

ENF Ghost Story by ImaginedSlight

You open your eyes. You can't remember anything.

All you can see is legs.

Girls' legs, to be precise. A forest of them. Smooth, pale, clad in sensible black school shoes and long white knee-length socks. Everywhere you look you're looking at legs.

You try to work out what just happened.

It comes in flashes. The rungs of a ladder, slipping from your grasp - a girl smirking at you from a windowsill - a high-pitched scream - distant laughter - a camera strap flying from your grip - a pair of gym shorts lying discarded on a locker-room floor - an overpowering feeling of vertigo - the rush of clouds overhead. Then, blackness. Nothing. Until now.

You see legs in every direction. Except up. Up is the underside of a desk.

According to elementary logic, you must be beneath the desk.

You sit up.

Your head should bang on the desk. Instead you have the strange feeling that the top of your skull and the desk are occupying the same space. Your eyes are slightly below it and you're looking straight between the thighs of a pretty young thing who is, apparently, completely oblivious to your presence. Underneath her school uniform she is wearing pink and white Hello Kitty panties.

You stand up.

You are hovering, somehow, just above the desk. You don't understand how or why this is happening. It's as if you are not, strictly speaking, there.

You recognize the girl. Her name is Yuki, and she has been your nemesis since primary school. Whether it be stealing your stuff, pulling down your pants or pushing you into the wrong locker room, she has always loved nothing better than to make your life a living hell.

It was her in the window. You were trying to get even by photographing her underwear. It's all clear now. She thought it would be funny to push you.

You're dead. Or lying in a coma somewhere, having an out-of-body experience. Maybe you're just unconscious in sick bay. That would explain why no-one seems to be grieving. Yuki is giggling with her friends behind Ms. Sayami's back. Hardly the sign of a guilt-stricken conscience.

You decide to try an experiment. You wait till Yuki's not looking, then pick up a pencil and drop it.

It clatters to the floor. Yuki doesn't spare it a glance.

It would seem that, though you're invisible and intangible, you're perfectly capable of affecting items in the physical world, should you choose to do so.

That gives you some ideas.

Let's start off slow, you think. You kneel below the desk, or whatever it is you're doing, since you don't technically seem to have knees, and unclasp the buckle of her left shoe.

You freeze as her legs shift slightly, but she doesn't seem to have noticed a

thing. You take the heel of the shoe and tug it slowly down and off her foot, moving at a snail's pace so as to get as far as you can without alerting her.

You slide the shoe across the floor. It comes to a rest five desks away.

Yuki's toes curl in her long white sock and her foot kicks once, twice, passing right through you. It seems she's realized something strange is happening.

Her maths textbook, a weighty tome, is open on her desk. She's not paying it the slightest bit of attention. Gossip with her friend Ayumi is occupying all of her concentration at the moment.

She glances at it, puzzled. Did a breeze just ruffle the pages? How would a breeze get in here? Though it might explain why her left foot feels so strangely cold.

Has to be nothing. She looks at the clock, noting with displeasure that there's ten more minutes to go, and jumps as the book slams shut, causing heads to turn across the room.

What's going on?

Her eyes dart around the room. You've got her on edge, which is just how you like her.

She tosses her hair back, making a show of being too cool to care about anything that's happening. Still, some of the other students are more interested in whatever's going on with her than in their work, particularly a group of boys on the right side of the room. These are some of the nerdier kids, straight-A math students and members of the anime club whom she's ostentatiously ignoring.

You decide they deserve a show.

Her tartan skirt comes to just above the knee. It's easy to take hold of it and lift it slightly over her right thigh, tugging it up her leg. She doesn't seem to notice it shifting under her bottom.

The boys' eyes grow wider as it withdraws inch by inch, revealing naked, pale skin, culminating in a cheeky flash of hip and just the edge of her panties where they cling to the curve of her behind. Almost five minutes go by before she glances to her right, sees what all the boys are looking at and how high her skirt's ridden up. She can't squeal in class but she lets out a little squeak before tugging it back down to where it belongs.

The eyes of the boys linger for longer than Yuki'd like but eventually, under the teacher's gaze, they return one by one to her work. You let a couple of minutes pass, watching her try to act normal, savoring the tension you've built.

Just when she begins to think she's safe, you hook your fingers into the back of her bra - passing right through her blouse like it wasn't there. You pull it out, enjoying the way her muscles suddenly tense, and let it go.

This time her squeak is loud enough that most heads turn to look and the teacher shoots her a disapproving glare.

You decide to play a little game called "how many buttons of Yuki's blouse can I unclasp before she notices?"

Disappointingly, the answer is "just two". The first one's easy, the white cotton falling open at the neck to offer a provocative glimpse of collarbone. The second bares a hint of cleavage, though as of yet you've no clue what color her bra might be. Yuki's breasts are firm and high, not quite large but certainly not small, and pressed together in the neck of her shirt they're a lovely sight, the upper curves paling to a milky white as they approach what you

know are her nipples. Unfortunately, she's prepared for your spectral teasing, and you only have a second to ogle them before her hands fly to the buttons and hastily conceal herself from view.

You can't be having with that.

You let some time pass while she settles herself, looking around uneasily to hope that no-one's caught her. Then you move back to the collar of her newly fastened shirt. This time, you use your teeth.

Or ghost teeth. Whatever you have.

The buttons pop off - one, two, three - and before she can react you've spirited them away. Her blouse is open to halfway down her breasts, exposing most of her cleavage and the blue lace that trims the cups of her bra.

She stifles a cry of dismay and tugs it closed with one hand, folding the fabric over her chest so that to the casual observer nothing would appear to be amiss. Miraculously, no-one appears to have noticed.

Yuki presents a lovely sight, bent over her maths book, studiously toiling away. Her hair is falling down around her face and she seems to have decided that if she just keeps her head down for the rest of class, not drawing anyone's attention, she might be able to run back to her locker room and change before anyone realizes how much of her is exposed. She looks at the clock. How much time is left? Ten minutes? Wasn't there ten minutes ten minutes ago? With a ghost smile, you recollect that clock's been stopped for ages.

She hunkers lower into her seat, tucking one arm across her chest in what she's trying to pretend is a casual way. This stretches the fabric of her blouse tightly across her back and makes visible the clasp of her bra. A temptation you cannot refuse.

You snap it again. She's learnt by now not to make any noise - she just sits there, gritting her teeth at the indignity. You snap it a couple more times for fun, pulling it further and further each time. On the fourth go, you deftly unclasp the strap and leave the ends to hang loose inside her shirt.

Her face goes white as the cups drop, refusing to hold her breasts up any longer. Cautiously she fumbles behind herself with one hand, all the while trying to conceal her state of underdress with the other. It's impossible. No-one can re-do a bra with one hand without drawing attention to themselves.

All she can do is grin, bear it and hope that class will soon be over.

You've always fantasized about ripping Yuki's clothes right off her body while she watches, helpless to stop you. Now's your big moment. She's as helpless as she's going to get.

Slowly, though. You want to make this as absolutely excruciating for the poor girl as possible.

The fabric of her skirt is tough to part, but you're blessed with ghost strength and a will of iron. You start with the seam over her right thigh, the one that leads all the way up to her waist. You make the smallest tear possible, though even that tiny glimpse of forbidden flesh is enough to set your heart racing, or would be if you had one. Then you drift over to where the boys are sitting and give one a surreptitious tap on the shoulder.

He spins around, startled, and sees exactly what you want him to see - the tear in Yuki's skirt growing longer.

Quickly he alerts his friends.

Yuki gives them a sidelong glance and instantly her face grows hot. She presses a palm to her leg, the other occupied with concealing her school-inappropriate cleavage, but she can't do anything to prevent the gap expanding, and at best she can only cover a palm-length of supple skin. She grows increasingly frantic as you part the fabric an inch at a time, baring ever-more-private areas of her anatomy until you reach your goal, stopping just below the waistband of her skirt. Through the gap you can see the curve of her hip and one winking eye of Hello Kitty.

She makes an abortive attempt to hide her leg with both hands, allowing you a glimpse down the neck of her unbuttoned shirt to see her cute brown nipples popping out of the cups of her slowly slipping bra. Realizing this is not an efficient strategy, she settles for holding her neck closed with one hand and covering the edge of her panties with the other. All this wriggling around provokes avid speculation from the boys.

The teacher turns around.

"Yuki! What on earth are you doing!"

"Yuki! Stand up at once and explain yourself!"

Yuki's lost for words. She tries to find some reason, any reason, why she can't spring to her feet right now and be the centre of everyone's attention, but all of a sudden her mind's gone completely blank.

"If you're not on your feet in ten seconds, girl, you'll spend the rest of the day holding buckets of water in the corridor!"

Ms. Sayami is the strictest teacher in the school. You've experienced this punishment - for a crime that Yuki had committed, then framed you for - and it's not an experience you're eager to repeat. Standing all day in the corridor, holding buckets of water, your arms growing tired while everyone teases you relentlessly -

- yes, you think, this is a fate that Yuki very much deserves. First things first, though.

As Yuki shuffles awkwardly to her feet, trying not to look at the boys who are grinning ear to ear, you take up a position directly beneath her skirt. She'd be mortified if she knew her favorite target was currently staring directly at her cutest little-girl panties. Not that she isn't mortified anyway.

You position your hands and wait.

"Yuki, how dare you!" Ms. Sayami is in fine form today. "That attire is entirely inappropriate for school. How low is that neckline? And have you actually torn a slit in your skirt? You're a member of the Morals Committee, for heaven's sake! I expected better!"

As Yuki hangs her head in shame, and the boys ogle, your fingers are at the ready.

"You should be ashamed of yourself!"

You take hold of her panties and pull them down around her knees.

Her "KYAAAAAAAA!" is eminently satisfactory. As she bends to grab at them with both hands, the side of her skirt flies open around her thigh, revealing a fair slice of her perky behind. Her bra falls out the bottom of her shirt of its own accord and you grab it and fling it across the room, where it is seized as a souvenir by one of the aghast boys.

Her nipples peep shyly from her blouse. In her bent-over position the whole

curve of her breasts are briefly exposed to both the shocked teacher and the whole front row, all of whom are craned round to see the spectacle for themselves, except for one cheerfully oblivious boy who is just about to beat the Elite Four. She snatches the blouse closed and tries desperately to retain her panties one-handed, but only succeeds in raising them to mid-thigh. For an added touch of class, you rotate her torn skirt slightly so the tear is revealing more buttock than thigh.

She stands there dishevelled, paralyzed with shock before the whole class. Someone immortalizes the moment on a cameraphone.

"Yuki! Outside! Now!"

You move closer, intending to rip Yuki's skirt from her body and share that beautiful behind with the class - and pause. Maybe you should save that for later. After all, you don't want Yuki thinking the worst is over.

You elect to simply tear the waistband, forcing her to hold it to her body if she doesn't want the whole thing to float to the ground, and removing any possibility that she might find a way to get her panties back up. Then you sit back to see what Ms. Sayumi has in store.

A good, long, lecture for starters. You've been the subject of Ms. Sayumi's tongue-lashings before. They seem to last for hours even fully clothed, and you can't imagine how long it must feel like to Yuki, standing there with her panties round her thighs, trying to hold her clothes together and not to sink into the floor under the weight of Ms. Sayumi's berating. Unseen, you amuse yourself by piling small items into her underwear and watching her face fall further and further as they descend to the floor.

Only when this is done does Ms. Sayumi deign to grab the girl by her ear and pull her out of the room. Her panties binding her ankles, she can barely toddle quick enough to keep up, and Ms. Sayumi's remonstrating with her all the while.

You follow them down the corridor and watch as Ms. Sayumi shoves Yuki into the locker room.

"Get changed," she says. "You can't do your punishment in that! What other clean clothes do you have?"

You smile as you realize what they are.

You smile even more as you watch Yuki peel off her clothes before a scolding Ms. Sayumi, tug on her gym bloomers and plain white shirt - sans underwear in both cases - and begin to fill two tin buckets.

This is going to be an interesting lunch hour.

Yuki squeals as an invisible, inexplicable force - you - presses against the nozzle of the faucet, causing ice-cold water to soak through the front of her shirt. Ms. Sayumi is on her in an instant.

"Can't you do anything right? That shirt's transparent, you silly girl! We can't have you standing in the courtyard with your breasts on display!" They are indeed on display, nicely outlined through the white fabric, a fact which Yuki regards with horror. "You'll have to wear a spare," says Ms. Sayumi, tossing her another. Yuki peels the wet shirt over her head, pulls the other one down over her still-damp chest, and blushes as she realizes it's about three sizes too small.

Before she can protest that her navel is exposed and her nipples are clearly visible through the fabric Ms. Sayumi is ushering her outside, buckets and all.

Ms. Sayumi leaves her by the school's dedicated punishment wall, outside, by the

basketball courts. Students are eating lunch all around. Heads turn as she is stood up straight against the wall. Her lower lip begins to tremble as Ms. Sayami takes her leave.

You think about cutting her a break, and decide that the more she suffers, the funnier it is.

Squirming and barefoot on the concrete, Yuki looks adorable and hilarious in equal measure. The basketball game has stopped so the boys can observe her plight. Unsatisfied with the tableau as it stands, you take hold of the hem of her bloomers and tug them down, very slightly, so the jut of her hipbones and the soft white skin just above her loins are clearly visible. A single jet-black pubic hair curls from beneath the waistband. She doesn't dare drop her buckets to correct it. You stand back, or possibly float back, admiring your handiwork. This should give the photography club some interesting shots.

Pity the school didn't spring for more expensive material. The tiny shirt's strained to capacity as it is, the leftover water's certainly not helping, and one little vertical rip in the neckline is enough to trigger a fascinatingly slow chain reaction. Yuki gasps in horror as the fabric begins to part, literally thread by thread, down the middle. She's praying with every fibre of her being for it to stop.

The shirt pauses, tantalizingly, at the very beginning of her cleavage. Yuki sighs in relief. Everyone else sighs in disappointment. Except for you. You smile.

This is something else you've always wanted to do to a girl and never had the courage to.

You sidle up to her, eyeballing her breasts with impunity - you've invisible, after all - and grab hold of the front of her bloomers. You don't give her a second to react.

You pull upwards as hard as you can.

This elicits Yuki's most delicious scream yet as the fabric of the bloomers draws tight, in the manner of a crotchrope, and digs into her intimates. You make adjustments with one hand, ensuring that the garment is drawn tightly between the lips of her pussy, then yank up as hard as you can and give it several firm tugs, before taking hold of the bloomers from behind and seesawing the wedgie back and forth through her pussy and the crack of her bottom. When you let go of the stretched-out garment the hem comes to about her navel and the navy-blue crotchpiece is basically a thong, except one that goes all the way around. She's not technically naked, you might not have to censor her in porn, but both sides of her pussy are completely visible and all the boys can see the proud tangle of her bush.

You pull it up further so the tiny shirt can tuck into the waistband of the bloomers and then rip it open to the navel.

It is at this point that the photography club arrives.

You know the photography club guys. They're some of the same guys who were ogling Yuki in class before. You're delighted to see them make an appearance.

You meld into the wall behind Yuki and bring your arms up through her armpits, locking her shoulders steady so by the time the embarrassment paralysis wears off and she realizes she should drop the buckets and curl up into a little ball it's too late. Unable to move, her fingers won't even uncurl to drop the buckets, perhaps out of a misplaced desire not to get into any more trouble. She can only stand there in her I've-been-a-naughty-girl pose, her face a mask of mortification, while the photography club fusses around setting up.

The boys are all engrossed. Some of the girls are aghast, yet unable to look away, while others simply point and laugh.

The boys of the photography club take several long exposures of her in punishment position before zooming in on each individual breast and the fascinating way the bloomers divide her privates. You hold her with one hand and tug her waistband with the other, causing her to wiggle as the fabric bites into her clit and giving the photographers some wonderful shots of her biting her lip in discomfort and utter humiliation. You could really tug on her bloomers all day. By the time you turn her around and bend her over so the photographers can capture some lovely shots of her bisected bottom she's collapsed into a state of utter, helpless, obedience.

Time to end this, you think.

With one swift pull her shirt tears completely off. You grab the bloomers, front and back, and jerk them cruelly upwards until the strained fabric rips and they fly off over the top of her head. The photography club documents every moment in video and tasteful black and white.

She's standing there, completely naked, for all the world to see. She's beautiful.

And she still hasn't dropped her buckets.

Alright, you think. Time for another game.

You whisper into her ear. A voice from nowhere, but one that gets her attention.

"Hey, Yuki. I've got a little challenge for you.

If you're still standing here, holding your buckets, at the end of lunch break, then I'll let you go. You'll have to run home naked, and all these people will have seen you, but your punishment will be over.

If you drop the buckets I'm going to pull the fire alarm and get the whole school out here to watch as I keep punishing you.

Do you agree? Keep in mind that if you say no I'm going to pull it anyway."

She whispers, so softly that only you can hear, "Y-yes.. please don't embarrass me in front of e-everyone..."

"Wonderful," you whisper. "Stand like so, with your legs apart, and make eye contact with your audience - unless you want me to make it even bigger?"

"N-no," she stutters. "I'll be good."

And she does just that, looking directly at the cameraman who's still capturing everything as people drag benches around to make a sort of little amphitheatre around her.

You pinch her bottom.

"Oh, and by the way," you hiss, "we're going to make this interesting."

God knows what the audience makes of her blushes, sighs, trembles and yelps. They have no way of knowing that an invisible force is molesting her for all she's worth.

First you fondle her naked bottom, pinching and squeezing as much as you like, then move to her nipples, rolling them between your fingertips. She jumps as you pinch them and water sloshes in the buckets, but she barely manages not to drop them. You like the response so you tickle her nipples until they're hard then

pinch them again, causing more frustrated moans and high-fives among the boys in the audience. You slide a finger down between her legs then pull on her pubic hair, making her squeak - she has the best squeaks - then amuse yourself by poking her all over with the tips of your fingers while she stew.

You sink underground to tickle the soles of her feet, causing her to hop back and forth in a futile attempt to get away. The tickling proceeds up her thighs and her belly and the students in the court are treated to the sight of a pretty, naked Yuki struggling not to double over in paroxysms of uncontrollable, embarrassed laughter. Encouraged by this response, you redouble the tickling but though her giggles threaten to attract attention, drawing a couple more curious boys and girls to the audience, and her whole body glows with sweat produced by the effort of holding in, she just barely manages to retain her grip. Annoyed, you dig your fingers into her ribs, savoring her discomfort. You lick the sweat from her shoulderblades and breasts, your cold ghost tongue making her shudder, and then tantalizingly lap at the inside of her thighs before moving to her neck and earlobes, but even when you lick her clit her juddering moans don't quite force her to relinquish her firm grip. So you lick her face and she recoils in disgust.

The buckets go clattering across the floor.

She takes a step back, fear etched across her face.

"WOOP! WOOP! WOOP! ALL STUDENTS AND STAFF PLEASE REPORT TO THE CENTRAL COURTYARD!"

Yuki tries to make a break for it. God knows what she's thinking. Hasn't she figured out by now you're all-powerful?

You don't even have to stop her. One of the girls grabs her by the hair and reels her back in. Still, now you know you can't trust her to keep her end of the bargain. You'll have to make a firm statement.

What's this? A barrel of sporting gear? How interesting! You can't help but notice that it contains, among many other things, a ping-pong paddle and a skipping rope.

People gasp in astoundment as the rope floats through the air towards the cowering Yuki, who fruitlessly tries to shrink away as it loops around one wrist, then the other, binding them tightly behind her back. She tries to stoop but you grab hold of the rope and pull it high.

People laugh as the ping-pong paddle bobs toward her, tapping her teasingly on the nose before darting around behind her to administer the firmest spanking you can muster.

By the sounds she's making it hurts quite a lot. Good. She's been a naughty girl and she deserves it.

The students currently pouring out into the courtyard in their dozens are, one by one, halted in their tracks by the sight of Yuki, nude and hands tied, being chased around in circles by a very persistent piece of sporting equipment. Her bottom is already beginning to glow.

Here they are, the full cohort - practically Yuki's entire social circle. Maybe a hundred people are standing in the courtyard and more are arriving every second. Yuki's face and bottom are both flaming red.

You know what these people want. They don't just want Yuki naked - they want her one hundred percent exposed. Every little detail, no matter how personal or insignificant, has to be revealed to the inquisitive gaze of anybody who wants to see. It's the only fair option.

Yuki just wants to go home and crawl into a sack, but when have the needs of the few outweighed the needs of the many?

You grab her by the armpits and lift her into the air.

She struggles and hollers. You've have been deeply disappointed if she didn't.

Without any prompting from you, the crowd has formed an orderly circle.

You make Yuki spread her legs as wide as they can go. You're not holding her hands - you like the way she tugs fruitlessly at her bonds. She's in a state of full-blown panic, and the way she's sitting in midair it's as if she's waiting to be fucked. (Though she's not. There's no fucking in this story.)

"Shouldn't have dropped the buckets, should you?" you whisper into her ear as the ping-pong paddle smacks her between the legs Yuki moans. The crowd chuckles. People crane in closer to get a better look.

You take her slowly around the circle, letting everyone look for as long as they want. People shout requests and you turn her over, spreading her buttocks, bouncing her breasts. All the while she's alternating between screaming blue murder and begging pathetically for you to stop. You're not sure which you like best.

Even the teachers get in on the act. Ms. Sayami has you hold Yuki upside-down by her ankles and make her hand-walk across the courtyard. You've never been quite sure about her.

You pull Yuki's hair, stand her on one leg, make her pirouette and force her to stand on a makeshift podium and sing. She's a terrible singer.

Only once you're sure than every single person there has had their fill of making Yuki blush, and is carrying home in their heads enough memories of the precise size and shape of her naughty bits to last them a lifetime's fapping, do you put her down. Upside down. In the now-empty sports barrel.

And then you and a hundred people watch her kick around and try to get out.

The sun's almost set when Yuki finally manages to tip over the barrel and shuffle out of it to lie exhausted on the damp grass. Most people have gone home. Watching a naked bottom kick and sway is deeply entertaining for the first half-hour, but it's surprising how quickly people get used to things, especially when they're already seen all of the girl in question there is to see. Only a handful of girls and boys, as well as the ever-persistent Ms. Sayami, are there to watch her climb to her feet and stand, panting, her body silhouetted against the setting sun.

And you, of course. You never get bored of this. The ping-pong paddle gives her bottom a friendly tap to remind her that, yes, you're still there.

She takes one step toward the school gates, then another. You watch, smiling. You happen to know her home's maybe half an hour a way at normal walking speed, alongside the highway, which gets exceptionally busy this time of the evening, and right through the restaurant district, at which point she's going to discover that the bridge is closed for maintenance and be forced to take the scenic route around. A lucky coincidence, that. If she hates walking past all the fancy restaurants, she'll really loathe having to redouble her tracks, letting the chefs get another glance at what they missed the first time.

And that's all at a normal walking speed.

You let her get all the way to the gates before you reveal your parting gift.

The second skipping rope wraps around her knees and the third around her ankles,

pulling them so close together that she stumbles. Experimentally, she takes a humiliating little hop. Her breasts bounce and she moves perhaps six inches.

Someone laughs in the darkness behind her.

Cheeks burning, she begins, shamefacedly, to creep home.