**Dancing & Strip Poker with Friends**

by[EmiTsuruta](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=80688&page=submissions)©

So there was this one night when Futoshi took the whole group of us to a real dance club. Futoshi and Kenta were my boyfriend Ryosuke's friends. Asuna was Ryosuke's girl cousin, and Satomi our friend. The six of us were Japanese exchange students all studying at Oceanview U. on the coast in southern California.

In Japan, they don't have high school dances or a prom or anything, but I'd been to dance parties for orientation or in Satomi's dorm at Oceanview U. The first time we went to this club, they wouldn't even let us in. I thought it was because Asuna didn't have ID, but the way Futoshi tells it, it was more the way we were dressed. After that, Ryosuke ended up taking me downtown, and we bought a "halter ladder" dress with lace up sides made of shiny black faux leather.

The next time we went we were dressed to the nines, so they let us in no problem. I wore that dress and a leather choker and black leather knee-high boots with zippers running up the sides. Satomi came in a black halter-top and cross necklace I lent her with tight black jeans. Asuna was still in a long frilly flower dress, but the boys dressed kind of cute too.

The clubbing part is a bit of a blur. I had a strawberry daiquiri for the first time, and got kind of drunk. Apparently, I went to the washroom, and took my panties off, but Satomi rescued me before too many people saw.

After the club, I was too drunk to go home, but Kenta invited us over to his place to sleep over. When we got there, I had some barley tea, and slowly, my head started to clear. I was kind of regretting shedding my panties earlier, but maybe it wasn't so bad. I think Kenta might have got a peek at my pussy, but anyway, we were all pretty drunk, so hopefully, he wouldn't remember.

We gathered in the living room, too worked up to sleep. I noticed on the table, there were decks of cards and little plastic disks.

"What are those?" I asked.

"Poker chips," Ryosuke replied. "The three of us have been learning."

The six of us had played cards a couple of times before, but we usually played Japanese games like Daihimin daifugou.

"Is poker hard?"

"No, no, it's easy. Do you want to play?"

Asuna had fallen asleep, so we moved her to Kenta's bed, and then came back, and played. As I kneeled down though, I realized they could see up my short skirt. This must have set Ryosuke off, because the next thing he said was,

"Why don't we play strip poker?"

The rest of them went silent, but I just calmly asked,

"How do you play?" curious.

"How about we give everyone two chips each to start, and if you need more, you buy them with your clothing," Ryosuke explained. "Someone has to be the banker."

"I'll do it!" Satomi cried out.

"But the banker still has to play though."

"Oh," she said sheepishly. I think she just wanted to sit here, and watch the rest of us strip. She's usually so shy, so I was surprised that she seemed so excited.

"You get one chip each every time you hand over necklaces, shoes or socks to the banker," Ryosuke went on. "A shirt or blouse will be worth two. Pants 4. A bra or undershirt 5. Emi's dress 6. Panties or underpants 9 chips. Once you take something off, you can't put it back on again even if you win it back."

"Hey, that's no fair. I'm not wearing a bra," I protested. Kenta and Futoshi spun to look at my breasts! Oops. Maybe I shouldn't have said that. I covered up my bust with my arms.

"And what do you mean you can't put things back on?"

"That's how you play," Ryosuke countered.

"How come you know so much about this?" I sniffed, defiant.

"There's, like, official rules for strip poker, and that's what they say."

I broke out laughing. Obviously, he was just making this up.

"You mean like there's some kind of international strip poker federation, and they hold championships? "

"Sure. You haven't heard 'bout it? It's big news. It's in all the papers."

Ryosuke is so funny sometimes. I knew he was kidding, but Kenta and Futoshi nodded to back him up. Satomi just sat there, scrunching up her cute little nose.

"OK, OK. Well anyway, how do you play?"

"Everyone ante's up one chip, and then you get five cards. In the first round, you go around the circle till someone opens the betting with a chip, say. The other people have to match that bet or fold. Oh, and they can raise the bet higher if they want. Once everyone has matched the bet, or folded, you can draw up to three cards—four if you have an ace—to try to make a better hand."

I guess I had played poker before, although I didn't know it that well.

"And how do you decide who wins?"

"Once everyone's matched the last raise, the people who haven't folded show their cards, and the best hand wins. OK, here, I'll write it all down. The best hand is a straight flush, then four of a kind, a full house, a flush, then a straight, three of a kind, two pair and then a pair. If no one has any of these, high card wins. If there's a tie, the winners split the pot. I'll write down what the clothes are worth too. Anyway, let's just try. You'll get the hang of it as we go along."

Satomi, Futoshi and Kenta hadn't said they were going to play yet. I guess I should tell you in Japan, they have yakyuuken, a kind of strip game, on TV, every new year's. Everyone makes a big deal whenever a girl takes off some item of clothing, but actually, no one ever gets naked. It's just for fun. I thought strip poker would be like that—we play until someone said to stop. I guess Satomi must have thought that too, because normally, she would never be caught dead stripping. She's a bit of a goody two shoes that way. I don't know what Kenta and Futoshi thought, but they seemed willing to go along with whatever. I don't really know who Futoshi likes, but he had suggested we all go dancing in the first place. Maybe he is sweet on Satomi.

Ryosuke gave us each two chips, and then already we had to put one in the center to ante up. I looked down at my clothes. I'd left my boots at the door, so all I had on was my dress, panties and choker. Hey! This isn't fair at all! All the rest of them were fully dressed. I looked at my cards.

"You go first, Emi. You have to have at least a pair of jacks to open."

"I pass then."

Satomi was looking at the chart. She finally found whatever she had, but she didn't look too pleased. The three boys all had poker faces. They all passed too, but then Satomi piped up,

"I can open," she said putting her other chip in the center of the table. I looked at her for a second, and then said,

"I fold."

"Aw, c'mon, Emi," Ryosuke countered. "You might get really good cards at the draw."

I looked down at my one lonely little chip. I didn't really want to give it away. Even if we did stop before anyone got naked, I didn't want to lose.

"No, that's OK. I'll wait till next time. Fold." I set my cards down, and sighed. At least I hadn't had to take anything off yet. Kenta and Futoshi folded too, so it was just up to Satomi and Ryosuke. Satomi 'sold' the necklace with the cross that I gave her, and then put the chip in the center. Ryosuke thought about it for a while. He must not have very good cards.

"OK, I fold," he finally said, and Satomi got the pot. At least, I had my one chip left. Ryosuke had to sell a sock just to ante up.

I dealt the next hand. I got something like a pair, but I wasn't sure if that was good or bad. Futoshi passed, and Kenta sold one of his socks to open. I looked at Ryosuke's clothing chart. At least my dress and panties were worth a lot, but I wasn't wearing any socks. My new boots are all furry inside, so I figured I wouldn't need socks, but now I was regretting not having brought some. I never dreamed we'd end up playing strip poker. I still could hardly believe the rest of them were all so into it. Usually, I'm the only one willing to do this kind of stuff.

Ryosuke sold a second sock to stay in. Satomi had this strange look on her face. She raised. I was kind of happy about my pair, but I'd have to sell either my dress or my panties to get enough chips to stay in. Even with my dress on, the boys kept trying to peek up my skirt, so rather than embarrass myself, I folded.

Kenta had a strained look on his face. I guess he realized that he'd have to take off quite a lot of clothes to beat Satomi. If he just let her win though, none of us would be able to outbid her anymore.

"Can I have a chip for my watch?" Kenta asked.

"Hey, the list doesn't say anything about watches," I protested.

"That's OK. You girls get your necklaces, so we should get our watches," Ryosuke explained. Satomi gave him a chip for it, but then it was her turn, and she raised him. Futoshi folded right away, and then it was back to Kenta.

"Two for a shirt, huh?" Kenta stood up, took off his shirt, and threw it to Satomi. "I call." He had an undershirt on, but his arms were pretty muscular. I'd pictured him being thinner. They both showed their hands, and Kenta won the pot. Satomi had a few chips left, but none of the rest of us had any.

Next game, I had to sell my choker to ante up, and Futoshi and Ryosuke sold their watches. Kenta dealt, and I got another low pair. Unless I get some good cards soon, I'm going to lose.

Kenta and Ryosuke passed, but then Satomi threw the last of her chips in. Futoshi and I folded, but now that Kenta had all the chips, he wanted to play. He raised Satomi. Ryosuke folded, and then Satomi sold her socks to stay in. The boys oo'd and ah'd about her bare feet. I couldn't understand what all the fuss was about. I'd been in my bare feet right from the start. I guess Satomi doesn't usually show that much skin, so it was more of an event.

They took their draws, and Satomi passed. We could all tell from the look on her face that Satomi was sure she would win. Kenta still had some chips, and she would have to take off her slacks or something just to call. Kenta threw in all his chips. If she did fold though, she'd have to strip anyway next time just to ante up. Even so, I was pretty surprised when she stood up, and turned her back to us, so she could undo the button on her slacks. I guess she was still a bit drunk from earlier. I was starting to sober up, and felt more and more weird that the rest of them were all so into this.

"Don't look," she told us. All three boys were drooling as Satomi wiggled out of her tight black slacks. Her panties were kind of a white knit cotton with dainty little frills on the waistband and cuffs. They did slide down a bit, so you could kind of see the top of the crack of her bottom. Once she'd got her slacks off, she pulled her panties back up, and quickly sat down. Her cheeks were bright red.

All the rest of us were kind of dumbstruck, amazed to see sweet pure Satomi strip. Honestly, up until then, she'd been downright prudish, especially around Futoshi. I'd been trying to get her to loosen up, but I guess she was raised to be proper and modest. I kept expecting her to call a halt, but for now at least, she seemed willing to continue. Is she drunk? Or just pretending to be? Sometimes it's hard to tell.

Anyway, eventually, we settled down enough to play. Satomi had a three of a kind or something, so she won, and ended up with all the chips. The rest of us had no chips. I was in the worst situation, because I'd either have to sell my dress, and sit here topless, or sell my panties. On the one hand, I didn't really want Kenta and Futoshi to see me naked. I mean like they were Ryosuke's friends. It would just make things weird between us.

On the other hand, I didn't want to be the one to stop the game. I was kind of curious how far everyone would go. The boys were of course super-keen, but Satomi was more of a mystery. I couldn't really picture her stripping naked here in front of everyone. She's got a great body and everything, but she usually keeps it well bundled up.

Ryosuke and Futoshi sold their shirts, and Kenta, his pants. He was wearing boxer shorts underneath, so he didn't look so strange. When they were done, they all started staring at me. I just kneeled here quietly.

"C'mon, Emi. You've got to ante up," Ryosuke lamented. I wondered why he was so keen on me stripping. Did he really want Kenta and them to see me? It seemed kind of kinky.

My heart was pounding, but anyway, I slid my legs under the table as far as they would go, and reach into my skirt for my panties.

"No, no. You've got to stand up," Ryosuke demanded.

"Why?"

"It's a rule. Everyone else did."

"I want to see this international rule book," I joked.

"C'mon, Emi. Don't be silly. You're holding up the game."

I made a big show of not wanting to, but eventually, stood up. This was definitely one of the shortest skirts I have. I kind of expected Satomi to finally call a halt to things, but she was just sitting there. I guess she thought I'd already taken my panties off once back in the club earlier, so I must be cool with it. It was so weird though how something which would usually be unthinkable was what they expected me to do. Earlier, I'd been pretty drunk, but now my head was clearer, so I wasn't so sure if I should strip or what. They were all staring at me, though, waiting, so I felt like I had to do something.

I turned my back to the group the way Satomi had done, and smoothed my skirt down. I wouldn't have minded if it was just Ryosuke, but I felt so strange stripping in front of Futoshi and Kenta. I think they were still drunk, drunker than me, anyway, but even so...

Finally gathering up my nerve, I grabbed my panties by the seat, and pulled them down, letting them fall to my ankles. This set me off though, causing my feelings to spiral. I was soooo excited. I covered my eyes, trying to keep from coming. I don't know why this kind of thing gets me horny, but it does.

In this short dress, I couldn't very well bend over, so I just carefully pulled my feet out of my panties while holding the hem of my dress over my bare bottom. I just left my panties lying there on the carpet, so Satomi reached over, and flicked them onto the pile with the other clothes. I didn't want them to see how horny I was, so I scampered off to the kitchen.

"Emi, where are you going?" Ryosuke must have thought I wanted to quit. I ran some water, and splashed it on my face. Ryosuke came into the kitchen, and asked in a very soft voice, "Are you OK?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," I breathed. The others were drunk, but for me, this was heady stuff. I put my hands over my face, and tried to focus. All I could think about was sex. Ryosuke put his hand on my waist, but that just made me hornier.

"Hurry up, you guys," Kenta called out. "C'mon. Let's play. Emi, you've got nine chips now."

Ryosuke gave me a gentle kiss, and then went back to the living room. I took a deep breath, poured some tea, and then followed. Futoshi and Kenta's eyes zeroed in on my crotch. I set down the drink, and then held my skirt as I kneeled down, and slid my knees back under the table.

"OK, who opens?" I blushed. I must have been so red.

I looked at my cards, but I still didn't have any good ones. Ryosuke, Satomi and I passed, but Futoshi opened. Kenta and Ryosuke folded, and Satomi raised. I folded, and Futoshi took off his pants to call! I was more and more amazed. I kept thinking someone would call for us to stop, but now almost everyone was getting near naked. Futoshi had quite a bulge in his undershorts. He seemed embarrassed, but didn't complain or anything.

Satomi and Futoshi both took their draws, and Futoshi passed. Satomi opened with eight (!) chips meaning that Futoshi would have to get naked to call. He glared at her, but she just stuck out her tongue. She looked pretty happy. Not wanting to strip, Futoshi folded.

Ryosuke dealt again, and I got yet another low pair. Everyone had chips, so we could all ante. Satomi and I passed, and then Futoshi sat there for a long time. He obviously had another winning hand, but knew that Satomi had enough chips that she could force him to fold again. The way things were going he was going to have to strip at some point. Only Ryosuke had fewer chips, and Ryosuke still had his pants on. Eventually, Futoshi passed, and the hand got passed out.

We all had to ante up again for the next deal, so Ryosuke took off his pants. He had on this pair of boxer shorts that really look like something a boxer would wear. They're kind of sparkly and red, and it said Spalding or something like that on the waistband.

Satomi didn't look at Ryosuke, even though she'd watched while Kenta and Futoshi took off their pants. I think she was trying not to offend me. I didn't care. He wasn't even naked yet!

We got our cards, and this time no one had anything, so it got passed out. This meant Futoshi had to sell his undershirt to ante up for the next game. He doesn't have any hair on his chest, but he had the cutest nipples, kind of a pinkish color!

The three guys all passed, and then Satomi opened trying to tempt someone into going against her. I had another low pair, so I just folded, and the guys followed suit. Satomi now had 40 chips! Futoshi dealt the next one. I looked at him, wondering what he would look like naked. The boys had been really keen on the game at first, but now they looked a little uncomfortable.

I asked,

"What happens if you're already naked, and you lose again?" I hoped that this didn't sound too eager. It did seem like everyone was willing to keep going. I was more and more amazed, but anxious to see what would happen.

"How about the loser has to kiss the winner?" Futoshi suggested.

"No way!" Satomi cried out. We all looked at her. It was likely that Futoshi would lose next round, so it was almost like he was suggesting he kiss Satomi. "I mean... like, kissing, that's not..." She was so embarrassed she didn't finish her sentence, but Ryosuke agreed.

"OK, no kissing. But what then?"

I got an idea.

"They have to go out on the balcony or into the hall."

Futoshi's eyes widened in horror. Ryosuke nodded.

"Or how about they have to streak through the courtyard out in front?" Ryosuke got up, and went to the balcony to look down. "It's pretty late. No one will be up." Futoshi shook his head, but Satomi agreed,

"Yeah, good idea."

I couldn't believe it. This was great! Ryosuke was always making me do things like this. Now someone else will get to see how it feels. Maybe we could all go to the nude beach together. That would be so amazing!

We picked up our cards, and this hand got passed out too. Kenta had to give up his undershirt too, and then deal.

Ryosuke and Satomi passed, and I finally got to open. I had a pair of queens. I wasn't sure how Satomi would react if I tried to win one. I cautiously put out a chip. Futoshi agonized for a long time, and then folded. He was down to his last chip and his undershorts. Kenta decided to try, and matched my one. Ryosuke folded, and we all waited for Satomi to react. She looked over at me, and then just played a single chip. Both Kenta and I breathed a sigh of relief.

I didn't get anything on the draw, so I still had just my pair of queens. I passed. Kenta bet another chip, his second last. If Satomi raised, both Kenta and I would have to strip to call. What was I thinking? I never should have bet at all. In the end, she just matched his one. I matched them to call, hoping that they didn't have much. Kenta immediately flipped over three of a kind, beating my and Satomi's pairs. He got a whole bunch of chips. Now he was safe, but I was down to my last chip.

Ryosuke took off his undershirt, and dealt. Futoshi and I anted our last chips. Next round, we would both have to strip. If I ended up having to streak the courtyard, that would be no good at all. I wanted someone else to do it. Why had I bet last round? What would happen if Futoshi and I both lost? Would we have to streak together? At least, that would be better than me having to streak alone.

My cards were no good again, and the hand got passed out. Futoshi and I looked at each other because we were both supposed to strip naked. I swear I still kept expecting Satomi to call a halt to rescue me, but she seemed as curious as anyone to see what Futoshi looked like naked. He is kind of fit and handsome I guess, and I do think she likes him. I just sat there though waiting.

Finally, Futoshi stood up. He rather unceremoniously yanked down his shorts, and then sat back down. His cock was surprisingly long and kind of erotic. I was so shocked that he'd stripped. I think we all were. I guess he knew I would have to strip next, and wanted to see me get naked. Honestly, there is nothing between Futoshi and me, but I did kind of wonder sometimes if he likes me.

I got up, and walked over to the big sliding glass door that led out to the balcony. I could see the lamps in the courtyard, and wondered if I might be down there soon. I glanced back at them, and Futoshi in particular was motioning for me to get on with it. I guess I was still wondering if Satomi would come to my rescue, but she didn't say anything. I guess she was just happy it wasn't her having to strip.

I crossed my arms in front of me, and slowly lifted the dress up over my bottom. All four of them gasped, surprised I guess that I was actually stripping. A shiver ran up my spine as I pulled off my dress. I was breathing deeply, trying hard to stay calm. It was pitch black outside, but there were people across the way who might still be up. I began to feel self-conscious standing here naked in the window, so I finally turned, threw my dress on the pile, and kneeled down at the table.

All of them just sat there gawking at me. When Futoshi stripped, it was no big deal, but me, they all look so astonished. I raised my legs in front of me, trying to hide my pussy behind the table. Futoshi was right next to me though, his penis twitching out of control. It was so embarrassing.

Futoshi finally dealt. I got 2 pair! I don't know why my luck had turned, but I guess the gods had finally decided to smile on me. Futoshi was staring at my ass, and Ryosuke and Kenta were both gawking at me, but eventually, they tore their eyes away to look at their cards. Kenta won the next round I think, but people were no longer so interested in the game. We were all too horny.

Ryosuke sold his shorts to open. He pulled his shorts down, and then started posing like a body-builder as a joke. I thought it was kind of funny, but no one else laughed.

I was still in very serious trouble with only a couple chips left. I got up, and went to the bathroom, while they dealt.

It felt so weird to be walking around Kenta's apartment in the nude. The cool air swirled around my body, waking me up. To try to calm down, I got into the shower, and stood under the running water for a moment, but when I got back out of the tub, I still felt unsatisfied. I so wanted to have sex.

I covered my breasts and pussy, and came back out. The guys were all watching me, maybe wondering why my hair was all wet. As embarrassing as it was, it did feel good to be naked. How often do you get the chance to be naked in front of your friends?

Kenta was rubbing his eyes avoiding looking at me. He's just weird that way sometimes. To tease him, I got up on my knees, and reached across the table to take Ryosuke's glass. My breasts kind of bounced, and this finally got a reaction out of Kenta. He straightened up, gazing around as if he wanted the others to notice that I was teasing him. All of them were kind of staring at me anyway, so it's not like it was a secret.

"What?" I asked, playing innocent. It was so strange seeing them all so horny like this.

Ryosuke pointed to the cards he'd dealt me. I had a pair, decided to get this over with, and opened one. Futoshi folded, and then Satomi said, "Don't call, Kenta."

"What?"

"Let her win."

He didn't listen though, and raised. I only had one chip left, so it looked like it was all over, but then Satomi said, "Here Emi. I'll lend you twenty."

"Hey, that's not fair! You can't lend her chips!" Kenta yelled.

"Why not? You'll give them right back now, Emi, won't you?"

I looked down at my two aces, and nodded. Ryosuke and Futoshi didn't say anything, so Satomi handed me twenty of her chips. Now I had more than Kenta. I won, gave Satomi her twenty back, and still had a lot of chips left for myself. We all looked at Futoshi. He had lost, and now had to streak the courtyard.

"Oh c'mon, guys! You weren't serious, were you?"

"Lovely night for a stroll," Ryosuke said pulling his shorts back on. Satomi and Kenta hurriedly got dressed too. Ryosuke threw me my dress, but I just set it aside. I don't know why they all seemed in such a rush to get dressed. I was kind of enjoying being naked. They all seemed so scandalized, but I was loving it. It's not every day I get to do this.

Ryosuke and Kenta picked up Futoshi, and dragged him out the door. Satomi looked over at me.

"Aren't you going to get dressed?"

"No, I'm OK. Thanks," I replied. "Maybe you should have played that differently."

"What do you mean?"

"You should have lost on purpose."

"What? Are you crazy?"

"No, I mean it. Did you see the way Futoshi was looking at me? That could have been you, you know."

She let out a nervous laugh.

"I don't know how you do it, Emi."

"What?"

"Act like you're so calm. I... I... would just be so embarrassed."

"You think I don't feel embarrassed? Of course I am, but you only live once, Satomi. You don't know what you're missing."

We could hear the boys downstairs by now. I got a towel from the bathroom, and wrapped it around me, and we went out to the balcony to watch. I don't think I've ever seen anyone run so fast. They came back up, and Futoshi quickly got dressed. Satomi and I went into the bedroom, but I couldn't fall asleep. I waited till it was all quiet, and then went out into the main room. It was dark, but I found Ryosuke lying on the carpet. When I came close, he opened his eyes.

"Where shall we do it?" he whispered.

He got one hand under my towel, and started playing with my pussy. I was already wet and ready.

"Why not here?"

"Are they asleep?"

"I don't know," he answered, pulling my towel off. "They've already seen you naked."

When I pulled back his undershorts, his penis popped out at full attention. I went to get up on top of him, but he slid over to fish out a condom. I helped him put it on, and then climbed up. and sat down right on it, cowgirl style. I tried not to squeal as it slid in. I was kind of worried that Kenta or Futoshi might be awake, but that just got me more excited. I knew I should keep quiet, but I couldn't help it. It felt so good to finally have him inside of me.

I bounced up and down on his pogo stick, trying to find the right angle. He started gasping for breath. The boys didn't move, but suddenly, the bedroom door opened.

With Ryosuke still inside me, I lay down quickly trying to hide. Asuna of course knew that Ryosuke (her cousin, by the way) and I were going out, but she'd missed out on all the strip poker, and definitely might freak out if she found me out here fucking him. I could see her eyes shining in the dark, but I couldn't tell if she could see us. I held my breath.

Finally, Asuna went into the washroom. I sat up again, still perched atop Ryosuke's cock.

"Now what do we do?" I asked. He wasn't listening though, and instead grabbed me by the hips, humping me from below.

"Stop that. You're going to..."

It was no use though. It felt too good to stop, so I joined in, sliding up to tease him, then driving back down, pushing him deeper inside of me. I was on the edge of coming, when the bathroom door opened again. I couldn't stop, and just ended up exploding in the most intense orgasm. I'm not sure how much Asuna saw. It was hard to tell in the dim light, but maybe she saw us humping. When my orgasm finally abated, I turned to look, but Asuna wasn't there anymore.

I lay there for a while, naked. I was taking a terrible chance, but after our love-making, it was hard to care. Eventually, though, I got up, and went to the bathroom to clean up. I came back out, and tiptoed over to rescue my towel. I don't know if the boys spotted me, but they didn't complain anyway. I wrapped the towel back round me, and went in to sleep on a futon in Kenta's bedroom.

The next morning, Asuna was pretty quiet. I felt guilty. Really we shouldn't have been fucking right there in front of them all. Next time, I'll try to be more careful.