**My Farewell Party**

by Emi Tsuruta

OK. I guess I can admit it. I was still kind of torn up about breaking up with Ryosuke, and I was kind of frantically reaching out trying to find someone to fill the void. Maybe guys could tell I was on the rebound, so that's why it wasn't going well. You have to kind of be in a good place before you are ready for a new relationship.

I had two more problems. One, I wasn't really over Ryosuke, and we still kept seeing each other. There is a thin line... Two, I'd been with him so long I wasn't really sure how to start something with a new guy. Anyway, these were the kinds of things going through my mind.

It was getting up near the time I was supposed to leave Oceanview in the States to go back to Japan. I was doing ikebana in the Japanese community center, and after class, I wandered around checking out the other clubs. On the west side of the building, they have these big activity rooms with glass walls, so you can see in. There'd be a bunch of young boys dressed up in judo outfits, wrestling, trying to pin each other to the mats. I stood, and watched, secretly cheering for the underdogs hoping they could somehow break free, and get out from underneath. It was pretty interesting actually.

Down at the far end, I could see their instructor, a Japanese guy around my age named Yuta. He was kind of handsome in his way, clean cut with short hair, and a noble bearing. His students obviously liked him. He didn't talk that much, but when he did say something, they'd all perk up, and listen.

One day, just on the spur of the moment, I went in, and asked Yuta if he could teach me. There weren't any girls in the class, but I was thinking maybe we could do it one-on-one. When he asked why, I told him that I wanted to learn how to defend myself, you know, just in case anything happened. He looked a bit puzzled, but he finally agreed to take me on.

Before our first session, I felt really nervous. I'd never done any martial arts before. In our high school, there was a judo club, but I don't even know if there were any girls. It seemed more of a guy's thing.

Another thing I worried about was what to wear. I'd ordered a judo outfit, but it didn't arrive in time for our first lesson, so I just brought a white tank tee, a black sports bra, and black Capri pants. There were no shower rooms, so I changed in the girls' washroom, freshening up a bit. This obviously wasn't a date, but I wanted to make a good impression.

It felt a bit weird working out with Yuta one-on-one, just the two of us in the room with the glass wall. Our sessions were in the morning, so there weren't many people around, but if anyone had been there, they'd be able to look in, and watch.

Maybe it was just me, but I felt like there was something very intimate about our sessions. He'd show me each move, and then walk me through it in slow motion, holding my hands or my waist. It felt a bit sexy the way he touched me. I actually wasn't used to all the physical contact, but Yuta was a complete gentleman, focused on teaching. I was all keyed up, sweating and breathing heavily, trying to prove myself. I was trying to focus too, but I sometimes got distracted, lost in his eyes, or studying his features from up close. I liked his seriousness, his commitment.

Soon, the judo outfit I ordered arrived, so at least I looked more the part. One thing I couldn't figure out was what to wear underneath. I guess girls in the Olympics wear white t-shirts under their judo tops, but that seemed a bit much. I wore a sports bra a couple of times, but that felt too restricting, so eventually, I just went braless. I had to keep my belt done up tight, or else my cleavage would show, but Yuta never commented no matter how I dressed. I wondered actually how he could stay so calm touching me all the time. I was very aware of him as a man, but he was more aloof. It wasn't like he didn't care though. He was always kind. He was just trying to be professional I guess.

After class, I would look for opportunities to practice. At home, I wanted to wrestle with Brandon, the teenage son in the host family I was staying with. He seemed willing enough, but unfortunately, Brandon's mother Loretta thought we were fighting for real, so she made us stop. Brandon would end up out of breath, and glare at me with this wild look in his eyes. Brandon is kind of fun to tease though.

On weekends, I'd drop by at the pub, Hernando's. My ex Ryosuke would be there with Sven, Gus and those guys. I told them all about the judo, and Sven offered to help me practice. He's this big tall blonde guy with massive shoulders. He's so big I couldn't move him at first. I'd dig my feet in, and push, but he wouldn't budge. He'd eventually lift me up, and twirl me around just to show he could do it.

In my next lesson, I told Yuta about Sven, so we began working more on throws and grips you could use on big guys. Yuta showed me techniques for getting people off balance, and then we tried them out. At first, I couldn't get Yuta to move either, but eventually, I got one foot between his legs, and pushed him back. I was quite proud of myself, until I realized my top had fallen open. He saw my breasts! I quickly straightened my top, and retied the belt, but Yuta didn't seem too worried. He just told me to try again, and we kept on practicing as if nothing had happened.

The next time I saw Sven, I tried some of these new moves on him. I couldn't really trip him the way I had Yuta, but I got better at keeping my footing, and wriggling out of reach. Even Sven had to admit I was making progress.

I was scheduled to leave for Japan soon, so it was getting down to my last lesson. Yuta showed me how to deal with someone who comes at you from behind. There's this move where you grab the guy's wrists, spin around, and push him back. We worked at it for a while, and slowly I started to get the hang of it.

"Perfect!" Yuta smiled. "You've got it. How do you feel?" He was standing so close, staring deep into my eyes. He has great eyes actually. Out of the blue, I leaned forward, and kissed him! It was just a spur of the moment thing. I don't even know why I did it. Unfortunately though, he didn't seem pleased, just surprised. Realizing my mistake, I quickly pulled back.

"Oh sorry. I didn't mean to... I mean I just thought...," I rambled on, all nervous now.

"Um... no, that's OK, but uh... that's not really why we're here," he stammered. It'd been a while since I'd kissed anyone. I just kind of did it on impulse. Sometimes you just take a chance, and see what happens, you know? Anyway, I felt really awkward now, so I quickly gathered up my stuff, left him his pay, and ran off to get changed. It was kind of a shame to leave things that way. I didn't even know if I'd see him again.

When I got home, Brandon was in the living room watching TV. I went upstairs, changed into shorts and a t-shirt, and then came back to watch TV with him. I guess he could tell I was upset because he didn't make any smart comments for once. He started telling me about some Japanese show he'd seen, and slowly, I managed to calm back down.

For my last night in Oceanview, I'd organized a small farewell party for just a few of my closest friends. One person I was hoping to see was Todd. I think I might have mentioned him before. He is tall and slender with dark-hair. He used to live in Satomi's dorm. Much more than Yuta, I felt like I had a connection with Todd. He listened so carefully whenever I spoke. Our relationship hadn't really gone anywhere because he'd moved out of the dorm, but even so, I thought that maybe if I saw him, I could at least get his email address, so we could stay in touch. Lori, this Korean girl who lives in the dorm, said that she'd bumped into Todd, and she offered to invite him to my farewell party. I doubted he'd show, but anyway, I was glad there was a chance.

So there I was, the day of the party, upstairs in my room, brooding a bit about my run-in with Yuta. At this party anyway, I wanted to go out with a bang, make a real impression. I browsed through my closet, and picked out a t-shirt dress I'd got not long before. It's plush white cotton with this artsy sketch of a musketeer in gold on the front. It fit well, and was definitely sexy, but the hem was quite short. I picked out a thong too, but I didn't want people staring at my bare legs on the bus, so I ended up pulling on a pair of track pants for the ride there.

At the bar, as I came in, I spotted Ryosuke, Satomi, Asuna and everyone at our table. I looked kind of dowdy in my track pants, so I rushed off to the washroom to take them off. Without them though, it felt awful breezy down there. I began to wonder if my dress was too short. I checked my reflection in the mirror. You could kind of see my ass cheeks peeking out from under the hem. I did want people to notice me, but maybe I should have brought a longer dress.

Anyway, I finally got up my nerve, and walked out into the bar. A few guys stared at me, as I passed. I did my best to ignore them, but I did seem to be creating quite the commotion.

When I got to our table, Debbie came over, and gave me a hug. Satomi, Asuna and them were all misty-eyed. Asuna's roommate, Sandra was there with her boyfriend Craig as well as Tetsu from our taiko drum troupe. I was glad to see so many of them come out to see me off.

"Nice outfit!" Ryosuke grinned as I sat down next to him. It was nice that he noticed, but I began to worry that he thought I was commando. To set the record straight, I leaned over, and whispered in his ear,

"I am wearing a thong."

This didn't work out quite the way I planned though. Ryosuke took this as a come on, and snuggled up next to me, putting his arm around me. I tried to get him to behave, pushing his hands away, but he was quite insistent. Just when I thought I'd finally got him to settle down, he reached over, and slid his finger down my butt crack, making me jump. Despite myself, I was starting to get excited. Embarrassed, I finally got up, and went to the washroom.

In the mirror, I could see my cheeks were all red now. My dress didn't look all that indecent though. At the front, the hem did more or less cover my panties. The way my butt sticks out though pulled the dress up at the back. So you could see a bit of butt cheek. A lot of girls wear shorter skirts than this. Maybe it's okay.

What with all that fooling around with Ryosuke, my thong had gotten all sticky. I took it off, and washed it in the sink. Maybe I should wear my track pants after all. I looked around only to realize that I'd left my backpack with my pants back at the table.

Hanging my thong up to dry, I peeked out the door. I couldn't see my backpack, but it must be under the table near where I'd been sitting. I wonder if I can just rush out, and grab it...

I pushed my t-shirt down as far as it would go, and nervously stepped out into the bar. I felt terribly self-conscious, walking around bare-assed now, but I don't think people realized at first. I carefully skirted around the walls trying to get my bag before anyone twigged.

As I got closer, I suddenly noticed that Todd was here, over by the front door! His face lit up when he saw me. I could hardly believe it. I was so amazed that he'd actually come out. I walked over that way, pushing the hem down try to make sure my pussy wasn't showing.

"Hey, Emi," Todd smiled.

"Hey," I blushed, happy to see him. He leaned forward, and gave me a hug. I kind of froze though, worried that he'd realize I was commando. I quickly escorted him back to our table. Some of the guys in the bar were eyeing me now, perhaps noticing that something was different.

Todd doesn't really know the other people in my group except Satomi, so I introduced him. I got Todd to pull over a chair, so we could sit. When I sat down, I got a little shock from the feeling of the leather on my bare butt cheeks. I glanced over at Ryosuke, but he was glaring at Todd, this rival he'd never even seen before. I didn't think Todd would come. I gave Ryosuke a meek smile of apology, trying to reassure him that Todd and I weren't an item. I hadn't told Todd about Ryosuke either. This was a bit awkward.

Debbie had a hundred and one questions for Todd. I still had to get my bag. I spotted it on the floor, but I was worried that if I leaned forward to pick it up, I might expose my bare buns. I'd already told Ryosuke I was wearing a thong, so it would seem strange that I'd taken off my panties just before Todd arrived. Soon the waiter came to take Todd's order. I just sat there, waiting for a chance to grab my bag without them all seeing.

Unfortunately though, some of the guys at the other tables were peering over this way, talking about me and my outfit. I wonder if I should just grab my bag and dash back to the ladies room. I was worried though about how Todd might react. I didn't want to freak him out. He doesn't know me all that well. Maybe I should just wait.

It was hard to sit still though. I winced as I slid my bare behind forward along the leather seat, setting my elbows down on the table, trying to hear what Debbie and Todd were saying. Leaning forward though, pulled my dress up. Ryosuke glanced down at my behind, already suspecting. He seemed jealous or maybe even angry at me for dressing like this.

Eventually, Craig got up, and suggested a game of billiards.

"Emi, do you want to come play?"

Todd turned to look at me, so I quickly slid back into my chair, trying to hide my bottom from him at least. I nodded for him to go play, but he didn't want to just leave me here.

"C'mon, Emi! It'll be fun!" Todd insisted. I shook my head no, but he reached over, and took my hand pulling me up. I tried to slip free, but before I could, he'd pulled me to my feet. I quickly pushed the hem down, but I think the guys sitting behind us saw. They were all whispering to each other, looking over this way.

Todd though was completely oblivious. He dragged me all the way over to the pool table, while I tried to push my t-shirt back down. Ryosuke seemed worried too now, and got up following me over.

Craig asked me to take the first shot, but I couldn't very well bend over with all of them watching. I hung back at the side standing next to Todd trying to hide. When he went to take his shot, I tried to slip away, but he came right back, and started talking to me again.

The guys at the next pool table over had noticed me, and were staring down at my butt. Todd noticed my worried look, and asked,

"What's the matter, Emi? Are you okay?"

He is pretty kind. I felt so embarrassed though. What am I doing out here dressed like this? The guys behind us were making all these funny faces. Someone sunk a ball, so I clapped, but I had to be careful not to move around too much. The boys at the other pool table had stopped their game, and were just standing there, staring at me. Even Tetsu was looking over at me.

My face was all hot. My kitty tingling. My feelings were starting to spiral. I had to do something. I looked shyly back at Todd, and whispered,

"Here, I'd better go get changed."

He still didn't know what I was talking about. Without really thinking, I raised my arms showing him that I was bare-assed. I think I might have overdone it though. The guys behind us were going cross-eyed, and even the bartender was taking notice.

Todd reluctantly looked down, but he seemed confused about what all the commotion was about. Things were kind of getting out of hand, so I finally ran back to our table, and fetched my bag. Satomi looked up wondering what all the fuss was. I don't think she'd seen. Half the guys in the place were staring at me now. The bartender looked like he was going to say something, so I quickly made a dash for the washroom. Some of the guys were even yelling as I made my way past.

Inside the washroom, when I looked in the mirror, I finally realized what the fuss was all about. Even at the best of times, that t-shirt isn't very long. The way I'd been standing they'd probably seen my pussy, and had definitely seen my behind. My whole body was shaking overwhelmed at the enormity of what I'd just done. I did want to go out with a splash, but I hadn't really intended to flash everyone like that. It was a strange feeling though, so exciting and naughty, so unlike me. I did feel bad about Todd though. He seemed more scandalized than anything.

I was too excited by then to get back dressed. I wandered back to the doorway, and opened it a crack trying to see what was going on. The guys at the nearest pool table were all talking about me now, going on about what a sweet ass I have.

Ryosuke came over to see how I was doing.

"I thought you said you were wearing a thong!" he barked. I hid behind the door, but I think he could see my bottom in the mirror.

"I was! Just go back to the table. I brought some track pants, so I'll pull on those."

Ryosuke had a quite noticeable erection. I felt hot and horny, sure, but this wasn't the right time or place. He finally relented, and went back to the pool table.

I cleaned myself up, pulled my track pants on, and packed my thong into my bag. I felt embarrassed at having flashed everyone, so I made my rounds getting ready to leave. Todd did give me his email address although I think he was a bit freaked out by my behavior.

Ryosuke called a taxi, and rode with me.

"I am going to miss you," he admitted. I snuggled up next to him. I was going to miss him too.

When we got to my place, we had the problem of whether he should come in or not. Loretta was still up, and I doubted she'd let him sleep over, so we had to say goodbye. He promised to come to Tokyo to see me.

Next stop, L.A.