

Castle Enfenstein - an ENF story by Junko II.

I pack the sundress, the mystery china dress, the quarter-cup and high-cut, the mahjong set and a T-shirt to sleep in (a loose white one with some kind of cute cactus printed on the front which just about comes down to my belly button, and put on the thighhighs, racerback and thong before donning my uniform. I have a little space left over <special bonus because I like the camera idea, so I made her t-shirt smaller>, so I pack a compact digital camera which has been gathering dust in my room for about a year, maybe I'll find somethings, or people, interesting enough to photograph.

The trip to the coast is an uneventful cramped coach ride. I end up sitting next to a boy I don't know and he plays on some portable games machine the whole time. We change in the changing rooms of a public beach near the port, and strangely we leave our uniforms in lockers there (pre-booked, apparently). The slits up the side of this dress are high enough that you can see the straps of my thong, but the colour matches so that's okay. It does feel weird though, the top half is figure-hugging, but the flaps that make up the skirt are light and floaty, I'll have to be careful when moving around. The ferry is a small charter boat, so it doesn't have anything by way of facilities, and there's not a huge amount of space to move around, but sitting around is pretty dull, so I should go and do something.

Kiku says she's finished part of her manga and would like me to see it at some point during the trip. I'm interested in what she's done because she's not lacking in talent but she's shy enough to make me look like an extrovert. Or I could take a stroll on deck to get some fresh air and see if anyone looks like they could be in need of befriending. It's not terribly well-ventilated inside with all these people, and currently the weather's nice, although the sea's a bit choppy.

I go over to where Kiku is sitting; fortunately there's an empty seat next to her. She's dressed pretty plainly, in white capri pants and red t-shirt with black sleeves. Today, her medium-length black hair is pulled back into a high ponytail. Her shirt is fairly tight, and I can tell she's not wearing a bra, and that her nipples seem awfully perky for this stuffy cabin. "Hi Kiku, didn't you say you wanted to show me that manga you drew? No time like the present." I say cheerily. She blushes at the mention of the manga, which I find odd. "I'm still a little embarrassed for you to see this, but I'd love your feedback." she says, her voice usually confident-sounding despite her obviously shy exterior, and she's awfully humble about her skills, even now. She digs into her bag, pulls out an A4 folder and hands it to me.

I open the folder for a bit of a shock. There, staring back on the front page, is me. Well, a manga-style version of me, but it's my hair, my face, my glasses and my body type. The title is even "Junko: Stealth Assassin", albeit written with different kanji to my name. This would be surprising, but the titular stealth assassin is dressed in a fishnet minidress, a pair of maiko geta, and a crimson obi with a sword tucked into it. Her state of undress also lets me know that this Junko has both nipples and her clitoris pierced, with a miniature shuriken hanging from each piercing.

Well, I now know why she was embarrassed at showing this to me; I'm still finding it hard to believe what I'm looking at. I open the cover to see it's more of an illustrated novella than a manga, with mixed prose and picture. The story starts by introducing this Junko, a master ninja who's out for revenge against the people who killed her clan. I reach the bottom of the page to see some strange formatting.

Not only is it a novella, it's a choose your own adventure book. I flip through it at random, and see a lot of pictures of Junko fighting things (pretty much every

shot contains lovingly detailed depictions of 'my' breasts, pussy and/or butt) and the odd pretty explicit sex scene. In addition to her martial skills, she has some kind of poison that is capable of driving people mad with lust. It's uncanny looking at pictures of yourself drawn in this style. I really don't know what to say.

I could just ignore the content and comment on the genuinely skilful art, and be diplomatic. I could get angry about being shown in this way, after all, I'm holding a porn book of myself here. Or I could try and inquire about it without trying to chew her out. Or I could dodge the issue entirely and ask about her lack of bra. I've never seen her without one before, and she's very shy when changing for PE.

"Um, is this... is this character supposed to be me?" I stammer. Kiku replies, it's not clear who's more embarrassed about this situation, "Yeah, I sort-of started writing to show your confident, sexy inner self, and maybe got carried away." She thinks I'm confident and sexy? Where did she get that from? "I like your art, it's dynamic and well-composed, and I'm... flattered, that you'd want to show me this way." I continue, causing a look of what might be relief to appear on Kiku's face.

"I'm not sure I like being drawn with those piercings though." I have no idea what doing fancy ninja moves with a chain dangling from my clit would even feel like, but it's probably not comfortable. Kiku looks slightly disappointed. "In the story they're magical, and give her an unlimited supply of shuriken. And they were how she built up the confidence to dress as she does. She has to let them hang free or the shuriken will cut her, so she can't cover her body. And before she became confident, they helped her learn stealth, since she didn't want people to see her like that." I do hope this story isn't prophetic. I really don't like the idea of having to become a ninja as the only way of not being seen naked. New Junko wants confidence, but not like that.

I finally add the third thing I noticed to the conversation "So, going no-bra today, Kiku? Trying to emulate the assassin Junko?" Kiku seems a little shocked "Is it that obvious?" Yes Kiku, it really is. "After I finished the story, I thought I might see if I could build my own confidence like that, but I'm starting slow. I didn't pack any bras for this trip. I've also brought a fishnet top like from my manga, but I'm not sure if I can will myself to wear it. I was wondering..." I don't like the way this is going. "If I knew someone else was braless it's less of a step up to wearing the top I've brought. It'd mean a lot to me if you could help out. And are you okay with me drawing more of Junko: Stealth Assassin?"

This dress is white and figure-hugging, so my bralessness wouldn't be at all covert. And do I want to encourage this girl to wear a fishnet top with no bra? Also it's not going to be easy to surreptitiously take this racerback off on this boat under this dress. On the other hand, I'm sort of impressed, in a weird way, to her dedication to this story. Maybe I should help her along.

I launch into a lengthy reply. "I'm not sure confidence is about the way you dress, but if you've bought it, it'd be a shame to never wear it. You're a good enough artist that a lot of people would like to see your work, just maybe not this particular story. Perhaps something a little less, um, sexual, but I can see your style working for any number of things. And you can keep drawing Junko: Stealth Assassin, I'd love to read more of her adventures." I genuinely do, there's actual tension in her writing. "But maybe you could reign in the sex a little. I'm sure we don't need Junko's boobs or butt in every panel. And I'd appreciate it if you didn't show this to anyone else. I'm not sure what other people would think of me afterwards." My reply seems to please Kiku, who says "Oh, okay, I think I can do that. I've got some works in progress that I could show to other people at home if you think I'm good enough."

I continue "Anyway, I said I'll help you, and if me taking my bra off will give you that confidence, I'll do it, but I'm sure you'll quickly learn to be confident on your own." With that, I get up and head to the front of the boat. It's a small passenger catamaran, and there's not many places I could go and not be seen, except the bridge. The crew will all be facing forwards, so if I'm quiet, they won't see me. I carefully work the door (or is it a hatch? or a bulkhead? These boaty people have weird names for everything) and slip in. I'm correct in my assumption, there are three guys in here all either looking out the front window or staring at some instrumentation (although in one case, only if you extend the definition of 'instrumentation' to include 'facebook').

My heart's already racing and I haven't even begun. There is an alcove created by some piece of machinery protruding through the deck, so I could possibly avoid detection if I make a sound, but it's barely big enough to hide behind, and I wouldn't be able to move an inch without being seen. I begin undoing the hooks and eyes holding my dress together, and get enough undone to remove my bra. This is so tense I'm almost worried they might hear my heartbeat, but that's crazy. With the racerback balled in my fist, I begin doing up the hooks and eyes again.

Then, I feel something cold and metallic against my side, and hear the telltale sound of a pair of fabric scissors. It's such a satisfying sound, the sound of simple yet refined machinery. Wait, what am I doing thinking about how good expensive scissors sound? I'm clearly in trouble here. I manage to not make any noise that would alert the crew, and before I can react, feel another hand dart into the flap of my dress that I haven't finished doing up and give my breast a squeeze. Out of the corner of my eye I can see a black sleeve holding the scissors.

Dammit. Yuri was wearing something long-sleeved and black today. I've not had any trouble from Yuuko since day one, as she seems content with trying to get revenge via mahjong club, but Yuri I thought only acted on Yuuko's command. If I could have opened the door without a sound, someone else could have as well. I assume she's still angry and finally got some initiative. As I realise this, the scissors somehow retract into her sleeve, like a hidden blade from that American game about templars and whatnot. I can't imagine those things exist, so she must have made it herself. I spin round to try and see her face, but she's gone, the door already shut behind her by the time I've turned.

I assess the damage. The scissors have extended the left-hand slit of my dress all the way up to my armpit. The skill with which the cut was made was impressive. Only the thread linking the two pieces has been cut, both seams and all the fabric is intact. It's almost like she wanted to strip me without permanently ruining the garment, a far cry to the shred-happy technique of Yuuko. Wait, why am I comparing clothes cutting technique? Sometimes your brain has the stupidest thoughts, Junko. I go to finish fastening the other side, and find a (printed, she's learning from her mistakes) note which reads:

"Oh dear, looks like someone's had a wardrobe malfunction. Come and talk to me and we'll see about fixing this unfortunate accident. You know who to contact."

Now, my left side is pretty open. You can get a bit of sideboob action even when I'm standing still, and it's going to be fairly impossible to avoid flashing my butt as I move, what with the back of this sporty thong not covering it. I consider putting my bra back on, as now I'm in danger of giving everyone a look at my left breast if I lean forward or to the right, but I must have dropped it in my surprise, and it's nowhere to be seen. Yuri must have ninja looted it.

I could go and see what that crazy seamstress wants, it could be she just wants closure from last time, and she has offered to fix this, which probably means a lop-sided trade of some kind. Or I could not give her the satisfaction of a

complete victory and just deal with potential nipple slips. I bet my bra will materialise eventually, as they seem to have a crazy honour code where any amount of humiliation is fine, but even a penny of financial loss crosses the line.

I may as well see what Yuri has to say, although I should probably at least show Kiku I went through with it first. I walk back to her, holding the side of my dress closed with one arm. This is difficult to do without looking too weird, but at least it turns nipple slips into mere sideboob. "H... hey Kiku. I've taken my bra off. Although you can probably see that." One 'plus' of Yuri's 'retailoring' is that now it's not so tight around the chest, my nipples aren't in as much danger of showing through the relatively thin white fabric. "Anyway, I had an accident and my seam split, so I'm going to do something about it." I try to pretend I'm on top of the situation and that everything is fine and nothing is ruined. Kiku seems mightily impressed "Wow, your dress fell apart and you still didn't put your bra back on. I knew I was right about you." Heh, I would if I still had it, Kiku, but you don't have to know that.

Yuri is standing near the aft stairwell, which leads up to the roof. There's more seating up there, but it's not covered, and with the current weather, there are few takers. She's dressed in a black sweater dress with baggy enough sleeves to conceal her hidden scissors and combat boots. As I approach the stairs, she retreats to the roof, I follow.

Great. The wind up here is pretty intense; my dress is basically useless, even catching the flapping pieces is impossible. I look around to see who I'm giving a free show to. The only other people up here are two boys who seem to be making out (Is anyone in this school not gay? Seriously.) and a girl I don't know who can probably see everything as she's just chilling, ignoring the weather. "Okay Yuri, what is this time?" I ask, frustrated.

"I'm just interested in helping you out of your predicament. I didn't know you got off on stripping in public though." Damn her, I could try and explain the situation but it's way too complicated to bother with. "Anyway, I'll stitch up your dress, right there." She points to the middle of my exposed breast, by poking it. "And only there. No strings attached. Literally. I've got some magnetic clothes fasteners I've been wanting to try out. They're super-strong and made of neodymium. Pretty risk-free if you ask me."

I'm skeptical, this sounds like it could backfire easily. But if this wind is as bad on the island, wearing the dress as it is is almost as bad as no dress at all. "And if you let me cut and refasten the other side in the same way, I promise I won't attempt any more pranks while we're on this trip." She adds, with an evil smirk. She did pride herself on honesty, but I'm not sure if this voluntary loss is worth avoiding whatever she may have planned for later.

Yuri cutting the other side of my dress is a lot less bad than what she could do, so I think it's best to get this over with. "Okay, you can cut both sides if it makes you happy." Yuri replies "Oh, it does, believe me." She slices the other side of my dress open in one clean cut, and then produces a needle and thread from her other sleeve. She must have some other ninja gear for that too. Unsurprisingly, she's very 'hands on' about stitching the magnetic fasteners to my dress near my breasts. When she's done, they snap shut very tightly, it seems the thread holding them to the dress will break before those magnets are separated. "A pleasure doing business with you." She replies, and prowls off down the stairs.

Now the wind only manages to expose my thong, and with the two halves of my dress basically unconnected below my chest it's going to be even harder to move around in this thing, but I don't have to continually hold one side shut, which is a plus. You can see part my boobs through the holes in the side, but it's not as bad as

before. I can see the island in the distance, so we're almost there, so I head back downstairs. I notice that the spray has made my dress a little transparent, but I hope it'll dry quickly.

I brush against a metal railing on my way down the stairs, and hear a 'clunk' as the magnet adheres to it. "Oh, so that's her game." I think. "She wants me to accidentally strip myself on a metal object. Lucky I noticed this time." It's only with considerable effort that I pull the magnets off the railing. I need to make sure to not lean against anything that looks metallic. I ask around about safety pins, and it soon becomes apparent that anyone who had any doesn't any more. Yuri went round and 'borrowed' them all before making her move.

I return to the still-impressed looking Kiku, who seems slightly confused as to why my dress is now slit all the way up to my chest, but doesn't ask about it, so I don't offer an explanation. I kill the remaining time before we reach the island flicking through Junko: Stealth Assassin. It's a hard adventure, and I end up being killed by an Oni fairly quickly.

Making landfall, I see the castle, a random jumble of turrets which takes up most of the island, with some evidence of a sandy beach on the far side from the port. We're assigned room numbers and take our luggage up to them. I see I've ended up in a room with Kiku, Yuri and a girl from another class, an English transfer student going by the name of Elenor. I expected her to be blonde, but it seems her hair is disappointingly black and straight (I can't tell if that's natural or if she just wanted to look less foreign). She's wearing a pair of denim hotpants and an urban camp-print tank top with tennis shoes.

Kiku must have rushed here, as she's already unpacked and changed into her fishnet top, and has had the smart idea of letting her hair down, which is just long enough to sort-of cover her nipples, although this does little to hide her embarrassment or the odd looks she's getting from Elenor and Yuri. The room has two bunk beds, but as the last one here (Walking quickly in this dress isn't going to happen) I'm stuck with a bottom bunk nearest the door.

We're not given much time to unpack before the fun-fun programme of events starts. The planned events go by without incident more notable than the occasional snickering at my backside or Kiku's breasts temporarily being exposed. She seems to be taking the attention remarkably well, although she does spend quite a bit of the day hiding behind me.

We're supposed to be learning about all the architectural movements and the history of the countries that originated them, but I find it hard to be interested. It all just looks like blocky Western castle to me. Lunch is served in some kind of great hall, but is disappointingly standard cafeteria food rather than the more thematically appropriate medieval banquet.

Finally, the most important time of the day has arrived: Free time. While most of the castle has been preserved in various historical configurations, there's quite a lot of space devoted to recreational facilities. We're dumped into the rec room, and groups which finished earlier than us have already started using the various ping pong tables, arcade machines and suchlike.

I can see a few things which stand out. A girl I don't know dressed in bike shorts and a sports bra with a bob cut is owning everyone at DDR. Several confident-looking guys stepped up only to be utterly destroyed. I'm not the worst DDR player in the world, but she's way better than me. I could challenge her to a casual game though. It's not like there's anything stopping us playing on different difficulty levels, and I don't have the ego of any of the guys who thought they were pro. Might be a bit dangerous in this dress though.

There's an empty card table. I could try and get a game going, since I brought a set, although I'm not sure strip mahjong when I'm only wearing two items of non-footwear clothing is that smart, and there's loads of people here. There's also a door leading off to a gym, and I see the odd person go in and out. It's probably a way to let off some steam that's not as likely to cause exposure as DDR. That route also leads to the beach, but the weather is still miserable, so I bet nobody will be there.

I can also see a group of people, including Yuuko (Wearing a white sweater dress that's basically a colour-inverted version of Yuri's) looking at a map. There's animated discussion about something. I hear the word "secret passages" over the commotion.

I ignore my state of dress and go to check out the DDR machine, hoping that this wasn't a mistake. It looks like an old 5th Mix cabinet that's been converted to run some 3rd party remake of the game full of thousands of songs of questionable legality. "Hi, is this side free? I'm Junko." I ask, trying to sound cheery.

"I'm Reki. Sure, I seem to have scared off everyone else. You can pick first. I don't mind what you choose." She replies, not terribly interested in me. I select something I think I remember, and leave the difficulty fairly low. Reki maxxes out the difficulty and throws on a few handicap mods as well. I just about manage to muddle through the song, while Reki shows off with a bunch of spins and pointless handplants but still gets a double A.

As she's picking her song, she says: "Oh, you're that thong girl, aren't you?" I guess that answers the question of how much other people have been noticing my attire. "I'm becoming known as 'that thong girl'. Not exactly a reputation to be proud of." I think. "Um... interesting fashion choice, I guess. This song's a bit nonstandard. Watch out for the hands." I keep my difficulty the same, as does Reki, but she does remove her handicaps.

The first time I'm required to hit three arrows at once I try bending at the waist, and it just doesn't work, and just gives anyone watching a good view of my butt. The next time round I bend at the knee, and this seems a lot easier, but keeping up with the speed of the song is hard, and I barely make it to the end. We do a few more songs, and eventually I bash out something resembling an okay performance, I even do the spins, but I'm a bit out of breath. At least this outfit is now well-ventilated. I thank Reki for the game and step off the pad, it seems I'm not really good enough to interest her, and her mind is on the game at the moment.

As I turn to leave, I notice our audience has grown significantly, and I'm curious as to why so many people have stopped what they were doing to watch a one-sided game of DDR. Then I see it. A scrap of black fabric caught on a bent bit of metal on the pad is all that remains of my thong. It must have gotten caught when I did those hands. Worse, when I spin in this dress the flaps fly out, so I must have flashed everyone several times when I did that last song. I've been playing bottomless for the last ten minutes and didn't realise it.

I try to cover my embarrassment but my face says it all and I retreat to the edge of the room, not wanting to draw more attention to myself by trying to retrieve my ruined panties. I have no idea if Reki has noticed or not, she's still playing, but now that I think about it, she was glancing down at my lower body a lot.

Now I just want to go back to my room and hide, but running away like that seems like the opposite of the person I want to be. There's still some time until dinner, and it looks like all the other options I considered are still open, so I could be tough and try and take this in my stride. If I'm really careful I can still move

around without exposing everything, I think. Or I could go for a wander around the castle, there's going to be fewer people to see me there, and I could claim to myself I'm exploring, not hiding.

I decide to see what Yuuko's group are doing. New Junko isn't going to let something like ending up with no panties and no bra in a dress that's slit both sides up to her chest stop her from having a fun school life. I walk up to the table around which they have opened the map and try to casually butt into the conversation. "So, what're you guys looking at?" I ask.

"Oh, it's Junko. I'm loving the new breezy look you're doing; it really suits you. Wait, weren't you wearing panties earlier?" Yuuko responds with a smirk.

"I... had a minor arcade machine related accident. It's not a big deal." I try to sound like this is something I can just take in my stride but can't help tugging my dress down. "Anyway, what's with the map?"

Yuuko answers. "We've found a gap in the map which looks like it contains a room, and we think we know where the entrance is. You should come help us. We need a trap detector. Um, I mean we could use an extra pair of hands." Sounds suspicious, but this is pretty exciting. Almost like going on a real adventure. "I haven't got anything better to do, so I suppose I could tag along with you guys."

It doesn't take long for us to get to the place where Yuuko expects the secret to be, and it's not terribly well hidden behind a large painting. Yuuko instructs me to go first, and I suppose I should, because I am butting into their group. The passage is a small crawlspace, which means in my current state of dress, the front of my dress is useless. I have to hold the back half down to avoid giving Yuuko behind me a free show, and I'm left with no choice but to let the undersides of my free-hanging breasts show. Yuuko's amusement at my predicament seems pretty intense. We reach a door after a short distance, which seems to be secured with a lever marked "Door control." I relay this information to the others and they insist I pull it. Unable to back out with everyone in the passage behind me, I'm not really given any other options.

This turns out to be a horrifically bad idea. As soon as I pull it, the sign flips round to read "Door control and super fun happy slide." Said slide opens beneath me, and Yuuko can't move back fast enough and slips down behind me. Her three cronies are far back enough that they avoid this fate. The slide unceremoniously dumps me into a shallow pool of water, soaking my dress though, not that it was covering much after the slide. Above me is a shaft leading directly up, presumably into the room we could have entered through the door had we not fallen for the slide. The shaft is lined with a great number curiously shaped handholds, I guess we're meant to climb them. After a short inspection, I can see that they're all penises, the only way out seems to be to climb a literal wall of dicks.

I glance back to see how Yuuko fared, and she's ended up much worse than me. She didn't have enough momentum to hit the pool, and is now hanging on to the wall by two of the 'handholds'. I wonder why she hasn't just let go and dropped into the pool, and then I see it. One more of the 'holds' is hooked into the back of her dress and the waistband of her white cotton panties, if she lets go, her dress will be left hanging on the ceiling, and her panties will probably be torn in half. "Dammit Junko, stop gawking and help me!", an irate Yuuko grumbles.

I could help her down with her panties intact, but a couple of devious ideas form in my mind. I still have that camera (I bought it for the beach, so it's waterproof.), and currently Yuuko's having to brace her legs against opposite sides of the wall to avoid falling. I could snap a few photos of her like this as payback, or as insurance against future pranks, or I could get her to agree to

something in exchange for my help.

I say nothing and pull out my camera. After my first shot, (a full body pic) Yuuko is furious. "What are you doing!? If anyone sees those pictures, you'll regret taking them!" I move closer and take a few snaps of between her trembling thighs, the shortness of her dress and the fact that the handhold that her panties are caught on is stretching them taut means it's not hard to get some juicy shots of her crotch. I say "Don't think about trying to steal the memory card. It's 2013 you know, I'm uploading them to my home PC now." This is a bluff, while this camera does have a wireless connection, there's definitely no signal down here, but I think she hasn't realised that.

My evil deed complete, I can't help but feel guilty about it, but I bet she would have done the same. I then climb up about half a meter so I can reach the offending member on which her dress is caught, and free her clothes just in time, as her legs slip down the wall and she loses her grip as soon as her arms are made to take all her weight. This knocks me off too, sending both of us back down into the water. Soaked as she is, she's still considerably better off. Her sweater is thick, and doesn't turn transparent when wet, and she's still wearing underwear. "Sorry about the photos," I say, my smile invisible in the gloom of the pit, "I just needed a bit of insurance, you know. If you play nice, nobody has to see them." Yuuko fumes, but can't think of a good response. She just starts climbing the wall, and I follow.

"It's not that hard once you get over the fact that you're grabbing hold of something that looks like a cock." I think. The holds are spaced close together, and it doesn't take long to reach the top, which is blocked off by a trap door. Yuuko pushes it up with relative ease to reveal a well-lit room which contains the three friends she brought on the expedition, who didn't get caught by the slide trap.

Seemingly in response to the looks our soaked appearance is generating, Yuuko says "Don't ask what's down there. You just don't want to know." In addition to the door they came in by, there's a large double door with a very detailed depiction of a large breasted naked woman carved into its surface. The rest of the room is bare stone, which is currently getting dripped on by our wet clothes, and the only other feature of note is that, hanging from the ceiling are a huge number of dildos in a great variety of shapes and colours. I assume the three girls have already gotten over the "What the hell is this place?" phase of the conversation and were looking for ways to locate Yuuko.

The double door has no obvious handles, but in the centre, the woman's vagina looks like it's made of a latex-like material and could, uh, 'accept' a foreign object. I blush even more when I realise what the intended solution probably is, and from the look on Yuuko's face I think she has too.

Well, I may as well try and find out what that trap was guarding. I begin trying the phalli in the 'lock' in turn, each one causing a dubious squelching sound when it is tried. The others catch on quickly, but we all seem too embarrassed to talk about what we're doing. Yuuko does seem more interested in wringing out her dress though. Unlike mine, which will probably dry on its own eventually, hers took on a lot of water. It doesn't take too long to find the one which opens the door, although I'm conscious that we're running out of time before we'll be summoned for dinner.

Through the door we immediately see a series of diaphanous pink drapes and curtains, seemingly hung to evoke passing into a womb. "Guys, is it just me, or is this place getting even less subtle?" I comment, but get only giggles back. Pushing apart the 'lips' of this decor, the inside is decorated almost entirely in pink

with organically shaped furniture. I don't know much about western interior decoration even after supposedly being taught about it for a day, but I definitely don't think this room was part of the original historical design.

What I'm looking at is definitely a bedroom. There's a heart-shaped quilted velvet king-size bed (lacking sheets or covers) under another set of pink drapes, and various dressers, mirrors and sofa-like things around the edge of the room. The most striking feature is the floor, which has a couple of phalluses sprouting from every square foot of its surface area of similar variety to the ones from the previous room. "Oh, of course. After the room where the walls were dicks and the one where the ceiling was dicks, the next would have to have a floor of dicks. Why didn't I expect this?"

The other girls don't seem to have enough adventurous spirit to cross the threshold into this place, but New Junko fears no penis-based floor covering. Just behind the drapes at the entrance is what looks like a shop mannequin behind a thick sheet of glass, well, the torso of a shop mannequin, behind a thick glass screen. Based on its attire, it's obvious that it's considerably more anatomically correct than ones found in most retail outlets. The attire in question is a pair of crotchless panties and a cupless bra made of strings of pearls and gold chain. A string of pearls goes directly between the labia of the mannequin, the extra coverage this grants is almost certainly outweighed by how uncomfortable this thing looks. I'm no jeweller, but if it's a fake it's a well-made one, and this looks like it's worth a rather large sum of money.

A sign on the glass reads "Brave girl who reads this: Each young female who enters this room in the nude and sleeps one night here will receive this, the treasure of Castle Enfenstein as a reward." Yup, I knew it. This whole place was installed by some pervert. I don't have much time until we need to go. I could just back out of here and deal with it later, or I could reveal the sign to the others, who haven't seen it as they're still hovering in the doorway and snickering about the other 'items' in the room.

I don't think anything good can come of Yuuko finding out about this, so I just point out how much time we have before dinner and make for the exit. Yuuko's minions seem more than happy to leave.

My dress has mostly dried out now, but it appears that word has gotten out about what I'm wearing, and every hall has a bunch of people, even a few boys, trying to catch an eyeful, but I'm too good for them. Lunch seems more of a problem. We have to carry our trays from the cafeteria to our tables, which leaves me defenceless. More than a couple of people 'accidentally' flip the back of my now very daring dress up before I manage to retreat to a seat next to Kiku. I pretend to not mind, but I can practically feel all the eyes on my bare butt. Even though it's becoming something of a common occurrence, it never really gets any easier. At least nobody managed to get the front.

Kiku bombards me with ideas for her next work as I eat, and I'm glad to have something I can pretend to listen to, and to be sitting next to someone who's getting more attention than I am with her fishnet top. After lunch we're made to sit through some dire educational film about western architecture, which is at least in a darkened room so I can avoid the stares more easily. My mind wonders, and I realise I may be in a bit of a pickle.

I lost my underwear to that evil DDR machine, which was what I intended to wear to sleep, along with a t-shirt, and without them I'd be required to sleep bottomless, or worse, since that shirt barely reaches my belly button. I didn't really think through my sleepwear choices, in hindsight, but I get the feeling I could have done a lot worse if the gods hadn't been on my side. The only bedcovers provided seem to

be relatively thin sheets, and I seriously don't trust any of the people in my room. I could wear tomorrow's panties, and break my day-of-the-week rule, but with the way the showers are set up I'd be forced to put them in the laundry when I got up, and then I'd have no panties to wear tomorrow. Solving this problem seems more interesting than this film, so I may as well think about it now.

I guess I can just hide under the sheets. It'll be probably fine. We have an early start tomorrow, so curfew is pretty early, and we're all sent back to our rooms. I'm not really capable of walking quickly because of this dress, so by the time I arrive, Kiku, Elenor and Yuri have all already changed into their pyjamas.

Kiku, who is on her bunk drawing in a sketchbook, has changed into a pair of tracksuit shorts and an old-looking v-neck t-shirt. Both look like they've seen better days, and the elastic in the shorts is clearly gone, as they've fallen down far enough to reveal her panties.

Yuri is on the bunk below her, and is buried in a manga, while wearing a surprisingly daring black negligee, while Elenor is sitting with her legs over the bunk above mine, reading something on her phone. She's got a not-very-authentic looking short silk kimono on, which is just long enough that I can't tell what she's got on underneath.

Kiku notices me and say "Well, looks like my repairs held up, pity about the rest of your outfit. Maybe I should have fixed up your panties too." Trying to play the diplomat, I respond with "You were a lifesaver there, Kiku, I don't know what I would have done without you" and retreat to my bed.

I try to strip off my dress and change into my t-shirt while keeping my lower half under the at least minimal coverage granted by the sheet, but I think everyone in the room has figured out I'm bottomless. I'm done not a moment too soon, as a teacher comes round almost as soon as I'm done and demands we switch our lights off, which I am of course thankful for, because it deflects the hungry look Yuri is giving me.

I wait for what seems like forever for the stealthy lights the others are using for their surreptitious activities to go out, and then wait a bit longer to make sure everyone's asleep.

Then, holding my bag of clothes for tomorrow in front of my bare crotch (not that anyone's here to see it), I tiptoe out of the room, being very careful not to make a sound when opening the door. I can't believe I'm doing this, or that circumstances conspired to make me make the trip without underwear.

The castle is predictably deserted, but I still play it very safe and check for any signs of people before venturing round each corner. There might still be teachers prowling around looking for students violating curfew (and rightly so, given that I'm here). As I near the secret door, I'm checking around the last corner when I feel something touch my pussy. It's all I can do to not make a sound. My poor situational awareness is probably getting me into trouble again.

I look round to see that Elenor, still in her robe, has chosen the method of sticking her hand between my legs to get my attention, and has an evil smile on her face. Why is everyone here so gay? Even the foreigners. I realise that she must have been following me, and cringe at the thought that I've been giving her a good look at my bare arse the whole time. She must have been pretending to be asleep to see what I was up to, or something.

She whispers "So, ms. bottomless, what're you doing sneaking around at this hour?"

I kind-of want to find out what happens when two people complete the challenge, because the sign did say "each". I turn to face Elenor, so that I'm able to cover myself with my bag and explain the situation.

"Hoho..." Elenor replies when I'm done explaining. "I still don't get what happened to your panties, but from the sounds of things you won't be needing them for too much longer. I like the sound of this adventure. Let's do this." She suddenly seems to get serious, as if any challenge, no matter how silly, is worthy of her full effort. "Unlike you, silly Junko, I'm wearing enough to be able to walk back to my room without flashing my arse to everyone, so I don't even need to go back for my bag. Time's a wastin', we don't want to wait long enough to find out what it thinks 'night' means."

Slightly buoyed by her enthusiasm, I let her lead the way (because with her in front I don't get anyone staring at my butt), bypassing the trap we found earlier, and arrive back at the lewd door. Elenor seems only slightly taken aback by the phallic theme to the decor. "So here we are. We have to enter the room nude to start the challenge. I've had enough of being the only one naked for today, so I give you the honour of being the first one in. You can keep your robe in my bag." I say, stashing the bag in a corner.

This stops her dead. She talked big, but doesn't want to actually go through with taking her clothes off. "Um... This is a little embarrassing. Could you look away while I go through the door please?" she asks, all the confidence in her voice gone. I don't really get why she's asking this since she'll be naked the whole night, but I see no reason to interfere now. After she's gone through, I put my t-shirt in the bag, and suddenly notice that it's pretty cold in here. I guess being basically bottomless all day made me acclimatise, or something. Covering my breasts and crotch with my hands, I pass through the door, which seems to sense my passing and closes behind me. At least this keeps the cold out, as the room is kept rather warm, and a sparse pink mist of what smells like perfume of some kind begins to form, about a foot deep.

Elenor is on the opposite side of the room, also covering herself with her hands. "This is more awkward than I thought. I thought I'd be okay because I've been in communal showers, but this is a pink love nest with a floor of..., you know." Somehow all her confidence must have gone with that short kimono of hers, not that this is stopping her checking out my body, even if hers is a lot more to write home about. I never did get to see what underwear she had on. and it'd be rude to rifle through the bag to check. I have a flash of inspiration. "The sign only says we can't take any clothes in, not that we have to stay naked. Maybe there's some clothes in these drawers." I say. If nothing else, if we're looking through drawers we're not having to avoid looking at each other.

The sneaking suspicion that there's nothing supernatural about this and there's some perv just watching with a camera to verify the challenge does enter my mind, but thinking about that now won't do any good. The drawers and cabinets are mostly full of sex toys, only some of which have functions that I can discern, and a selection of mind-altering beverages that I'd not let into my body unless forced to at gunpoint. Not a single scrap of what anyone might consider clothing in any of them, but at least it killed a few minutes. "No luck. Anything on your side?"

"I've seen some of these things on the Internet, but I don't think any of it's clothes." Elenor replies. We're avoiding facing each other and shouting across the room.

I check out the bed. It's pretty big, but it feels like it's filled with a gel with almost the consistency of porridge. Anyone lying on it will probably sink right in. I've never slept in the same bed as another girl, and Elenor doesn't look like a

person who's in a mood to jump at the chance. One of us could try the floor, the carpet does look pretty thick, but it's covered in dicks. You'd have to contort yourself into some interesting positions to actually touch the floor, and something tells me sleeping in this mist isn't going to be the best idea.

"So, there's only one bed." I say with resignation. "Yup." Elenor replies. "Best we get to sleep then." I continue. Elenor only responds with another "Yup." We both sheepishly lie down on opposite edges of this gel bed. The bed has other ideas though, and as I lie there, I can feel myself slowly gravitating towards the centre. The mattress feels weird, like it's exerting light suction on my body. It's not long before I feel Elenor's body against mine, both of us having migrated to the centre of the bed. This 'feature' seems blatantly designed for this exact purpose.

Looking to the side, I see that somehow, Elenor is already asleep. I lie awake for a few more minutes before becoming aware of a faint buzzing sound and the feeling of vibrations entering my whole body. There must be some kind of subwoofer mounted under the bed, and this clingy mattress is very effective at conducting vibrations. I knew it wouldn't be as simple as just sleeping in a bed for a night.

This new effect seems to have had an affect on Elenor, and she rolls over on top of me, and her hands go straight for my breasts and pussy. She's still sound asleep, but now her hands lightly stroking my body have been added to the list of distractions. I'm not sure if I can get to sleep like this. I keep trying to put the thought that I might be on camera out of my mind.

I'm not exactly into girls, but I'll see if I can live with Elenor's naughty hands and the vibrating mattress until I go to sleep. I can't say it feels bad, but I'm not sure I want another girl doing this to me.

After a few minutes it's clear that not only is Elenor not going to let up, but she's actually getting even more adventurous. She actually starts pinching and rubbing my nipples and I suspect it's only a matter of time before she starts work on my pussy. I wonder if this is just how she sleeps, or if that pink mist is anything to do with it. I see if I can do anything about it, and try and roll her over so she's facing me, and hold her arms in place with mine. If I slip my leg over hers I can even get my pussy away from being in direct contact with the maddening buzzing of the mattress. I hope the small wet spot that left is gone by the morning.

With Elenor's pinching and probing gone and the sensations from the mattress reduced I'm finally able to get to sleep.

"Junko... Junko, Junko!" The sound of someone calling my name causes me to return to the waking world, I identify the voice as Elenor's. "I can't move, Junko; it's morning and you're kind-of smothering me." I release my grip on her, and try to decide what I'm going to say.

Honesty seems like the best policy, I explain everything and point out the pink mist. Now that we're not embracing I'm far too aware of the lack of the feeling of Elenor's nipples against my chest. We're standing opposite the bed, back to covering ourselves with our hands. Elenor looks shocked at my explanation. "I did that, to you? I don't know what to say!" is her only response. She quickly changes the subject. "Anyway, we should see if we've won anything." she says, heading over to the glass display.

As she approaches, not one but two sets of the gold and pearls strung together in a shape that vaguely resembles a bikini are ejected from a slot beneath the mannequin, along with a note, which Elenor reads aloud. "Dear challengers. You have

done well, and deserve your prize. However, some careless people left some overnight bags in the lobby area. I've done the right thing and moved them to the lost property office in the top of the east tower, so whoever left them can hopefully be reunited with their stuff. Signed: The Caretaker."

Oh dear. "Wait. I remember them saying the east tower was the tallest, and this room is underground. Our clothes are on the opposite side of the building." I say, trying to not panic the emotionally fragile Elenor. I'd certainly rather pretend the whole event never happened.

This seems unnecessary, as she's already put her pearl bikini on, and I can see the central string of pearls dividing her lower lips. Having some clothing on, even totally inadequate clothing, seems to completely change her attitude. "Okay Junko. The situation is bad, but we can handle it. Our objective is in the east tower, which we're directly under. While I was checking out the room, I noticed what looks like a dumbwaiter. We can just use that. Junko, check out the dumbwaiter."

I don't bother putting on the bikini just now; it's basically worse than being naked, but I do follow her suddenly imperious command. The dumbwaiter appears to be another terrible joke by whoever made this room. The door, once opened is revealed to be the source of the pink mist, which rolls out thicker than ever. The floor of the elevator, which looks about big enough for two people to squeeze into is covered in a two-foot thick layer of translucent pink goop, probably whatever's filling the mattress. Riding the dumbwaiter up looks to be asking for trouble. On the other hand, people will be waking up soon, making our way through the castle to the top floor means being seen with near certainty.

I put on my prize, as I'll probably only end up losing it otherwise, my outfit doesn't exactly have pockets. The top is just a couple of triangles of pearls surrounding each breast, and the bottom is a waistband and a pair of leg holes also made from strings of pearls. The problem comes from the extra string of pearls that passes through the centre. Every step I take makes me intimately aware of the pearls now wedged between my lower lips. I hope there's not a lot of walking to do at the top of this lift.

"Junko, now you've finished getting dressed, we've got to get to the top of this tower!" the now strangely assertive Elenor commands. "Okay, okay, I'm moving." I respond. She's already sitting in the trough of the dumbwaiter, up to her waist in pink goop, and it looks like the ceiling is too low to fit in without taking a dip, so, still covering my still-exposed nipples with my arm, I get in. Despite being of the consistency of thick custard, the substance tingles like a carbonated drink, and the aroma of the pink mist is overpowering. We barely both fit into the tiny lift, but as soon as I'm in, the door slams shut and the lift slowly starts moving up. With nowhere for the mist to go, it's building up in the shaft, although it's pitch black anyway, so I don't know how thick it really is.

"Woah, Elenor, I'm feeling a bit woozy here." I blurt out, the combination of the strange fizzing sensation in my lower body and whatever effect this mist is having is making me feel pretty hot. As I'm wondering what it'd feel like to kiss Elenor right away, she jumps the gun and plants her lips on mine. I notice that her speech is slurred when she says, after breaking off the kiss "Hey, Junko, why you gotta be so uptight? Why not let me have a little fun?"

I don't even think about it, and return the kiss as her hands descend upon me, although I can barely feel where she's touching me because of the strange bubbling feeling which is now permeating my whole body. "I dunno what's going on Elenor, but this is pretty sweet." Before I've even realised what I'm doing I'm licking the pink goop off her breasts, and it does indeed taste sweet, like artificial strawberry flavouring. I'm not even sure she can hear what I'm saying now, as the

fizzing sensation has now spread to my tongue.

No sooner has this bizarre sequence started, it is brought to a close by the dumbwaiter reaching the top of the shaft, where it tilts up and dumps us both into a pool of ice cold water. I'm immediately returned to my senses. "Okay. We're never going to discuss what just happened there to anyone ever. If you do, I will hunt you down and kill you." are the first words out of my mouth. I can't believe what we were doing, and how quickly it took effect. I guess the cold water made it wear off, but I bet if someone slept a whole night in that stuff things would be worse, and longer lasting. Elenor seems to have realised what's going on and manages to stutter out "I-I-I- didn't s-see anything if you didn't see a-anything." I pull myself and Elenor out of the water, shivering in response to the cold.

The room we're now in is clinically white, with tiled floors, and the only feature other than the plunge pool (why was that there anyway? how did any of this get built?) is a low bench on which my bag sits. A second note is pinned to it. "A complimentary retailoring of your outfits have been provided to make up for the inconvenience, the Caretaker.", I read.

Dreading to see what changes have been made, I open the bag with shaking hands. It looks like someone has taken a four-inch section of fabric on the back of my dress and folded it in on itself, so the front buttons are now eight inches away from their respective button holes. The buttons themselves have been removed and reattached on eight-inch strings, so I could get the dress closed but with a sizeable gap in the middle, enough to show off my panties and bra, and given my bra, a high chance of showing off my nipples too. Without a stitch ripper or a good pair of scissors, I don't think I could fix this without ruining it.

I briefly consider putting it on backwards, but this has other problems. The dress is low enough in the back that it doesn't actually reach my boobs if worn backwards. I rummage around and find my pink high-cut panties and now relatively modest-looking quarter cup bra, but no sign of my t-shirt or Elenor's robe, which must have been sent to the laundry room. The lack of any other underwear does prove that she wasn't wearing anything under her robe last night.

Elenor, seeing that her clothes aren't there, begins to look pretty terrified, although she's shivering enough from the ice bath already. She's clearly too polite to demand clothing, but I get the feeling I should give her something to wear. We've got two sets of useless pearl underwear, my pink lingerie and a now somewhat more well-ventilated sundress between us. Technically all the clothing is mine and I could send Elenor on her way without a stitch on her, but I might feel horrible doing so, but I'm not sure how to divide the clothes we've got up in a sensible way, I'd rather not have to get back to my room naked after going through that, uh, experience to get here.

After trying to shake most of the water off (nothing to use as a towel but my precious clothes), I hand Elenor my lingerie. "I know it's not much, but I guess I can lend you my underwear until we get back to the room.", I say, taking pity on the girl and her erratic temperament. She, strangely enough, puts it on over the top of her useless bikini. I'd take any excuse to get rid of this annoying crotch string, but she apparently doesn't mind. Due to her chest being, well, bigger than mine, the quarter cup bra is more of a one fifth cup, but this doesn't make much of a difference, it wasn't hiding her nipples anyway, but it's better than nothing. Just.

I do up the buttons on my modified sundress. It just barely covers my nipples, giving everyone a view of my cleavage and, if I move around, my areolae. Down below the gap means it's only that string of pearls 'covering' my nether regions, so I'm still walking around covering my crotch with my hands. Elenor has hers over her

breasts, as is expected. "So, we should get going before people start to wake up."

The tower is unreasonably narrow, and each floor has about enough space for the spiral staircase around the outer edge and one largish room. After a quarter turn of spiral stairs, I realise with horror, that the East Tower is being used for boys' accommodation, meaning it's going to be full of people right now. The first door of what I guess is six is closed, and we gingerly tiptoe past it, but there's sound coming from the one below.

Not something you'd expect early in the morning most of the way up a castle, a ball comes bouncing up the stairs, and I reflexively send it back down with my free hand. Taking a furtive glance round the corner, my body pressed up against the wall, a boy runs down to collect it before it gets too far down. He's carrying a softball bat, so I can only assume that that room of boys has concocted some kind of hall-based ball game, with a batsman standing in the open doorway. I guess being five flights of stairs away from the nearest teachers means they don't have much to worry about from the authorities.

Getting past this without being seen, especially in a place where there shouldn't be any girls at all is going to be difficult. I could try and play it cool and hope they don't notice the middle is missing from my dress, but Elenor's going to stand out massively in a pink bra and panty set. Maybe I could shield her with my body, although she's a bit taller than me. Running might be an option if I can time it so they might be looking away, but I'm not sure of that plan either, and the hall is totally linear, so there's no alternative paths.

I could try to be smart, wait for them all to enter the room and then shut the door on them, but then they'll definitely know someone's here, and messing with them, so if there are any more obstacles downstairs we'll be trapped. In other news, this tower still isn't very warm, and Elenor's not looking too happy in her almost no clothes, and this dress isn't exactly a winter coat. I'd really like some way of warming up, but nothing really presents itself.

I point at the space under the bunk and hope Elenor gets what I mean, before crawling under it as quietly as I can. She silently follows me. I have to try and control my breathing as I'm afraid the boy sleeping a few inches above me might hear it, even though at some level I think it's obviously not a problem.

The lecture outside the door goes on for what seems like forever before they finally leave, long enough for the boys to start stirring, so if I'd waited I'd be screwed. Unfortunately, this leaves us trapped until they decide to leave for the showers or breakfast. They seem to make small talk for a while before, suddenly, the mattress above us is lifted off and placed down blocking the side of the bed. We're even more trapped than we were, if that makes any sense. "Kouta, you were right, there were girls under my bed." one says. I guess they must have been communicating with text messages or something to avoid clueing us in and at least one of them must have been more awake than I thought.

The mattress rested on a wire mesh, so now it feels like we're in a cage, with four boys peering down on us. Worse, there's not really enough space to move my arms up to cover myself, so we're completely exposed. "Wow, and they've got some pretty interesting clothes on too," one exclaims. "What are you two doing under a bed in the boys' dorm?" I begin to try and formulate an answer but I can't think properly, with four pairs of eyes staring at my mostly exposed breasts and pussy. Before I can say anything, another chimes in with "This must be a dare or something. The girls are always pulling stupid shit like that." I decide to let them believe this. It's a lot less stupid than the real story.

"Anyway, what are we going to do with them?" one asks. "If they think they're

getting out of here with those clothes, they've got another thing coming." I'm briefly overtaken by terror before he continues "Nah, you guys are cool, but saying that was worth it for the looks on your faces." Another one says "But Yosuke, we've got two half-naked girls in our room and they can't even go to the teachers because they shouldn't be anywhere near this wing of the castle. We've gotta get something out of this."

"Okay, fine." the one I now know as Yosuke replies, "If you wanna get out of here, you've got to pose for a commemorative photograph." Kouta adds to the discussion "No way. You've gotta give them a choice, man. It's the rules."

"What rules? You're crazy, but okay. Pose for a photograph or suck my dick."

"No, a real choice. And you're not getting your dick out in this room again, freak."

The fourth guy who hasn't said anything adds "How about we make them do fifty squats? That's a good choice, right?"

Yosuke gives in. "Whatever you say, derpface. So, you two quiet girls heard him. Squats or photographs, or we call that teacher who's probably still hanging around. We promise we'll only use the photos for, uh, 'personal' purposes. Heh." Ugh, I know what he's talking about there. Just our luck to end up in the room of what seems to be the only four heterosexual boys in the year.

I don't want people making photographic evidence of this, even if they claim it'll not be distributed, so I suppose I'll have to go with their other option. "Say, how about you boys throw in a shirt for my friend here, and we'll each do an extra 25?" I ask, hoping to fix this problem.

Yosuke considers this for a second before saying "We're not swimming in clothes here either, so if pinky wants a shirt, you'll have to do a bit better than that. 75 squats is quite a few, and you wouldn't want your clothes getting all sweaty. If you lose the dress and pinky loses her underwear we'll give her a shirt." Elenor seems okay with this so I reluctantly agree.

After they let us out of our 'cage', I try to put the gazes of the four boys out of my mind as I undo the buttons on my dress, not that it really covered much, but it delays me being able to cover myself with my hands temporarily. Elenor throws my underwear on top of it when I'm done. "Wow, they're both wearing matching... whatever those things are. Pretty kinky." one boy adds. "Now, do these properly. Hands behind your head, feet shoulder width apart." Well, there goes any chance of me covering myself.

I assume the position next to Elenor and start my excercises. This probably would have involved lots of cheering and counting aloud, but nobody wanted to attract the attention of the teachers who are probably still prowling around. Elenor's breasts are bouncing all over the place much to the delight of our audience. Mine, not so much as there's not a huge amount to bounce. I'm cursing these 'panties' and I'm only 10 reps in. The strings saw in and out of my crotch, meaning only some of the redness in my face is due to embarrassment. The position means that on every rep our pussies are lewdly displayed to the boys. I think I probably should have just gone with the photographs.

When I hit 50, Elenor's already done, and collapsed on the floor, she probably should have paced herself, although my thighs are starting to burn in a way that suggests I should probably take swimming club more seriously. I have to take a break at 55, and adjust my panties. I don't care that everyone's watching, I'd rather not have the stimulation from the action of the pearls make them think I'm getting off on the exposure.

I just about manage the last 20, and one of the boys tosses me a towel. At least I don't have to worry about being too cold now. Elenor has recovered, and is

buttoning up a shirt. "You can have your panties back now. I'm fine with this." She says, tactfully not using my name. One of the boys adds "You two were great. Have fun on the rest of your lost bet, or whatever this is!", and shows us to the door, where the four of them wave us off.

My bra doesn't do much to stop my nipples showing if I move around, but at least I don't have to cover my crotch any more, and I can put the horrible panties in my dress's pocket. As we head down the stair, my legs are far more noodley than I'd like and I keep having to steady myself against the wall. I clearly wasn't cut out for that exercise like that with no warm up.

Reaching the bottom without further incident, I realise all these delays mean now it's almost time for breakfast to start serving, we could get in and out before most people arrive, but Elenor still needs to get back to our room to pick up her clothes, and I could do with a shower.

There's no real need to get to breakfast early, I'm decent enough as it is, although I hope I don't have to spend the whole day with my nipples mostly out like this, and we both need to shower, so I head back to the girls' side of the castle, with fortunately no more encounters. I bet if I ask nicely I could get one of the ninja seamstresses to lend me a pair of scissors so I can fix my dress anyway, with only 'minor' concessions. A couple of people might have noticed us at a distance, but that's not too much of a problem.

We head straight for the showers and strip off. It seems odd that it's normal to be naked with Elenor in this room after spending so much effort trying to avoid being seen naked, even by other girls. There aren't any lockers, but nobody's going to be around yet, so I don't see too much of a problem in just leaving our clothes on the bench outside. It's still too early for girls who've inevitably been late getting to sleep after late-night gossip or whatever.

However, I've barely gotten soaped up, which admittedly took slightly longer due to me taking the odd break to surreptitiously stare at Elenor rubbing her own wet, naked body... "Wait, no, I'm supposed to be straight." Anyway, it hasn't been much time when I hear a shriek from the changing room. Suspicious of anything at this point, I leave Elenor and peek around the edge of the shower to see a slightly chubby girl I don't know with very long black hair writhing on the floor next to our clothes. She's wearing a highly unstealthy phosphorescent green t-shirt and a pink, equally luminous, pleated mini. What I assume to be her panties are on the floor because she's just put on my pearl string 'panties'.

I assume she's trying to pinch them and hide them under her panties. Of all the nerve! There's a loud buzzing sound emanating from the panties and the occasional crack of electricity. Some kind of anti-theft system? Where's the power source? How does that even work? This is insane! Regardless of the technological marvel that they represent, what I guess are vibrations and electric shocks from my panties are immobilising this would-be thief.

I could help her, but I'm not terribly enthusiastic about aiding someone who intended to steal the panties I worked so hard to get. It looks like she's noticed me, and is trying to say something, but she can't get the words out. Her hands are fiddling with the catch on the panties, but it seems to have locked. Maybe I could get something out of this situation.

Elenor seems to have noticed the commotion and is also leaning round the corner, an act which involves her pushing her naked breasts into my back so as to hide herself from whatever's round the corner, which I'm totally okay with. No. Junko, you're straight, stop that. "Say Elenor, what to you think we should do about this girl?"

END