**Bachelor Party**

by Emi Tsuruta

Not long after we'd checked out those strip clubs, my friends Nao, Minori and I went up to the outlet stores just outside Oceanview to shop for clothes. When we came out, Minori pointed to this bar across the street.

"What's that?" she asked.

"I don't know. Some kind of drinking place?" I shrugged.

"Let's check it out."

I don't think I'd ever been in that particular bar, but it looked familiar - wooden interiors, a jukebox and billiard tables. The crowd was in their twenties or thirties, guys and girls, dressed sort of casual, jeans and t-shirts. I wasn't all that dressed up either - just jeans, a crop top and a hoodie, but had on platform ankle boots which kind of look nice. Minori and Nao were wearing breezy summer dresses. We sat down at one of the tables, and a waitress came over, and took our order. I ordered cider, and Nao and Minori got beer.

Minori clearly wanted to meet some guys. There were quite a few there, but we hadn't gotten much of a reaction yet. I got up, and went over to the jukebox to see what kind of songs they had. They didn't have any Japanese music, but they did have a Korean song 'Gangnam Style.'

I fed some quarters into the jukebox, pressed the button, and started dancing. In my platform boots, it was a bit hard to balance. I tried to dance like in the Gangnam video, cowgirl style, but without really meaning to, I was mixing in some of the moves Monique the stripper had taught us, rocking my hips back and forth. Before long, a guy at one of the tables sat up, and took notice, pointing me out to his friends. At first, they were all just sitting there, but soon, I got them laughing with my bucking bronco routine, and they came over to dance with me. I smiled at Minori, knowing she'd be happy I'd found some guys for us to talk to.

These guys were funny too. I lassoed one with my imaginary lariat, and he pretended like I was tying him up, making everyone laugh. After the song, they invited Nao, Minori and I to come join them at their table. They actually turned out to be pretty cool. Two of them were Anglo, Jeff (my lassoee) and Tim, but there was one shy Asian guy, Ben, in their group, maybe Chinese American. Jeff was a big guy, a joker with bushy hair and a beard like a lion's mane. Tim is kind of cute in an innocent emo punk rocker sort of way. Ben had this deadpan earnestness which struck me as kind of funny.

"What are you girls doing here?" Jeff grinned.

"We're just on our way back from shopping," I explained. "What about you?"

"Benny boy here is getting hitched next week, so this is like his bachelor party."

Ben himself looked a bit embarrassed by the whole thing, but I thought it was nice of his friends to organize this for him. Minori asked what people usually do at bachelor parties, and I let slip that I thought they usually have strippers.

"Where's your stripper?" Minori joked, perhaps a bit tipsy from the beer.

"I told these guys to skip all that," Ben told us. "I just wanted to hang."

"Why don't one of you girls strip for him?" Jeff quipped. Minori laughed, thinking this was just another of Jeff's jokes. I smiled a bit awkwardly, while Nao shook her head that she wasn't about to strip for anyone. Jeff was clapping now, calling for one of us to 'take it off.' Minori, definitely drunk, told them straight out,

"Emi was just learning how to strip the other day!"

I denied it, but Jeff got all excited, asking what she meant.

"It was Minori's idea originally," I corrected. "We went to a strip club with guy strippers and then another club with girls."

"Wow! Hot!" Jeff gushed.

"We met this French stripper named Monique, and she showed us a few moves."

"Like what?" Ben asked, suddenly more interested. I tried to laugh the whole thing off, but Jeff was superkeen, begging for me to show them. I was actually more interested in Tim, who seemed like a nice guy, but he was holding back, treating the whole thing like it was a joke.

"I can't do it without music," I told them, trying to get out of it. Jeff jumped up, and queued up more songs on the jukebox. The first song was a slow sexy Rihanna number. Minori nodded for me to show them, so I stood up, and started moving to the music, trying to remember how Monique dances. I twirled my arms in the air trying to get this hypnotic thing going. I don't think I was doing it right, but Jeff was clapping and whistling, Ben was smiling, and even Tim seemed to be getting interested now. I was kind of glad actually because I wasn't really sure if I could pull the 'sexy' bit off, at least not the way Monique had.

The song changed. Lady Gaga was next I think. I kind of liked the song, so I kept dancing. There was something in the lyrics about 'bluffing with my muffin.' I was starting to feel a bit hot. I peeled off my hoodie, and Jeff started applauding like crazy, thinking I was actually going to strip. I hadn't really planned to, but the guys all seemed into it now. Even Ben was smiling widely, happy to have an unofficial 'stripper' at his stag party.

Jeff kept feeding quarters into the jukebox to keep the music going. Next was a Britney song - 'all the boys and all the girls want to if you seek Amy.' Wow! That sounds naughty.

Honestly, at first, I hadn't really planned to do anything more than dance a couple of songs just to humor them, but now that I was up here dancing with all of them cheering me on, it was actually kind of fun. I looked at Minori, but she was just laughing, enjoying my antics. Nao was blushing, but I think that was probably more from the alcohol than my sexy dancing.

I looked around the bar. There were a lot of people there, mostly guys, but no one I knew. I mean Nao and Minori are my friends, but they're not really connected to my other friends. Even if I do something crazy tonight, it probably won't get back to my host mom or classmates.

I started lifting up my top flaunting my bellybutton and threatening to show them more. Jeff and Tim were whistling and hooting away, obviously loving it. I started twirling my hips the way my hula dancer friend, Kaila, had shown me to do. Tim and them were eating it up, loving it.

The next song had an even heavier beat, and I started writhing around, really dancing my heart out. I started pushing my jeans down, showing them the crack of my behind, just to see what they would do. Ben raised his eyebrows in mock shock, and even Tim seemed to be digging it. The guys at the other tables were looking over at me now too. I chcked the bartender's reaction, but he seemed fine with it. He smiled, enjoying my little dance. Wow! This is so cool!

The music went into a rave-like swirl almost as if it was pushing me to go for it too. Caught up in the moment, I undid my bra, and pulled the straps off wriggling out of it. I wasn't showing them my breasts yet, but I was threatening to. My face must have been so red by then, but I just kept smiling, wondering how far I dare take this. Even drunk, it was hard to get up the nerve to strip in front of all these people.

Jeff was calling for everyone to clap more, really pushing for me to do it. Everyone seemed into it, laughing and cheering, urging me on. I was loving all the attention. Maybe the cider was starting to go to my head, making me horny. Going with it, I moved out onto the dance floor, where everyone could see better.

My head spinning a bit from the alcohol and excitement, I finally just went for it. I grabbed my crop top, and pulled it right off over my head. I was topless now, my bare breasts bouncing around as I danced. Everyone started cheering like crazy, banging their mugs on the table, calling for me to strip more. I felt embarrassed of course, but I was kind of happy about all this applause I was getting. Wow! My tits aren't that big or anything, compared to American girls, but the crowd sure seemed to like them.

The guys were all chanting,

"More! More! More!" but the music had slowed down a bit, and I was actually pretty happy just being topless. My heart was already pounding away. Minori was kind of looking at me, wondering if this was normal in the States. I hadn't really seen too many American girls strip at parties, maybe once in my freshman year. Nao was kind of quiet, a bit awed by the reaction I was getting.

I probably would have left it at that, but the music started building again. Jeff was calling for everyone to cheer me on to see if they could get me to strip out of my jeans too. I glanced down at my jeans. They were already hanging pretty low on my hips, making me nervous, excited. I pushed them down a bit more, showing them a bit of my booty, getting even more applause.

I came back to our table, and took another sip from my cider. I wonder if that's what's getting me so horny. What's in this stuff anyway? Ben and Tim were staring at my tits in wonder, and Jeff looked ecstatic.

The cheering kept on building. People were pounding on the tables, demanding more. It was like everyone in the place was watching me now. I put my hands in the air, shaking my hips like a belly dancer. I felt pretty self-conscious, but the crowd was clearly loving it.

The song was really good too - first exotic, mysterious, enticing, then more and more dramatic, forceful - the perfect song for stripping. I was really torn, confused. Part of me knew I should probably stop, but I was loving all the attention, all the applause. These guys were really so into me, into my body. They couldn't believe such a cute girl would strip.

I put my hands on my hips, fingering my waistband wondering what to do. Should I just show them? Jeff was nodding for me to go for it, and even Ben and Tim were looking at me with anticipation. I licked my lips wondering if I should chance it.

The music was spiraling up into a crescendo. Taking that as my cue, I pried my boots off, and kicked them off to the side. The butterflies in my tummy were getting almost unbearable. I put my hands on my waistband, and this huge cheer went up from the crowd. I continued to waver, but something inside was pushing me to do it. I was losing it, caught up in all the excitement.

Finally screwing up my nerve, I pushed my jeans and panties straight down, showing everyone my pussy and buns. The crowd went wild, and I was like,

"Wow!"

I pushed my jeans and panties all the way down, and stepped out of them, peeling off my socks in the process. There was this deafening roar from the crowd. I looked down at my naked body, a bit in awe myself. I had an ankle bracelet on, but I put my clothes on our table, and then danced back out onto the floor. Jeff was fist-pumping the air, and a lot of guys were whooping or praying thanking god for their luck. I knew what I was doing was crazy, but it felt good to be naked, liberating even. I was so excited.

The song changed to something darker, more sinister. I was so out of my head I didn't know what I was doing. I walked over towards Ben, wanting to congratulate him somehow on his wedding, but what does a stripper do anyway? Give him a lap dance?

Unfortunately, Minori was getting all worried about me now. The guys in the crowd were shouting all kinds of things, but I don't think they meant any harm. Just to be safe though, she picked up my hoodie, and came over, wrapping it around my shoulders to try to cover me up.

"What are you doing?" I protested. "I want to congratulate the groom." I suddenly realized I must be drunk.

"Emi, stop," Nao said in Japanese. "Look at where you are." I glanced out at the crowd, but they actually didn't look so dangerous to me. They were booing Minori though, as she herded me towards the back door. Some guys tried to reach out, and grab my ass as we walked past.

"I'm thirsty. I didn't finish my drink," I protested, gently massaging my aching pussy as Minori pushed me right out the door. "That was fun though. Don't you think? Did you see their reaction?" I babbled, still high.

"We'd better hurry, and get you dressed before they come out here," Minori scolded, taking my panties from Nao.

"You guys are no fun. Do you know that?" I complained.

Outside though, the night air was quite cool, and that helped me clear my head. Even so, I was still horny. Those guys loved me, I thought. Minori and Nao were struggling to get my clothes straightened out, so they could put them on me.

As I looked around, I slowly realized we were outside in this alleyway not so far from the street. Nao was trying to shield my naked body, but I teased her, making as if I was going to run past her out onto the street. Minori laughed, more from nervousness than joy.

"Here. Put your clothes on!" Nao demanded, holding out my panties.

Before I could take them from her, Ben appeared at the door.

"Um, Emi, was it? I just wanted to thank you," he started to say. I felt embarrassed, but was glad that Ben had enjoyed my show. He seemed like a nice guy. "You didn't have to do that, but god, you're gorgeous!" he gushed. I thought he was cute too, but Nao and Minori just wanted me to hurry up, and get dressed.

"Thanks," I blushed, finally taking my panties from Nao. "What would your fiance say if she knew you were out here?" I teased, not really hiding my body from him.

"Well, she's... uh... not like you...," he said in awe. I actually found his boyish innocence quite appealing. I would have teased him more, but Minori and Nao were pushing me to hurry up, so I finally pulled my panties back on. Once I was dressed, I wished him well, and we headed for the bus stop.

"Emi. You're horrible. Do you know that?" Nao scolded.

"He seemed to like it," I smiled. I had fun.