

Tenko sighed as she set the last box down on a stack ready to be loaded when the moving truck arrived. She fanned herself by pulling at the front of her shirt, showing more of her already very visible cleavage. She wiped her fingers across the back of her bare neck. She'd pinned up her hair to keep it out of the way while she worked. Outside the sky was overcast and heavy, but Tenko wasn't sure if opening a window would help make her house less uncomfortable. She shouldn't be opening any windows anyway so close to leaving the place for good. She did regret being so quick to shut off the air-conditioning though.

A quick bath, she thought to herself, I wouldn't want anyone to see me all sweaty like this. Not the movers, and not her neighbors at her new place--what kind of first impression would that be? She didn't have a watch on nor her phone handy, and all her clocks had been unplugged and packed away, but Tenko was certain she had ample time to wash and put on fresh clothes. She began to draw the bath and stepped over to what had been her bedroom.

Tenko stripped off her shirt and jeans. The fabric sticking to her skin made it feel like she was peeling out of something much more salacious than her casual wear. It didn't help that the tank top and jeans were a bit tight on her to begin with. She hoped she hadn't gained weight, but she'd always had plenty of thigh anyway. It must have just been the stickiness.

Her bra and panties were worse, they felt quite damp. As she undid her bra she felt the weight of her breasts settle against her chest and when she bent over to lower her panties down her legs they hung down and swayed. Tenko was far from unhappy about how full-figured she was but she could never help feeling a little absurd at how she wobbled about without support. She stepped out of her fallen panties, into a pair of slippers, and scooped up her sweaty clothing and dumped them unceremoniously in a box she'd used as a hamper the last couple days.

She should have done laundry yesterday so she wouldn't have needed to pack a box just for her dirty clothes. As busy as she'd been she just simply hadn't had the time. She closed the dirty clothes' box--another sight she didn't want to show off to strangers--and took a glance at other boxes she knew to be filled with the contents of her dresser and closet. She had nowhere to hang much in the bathroom anymore so she left those for the moment and went to soak.

She stepped into her bathtub and settled in, letting the water wash her tiredness away. She didn't want to doze off completely, but it sure was nice to have a relaxing break between the hectic activity of packing here and the equally hectic unpacking over there at her new place.

Tenko must have been more tired than she realized. She sat up, sloshing bathwater that sent trickles running down the side of the tub. Tenko was suddenly unsure of how long she'd been in the bath. If she took too long she'd have no time to dress before the movers arrived. She pulled the drain and reached up groping for a towel. Nothing. Tenko looked up to see a lone handtowel sitting next to the sink, but that was it, no bath towels. She'd have to find where she'd packed those too.

Tenko opened the door, shivering at how nice the air felt against her skin now, raising goosebumps all up and down her bare arms and legs. She'd barely started to take a step out into the hall when she heard voices and noises of shifting boxes and a grunt of exertion. The movers were already here!

Panic began flooding in but Tenko calmed herself. The movers should be taking all the heavy furniture out of the living room and kitchen first. All she had to do was dash over to the room where all her most recent boxes had been packed, including her clothes. She didn't quite have her courage yet so Tenko dried off as best she could with the hand towel, the occasional muffled sound of the movers reaching her through the door. Once she thought the noises sounded awfully close but she told herself she was just being paranoid because she was so vulnerable.

If they see me like this... Tenko banished the doubts from her head and stood up straight, her breasts responding with one small jiggle and sending her embarrassing thoughts back in anew. She wanted to do this with some peace of mind, something to cover up with. But what? The slippers were only good for covering her feet and the hand towel wasn't going to be much help. Tenko pictured herself trying to hide her ample curves behind that absurdly small rag and it just made her apprehension worse.

Tenko looked down and spotted something she could actually use: the bath mat! It was somewhat translucent but it was wide enough and long enough that she could wrap it around herself...somewhat...and keep modest enough to get her across the hall. She picked it up and tucked one end under each arm. The mat was translucent enough that a small patch of dark brown was visible just above where her legs joined. It was also easy to make out two dark pink circles amidst the light olive-toned expanse of her chest pressed against the inside of the mat. To say nothing of the fact that her shoulders, back, and bare round butt would be in full view to anyone who got behind her. Tenko briefly experimented with trying to wrap the mat all the way around her from behind or to the side but it wasn't nearly as secure and threatened to pop open and reveal a lot more than her rear.

Tenko's heart raced as she stepped out into the hall. She was kept aware of her undress by the cool air all down her back and one last trickle of bathwater rolling down her thigh, but most of all the unfamiliar feeling of her skin pressing against plastic. Fortunately, the movers sounded even farther off now. They didn't sound too happy either. Perhaps they were trying to figure out how to get something into the truck outside.

Tenko reassured herself that she only had to endure the strange get-up for a few moments and made it over to the room where she'd piled the boxes of her clothes. She stepped through the open doorway into a completely empty room. She whirled around and poked her head outside to make sure she'd gone in the right room. This couldn't be happening...

She hopped over to the next room down the hall while holding her mat in place as best she could, thinking she must have misremembered in her flustered state, but unfortunately the spare room was as bare as her bedroom...as bare as her backside.

A new crash of noise from outside reminded Tenko of the men outside hefting all her worldly possessions into the back of a truck. With a sinking feeling Tenko realized that her only chance of getting into some clothes now was getting into that truck. The simple solution would be to announce her presence to the movers and get them to offload her things but she couldn't bear the thought of standing there with nothing but a flimsy sheet of plastic to cover herself--never mind having to endure them thinking of her as a woman who traipsed about her house in the nude. No, not nude...wearing slippers, just slippers and a rectangle of clear plastic. Somehow that made it worse.

I should have taken a shower instead, she thought. Then they would have known I was home and left my boxes of clothes alone, or it would have been quick enough that they wouldn't have arrived yet. But Tenko had taken a quiet bath instead. A quiet long bath, it seemed. Long enough that she'd found herself in a house devoid of clothing planning a way to streak into the back of a truck parked along a public street.

Blaming herself would get her nowhere so Tenko straightened back up in a show of resolve. Her nipples showed up a little clearer with the gesture, erasing some of the meager modesty offered by her plastic rectangle. She made sure the mat was still firmly in place and stepped carefully around to the front room of the house.

No one in sight, that was good. She leaned out further trying to get an idea

where the truck was through the open doorway of the front door. She could feel the flesh of her breasts pressed against the plastic that was in turn straining against the way it had been curved about her. It felt strange but not entirely unpleasant, but Tenko had no time to dwell on tactile sensations. She stepped cautiously towards the front door.

A noise from behind her made her leap what felt like a whole foot in the air and spin around, forgetting for a moment how she looked from the rear and letting one end of the mat pop out from beneath her right arm. She pinned the mat firm between her left elbow and her side and turned a quarter back towards the door. Had anyone been outside her front door, they would have had the strange sight of a rectangle of semi-translucent plastic hanging almost like some absurd censor mosaic between a woman's bare legs and shoulder. Had anyone been inside the house with her, well, there wouldn't be any censorship at all for them.

As Tenko stuffed the other end of the mat back into her right armpit she figured that the movers must be trying to get something out the sliding back door and around the side of the house that hadn't fit through the front. That was good, that would buy her some time and the more trouble they had the longer she had to find the boxes with her clothes.

It was now or never. Tenko padded down the driveway of her house in her slippers and her bath mat hoping none of her neighbors would pick that moment to come over and give their farewells. It was unlikely, considering how dreary the day seemed. She put all thoughts of neighbors and dreariness out of her mind and stepped out into the street behind the movers' truck, its rear door open and the ramp down.

Unfortunately, it was a motorized ramp that worked up and down while staying level and was certain to make lots of noise while doing so. Tenko would have to step herself up into the back of the truck and to have the mobility to do so she'd need to remove her precious cover.

Tenko reluctantly leaned the mat up inside against the truck wall and raised a leg high, grabbing an edge to steady herself. She leaned forward as she stepped up inside the truck and couldn't help but notice how her breasts hung without the restraint of the plastic. Soon, she thought, soon I'll be wearing clothes and even if I have to remain braless at least I won't be jiggling about in the open air or hanging my butt out the back of a movers' truck.

As Tenko heaved herself into the back of the truck she wondered which boxes could be her clothes. I should have labeled them all, Tenko thought to herself. She hadn't much cared before, she was carefree enough that she wouldn't mind unpacking whatever happened to be in the nearest box one box at a time, but now she wished she had been more organized.

After a moment spent scanning the truck's contents, Tenko was sure she recognized the box she'd put her shirts in, but it held cups and bowls and plastic tubs instead. None of those would be any better than the bath mat, though the mental image of a tupperware bikini was quite amusing at least. That would be even harder to explain than nothing at all.

The box below had more kitchen stuff, so Tenko moved to the other side of the truck and tried a box there. A couple throw pillows lay on the top of the contents of a large box, could she have put some clothes in this one?

Tenko reached her hand down into the box and certainly felt something soft and cloth-like but before she could pull it out from beneath the pillows she heard the movers' voices again, a lot closer now. Tenko panicked and hopped out of the truck and around to the side of the truck facing the street. She was so concerned in hiding from the movers that she didn't think about how exposed she'd be in the street, but that wasn't the worst part. The worst part was that the only cover she'd had since her bath was still sitting in the truck.

She had been worried about shuffling down her driveway in a bath mat and now here she was stark naked in the street! Both of her hands darted between her legs, her breasts spilling out from between her arms. Shifting her shoulders forward and her arms in only made her breasts spill sideways instead, her nipples peeking out from just beside her elbows. It didn't matter, whether her arms could cover her or not naked was naked and anyone who saw her would be able to immediately see that she wasn't wearing a stitch. She had to move.

Tenko headed around the front of the truck as the movers moved around to the back. They were so focused on hefting something up without using the ramp that she might have been able to dance around behind them without catching their eye. Instead, Tenko hurried back up to her door and hopped inside hoping the movers hadn't noticed the scuffling of her slippers on pavement.

Tenko surveyed her remaining options for finding something to wear. There were still some boxes left in the house, but none of them looked likely for providing something for cover. There was also quite a bit of furniture left behind too. What kind of movers packed all the boxes into their vehicle before the furniture?

The first thing Tenko did was let down the lazy curls of her dark brown hair so that at least it could fall to cover some part of her backside. Also, the pins would have proven handy in putting together a skirt or wrap from a big enough piece of fabric, but that required there to be anything that could be called fabric still left in the house. That didn't seem likely, and so the pins were probably useless to her now.

Tenko was trying out hugging a sofa cushion against her chest when she heard the slam of the moving truck's door. A dozen footsteps later one of the movers was at the front door, but by then Tenko had hid back in the hall--it sure felt like square one to her. Worse, since she had replaced her mat with an ungainly sofa cushion. Was there a square zero? Or a square -1?

Tenko expected the movers to try and wrestle more furniture through the dining room and out the back door. After a tortuous couple of minutes of fearing one of them finding her, all she heard was the front door slam shut. She was still deciding if that meant it was safe to venture back to the front of the house when she heard the motor start. By the time Tenko let the cushion fall to the floor and bounded to the front door peephole the truck was on its way down the street.

She was finally alone again but unfortunately every piece of clothing she owned was in the back of a truck rolling further and further away with every heartbeat. The air against her skin felt colder than ever as it sank in that she was standing around absolutely naked with absolutely no way of getting dressed.

Tenko tried to calm herself down and think things through. There were only two plans that made sense: either Tenko could wait for the second team of movers to arrive, or she could go on foot to where her clothes would be shortly--her new house. She recited the address to herself as if it were some sort of magic spell as she searched for something, anything, she could use to maintain some iota of modesty on the street. Part of her was telling her how absurd it was to be concerned with a couple men seeing her naked while entertaining a plan that could very well result in the entire neighborhood seeing her naked. "That's already happened once," Tenko muttered to herself, "I should have just told those two while I still had the chance but no-o-oh I had to try and get some of my clothes back myself and wound up completely naked in the street!"

Tenko kicked a box and sent it flying across the room, apparently empty. Tenko considered it a moment and tried something. She undid the tape at the bottom of the box and then unfolded the flaps and slipped the entire box over her head and around her body. It certainly hid everything worth hiding. As long as the flaps were more or less straight, Tenko was covered from her collarbone to just

above her knees. She felt like the old cartoon character in a barrel with suspenders and couldn't shake the unease of there being so much empty space around her between her bare skin and the sides of the box. Even if she flattened it against herself there were huge gaps of empty space to her sides. Any which way she arranged the box the simple fact remained that anyone taller than a child would be able to see anything they wanted just by getting within a few feet of her. Besides, she had to hold it in place with both of her hands. Any slip or slack in her grip and the box would fall to the ground. It just wasn't good enough.

She awkwardly raised the large box up over her head, bent over to slide it off and tossed it away. She just managed to avoid stepping on another empty box, much smaller than the first. If the empty space and holding it in place was the problem with using a box, perhaps all Tenko needed was something with a tighter fit. She undid the tape on this box as well and stepped into it. She had to struggle a bit to inch the box up her thighs, hopping and squirming to get it up around her hips, her breasts hopping and squirming with the rest of her. Finally she managed to get the box snug around her waist. It didn't cover nearly as much: the bottom edge of box's flaps only covered half of her thighs, if that much, while the topside flaps of the box were flat against her belly, not even reaching to the bottom of her breasts, barely even covering her navel. She could inch it back down to cover more thigh... but then anything pushing down the top flaps would reveal more than she was comfortable with, to say nothing of the spaces at the corners between the flaps revealing tantalizing glimpses of her hips. Tenko left the box where it was.

It was an odd looking skirt--a short skirt at that--but it would serve as at least part of an outfit. Now all Tenko needed was something that she could use as a top... Her eyes fell on another empty box a bit smaller than her "skirt," about the size of a shoebox. If Tenko had had trouble wiggling her butt into the last box, she had no hope at all of squeezing this one about her chest. The very best she could hope for in trying to slip that box on would be some hilarious hobo version of Elizabethan fashion, a cardboard corset forcing her breasts up and out. Walking down the street with a jiggling shelf of cleavage on the verge of bursting free did not appeal to Tenko, but perhaps there was a way to use the box after all.

Tenko patched together the discarded lengths of tape and used them to tie this third box to her chest. She didn't break the bottom apart of this box, instead she simply turned the open face of the box toward her and pushed the box against her chest. She could feel the flesh of her breasts fill the box until her nipples brushed the bottom. The bulk of her filled the rim of the box nearly enough that she might have even been able to hold the box on through sheer friction. As if her outfit, such as it was, were not absurd enough already.

It was fortunate the box was as snug as it was. Tenko hadn't taken three steps before the tape already fell apart. Tenko let the scraps of tape be and resigned herself to holding the box in place over her chest. It could likely stay on fairly well without it, but with the jostling movements of walking it could very well fall off if left alone. She thought it best to keep a hand on it.

Tenko was as dressed as she was like to get in a house with little in it besides furniture and boxes of knick-knacks. Tenko slipped her trusty slippers back on and began gathering her courage again to brave the outdoors with nothing but corrugated paper preserving her modesty.

She switched hands on holding her top in place and idly brushed back her hair. Besides the obviousness that her garments were just boxes, at least her bare back would be somewhat hidden by her hair. Maybe it wouldn't be so immediately evident that her torso was only covered on one side. The way the "skirt" box only came partway down her thigh made her feel slutty--even if someone had poor enough vision to think she was actually clothed they would still think her skirt much too short to be considered decent. Her cheeks wouldn't be hanging out of

it, thankfully, but she would have to be careful and under no circumstances try to sit down or bend over.

Tenko was ready, she had to be ready, she had no choice but to be ready. It was either this or wait to spend some quality time with strangers in her house wearing only a couple pieces of corrugated paper. This. Definitely this.

She strode out the door into the gloom of the overcast day. The gray sky didn't make it dark per se, but dim and oppressive enough that hopefully people would remain indoors while she made her trek down the street. Her new home wasn't too far to get to by foot from her old one, but it was still going to be a long walk made even longer by her paranoia that each shuttered window or closed door was about to swing open at any moment.

Tenko had made it two blocks so far without a single car on the road nor so much as a stray cat to bear witness to her walk of shame. It was a long way to go yet, but as long as she kept putting one foot in front of the other and didn't draw too much attention to herself, she'd be just fine!

...or would have been, except that a big fat raindrop landed right on the upward-facing surface of her breast-box. Tenko's eyes widened to twice their size and she felt her skin tingle from head to toe. "No," she pleaded to no one in particular. "No, no, no, no...not this...not now."

As if to spite her, as if to play contrarian to her words the sky chose that precise moment to split open and drop a sheet of water down on the city. The downpour was as sudden as it was copious. There was no wind to drive it into her face, nor was it cold enough to make the rain hit like needles, but all rain had to be was wet to ruin her paper costume.

Tenko's first instinct was to pick up the pace. Perhaps she could take refuge under some sort of bus stop or corner store...and what? Wait around all but naked on the street? Spending time you can't afford risking to be found by some chance pedestrian also seeking shelter? Tenko tried to banish her doubts, but they poured in as quickly as the raindrops. She could already feel the corrugated paper slack and soften beneath her touch. With each stride her hips and thighs warped her "skirt" a little further towards disaster. The box held firmly to her chest would become just as useless if it broke apart; holding a flat tatter against her breasts was just about as good as being topless.

She realized that unless she hid somewhere quickly it wasn't going to be long before she was naked in the street again, and this time without a truck or house to hide in. What was close? What was safe? She needed to be dry but she also needed to be hidden from prying eyes. Any store or open-faced structure such as a bus stop was out of the question. The only place she could think of was, of course, her old house. Square zero.

Tenko turned on her heel and quickened her pace to the fastest walk she could manage. She had only gone two blocks, well, three by the time she'd made up her mind. Three blocks and she'd be back to safety. The rain soaked her hair. She had planned for its volume and curls to help shield her nudity and her face from view but when drenched her hair flattened and seemed to shrink until she felt more vulnerable than she had when it was pinned up.

The boxes were thoroughly soaked now. She could feel her "top" collapsing beneath her fingers, one finger poking through the wet paper, then another tear forming from her grip, and another. Then it broke open and she felt a single distinct rain drop hit her nipple. Her breast was bared to the rain, it was bared to the world.

That sent Tenko into a run, and the moment she leapt into her sprint her skirt tore entirely at two corners at once and only her quick reflexes kept some small piece of it shielding her mound and hair from view. The top box was in even worse shape, one hand still clutched its remnants to her chest but they only

covered the one breast and even then it wasn't long before the top of her areola was peeking out over the edge of the disintegrating paper. Her bare breast bounced with every running stride, unable to be helped since she now required her other hand to hold what used to be the "skirt" in place.

If there was anyone on the street, Tenko sure didn't notice them. She was too flustered, too panicked to care, all she knew was she had to get home. Then there were the noises of a car from behind, startling Tenko. How long had it been able to see her? Had the driver been watching her naked backside run down the street? Those worries fled her mind when the car passed by and kicked up water that hit her right thigh, the side with the hand that still clutched what used to be a box to her chest. When her right arm went up and her hand splayed out in an involuntary reaction to the chill of the water, the last of her "top" went into the flooding gutter. All that remained now was the single, shrinking scrap of paper between her legs. It may as well be just her hand hiding her now for all the good the scrap did her.

Tenko was nearly home and in her last burst to sprint down the home stretch she flung aside the last of her "skirt" and ran totally naked up her driveway and back into her old house. Only when she yanked open the front door and hit the foyer did it register to Tenko that at some point in her flight she had lost her slippers, probably rotting in a puddle by now. She was lucky she hadn't stepped on any rocks. Whatever. At least she was finally safe from view and could finally try to dry off. Now the only problem left was, well, the original problem: her utter lack of clothes. She was worse off than ever in that regard. No bath mat, no box-skirt, no slippers. Forget Square -1, she wasn't even on the board. Tenko's playing piece was still in the game box.

Tenko was on the verge of tears, her resolve had wilted and she was ready to just lay there and let the next resident of this house discover that it came with a nude woman as part of the amenities. The tile felt cool against her skin and some small voice inside her insisted that if she stayed splayed out on the floor wet and naked she was going to catch a cold. It seemed like such a silly thing to worry about now, considering how unthinkable her situation had become. She could try to reach a neighbor, call the cops, call a friend--no matter how she found help it would come with an abundance of embarrassment. If by chance she wasn't arrested for her streaking she'd at the very least be remembered by the neighborhood as the naked girl in the street.

Tenko sat up and wiped her eyes. There was no way she'd just let it happen. She'd just have to cover up with whatever was left in her home, yet again, and beg the help of whoever--oh, right. Of course! The movers would have to come back for the rest of her stuff. She could swallow her shame, ride with them to her new house, and finally get dressed.

I should have done that in the first place, she thought, I should have just called out that I forgot to get out a towel and needed some assistance...would that really have been so embarrassing? It could not have been nearly as embarrassing as running naked through the rain. And the driver of that car must've seen her. The thought of it turned Tenko's face red and brought her hands to cover her nakedness despite being alone in the empty house.

It was only a few minutes later when Tenko heard a large vehicle pull up to her house. She was bent over a box filled with books and knick-knacks from her desk, thinking that with some fresh tape perhaps a second paper outfit would stay on better. It only had to last down her driveway if she was going to hitch a ride in the movers' truck.

The movers didn't even knock before turning the doorknob. Tenko stood up straight and grabbed the first object her hand could grab from the box of office supplies. She had just enough time to whip her hand in front of her crotch as the mover stepped into the doorway. The object she'd grabbed turned out to be a legal pad. More paper. Tenko wanted to scream. Instead she forced an uneasy smile onto her blushing face as the mover looked up and widened his eyes at the

sight of Tenko holding only a pad of ruled paper in front of her hips. Her breasts were plainly visible even as she fumbled to gather them beneath her free arm. She squirmed in her embarrassment: her legs mincing, her hips shifting her weight left then right then left again. The legal pad covered what mattered but plenty was visible to either side of the paper. There was an unobstructed view of her smooth olive skin from her waist down either thigh all the way down to the tips of her toes.

"H-hi..." she said, trying to sound anything but upset. Her mind flitted back to the big sofa cushion she'd left in the hall earlier or the large box she'd written off as useless, but it was too late to go get either of those now. The legal pad would have to do, she just had to hold onto it.

"Hello," the man replied plainly. Nobody followed him through the door. Was he alone? Or was his partner still opening the rear door of the truck? Tenko was still wondering, trying to peer around the guy to see if a co-worker was heading up the driveway when he cleared his throat. "Um... excuse me but..."

"Y-yes!?" Tenko squeaked.

The man glanced up and down Tenko's squirming form. "What happened to your clothes?"

I was in the bath and they all got packed up, put on a truck, and moved to my new house before half my furniture! What kind of priorities are those!?!--was what she wanted to yell, but her voice barely worked at all. "Th-the bath..."

The man's eyes narrowed in thought but he thankfully wasn't ogling her anymore. He kept his concentration on her face, as if trying to decide if she was crazy or just an airhead. Perhaps Tenko was a bit of both, but she wasn't going to just let the man judge her.

"I...I was taking a bath and your buddies j-just TOOK OFF with my entire wardrobe! They left all, all THIS behind!" Tenko gestured behind her with her free hand, acutely aware of how it exposed her to the man and that the wobble that proceeded across her chest would easily call attention to her naked breasts.

The guy shook his head, seemingly ignoring that Tenko had just flashed him. "Those guys didn't even check if anyone was home, I guess they thought I'd already been here to take you down the street." He paused to survey the pile of stuff yet to be moved. "I've been running late all day, sorry 'bout that. I don't know who they expected to come for this stuff if they thought I'd already been by, never mind how I'm gonna get some of this stuff on the truck on my own. Anyhow, I need to get to work."

What kind of mover would transport the homeowner before all her stuff? She should be the last thing leaving this house! Well, she would be, it was just cruel chance that had made her clothes the first thing to leave the house.

"Pouting won't help anything," the mover said. Tenko's expression must have betrayed her disapproval. "It's a crappy situation all around. Today's been... tough." He shook out his hat on the tile of the foyer, sending drops of water flying. At least Tenko looked just as likely to have come from a bath as she did to have come in from the downpour.

"C-could you take me to my new house?" she stammered. "I need my c-clothes."

The guy laughed a little, but not maliciously. "That's debatable." The nerve! "Ah, never mind that. I know you must be frantic. Where's your towel?"

Tenko couldn't reply to that except to blush even deeper.

"Okay... no robe?--you'd be wearing that if you had it around, I'm sure. Not

even any slippers? Hmm." He snapped his fingers. "I know, howabout your shower curtain?" Tenko shook her head. "Oh, glass door huh? Any towels at all?"

Tenko mumbled. "...ndtowel...too small..."

"Hmm. Howabout the bathroom mat?"

Tenko gave an exasperated sound and turned away from the guy, crouching behind the stack of boxes.

"You ought to have done that sooner," the guy said. "Is your shyness on a time-delay? Sorry, just a joke. Listen, let me pack this stuff up and you'll ride with me. Like I said, I'm running late, I don't really have time for all this."

"Wait!" Tenko stammered. "I should really, I should really get to my new house right now! As soon as possible! Please, I need... I need to..."

"Okay, okay, calm down, I'll drive you over." The man looked at his watch. "We should go now though. Else just wait until I've finished here."

"J-just let me find..." Tenko peeked into the open box of office supplies and books. The prospect of finding something better than a legal pad in there looked grim. Tenko wondered if there was a way to sit down wearing that larger box...

"Look, there's no time for you to go unpacking every box in here for who-knows-what. I'm already gonna be driving an empty truck up and down the town and putting off what needs to be done." Tenko knew something that she needed to do, get dressed. The man continued his urging: "Let's just go, the truck is just down at the curb. I'll go ahead an' make sure no one's around."

Tenko couldn't find any further protests, she really didn't want to go outside again in her state but her other option was waiting for this guy to load everything up and then most likely take her for a naked ride anyway. By then the weather might let up and people might be outside again. And there was rush hour to consider. Traffic would increase before long and it'd be well into the evening before it slowed back down. The guy sure wouldn't want to wait for that, he was sure to be done in time for rush hour. Besides, going now meant getting into some clothes that much quicker.

She nodded, her face still bright red. She stubbornly held onto the legal pad and gathered what she could of the pinkest parts of her breasts in her other hand. The guy's mouth twitched into what could be a smirk, but perhaps Tenko was just being hypersensitive. So far he'd been more interested in getting to work than taking advantage of a busty naked woman. She would remain alert though, just in case.

The man headed back out the door into the rain, looking left and right. "All clear," was all he said before he strode over to the truck and went around to the driver's side to start it up. Tenko ventured outside in nothing that could be called clothing yet again. "Third time's a charm," she whispered to herself.

The truck thrummed to life as Tenko opened the passenger door. She blushed a deep red all over again when she realized she'd have to set the notepad aside to step up into the cabin. Tenko was sick of all these trucks being such a hassle to get in. The guy saw her expression and must've at least realized why because he politely averted his gaze to adjust the sideview mirror. That mirror couldn't see her right now could it? Whatever! She had no choice, every second she stood there outside the truck was a second she spent naked in the rain. She reached up to set the legal pad up on the dashboard, painfully aware of the sway of her bosom as she strained to do so, and then stepped up into the cabin with her full frontal nudity facing the driver's side. If he turned his head...

She plopped down into the seat, closed the door, and immediately snatched the legal pad back and snapped it into her lap, her face bright red. He could have seen everything! The guy turned to face her and motioned to the seatbelt. "Buckle up," he said. Whatever restraint he'd shown so far disappeared when Tenko pulled the seatbelt across her chest and the strap of the seatbelt slipped into her cleavage, highlighting the volume of her bosom. That sure caught his attention.

"Please don't stare," she said in what she hoped were icy tones and not nervous ones.

The mover didn't offer any word of apology, but he did sit up straight and put his eyes firmly on the road as he put the truck into gear. The rain had lightened considerably, but the clouds still threatened to burst into a second torrent at any moment. Tenko sure wasn't going to tempt fate that way again.

The truck lurched forward and as the acceleration to residential speeds kicked in, Tenko realized the absurdity of what she was doing. Riding in a vehicle without any clothes in broad daylight--well, broad raincloud...whatever. She couldn't help imagining being stopped at a busy intersection like this, or worse, being pulled over or going through a drive-thru completely naked. Would this guy get arrested too or just her?

Her idle thoughts were to keep her from worrying too much about the man sitting beside her, but it wasn't entirely effective. After all, their bodies were only the width of a pair of cupholders apart. If he'd dared he could have reached out and touched any part of her. Tenko shivered. Whether he was driving the truck or not, if he tried anything funny he was going to pay for it.

The man glanced quickly over at his passenger a couple times then spoke up. "You're pouting again. I hope you're not too angry with me, I'm..." He fell silent.

"Y-you're what?" Tenko managed.

"I just... I just feel the daggers you're staring into me and it's a bit unfair you know?"

Tenko was feeling the blush intensify further, but in anger this time. "Oh really?"

"Look lady, I'm just a--you can only ask so much of me. You're the one bouncing all over the place hiding behind nothing but a pad of paper. I've got red blood flowing through my veins same as the next guy. What exactly were you DOING before I got there, anyway?" Before Tenko could stammer a reply the guy continued. "It wasn't a bath, at least not entirely."

He stopped at a light, though thankfully the intersection was empty, and that afforded him the time to look over at Tenko's expression. Whatever he saw there must've betrayed her and let him know that he was right, a lot more had happened than a bath.

"I'm starting to think you set yourself up for this without realizing what you were getting yourself into."

"E-excuse me!?"

"You may not admit it to me but I'm starting to think you must get some kicks out of all this."

"I do not! You're just a p-p-pervert!" She wanted to slap him so badly. How dare he!

"Then why were you running around naked in the rain then, hm?" The light

changed back and so the man had to put his eyes back on the road and proceed down the street.

How could he seem so sure? Tenko wondered.

"Your feet," he continued as if to reply to her question. "You had no slippers, which isn't unusual if you'd been indoors the whole time, but your feet are filthy." He cast another glance in her direction. "And you were drenched, still wet from the bath? No, you had come back in from frolicking about in your birthday suit. But please, by all means, continue to accuse ME of perversion, Miss Public Nudity."

An awkward silence fell on the cabin. Tenko was still seething at the man's comments. He pulled off into her new neighborhood and she glanced nervously outside. He'd pull up close to the house right? Surely he wouldn't be so cruel as to stop short of her house and force her outside like this. Not even if he thought she was some kind of exhibitionist thrill-seeker. The bad first impression by being all sweaty and disheveled that Tenko had wanted to avoid would pale in comparison to the first impression she'd make by streaking the rest of the way to her new home.

"I..." Tenko began. The man stopped at a four-way stop and glanced over with a raised eyebrow. "I didn't choose this," she finished. The man continued through the intersection. "I might have made a mistake," she went on, struggling to keep her voice calm, "I probably should've gotten someone's attention as soon as I realized what happened, but I thought I could fix things without anyone seeing me. You got that? I didn't. WANT. ANYONE. to see me like this! I tried so hard to avoid--"

The man stopped the truck. No! Don't do it! Don't strand me here! She was about to lay into him all over again with a tirade but he put up his hand. "We're here," was all he said. There was another truck here too, the one from her house before. Sure enough, once there was silence in the cabin she could just make out what must have been cursing from within the house. It had to be them.

The guy sighed. His opinion of the other movers must not have been too great either. He turned to her but didn't remove his gaze from her eyes, though now she could see that he was blushing as well. How long had he been blushing? Had he been stealing more looks at her than she realized?

His gaze became unnerving. "Wh-what is it?" she demanded.

"I'm sorry," he said, "Maybe I was just projecting." What the hell did that mean?

"O-okay..." she offered. He opened the driver side door and slid out of the truck without any further comment. He came around to her side and opened her door for her. A chill swept across her bare skin. Just a few more moments of nakedness and she'd finally be able to get dressed. She swallowed and set the notepad aside to get down out of the truck.

"For what it's worth," he said as Tenko's feet met the cold, wet sidewalk, "You're quite the looker. Some guys might think--ah, well..." She couldn't afford to wait for this guy to try and backpedal his way into her good graces, not when she was standing on the sidewalk out in the open. "I--" she started.

The guy interrupted her with his outburst: "I know you said you're not, and I know how I sounded, but... if you are into this kind of thing..." The guy's blush grew deeper. "...I actually think it's pretty hot."

Tenko couldn't take it anymore. What was with the tsundere routine!? And to actually have a guy talk like that to her... Tenko suddenly felt dirty, like a bug was crawling down her arm. The guy no longer seemed aloof nor snarky nor

uppity, now he just seemed creepy. Wordlessly, Tenko pushed past the guy and ran for the door of her new house. The two goofs from earlier were still carrying on as they came around to the front themselves, but both of them fell into a stunned silence when they saw the flustered naked woman rushing past them, her hands barely keeping anything concealed.

Whatever the two saw they didn't have time to remark on it, and Tenko was done listening to anyone for the moment. All she wanted was to curl up into a ball and hide. Tenko stepped into her new house, mostly boxes and haphazard furniture at this point, and realized she still had no idea which boxes held her clothes. It didn't matter. She was at least under the same roof as her clothes now, all she wanted now was to get out of sight of those men.

Tenko hurried into what should be the master bedroom and closed and locked the door behind her. The room was as bare as she was. She laid down on the carpet and felt fatigue seeping in where her adrenaline high used to be. Maybe a nice soothing bath to keep the chill off...

That was the last thing Tenko remembered thinking before sitting upright with a start, once again having lost track of time. How long had it been? The gloom outside was now dark. It must be getting pretty late. Tenko rubbed her upper arms with her hands. The carpet was dry and soft but without any covering she felt chilly. She hoped she hadn't caught a cold while passed out naked.

The house outside her bedroom door was quiet. No noises of moving furniture, no idiots arguing about what goes where...no creep expressing his distaste...or his arousal. She shook her head and wondered if she should complain about him. She must have cooled off a bit because she found herself forgiving the guy. It ought to be flattery, of a sort, she supposed. Besides, he'd gotten her here, and whatever he'd said, he'd never even tried to lay a hand on her. There was that much common decency in him, at least.

She unlocked the door and stepped out into the empty house. She tensed up again, immediately sensing that something was wrong. She tiptoed out into the living room and saw no boxes, no stacked furniture. She peered into the dining room and kitchen and saw the same thing: nothing. None of her stuff was here! "No," she said, horrified, that single word seeming to resonate off every wall of the naked house.

In fact, the only things in the entire house beside herself that she could find were sitting on the kitchen counter: a smartphone and a single sheet from the legal pad she'd left in the guy's truck. She struggled to read it not only because of the dark but also because of the repeated attempts it took for the words to seem real:

"We tried to wake you, but you're dead to the world. Just stay put. These idiots screwed up big-time and got the address wrong. It's getting late. We couldn't let your things sit overnight in someone else's house. Couldn't find any of the boxes of clothes to leave with you. So just wait, we'll be back for you. I'll have them buy a robe or something you can use until we figure out where your clothes wound up. Use this phone for emergency. Make sure to answer the door when we get back, can't unlock it."

There were so many questions. How did they get into this house in the first place if it wasn't hers? How could she have let herself get so flustered that she didn't notice it was the wrong house? Why couldn't they have tried harder to wake her up? How could they possibly have lost her clothes? Where are they? Just how late is it anyway? How long have they been gone and when are they coming back? Had they already BEEN back? How was she supposed to use the phone without the password? Tenko had no answers as she stood in the empty kitchen, the cool tile beneath her feet, her olive skin pale in the moonlight coming in through the back door. Square Zero was far away, well down the street. Where she was now wasn't even the same board game.

She could answer one question though. Where was she exactly? She left the counter untouched and went to open the front door timidly. The address numbers should be nearby. They weren't on the wall beside the door on either side. They must be on the eaves, or on a post out front. She stepped forward into the cool night air, covering herself as best she could with her hands once again and hoping that the evening in this neighborhood was as quiet as the day had been in hers. She could see the rims of gold numbers peeking down from the lower edge of the eave. Tenko had to leave the doorway entirely to find an angle where she could read them.

Spending who knows how long in this empty house that wasn't even hers was a daunting prospect, but this would at least get her back on the board. Once she had an address she could at least dial emergency services for help, even on a locked phone she could do that much. Naked or not, this time she wouldn't ignore the easy answer even if it meant making that embarrassing first impression. She leaned over the porch railing to see the numbers, her breasts hanging over into the cool empty night beyond, a breeze billowing her long soft curls behind her. With this, she might even be able to say she was past square one.

Tenko gave up making board game metaphors when she heard the door slam and latch behind her.