

## ENF Note- An ENF Story by Imaginedslight (Incomplete)

Your name is Reiko Yamazaki. You're an exceptionally bright high school senior and you have just discovered a strange notebook.

But a little more about you first. You're top of all your classes, president of the chess club and a tennis champion to boot, but despite all that you have trouble fitting in. You're tall, thin as a rake and wear those scary shiny anime glasses, and perhaps this drives people away, because you have a reputation for being cold. Boys especially know to stay away unless they like being brutally rebuffed. What they don't know is your terrible secret; you like girls. You think girls are so pretty and it drives you crazy that you're not allowed to flirt with them like the boys are. You have one huge crush on the student council president, another on your mathematics teacher, a third on your favorite idol singer and a fourth on Scarlett Johanssen. Each is a more terrible secret than the last.

You spend most of your time alone in your room watching anime and thinking about girls. That's where you are when you discover the mysterious notebook.

It's not yours. It's a small black notebook of a type you don't buy. You are a neat freak and would remember it. Why is it in your room?

You flip it open.

Here is what's on the first page:

1. The person whose name is written in this note shall be embarrassed.
2. This will not take effect unless the writer has the person's face in mind while writing the name.
3. If the cause of embarrassment is written within forty seconds of writing the name, it will happen.
4. If the cause of embarrassment is not specified, the person's pants will fall down in public.
5. Each person's name can only be written once, except by special permission.

This is relevant to your interests.

You don't know how it got here. Perhaps it's a fantasy of yours you wrote down a long time ago and forgot about? Still, couldn't hurt to play with it a bit.

What will you write?

You suck on the end of a pencil, trying to think of a name. Unbidden, a face swims into mind. Chise Matsui, who caught you staring at her boobs yesterday and whispered something to her friends that made them all burst out laughing. You couldn't be sure it was at you but it made your cheeks burn all the same. God, she's pretty, though. Graceful where you're gangly, slim where you're just skinny. You'd love to see those designer jeans she's always wearing slide off her hips.

You scribble her name down and wait for something to happen.

Nothing does. Obviously it's not going to. Chise's probably not even in public. Besides, magic isn't real.

Still, it's nice to dream. Comforted by thoughts of slipping a leash on Chise and taking her for an early morning walk, you slip into a peaceful slumber, your hand resting comfortably in its very favourite spot.

Tomorrow is Saturday. You're in bed till midday watching porn. It's your life and you'll waste it how you want.

Eventually you pry yourself out from under the covers, pour yourself a bowl of cereal, skip the shower and decide to go browse the anime shop for a while. Maybe they'll have those new To Love-Ru figurines you've been looking at. Also, you overhear Chise say that she and her friends are going to hit the mall that weekend, but that has nothing to do with your decision.

The fact that you run into her in the food court is complete coincidence.

"Hi, Chise."

"Watch where you're looking, Reiko," Chise says, and accidentally bumps into your table, spilling your iced coffee into your lap. It soaks the pages of the new manga you just bought. Her posse giggles.

They stroll away before you can think of a witty response.

Your cheeks are burning again. You brush the excess coffee from your manga and try to ignore the cold sensation in your lap and the bitter one in the pit of your stomach. Oh, well. At least you can look at Chise's butt as she walks away.

She stretches her arms out, high above her head, her body taut as a bowstring. She's clearly aware of the effect she's having on the boys across the room. You're not sure if she appreciates what the pose is doing to you but you figure it's the least she owes you.

There's the pop of a belt buckle coming undone and Chise's jeans slither slowly to the floor.

Holy shit.

She's wearing a little white thong that must have been obscenely expensive, but right now the look is merely obscene. You can see everything. She bends double to grab the hem of the jeans and tug them back up her hips, but they're too tight to come easily, though they were loose enough a moment ago when they were collapsing.

The boys are laughing and hooting, the girls squealing in vicarious embarrassment. Chise herself has been horrified into silence.

"Hey, Chise," you yell. "I know exactly where I'm looking!" She actually glares daggers at you from between her legs. Her pants are only at half-mast. You wonder how long it takes for her to get them on in the morning.

They're only to mid-thigh, her face red with the effort of trying to pull them higher, when one of the boys thinks to whip out his cameraphone. What a masterstroke. You wish you'd thought of it.

When they're finally on she stalks from the room, trying to maintain a silent dignity in the face of the torrent of teasing she's receiving. This is almost as much fun as watching her pantsless and sweating. You stick out your tongue at her departing buttocks.

The notebook. It works. You can barely believe it. The world is your oyster.

You have to get home right away and think about what you're going to do next.

Normally, you hate gym class - all the running and jumping around strikes you as

undignified. Today, however, you're practically quivering in anticipation. Last night you wrote a couple of names in your notebook.

The first, Momoe Momoko, is small, cute, round-cheeked, bubbly and bouncing back and forth on the pitcher's mound, about to throw a softball at your face. You know you're expected to hit it but you're more interested in what the motion is doing to her breasts. Even so, your bat sends the ball flying away over the school fence, farther than you have ever hit a ball in your life. "I'll get it!" announces Momoe brightly.

You smile. All according to plan.

She has to get down on hands and knees to scuttle through a gap in the chain-link. You tense, expecting it to happen, but the moment passes. She disappears into some bushes for a second and then pops back into view, holding the ball.

"Found it!"

She tosses it over the fence and squeezes through the gap. One of the boys goes to catch the ball and it slips right through his fingers. She jogs back to the pitcher's mound and squats there, panting, her hands on her knees for a few seconds while she tries to figure out why everyone's looking at her funny.

Then she looks down and forgets, for a moment, to breathe.

There's a long moment where people are just sort of staring at the girl who ran across the field without her pants on. Inside you're laughing and laughing.

"Don'tlookdon'tlookdon'tloooooook!", Momoe wails, and turns and bolts back to where her shorts have snagged, her plump butt bouncing as she jogs. She yanks at her panties and is crestfallen when they rip in half. Perhaps it's pure panic that compels her to get back down on her hands and knees, giving you the best view of her nether regions you've had yet, and wriggle back through the gap in the fence to the relative safety of the bushes beyond.

It's an hour before anyone can convince her to come out.

You're a bit more disappointed with the second name, Seiko Sakurada, officious busybody and secretary to the school president (divine Aoi-senpai!). She's the bane of your existence and the target of your envy. You're sure she knows how you feel about Aoi and is determined to block your way at every turn, for no better reason than that she wants the president all to herself.

Bitch.

You wrote that when she's next with Aoi all her clothes should magically disappear, but apparently magic isn't real. The two are practically hand-in-hand as they cross the grounds together, Seiko fully clothed and and sneering at you.

Well, mostly fully clothed.

As her skirt flutters to the ground, giving you and Aoi a good look at her teddy bear panties, you wonder what this implies about the limitations of the notebook.

It's later. You're in the shower, relaxing in the best way you know how, thoughts turning from Momoe to Seiko and then both of them together. You're having so much fun...

"Enjoying yourself?"

The girl dressed in rainbows reaches over and turns the tap to cold.

She's wearing some elaborate frilled, feathered outfit that reminds you of Cirque du Soleil, with face make-up to match. She's small and compact and she's floating in the air like it isn't even worth mentioning. Also you're naked and she's grinning at you.

"Looks like you found my notebook," she says. "Naughty girl. What are we going to do about that?"

"Well, it was just sitting on my desk like it belonged there," you say, mustering up your coldest glare, which isn't hard. "What was I supposed to do?"

Her big eyes follow you as you hop out of the shower and wrap a towel around yourself, fumbling for your glasses so you can see her better. She's disturbingly pretty, with short hair and a snub nose, but her mouth is slightly too wide and you're not so sure about those teeth. Are they... pointed?

"Relax, naughty girl," she says. "I'm just fucking with you. This was exactly my plan."

"What plan? Who are you?"

"My name's Kuyoi," she says "and I'm a goddess of embarrassment. There are millions of us haunting the world with our notebooks, making girls blush from here to Moscow. It's a good life but I crave excitement, which is why I left the notebook here for you to find."

Somehow this all makes total sense to you.

"So these rules-"

"There are others." Her smile is like a shark's. "Have fun figuring them out."

"I know - think - that the notebook can only do things which are physically possible. So no vanishing skirts or tentacle monsters."

"Possibly correct."

"Can it control human behaviour as well? Could I make that snotty girl from the tennis club play in the nude?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

"And what's this about special permission?"

"Well, that's easy. You can write a girl's name twice if the owner of the notebook - that's me - says you can."

"Hmm. Okay, so can I embarrass Chise again?"

"Only if you do something for me, naughty girl." She licks her lips. "Go to school tomorrow without bra or panties. Then I'll consider it. Otherwise you can find someone else to embarrass."

You're a little nervous heading into school tomorrow with nothing on under your uniform. Your breasts aren't huge, but if you squint you can see the outline of your nipples beneath your shirt, and if a breeze catches you by surprise you could

be in a world of trouble. You're sure it'll be worth it, though.

Tennis club starts an hour before school proper. You duck into a cubicle to change into your tennis clothes, hoping nobody will notice you're gone, and stare glumly at the flirty little tennis skirt. It isn't so short, right? You don't usually glimpse the other girls' panties. Besides, you have to be at least a little embarrassed or it's hardly a dare.

Gosh, you hope it isn't windy.

"Late again, Reiko?" Seiko Sakurada gives you a supercilious stare. You ignore her. She's only the third-best tennis player in the school, and as such unworthy of your attention.

You cross the court to where the second-best player, Kasumi Anzai, is waiting.

She tosses her long white hair and laughs in that irritating, over-dramatic way she has. "Ha ha ha ha! Ready to face defeat, Reiko? At last I'm going to knock you off that pedestal!"

"Heard it all before, Kasumi," you say, shaking your head.

"Don't think I can do it, Reiko? Why don't we make this match a little more interesting, then?"

"What did you have in mind?"

Her eyes narrow. She thinks she's got you.

"Loser spends the rest of practice - naked. In front of everyone."

There's a round of gasps. Even little Emi, who isn't any good at tennis and only shows up to practice because she has a thing for Kasumi, is taken aback. You wonder who she'd like to see win.

You'd never accept in a million years if you hadn't written Kasumi's name in your notebook last night.

"Bring it on," you say, and raise your racket.

It isn't even a contest. You have her on the ropes from the first thunderous serve. As the ball comes screaming across the net her face turns ashen and stays that way for the rest of the match.

Kasumi disrobes glumly, leaving her tennis clothes and her rose-patterned underwear folded into a neat pile by the side of the court. Little Emi stands guard over them, her eyes not leaving Kasumi, who covers her tennis-ball-sized breasts with the empty hand and the juncture between her toned thighs with the one holding the racket. The other girls twitter and gossip.

"But, Kasumi," you enquire innocently, "how are you going to play tennis like that?"

"Please don't make me! Why'd I make that stupid bet?"

"You'll get your clothes back at the end of the match - if you can earn them." You smile wickedly. "Let's see your serve, girl!"

It turns out even little Emi can handily beat a girl who's only playing with one

hand and trying to stop her breasts bouncing with the other. For everyone else it's child's play. Kasumi's never taken such a trouncing and you're not sure which is better; her nakedness or the defeat on her face as she scrambles after one ball and fumbles another.

Probably the nakedness, though.

After practice you slip back into the cubicle, letting the other girls play keepaway with Kasumi's clothes. That wasn't so bad. Nobody saw up your skirt and you got to see a pretty girl run around in the nude. The rest of the day shouldn't be so dangerous. Yes, things are looking up for old Reiko...

"Where's your panties?"

Don't these things have locks?

"Around," you mutter, not meeting Seiko's gaze.

She pantomimes looking. "Really? I don't see them anywhere. Plus, I stood behind you during the match."

"It's not of your business, pervert."

"Am I the pervert? You're the one who came to school without underwear."

You can't think of anything to say.

"I knew it!" Seiko crows. "Aoi's going to freak out when I tell her! Plus, the boys are going to spend the rest of the day flipping your skirt up. Everyone'll see."

She strokes her chin, looking thoughtful.

"That is, unless you agree to be my slave for the day. I could use someone to carry my books."

"Are you not wearing a bra, either?" Seiko chatters as you trudge along behind her, carrying two heavy bags. Does she keep bricks in here? "I think I can see your nipples! What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing was clean," you mumble.

"I don't believe you. I think you just like showing off. Bet you wish you could trade places with Kasumi, huh?"

"N-no..."

Before you can react she's spun around and flipped the front of your skirt up, earning a very brief glance at your trim pussy.

"Hey! You said you wouldn't!"

"I said I wouldn't show you off to anyone else, silly. I didn't say I couldn't have a peek." She marches on, smiling. "Oh, man, I bet you go home and masturbate to this."

Seiko, you think, eyes glued to her bottom, you don't even want to know what I'm going to masturbate to.

"I now call this meeting of the student council to order!"

Aoi raps her gavel. She is tall, straight, sincere, dedicated to the pursuit of student justice. You love her so.

"First item on the agenda," she says. "Who's this, Seiko?"

"A girl from my tennis club," Seiko says happily. "She's agreed to be my slave for the day."

"Really? Why?"

"I couldn't say."

She shifts in her chair and plants her feet more firmly in the small of your back. You think making you into a footrest is going too far, but Seiko was quite insistent. At least you get to see Aoi!

"Very well," she says, rapping her gavel again. God she's adorable. "Second item. Nominations for next year's student president are now in. Seiko, Minami, I can't convince either of you to back out?"

"Not a chance, yo." Minami Endo leans back in her chair and tips her mirrored sunglasses. With her rock-star good looks and cool-cat attitude she is the clear favourite. Her hair's sprayed green and she's totally awesome and you wish you were her.

"No way! Victory's mine!" Seiko leans back even further in her chair and almost falls over.

Aoi sighs.

"The student council pitted against itself. How did it come to this? Well, friends, I wish you both the best of luck."

The fourth councillor, Hoshi Takahashi, silently jots down every word, peering at both the contestants from behind her coke-bottle glasses. Come to think of it, you're not sure you've ever heard her speak. She's one of those girls who you don't look at twice, but if you do you want to look a third time.

"Speeches will be today in the auditorium" says Aoi. "The whole school will be there, so best behaviour, you two. We don't want another repeat of the broom-closet incident."

"No, Aoi," chorus the girls, and shoot each other dirty looks.

"Third item on the agenda..."

"Have fun in there?" grins Seiko as you trudge off to her next class. "Did it make you wet, pervert?"

"It made me cramped," you grumble as you rub your sore thighs. "I didn't know council meetings ran for so long." You pause for verisimilitude. "Listen, I have to go, uh-"

"Play with yourself?"

"Use the bathroom! Freak." You're beginning to wonder about Seiko's motivations. Could her own interest in Aoi be more than friendly?

"You have my permission," she says, poking you in the stomach, "but hurry back! Don't make me come looking for you."

Alone in the cubicle, you quickly extract the notebook from your schoolbag, mind racing. Who deserves it next?

"Kuyoi?" you ask, hesitantly, gazing into empty air.

"Yyyyyyyyyyyes?"

"Are you, like, always here?"

"Mostly! So, you want to double up? Remember you only get one do-over."

"Maybe," you say, sucking on the end of the pencil, left hand unconsciously fulfilling Seiko's dire accusations. "I haven't decided yet."

You make some final adjustments to the podium and scurry off stage as the first students begin to file in to the auditorium. The chance that someone in the front row will get a glance up your skirt and see what you're not wearing is far too high to risk.

"Thanks for setting us up, yo. " You and Minami bump fists. "How come you gotta do what Seiko says?"

"Oh, uh, I lost a bet."

"That why you're not wearing a bra?"

"Yes that's exactly why that is."

"Only your headlights are on, man." Minami tips you a wink. You cross your arms over your chest and stare straight ahead as she saunters up to the stage.

"Yo! I'm Minami Endo! Can you dig it?"

"WE CAN DIG IT!"

Her ensuing rap solo is so fly that you're glad you didn't arrange for all her clothes to fall-off mid-performance. Besides, you have the day much more carefully choreographed than that.

"Out of the way!" hisses Seiko as she shoulders past you, obviously infuriated by how pumped the crowds seem to be for her rival. By the time she gets to the podium she's visibly begun to sweat.

"My fellow students. Minami Endo may have the freshest beats in town, but only I have the expertise necessary to bring this school the future it deserves."

"Boo!"

"Bring back Minami!"

Seiko flips through her speech, sweat beading on her brow. "Um - budget surplus, discretionary funding, more... money for the tennis club? Is that right?" Her throat's gone dry and she can't seem to remember what she was saying.

"Learn to rap!"

"Do a dance!"

"Look, I'm not really the entertainment type, but is that really what you want out of a student president?"

"Yes!"

"Sing us a song!"

"Take off your top!"

"What?" Seiko, startled, loses her place completely in the speech. "You'll vote for me if I take my top off?"

"Yeah!"

"No! All your clothes!"

"Take all your clothes off! Then we'll vote for you!"

"Well," Seiko licks her lips nervously, "if that's the price of ambition-"

This isn't exactly what you had in mind when you wrote "Seiko takes off her clothes during the speech" but it'll do.

Her blouse goes sailing out into the audience, followed by her lacy white bra, which is immediately torn in half by two fat kids. She's topless in a skirt, covering what little cleavage she has, regretting her decision but too stubborn to back out. She turns her back on the audience to slide her skirt down her hips, revealing cute teddy-bear panties. Aww.

She bites her lip as she stands before the crowd in just panties and long socks, glancing all around as if she can't quite believe she's half-naked. She shifts her weight from one foot to the other, holding the speech over her flat chest to cover herself. "Ah - as student president I promise to always uphold the reputation of the school and to, uhhhh - "

"That is quite enough!"

Aoi comes storming on-stage. God, she's pretty when she's self-righteous.

"Seiko, this is embarrassing to watch!"

"It's embarrassing to do!"

"I can't believe you would impugn the honor of the student council like this! Taking off your clothes for votes! It's against everything we stand for!"

Seiko clutches her papers to her body and squeezes her thighs together, aware that she's wearing next to nothing and being told off in front of everybody. "Aoi, I was just trying to entertain people."

"I'll show you entertainment!"

Before Seiko can react Aoi's grabbed the hem of her panties and pulled them down as far as they can go, turning them inside-out around her knees. Seiko's pussy is shaved completely bare.

"That's entertainment!" proclaims Aoi as a pink blush of shock creeps across

Seiko's cheeks and the crowd murmurs in appreciation. "Now, if you'll allow be to declare this farce over - "

She is cut short by Seiko's lunge.

"Eek! Get off me! Don't squeeze so hard!"

"You think you're so perfect, don't you!" shouts Seiko, pinning Aoi to the ground. "Let's see if your tits are as perfect as the rest of you!"

"What? No! Don't pull my shirt up over my mmmff."

As she flounders, arms pinned in the inverted garment, Seiko yanks down her bra and fiercely twists each nipple. "Entertained now?"

"Mmmph mph mmmmmmmmp!"

Aoi sits up and Seiko grabs her by her hair, dragging her on her knees across stage to a wooden chair, tits bouncing all the way. She's still quite naked, panties dangling by an ankle, but too angry to care. She sits down on the chair and yanks Aoi across her lap.

Skirt comes up. Panties come down.

The first resounding slap rings through the auditorium.

"OOOOOWWWWMMPPHH!"

"Alright, alright, break it up, you two."

Minami catches Seiko's hand in the middle of its second swing. When she winks at the audience you could swear you hear the light glint off her teeth.

You borrowed a coat from the dressing-room in preparation for just such an event and you hurl it over Aoi, who has made a dash for freedom and is lying dishevelled on the floor. Seiko's kicking and screaming as Minami wraps her, business-like, in a spare bit of curtain.

"You're safe now, Aoi-senpai," you whisper. "I'll protect you." Lying under the coat, smiling the sweetest smile, it is as if she's naked just for you.

"Thank you," she whispers back. "Um - what was your name again?"

"It's Reiko, Aoi-senpai." You can see her nipples. They're so pretty! Elegant and perfect, just like the rest of her.

"Reiko. I'll remember that."

You're so happy you could die.

You stand up, beaming, and your skirt picks that exact moment to collapse around your ankles and let the whole world know you're not wearing any panties. Probably shouldn't have used your name in the description of events.

There is silence, broken by Minami.

"Hey, I can dig it."

:ater, lying on your bed with your trusty ENF Note to hand, you wonder if this

whole thing is worth it. After all, you were caught on stage today without your pants. On the other hand, divine Aoi=senpai knows your name!

It's probably worth another go.

"Give it up for... Kazue Natsumi!"

As she flounces on stage in her little silk dress, the crowd goes wild. You're among them, screaming your lungs out. The idol singer, famous for her wide-eyed innocence and painfully kawaii schoolgirl demeanour, captured your heart years ago and has yet to relinquish her grip. This is the last show she's doing before her American tour and you had to resort to the notebook to get tickets: there's no way you could have afforded them otherwise. (Turns out if you write "clothes and Natsumi tickets stolen from dressing room and brought to my house" it works perfectly. That thing's versatile.)

Kazue is wearing a puffy-sleeved pink outfit with a short little skirt that's designed to flash pantsu, and go-go boots. She feigns shock as she sees the audience, as if she doesn't understand how such a huge crowd could all have come to see little old her. Then she breaks into a big cheesy grin and waves hello. It's adorable.

The concert is wonderful. Kazue's music is sweet as sugar and infectious as something decidedly less sweet, though you're pretty sure she's lipsyncing. It doesn't matter. Everyone's having a great time.

Kazue clearly is. At the climax of her smash hit "Ai Ai Happy Happy Yummy Bot", a song about a robot which learns to love, she runs to the front of the stage and hurls herself into the crowd, borne aloft on hundreds of hands raised high.

Exactly as planned.

You made sure to stand in the mosh pit, and yours is one of the first hands to find itself somewhere it isn't supposed to be. The giant screen behind the stage broadcasts the shift in her expression from smile to surprise and then to a nervous, fixed grin as someone gives her a squeeze between the legs.

Someone else gets the bright idea to rip a strip from her skirt as a souvenir.

Others follow suit.

By the time she makes it back on stage her uniform is so many pink scraps, you're wearing her pantsu as a hat and her bra is nowhere to be found.

She's stark naked before a packed crowd with nothing but a microphone and go-go boots.

Squealing, she turns to flee between two astonished back-up dancers, ducking backstage, but not before whichever mastermind is working the cameras gets a last lingering shot of her vanishing bottom. There's a pregnant silence.

"Encore."

And then louder:

"Encore! Encore!"

Until the whole arena is thundering with it.

Kazue pokes her face out between two curtains. She's completely flushed, her public stripping still not fully processed. No-one seriously believes she's going to do it.

Perhaps that's why she does it. Strolls back out on stage, naked as the day she was born, sweating and red-faced but eager to please, and launches into the first verse of "Ai Ai Happy Happy Yummy Bot."

She even does the special dance.

Afterwards, your phone camera full, you stroll out into the street intending to hail a taxi. There's none around. Maybe you can somehow embarrass a girl into giving you a lift home?

A shadow falls over you.

Two women in vaguely police-like uniforms are flanking you. One is white, tall, blonde, stern and full-lipped. The other is Japanese and looks like she has no time for your bullshit.

"Reiko Yamazaki?"

"That's me," you squeak."

"Did anything which happened this evening strike you as strange?"

"Uh..." Your mind races. Look innocent! "Kazue sang naked! I thought that was pretty strange."

"So did we." The blonde one shows you ID. "Interpol. Special Department. We believe that somebody at your school may be using a mysterious power to remove girls' clothes."

"That's so weird! Who would do such a horrible thing?"

"We had a similar case last year," says the Japanese one. "A boy knocked unconscious in an accident terrorized his classmates via astral projection. I'd suspect a boy here too."

"Well, I'll keep my eyes open."

"Do," says the blonde. "He already stole your underwear. Who knows when he may strike again?"

And just like that, they're gone.