

Castle Enfenstein Shiho Shen by Junko ii.

When I saw them on the bench I knew they had to be mine. I don't know why, they're really not my style, as anyone could see by the bright orange bikini bottoms I discarded to put them on, I really love bright colours, and I'm not really comfortable enough with my body to show it off in something like a pair of crotchless panties made of strings of pearls, but here I am. I, Shiho Shirai am about to make a gigantic mistake.

As soon as I closed the catch on them, they started buzzing, sending waves of vibrations through my crotch, and they seemed to get even tighter than they were, digging into my pussy, and somehow even finding my clit, it's like they have a mind of their own, or something. Is this even scientifically possible? I don't know how I'm able to think so clearly, because my body's not responding, I try to move but my motions are clumsy and flailing. I'm also surprised I haven't cummed yet, the panties are vibrating with so much intensity I can see my (admittedly rather large) breasts jiggling in resonance with them. It must somehow know exactly how to stimulate me to avoid an orgasm.

I see the girl I assume owns these looking at me in anger, her modesty barely preserved by soap bubbles. She's someone who ran around yesterday in a scandalously daring china dress, so it's no wonder she's okay with just standing there naked and not trying to cover herself.

I hear her say "Say Elenor, what do you think we should do about this girl?", but she doesn't have to wait for an answer to that question. I feel the floor drop out below me and I fall down a chute. What's going on here? This castle was pretty odd, but who'd build something like this? If I remember correctly, this room was above the kitchens, or thereabouts, and it's almost breakfast time.

As I fall, which seems like it's taking far too long, the chute must spiral round a lot, the brain-destroying vibrations of the panties I am now regretting trying on without permission reduce to a merely distracting intensity. The vibrations modulate themselves into a robotic sounding voice.

"You have violated the rules of the challenge, and must be punished. Return what you stole to its rightful owner and your punishment will be over. You will not be able to remove the stolen treasure before then. Touching yourself will result in an electric shock. This will be all."

Well, at least I know what I've got to do, but I doubt this is going to be easy. And not touching myself is already feeling difficult, and the vibrations haven't exactly stopped. I can feel juices running down my legs, threatening to get on my blue-and-red striped thigh highs. I'm given just enough time to contemplate this before the chute dumps me into the unknown at the bottom of the castle.

I fall and land into a pool full of lurid blue slime. Strangely, my first thought is "At least people won't notice what's staining my socks", but I'm quickly forced to address more immediate measures. The gunk is easily deep enough to drown in, and my head is spinning from the spiralling chute. I eventually drag myself to an edge, coughing and spluttering, before pulling myself up onto the slippery poolside and collapsing on the tiles.

Scraping the goop from my eyes, I can see I'm in a large well-lit swimming pool full of this strange blue substance. "Hah!" I think to myself. "That punishment was pathetic. This place'll have to try harder than that!" I don't even mind being covered in slime too much, I like the colour and it's not unpleasantly cold. There's only one exit to this room, which is otherwise featureless, so I plod towards it, leaving a blue goopy trail of footsteps behind me.

Pushing back the double doors, I'm greeted by a barrage of camera flashes and laughter. Half my class must be gathered in the hallway, and they're all fixated on my body for some reason. I look down and shriek in horror when I realise they're all photographing me in the nude! I quickly slam the doors and turn

round, and I hold the door back, my knees trembling. The poolside, which was empty before is now full of students I don't know, most with camera phones out. One even has an SLR on a tripod. How did they get in here? My life is ruined.

I curl up into a foetal position, realising that now, dozens of close-up pictures of my tits and dripping pussy are going to be put online, with every inch of my body commented on and judged. Wait, dripping? I can still feel the vibrations of those panties against my crotch, so I can't be naked. I'm jolted back to reality and the crowds disappear, and my slime-coated clothes return to view.

Whatever this blue stuff is, it's giving me visions. There I was calling it a lame trap; I've got to get rid of it somehow. I try and scrape as much of it off with my hands, but this doesn't do much to the sticky liquid. I take a peak through the doors and confirm that I do know where I am. I'm at the very bottom of the castle. There were some bathrooms near here that I think I can get to quite easily.

I set off, cautiously as I don't want to have to explain my appearance. I'm nearing the door when a terrifying crawling sensation starts enveloping my upper body. Looking down again, I see thousands of tiny spiders crawling all over my top. I don't know where they came from, and I don't care, I break into a run and burst into the bathroom at full speed. As quickly as I can, before they can work their way into my bra, I rip it off and flush it down a toilet before starting cleaning off the goop using a basin.

I'm about halfway through this task when I realise what a retard I am. There never were any spiders, that was another hallucination, and I've just thrown my top away, leaving my fetching electric teal bikini top in full view. I prefer to wear swimwear as underwear; it's generally available in better colours. I don't even care if it matches, not that it matters any more, as my panties are back in the girls' dorm leaving me with these vile vibrating things. I get the rest of the cleaning done, although my clothes themselves will obviously never be properly clean without an actual wash.

There's still some of that blue slime on my crotch. I tried to clean it off but as soon as my hand touched it the panties sent a jolt of electricity through my most sensitive parts, and it was all I could do to not lose my balance. Never doing that again. Although I kind-of want to. The constant stimulation is making me really horny.

I can hear a voice from outside. It sounds like an adult, probably a member of staff. When it gets close enough to make out, I can tell they're following my footprints back here, and they're not pleased. It'll be obvious that I'm at fault, given the blue stains on my clothes, but I've cleaned myself up enough that I'm not leaving a trail, but there is one leading to the stall where I stupidly flushed my top. I can hide in another one and they'll lose the trail. I'm so smart.

I can't be doing with any more unfortunate hallucinations. Maybe if I don't touch it with my fingers I'll be okay. I grab some toilet paper and try to scrape off the rest of the slime, being as careful as possible.

It seems to work, but as soon as I'm done, these panties must have decided I'm having too much of an easy time, and the vibrations increase in intensity. The buzzing sound is loud enough that the investigator, who has now opened the door, will surely hear it. I try to cup the area with my hands to deaden the noise, which maybe makes some difference, but the panties are having none of that. Some mechanism within them activates and I feel the central string of pearls begin to move back and forth. And somehow the pearls feel bigger.

I'm forced to clap my hands over my mouth to stop myself from moaning. It'll be worse if the guard hears that than the buzzing. With the new stimulation, all I can think of are those pearls dragging back and forth over my clit, and in and

out of my lower lips, but still it won't allow me to cum. I shift my hips around in frustration, and this is my undoing as I fall off the toilet seat just as the guard nears the door.

"What's going on in here?" I hear a male voice ask. The fact that he's easily able to unlock the stall door from the outside means he's definitely staff. A thirty something man dressed as a typical mall cop looks down on my bedraggled form, having given up on trying to keep quiet, I'm moaning in ecstasy on the floor.

Speaking into a headset, I hear him say. "Yes sir, a female visitor masturbating in the boys' toilets. She spilled the Type B everywhere too. Roger. Standard procedure." Then he turns to me, and sternly says "I don't know why you're doing this, but a few hours in the stocks ought to show you the consequences of such lewd behaviour." I can't mouth a reply as the panties won't let up. He produces a long wooden bar from under the sink, and while I'm still too out of it to resist or complain, lifts me up and locks my hands and neck into three holes in it.

Their work in preventing my resistance done, the panties' activity drops down to a minimum, although the new rubbing motion seems here to stay, just with less curiosity now. How one tiny piece of not-underwear can have so many features is beyond me, and why were there stocks stored in the boys' bathroom. At least there's no temptation to touch myself now. Or touch anything else, for that matter, with my arms locked up by my neck (although the wooden bar is surprisingly light, must be wood-effect).

Wait, boys' bathroom? I look around and see that indeed there are urinals lined up on the wall. That blue gel must have made me miss them, or something. It looks like I'm closer to where I need to be than I thought though, since this is the boys' dorm. I just have to cross over to the girls' side and get to that girl's room to be done with this. "Okay missy, follow me to the courtyard so we can get this over with," the guard says. I also notice he's not even trying to not get caught staring at my erect nipples under my drenched bikini top, something I'm only now able to be bothered by.

The guard takes hold of a chain fastened to the bar and starts walking, and I'm given no choice but to follow. I can't be taken to the courtyard and locked, bent over for hours in this thing! I thought I could get this over with without anyone I know spotting me. When we get to a flight of stairs I decide there's nothing for it but to make an escape attempt, having managed to regain most of my composure from the panties' most recent torments. I swing the bar at the guard with all my weight, and he loses his grip on the chain when I knee him in the head, sending him tumbling down the stairs. I could see he was far too distracted by looking at my body to have decent reaction times. I've got to run though. He had a baton and a taser and would easily beat me in a straight up fight even without my arms locked up.

His route through the castle means I don't know exactly where I am, but I sort of know my general location, so I take off at full speed. Well, whatever counts as 'full speed' for someone whose arms and neck are locked together and has a pair of panties on that make every step an exercise in denied sexual release. I duck round a corner and burst through a pair of double doors, hopefully having shaken off my pursuer. I hope blindly entering this room isn't going to cause more troubles, but it can hardly be worse than being put in the stocks in the main courtyard for everyone to see.

I look around to see a changing room, much like the one where this 'adventure' began. This means I'm in the boys' showers. This is good, because I'm going in the right direction, and I can even cut across here to avoid that guard, but bad because I can hear one of the showers running, and see a pile of clothes on one of the benches. There's a boy in this room with me, and he's probably naked.

I'm not going anywhere near that pile of clothes, given what happened last time,

but I need to cross the doorway into the showers themselves to get past him. It'd be easy if I could crawl, but with my hands locked up like this, crawling is impossible. He could be looking this way, and there's no way being seen by a boy in this condition in the boys' showers is something I'm going to allow.

I tiptoe up to the edge of the doorway and press myself up against the wall. Looking around the corner, I can indeed see one boy, but he's looking in the other direction. Peeping on the boys in the showers sounds like fun, but under these conditions it'd be insane, so I move to dash across to the other side, but am stopped by a tugging at my back. My bikini top is caught on a hook. I'm having none of the luck today, unless the hook was also a mechanical hook and actively sought out my bra strap.

I wriggle around, but I can't seem to get it free, and with my hands locked up I definitely can't reach to unhook it. I can't dawdle here or the boy might finish his shower and see me, so I have no other choice but to just make a break for it. A tearing sound leaves the teal fabric on the hook, and my breasts completely uncovered, and I obviously can't do anything to cover them with my arms.

I move over to the other door. I've got to get out of here before that boy sees me like this. All I've got left to cover me is my thigh highs and my miniskirt, and I stick out like a sore thumb. I curse my clothing choice, as with the bright colours on my lower body, it's even more obvious that I'm topless.

The door is another problem. It opens inwards like the one on the other side, but I can't really pull it, restrained as I am. I'm forced to bend over to reach the handle. The panties choose this moment to renew their attention on my poor pussy, this time also emitting a chiming noise. Even with the sound of running water, there's no way the boy hasn't heard that. I fumble with the handle, trying not to concentrate on the continued stimulation without release, but it would be a difficult enough task without the handicap of the vibrations and rubbing.

I can hear that the water has stopped, so the boy must be coming to investigate the noise. With my heart practically punching its way out of my bare chest, I just manage to open the door and rush through it. Maybe he caught a glimpse of me from behind before I can shut it. I can hear his voice from the room I've just hastily vacated. "A bra? What's this doing here? Doesn't she know this is the boys' showers?" I liked that bra. And that top. And those panties. Whatever nebulous entity is orchestrating all this is going to pay when I get my hands on it. And out of these stocks.

Dammit, now he's probably going to go off in search of the probably topless girl he knows is running around. With the immediate danger gone, the panties go back to their normal task of keeping my level of arousal up, rather than trying to distract me with pleasure. But I am past most of the boys' dorm this way.

Not all of it though, and the need to keep moving to stay ahead of my pursuers clashes with the need to carefully check every corner for possible eyes that could see my boobs and doubtlessly ridiculous facial expression from all of the 'attention' I've been getting down there. I sure wish I had something to cover my breasts. With the unusual gait enforced by my locked-up hands and the need to avoid stepping in certain ways that I've found make the pearls digging into my pussy more aggressive, my now unsupported and rather large breasts are bouncing around in a fairly uncomfortable manner, even if nobody can currently see them.

I can hear the boy calling after me. Something like "Hey, wait! I can help!" I really don't trust him, and try to increase my pace. The fact that there's no standardisation in this building suddenly becomes a problem. Usually I've been fine to just go through doorways normally, and the wooden bar has plenty of clearance, but the next door is narrower than usual, and with my jogging pace, I succeed in jamming the bar of my stocks in the door frame.

"Shit!" I think. I'm completely immobilised and the boy's definitely going to catch up. I can hear his footsteps as he runs up to me, but I can't turn my head to look at him, so I have no idea if he's bothered to get dressed or not.

"Damn, they got you good! I knew the guys running this place were a bunch of perverts, and seeing a girl running around in just a skirt locked up like that just proves it."

I try to act casual, even though he knows I'm topless, from this angle all he can probably see is the back of the sides of my breasts where they stick out past my torso. And he probably can't see how flushed my face is. Or not. I look ahead and see that I'm at a t-junction, and there's a full length mirror opposite where I'm stuck. My heaving breasts and erect nipples are plainly visible, and I look a right state. The boy is at least wearing clothes, although the stupid grin on his face suggests he's drinking in the view and I can't do a thing about it.

"Haha, yeah. I need to get back to the girls' dorm to get out of this thing." Not technically a lie. He doesn't need to know that "this thing" is a pair of panties, not the stocks. And I hope he just thinks that my panting voice is because I've been running, not because I'm horny as the devil himself.

"I'm actually pretty good with locks. I'll see if I can get you out." Unfortunately, this involves him reaching around to get at various bits of the stocks with his picks, and pushing his body against mine. I'm pretty sure he 'accidentally' grabs my tits more than once. "No can do. It's too well made. You'd be better off sawing through it and I don't have the gear for that."

"The least I can do for the show you're giving me is get you unstuck though. Say when you're ready." I can see in the mirror that he's backing up and probably intends to use his momentum to get me dislodged. "Um... Think nothing of it? Go ahead." I don't want to piss him off while he's being helpful, even though he's acting like a bit of a creep. He shoulder-barges into the stocks and we both go tumbling forwards. He does manage to catch me and stop my head hitting the floor, as I can't stop myself with my hands, but his idea of "catching me" involves him getting two handfuls of boob.

Worse, my skirt has ridden up from the fall, revealing my naked butt and almost naked glistening pussy. "Whoa, those are quite the panties. Are they... moving? That must be part of whatever they've got you for too, right." I could die right now. A boy of my age is looking right at my pussy as he "fixes" my skirt, which seems to involve him touching my sex far more than necessary. I do thank him though. One boy getting an eyeful is at least better than many, which would be the case if he'd left me there, or decided not to fix my skirt, as there's no way I could do it myself.

Not wanting to spend another second in his presence, I dash off as fast as my shaking knees will carry me. There's only one route into the girls' dorms that I can use, an open air bridge linking the two towers. At first glance it looks trivial to negotiate, but the wind is ridiculous. It seems the design of the towers focusses the prevailing winds through this gap. Wearing only a skirt and a pair of socks, it's bitterly cold, and I break into a run to try and avoid staying out here any longer than necessary. The wind also has the effect of whipping my skirt around, but fortunately there's nobody up here to be added to the list of people I wish hadn't seen every inch of my body.

In my haste, I fail to notice a pressure plate in the very middle of the bridge, and a circular trapdoor irises open beneath my feet, but it's not wide enough to allow the stocks to pass through. I'm left hanging in the hall below. That hall was one I was avoiding as it was bound to be more frequently visited, being the way of passing between the towers that doesn't involve freezing winds. The ceiling of this hallway is pretty low apparently due to the random nature of this place's design, and most people have to bend slightly to avoid hitting their heads. This is fortunate, as it means I'm just able to stand on tiptoe and

I don't have to worry about supporting my entire body weight on my wrists, which would probably be both painful and dangerous.

I don't know why I'm calling that fortunate though. I'm basically trapped. Anyone can see me and my naked breasts, and I can't even see who's ogling me. Worse, I notice a length of familiar pink fabric caught under the wooden bar. My skirt! With the wind lifting it up it's somehow been trapped in the metal of the iris and ripped off.

All I've got on is a pair of thighhighs and those evil panties, and no way of covering myself from whoever may come walking past. I hear a gasp come from one of the entrances to the walkway, but whoever it is who's surprised to see a nearly naked girl hanging from the ceiling is too embarrassed or apathetic to stop, and their footsteps carry on past me. I consider calling out to them, but I'm too stunned by this whole situation to react.

The second person I hear does stop, and a familiar female voice says "Well, I guess the rumours about this place and its perverted traps are true." This sentence is punctuated by her prodding one of my plump breasts in the nipple. "Looks like you're in a bit of a pickle, aren't you Shiho? I'd recognise those socks anywhere." I know who that is. It's that ninja seamstress girl, a notorious bitchface. The second sentence is ended with a poke to my other nipple.

"Um... could you please help me? And perhaps stop touching me there?" I plead. There's not much for it but to humble myself here. I've no way of moving and I can't stand on tiptoe forever.

"Okay sure." the voice replies, and instead pinches my butt. "Sorry sorry, couldn't help myself. You just said not there, and that wasn't there. Anyway, looks like these panties have gotten you all hot and bothered. But at least you've got panties on. I could give you something to cover those bouncy tits of yours as well." With my desperation clearly butting my judgement, the thought of not exposing my breasts seems like an offer I can't refuse, and I ignore the reputation of the one making it and say "Really? That'd be great, thanks!"

"I'll be right back with something." she says, and runs off. Luckily, I'm not left alone for too long. I cringe at the sound of another person who seemingly pretends I don't exist walking past, but then that seamstress girl returns. "Back. Sorry to keep you waiting."

I then hear the sound of gaffer tape being ripped from a roll. Something cold and metallic is placed against my nipple and the tape over it, and I'm not given much time to contemplate why I should never agree to any proposal from that girl before the same happens to my other nipple. "Well, I guess they only cover your nipples, but it's an improvement. I'll help you up and you can be on your way now!" With that, the two things begin vibrating. She's taped vibrators to my nipples.

The shock of the added stimulation means I can barely get out a few words before she lifts me up and I instinctively scramble onto solid ground. Those words happened to be "What? But... You..." the girl takes off as the trapdoor closes behind me.

I've lost the only thing I had that counted as proper clothing I had on and now I'm being stimulated in three places at once, the new vibrators on my nipples do not feel like smart devices designed to tease endlessly without allowing release like the panties are, they're just on all the time. This makes even getting up a challenge, and I have to slither across the cold stone to the far door so I have something I can brace myself against to stand.

But I realise it's not all bad. I have what I think is a genius idea that will make the last leg of this stupid trip much easier. I can probably knock the tape off with something after I'm done implementing my master plan anyway. There's a

small lecture theatre nearby before you get into the girls' dorms proper. It's bound to be deserted, and I'm sure I can find some inanimate object against which I can, um, entertain myself. If I can just get rid of this sexual frustration I'm feeling I'll be able to make much better progress.

I stumble down the corridor and go through the standard annoying bent-over action I have to do to open doors with these stocks and shut the door behind me. It's dark but I'd rather not be able to see myself doing this. I find a table and push my crotch against its corner and start, um, engaging with myself. No electric shock. See? Genius. With all I've been through it won't take long for even this to push me over the edge. The panties sense how close I am and have gone dormant, but they have no control over the things taped to my boobs.

This is just to increase my concentration. It's a tactical decision and nothing to do with me getting excited or blinded by lust. I'm sure I've thought this all the way through. Sure, the panties will begin their teasing as soon as I'm done, but there's not far to go now so it won't be as bad. Just a few more strokes...

I finally push myself over the edge and feel the climax spread through my lower body, moaning in a highly undignified way. Good thing there's nobody here to watch me. Or not. Still in the grips of my orgasm, I don't notice the lights being switched on.

What I thought was an empty lecture theatre turns out to be full of a mixed-gender group of college students and one thirty-something male lecturer. Another group must have started using the facilities today. They don't really know how to react, but the lecturer says "Um... miss. This is introduction to sensory deprivation. I was just doing an example with the class. I think you've got the wrong room." I thought the nipple vibrators were going to be the worst of it, but nope, this castle outdoes itself again.

When I come to my senses, I realise I'm standing there, basically naked, arms locked up in stocks, with a pair of vibrators buzzing away on my nipples pushing my pearl-trimmed crotch into the corner of a table. Except that it's not a table, it's a digital visualiser that switched on automatically with the lights, and is currently projecting an image of my pussy onto the room's screen. It's detailed enough that the motion of the panties, which have begun to slowly saw up and down between my labia is visible, being magnified to at least two meters tall.

I hear a boy at the back shout "Will this be on the test?", to laughter from the rest of the audience. None seem interested in helping me, and most seem glad to have something to break up the monotony of the lecture, even if that thing was a high school girl masturbating herself to orgasm in front of them.

My ears hear the sound of a flip phone being opened, and that's enough to snap me out of my embarrassment and afterglow-induced stunned state. I bolt for the door, which I luckily remember opens outwards. I don't think any of them managed to get a shot off, so I'll just have those two dozen or so college students with a detailed image of my vagina burned into their memories. Unless that visualiser also recorded video.

Now, these nipple vibrators are becoming a hinderance, I don't need any more stimulation, but the tape seems too strong, and they're here to stay. Fortunately, the panties don't seem to have programming to deal with the event of an orgasm, so they're still buzzing on their lowest setting, maintaining a much lower level of arousal, but it's probably only a matter of time before they decide to make my knees buckle and my crotch ache again, so I've got to move fast.

I do remember where that girl's dorm room is. It's just up one floor. I can get to it and then hopefully these things will unlock to allow me to return them and then I can rip these vibrators off. I don't know what I'll do about clothes. That was my last set and I lost them all. Maybe one of her roommates will take

pity on me and have something spare after hearing my story.

I start ascending the stairs, only to get stuck after one step. I look down and see that every other step seems to have been coated with some sticky substance which has adhered to my socks. Without the use of my hands, the only option I have is to just wriggle out of them, leaving me with nothing that anyone could consider "clothing". At the top, I see the door to the girl's room and head straight for it, but completely fail to notice the tripwire strung across the hall.

From some hidden opening in the ceiling, a large quantity of pink slime is emitted, coating my entire body. This doesn't seem too bad, and unlike that other stuff, doesn't appear to produce any immediate effect, but I bet it's doing something subtle that I don't realise. If I can press on I can just scrape it off when I'm done. I fiddle with the handle to the door one last time, and open it to see only one girl in the room, and it's not the girl I stole from. Someone in a long black dress is drawing something on a tablet. She sees me and doesn't really know what to make of the scene, although she probably can't see my panties or vibrators under all of the pink goop.

As she puts the tablet down and gets up, she says "Um... Can I help you?" I notice that she's by far the most beautiful woman in the world. I must have her! I pounce, knocking her onto the bed and plant my lips on hers. She's initially shocked, but seems to enjoy it as soon as the pink stuff starts soaking into her dress. I can't really do anything with my hands, but I can push the vibrators on my nipples into hers, increasing the stimulation for the both of us. She embraces me as I stick my tongue into her mouth, but no sooner has this unexpected scene started, it's ended.

By someone behind us drenching the two of us with a fire extinguisher. The pink stuff gone, I no longer feel compelled to go down on this girl, and the person behind us drags me to my feet. I can see it's the person I stole from. She's wearing a matching pink bra and panty set, although the bra doesn't do much to cover her breasts. Also she has on a curious dress which is open at the front to show everyone said underwear. "Oh thank god you're here. I need you to take these things off me so I can end this." I say, and proceed to explain everything. The girl I stole from, Junko seems to not be too saddened by my torments, but she does at least release me. Kiku, the girl I pounced on, seems pretty excited by the whole thing and offers me some clothing because I lost mine.

What she hands me is rather less than useful. Putting it on, I can see I'm wearing nothing but a fishnet minidress, which basically leaves me naked. She seems to think it's perfectly acceptable clothing though, and I don't want to disappoint her, so I tell her it looks great and thank her profusely. It feels so much better to be able to walk without worrying about being violated by a pair of evil panties, but I still don't know how I'm going to get through the rest of the day looking like this. We still have classes to go to, after all, and they could be "interesting".

END