**At a Baseball Game**

by Emi Tsuruta

A while back, my boyfriend Ryosuke and I made some new friends in a sushi bar here in Oceanview. He and I were just sitting there, eating when we overheard them talking in Japanese. Ryosuke went over, and said hi. They were students, living down in Los Angeles who'd come down to Oceanview for the weekend. There were two girls, Haruko and Misae, and a guy, Koji. Haruko has a milky complexion. I kept telling she should become a model. Misae is petite, but has a naughty face and a naughty laugh. She looks like one of those Latina girls you see tarted up in the mall. Koji is kind of like their bodyguard. He is so big I swear he could be a sumo wrestler.

They told us a bit about L.A. Ryosuke and I had just got back from there, so we knew some of the places they mentioned: Venice Beach, Little Tokyo, Hollywood. One thing they do down there is go to baseball games. They invited us to come with them, and see.

Dodger Stadium had a Japan special because Miami was coming to play. L.A.'s pitcher Kenta Maeda would play against Ichiro and Jun'ichi Tazawa for the Marlins. I used to watch high school baseball in Japan with my dad before I moved to the States, but actually, I don't really know that much about baseball here. Still, I thought it would be fun to see Ichiro because... well I don't know, I guess he's kind of handsome. Haruko and Misae seemed all excited too. It would be fun to see them all again.

Because we had to take the train all the way from Oceanview, Ryosuke and I arrived a bit late, and we finally found Haruko and Misae and them. The Japan special seats were all in the outer loge near right field where Ichiro plays. There were so many Japanese people there I felt like I was home again. Haruko and Misae were pretending to be all angry with us for being late, but finally, I squished past all the people on the row, and sat down next to them. Haruko and Misae introduced us to their other friends. An American guy, Steve, was sitting next to Haruko. I guess he was her date or whatever. Some other people they knew were sitting down in the front row, so they took me down to introduce them. The usher came, and told us to move back to our seats. Misae and them pretended they couldn't speak English, and eventually, he just let us be.

Ryosuke doesn't like to be so crowded in, so he sat up with Koji in the back row. Haruko and Steve were sitting in the next row down. There wasn't really any place for us to sit at the front, so after I'd met Misae's friends, I went back up, and sat next to Haruko.

Anyway, we finally got all settled in, and watched the game. I didn't really recognize any of the players except Ichiro. Steve explained that you can follow everything by looking at the scoreboard. Above us, there was another balcony, so we couldn't really see the big video screens or the scoreboard so well. A couple of times, I went down to the front to chat with Misae's friends, and try to figure out the scoreboard, but after a while, I just came back up, sat in my seat, and watched the game. Every time Ichiro came up to bat, we would all cheer.

I turned around to talk to Ryosuke, but then I noticed that both he and Koji were staring at my hips. It was kind of hot that day, so I was just wearing a loose pair of steely grey sweatpants and a lacy cream off the shoulder crop top. Crop tops were kind of coming in then, and so were low-rise sweatpants. Anyway, the drawstring around my waist must have come undone, because my pants had slid down a bit, and were hanging low on my hips, so you could kind of see my butt cheeks. I pulled my pants up, and tried to fix the string, but Ryosuke shot me a look like he wanted me to leave them like that.

I felt torn. I know that Ryosuke wants me to show off my body more, but it was embarrassing with Haruko and her friends here. I tried to focus on the game, but soon I could feel Koji and Ryosuke staring at my bare shoulders. My bra was strapless, but you could see my tan lines from where my bikini usually is. I hadn't really thought about it, but I guess it does look kind of risquÃ(C).

All this staring was making me nervous. To get away, I went down to the front row again. As I walked down the stairs, other guys looked over, checking me out. I stayed there for a while, and calmed down a bit, but soon there was a break in the game, so I walked back up to get something to drink. Some of the guys had this weird bewildered look on their faces. I think my sweatpants had slid so low that you could see my hip bones. I felt a bit anxious, but I just left my pants like that, and got Ryosuke to come with me. We headed off around the back to look for something to drink.

"You look amazing."

I looked down, blushing, but managed a,

"Thanks."

"You know what, Emi? Can you do me a favor?"

"What?"

"Take off your underwear."

"What? No!"

"I'm not asking you to flash or anything. I just think it'd be pretty exciting if both you and I knew that you don't have any underwear on."

I looked at him, not surprised really, but a bit worried about what everyone would think.

"Really? I don't know if that's such a good idea."

"Oh please. I know you want to try. I could see you back there creaming your panties every time Ichiro turned this way."

"I was not."

"Care to show me?" He tried to corner me, but I just ran away.

"Oh c'mon, Emi. Don't be that way. Give me a kiss at least."

I pretended to pout for a bit, but I finally went over, and let him kiss me. Maybe I was a bit excited, not so much about Ichiro, but just from all the guys staring. Ryosuke stood in line to buy me a drink, while I slipped off to the washroom to take off my undies. I felt a bit nervous, as I checked how I looked in the mirror. I guess I didn't look that different, but it felt a bit drafty down there with only my sweatpants to cover me. I stuffed my underwear into my purse, and went back out to meet Ryosuke.

"Show me," he asked.

"No way!" I ran all the way back to our section, and squeezed past Steve and Haruko to my seat. Ryosuke handed me my drink, and then sat down next to Koji in the row behind us. I felt much randier than before. My top slid down the slope of my breasts, but I just left it. I leaned forward to get something out of my purse, and out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Steve ogling my dangling tits. Misae elbowed me in the ribs, and whispered,

"Your nipples are showing."

Hearing that got me even more excited. I straightened up, and smiled apologetically at her, but Steve was now adjusting his collar. Fortunately, Haruko hadn't noticed.

After a while, I stopped worrying, and watched the game. I wanted to get a picture of Ichiro up close, so I walked down the stairs, and stood right at the edge of the balcony. When I came back, all these guys were staring at me. The waistband on my pants had fallen so low you could almost see where my pubic hair starts. Without bothering to fix it, I squeezed past Steve and Haruko again, and sat down. Steve peered over at me, and I wondered if he'd seen my pubes. I tried to act normal, but I was getting more and more excited.

Soon, Ichiro was up at bat again, and he got a hit. We all jumped up, and yelled out to cheer him on. My pants were so low you could see the crack of my bottom. I glanced back at Ryosuke, but he just grinned, delighted. I was in such a naughty mood, when I sat back down, I deliberately slid my behind along the seat pulling my bottoms down even more. I could feel the cold plastic of the seat on my behind.

Misae and Haruko were so excited about Ichiro getting a hit that they weren't really paying any attention to me. All eyes were on Ichiro on first base. I wanted some popcorn, so I got up, and kneeled on my seat reaching for the box Ryosuke was holding. Koji was staring at me bug-eyed, excited by all this skin I was showing. Misae scowled at me, annoyed. Apparently, some of the guys in front of us had turned to get a better look at me.

The next batter - I don't know his name - got a hit too, and Ichiro got to run. I jumped up to cheer, but my pants were precariously low now. I placed my hands on my butt cheeks confirming that they could see quite a bit. Ryosuke looked like he might warn me, but couldn't bring himself to do it. Koji looked kind of bewildered as well. I sat down on the edge of my seat, and then slowly slid back. My bush was still more or less covered - barely, but nothing was covering my naked hiney. I nervously tugged at my lacy crop top, but it was too short to help. I felt so embarrassed. I didn't know what to do. I should probably pull my sweatpants back up, but instead, I just sat there, waiting to see what would happen.

The next guy struck out. There were two outs, and Ichiro was on third base obviously hoping to run home. Our whole section wanted to see Ichiro score a run. The next guy up must have been a good batter because everyone started cheering. I made a bet with myself. If this man gets a hit, and pushes Ichiro home, I'll stand up, and flash my bottom. If he strikes out, I'll pull my pants back up, and behave.

The pitcher tossed a couple of balls on purpose, and the crowd started booing. I tried to stay calm, but I was getting all jittery from the excitement. I was so excited I slid my hand down the front of my pants, and started dabbing at my hello kitty. I felt so naughty playing with myself in the crowded stadium. I looked back at Ryosuke, and he just smiled.

Koji wanted to watch the game, but he kept glancing down at my behind. The pitcher finally started throwing for real, but the Seattle batter missed the next two. The whole stadium went quiet. Someone yelled,

"Gambare!" 'go for it' in Japanese. I was almost about to chicken out, but then Ichiro's teammate got a hit, and everyone jumped up. I stayed seated, waiting to see if Ichiro made it home, but I couldn't see. I stood up, but by some miracle, my waistband caught on the curve of my rear, keeping my pants up. Koji and Ryosuke could see practically my whole rear. I was tempted to push my pants down, but I couldn't get up the nerve.

Ichiro made it home, and we all went wild, hugging each other. I gave Misae a hug, and then Haruko and Steve. Steve peered down at my hips as he pulled away. I think he may have felt my bra-less nipples against his chest. I blushed, and batted my eyelashes coyly. I was so turned on.

I looked back to see what Ryosuke made of my tomfoolery, and he gave me a somewhat edgy smile. I don't usually flaunt my body when there are so many people watching, but I was so charged up that day. Part of it was the excitement of the game and the crowd and getting to see Ichiro. I was on a natural high. I reached up, and gave Ryosuke a hug. He reached for my waistband, but not sure what he was up to, I held him just out of reach. I gave Koji a hug too, pressing my breasts against his wide chest.

The whole crowd was chanting "Ichiro! Ichiro!" and then on the big screen, we could see ourselves. I started dancing, and soon the camera focused in on me. I lifted up my top, and showed them my belly button, and the crowd was all clapping and cheering me on. I came very close to flashing my breasts, but before I got up the nerve, the big screen changed to something else. I missed my chance.

Almost everyone sat back down, but I continued to stand, trying to see who was batting next. A lot of guys in front of us had turned to stare at me. Misae tugged on my arm trying to get me to sit back down. I finally did, but the cold plastic of the seat felt so strange when I touched down. I was so horny by then I swear. I honestly felt like taking my bottoms off, and just going naked. I resisted the urge, but finally decided to go sit next to Ryosuke for protection.

"Haruko, can you let me by?" I asked. She pulled her knees in, and I skirted round her, letting the people below see my bare behind. There were murmurs of surprise, but I tried to ignore them as I wiggled past. Steve seemed fascinated by my tummy, but I just blushed. I was going to squeeze past Koji too, but Ryosuke came out to the aisle, worried about me now. He led me up to the hallway behind the seats.

"Emi, I hate to say this, but maybe you'd better tone it down. You're getting everyone all riled up."

"Yeah, did you see the reaction? Amazing, right?" I fiddled with my waistband, still half wondering if I could get away with taking my pants off, but there were people in the hall. Ryosuke led me into a stairwell to get away from prying eyes. I ran up ahead of him, showing off my bare bottom. He reached up, and grabbed my waist steering me to the fifth level away from the crowds.

There didn't seem to be anyone up here. We both sat down in the back row, and looked out. The players looked so small you'd need binoculars to tell who was who. There didn't seem to be any ushers up here either.

Without really thinking it through, I leaned forward lifting up my bottom, and pulled my sweatpants down till they were hanging around my knees. Ryosuke glanced around worried that someone might be watching. I don't know what I was thinking, but I slid my hand down between my legs, playing with my hello kitty. It felt so good to finally get some relief.

Ryosuke pointed towards the big screens, and said,

"What if the cameramen find you?"

I just giggled, and leaned over, and kissed him.

"Then they'll see I guess." I was pretty sure that the cameras never come up this high. The cameramen have to cover the game after all. Still, it was hard to know for sure. They'd just been shooting me a few minutes ago, and now here I was sitting here with my pussy showing.

"I'm going to blame it all on you, you know," I teased, kissing him some more. For some reason, I just found the whole thing so funny. Here, we were, sitting in the middle of this crowded stadium, with the game still on, and Ichiro down there somewhere. I gently stroked my pleasure zone. I kissed him to try to shut him up, and again, more passionately now.

"You're crazy, you know?" he said, between kisses. He was right, of course. This was crazy. Normally, I'd never do anything like this, but somehow being miles from Oceanview made me braver. I was just so high. I kissed him again, trying to get him hot for me.

"I think we'd better settle down, and watch the game," he finally told me.

I just looked at him, a bit put off. How could he be so calm with me sitting here half naked like this? I sat back down, but I wasn't satisfied. I was too excited now to think of anything else.

Finally, I lifted my knees up, and pulled my sweatpants down till they were hanging around my ankles. I set my feet down on the back of the seats in the row in front of ours, and then spread my legs wide open flashing my pussy at the whole stadium. I was so turned on I didn't know what I was doing anymore. The feeling of the sun and the air on my open pussy was just fantastic. I could really feel the orgasm coming on now.

Ryosuke was having a bird though. He tried to pull the bottom of my top down to cover up my bush. I just sat there getting wetter and wetter. My top wasn't long enough, so eventually, he gave up trying to fix it. I pulled it back up and spread my legs as far apart as they would go, savoring the wonderful feeling between my legs.

"I guess Ichiro gets that a lot," Ryosuke quipped.

"What?"

"Gorgeous girls showing him their pussies. 'Ichiro, come fuck me,'" he joked imitating a girl's voice. I broke out laughing, pulling my legs back together. He is pretty funny sometimes.

"No, seriously Ryosuke. I don't know why. I just feel so..."

"So what do you want to do?"

"Something crazy!"

"Like what?"

"I don't know. Flash my breasts or something."

"You've already flashed a lot more than that."

"Yeah, but no one can see us up here."

Ryosuke scanned over towards the entrance, and his eyes narrowed. I quickly pulled up my pants, and sure enough, an usher had appeared at the top of the stairs. It was hard to tell how long he had been there. I hope he didn't see me flashing my pussy. We quickly got up, and walked out past him.

"Do you want to flash him?" Ryosuke whispered, nodding towards the usher.

"No."

"Who then?"

"Let's go down to the first floor, and see if we can get a picture of Ichiro." We walked all the way down, but it was absolutely hopeless. We couldn't get anywhere near the dugout. I guess that only makes sense. Still, I was so disappointed. I really wanted to see Ichiro. When he was out on the field, he didn't even look our way.

On our way back up, we did find a place where we could look out, and see the game. We were still pretty far away, but at least we could sort of see Ichiro way out in right field. I leaned on the railing, and put my hand up my top from underneath.

"What are you doing?" Ryosuke asked.

"I just want to flash him my breasts."

Ryosuke stood right behind me trying to shield me from the concession cashiers. I lifted my top up a little, but I was having trouble getting up the nerve to actually do it. I didn't think anyone could see us from this distance, least of all Ichiro, but still it took a lot of nerve. I'd seen American girls do this kind of stuff at concerts, but it's not as easy as it looks. I pulled the hem up a bit more, and finally decided to try. I yelled out "Ichiro!" and then pulled up my top to show him my breasts. As far as I could tell no one heard me, or saw. I was kind of offended, and resolved to take my top right off. If that doesn't get him to look...

I looked up and down the hallway to make sure no one was coming, and then pulled one arm out. Ryosuke shielded my body from view, but didn't stop me. I pulled the top off over my head, and soon I was standing there topless. I started to wonder if I could take off my bottoms too, but Ryosuke nodded towards a security guard who was coming this way. I quickly hid behind him, and pulled my top back on. There were just too many people around. We ended up rejoining Misae and them. I sat next to Ryosuke cuddling up next to him, still kind of horny.

After the game, we went, and found a Japanese restaurant nearby on Sunset Blvd., Tsubaki, I think it was called. It was nice - a red brick wall, all wooded tables and chairs. It was quite crowded because the game had just got out, but they manage to push some tables together for the six of us. I sat between Ryosuke and Steve with my back to the glass door. I hadn't really fixed the drawstring on my waistband yet, so whenever anyone came in, they'd immediately peer down at my butt cheeks wondering why I was dressed like that. Ryosuke actually seemed more skittish than I felt, and once or twice motioned for me to cover up. I wasn't too worried. It seemed innocent enough.

After supper, Ryosuke and I said goodbye, and headed back to Oceanview. That was a fun day.

Anyway, that's all for now. I'll write again soon.