

First Day at School- An ENF Story by Junko/Junko II

Within moments of the ear-splitting sound of my alarm going off my arm shot from my side to silence it. It was 4:30. Significantly. SIGNIFICANTLY earlier than I had to be awake. But today isn't an ordinary day for me. No, today is a day where everything will go perfectly.

After all of middle school and the first year of highschool without ever so much as making a single friend or joining a single club, this is my chance for a fresh start. I just transferred here when my parents moved, so I have a blank slate to create a brand new Junko. One with friends! And clubs! And it wouldn't hurt to be more athletic either!

With fiery inspiration I slinked out of bed. The moonlight lit up my bedroom. It was smaller than the one in our old house, but I liked it.

I slipped off the panties I slept in and shot them into the hamper like a rubber band.

As I perused my underwear drawer for "the perfect pair" a revelation hit me and I felt like an idiot. "It's your first day of school. You think you'll get lucky in one day? Just wear anything." I blushed to myself, this silly fixation on today going perfectly has gone too far. I guess it's just the Shimapan and my plain jane "Monday" bra.

My new school has a cute uniform. Girls wear a blue Plaid Skirt and matching blue Blazer with a Tie corresponding to our year. As a junior, I'll be wearing a Green tie. Shoe and sock regulations here are more lenient than my last school, so I'm going to wear a new pair of Thigh-High stockings and Mary Janes.

I examined myself in my standing mirror. I looked fuzzy. Oh! Silly me, I forgot my glasses.

As I donned my spectacles my heart sank a little. The outfit was cute... but it was still the same nerdy face staring back at me. The face of a girl with no friends or after school life.

Maybe I should just leave them. At home.

Attitude Junko!

I left the glasses on. It's not about looks, it's about attitude!!

I repeated this to myself maybe a hundred times while dressing. As I buttoned my blouse I noticed a schism with my mantra and my reality. My underwear didn't match.

Well... I REALLY like my Striped panties and think they're the cutest things ever... but I don't have a bra that matches. Let's see what else I have. Do I even own a matching pair? I've always been the "day of the week" kind of girl.

Stupid Junko! This is exactly why you never made friends!

Alright... think. The shimapan are cute. But none of my bras match. Wednesday is blue-ish. More of a turquoise, still kind of plain; and it's really more green than it is blue. I can match Friday, a Light grey cotton racerback with my nemesis, the black thong Aunt Chihiro got me as a joke.

But I really like my shimapan...

Is it still matching if I don't wear a bra?

Maybe mom has something I can ste--borrow...

Ugh, I'm overthinking this. Calm down Junko.

It's 4:50... there's a Junes less than two blocks from here. They're open 24 hours.

The way I see it...

Alright. Calm down Junko. In all seriousness, you're freaking out over nothing. But still-- you get only one chance to reinvent yourself. To make a good first impression. If having the right attitude means having the right underwear, then it was worth going to Junes. This is exactly why I got up with so much extra time. I fastened the rest of my uniform up and raced outside.

4:55. Daylight's burning, as they say. The sun won't be up for another hour.

The parking lot at Junes was empty save for the employees' cars. I walked through the automatic doors to the classic Junes tune.

Every day's great at your Junes~
I hummed along as I powerwalked to the intimates isle.

My mind was a swimming mess. How had something as irrelevant as underwear taken over my entire morning? I was going nuts comparing all my different options. Picking up different panties and wondering if it was what the New Junko would wear.

"HIIII!! WELCOME TO JUNES!"

A cheerful voice sent a wave of paralysis over me as I was startled half to death. I didn't expect to find anyone here but a cashier, but apparently Junes still has floor staff at 5am on weekdays.

The bubbly employee was taller than I was. And significantly more buxom, she filled out her Green uniform nicely. Her auburn hair hung lightly on her shoulders, and a cheerful smile proceeded to ask me,

I see you're looking through our 500Yen pantie bin, would you like any help finding anything?"

Her expertise could help. But I don't have unlimited time. I really just wanted to get in get out. She'd also probably only give me more expensive options to choose from.

What do I say to her...

"Um..." I stutter. I'm not good at talking to people...

"I um. Wanted matching underwear for my first day of school." I squeak.

After battling with myself over what to say I end up not saying what I wanted at all. I wanted to tell her what I was looking for, something stylish or a striped bra. But in the end that was all i could squeak out.

"Alright young miss! Let me just take your measurements!"

"Um" I interject, "I already know my size.."

"Oh! But you should remeasure yourself frequently. You're a growing girl after all, and you've got more room to grow than most!"

Urgk. My pride. ._.

Before I could get another word in, the sales girl was pushing me into a changing room and drew the curtain behind us.

"Now, let's get those measurements!" She said in a sing-song tone.

She started taking off my blazer as casually as she would take off her own and hung it on a clothes hanger on the wall.

"Now let's get you out of that shirt" she sang.

"Um... can't you just measure it over the blouse?"

"No no no!" she smiled as she undid my buttons one-at-a-time, batting my hands away casually as I tried to resist. "It's important to get accurate measurements or you could get something in the wrong size that will be too loose and not offer support, or be too tight and constrictive."

The sales clerk was completely unflustered. And despite my resistance had me out of my own shirt without batting an eye. I stood in front of her wearing just my plain Monday bra and my skirt. I could feel my cheeks flush with blood as she examined me.

The clerk whips a roll of tape out of her utility-apron pocket and casually encircles my chest. I take a deep breath. It will all be over soon. She stands behind me and hums to herself as she works.

But just when I think it's over she reaches her arms around me and grabs my chest. "AH!" I interject, stop!
"I just need your cup size now!" She hummed as if nothing was wrong.

"The best way to measure is by feel." She chimed in, as cheerfully as ever. "There's more to it than size, there's also shape. Even your nipples factor in" She chirped as she pinched my buds lightly through my bra. I bit my lip and tried not to make a sound as I blushed and tried to look away. "If you don't take everything into account, you'll have a bra that doesn't fit right."

"Now, let me help you out of your skirt~" before she even finished talking and before I could react she already had undone the clasp. There's no use resisting her. She's obviously done this a thousand times before, and up til now I've been powerless against her.

I stood there, trying not to shake wearing just my underwear as her evil cheerful eyes examined me from head to toe, taking in every detail.

"Hmm..." She pondered, with the same effervescent cheer that she undressed me with. "EEP!" I shrieked as she started tracing my figure with her hands. Starting at my chest and working her way down my hips.. and my thighs. Even working her way around to the inside of my thigh.
"That's so cute!" You have a thigh gap!" She glowed as the words left her mouth. "I'm so jealous, I eat too many sweets. Ah! I know just what to get you!" She left the changing room in an instant.
After what felt like a minute of standing there awkwardly, wondering if there were anti-theft cameras in the changing room, the giddy clerk returned. She held up a Dark grey and light lavender matching bra and panty set. The panties were low-leg side-tie panties with a detailed lace pattern and a delicate lavender bow. The bra was just as intricate, with lilac patterns tracing the cups of the bra and the same lavender bow in the center of the cups. The entire ensemble had less total fabric than the bra I came in with.

"What do you think?" The clerk asked, tilting her head and winking.

They were really beautiful... something I never would have worn before. Never. Would have worn before.

My heart sank at the mere thought of trying to wear such flirty mature underwear. The mantra I had been chanting since morning repeated in my head. Attitude. Attitude.

"I'll try them on." I managed to squeak. I was trying for confident. And I almost nailed it. I got nervous at the end and squeaked, but I think it still came out as confident.

"Very good!" The clerk glowed, "I'll just leave you to change. You'll be wanting to wear them out, right?"

"Um... maybe, thank you." NOW she respects my privacy. With all her groping she might as well have already seen me naked. I grumbled, and slipped off what I was wearing.

I put the bra on first, resting my breasts in it's cups and reaching around to fasten as I had countless times before with others.

The panties slowed me down. They tied at the side. The concept was simple, but the execution was surprisingly foreign. I had to pinch the fabric between my thighs as I worked with the knot.

I looked in the mirror. The bra covered from the bottom of my breasts to the top of the nipple. And not much more than that. The panties were even worse. It managed to hide my flower completely, but it only came halfway up my ass. I could see my posterior's cleavage in the mirror. I blushed uncontrollably. Not to mention that it was side-tie. I had never worn these before.

All my pause and trepidation eventually died to the repetition of my mantra. And I eventually took a deep breath, got dressed, and walked out of the changing room in my new underwear.

The clerk rang me up, as cheerfully as ever. And lamented that I wouldn't let her see me wearing the underwear.

The Junes theme chimes as I walk out of the store. My new panties feel breezy in the night air, even though they shouldn't.

It was 5:15 now.

First class is at 6.

I have enough time to go back home to finish preparing, but that's with ZERO dawdling or procrastinating.

Or I can still make it to class early.

On such an important day, I think it'd be better to show up early than to risk coming in late. All I really had left to do was eat breakfast, I think i can skip it just for once.

Still... it's annoying to think this silly underwear fiasco cost me my Bagel T_T.

As I walk I experience an unfamiliar sensation. Both side-tie panties and lowleg panties are a first for me, I'm completely not used to how they feel. Every step I take repositions the fabric as it sits relatively in the middle of my ass. I can't not be aware of it, despite trying to tune it out.

Attitude! I assure myself. It's something the New Junko would wear.

As I get closer to the school I see the concentration of students gradually accumulate. It's just a few, I am early after all. But on a day where so much could go wrong, it's a reassuring sign I'm going the right direction.

As I approach the school I placed eyes on my new school for the first time. A beautiful old building that encompassed both the old and the new, arranged in a wide semicircle with a courtyard in the middle and a grand clocktower on the main building. Ivy climbed the walls and the well-tended garden was beautiful to behold.

A realization hits me as I reach the center of the courtyard. I don't know where my first class is.

Should I ask one of the students? Might even be able to make a friend in the process.

One of the teachers? Perhaps it's best to get a responsible adult's assistance.

Maybe head into the admin building and ask them, it's got to be around the clocktower building.
Maybe I should just go looking for it, I have the time to get oriented with my new school.

The goal is to make friends. Maybe, just maybe if ask a student for directions then we'll go to the same class and sit next to each other and be best friends forever. My plan was ironclad.

Who to ask... students walked by my like part of an intricate dance, each going their own direction as part of a choreographed routine they practiced 5 times a week.

"Um..." I try to grab the attention of a passing male student. Tall and handsome, he looks really cool. He walks by without noticing me.

"Excuse me?" I plead as an elegant beauty passes by me, her long curly blonde hair bouncing as she walks--past me.

Oh.... I don't know why I thought this would work. No one's noticing me.

"HIYA!"

A nose and a pair of bright blue eyes suddenly fill my field of vision.

"GAH!!" I jump back, startled by the stranger whose face was barely an inch from mine.

"You lost or something?" She asks. She's average height. With above average bosoms. A slightly round face and messy red hair.

"Um, yes.. actually. It's my first day. I don't know where to go."

"Let me see your schedule!" She beamed as she snatched the schedule from my hands.

"Oh no!" Her cheerful face warped into a forlorn expression like all the color in the universe had faded from existence. "You have THAT class." She exclaimed distraught. "That class is so weird. Go to Swim club with me instead! It's much more fun."

I was torn. My first day. And my first class has some kind of unspeakable reputation. I can't possible skip my class. What kind of first impression would that make? I don't want to be a delinquent.

But this girl is being so sincere with me, and she's inviting me to clubs with her.

I don't know what I should do...

"I'm sorry" I nearly cried. "But it's my first day, I can't skip my first class..." I was really torn. If only I could go with the cheerful swim club girl. But classes are classes.

"Pfft. That's fine. Just. doodle or something. Your teacher is SOO weird!" She seemed cheerful again. "Your class is in the new building, second year classes are on the second floor, your's is the third room on the right after the main staircase. You shouldn't have any trouble finding it!"

"Thank you very much, um..."

"Oh! And if they ask you about clubs, tell them you want to join the swim club, we need more members and you seem fun! Tell them Natsu sent you!"

"Thank you Natsu, I will!" I could cry, I was so happy.

"Later!" She waved and walked off.

So. I guess it's off to class.

After the stairs in the new building, the third classroom on the right. I met with the teacher briefly, he asked me to hold tight so I could be introduced when class started.

It went exactly how it does in anime. I introduced myself, my heart in my stomach, and a disinterested class waited for it to be over.

I took the empty seat the teacher indicated and opened my notebook in preparation for the lesson.

"MAGIC!" The teacher explained. "It's routes can be traced back to before the Christian Dark Ages... Shamanism, Tarot, Druidism... derived from the Indian word meaning..."

What kind of class is this? I tried to follow along, but it was hard to tell if he was serious.

I looked around. To my left, a palefaced boy with beautiful dark hair stared at me intently. It was disquieting, but he was beautiful, and he seemed pretty interested in me... I blushed and tried to look away.

Two seats to the right of me I could see a girl passing a note to the girl next to me. She turned to me and smiled. I wonder what they were talking about.

"... which traces it's origin to Moses, yes that Moses."
Oh no! The lesson! I lost my place. Maybe I should pay attention...

The lecture droned on. And the boy next to me was beginning to creep me out. As the girls next to me suppressed their giggles I would try to catch a glimpse of what they they were passing back and forth.
I probably leaned further and further to my right as the minutes went on.

Until at last I made eye contact with the girl next to me.
She smiled mischievously at me, and started writing on her scrap of paper. With expert subtlety from hands practiced in note-passing she passed me the folded-up paper, and signaled her companion with non-verbal gestures.

I unwrapped the paper.

"Do you want to know what we're talking about? <3"

Well. I know the answer to this one. I look up at the board and pretend to jot down a note as I write my affirmation on the paper. I fold it along the it's creases and return it in a manner lacking in experience. It wasn't subtle. I'm not very good at this. Luckily no one saw but the snowman next to me. And he didn't seem to care.

The two girls read my reply and smile at each other. The one nearest me passes me a piece of paper much larger than the scrap i just read, folded neatly into a little square.

I eagerly unwrap it.

It's a drawing. A drawing of me. A drawing of me in my underwear. The underwear I just bought today.

I feel my cheeks flush, and I turn to the girls wondering how they knew what I was wearing.

The girl next to me smiles and gestures with her eyes that I look down. I do so and see a mirror attached to her shoe. She had been staring up my skirt this whole time.

I can't help but let out an "eep!" I stand up slightly and my chair squeaks at it slides backwards an inch on the wooden floor.

Everyone in the class, including the teacher, notices.

The teacher takes a pause from talking about magic to walk towards me to see what the fuss is about.

Before he reaches my desk I try to hide the drawing under my notes, but it's too late.

"Hand me the note" He says, his tone assertive.

"Please don't." I beg the teacher shaking my head at his outstretched hand. "Give me the note." He repeats. His assertive tone quite different from his impassioned teaching tone.

I try to look away as I meekly hand him the drawing. The girls can barely contain their snickering.

"We wish, don't we?" The teacher scoffed as he ripped up the note. "Next time I catch you passing notes in class I'll be sharing them with the class. AND I'll put a curse on you."

I felt like I had shrunk. Just the thought of the class seeing that drawing of me was too much to think about.

"Pst!" I turn my head to the gossip who had just got me in trouble. She's holding up an identical drawing. She slips me another note.

I'm furious at this point. She had JUST gotten me in trouble for passing notes. Now she sends me another. I unwrap it all the same, eager for my self righteous indignation to build when I read its contents.

"I'm blackmailing you~"

My rage subsides into a feeling of helplessness. Oh...

The note goes on, "Disobey, and I'll pretend you're passing me the drawing and get caught. Meet us in the bathroom after class to discuss the terms of our blackmail." What followed were cheerful doodles of kitties accompanied with lewd scribbles of all sorts.

What do I do... I've already made a poor impression in my first class, and they're threatening to make it worse.

But who knows what I'll have to do if they blackmail me. Maybe I should explain what happened to the teacher... not that he'd believe me, he thinks *I* drew that picture...

Okay, let's give this a go. Assuming the winning vote was "ignore them". I'm taking some liberties with the seating arrangement since it was never explicitly stated.

You pay the girls no mind. They don't have enough dirt on you to get you to something that may actually incriminate yourself, and busy yourself with your work.

A few minutes pass and you feel something lightly brush against your left leg. You look down, expecting maybe another note, but see nothing. Minutes later, you get the same feeling on your right leg. Again nothing, but the note-passing girls seem to go through another round of snickering before a note gets passed to you.

This one reads: "No, you're really getting blackmailed. Check those cute little panties of yours. You'll find some additions. Bathroom after class or you'll know what'll happen."

Looking down, I see that these girls seem almost unfeasibly well-equipped for this. Attached by a safety pin to the bows on my side-ties on both sides is a length of fishing wire, which is pulled taut by the smirking girl as I notice it.

From the looks of things, one false move will have her and her accomplice untie both sides of my panties, and then, if I don't keep my butt parked on the chair they could trivially whisk them away. Knowing how much trouble doing up those ties was with the aid of a mirror, I don't think I could securely re-tie them under my skirt without attracting attention.

I'm amazed that they'd go to these lengths to embarrass someone, but I can't think of a way out, and so just sit tight and try to focus on the lesson, as difficult as that is. Every so often, one of the girls gives a little tug on her wire, I guess as a reminder that I shouldn't try anything. I hope nobody else in class manages to notice this.

When the bell sounds, the two blackmailers immediately get up and flank me, their end of the wires concealed in their hands. One of them whispers to me "Follow us, don't get too far away, if you know what I mean." I hurriedly gather my things and take off after them, practically being lead through the school on an invisible leash.

Once at the bathroom, they head into a stall and I'm left with no choice but to follow. It's cramped in here with three people, and I'm sandwiched between the two blackmailers. As soon as the door to the stall is locked, one of them tugs on the wire and I feel the air on my crotch as my panties get pulled into her hand. The other is blocking the door; there's no escape.

The one that looks like the 'leader' holds my tiny lowleg panties up and inspects them.

"My, my, this is certainly a daring pair to wear to school on your first day. What's with the sexy undies, Jun-chan? I can tell by your reaction this isn't what you usually wear."

I stammer out a reply "Um... um... I was just trying something different, you know. Sometimes people just want a change." I'm annoyed at them clipping my name, especially when I still don't know theirs.

"Okay Jun, here's the deal. These look like they cost quite a bit. If you play along, you'll get your panties back. Do anything to displease us, and these are having an unfortunate scissor-related accident. Yuri, bring out the options." The other girl, who I assume is called Yuri, pulls out from her bag what on first inspection appears to be a uniform skirt and a uniform shirt.

On closer inspection, I can see that this is another result of them being crazy prepared. This must be their hobby, or something. The shirt looks like our uniform's, but the material is basically transparent; tissue paper is sheet lead compared to what this shirt is made of. The skirt is made of normal material, but is tiny. Absolutely minuscule. If I were still wearing my panties, I'd have to wear this skirt as low on my waist as they are just to get the hem below the level of my crotch, and I'd be showing off half of my butt if it weren't for my blazer. I get the feeling I'm going to be expected to wear this.

"The rules are simple. Either you keep your skirt and wear our shirt, or your shirt and our skirt. The panties stay with us, and I'm afraid your bra has to go too, pretty as it is. At the end of school you get to complete a challenge and you'll have all your clothes returned. This might be quite difficult. Or you could wear both of our special edition uniform items and we'll set the challenge to easy mode. Don't worry, we won't lie to you about this. It's no fun if everything we say isn't true."

What should I do? That shirt is basically the same as going topless, and the neckline of the uniform blazer's low enough that everyone will see my boobs, but the skirt looks as bad. I don't see how I could get through the day without showing my pussy to a bunch of people. This day was supposed to be going well, and I was almost getting to like those panties.

I realise that actually, the notes they sent me could be used against these two, and I still have them in my bag. I'm not 100% sure it'll be enough evidence though,

but maybe I can use them to gain an advantage here. "You know, I'm pretty sure a teacher would recognise your handwriting if I showed them those notes. Things would end pretty badly." I glance back at Yuri to see that she's braced against the door and it opens inwards like most toilet stall doors. It'd be a big risk to try and overpower her, and my brand new panties would be forfeit. The lock is in a poor state of repair, and I could just try to smash it so the door can open out rather than unlock it, but I doubt the teachers would be that sympathetic to someone who vandalised a toilet door, they could very easily just punish everyone involved in the incident in that case.

A look of concern crosses not-Yuri's face before a confident smile returns that may or may not be faked. "Wow, nobody else thought of that, Jun. You're the smartest one yet. But you could have been smarter. If you take those notes to a teacher, we're still not letting you out of this stall without making a choice, and your clothes will have been shredded by the time you've explained your case. But, as a special reward for not grassing us up, we'll give you a bonus. You hand over those notes now, they go down the toilet, you get to keep your underwear but wear our special edition uniform. We'll even give you your clothes back at the end of the day."

I'm not sure now, I could go nuclear and try to bring these two down, probably land everyone in detention. I could take my evidence to the teacher at the cost of my clothes, but I don't really have the money to replace my clothes. Or I could meet them halfway. I guess it's not nearly as bad wearing those things if I get to keep my underwear.

I don't want to hang around these two any longer, and suddenly shove into Yuri, causing the door to fly open and both of us to go down in a tumble of limbs. I'm sure not-Yuki ended up with a brilliant view of my arse and pussy at that point, but I was too busy escaping to care. The two blackmailers seem too shocked that I would leg it to react, and I make it into the hallway. I'm not pursued, presumably because the two aren't willing to cause a commotion out in the open.

I head, pantiless to the staff room to explain my situation, which takes a while. The notes are compared to samples of work and Edogawa-sensei is summoned to provide the note he confiscated. Eventually I am believed and the two girls (the leader of which I learn is called Yuuko) are metaphorically dragged in. They say they weren't intending to go as far as I claimed and that it was just a harmless prank. Unfortunately for me, none of the evidence actually suggests their modified uniform plan, and the uniform itself, along with my panties are nowhere to be found. Yuuko says she 'lost' them.

Surprisingly, after revealing this, she calmly pulls out her wallet and hands over, in cash, the exact ticket price of the panties, to the nearest Yen (Lucky! I got them on sale, so I even made a profit on this exchange.). I guess she's loaded in addition to being a ninja seamstress.

This gesture doesn't placate the teachers, who assign several days detention to each girl. A lot less than they could have had, but the two seem skilled at fibbing their way out of trouble. I'm landed with a reflectionary essay on the important of not allowing things to escalate for breaking the door, but the deadline isn't for ages. I'm even given the rest of the morning off to go and buy some more panties. All in all, that could have gone a lot worse.

I walk back to Junes, hopefully not looking too obviously without underwear. I only tug my skirt down a couple of times. The same clerk from before looks surprised to see me.

"Um... I need to buy a second pair of panties." I squeak. "Someone stole mine." She

immediately looks very worried and pulls me close to her, which apparently involves sliding a hand up my skirt and feeling my bare butt. "Oh dear~, that must have been horrible. That was the last pair in your size of that kind, but to cheer you up, I'll give you the next model up at no extra cost, it's not in the sale but you'll get the sale price too!" I'm not sure what she means by "next model up", but I shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth, and pulling away from her somewhat 'overprotective' hands, say that that'd be great. She returns with a pair that's very similar to the one I was wearing. Looking at it, I can hardly tell the difference, so maybe the 'next model' is higher quality fabric or something.

"It's nearly the end of my shift, sweetie, so I'll take you to the till and ring you up myself so you can get the discount." She hurries me over to an empty till and processes the transaction. I have quite a bit of the money Yuuko gave me left over after paying. "Here you go!" the chirpy woman beams, handing me the tiny piece of fabric. Trying to elegantly put on a pair of side-tie panties while wearing a skirt is impossible, but I'd rather not have one more second of breezes down there, and heading to the changing rooms would only attract more attention from the clerk.

By the time I make it out of the shop, something seems off. I come to the horrible realisation that the waistband doesn't feel half way up my butt any more. It's maybe a quarter of the way up. Thinking I maybe put them on wrong, I try to discreetly tug them up and find that there's no more material to tug. I duck into an alley and confirm that the situation is the same on the front. Pretty as they are, these more expensive 'next model up' panties have about half as much material in them. Either I let them sit naturally, and you can actually see the top of my pussy peaking out, or I tug them up to cover my slit and create the mother of all cameltoes, which is far more uncomfortable.

"Calm down Junko, you're getting a more expensive product for free, and they're still the nicest pair of panties you own, it's probably fine. And anything else I could have bought wouldn't have matched my bra." I think to myself. Now, I've got some money left over, so I could stop by a fast food place on the way back (I'm pretty hungry, having skipped breakfast, so an early lunch wouldn't go amiss.), which has the advantage of meaning I have more time at lunch to check out clubs. I noticed on the main timetable of the staff room that most clubs are demonstrating at lunch this week. Or I could head straight to school and have lunch in the cafeteria. Maybe someone interesting will be there.

I'm hungry, cafeteria food is never that good and there's a WcDonalds just over the street. Looks like there's a new special on. Some kind of Habanero Burger. Pity I don't like spicy food, so I just pick up one of their large chicken burger meals and look for a place to sit down. I wouldn't normally justify this many calories, but I accidentally skipped breakfast so I deserve it.

I can feel a problem with my new extra-tiny panties. Because they're barely tall enough to cover a quarter of my arse, there's a natural tendency for them to ride down. By now the back is sitting where my butt meets my thighs, covering approximately zero percent of what panties are supposed to cover, and threatening to slip down further, which I bet has pulled the front out of whack too. Careful positioning is required for it to cover anything, after all. Why didn't I realise this before I picked up a tray of poorly balanced food? I'm not really wearing panties at all, like this they're basically a couple of garters that happen to be linked together. I should tie them tighter next time.

Putting that thought aside, I happen to see a girl wearing my school's uniform, from the looks of things she's from the year above. What's she doing off campus at this time? Her skirt seems to be far longer than the regulation one, coming way past her knees, and her boyish hair is blatantly died a brownish green colour. She's in a seat facing the window so I can't see her face. I could go and talk to

her, possibly make a friend, but there's no way I'd be able to fix my panties in a window seat at a bar without flashing the whole street, so I could find a seat in the corner and do that. She looks to be mostly done eating though, so if I waste time retying my panties at a different table she might just leave.

I don't need to turn back into the old Junko. New Junko can strike up conversations with strangers. I hope. I sit down next to this girl, keeping my legs closed. Just walking across the restaurant seems to have caused even more slippage. Keeping my thighs together is all that's keeping my panties up at this point. "Um, hi, I guess you hated the cafeteria food too?" I try to not sound like someone who just narrowly avoided letting her underwear hit the floor of a fast food joint. "It's not bad, but these habanero burgers are the best." the girl replies. I now see that she has indeed gone for the special. This close, I can also see she has grown a few cup sizes since she last bought new shirts, and her buttons are doing an admirable job containing her more-impressive-than-yours chest. The rest of her looks pretty athletic though, she looks more buff than most guys. I wonder what her workout is. "You'd think a mainstream place like this would make some weak sauce, but this stuff has a kick on it like you won't believe. Made with real Dorset Nagas from England. If you don't wash your hands three or four times with a ton of soap before masturbating, boy will you know about it."

She sounds like she's speaking from experience, so I'm not really sure what to make of her attitude. It could be friendly, it could be vulgar, I don't really know. Although from the sounds of things, it's probably good that I chickened out of special (no pun intended). Her last comment stopped my train of thought dead. All I can imagine is 1,000,000 Scovilles interacting with my most sensitive place. I should try a more standard tack. "I- I'm Junko, who might you be?"

"I'm Hadzuki." she punctuates this simple sentence with an odd smile and offers her hand to me. I shake it, an unfamiliar gesture that feels awfully Western. I detect a hint of Kansai in her accent, but it's barely detectible, and there's something else there I can't recognise, probably foreign. Noting that I didn't get an option regarding skirt length, I ask another question. "Pleased to meet you. What's with the skirt? I thought it was miniskirts for all here." That phrasing wasn't the best, I'm immediately reminded of the thing I could have ended up wearing, which is to my skirt what Hadzuki's is to mine. This question causes her look down at my legs. The length of the side ties on my panties combined with how far south they've drifted means I can see the lace ties hanging from the bottom of my skirt, but I hope she can't. Maybe you'd have to be looking for them to see them.

She looks back up. "There's a couple of girls who customise uniform items. I got them to do it. I checked the school guidebook and they forgot to say how short or how long the skirts have to be. Didn't specify a material for the shirts either. Clearly written by a total numpty. I'd lose all my cred if I wore a short skirt. Not tough-looking enough." I wonder. Two girls who modify uniform items. Sounds like those two get around. She's finished her food by now, and gets up. "Nice meeting you, Junko. I really have to dash now. Need to set up for the mahjong club, bye!"

Mahjong club? What. I can't let this one go. I swivel round as she heads for the door. "Wait, you're in the mahjong club? I totally would have said you were the sporty type." Hadzuki replies. "I do boxing too, but the school doesn't offer it. I'll talk to you about it at mahjong if you check it out. Oh, and I love those panties. Mega cute." And with that, she walks out of the door. I turn as red as a human can go, and look down. In my haste to ask that last question, I forgot to keep my legs closed, and from the state of my underwear, she surely saw a lot more than just my panties.

I check to see that nobody's looking and re-tie them, extra tight this time. A

little camel-toe is worth not repeating that scene. I pay special attention to the tiny scrap of fabric that's meant to cover my slit, and adjust it so it's covering as much of me as possible. I finish the rest of my food, and set off back for school. I don't have a huge amount of time before lunch starts.

I don't get that far down the road before yet another problem appears. A tingling sensation in my crotch starts turning into a burning feeling. It takes me about a minute to realise what's going on. There must have been some of the burger sauce on Hadzuki's hand, which I shook, and then used to fuss over my panties. The sauce on those burgers must be ridiculous. I certainly couldn't see any on my hand, but even third-order contamination must be too much. It's not unbearable, but it sure is distracting. The cynic in me thinks this was deliberate, but I doubt you could plan the events that just happened. I'm having to will myself to not rub at my pussy in broad daylight, because I know it won't make it any better. How am I going to fix this?

I'd better do something about this before it gets worse. But I've never tried to wash my pussy in a public toilet, it doesn't sound easy. I head back to the McDonalds and look around. There's only one customer inside at the moment, and it's a man, so I'm probably capable of going unobserved in the women's toilets for at least some time.

Picking the basin furthest from the door, I untie my unfortunate panties and stuff them in my blazer pocket. My skirt had better go too, I don't want to walk out of here with a suspicious wet patch. I also roll my thigh-highs down to make sure they don't get wet either. Gotta work quickly. I get one leg over the basin to minimise splashing and start the tap running. Applying copious amounts of hand soap, I begin to soothe my burning lower lips. It takes five applications of soap before the feeling subsides, although by then, it seems that it's been replaced with another feeling.

Get it together, Junko, you're not masturbating in a public toilet. At this moment, I hear the noise of the door opening, and panic. I've got to get into a stall. I can't get my leg down from the basin fast enough, and turn round to see a completely dumbfounded looking office worker. I'm there, bottomless in a public toilet, water dripping down my legs and as it seems to any observer, playing with myself. I can't even process my embarrassment, but it at least seems that this woman can't either. I bolt into a stall and lock it behind me. Drying myself off with toilet paper, I put my clothes back on, ensuring my tiny panties are secure. My shirt got a bit wetter than I'd have liked, but it'll dry off quickly when I get outside, but there's no way I can face that woman again. I wait until I hear her enter a stall before unlocking mine and vacating the establishment as fast as my shaking legs can carry me.

I manage to make it back to school without any other disasters happening, so now I'd better pick a club to check out. I could go and see Ms. Capsaicin Fingers at the Mahong club, or check out the Swimming club and meet Natsu again, or I've been thinking about the Art club, maybe I could see what that's about.

I'll go and see what's going on at the Mahjong club, I'll have another chance to check out other clubs after school. I have a little difficulty locating the room (I eventually locate a map with the clubroom locations on it), but lunch has only just started, so this isn't terrible. It's not amazingly well-attended. In addition to Hadzuki, there's a couple of boys who seem to be more interested in watching random NicoNico videos on a tablet, a serious-looking girl with a hime cut, and surprisingly enough, Yuuko without her accomplice Yuri, who looks, like me, to not be a regular member.

Yuuko notices me but seems to want to pretend that we don't know each other, to not

acknowledge my minor victory. Hadzuki, on the other hand greets me warmly. "Oh, Junko, glad you could come. Now we've got four people so we can get a game going." She seems to either not count the two boys as people, or knows they're not really interested in playing. "I assume everyone knows how to play mahjong?" Hime cut girl nods. I respond, actually being quite a good player myself, but not wanting to overstate my skill in case Hadzuki is a real pro "I know the rules, but I wouldn't say I know how to play.", which I guess is technically correct, in that way that the more you learn about some subjects the more you feel you don't understand them. Yuuko replies "I've played before, but it was a while ago, I'm not sure I can remember all the yaku." I don't think that's a bluff. She did pride herself on being sneaky but not a liar, although I wouldn't put it past her to be economical with the truth.

Hadzuki says "Don't worry, we've got yaku sheets. Since this is a special session, and most of the regulars aren't here," the next clause seems to come with a titanic sense of inevitability, "let's play strip mahjong!" This immediately causes both me and Yuuko to sense the opportunity for revenge. I bet I'm probably better than her, but I'm not confident about beating Hadzuki, and the hime cut girl is an unknown. "Hmm... no takers? I guess it's not fair to make three newbies play against a regular. I'll give you guys a head start." Hadzuki immediately removes her blazer, tie, shoes and socks. "Players start on zero points. Two thousand per garment removed, ten thousand for the last one. Ari ari red hanchan."

With those rules and Hadzuki's handicap, that puts her one moderately bad discard away from being down to her panties, although anyone could still lose everything if they deal in to something massive. And it's not a lot of points in a game, so it probably won't even last the full hanchan before someone's, ahem, bottomed out. With her handicap I'm probably at an advantage. Thanks, Old Junko for being a loser who wasted too much time on online mahjong, New Junko's going to clean up. I'll risk hime cut girl being some secret pro and go for it. "Okay, l... let's do this.", I stutter. Well, I still need to work on those communication skills. Yuuko seems blinded by the need for revenge, and sits down at the shuffling table. I take a seat to her left, with Hadzuki to my opposite me and hime cut girl to my left.

It doesn't take long for Hadzuki's handicap to disappear. She wins trash hand after trash hand as dealer, and pretty soon everyone else is still on zero while she's got a buffer of points and just as much clothing as she started with. I can tell that Yuuko knows how to play to at least some degree, but she's predictable and goes for flashy hands too much which never pay off. I finally manage to call a win with a trash tsumo of my own, if only to end Hadzuki's winning streak. It feels a little disappointing that Hadzuki gets to pay me out of her points, so she still hasn't lost any clothing.

Hime cut girl's dealer now, and dressed similarly to Hadzuki from her winning streak. I still don't know how she plays. She hasn't really done anything of note. Too soon into the hand, I hear "Ron. Chiitoitsu" The first words to have come from her mouth since I entered the room. She's made no calls of any kind and ignored the conversation. Well, by 'conversation' it's mainly Hadzuki talking at people about boxing and me trying to be polite about a subject I don't understand. Her hand wasn't massive, but with these rules, it's enough to wipe out my points and lose me my shirt, which I remove with shaking fingers. Hadzuki comments "Oh, they match, how pretty." and leans to get a closer look at my bra. She even goes far enough to rub the material between her fingers. "So soft too." Yuuko fails to hold back a snicker. I'm not really sure what to make of this, my blushing response has been overloaded a bit today. The two boys glance over and then glance back. Maybe girls getting stripped is too common an event for them, or perhaps they're just too good at pretending not to stare.

The next hand is an exhaustive draw, and the position of dealer moves on to me, and

my terrible luck continues, as I'm dealt crap and it's all I can do to make it to tenpai before another draw. My second deal is a lot better. I get into tenpai fairly quickly, and it looks like nobody else is ready, but the hand is fairly cheap, if reliable, with a triple-sided wait on all live tiles. I reach for a thousand point stick to riichi, but realise I haven't got any points. I'll have to voluntarily take off my skirt, exposing these panties underneath, and without that riichi, this hand is worthless. I've got to start winning somehow, but I'm really hesitant about losing my last item of real clothing.

I don't want to risk my skirt on something like that, and besides, it wouldn't be very stealthy. I just discard as normal. Before my next turn, Hadzuki discards my winning tile, and it was the dora too! I could have wiped her points out and put me in the lead at least with a riichi ippatsu. Hit any ura-dora and it would have gotten her shirt. I suppose I should have gone for it.

Fortunately, a couple of go-rounds later, I draw the less valuable non-dora win, and at least collect some points. With Hadzuki and hime-cut, I only manage to eat into their reserves with such a cheap tsumo, but Yuuko still hasn't won a single hand all game, so she has to take off her shirt to pay. I'm still less clothed than she is, since her bra is disappointingly white and sensible (and her boobs are fairly average, which still means bigger than mine), while the lacy thing I'm wearing is a millimetre away from a nipple slip.

The deal after that ends with Yuuko hitting Hadzuki for a simple yaku-hai. She must have realised that flashy hands are getting her nowhere when everyone's trashing everything. This still isn't enough to get rid of all of Hadzuki's points, and she's still in the lead (and she too appears slightly disappointed by Yuuko's pedestrian underwear). The next hand is total crap. So crap even, that I have enough terminals to call a reshuffle, which elicits an annoyed grunt from hime-cut, who was apparently given an easy win.

The next hand I get, the first where Yuuko is dealer makes me burst out laughing. So much for stealth, not that it would have mattered. My first move is to say "Double riichi!", also demonstrating that I'd gotten a pure luck hand with no skill involved whatsoever. The others seem spooked by this play, since I'm in tenpai and they've got nothing to base their discards on, although Yuuko manages to get to tenpai and throw out a riichi. It slows them down enough that I eventually self-draw my winning tile. I triumphantly tip my hand forward to reveal 112233p123m11123s, with a 9-man as the dora indicator, and to my surprise, a 2-man as the ura-dora indicator. I rattle off the list of yaku. "Double Riichi Pinfu Tsumo Iipeikou Sanshoku Dora Ichi Ura Ichi Junchan. Sanbaiman,". It's fitting that I'd clean out with a "Junchan", given Yuuko's previous attitude.

This happens to be all of Hadzuki's remaining points. She confidently strips off her shirt, showing off a black sports bra (which must be reducing her apparent cup size, so those boobs must be huge without it) and what appears to be a set of washboard abs. Hime-cut girl has to lose her skirt, shirt and bra to pay, which she slowly does. I feel a bit bad for her, since I wasn't trying to target her. It seems that her "bra" was a white sarashi, although it wasn't covering much of a pair of breasts. She's red-faced, sitting in her fundoshi with her arm covering her nipples. Luckily, my win was big enough to end the game, so she's only got to sit like that for a short time.

After the riichi stick she threw in, the payment Yuuko has to make is more than enough to completely wipe out Yuuko. She glares at me as she strips off her skirt, revealing a dull pair of white cotton panties, and then takes off her underwear before covering herself awkwardly. Even this doesn't seem to have been able to attract the attention of the two boys. Hadzuki may have been right considering them non-people. Totalling up what she'd got, she finds herself still a thousand short.

Hadzuki, apparently having the time of her life, chimes in "Oh dear, looks like you're not wearing enough to pay. Standard rules say the winner gets to make you do a forfeit in exchange. Nothing too time consuming though, if we're quick we can still get another game in before the end of Lunch. Of regular mahjong, of course."

What "standard rules" is she talking about? Is there a charter for this, or is she just making shit up as she goes? Anyway, I get to make Yuuko do something. What should it be?

I bet this is nothing compared to what her "hard mode challenge" was going to be, so I say "How about Yuuko plays the next game dressed as she is." Yuuko looks shocked, but Hadzuki frowns. "Is that it? Maybe if we do this first." She gets up and pulls a chair over from another table, inverts it and sets it down on top of Yuuko's chair, and places a cushion on top of the upside-down chair. "Left leg outside the left chair leg, right leg outside the right chair leg. Makes it more fun!"

Yuuko certainly doesn't look like she's having fun, but Hadzuki moves right up to her and says "It's just a game. You'll probably get to see us do something just as silly if you come along again. And besides, someone as cute as you shouldn't have to worry about showing herself off to a few girls." She's forgotten the boys again, and punctuates that last sentence by lightly flicking Yuuko's nipple. This seems to have put Yuuko in a better mood, and she now seems merely reluctant rather than furious. I say "That works too, I guess." Given how much interest these girls take in other girls, and how little the boys do, I'd believe it if this place were the site of a test firing of that USAF Gay Bomb thing from the fifties.

She gets up onto the chair as the rest of us put our clothes back on. The effect of the setup Hadzuki produced is to both raise her lower body up to above the level of the table, ensuring her spread legs are in full view of everyone. Hadzuki has the best 'view' from across the table, but it's not like much of her is hidden from any side. She does seem to get into the flow of the game, and does better, as this isn't the trash-fest the last game was, so her fancy hands actually manage to come out a few times. The game ends with her in second, me in third, Hadzuki in last and hime-cut girl on top. I think Hadzuki spent more time admiring the view than she did reading people's discards.

When the game is over, Yuuko's splayed sitting position has sent her legs completely to sleep, and Hadzuki is all too eager to help her out of her seat, her hands going several places they probably shouldn't. "So that was mahjong club. Come back next time, it'll be fun!" she says as Yuuko glumly dresses and I head to my next lesson. The final two periods of the day are unexciting. I have to retie my panties once between them, and Science is a pain because of the strict No Blazer rule in the labs. Even the regulation shirts are slightly sheer and I'd prefer it if my bra weren't so obvious.

The end of the day signals the start of club activities proper. I've had enough mahjong for today, so I could see Natsu at swimming or check out the Art club.

That Natsu girl seemed nice. Maybe I'll see what her club is offering. I head over to the pool, which is ominously outdoors. I see her standing around the pool in a very high cut racing style swimsuit with the school crest on it. "Oh, it's the girl from before. Hooray, someone new came!", the redhead beamed, and embraces me in a soggy hug. (What is with this school and skinship? Is every club run by raging lesbians?) I can see there's not a lot of standardisation among the swimsuits of the team, although most are a lot more conservative than Natsu's. "We're just doing casual stuff today, so anyone can join in. The changing rooms are over there!" She points to a nearby door.

"I haven't brought my swimsuit," I say, "gym class wasn't on today." Natsu replies "Oh that's fine, we've got an unused spare suit we bought with last year's leftover budget. You can wear that." She bustles over to a poolside equipment bag, removes a smaller bag and hands it to me. "Everyone else is done changing, so you'll have the rooms to yourself."

I walk over to the changing rooms with this ominous feeling package. I double-check to ensure the rooms have secure-looking lockers, which they do. Definitely don't want any ninja seamstress shenanigans. With trepidation, I open the bag to see a packet with a model on the front wearing a tiny sling bikini. It seems to consist of two half-inch wide navy blue loops of normal swimsuit material joined at the crotch. Curious, I open the packet to find I was wrong. The two strips aren't joined at the crotch, they're separate, and so this thing makes my side-tie panties look hassle-free in comparison. Do I really want to go outside wearing this? Is making friends worth that much?

This suit is unwearable, I'll go and see if Natsu has anything else, this must be a joke. I walk back to the pool, and Natsu swims over to me as soon as she sees me, leaping from the pool, splashing me again. "What's the matter, why aren't you getting changed?" she asks, confused.

"Um... I don't... I don't think I can wear this swimsuit. It's a bit... you know. Skimpy. And it looks like it'd... fall off." I reply.

"Really? I thought it was fine. And you have opened the packet. This is a problem. I know, you can wear mine. But to show you that suit's fine, I'll wear it. But if I can go until the end of the session without having to fix it, you have to put it on and swim five lengths and run five laps of the pool's fence, okay?" She says.

No way is that happening. She won't be able to keep her nipples inside that thing for five minutes, especially as she's more well-endowed than me. "Uh, seems fine, here." I hand her the suit, expecting her to head to the changing rooms, but she just strips her suit off where she stands, and steps into the two loops like it was normal. She positions both loops over her nipples and tugs the fabric so it's covering most of her labia and hands me her suit with a smile. Her areolae are pretty large, so they're permanently visible even with the suit in place.

I walk back to the changing rooms and change into her suit. It's obviously not too tight on the chest, but she's shorter than me, so it's a little stretched in the crotch region, and making a mission to embed itself where no man has gone before. It's easily got ten times the material of that other suit though, so I shouldn't complain. Securing my clothes in a locker, I head back out.

Natsu swims back over to me and jumps from the pool again. To my dismay her suit remains perfectly in place. Must have been lucky. I'm instructed on the schedule and after some stretches, start swimming. I only have to dig my suit out of my crack a couple of times, and swimming is relaxing, and the other members seem nice (if mostly as touchy-feely as Natsu herself.) By the end of the session, to my horror, Natsu's suit is still in place, and I haven't seen her fix it once, even though I've been keeping an eye out. How does she even do it?

"See? Totally fine. Covers your nips and puss, reliable. Don't need anything else of a swimsuit." Natsu says, stating an incomprehensible ideology. I did agree to this, and disappointing this girl just seems wrong. She's already stripped the tiny suit off and hands it to me. I put it on over her suit and then strip off hers. It's a difficult manoeuvre, but it cuts out the walk from the changing rooms to the pool. I position the straps over my nipples and pussy as she did, although I suspect it won't matter.

"Wait, you're wearing it wrong." Natsu declares, and grabs the straps, rotating them and positioning two tiny embroidered school crests over my nipples. 'This is an official school item?' I think, incredulously. She finishes fussing over the positioning of the straps relative to my private parts before I can object, seemingly not caring about her nakedness. "There, perfect." Only then does she put her swimsuit back on.

I take a few steps over to the edge of the pool to begin my lengths. By this point, the rest of the club have stopped, and all eyes are on me. I'm already blushing like mad, and by the time I've reached the edge, geometry seems to have conspired to cause the two straps to separate, so my pussy is now mostly uncovered. "No fixing!" Natsu chimes from behind me. If I get into the water, at least I'll be partially hidden, I think, and dive in.

After five lengths, the suit is basically a total loss. One strap's now between my cleavage, and the other's slipped off to the outside. I don't want to get out of the water, but the faster I do this, the faster I can get some clothes back on. There don't seem to be too many people out on the fields, so hopefully my audience doesn't extend beyond the swimming team. Now basically naked, I plod to the outside of the pool and start my laps, tits flopping about as I run. Halfway through lap two, the strap not caught on my cleavage falls off my shoulder, but is wedged in my pussy and somehow doesn't fall off. It's just trailing after me.

I complete my five laps to applause from the team. Natsu is still looking confused "I don't understand. It was perfectly fine for me. Do some people just not know how to wear swimsuits?" I can only conclude that she has magical powers.

END