

Jayne stood outside the door to the hotel room and stared at it in dread and distaste, the hallway's air conditioning cool against the buck's thighs and bare midriff. A sign that said "Bachelorette Party" in big, pink bubble letters hung on the door, as if the drunken giggling on the other side wasn't enough of a sign. The buck sighed heavily, steeling himself for the night ahead, then opened the door and stepped inside.

"Officer Pronks, reporting for duty~" He introduced himself, taking off his hat and tossing it to a girl that barely managed to catch it with a delighted squeal. Jayne took a moment to glance around the room, taking in each person and searching for the bride. One girl in particular stood out: a white and lavender furred bat who seemed extremely unhappy to be here, judging by the way she was neither drunk nor laughing. She stood off to the side with her arms crossed over her chest, a little hat on her head that read "Bride"; there was a little picture frame close by with a picture of the same bat and a tall, red Pegasus. *Funny, a bride-to-be who doesn't want to be at her own bachelorette party.* With a little mental shrug, Jayne walked over to the coffee table, bumping the stereo with his hip to start the music as he walked by. He'd instructed them to load the CD before he got there, and he felt a little surge of relief go through him as techno music flooded the room – apparently, they hadn't forgotten.

As he hopped up onto the table, two of the girls practically dragged the bat to the chair that was set up in front. The buck swiveled his hips to the beat of the music, drawing attention to the way the fabric of his short shorts gave his ass a rounder, plumper look, while the women hooted and cheered him on. Normally, dancers would be smiling and enjoying the praise, but Jayne was cursing himself the entire time for how degrading the whole situation was.

Up close, the poor bat looked as miserable as he felt. She wasn't even watching him dance. With a small frown, Jayne continued his dance, slowly unbuttoning his crop-top and tossing it aside. After giving them ample time to observe and ogle his torso, he hooked his thumbs into his shorts and slowly, ever so slowly, worked them down his hips to reveal the black satin panties beneath. It was quite obvious that there was a lack of a certain presence between his legs, but the drunken women didn't seem to have picked up on it yet.

Once the fabric pooled at his feet, he stepped out of the shorts and kicked them off of the table, then raised his arms above his head and undulated his hips. He was just about to step off the table for the bride's lap dance when one of the women gasped rather loudly and pointed at him.

"He's got nothing in his pants!" She gasped, followed immediately by more gasps from the other women and laughter. Jayne stopped dancing, his cheeks flushing angrily as he opened his mouth to shut them down, but was interrupted by a hand grabbing his wrist and another yanking his panties down to expose that, instead of a penis, he had a slit between his legs like a doe.

"I thought we ordered a man!" Another one of the women shouted as the hand that gripped Jayne's wrist suddenly shoved him forward. His hooves got tangled up in his panties and he lost his balance, helplessly windmilling his arms before tumbling off of the table and hitting the floor hard. Before they could do any more, the bat suddenly stood up and stepped between him and the other women, her small hands clenched into fists.

"That's enough!" She snapped, glaring at the women. "It's bad enough that you dragged me to this stupid bachelorette party without even asking if I wanted one, but now you have to harass the dancer, too? Are you really that bored?" They looked like they were going to say something, but the bride was already herding them to the door. "Get out, all of you! This party's over."

Jayne slowly pushed himself up with one hand, the other coming up to his forehead. They came away a little bloody. He must've hit his head when he fell. A gentle hand on his shoulder caused him to jump and jerk away, but it was only the bride. She gave him a warm smile and offered her a hand to help him up. He stared at it like it was a snake about to strike before taking it and pulling himself to his hooves.

"I'm sorry about them." She said softly as he stooped over to pick up his panties and slip them back on. "They're horrible people sober, and even worse drunk." The buck glanced at her before rolling his eyes.

"I'm used to shit like that happening when people find out." He mumbled. The doe finished buttoning up his shirt, then glanced at her one more time before heading to the door. She stopped him by catching his wrist.

“Wait! You’re bleeding.” She protested softly. “At least let me get you cleaned up before you go. There’s a first aid kit in the bathroom.” Jayne wanted to argue, but the earnest look on her face made him cave in. With a soft sigh, he let her lead him to the bathroom, sitting down on the toilet seat cover once they were there. He watched her take a red plastic box out from the sink and open it up, eyeing the bottle of rubbing alcohol and cotton balls warily.

“You sure you know that you’re doing?” Jayne asked. The bat laughed meekly and nodded her head in response.

“It’s not that hard. Now, hold still. This’ll sting a little.” She pressed the alcohol-soaked cotton ball to the little gash on his forehead, and he hissed in pain, almost jerking away from her. Only a few seconds later, she pulled the little ball away and replaced it with a bandage that she taped into place. “See? All better.”

Jayne stared at her for a moment, then finally smiled for the first time all night. “Thank you.” He said quietly. She smiled back and just waved her hand dismissively.

“You’re welcome. It’s the least I could do. C’mon, I’ll walk you outside.”