, but the sight of her squirming and writhing helplessly had gotten me too excited to think sense at all. I quickly untangled her panties from her shoes, and pulled them right off. She finally let go of the branch, and her short skirt billowed up as she fell, revealing the fine contours of her tight little ass. She landed, and looked up at me shyly pushing her skirt back down and blushing. The way she was batting her eyelashes made her look even sexier.

"'Our tennis coach'? I thought your tennis coach was Ms. Maeyama," I asked, crumpling her still warm panties into a ball in my fist.

"Uh, can I have those back? I shouldn't be running around here without them."

My cock stiffened even more at this thought, but I still wanted to hear about this Coach Takezawa. Was he the one who had talked them into playing in the nude?

"Who is this Coach Takezawa anyway?"

"I won't tell you unless you give me my panties back," Kaori said quite loudly. One of the neighbors, a middle aged housewife, must have heard Kaori, because she came to the glass doors of her patio, and looked out at us. I stuffed Kaori's panties into my pocket, and started walking back towards the court. I still wanted to find out about this mysterious lecher-coach, but I was also curious about how Kaori would play without the benefit of her undies. If she'd played in the nude, she surely wouldn't object to playing commando. She came running after me, looking down at the path, holding her racket across the front of her skirt to keep it from billowing up. I took my position at one end of the court, but she just stood there at the gate hesitating.

"What's wrong? We got the ball back. Let's play."

She just glared at me as if to say 'you don't expect me to play like this, do you?' She motioned for me to come over to the net, and then stood there as if she was trying to get up the nerve to ask me something.

"Did you... I mean, have you...?" Obviously, she wanted to find out if I knew about their nude escapades, but didn't know how to ask without giving herself away. I just cocked my head to the side, and smiled at her, feigning ignorance.

"What's wrong? Don't you want to play anymore?"

She gave me this peevish look, indicating she'd guessed I did in fact know. She looked around nervously at all the apartments surrounding the court, and at the one with the housewife in particular. We could still see her, standing in her big picture window looking out at us. I nodded for Kaori to take her place on the other side of the net, and she finally obeyed. I was betting that the housewife was just curious, and probably wouldn't call the police or anything. Kaori didn't seem so sure, but as I lobbed a few gentle ones over the net at her, she cautiously hit them back, being very careful not to ruffle up her skirt. We hit a few back and forth without any reaction from our audience, and slowly, Kaori began to relax.

"Do you want to play a game?" I asked innocently. She looked over towards the apartments. Apparently, the housewife had gotten bored and gone inside because we couldn't see her anymore. Kaori looked back at me, still worried, but I threw her a ball, and told her to serve. She lobbed one over the net underhand, and I easily hit it back making her run for it. She lost the point. Before she'd pretty consistently been beating me, but without her panties, she seemed less likely to dive for the hard-to-reach ones.

As we played on though, she started to get more into the game, and soon she was letting her skirt bob up, flashing me her gorgeous muff or her tight little buns. I was quite enjoying the view, but then, a guy walked by on the path on the other side of the fence, so we stopped playing until he had gone.

Once the coast was clear, I tossed Kaori a couple more balls. They bounced past her, and when she bent over to pick them up, her skirt slid up giving me an excellent view of her cute little bottom. With a body like that, she must be so hot in bed. I was starting to feel like doing more than play tennis, but when I glanced at the apartments, I realized that the housewife was back... and her teenage son was standing right next to her! From the look on his face, he had evidently seen Kaori flash me her ass, and it looked like he might be drooling. I wasn't quite sure how long they'd been watching us, but I quickly motioned for Kaori to pack up before anyone else showed up, and saw her.

Just behind the court were the change rooms for the swimming pool, so we headed in there to have a shower, and get cleaned up. Kaori asked for her panties back with this sweet pleading look in her eyes, so I reluctantly handed them back to her. We went into our separate change rooms. I thought that that might be the end of our fun and games for the day, but while I was showering, Kaori suddenly appeared at the door with a towel wrapped around her.

"The girls' shower is broken. Can I shower here?"

I covered my schlong with my hand, and just stared at her for moment. Surely she wasn't serious. This was the guys' changing room. Sure I was the only one here now, but if any guys came, and found her in here, they'd flip for sure.

"Uh, yeah..." I said uncertainly. She came in, and set her shampoo and washcloth down by one of the showers on the opposite wall. It looked like she was about to take off her towel, but then she looked back at me.

"Don't look."

I turned back to face my shower, but I could hear her towel come off, and could make out her naked form out of the corner of my eye. No matter how much I tried to think of other things, I kept glancing over at her exquisite little body, all lathered up with soap. She looked absolutely edible, more alluring than any woman I'd ever seen.

Unfortunately, coming from the entrance to the men's change room area, we heard a group of guys come in. Kaori looked at me, obviously afraid, but kept on working up the lather on her glistening white body. The voices were obviously coming this way. Kaori quickly tried to rinse off, but the guys were already at the door before she could grab her towel. The three of them looked at her and then at me, and broke out laughing.

"The girls' showers are broken," I tried to explain, as Kaori bowed apologetically, blushing at being seen naked by three complete strangers. She finally rinsed all the soap off her compact little body, grabbed her towel, and ran out the door toward the girls' changing room. The guys just stood grinning at me, breathing a bit huskily from having seen her.

"Your girlfriend?" one guy joked.

"Actually, we just met," I told them realizing how unlikely this must sound.

"She live around here?"

"Nah, our friend does," I told them, remembering my run-in with Misa that morning. I quickly finished up my own shower, and went out to meet Kaori.

"Sorry," she said bowing her head apologetically. "I didn't think anyone would come in."

"No, no, no problem at all. Anytime you want to shower with me, just let me know."

She hit me on the shoulder playfully.

"Don't tell Misa alright. She'd be very upset."

"No, I don't think I'll mention it. It'll be just our secret."

She smiled sweetly, and then took my arm as we walked to the bus stop.

"You're going to drive us to the game on Saturday, aren't you?" she asked with this naughty little smile.

"What? You were talking with Nanae and Shiori?"

Her bus came first. She gave me a quick kiss on the cheek, and got on.

"See you Saturday," she called out waving as the bus pulled away. Well, doesn't that beat all? I can't wait for Saturday.

**My Girlfriend's Secret Tennis Circle 3:**

**Mixed Doubles**

The story so far: I'm a senior in cinema studies at a college here in Honolulu. For the last few months, I've been going out with a girl from Japan called Misayo Ishii. One day, I was over at her place, and found a picture of Misa and three other Japanese girls standing naked on an outdoor tennis court. I was astonished. The girl in the picture was so different from the shy standoffish Misa I'd come to know. Misa, of course, denied there was anything strange going on, but I couldn't just forget it. Misa told me where the court was, so I went there. In the woods nearby, I found two girls lying out sunbathing in the nude! They turned out to be Nanae and Shiori, two of the girls from the picture. They got back dressed, and over coffee, I agreed to drive them to their practice the next Saturday. When I let slip to Misa that I'd met them, she went through the roof. Leaving her place, I ran into Kaori the fourth girl from the picture. We had lunch together, played some tennis, and then showered off together in the men's shower room!

The next few days went by, and I couldn't quite get up the nerve to call Misa. I didn't know why she'd gotten so angry at me the other day for going to the tennis court to look for her and her friends. She was the one who told me where it was, after all. Naturally, I was curious to meet them, especially after I'd seen the picture of the four of them there posing naked. Was the guy who took the shot the mysterious Coach Takezawa Kaori had mentioned? If so, how had he talked them into stripping in the first place? They couldn't have just done it on their own, could they? I doubted it, but if not, then who?

Finally, Friday night, I decided to bite the bullet, and give Misa a call.

"Hi, it's Paul."

"Yes?"

Could she still be angry? She'd had quite a few days to cool down.

"Uh, tomorrow's your tennis game, right?"

"So?"

It looked like she wasn't about to cut me any slack. Why does she have to be like that? I didn't think I had done anything wrong.

"I was just wondering if I could pick you up, and give you a ride there," I offered trying to sound friendly.

"How'd you know I was playing tomorrow?"

"I guess Nanae told me."

"Hmmph! Anyway, I don't think I can go."

"Why not?"

"I still have to work on that school project with Stefan and Rod."

I cringed just hearing their names. Who were these guys anyway? And how come they knew about the picture before I did? And why was she running around in just a towel while they were there? Was she sleeping with them? If so, why did she seem so jealous about my meeting her friends? She was definitely driving me crazy. I still liked her, but I was just getting so frustrated with the whole thing.

"I see. When's that finish anyway?"

"Oh, just a few more weeks."

A few more weeks?

"Listen, Paul, could you do me a favor? I think you'd better stay away from Nanae and them."

"Why?"

"Oh, they're all right and everything, but just sometimes, the way they treat guys..."

How can she ask me to keep away from her friends while she's running around with Stefan and Dick or Willy or whatever his name was? This doesn't make any sense.

"OK, yeah sure. Anyway, good luck on your assignment."

"Oh, Paul?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm really sorry about having to work on this project all the time. Once it's done, let's go out, and do something, OK?"

To tell you the truth, I was really taken aback when she said this. The way she'd been acting lately, I half thought she was meaning to break off with me, and go out with one of her project mates. Maybe there was hope after all.

"Yeah, OK. I'd like that. It would be nice to see you."

After I got off the phone with her, I wondered about whether I should still go through with driving Nanae, Shiori and Kaori to the court. It's all very easy for Misa to warn me off them, but here she was spending her time with these two other guys. I finally decided to give Nanae a call.

"Are we still on for tomorrow?"

"What did Misa say?"

Actually, I was a little bit ticked off at Nanae because I'd hoped that she would have phoned Misa, and explained our meet-up in a way that wouldn't sound so suspicious. I figure Nanae knew Misa would get jealous, so that's why she'd left it up to me.

"Misa's busy tomorrow, working on some assignment for school."

"Oh. Maybe we should just cancel then. We always play with Misa. She's kind of our leader."

I remembered the picture with Misa standing there so confident, and the three of them looking so shy. Misa always seemed pretty shy around me, but I guess she acted different around them. There was so much I didn't know about Misa. Anyway, Nanae sounded like she was about to give up on the idea, when a thought struck me.

"I could play with you... as the fourth player, doubles or whatever it's called."

She let out the cutest little giggle.

"No, I'm serious," I said.

"I heard about your game with Kaori."

I immediately wondered what Kaori had said. Had she told them how I'd pulled her panties off? I could just imagine them gossiping about me and what a pervert I was.

"Yeah, well I can explain..."

"She said you're not a bad player. You hit the ball hard, but not always in."

"I was kind of distracted," I told her, remembering how hot Kaori had looked running around with no panties on under her short skirt. God, what a babe she was. I was getting a hard-on just thinking of her.

"Yeah, well, I guess we could try. Can you pick us up tomorrow at around six?"

"Six? In the morning?"

"Yeah, we should probably start early. We don't like it if there are too many people around watching."

If they played in the nude, I could see how that would create a problem. Four beautiful girls bouncing around stark naked would probably attract quite a bit of attention from passers-by.

"Yeah, OK. I'll aim for six."

"Thanks again. See you tomorrow."

Nanae was a good kid. I went down to the TV room, and checked with my dad to make sure I could still borrow the car. He was so wrapped up in the game on TV, he just nodded, and said "Fine."

That night, it took me a while to get to sleep. I was so excited thinking about seeing them all again. When my alarm rang, the next morning at 5, it was still pitch black outside. I forced myself to get up, and have a shower. I wanted to look, and feel my best. I had a big day ahead.

I drove to Kaori's place first. A tall Haole boy answered the door. (Haole are what the Hawaiians call people of European descent).

"Is Kaori here?"

"Kaori!" he yelled up the stairs. "She's probably still asleep."

I was a bit annoyed to see this young handsome guy here living with her. I hadn't realized Kaori lived with anyone. Was he her boyfriend?

"Anyway, you can go in, if you want. She's sometimes a bit hard to wake up."

I was surprised he was willing to let me, a complete stranger, walk right in to their house, but I guess Kaori must have told him I'd be coming to pick her up. Maybe he wasn't her boyfriend after all. It was an awfully big house. I padded up the steps, and there was a door marked 'Kaori' on the right. I rapped on it gently, but there was no answer.

"Kaori?" I pushed against the door, and it slowly opened. There she was still asleep, lying on top of the covers on her bed in white panties and a tight white t-shirt.

"Kaori, wake up!"

She looked gorgeous sleeping so peacefully like that. She slowly opened her eyes, and then covered them squinting in the bright light. She looked over at her alarm clock, and then jumped up.

"Oh, sorry. I must have forgotten to set my alarm. Let me just have a quick shower," she called out, running off into the hall. Even though she was keeping us late, it was hard to be angry. She really was such a cutie. I looked around her room. It was all decorated in pink and lace, so clean and fresh smelling. In a moment though, she was back opening the door, and peeking in.

"Close your eyes. I forgot my towel."

"Why do I have to close my eyes?"

"'Cause I already took my panties off. Now close your eyes."

Through the crack of the door, I could see her t-shirt, but she was pulling it down to cover her furry little pussy. God, she was sexy.

"Hurry up, before Robbie comes back," she whined jumping up and down anxiously. Robbie must be the young man who answered the door, probably the son of whomever Kaori was staying with.

"I've already seen you nude... twice. Three times counting the picture."

Kaori looked nervously toward the stairs, opened the door further, and came in.

"OK, but promise you won't tell Misa. She made me swear I wouldn't flirt with you." She just barely managed to keep her pussy covered as she passed me. "I guess I'm not your type anyway," she went on, leaning way down to open one of the lower drawers in her dresser. Her luscious ass was stuck straight up in the air, and the way she was standing with her legs apart I could see her juicy little pussy lips peeking out from between the cheeks of her ass. I adjusted the front of my pants as my member jumped to attention. What a way to start the morning!

"Yeah, OK, I won't tell Misa," I hacked out, my voice hoarse and husky from the sudden excitement. "Uh, Kaori, would you like to..." Before I could finish my sentence, she found her towel, and dashed back out into the hall. I heard the shower go on, and I sat there imagining how she must look lathering up her hot little body with soap. I wondered for a moment if I should sneak across, and take a quick peek. I sat there agonizing about whether to try, but before I got up the nerve, she came back, her smooth skin dripping wet, with the towel wrapped tightly around her naked body. The last time I saw Misa she'd been gallivanting around in a towel as well. Do Japanese girls always run around in towels every time a guest comes over?

She bent over again to get something out of a drawer in her dresser. My eyes zeroed in on her tight little slit again. I couldn't take much more of this teasing. I wanted so much to whip out my schlong and ease it into to her tight little twat. I stood up, and moved closer to her. She saw me, and straightened up like a shot, spreading her slender fingers out to cover her cute little ass.

"Oh sorry," she said blushing. "I guess I'd better put on some panties."

"Oh, that's alright. No rush."

I didn't know quite what to make of all this. It was hard to avoid the conclusion that Kaori was coming on to me, but one problem was that I was supposed to pick up Nanae and Shiori at 6, and we were already late. The other problem was Misa. I don't think she'd be too happy if I started banging all her friends. Still, Kaori was looking mighty tempting right now. It was taking all my will power to keep from going over, and... getting to know her a little better, if you get my drift. When Kaori finally pulled on some panties, that helped me get my baser instincts back in check. She continued to dress in front of me, and even once she was all dressed up in her tennis outfit - white miniskirt and short-sleeved polo shirt - she still looked absolutely delicious. She blinked, and smiled shyly as she noticed me staring.

"Shall we go?"

"Oh, yeah. Sure."

Kaori sat next to me in the car on the way to Nanae's place. She took out some sunblock, and started rubbing it on her bare legs. She kept lifting her thighs flipping her short skirt up exposing the white cotton panties that clung so tightly to her precious little bush. I was seriously considering asking her to take her panties off again, but before I could, we arrived at Nanae's. As we pulled up front of her building, Nanae came out of the lobby, ran up, and got in the back. She had on a long sleeved white blouse over her halter, but the buttons were undone right down to the waist. She seemed to like this look. She'd dressed the same the day I caught them sunbathing in the nude. She had a nice healthy pair of knockers too - round and soft looking like a pair of juicy peaches.

"Let's go. Shiori is waiting," Nanae said, looking at her watch.

"Do you share your apartment?" I asked Nanae, curious.

"No, it's just a bachelor, just me all by my lonesome." She smiled at me as she said this, making me wonder if she wouldn't like some company. I'd be more than glad to oblige.

Next though, we had to concentrate on finding Shiori's dorm. She lived on campus in an old established girl's residence. They didn't allow any guys in, so Nanae went up to buzz her. Shiori came out in a white backless sundress that tied on around her neck. All three of them looked absolutely gorgeous.

We drove to the courts, and soon started playing. To my great disappointment, they all kept their clothes on. Nanae took off her blouse. I quite liked the way her tits bounced around in her halter as she maneuvered to hit the ball. Somehow, though, I couldn't help wanting to see more. Still, I didn't know any of them that well, and I couldn't just ask them to strip for me, could I?

Every once in a while, someone would walk by on the paths outside the court walking their dog or taking an early morning stroll. Honestly, how on earth had they gotten away with playing in the nude that day? Surely someone would have spotted them.

As we played, it became increasingly evident that the three of them were all pretty good players. I did manage to get in the occasional powerful shot, but a lot of my shots landed out, and Nanae started teasing me about how weak I was. I tried to concentrate, and play better, but then Nanae and Shiori would just raise their game to the next level, and I was scrambling again. Kaori, who was my partner, whispered softly into my ear,

"Do you have something else on your mind?"

The feeling of her soft breath in my ear sent shivers up my spine. I shook my head no, but it was hard to stop imagining them in the nude, especially considering how flirtatious they all were. Eventually, we took a break, and went into the clubhouse where there was a drink machine and some benches to sit on. I fed some quarters into the machine, and treated them all to a drink.

"So is this what you gals do each week? Get together, and practice?"

"Yeah, I guess, pretty much," Nanae said, smiling calmly. She was holding her can of juice to her mouth, and pressing her arms against the side of her breasts as if she were cold in her halter.

"Where does Coach Takezawa come in?" I asked trying to sound nonchalant. Nanae and Shiori looked over at Kaori, a bit surprised that I even knew about their coach. Kaori just sat there quietly looking down.

"How do you know about him?" Nanae asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I'm not sure who mentioned him, but I do remember hearing his name." I didn't want to give Kaori away if she had inadvertently let the cat out of the bag. She must have been so surprised when I pulled her panties down the other day, she'd just let his name slip out. After that, she didn't seem so keen on telling me anything more about him. I'd thought their coach was Ms. Maeyama, the woman from the Japanese American Cultural Center.

"Anyway, most of the time, we just practice on our own," Nanae went on. She didn't sound like she was going to tell me much else about him either.

"I saw a picture the other day of the four of you on the court here."

They exchanged glances again, but didn't say anything. I wanted so much to come right out, and ask about the nude picture, but they all seemed pretty edgy about my questions. Maybe Misa or the coach had talked them into it, and they didn't think anyone else would find out. I wonder if they knew that Misa had been showing it around to all her friends. Anyway, I finally decided to let the topic drop, at least till I knew them all better. There's no sense rushing things.

We went back, and played a bit more. Every once in a while, Kaori would call a time out, run over to the edge of the net, and squat down to take a drink of juice. She'd leave her legs spread apart, and didn't seem too worried that we could all see her panties. I wish she'd done that the other day when she wasn't wearing any.

We finally finished playing.

"So what are you girls up to next?" I asked cheerfully.

"I guess we're going to go back to Shiori's, get showered up, and then do some studying," Nanae said still smiling.

"Do you want to get some lunch?" I asked hopefully.

"I think I want to have a shower first," Kaori smiled weakly, wiping her forehead with her handkerchief.

"OK, Shiori's place it is."

We all bundled into the car, but on the way, Kaori looked over at me.

"What about you, Paul? I guess you want to have a shower too."

"Yeah, that'd be nice," I nodded. Involuntarily, the image of Kaori showering next to me in the guys' shower popped into my mind. The white soap lather all over her pink body - she'd been quite the sight when those guys came in.

The three of them suddenly broke into a heated discussion in Japanese. I could only catch a few words: Shiori's name and Misa's over and over. Misa had warned me to stay away from them, and this morning Kaori had said Misa had told her not to flirt with me. As far as I could figure, they were talking about whether Misa would approve of me hanging out with them. Finally, Nanae reached her into a purse, and handed me her cell phone.

"OK, let us go in first, and once you're parked..." Kaori started to say, until Shiori interrupted her in Japanese again. Kaori nodded, and then added, "Give me a call, and I'll come to the side door, and get you." Kaori showed me how to call up her number on Nanae's cell phone. As we pulled up to Shiori's residence, Kaori pointed out the door she meant. "That one, OK?"

I nodded. As Nanae and Shiori got out of the car, Kaori leaned over, and gave me a little kiss on the cheek.

"See you soon, OK?"

I smiled at her a bit, surprised at the kiss. She'd kissed me the other day too. I took a deep breath as they scurried off into the entrance. I gazed up at the building. What was this place anyway? There was a cross at the entrance. Some kind of Christian girl's dorm, maybe. The security at the front looked pretty tight. Kaori wanted me to sneak in here? They probably don't take too kindly to male visitors.

I drove off, quickly parked, and hurried back. I punched in Kaori's number on the cell phone, but it took her a few rings to answer. I could hear the sound of showers in the background.

"OK, just wait. I'll be right there," she told me.

A few minutes later, the side door opened, and there was Kaori dripping wet from the shower, with a towel wrapped around her again.

"Wow!" I exclaimed. "You look so hot! You like walking around like that, don't you?"

She smiled shyly, and motioned for me to come in.

"Quick! Before someone sees you!"

**My Girlfriend's Secret Tennis Circle 4:**

**Sneaking into an all Girl's Dorm**

The story so far: I'm Paul Lavreau, a senior in cinema studies at a college in Honolulu . For the last few months, I've been going out with a girl from Japan called Misayo Ishii. One day, I was over at her place, and found a picture of Misa and three other Japanese girls standing naked on an outdoor tennis court. I was astounded. The girl in the picture was so different from the shy standoffish Misa I knew. Misa denied there was anything strange going on, but I couldn't get the picture out of my mind. I eventually met the other three girls from the picture: Nanae, Shiori and Kaori. Misa has warned me to stay away from them, but I played singles with Kaori and mixed doubles with the three of them. After the game, I drove them to Shiori's dorm, a strict girl's residence, so they could have a shower. Kaori, dressed in just a short towel, came to the side door to let me in.

I skedaddled in, and she quickly pulled it closed behind us. I'd never been in an all-girl's dorm before, so I felt a bit nervous. Kaori started to jog up the stairs, but I grabbed her arm, and stopped her. There was no one else in the stairwell although we could hear girl's voices shouting and laughing through the glass door that led to the hall. I pulled Kaori closer, and took her other arm.

"Why did you kiss me back there?" I asked, burning with curiosity. Kaori gazed down shyly tilting her head to the side.

"I don't know. I wasn't thinking really. If it bothers you, I won't do it anymore."

Bothers me? I'd never even kissed my own girlfriend Misa, but sweet young Kaori had kissed me twice! Kaori was making me crazy for her, sending my hormones into overdrive.

"You kissed me the other day too!" I reminded her.

"Listen Paul, I'm really sorry. It's just you've been so nice, offering to play tennis with me when Misa was busy, driving us all around." She looked up at me blushing nervously. It was obvious she liked me, and she looked so cute, gazing up at me with those big dark eyes. I couldn't take it anymore. I leaned forward, and kissed her square on the lips.

She stumbled back clearly surprised by my sudden forwardness. She lifted her hand to her lips, her eyes wide in shock. Her towel unraveled, and fell to the floor, leaving her standing there stark naked in the hall, her wet body glistening in the bright light. Her breasts were clearly quite erect by now, and her sleek black pubic hair was beckoning me. She looked so positively delicious I leaned forward, wrapped my arms around her naked body, and gave her an even more passionate kiss. I was so caught up in my lust for her I'd completely forgotten where we were.

I was hoping she'd start to kiss me back, but before I could tell, we heard uproarious laughter coming from the door behind her. Two blonde Haole girls were looking at us through the glass door, killing themselves laughing at our audacity. Kaori's eyes widened in terror, so I quickly bent down, picked up her towel, and handed it to her. Once she had it tied back on, we rushed out past the two girls, terribly embarrassed at getting caught. Kaori's cheeks were flushing bright pink.

"Sorry," I mumbled as we hurried to get away from our audience, who wee still busting themselves laughing. Kaori stared down at the floor gravely as we hurried along. Oh no. I hope I didn't offend her. I guess I did get a bit carried away, but I was really starting to like her a lot. She'd been straighter with me than Misa had about this Coach Takezawa and stuff, and she had a body that didn't quit. We finally arrived at Shiori's room.

"Wait here," she told me. "I'm just going to finish showering, and then you can have one." She was obviously shaken by my sudden kisses. Perhaps I'd misjudged her. She'd seemed so confident up until I kissed her, but now she was acting more like an innocent young virgin. Had she never been kissed before?

She disappeared off to the washroom still blushing profusely. I sat down on Shiori's bed, and tried to settle down. I shouldn't be rushing this in any case. She obviously likes me. There'll be time enough for these things later.

Shiori's room was spotlessly clean and well organized with a collection of cute stuffed animals sitting there on her desk, and her tennis rackets tucked away neatly in the corner. I sat there for a while, but unable to contain my curiosity, I began rummaging through her desk looking for some clue to understanding all this. Why had they been nude on the tennis court the day of the picture? Who was this mysterious Coach Takezawa? Why were they all so vexingly flirtatious and yet aloof?

There didn't seem to be anything in Shiori's desk, so I nipped over, and took a quick peek in her closet. It seemed to be mostly clothes, but high up on the shelf, there was what looked like a scrapbook.

I pulled it down, and hastily leafed through. A lot of it was newspaper articles and magazine clippings in Japanese. Some of them had pictures of Japanese tennis players. Close to the back of the book, I found an envelope with some snapshots inside. There were shots of Japanese girls and guys I didn't really recognize, and then right at the back the very last one... Shiori standing on the court poised ready to receive a serve. Looking closer, I realized she had a headband tied around her eyes. Huh? Why on earth was she blindfolded? She had a strange expression on her face too - a sort of skittish look, worry, nervousness, excitement perhaps. It didn't make any sense. Another one of Coach Takezawa's tricks?

Before I could figure it out, I heard the showers shut off, and the girls' voices coming this way. I shoved the pictures back in the envelope, and put the scrapbook back up where I found it. The three of them came into Shiori's room, their hair still wet wearing just towels as Kaori had earlier. They all looked so appetizing fresh from the shower. Kaori looked down shyly refusing to meet my gaze. Shoot! I guess I shouldn't have kissed her. She just looked so appetizing like that I couldn't help myself.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," Nanae said cheerily. "You can have a shower now if you'd like."

"Uh, do you have like a towel or something I could borrow?"

Shiori went into her closet making my heart skip a beat. Nanae looked at me and then Kaori staring at the ground, and perhaps suspected something had gone on between the two of us. She got this mischievous look on her face, and sidled up next to Kaori. She said something to Kaori in Japanese, and then bumped her hips against poor Kaori's, sending her for a loop. Poor Kaori's towel unraveled again and fell to the floor, leaving her standing there naked. I drew in a deep breath, the sight of Kaori desperately scrambling to cover her naked body almost more than I could bear in my aroused state. Nanae with this self-satisfied grin picked up the towel off the floor and started folding it up. Kaori tried to grab it from her, and soon the two of them locked hands wrestling. I just stood there enraptured by the sight of Kaori's taut naked form straining as she strove to push Nanae back onto Shiori's bed. She had beautiful muscle tone in her hips and buttocks, all over her body. Trying to get her balance, she spread her legs wide, giving me a nice view of her pussy. She would surely be quite the tigress in bed.

Unfortunately, Shiori rushed out motioning for me to help break up the fight. I grabbed Kaori by the waist, and pulled her off Nanae. I shuddered at the heavenly touch of her soft flesh. God. She's gorgeous.

"She started it," Kaori squealed visibly upset. Nanae broke out laughing. Kaori did look quite the sight standing there buck naked all steamed up over a little tomfoolery. I could feel a joyous feeling burbling up inside myself, more lust than laughter perhaps. Kaori looked so priceless getting all angry standing there in the buff. Shiori tossed me a towel.

"Here go shower while I try to get these two to settle down."

I squelched my smile, and nodded, but as I passed Nanae, I couldn't resist getting her back. I grabbed her towel, and tugged it right off. She lunged forward, and I fell back onto the bed killing myself laughing. Nanae jumped up on top of me straddling my manhood and brushing her naked muff against it pushing me dangerously close to the edge. She pulled at my shirt, and slapped my face, but all I could feel was her pelvis grinding deep into my hopelessly engorged member. I reached up, and squeezed her perky little breasts, and she gave out the most delightful squeal. Kaori and Shiori grabbed Nanae's shoulders from behind, and tried to pull her off of me.

Suddenly though, we heard the metal door of the guard's office slam shut, and heavy footfalls heading this way. All of us froze. Shiori wasn't allowed to have boy guests at all. I scrambled to my feet, and they pushed me into the closet, slamming the door shut in my face. I couldn't see anything at all, but I could definitely hear the security guard, clearly a man, questioning them as to what the scuffle was all about.

"It was nothing," Shiori said. "We were just fooling around; that's all."

Thank goodness they got their towels back on in time. That would have been something if he'd come down, and seen Nanae on top of me in the nude. I could still vividly remember the sensation of her muff pressing against my penis. I've really got to calm down here. I can't fuck them all.

It took them quite a while to convince the security guard to go away. The way I figure as soon as he saw how gorgeous they all were, he decided to stick around a bit, and get a good look. Not that I could blame him. The three of them were complete knockouts. Anyway, they finally managed to get him to leave, and let me out of the closet. Shiori put her slender index finger up to her lustrous little lips.

"Shhhh! Hurry up, and have a shower, so we can get going. We'll watch the door."

Nanae and Kaori eyed me cautiously. I shrugged an apology, and headed across to the showers. I was still pretty worked up from all the excitement, but the cool water slowly helped me calm down. By the time I'd dried off, and dressed, the three of them were all dressed as well.

"Anyway, we've got to go. Thanks for the drive," Shiori smiled kissing me on the cheek.

"Don't kiss him!" Kaori shouted angrily. Shiori turned, and signaled for her to be quiet. We listened at the door, but the security guard mustn't have heard Kaori's outburst.

"Why not?" Shiori whispered. Kaori answered in Japanese, but I did catch Misa's name. The two of them sank into a long discussion. I nervously scratched the palm of my hand. I'd almost forgotten about Misa, but the three of them obviously hadn't. She was their best friend, the leader of their group. If I wanted to go out with any of these three, I'd have to break up with Misa first. I held up my hand to stop them talking.

"Girls, girls! I don't really understand what you're saying, but I think I know what you're getting at. I'd better talk this all over with Misa, and then we'll see where we go from there."

Kaori eyed me suspiciously, but finally nodded that that was best. Nanae and Shiori looked over at Kaori uneasily, perhaps wondering if she'd beaten them to the punch. I did like Kaori, but anyway, obviously, I'd have to break off with Misa first.

The three of them headed off to the library, and I drove the car back home. I lay on my bed for a long time, trying to sort out my feelings. I'd been dating Misa for quite some time now. I knew her pretty well, better than Kaori and the others, but somehow it just wasn't working. Now how could I break the news to her?

After supper, I watched TV for a while, and then went outside to give Misa a call on my cell. Misa had been pretty cool toward me lately, but I wasn't really sure how she would react. I took a deep breath, and dialed her number.

"Oh, Paul, I'm so glad you called. This project is driving me crazy. I really need a break. Are you free tomorrow?"

"Uh yeah. Listen, Misa, there's something I need to talk to you about."

"Sure, Paul. What's on your mind?" Her voice sounded so sweet, so full of affection. I hesitated.

"Um, yeah, well maybe we can talk about it tomorrow. Where do you want to go?"

"I was thinking about the beach."

This was strange. I'd invited her to the beach before, but she'd always said no. Why the sudden change of heart, I wonder.

"Um, yeah sure. What time do you want me to pick you up?"

"Maybe nine. Is that too early? Ten?"

"No no. Nine is fine. I got up early this morning."

"Yeah, I heard."

What? Nanae and them told her already? Oh oh. I hope they didn't tell her everything. She must be pretty steamed as it is. She'd told me to stay away from them. Why didn't she seem angry at all? Could she have changed her mind?

The next morning, I had a shower, packed up my swim stuff, and drove over to Misa's. She was sitting out on her patio waiting for me. She got up as soon as she saw me, and came over to the car. I had to take a double take because she was wearing a white hoodie and this fire-engine-red mini-skirt! I'd never even seen her in a mini-skirt before! Her legs were an appealing shade of pale pink, pristine and untouched by the sun's harsh rays. Her skin looked smooth and soft, hairless, with just the right muscle tone. I wanted so much to reach out, and touch her, but then I remembered. Today I have to tell her we're through. That's the whole point of meeting her today.

"Hi Paul. Isn't this great? It's perfect weather for the beach," she smiled pointing up at the clear blue sky. She was definitely in a good mood. What's going on? She'd been so angry with me for so long, and now she's all brightness and light. What gives? I drove to the beach with Misa going on about how long it was since she'd last been to the beach, and how excited she was that I was taking her. I couldn't get over the change. She seemed happier than I'd ever seen her.

"Could we stop in that mall in Waikiki on the way? I want to grab something to eat, and buy a few things before we go to the beach."

"Sure, I guess," I nodded. Well, anyway, I'll bide my time for now, and see what happens. There's no sense rushing this.

She directed me into the multilevel parking lot connected to the biggest shopping center in Waikiki . I drove up to the third floor where all the restaurants are. I got out of the car, opened the trunk, and traded my beach sandals for a better pair of shoes. Misa was still in the front seat of the car doing something.

"Misa, are you coming?" I called out to her. She was just sitting there staring off into space. Ever so slowly she got out of the car, and came back to the trunk. She was carrying her miniskirt and panties in her hands, shaking them out. She looked distracted, nervous even.

"Oh you didn't have to change into your swimsuit yet. There are washrooms down by the beach," I told her.

She gave me an anxious look, then leaned into the trunk, and stuffed her skirt and panties into her bag. The hem of her hoodie crept up, exposing her cute round buttocks cheeks. That's funny. That's quite a thong she has on. It's buried so deep in her butt crack I can't even see it. Months of hiding her body from me, but today she's dressed to kill. Guess she doesn't want to lose out to all those bleached blondes in their string bikinis down on the beach there. Waikiki is crawling with them.

"Do you have your camera?" she asked.

"Uh, yeah, sure."

"Bring it along."

I couldn't quite figure what she wanted me to take a picture of. Her eating lunch? Still, I pulled the camera out, and slung it over my shoulder to humor her. Perhaps she sensed something was up. Maybe that's why she was acting so strange. She was planning something; I could tell.

We walked out into the mall. It was still early in the day, so there weren't many people there. The whole Waikiki shopping area is pretty pricey, so I rarely come here. Girls seem to like it though - lots of brand and luxury good shops. Misa led me across to an Okonomi Yaki restaurant. I'd had Japanese food quite a bit when I was growing up, and Misa seemed to prefer it to western. The place was completely empty. The girl at the cash said to sit anywhere. Misa led me way off to the far corner, and slid into the seat at the back.

The waitress came, and took our order, and then disappeared off back into the kitchen. The restaurant was a nice place with big picture windows looking out over the street below. You couldn't quite see the beach for all the buildings, but it wasn't far at all.

"It's hot in here, isn't it?" she said pulling on her hoodie to fan herself.

"Yeah, I guess," I nodded. I didn't really mind the heat. I grew up in Honolulu, so I was used to it.

"Paul, can you check to see if the waitress or anyone is there?"

"What? Do you want some water or something?"

"No no. I just want to make sure no one's coming."

"What? Why?"

She pulled a white sports bra out of her bag, and set it down on the table.

"I just wanted to change into this."

"What here?"

"Uh-huh," she grinned at me, with this mischievous gleam in her eye. I looked at her long and hard. Is this what she was planning? Surely, she didn't intend to change out here in the open. This was a brightly lit public restaurant in the middle of Waikiki, a thronging tourist Mecca . Sure there was no one much here now, but there would be soon.

Still, she kept motioning for me to go look, so I finally got up. She handed me my camera.

"Here take this too. There's something I want to show you."

I looked at her doubtfully, but she shooed me to go on. I finally stood up, and went to take a look at the kitchen. The two waitresses seemed to be inside somewhere talking with the chef perhaps. Misa motioned for me to look out into the mall as well. I could hear noises coming from the other stores, but I couldn't see much of anyone. I came back, and nodded that there was indeed no one around. She peered around anxiously, and then slowly lifted up the hem of her hoodie. I reeled back stunned as her neatly trimmed pubic hair slid into clear view.

"Ohmigod!" I shouted out without thinking. She'd been walking around the mall commando of all things.