

It had been way too long since Senko had last done her laundry. She had woken up that Friday morning to discover she was down to her absolute last pair of clean panties, her last pair of socks... her last of anything, really. The shirt she was wearing had been worn twice already since they'd last been washed, her jeans even more so. Her last bra had been worn so many times already Senko had reluctantly added it to her pile of unmentionables in need of washing. Even her sheets and towels were all in dire need of washing. She gathered those up too.

Senko surveyed her piles of dirty laundry and felt embarrassed she'd been so lazy. She felt like she ought to apologize...but to who? She lived alone and despite living in a modest apartment complex she didn't really know any of her neighbors. She'd never made friends easily--her shyness paired with a sort of unapproachability that stemmed from her height and her beauty kept most people at arm's length. About the only face Senko could have even picked out from the complex would be her landlady: a little pixie of a woman whose wry grin and over-familiarity with Senko had unnerved her so much that she blanked out on how to even sign her name when she came to sign the lease.

Senko shook her head to banish the embarrassing memory. The shake of her head sent her long straight black hair swaying. Thanks to her "no-bra" status it sent her large soft breasts swaying as well. The awareness of how they were barely restrained by her T-shirt sent even more color into her normally pale, unblemished porcelain cheeks. It also caused her to begin to stiffen against the cotton fabric pulled taut across her chest, which made her even more flushed and self-conscious.

Senko gave an absent-minded tug on her shirt as if it'd help any. Could she really go outside like this? Perhaps she could blame it on a cool breeze or something. The idea of people seeing the shape of her through the shirt was as thrilling as it was embarrassing. It would be a vicious cycle--her mounting arousal would make her braless-ness even more apparent which would only make her more aroused... Senko thought it was absurd to get excited about such public humiliation but it didn't change her body's reaction. And despite her shame she couldn't bring herself to retrieve a bra to wear until laundry was done--the excitement had a certain hold on her. Besides, she rationalized to herself, it'd only be for a little while.

Still rosy-cheeked, Senko set about massing her unwashed laundry into a basket, making sure to pile everything she wouldn't want anyone to see into the very bottom. She hefted the heavy basket up with a hand in the handle on either side, bags of even more dirty laundry hanging from each wrist. She was happy to discover the pile of dirty clothes concealed her torso from view--along with nearly the rest of her from the waist up--and so she felt better about traipsing about with only a shirt covering her ample bosom. This way she could have the thrill of walking around "no-bra" without the embarrassment of anyone ogling her tall, busty figure under the shirt and jeans.

Senko struggled out the door with her laundry, taking care not to run her thumb over the lock of her front door. It had become a habit so automatic from every time she left for class or a meal out that she'd already had to visit the smirking landlady twice for locking herself out.

The pile of unwashed clothes and sheets obstructed enough of Senko's view that even if anyone else was out and about between the buildings of the apartment complex she would probably not even notice them. Her height only further ensured that anyone standing right in front of her would be in her blind spot. The last thing Senko wanted was to run into someone and send her wardrobe flying every which way so she took care as she made her way towards the laundry room of the complex.

Even with the clothes and linens piled high in her basket blocking them from view, Senko blushed as her breasts jiggled within her shirt with every step.

No voices, no footsteps, Senko felt safe from prying eyes the whole way to the laundry room. She struggled again to get through the door, nearly dropping everything with a crash right there in the middle of the complex. That would have been sure to get attention!

Senko closed the door, bringing the relief of feeling secure indoors. She set the basket and bags down and sighed. Thankfully everything was pretty much already sorted so she just began dumping clothes into each washing machine in turn until she found she'd poured clothes into them all.

Senko marveled at the sight of how many loads of laundry it took to wash everything at once and began distributing coins into each slot of each machine. She thought about how every piece of fabric she owned was sitting in those washers. Then she realized that statement wasn't entirely accurate...to wash everything she owned she'd have to add in the clothes she was wearing that moment. But if she did that...

...she'd be naked.

Senko blushed and stiffened all over again at the thought of standing around without any clothes on waiting for the laundry to finish. She'd be stuck without anything to wear until everything was done washing and drying. It wasn't just the nudity that sent arousal rushing back through her, it was the idea that she'd have no choice--even if she decided to back out she'd have no choice but to wait until the laundry was done to get dressed again. She wouldn't even have a towel...

Senko didn't often entertain such naughty thoughts but she couldn't deny the allure of the excitement. It was so early and finals week was almost over so most college students would be asleep for the next hour or two for sure. That was what most of her complex's residents were, including herself, and while Senko had always been an early riser none of her neighbors seemed to be. Each time she'd done laundry since she'd moved into that apartment it had been about the same time and she'd never even seen another person come in to start their own load. If she wanted to experience the thrill of watching every last stitch she owned swirling around damp and out of her reach locked behind machine doors this was going to be her best opportunity.

It was still risky of course. Very risky. There wasn't really anywhere to hide in the room, especially for a girl as tall as she was. All she'd have to cover up with would be her basket and empty bags--bags that were essentially nets so they'd be no help at all in that regard. Senko imagined someone walking through that laundry room door and finding her grasping a basket to her torso. Her nudity would be obvious: her long, milky-white bare legs and pearly smooth shoulders would betray her. She could go the Lady Godiva route as well...her hair was long enough...but either way anyone who came through that door would be face to face with her. There would be nowhere to go, no way to get more than a couple yards away from the person and she'd be completely naked.

Senko's excitement was getting to the point where her last pair of clean panties was going to need washing anyway. She could hardly stand it anymore, perhaps if she did this she'd find some release. Heck, even if she chickened out now anyone who came in would still find her squirming and blushing. It wasn't nearly as embarrassing as being discovered naked of course, but if she was going to feel humiliated in either scenario she may as well satisfy her curiosity...

And thus Senko managed to talk herself into stripping off her last articles of clothing not already sitting in the washing machines. First she pulled her shirt off over her head. From the moment she first lifted and bunched up the fabric she felt her nipples stiffen again. Going without a bra had been stimulating by itself but now she just felt air and it made her heart race. She slipped the bunched up cotton past the end of her long hair and shook her head. Her breasts were unimpeded now and didn't just sway a bit but bounced in a much more full range of motion as she tossed the shirt into the correct load of

laundry. She was now topless in the laundry room, but as exhilarating as the air felt on her skin she couldn't stop there, she still had more clothes to wash!

Senko slid the jeans down her long legs, bending over and raising her knee up to get her foot out of the jeans until she felt her nipple brush the flesh of her thigh. She stepped out of the other leg and folded the jeans in half before tossing them in with the other cold-washed darks.

There was only one piece of fabric remaining between her and her fantasy. Senko hooked her thumbs into the waistband and felt a chill as the air began to touch places she'd only bared in the bath or the bedroom. It felt like such a tiny thing, and being in just her panties made her blush so intensely Senko was beginning to think it hardly made any difference really whether she was found like that or totally naked. That still didn't make it entirely easy to part with them. She slid her hands down her thighs and pulled her legs out of her panties grudgingly. She paused holding them in her hand before finally tossing them in with her other undergarments. Now she had absolutely everything she owned in the wash. It was so exciting she momentarily forgot to be embarrassed about her nudity. Before she could back out Senko hurriedly closed the machines and started them up, the coins tumbling into their respective machines before they stirred into action.

There was no going back now. Senko would be unable to act on any regrets she felt gnawing at the back of her mind. She did have a nagging feeling of unease, but she was naked in a tiny public room in the middle of her apartment complex, of course she felt uneasy! Even if she'd wanted to put on soaked clothes the doors were locked shut until the cycle was complete, presumably to keep people from interrupting and removing or replacing a load that had been paid for. So until they were all done washing, Senko had no choice at all but to stand there with every inch of her in full view. Only when the buzzers signaled the end of the wash would she be able to open the doors and move everything to the dryers--

Senko realized with a start the reason for the nagging feeling she'd had before. She'd put coins in all the washers but didn't have even a single coin left over for the dryers. Senko looked around helplessly at the otherwise empty room. She'd need to go back to her apartment to get more change, there was no getting around that. Her only options were to go back wearing completely soaked clothing...or wearing nothing at all. Standing in the windowless laundry room in her birthday suit was one thing, but streaking outside back to her apartment was an entirely new issue that Senko was not ready for. She'd only entertained this silly idea in the first place because of her certainty that she'd be alone the entire time--out in the open courtyard between the buildings of the complex she couldn't be sure of remaining alone or unseen. On the other hand, damp clothing... if she was lucky she wouldn't catch a cold but besides that the clothing would be heavy and clingy. Senko had always been self-conscious about her figure, not that it was a bad thing, just that the attention always unnerved her. Well, she'd have a great deal of attention if everything clung to every sumptuous curve of her body. Better than being naked, Senko thought.

Senko was resigned to walking back to her apartment dripping wet until she thought of something else: If anyone saw her walking back in wet clothes, it could only mean one thing. Without a pool nearby to use as an excuse it would be obvious that she was wearing clothes that had just come out of the wash, which would of course mean that she had to have been standing around naked the entire time the clothes had been swirling around in the machine. Whoever saw her would know she'd been standing around nude--or at best in her underwear--and she could only be thought of as a pervert after that.

So what was she going to do? Surely if wet clothes made her perverted indulgence obvious then streaking completely naked would be even worse--unless she played it off as some kind of accident or ill luck, but how? What explanation could she have for being naked? Wet clothes might be explainable as a washing machine malfunction--except that the machines were all fine and

nothing else in the room would be wet. Being naked on the other hand...how could she explain that? She supposed she didn't necessarily have to reveal she was coming from the laundry room. Perhaps she stepped out after a shower to dump one last bag of trash in the dumpster and dropped her towel in the trash and opted to sneak back rather than wrap herself in garbage? A flimsy story-- few people would take out the trash in just a towel and her hair would not be wet--but it was trash day...

Senko continued her debate with herself going back and forth between the two options. Her state of mind made it tough to think clearly, between her anxiety and her arousal she could hardly put two and two together. The only noise in the room was that of the machines chugging along with all the clothes and sheets and towels she owned churning within them. The more time passed, the closer it got to the moment the buzzer would sound and she'd need to make a choice.

Finally Senko determined that she'd rather go back now and get coins right away than wait for the washers to stop in order to put on wet clothes that she was just going to have to strip off again anyway. She'd have to be naked again while everything dried, right? That was something she hadn't considered before: if she wore wet clothes she'd be wet and miserable the whole time she'd be waiting for everything to dry whether she stripped the wet clothes back off or not. That settled it. She'd just hurry back to her apartment, grab her change, and hurry back before anyone saw her. Besides, it'd be more exciting this way.

She put her hand on the doorknob and hesitated. She'd need to make sure the coast was clear at least. Without windows the only thing she could do was crack the door open and peer outside. It wouldn't exactly look inconspicuous but what choice did she have?

Senko worked up her courage, which took a few moments, and finally opened the door and peeked outside. She kept herself well behind the door, craning her neck into the gap. Her dark hair hung loose, her breasts pressed against the door, her feet positioned awkwardly so she could lean over to peer out without even a sliver of skin from her body or legs showing.

There wasn't any activity outside. The entire complex could have been evacuated for all she knew. She surveyed the open courtyard between the buildings for a minute or two, and once she'd been satisfied that it was as safe as it was going to get Senko snatched up her basket, pressing it against her chest for as much cover as she could muster.

Wait...if she wanted her story about losing her towel in the trash to hold up there would be no reason to be carrying a laundry basket! Senko had a new dilemma about what to do and had to talk herself into her trash day story all over again. Grudgingly she set the basket back down, sad to part with the only cover she had to hand. She psyched herself up by rocking back and forth on her feet and making a couple little hops, jiggling where she was soft and ample, her hair rippling and waving down the length of her bare back.

She opened the door again and peered out to make sure the scene was still as quiet as it had been. No one was in sight still. It was now or never.

Senko opened the door just enough to slip through and closed it softly behind her. She was now outside completely naked. It was more exciting than she'd imagined, even though fear welled up within her along with the arousal. Even as Senko put a hand between her legs in the effort to reclaim even the slimmest amount of dignity or modesty she could hardly help but keep a wandering finger from tracing along a part of her she had no business thinking about right now.

Cut it out! she thought to herself, This isn't the time for that! She clapped her other hand over her chest, not that it hid much, and made a beeline for her apartment. Senko just knew that with every passing moment, the next was more likely to be the moment someone stepped out their door or looked out their window and saw her.

It only took a minute or so to get back to her apartment door but it had been the longest minute she could remember. She was acutely aware of her breasts dangling as she released that hand to turn the knob, she was acutely aware of how plainly visible her backside was--even though her hair reached down to her butt, Senko knew that it was hardly any cover to prevent anyone from catching a glimpse from her most intimate places as she bent slightly to open the door.

Senko stepped in and closed the door behind her, exhaling a sigh of relief. She began to tremble and she could feel herself beginning to sweat from the ordeal of streaking completely naked back to her apartment. Her chest heaved with heavy breaths and she involuntarily slid a hand back down between her legs to find that perspiration wasn't the only moisture she had begun to give off. As dangerous as it had been, as embarrassing as it would have been for someone to have discovered her like that, she still felt a growing arousal at what had happened--perhaps the potential disaster of being found naked outside was part of it.

Feeling more and more like the pervert she wanted to avoid becoming in the eyes of her neighbors, Senko slinked back to where she kept her change looking around for something that maybe she forgot to add to the pile that she could use to keep her streaking to a one-way, one-time trip. No such luck. Unfortunately, she had been thorough enough to toss in every piece of cloth she owned and had been careful enough to keep from dropping even a single scrap of clothing on her way to the laundry room.

It felt strange standing in her apartment knowing that even here she was unable to find the comfort of clothes, that even in her home she had that constant pang of arousal from being naked and unable to clothe herself.

Venetian blinds, couches without individual cushions, no throw pillows to speak of, Senko had little she could even improvise as clothes. She didn't have time to try and cobble something together out little plastic bags or paper goods. She had to get back to her laundry as soon as she could, she had to minimize the chance of someone else stumbling upon her laundry.

She had made the trip once, no reason she couldn't make it again. Senko grabbed a handful of coins--it only occurred to her then that there was no place for coins in her "trash day" story, but it was too late. Robbed of her flimsy excuse she'd feel even more vulnerable now, but Senko willed herself to stride back to the door on her long shapely legs. She made sure the coast was still clear and stepped back out into the light of the morning wearing nothing but the blush on her cheeks.

Senko only had one free hand now and had to choose between letting her breasts bounce unrestrained or letting the breeze kiss her lower lips as they grew increasingly moist. Deciding that she'd rather have someone watch her jiggle about than notice her wetness she closed her door with a firm click and put her free hand back in front of her crotch. Unable to afford to dwell on anything but the task at hand, Senko hurried back to where all her clothes lay waiting to be dried.

The trip back wasn't quite as nerve-racking as her first naked romp across the complex. Senko sure didn't want to grow used to this sort of thing, but at least she had a growing confidence that everything was going to be alright.

Senko pulled the door to the laundry room open and stepped inside, a stray thought of coming face-to-face with some annoyed or startled resident barging into the forefront of her mind as she stepped through the door. It was quiet inside, the machines had all finished. Her sudden apprehension had been for nothing, it seemed.

Then Senko noticed something odd. She distinctly remembered leaving her basket there to keep her story consistent with losing a towel while taking out the

trash...but it was gone!

With dread growing in her stomach Senko looked into the first washer and found it completely empty. And then the second, and the third... all the washing machines had been emptied while she was gone! Her clothes were gone, her towels and her linens, every piece of clothing she owned had been taken along with her basket and those mesh-bag hampers. Senko set the coins down, they were worthless to her now, she had nothing to dry!

Whoever had come in must have been annoyed to find all the machines occupied, but how could they have gone and stolen everything? Then Senko had a more terrifying thought: Had they seen her? Did they know she had put even the clothes on her back into the wash? Had they taken all her clothes to leave her naked and humiliate her? To expose her as a perverted woman?

Senko was getting overwhelmed but she needed to figure out what to do next. She needed some kind of cover. The only thing she could think of was getting back to her apartment again. Surely enough scrounging around would allow her to find something to cover up with until she could find her clothes.

Unfortunately, the theft of her laundry gave Senko a new apprehension about streaking across the courtyard. There was a good chance someone would be watching her now--if they hadn't already been watching her the first two times--and the idea of actually being watched as she ran back and forth across the apartment complex naked sent a shiver through her body.

Standing around wasn't going to make things any better, she told herself, audience or no audience the sooner she put something on the sooner she could find out what happened to her laundry. For a third time she stepped outside into the morning light in her birthday suit.

It was still quiet but as Senko walked down the row of ground-level apartments where her place was located, she could hear a door directly above her on the upstairs level open and shut and then footsteps. Senko quickened her pace, no longer caring about what her hands could hide. She reached her door and gave the knob a tug.

Locked. In her flustered state, Senko had managed to lock herself out! How could she have been so absent-minded when it mattered most? It was embarrassing enough to be locked out when fully clothed, naked was too much.

Senko stood there stunned, forgetting the footsteps she'd heard moments before, forgetting everything but two growing feelings: her distress and her arousal. There was nothing she could do now, she had no clothes and nowhere to hide but that damn laundry room. The hand between her legs slid its fingertips back and forth over her mound and lips. It must have been thirty seconds or more before Senko realized what she was doing. She looked around her, certain to be reported as some kind of exhibitionist if she was discovered touching herself naked outside her door. Her locked door.

There was only one person she could go to now. At least Senko had a landlady and not a landlord. The thought of having to knock on a man's door like this and try to have a conversation with him while holding her hands over her most intimate areas made her hot, nearly feverish. To be seen by someone who'd desire you...

Senko tried to banish her impure thoughts from her mind. She'd start touching herself again if she kept it up and it might begin to feel too good to stop herself next time.

Senko left what cover she had next to her building and crossed the completely open space between buildings to get to her landlady. The sun was still low in the sky but she could feel its warm beams on her bare white skin all the same. She could feel the air move over every part of her, her long hair billowed

behind her, lifting away from the curve of her backside, revealing the full shape of her shoulders, back, and rear. She looked side to side, fearing the gaze of one of her neighbors--especially the one she already knew was up and about--but saw nobody.

Senko reached the room her landlady stayed in, her door was easy to pick out. Even without the simple nameplate that said only "Management," it was dotted with enough announcements, notices, and rules that her door could be picked out from across the complex.

Senko trembled as she hesitated with her hand held an inch from knocking on the door. She'd remained unseen so far, she hoped at least, but now she was going to have to have a conversation with someone while completely naked. She began to frame a beginning of an explanation and knocked firmly. The sound echoed off the buildings of the complex and Senko grew redder at the attention she was calling to her location with the noise.

A few moments later the door opened soundlessly and Senko looked down at the much shorter woman dressed casually in shorts and a tank top. She was petite and elfin, and also much younger than your typical landlady--Senko guessed she was about the same age as herself though she'd never heard of the landlady attending any college classes. Because of her stature and her youth, Senko thought of the landlady like some pixie or fairy, especially with the mischievous and wry facial expressions she always seemed to wear. Right now though the woman was wide-eyed with the shock of finding a tall busty beauty fidgeting nude at her door.

The explanation Senko had begun to think of had flown right out of her head at the sight of her landlady. She gave a few noises that weren't even words and her landlady finally interrupted: "Locked out again?"

Senko could only nod, red-faced and squirming under the short woman's gaze. She only came up to the level of her breasts, those must have been the first thing she'd seen when she'd opened her door. Senko grew even redder.

"This is new though. This is the first time you've managed to lose your keys AND your clothes. What happened?" The landlady stepped to one side beckoned Senko indoors. Senko was glad to oblige, though the landlady didn't close the door completely, but left it cracked open.

The trash story seemed absurd now, Senko couldn't even begin to think of another lie so all she could turn to was the truth: "L-laundry. Someone stole my laundry."

"So you... locked yourself out while doing laundry?" The landlady looked Senko up and down, it was enough attention to renew a wetness between Senko's legs. She kept her hand over her crotch as still as a sniper's trigger finger. As still as a surgeon's hand. Senko's nudity was plain to see, but the landlady didn't have to know how aroused she was getting too.

"I--yes, I locked myself out when I went back to get, to get change for the dryers and...when I got back the washing machines were done and all my clothes were gone."

"I see." The landlady smiled with only one end of her mouth. "That doesn't quite explain why you're naked though."

"I..." Senko had no good answer for her. "I decided to wash... everything. Which meant the clothes I was wearing too."

The landlady thought for a moment. "So...you stripped off even the clothes you had on to wash those too and did laundry naked. I get that. But that means you were naked when you went back for your change for the dryers."

Senko nodded, her face hotter and redder than ever.

The landlady laughed a little. "Was streaking around on purpose or were you really so scatterbrained you forgot to bring enough change?"

"N-no!" Senko stammered, "It wasn't on purpose! I needed to do more loads than I thought is all..."

"But it was on purpose wasn't it?" asked the landlady, her wry grin growing larger, "You decided to strip butt naked in my laundry room of your own accord. Nobody forced you to."

"Okay, that part was on purpose," Senko admitted, looking down. "But then I came back it was all stolen, so...now I..." She couldn't continue.

"And now you're locked out so you can't even get back into the safety of your apartment. I gotcha. I'll come unlock it for you. Don't worry." Senko looked up, hopeful.

"Just one question though," the landlady added.

"W-what is it?"

"What possessed you to throw the clothes you were wearing into the wash too? That seems awfully unnecessary, not to mention dangerous."

Senko couldn't bring herself to answer.

"Never mind, I think I know why." The landlady glanced down at the hand held still in front of Senko's crotch.

"I-it's not what you think!" Senko couldn't bear for her to think of her as some pervert, even if she was one.

"Alright alright, you don't have to yell. Let's get you home then." The landlady paused. "Unless... unless there's something else you'd like to ask of me before we go?" She raised an eyebrow and looked up at Senko, expectant.

Senko didn't know what the other woman was playing at. Her mind raced, wondering if it was some kind of trick or something, but arousal made her head swim. "J-just please get me back into my apartment."

"If you say so."

The landlady got her keys and opened the door wide stepping out first and giving Senko a nod that it was okay to come out.

Her hands still positioned carefully, Senko tiptoed back out into the sun. It wasn't until she and the landlady were halfway across the courtyard that Senko realized what the landlady had meant.

"C-clothes!" she stammered in a voice she struggled to keep hushed.

The landlady looked over at her nude companion. "Yeah, I was wondering if you were going to realize what I meant."

"H-how could you--"

"Hey don't get like that, I figured you wanted to keep the thrill going. No need to get mopey either, I don't judge. Don't bother me none if you want an excuse to go skipping around naked. As long as there's no complaints from your neighbors of course, then I'd have to--"

"Can we go back!?" blurted Senko, "I don't want to be naked, really. Please, I

need--"

"We're almost there," laughed the landlady, "No use now, besides..." She eyed her tenant again. "I doubt I could even find anything of mine that'd fit you. My three sizes probably only add up to two of yours." That made Senko blush, she didn't like being compared to other women, even if it was most often favorable to her.

As they reached Senko's door the landlady added: "Though I suppose a towel or something would have worked." Senko's eyes went wide and her jaw fell open. The landlady laughed again. "But again, you didn't even ask. Hell, if I'd been in your shoes--uh, so to speak--I'm pretty damn certain the first words out of my mouth would have been to ask for something, anything to cover up with. But no, the only thing on your mind was getting your door unlocked. It's almost as if you'd forgotten what kind of state you were in."

Never, Senko had never forgotten for even one moment that she was completely naked. It loomed in her mind, but that was likely the problem--she'd been so occupied with how it felt to be running around outside like this that even the simplest solutions had eluded her when they were right in her reach. It wasn't just her undress that was embarrassing, nor being teased by her landlady, but the fact that she'd been unable to think to ask for anything to regain her modesty. Perhaps she had subconsciously wanted to prolong her nakedness...

The landlady finally gave up on Senko responding, shrugged and reached out to unlock her door...

"Hey!"

The noise caught the attention of both women, who looked over to see a trio of college girls in terry cloth shorts and spaghetti-strap tank tops--all in school colors and all more revealing than the landlady's own attire. They dressed more scantily than Senko had ever been comfortable with--well, excepting her present circumstances.

One of them held a large basket of laundry. The others carried bags of their own. For a moment Senko imagined that those were all her clothes, but they weren't. The basket was red, not white, and the bags weren't mesh but solid, sheer fabric. It couldn't be coincidence though that these girls were on their way to load up the same machines that Senko's clothes had been stolen from.

"Well look who we have here," said the blonde girl who'd called out. "It must be the girl who took up every washing machine in the complex with her entire wardrobe!"

"It WAS her entire wardrobe at that!" chimed in a second girl, giggling, "She threw everything but her birthday suit in the wash!"

"Stripping naked in the laundry room, she must be some kind of pervert," said the third, "She's probably all horny and excited that we took all her clothes away."

"Well we have good news for her then, because we're not giving them back! So go ahead, finger yourself as much as you want."

Senko was too stunned to even respond. Having to approach her landlady naked had been an ordeal, but it paled in comparison to confronting these three. As tall as she was, Senko had never been much for any sort of argument or confrontation, much less a physical fight. She felt rooted to the ground, frozen in fear. All she could do was stand there with her hands clapped over her figure.

The landlady on the other hand was quick to step in: "The only reason she's standing here like this is because you three stole her laundry! If you don't

return every last piece of it--"

The other girls laughed. "Look at this, Yamato Nadeshiko Barbie has a little friend to defend her--you her roommate or are you supposed to be her girlfriend?"

"You have no idea the trouble you're getting yourselves into, do you?" snapped the landlady, "I'll--"

"You're much too small to be making threats here, missy. Besides even if you do call the cops or whatever, your friend over there still has no clothes on. She'll get in trouble too!"

Apparently they didn't even realize who they were talking to. Senko had no idea how that could be, but unless they recognized the threat she posed as their landlady those girls were not about to let up.

Senko went to take a step forward and began to speak up but she got interrupted by the two girls flanking the leader rushing up and snatching the landlady by her arms. She struggled wordlessly as the leader set down her basket and approached her:

"You'll be the ones in trouble, you and tall-dark-and-naked over there. We'll just call you exhibitionists who were running around flashing everyone. It'll be our word against yours, and no matter what you say, you'll still be butt naked out here..."

The way the blonde was talking, it was as if both Senko and the landlady were in the same predicament. That could only mean--

The landlady gave a yelp as the blonde reached over and yanked down the landlady's shorts in one pull, revealing a neat little trimmed bush. Pulling them off her feet knocked her sandals off and once her feet were free of the shorts she was writhing in the other girls' hold with nothing on but her tank top.

The blonde lifted up the front of the landlady's shirt. She too had been no-bra but had the excuse of being rather flat-chested. As for her being no-pan, Senko had no idea.

"I'd say you weren't even past puberty if not for that bush of yours," mocked the blonde. That was just mean, sure the landlady was petite but she still had a woman's shape. Senko actually wouldn't have minded being small-breasted, the weight of her breasts pressed against her arm sure wasn't doing her any good right now.

"Y-you leave her a-alone!" stammered Senko, finally finding her voice. She didn't budge her hands at all or make any move to approach the girls, however, so they ignored her. The two lackeys lifted the landlady's arms up and the blonde pulled the tank top straight off of her. Once stripped of her shirt the two girls let go and the landlady sank to the ground, crossing her arms against her chest and blushing a deep red.

The blonde looked over at Senko with a piercing, contemptuous stare. "That was your chance to do something about it, tiny. You didn't even try to save your friend, you just stood there holding yourself. Just shows what kind of girl you are, doesn't it?"

Senko had a few words for what kind of girl the blonde was, but all she could do was stare blankly. "Please...I won't do it again, just let us have our clothes back."

The blonde pretended to think about it a moment. "Mmmm, nah. We'll just let you two enjoy yourselves for a bit while we go do OUR laundry. Don't worry,

we'll even wash these." She dangled the clothes she'd just stripped off the landlady in front of Senko and then tossed them on top of the pile in her basket, then scooped up the keys the landlady had brought to unlock the door. "Until then, have fun being naked in public, just like you wanted."

Neither Senko nor the landlady moved an inch as the girls gathered their things and left for the laundry room, the landlady's keys jangling in the blonde's hand. Senko wished she'd had the courage to do something besides just stand there like an idiot. Her knees knocked together and she sank down to the ground too next to the landlady who was still silent and had her face turned away.

Senko began to try to apologize but the landlady shook her head. "It's not your fault," she said, her voice completely different from her playful turn earlier. She sounded as shy and timid as Senko now.

"It's still locked isn't it?" asked Senko. The landlady nodded.

"Is... your place locked too?" asked Senko. The landlady nodded. It made sense, Senko supposed, for her to lock up her own apartment each time she stepped out. With all the paperwork for the entire complex inside she couldn't afford to do otherwise, probably.

Senko's mind was still swimming. Between what they'd just gone through, the continued stress of being locked outside naked, and the persistent arousal despite everything else--or perhaps because of everything else--she could hardly think straight. The landlady didn't seem to be any better off, being stripped seemed to have broken her.

Senko let go of her breasts to touch the landlady's shoulder, offering it as a comforting gesture. The landlady looked back over her shoulder, her eyes teary and her mouth pressed shut in a sort of defiance against her own distress. Something about seeing the person who tried to help her so vulnerable finally cut through the murk in her mind and allowed an idea to shine through.

"Say," Senko began, "Those little shorts those girls had on had no pockets, did they?"

The landlady shook her head.

"She walked off jangling your keys but probably because she had to hold onto them...I'd bet THEIR door is unlocked!"

The landlady seemed to perk up a little, she raised a hand to wipe at her eye, revealing a tiny pink nipple poking up from the subtle curve of her chest.

"And I bet that's where they dumped my stuff," continued Senko. "Your clothes wouldn't fit me, but you can wear something of mine! Sure they'll be super baggy but better than THIS, right?"

The landlady nodded.

"Let's go, we've got to go now while they're off doing their own laundry."

Senko took the hand that the landlady had raised to wipe her eye and stood up, pulling her companion up with her. She forgot entirely about her modesty, her other hand resting at her side. Each woman had a full view of the other and they each began to blush for the other's sake.

"Let's go," echoed the landlady in something resembling her former confidence.

Holding hands the two women hurried in the direction the other girls had come from. Even though the girls hadn't recognized the landlady, she recognized them. She knew which apartment they'd come from. They had to climb the stairs to get to it, their elevation making Senko feel more exposed than ever. This

might even have been where the door and footsteps she had heard earlier had come from.

Senko was almost all the way up the stairs when she looked across at another building and saw a young man staring at the naked duo. He dropped the backpack he'd been in the middle of slinging over his shoulder and his eyes went as big as saucers.

Senko felt the crimson return to her face. She had no idea how her companion felt but judging from her response when the blonde had stripped her, she had to be just as mortified. "M-move along, b-buddy!" Senko squeaked in the guy's direction, uncertain if he could have even heard her at all.

The guy, red-faced as well, promptly glued his gaze to the ground in front of him, snatched up his stuff and took off down his building's own set of stairs.

Senko had been petrified while those three girls had taunted her and humiliated the landlady, but it seemed Senko had finally found some backbone... at least, when it concerned someone a good distance away.

Senko turned to ask the landlady which apartment was the right one. The landlady was so embarrassed she was biting her lip and shifting her weight from foot to foot, her thighs squirming under the free hand tucked into her crotch. Senko moved aside to let her take the lead.

They approached the apartment on the near end of the building and the landlady nodded. Senko tried the door and sure enough: it was open! She wasted no time in stepping through, pulling the landlady in behind her. Once inside she closed the door and stood up straight, jubilant. At last! They'd finally put an end to all this!

Senko held back her panic when a giant pile of wet clothes wasn't the first thing they saw when they entered the apartment. Her pulse kept on pounding hard and quick, she struggled not to dwell on the fact she was poking around naked in someone else's home. They had to be around here somewhere...where would one toss a pile of damp clothes?

Of course! The bathtub seemed sensible--well, given that those girls didn't care one bit about the condition of Senko's laundry. For just stashing wet (stolen) clothing in a hurry, the bathtub seemed the obvious choice. She walked up to the bathroom door, looked over at the landlady, and swallowed nervously as she turned the knob...

===GOOD ENDING===

Senko had never been so happy to see such a wrinkled mess of clothing. Everything was there: her entire wardrobe as well as her sheets and towels. Senko reached down and plucked a pair of lacy panties off the top of the pile. It was embarrassing to have much of her underwear in plain view but compared to what she'd just gone through it seemed laughable to worry about someone knowing what kind of panties she wore. She slipped a long leg through one side and then the other. As she pulled the wet garment up to her hips she felt the cool dampness on her buttocks and her mound. It wouldn't normally have been a pleasant feeling but right now it felt so good just to have something on.

She looked over at the landlady as she picked out more clothes. "Go ahead and find something to cover up with." The smaller woman didn't budge, she just stood there watching Senko dress while holding her own nude body. It was enough to keep the blush glowing on Senko's cheeks. Senko dug around for one of her larger T-shirts and held it out to the landlady. "Here."

The woman looked as if she hardly knew what to do with it. She took it from Senko's hand gingerly but once she began to pull it over her head she started to

return to her normal self. She shivered. "Th-thanks. Man that's cold. Say..." She seemed unsure what to say next.

Senko, now dressed in a wet, clinging clothes, looked over at her companion. Despite Senko's efforts to find a baggy shirt for the landlady it still clung to her almost as badly as Senko's clothes hugged her own form. She could even still make out the tips of her nipples, which despite herself were stiff. From the cold, surely.

"What is it?"

"We need to figure out what to do next, those girls still have my keys and we can't just leave your stuff here!"

Without panic or elation muddling her thoughts Senko knew now was the time to try and figure out how to deal with those three. She was still apprehensive about confronting them though. The landlady on the other hand didn't seem to have the same problem:

"I say we bag this all up, march down there and I tell them what they're in for! I won't let them get the drop on me again. Once they realize who I am they'll be quick to grovel for mercy." She had that smug mischievous grin back on her face. "What do you think? How unforgiving should we be?"

Senko blinked in amazement. She'd never thought of herself as a malicious person, but surely she couldn't just let those three get away with all this. They had to be punished somehow, but how?

The two of them were still pondering their next move while stuffing her damp clothes in trashbags they'd found under the kitchen sink when they heard the door open and the voices of young women chattering and laughing amongst themselves.

The landlady dropped the bag she'd been stuffing, grabbed Senko's hand and ran out into the living room of the apartment, pointing her finger accusingly at the three girls, who looked absolutely shocked.

"How did you--"

The landlady wasn't going to let herself go unheard this time: "YOU THREE! Ako! Kuko! Mako! Yeah, I know your names, just like I knew which apartment you live in! I should! I'm the damn management around here!" She put her hands on her hips and puffed out her chest, which might have seemed silly for the shortest person in the room to do while wearing only a wet T-shirt, but somehow her renewed vigor and loud voice made it work. "I dunno how you didn't remember me from when you moved in, but you'll sure as hell remember me now won'tcha? I don't take theft lightly! Bullying neither! I'll make you repent for what you've put us through or so help me I'll kick you out on the street! And that's before I get the cops involved!"

Two of the girls looked to their blonde leader for appeal, but she was as pale and wide-eyed as the others. She searched for a response but the landlady continued.

"And don't even think about using our public indecency against us! Your word against mine works both ways, you know! Assault! Sexual assault even! Once we explain what you did, they might have a good laugh at our expense, but you'll be the ones in the slammer!"

Senko's face grew hot again at the thought of explaining all this to police officers. She couldn't admit to her nakedness before running into the girls, but even describing what they'd done to the landlady, and how they'd had to run around naked afterward... to tell all that to the police... It might have been a good thing her clothes were already damp. Her idle thoughts were interrupted

by the landlady grabbing her hand again and pulling her forward.

"Senko may be a gentle soul, but she won't just let this slide either, will you?"

"Uh, n-no!" Senko stuttered, then she tried her best to look angry: "I was lazy about my laundry and maybe that makes this all my fault, but what you did about it was... was..." Senko blushed, remembering all her mixed feelings about the entire ordeal.

"What she means to say is that what you did was unforgivable!"

The landlady crossed her arms and finally allowed the three girls a reply. All three of them threw themselves to the floor, prostrating themselves before Senko and the landlady.

"Please don't evict us!" pleaded the blonde girl, "We're sorry! Please, what can we do to make it up to both of you?"

"We'll do anything!" piped up one of the other girls.

"We'll, uh, do your laundry for the whole next semester!" said the third. The other two winced and the landlady smirked. It wasn't a good subject to bring up right that moment.

"What we mean is, we'll do whatever it takes," said the blonde, "to put this all behind us." She looked up and smiled awkwardly.

The smile that blossomed across the landlady's face was much, much more devious. "Whatever it takes, eh?"

The three girls sat up and looked at each other worriedly. "Y-yeah..."

"Good! First of all, my keys." The blonde held out her hand and the landlady snatched her keys back. "Okay. Now ... strip."

"What!?" The blonde instinctively crossed her arms over her chest, obviously embarrassed at the prospect of her own nudity. Ironic considering how close to naked she already was.

"You heard me. Strip. As in, you know, take off your clothes. Get naked. It shouldn't take much effort, not with how you three dress."

Reluctantly, the blonde slipped the straps of her top off her shoulders and pulled her arms free of them, and then slid the whole tank top down to her waist, freeing her pert breasts with a bounce. She hesitated a moment and then went ahead and pulled everything down at once--top, shorts, and panties--all of it landing in a single pile at her feet. Just like that she'd gone from clothed to naked in seconds. She stepped out of the clothes and by then her cohorts were just as naked, the bits of cloth they'd been wearing all fallen to the floor.

"You aren't gonna send us o-outside are you?" asked one of them fearfully.

"Oh, we're not THAT heartless," the landlady said. Then without warning she pulled Senko's oversized shirt off. Before any of them could react to her sudden nakedness she bent down and picked up the blonde's discarded shorts and shirt. A few moments later the landlady was dressed again. "Wow they fit pretty well. You airheads are so obsessed with buying clothes in sizes that should be too small for ya that they turn out to fit me perfectly!" She grinned and looked over at Senko. "I'm afraid it wouldn't work that well for you though, you'd be spilling out every which way if you tried to stuff yourself into anything these yahoos own. As for you three! Stand up!"

The three naked girls stood up straight, squirming restlessly and holding their hands over themselves as best as they could manage.

"Until the end of the weekend, none of you will be left with anything more than what you left Senko with when you stole her laundry. You will have precisely as much clothing as you left me when you stripped me and took my keys. And before any of you try to object rest assured you at least won't be locked out of your own apartment. So you'll have it easy, really. Consider it house arrest if you want."

House arrest enforced by their nudity. It would certainly be awkward for them at first but it really didn't seem like that much of a punishment to Senko. Still, she was content enough just to have her stuff back.

"Once the weekend is over you'll get your clothes back and we'll forget any of this ever happened. Does that sound fair?" The impish landlady crossed her arms against her chest with a smug look on her upturned face.

The three naked girls nodded so slightly it was hard to tell they'd responded at all.

"It's settled then! Okay, Senko... we're gonna need more trashbags."

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Senko set down the last of Ako, Kuko, and Mako's things. It had taken a while but they'd managed to re-laundry all of Senko's laundry and collect all of the trio's own clothes, linens, and towels before noon. They'd been piled up and hauled over to the landlady's apartment for safekeeping. A few residents of the complex must have wondered what were in the bags that Senko and the shorter woman were hefting here and there. None of them could have guessed it was all for the sake of leaving the three coeds with absolutely nothing to their names. The last Senko had seen, all three of them were red-faced and still holding themselves tight. They'd hunkered down in one of the bedrooms, afraid to get anywhere near their doors or windows as Senko and the landlady went about their task.

That last sight of them huddled naked and embarrassed got Senko thinking. "You know," she began to the landlady, "It's fitting that we leave them like that...a-and it's not like I want to be mean or anything but..."

"But it seems too easy?" asked the landlady, now wearing her own clothes again. Senko suspected she still wasn't wearing any underwear, but she couldn't allow herself to dwell on such things.

"Y-yeah, I mean... all they have to do is wait it out. It's not like they're trapped outside, like... like we--like we were..." It made her blush to think about any part of what had transpired that morning.

The landlady laughed. "You know, I really think deep down you enjoyed all that." Senko began to protest but the landlady shook her head as she put a finger to Senko's lips. "Never mind all that. As for those three, well, I was just trying to think of something more I could do for them... I mean, they'll be getting hungry right? They won't be able to go anywhere--not without getting arrested that is!--so I was thinking we better order them a pizza."

Senko regarded that a moment. "They just wouldn't answer the door."

"Yeah... I know."

The landlady walked Senko back to her apartment where stacks of clean, fresh laundry were waiting for her. It would be so satisfying to fill her dresser and closet with them. She wanted to say she'd never wait so long to do laundry ever again, but as thrilling as it had been at first...

"Hey." Once again, Senko's idle fantasizing had been dispelled by the pixie-woman's voice. "I dunno why but it just occurred to me."

"What?"

The landlady got that wry grin again. "I was just thinking that we haven't had a fire drill in forever. It's important to practice those sorts of safety things you know? I better go put up the 48-hour notice for it. See ya!" With those words and a knowing look she left Senko at her front door.

If she really posted the notice now, she could have the fire drill as soon as Sunday evening, Senko realized. It was devious but it would certainly make up for any embarrassment that was lacking in the trio's punishment. They'd either have to go through the drill naked or they'd hole up and get discovered by anyone double-checking for stragglers or truants...either way the whole complex would have word of it and they'd never live it down. How embarrassing it'd be...but how exciting too.

Senko caught herself before her hand slipped too far down. Did she really not know any better after this morning? It seemed her landlady had her pegged: she did like the idea of public nudity, despite herself.

Senko finally decided she'd draw herself a nice long bath Sunday evening. She'd have to feign surprise when participating in the drill in nothing but a towel but with an audience the blush would definitely be genuine. To think she had been so timid when all this started out as a fantasy while standing in the laundry room, and here she was planning to put herself in a similar situation. Obviously the day's events had woken a boldness in her.

For Senko, laundry days would never be the same again.

===BAD ENDING===

Senko's heart sank. The bathtub, as well as the rest of the apartment, was completely devoid of any undried laundry. Or any laundry at all for that matter. It seems that the three girls had waited as long as possible to do their laundry as well. It struck Senko as a tad hypocritical, but she didn't have time for righteous indignation.

Their search of the apartment hadn't turned up so much as a hand towel when they heard someone at the door. Female voices, and it sounded like they were arguing. Empty-handed, Senko and the landlady scrambled for somewhere to hide. Senko's first thought was a closet, but that could very well be where the girls would go with any finished laundry they had! She looked around and spotted their best hope: the door to the balcony.

Senko grabbed her companion's wrist and ran to the sliding glass door. She yanked open the door but it only opened partway and seemed stuck. Senko thought she could still squeeze through. She shoved the landlady out before her, just in case. The landlady slipped through the opening easily, her petite frame serving her well in this instance, but Senko felt the edge of the door dig into her breast when she tried to pass sideways through the opening.

The voices outside were still arguing. Senko made another attempt to squeeze through and one breast popped free to the outside with an embarrassingly audible plop. The landlady by this point had turned to try and help pull Senko through. With a warm hand she eased Senko's other breast through the door. It had involved some pressing and Senko's mind dwelled on how it felt to have her bosom fondled and squeezed.

This wasn't the time for that! She didn't want to be caught with her butt sticking out towards the three coeds when they walked in the door, so with one

last effort Senko made it through the door and onto the small balcony, the landlady sliding the door shut behind them.

The two of them sidled over to the side of the balcony obscured by the curtains pulled halfway across the breadth of the sliding door just in time for the door to the apartment to finally open. The three girls were still arguing and even through the sliding glass door Senko could make out part of their conversation:

"...taking this too far."

"Weren't we gonna give it back?"

"We'll give the keys back sure, later. As for the rest they'll just have to figure something out."

"I'm sure she'll work something out. She still has her little friend."

"What if it was both their stuff?"

"No way, none of that stuff was for that little shrimp. She'll be fine, let her worry about boobzilla."

Boob--boobzilla!? Senko was tall, sure, and busty, and the landlady was quite short, but those names were rather unflattering. What worried her more though, was the growing suspicion that they'd done something more permanent than just hide her laundry...

"I just dunno. Teaching her a lesson was one thing but the dumpster? Isn't it trash day?"

"Precisely."

The idea that they felt like they needed to teach HER a lesson took Senko aback so much so that it took a moment to realize what else they'd just said. Trash day. They'd tossed every stitch she owned into the dumpster on trash day!

The landlady heard what they'd said too. She held Senko's hand and gave it a squeeze. "We'll get it all back," she whispered.

"By digging through the trash n-naked."

The landlady blushed and nodded. "So do you wanna try and barrel past 'em or--"

Senko shook her head vigorously, sending her breasts shaking as well. She was afraid of what the trio would do if the two of them revealed themselves. There was no indication they'd returned with any laundry so they'd be going back down soon. After what they'd done to Senko they wouldn't dare leave their own clothes unattended for long.

So the two of them huddled naked on the balcony. Anyone walking past the apartment complex on that side might have been able to look up and tell someone was up there but Senko was fairly sure they wouldn't be able to see enough to tell it was two naked women.

Then an absurd thought shot through her head: a mental image of her standing up and leaning over the balcony completely naked to yell and wave at a passing pedestrian, her breasts bouncing in the morning air as whoever was down below had a comically copious nosebleed. It was so embarrassing but the thrill of such an action was still enticing to her. It wouldn't even be from her own apartment so it was practically like being anonymous as long as it wasn't a neighbor who saw...

"What the heck are you thinking of?" asked the landlady, staring at Senko's bright red face and her hands crossed over her chest. Senko realized she was

breathing hard, her nipples so hard they might have been able to cut a hole in the glass door beside them.

"N-nothing." Senko lied. The landlady just stared at her, the end of her mouth hinting at the same kind of wry grin she'd worn perpetually back when she'd been dressed. Senko couldn't stand it any longer: "Okay...I confess." Senko paused, still hesitant to own up to her fantasies. Somehow though, admitting them to this pixie woman didn't feel quite so bad as it might have if she were anyone else. "Despite everything...all of this...is just...it just, uh..."

"It gets your motor running?" offered the landlady. Senko nodded. "I g-guess you could put it that way."

The landlady chuckled. "I can see how the risk and the excitement go hand-in-hand I suppose, but actually being seen this way..." She squirmed and got quiet again, her own blush growing as deep as Senko's. "I guess I just don't have as much to be proud of as you do."

Senko wanted to reassure her companion that she was plenty cute, that she was like a little doll, but it was far too embarrassing to say out loud. Instead Senko just smiled.

They heard the door open and shut again and the chattering ceased. After straining to listen for a few moments Senko finally ventured a glance through the part of the door unobscured by any curtain. They were gone again, likely back to their laundry.

"Now's our chance!"

The two of them opened the sliding door as far as it would give and squeezed back through. Senko lead the way once more, hand-in-hand with her tiny landlady. It had been long enough that the three girls were nowhere to be found when they looked around outside. They continued to creep along cautiously until Senko heard the rumbling of a large truck. Trash day!

Hurriedly they snuck back down the stairs to the ground level and hurried to the back where the dumpsters would be. Senko had given up on stealth and she'd given up on modesty. Anyone walking around would have seen everything as she zipped by, her long hair trailing behind her and one arm reaching back to hold onto the landlady's hand as they dashed to the back of the complex.

They rounded the corner just in time to see the garbage truck lifting the dumpster into the air, spilling its contents into the back with all the rest of the trash. Senko could see flashes of brilliantly clean fabric amongst the bags tumbling into the back of the truck.

Senko and the landlady just stood there in shock as the truck put the dumpster back down and rumbled down the alley away from them towards its next stop. Every last bit of clothing Senko owned was getting farther and farther away until it turned a corner out of sight...

A breeze picked up slightly, scattering Senko's long straight dark hair billowing to the side, the cool air passing over her most sensitive areas, keeping her keenly aware of her nakedness.

Senko wasn't just without clothes, she no longer owned any clothes. Even if she got her apartment unlocked, she'd have nothing to wear, nothing to cover up with. Part of her mind was running through her options, part of her mind was marvelling at how much it would cost to replace her entire wardrobe, but more than anything else she was caught up in the feeling of being truly stranded without a stitch to her name. Her knees buckled and the hand she kept pressed between her thighs threatened to start a rhythm.

"It's a good thing you're enjoying this...it might be a while before either of

us can get dressed." The landlady held her own hands firmly over her petite figure, just as helpless as Senko--until she got her keys back, that is. She at least would have clothes to return to. The best Senko could hope for would be something like a towel or robe from the landlady, even if it were actual clothing any of it would be pitifully inadequate to cover Senko's statuesque frame. She could see herself now, clutching a towel closed, barely able to contain all her intimate areas at once under a single rectangle of cloth.

Senko had both hands between her legs now, leaving her breasts fully exposed and quivering as she shivered and squirmed from either her embarrassment or her arousal--it was hard to say which. Anyone who saw her now would think of her as a pervert for sure. She was dangerously close to not caring anymore. To think, all of this came from her little moment of weakness in the laundry room.

For Senko, laundry days would never be the same again.