**Hula Dancing and Malibu**

by Emi Tsuruta

When I was little, I lived in Hawaii for a few years. I don't really remember it all that well, but there was a Japanese American girl - Erika - and we were pretty close. We sat next to each other in class. Everyone thought we were the quiet girls. Maybe at that time, we were. Our families hung around, and I was sad when we moved back to Japan. I did get a few letters from Erika. I have many fond memories from that time.

Then, after I moved here to California, my dad wrote to say that they'd gotten an email from Erika's parents. They told him Erika came to Los Angeles every once in a while, not far from where I'm staying in Oceanview. My dad gave me her email address, and I wrote to her, and she wrote right back. She was all excited to hear I was living in California, and said we should get together next time she came to L. A. It turns out she'd joined some kind of hula dance troupe at her college, and the whole group of them come to L. A. every summer to perform. She invited me to come watch, and I said sure.

I'd seen hula dancing before in Hawaii when I lived there, but I thought that was so funny that Erika had gotten into it. Since she used to be so shy, I never pictured her getting into something like that. It must be pretty embarrassing to do that kind of thing, getting dressed up in a grass skirt, and swirling your hips around. I don't know if you've ever seen it, but some of the Hawaiian guy dancers get really into it, beating their bare chests and jumping all over the place. Mainly though I was looking forward to seeing Erika again, and hearing about what she'd been up to.

Anyway, I headed up to L. A. on the train. Eventually, I found the community center where they were performing. It was a nice building, sort of like a concert hall or a theatre. When I walked in, all the dancers up on the stage looked over at me. I explained I was a friend of Erika's, and someone went, and got her out of the back. She looked like a real hula dancer, all dressed up in her grass skirt and seashell bra. She broke out into a smile when she saw me, and came, and gave me a warm hug.

"It's so great to see you again, Emi. If I'd known you were in California, I'd have tried to get in touch sooner. You look the same. What have you been up to?" Erika seemed so much more outgoing than I remembered her. I guess that was a long time ago now.

She introduced me to the other members of her troupe: a girl Kaila, and the boy dancers Keanu and Hale. Erika is Japanese, but I guess her friends are all real Hawaiians. They all look a little bit Japanese though making me wonder if they were hapa. They are not shy though. They are much more outgoing and confident. It was kind of weird for me meeting people who look so Japanese, but don't act it.

Anyway, their director let Erika take a break. She took me to their change room, so she could change into her street clothes. I noticed right away that there were guy's clothes hanging on hooks on the walls.

"What are those doing here?"

"Oh, the clothes you mean? We share the changing room," she told me calmly. I just stared at her, so surprised. "It works out alright. Most of the time, they wait, and let us change before they come in."

"Most of the time?"

"Oh, it's not like you're thinking. They're gentlemen really."

I still thought it would be pretty embarrassing to share a changing room with guys.

Anyway, we went out, got a drink, and talked about Honolulu and California. Her eyes absolutely sparkled as she talked about their travels and dancing. She obviously enjoyed it very much.

Soon though, Erika had to get back to practice. We went back to the hall, and I sat in the audience, and watched them dance. They were really good. Erika smiled away, twirling her hips, and waving her hands in the air like a real hula dancer.

The guys are so funny though. They came right out to where I was sitting, and bounced all around me, beating their chests, trying to get me to laugh I guess. Keanu was kind of cute I thought. He reminded me a bit of the boys in my class when I lived in Honolulu. That was a weird time because my family and I didn't speak English so well back then. Looking back it was kind of fun. I'd like to go back some day.

Once they were done practicing, we all went out to supper together. At night, they performed for a big audience while I watched from offstage. After the show, Erika, the other dancers and I all headed back to their hotel. On the bus, Keanu and Hale sat right near us. When I told them, they looked Japanese, they claimed that they were, but actually they couldn't speak at all. I'm pretty sure they were just teasing me. They were pretty funny.

Their 'hotel' was sort of like a youth hostel with bunk beds and eight people to a room. Erika managed to find some extra bedding for me, and then the girls all headed off to shower in the communal washroom. I felt a little self-conscious undressing in front of all these girl dancers. They all had deep tans, but I was still pretty white from studying inside so much.

Kaila started singing a Hawaiian song while she showered. I couldn't understand the words, but it sounded kind of sad. Erika and the others joined in, and pretty soon they were all dancing there in the shower room. I think the story was that Kaila's boyfriend had gone out to sea, and it was a song praying for his safe return. There was something sensual about her movements. It made me think of my boyfriend, Ryosuke, back in Oceanview. I wonder what he's doing.

Once we were done showering, we all wrapped our towels around us, and headed back to our room. Keanu and Hale peeked out from their door as we passed their room. They'd obviously been listening, and they clapped, and whistled as we walked by.

"Next time, invite us in, and we'll dance with you," Hale joked. Kaila swatted him on the head, but then he grabbed her towel, and almost pulled it off. Erika hit his arm, and got him to let go, and then we all ran back to our room. We were all breathing heavily and giggling, happy to have gotten away.

"I think Hale has a crush on you," Erika told Kaila. Hale was kind of handsome and athletic, but with a much deeper tan than any Japanese boy I'd ever seen.

"I think I'm going to hold out for a better class of guy," Kaila quipped back. She took off her towel to dry her hair. She had an enviable body. Her breasts weren't huge, but she had a tight little rear that must drive boys wild. I took off my own towel, comparing my body to hers. I did look kind of pale by comparison, but my skin was probably softer and more hairless, except for... well, you know where. I ran my fingers through my pubic hair, trying to brush out the wetness.

"What kind of guys are there in Oceanview?" Erika asked. I hadn't told her about my boyfriend Ryosuke.

"I know a couple of Japanese guys I could introduce you to. They're rich... richer than me anyway."

"Rich is good," Kaila joked. Suddenly, we heard someone pounding on the door, scaring the daylights out of me. I wrapped my towel back on, as we all looked that way.

"What are you gals gabbing about? Are you talking about me?" It was Hale again.

"Go away. Go to sleep for heaven's sake," Erika shouted back. They continued to bug us, but eventually, they went away. We all went to sleep.

The next morning, we went back to the community center for more practice. Someone came to talk to the director, so we had to wait. As a joke, I started imitating some of their dance moves. Hale and the other guys started clapping and cheering me on.

"Wow, Emi, you're great! Here, maybe someone can get you an outfit, and we can teach you," Hale suggested. I felt so embarrassed, but one of the girls ran off and brought me a spare outfit. I went back to their change room to try it on. The grass skirt is so weird. I could feel the blades of grass all up and down my thighs. I tried on the seashell bra too, but it was a bit too small for my liking. You could see the underside of my breasts. I didn't want to walk around with my panties showing, so I got Erika to lend me a thong as well.

"Not so long ago, I guess girls wore nothing at all under their skirts," Erika told me. I shot her a look. That would be like so naughty! I was so shocked she would even mention it. Hale came to check on us though, so we had to change the subject. We all went back out, and the other dancers all cheered, and laughed when they saw me in my bra and grass skirt.

"What's wrong?"

"No, you look great," Keanu beamed. "You should join our troupe." I guess Keanu looks a little more Hawaiian than Hale. He has a little bit of a goatee, big biceps and really short crew cut hair. He's even brassier than Hale.

I felt self-conscious, but eventually, they started up the music, and I practiced with them for a bit. It was a lot of fun, but anyway, it was pretty obvious I'd have to practice a whole lot more if I really wanted to be in one of their shows. They were really nice about it though, saying I was a natural and stuff like that.

The next day, I had to go back to Oceanview. I said goodbye to them all, and promised to come down to see them the next summer when they came back to L.A. Erika and I kept in touch over the winter, and she kept me up to date on all the stuff that was going on in Honolulu.

The next summer, I went down to L.A. to see them again. My boyfriend Ryosuke was busy with work, so he couldn't come, but his friends Futoshi and Kenta came with Satomi and me. Futoshi and Satomi still weren't a couple, and Kenta is a bit of a handful at times, but anyway, I thought it would be fun to go as a group, and show them. Also Futoshi has a car, so it'd be easier to get around.

When we got to L. A., I introduced everyone. Futoshi and Kenta seemed quite taken with both Erika and Kaila. We sat, and watched them practice for a while, clapping and cheering them on. Satomi seemed a bit torn, worried that one of them would steal Futoshi away from her, but anyway, it wasn't like they'd move to Oceanview or whatever.

After, we all went out to supper together, and Kenta and Hale really hit it off, talking about F1 car races. There was some race being held nearby apparently. Erika wanted to go see Malibu though, so Futoshi agreed to drop us off before the race. Apparently, Malibu is where Brad Pitt, Leonard DiCaprio, Charlie Sheen and a whole bunch of other stars live.

That night in the hostel, Futoshi, Kenta, Satomi and I shared one room. Hale and Keanu came, and they were talking with Kenta, while Satomi and I went to the showers. When we got back, Satomi asked them to leave, so we could get changed into our nighties. Futoshi pulled Kenta off his bed, and they all went out in the hall. Satomi locked the door behind them. As soon as we were alone, I took off my towel, and started drying my hair with it. Naked, I went over to the window, and looked out. Our room was just above the parking lot. I'd always wanted to stay in a big hotel in the city. I leaned so far forward that my bare nipples brushed against the cool glass sending a shiver up my spine. As usual, Satomi told me to cut it out.

"Here, hurry up, and put on your nightie. The guys are waiting."

I reluctantly got my nightie out of my bag, and pulled it on. It is all white frilly lace. The hem doesn't go down much past my waist. As a joke, I walked over to the door bottomless, and pretended I was going to open it. Satomi grabbed my arm though, and pulled me back, making me put on my shorts too. Once I was all ready, we let Futoshi and Kenta back in. They both smiled when they saw my nightie. It's not exactly see-through, but it is kind of risque I guess. I just kind of smiled, glad they found me sexy.

Satomi and Futoshi are the early risers, so we let them have the bottom bunks. I climbed up the ladder, and got tucked in, and then we all went to sleep.

The next morning, the strangest thing happened. I woke up, and I suddenly realized I didn't have my shorts on. I guess I must have taken them off while I was asleep. The same thing has happened to me a few times before, but usually when I'm along. I think I must be having dreams where I take off my clothes, except I actually do it in real life too.

Anyway, usually I just find my shorts, and pull them back on, but when I started feeling around for them under the sheets, I couldn't find them. Kenta was still sleeping on the top bunk across from me. Futoshi and Satomi weren't there, but the door was wide open.

I tried wrapping one of the sheets around my waist, but I was having trouble pulling it free from the mattress. I looked over at Kenta again, and decided he was probably still sound asleep. I quietly slipped down to the floor, feeling so naughty for flashing Kenta even though he seemed to be asleep. I quickly shut the door.

I could feel the air between my legs, and it was getting me all excited. Kenta could wake up at any moment. I kneeled down to look for my shorts, and finally spotted them under the bed way at the back. I lay on my stomach, and reached in to get them, but suddenly, I heard a key in the door. Oh no! There I was lying on the floor with my bare bottom showing.

"What on earth are you doing?" Satomi hissed at me. I finally managed to reach my shorts, and backed out from under the bed. The door was wide open, and here I was naked.

"Shhh! You'll wake up Kenta. And close the door!"

Satomi shut it before Futoshi came back. I brushed the dust off my shorts, but I swear I almost jumped out of my skin when someone knocked on the door.

"Just a minute," I called out. The noise must have awoken Kenta, because he started rustling around in his bed. I sat down on the bunk below Kenta's, trying to hide. I was having a heck of time untangling my shorts. "Oh this is silly. They've both seen me naked before," I mumbled.

"Just hurry up," Satomi whispered. I finally got my shorts right side out, and pulled them on.

"Good morning," Kenta said sleepily, sticking his head out from above. That was close! I don't think he saw me though. Phew!

Once we were all ready, Futoshi drove Satomi, Erika, Kaila and me to Malibu. It was a bit different from what I was expecting. They had these little surf shops and a couple of malls, a lot like the ones in Oceanview. It didn't really seem like a place where rich people hang out. We had lunch, and then went to look for the beach. We found one public kind of beach, but Erika suggested we go to where the stars all live, and use their beach.

We walked past all these big fancy houses. Erika got her guidebook, and we looked for the houses of Brad Pitt and Leonard DiCaprio, but we couldn't really figure out who lived where. Eventually, we found the pathway that leads down to the shore, right next to this big country estate. The beach itself was pretty nice with soft sand and trees, and there didn't seem to be anyone else around. It would be nice to live in a place like this.

We walked along the shore till we found this quiet spot in the shade of some trees. Erika and Kaila took off their clothes. They had their swimsuits on underneath. They called for us to hurry up, but Satomi and I weren't wearing our swimsuits, so we had to figure out where to change. There was no washrooms or anything nearby. Behind us, there was what must be someone's backyard. I peered off into the trees trying to see if anyone was home. It looked deserted. Erika and Kaila were already down in the water splashing each other and yelling for us to hurry up.

I looked around some more, but there really didn't seem to be anyone else around, so I undid the drawstring on my shorts, and slid my hands into the waistband. Satomi looked nervous. I quickly pulled my shorts and panties off, and then sat back down on my towel, while I straightened them out. I was trying to stay calm, but the feeling of the towel on my bare behind was getting me all excited. I lifted up my t-shirt to take a peek at my pussy. I wanted so much to just take off my t-shirt, and run down to the water in the nude. I knew Satomi would freak, but maybe Erika and Kaila wouldn't get that upset. There are nude beaches in Hawaii, and maybe they'd been. They certainly had all over tans.

I got up on my knees, enjoying the feeling of the cool breeze on my privates. Satomi grimaced.

"What are you doing?"

"Wondering if I could get away with taking off my t-shirt, and going skinny-dipping." At that point, I don't think I'd ever been skinny-dipping except at the nude beach in Oceanview once or twice.

"This isn't the nude beach, you know?"

"I know. But there's no one else here."

Satomi brought a towel over, and wrapped it around my waist.

"You should be more careful. You can't just walk around naked everywhere."

I knew she was right, but I didn't have to like it. I ended up putting on my swimsuit, mainly to please Satomi. Once I was dressed, I helped Satomi get changed by holding a towel up around her. We went in swimming for a while, and then when we got tired, and came back up on shore, I finally got up the nerve to ask Erika and Kaila about all this.

"Have you ever been to a nude beach?"

Erika looked at me, a bit surprised. Kaila didn't say anything, but she perked up a bit, and was waiting to see what Erika would say.

"No. Have you?" Erika asked back.

"Yeah, Satomi and I have once... in Oceanview."

Satomi looked down, embarrassed. She wants everyone to think she is such a goody two shoes, but I know better. Erika started looking over at Kaila to see what she would say.

"Yeah, I have too. Just once though," Kaila admitted.

"Really?" Erika looked at her, even more surprised.

"It was no big deal. This guy I was seeing wanted to go. It wasn't that bad. It was clothing optional, so I mostly kept my bottoms on."

"Mostly?" Erika guffawed.

"What's the beach in Oceanview like?" Kaila asked.

"Mostly guys," Satomi blurted out.

"Yeah, we both stripped right down to our bare scuddies, and these two guys came over, and were staring at us," I told them.

"You went all nude?" Erika exclaimed.

"Yeah," I admitted.

"Wow!"

"Do you guys want to come? Maybe next summer or something?" I suggested.

Erika didn't look so keen, but Kaila was willing.

"Anyway, we can talk about it more later."

After that, there was kind of a weird tension in the air, so I suggested we go back in swimming. After a while, we came back out, put on our cover-ups, and walked back to town for supper. We all changed back into our clothes in the washrooms at the restaurant. After supper, Futoshi came to pick us up. We dropped Erika and Kaila off at their hotel, and said goodbye.

I want to tell you about their visit the next summer, but I think I'll stop here for now. I'll try to write again soon.