

My High School Principal Is An Alien?? - by Imaginedslight

"Sensei! I have a question! Are all the teachers aliens, or is it just the principal?"

Mr. Honda tried to duck around Keiko, but she was too quick for him. Bobbing back and forth like a pugilist, her boyish frame shouldn't have been able to block the whole hallway, but it could and did.

He sighed.

"None of the teachers are aliens, Keiko," he said.

"So it's just the principal, then?" The purple-haired girl scribbled furiously into her notepad.

"If I see a headline in the school newspaper tomorrow that says the school principal is an alien, I am going to be very disappointed," said Mr. Honda.

"But you're refusing to officially deny it?"

"I am officially denying it."

"You can't hide the truth, sensei! I've dedicated my whole life to making contact with aliens! If you think a little stonewalling is going to stop me, you don't know Keiko Nakamura!"

"I'm afraid I do," said the teacher, finally spotting a gap in her defence and squeezing through. "See you tomorrow, Keiko." He scurried off, shoulders hunched against her torrent of questions. Keiko sighed and slumped against a locker, her notebook falling to the floor as the corridors emptied of students.

"I'm never going to get to meet an alien," she said.

"Ladies and gentlealiens, gleebs, bloons and snarflaxes all, we have traveled many thousands of lightyears to study the creatures and cultures of this strange and distant planet. Ever since we first received those alien transmissions, ever since our scientists decoded them, our whole galactic empire has been obsessed by the mysterious phenomenon the humans call "anime". What does it mean? Where does it come from? Is it, as some of our top xenologists believe, some kind of sacred text, or an form of art too beautiful and refined for our primitive minds to grasp? Or is it, as the skeptics would have it, mere nonsense? Today, we find out."

The Captain, who looked like a human except for the fact that he was exactly the colour of lime jello, flicked a switch. The silvery pearl of the Knowledge Sublime, one inch in diameter, emerged from the airvent directly above Keiko's head.

"Our test subject," he said to the crowd of multihued space creatures assembled on the bridge of the starship. "The creatures of this world, fortunately, are so much vaster than we that our ship should be able to move among them almost undetected, observing their behaviour without compromising it. Our tractor beams allow us to physically manipulate their world in a fashion one might almost call telekinetic. We intend today to resolve a mystery that has plagued our greatest minds for thousands of cycles. What is the meaning of the 'kyaaaaaaaa!'"

He tugged a lever. The bridge's viewscreen, which was displaying a broad view of the top of Keiko's head, went momentarily blank, and then flickered to life, showing a compilation of anime clips.

"Skirts blow up, pants fall off, bikinis come undone," he said. "And always the result is the same. 'Kyaaaaaaaaa!' The human female is divested of her outer coverings and makes this noise in response. Is it a battle-cry? A ritual chant? A scream of pleasure? We simply don't know."

With the touch of a pad he dismissed the anime clips. The screen flickered and returned to showing Keiko.

"Only by recording this perplexing event in its natural habitat," he said, "can we come close to understanding it. Assembled crewmembers, you have traveled with me thus far. Your loyalty is unquestionable. As such, I throw control of my tractor beams over to you. How should we commence our investigation?"

"I guess I'm just being silly," sighed Keiko, climbing to her feet. "Aliens must not be real after all."

She tucked her notebook away into her schoolbag and began to shuffle morosely down the corridors. "Those lights in the sky I saw the other night meant nothing. I'll have to cancel my subscription to UFO Weekly... delete my account on starshipotters.com... sell all my cameras, forfeit my journalistic integrity..."

The Knowledge Sublime executed a swan dive to floor level and followed her from below, weaving between the ankles of a cluster of boys who stepped aside to make room for her as she strode by, still muttering to herself. The Captain addressed his crew. "Remember, on no account must we disturb the subject by revealing our presence to her. She must at all costs be prevented from realizing that aliens exist!"

He prodded a button. "When we induce the "kyaa!" we must make it look like an accident. Like so."

Caught up in her self-deprecations, Keiko wasn't sure what she'd just stepped on, but it was definitely slippery, as if someone had spilt oil or a whole patch of ground had magically become frictionless. Her mouth opened and her limbs flailed as she toppled forward, landing on her hands and knees. She wasn't hurt, but she blushed as she realised how undignified she must look. Falling over on nothing!

She tensed, awaiting the boys' laughter from behind her, but there was nothing. Only a stunned, awkward silence.

Keiko snatched at her bottom as she realized what had happened. Her skirt had come up! And - her panties -

"Blue with white stripes," announced the Captain, as an image of the offending garment filled his viewscreen. "On display to all the boys. Note the haste with which she smooths the cloth over her backside, concealing herself from their sight. But where is the kyaa?"

Keiko sprung to her feet, face burning as she tugged her skirt, now feeling painfully short, down over her thighs. She didn't dare look at the boys. They'd looked at her panties! Those - those perverts!

She strode off, scowling. At least she'd been able to bite back a squeal of embarrassment. That would have made their day.

One thing was for sure, though. People didn't just trip and fall in the middle of corridors for no reason. Aliens were real! And they were trying to scare her off!

The boys watched, mouths agape, as a tiny silver sphere drifted after her, an inch from the floor.

"More information is needed," announced the Captain as Keiko hurried across the school grounds to her bicycle, ducking between loitering groups of teens. "We must continue the experiments. What is to be the next step?"

It was obvious what Keiko needed to do. She needed to plant a hidden camera in the principal's office and catch him changing into his alien form, live on tape. That would teach him to use his alien powers to make her fall over!

But where to get a hidden camera? That would be easy. Her friend Satsumi was always fooling about with electronic stuff, cameras and computers and old consoles and so on. I'll bike over to her house right now, Keiko decided, and get her to rig one up for me.

As she bent over to unlock her bike there was a faint tingling sensation from beneath her skirt. She barely noticed it.

"A mere scrap of cloth," pronounced the Captain, holding the striped garment aloft. "Yet the mystical power these "pan-tsu" hold over the Earthlings is almost inconceivable. Earth women must keep them hidden at all costs, yet wear atop them only flimsy curtains of easily-raised fabric. What devil's bargain is this?"

"Out of my way!" yelled Keiko, tearing past Mr. Honda as he slouched behind his newspaper at the bus stop. "I've got creatures from another world to catch!" Her skirt flicked up behind her as she sped along the sidewalk. Mr. Honda averted his eyes politely and wondered if he'd really seen what he thought he'd just seen.

Men and women across town wondered the same thing as Keiko pedalled as fast as she could through the busy streets, narrowly avoiding a crash on more than on occasion. A passing postman eyed her up as she hopped off the bike in front of Satsumi's house and gave him a cross stare. As he turned away, embarrassed to have been caught peeking, she twisted around and tried to glimpse her own behind. Why was everyone looking at her? Did she have a kick-me sign on her back?

Her hands descended to her hips.

"Captain! Emergency!"

The First Science Officer slammed the Big Red Button. Klaxons wailed.

"The subject has noticed our theft! But we've not had time to calibrate the transporter beam!"

"Give me a full update," snapped the Captain.

"We have to replace the pan-tsu immediately, but the size modulator hasn't locked on properly. We have several choices."

Keiko ran one hand self-consciously across her behind. Had her panties always been drawn so tightly between her legs? She was suddenly aware of a pinching sensation in places she'd really rather not be pinched.

Glancing around to make sure no-one was looking, she quickly darted one hand up her skirt and tried to arrange her undergarments more comfortably, but to no avail. They were clinging to her bottom like a second skin, riding up behind and sharply delineating her curves. It was almost as if they'd... shrunk? Weird.

The front door of the house banged open. Keiko's hands flew to her sides. She tried not to look guilty.

"Keiko!" Satsumi's face split into a broad grin. The bubbly, curvaceous electronics geek was always happy to see her. "What are you doing here? Another hacking job?"

"No, the volleyball team weren't doing anything more conspiratorial with their email than trading ecchi manga," said Keiko, following her inside, still squirming slightly with the pressure of her panties. "A far cry from a secret Illuminati conspiracy to dominate the planet. I've got another project for you."

As they descended into the basement the Knowledge Sublime followed, making an almost inaudible humming noise. As they flopped onto the vast, comfortable couch across from the massive television beneath which hundreds of cords and different types of computer box lay tangled, it hovered beneath the workbench in the corner.

"Disaster!" cried the Second Science Officer, who, looking like a very small purple jellyfish, was an exact duplicate of the First Science Officer. "The subject has concealed herself from the public gaze! How now are we to elicit the kyaa?"

"Courage and persistence, comrade," said the Captain. "We must apply patience and ingenuity to this most pressing of matters. There are ways to elicit the kyaa, even when the subject is among the company of women. I now proceed to list some."

"Something very strange is going on."

Keiko waved her hands animatedly as she tried to describe her day. "I tripped on something that wasn't there! And people have been looking at me strangely all afternoon. It's the principal who's behind it, of course."

"Of course."

"So I need you to make me a hidden camera to hide in his office."

"Easily done. What technical specifications do you require?"

"What are my options?"

As Satsuki launched into a long, rambling explanation of the various types of hidden camera that you can get, Keiko wriggled uncomfortably in her seat, smoothing her skirt over her thighs. Had her panties been this tight all day? Was she only just noticing it now? She could hardly adjust her underwear in Satsuki's presence. Only thing to do was ignore it, though by now it was beginning to feel like a rope being drawn tight between her legs.

"...and that's it," finished the other girl. "Are you all right? You seem distracted."

"I'm fine." Keiko hadn't been able to concentrate on a word she'd said. "Um, I think the... really small one? Sounds good?"

Satsuki frowned. "What's going on?"

"It's okay, really." Keiko blushed. She was practically wearing a G-string by now! How indecent!

"Why do you keep fiddling with your skirt?"

"No reason."

The Captain twiddled a dial marked "Neural Excitron" to its lowest setting.

"Let me see that." Satsuki leant forward and, to Keiko's astonishment, flipped the front of her skirt up. The journalist gasped and pushed it back down, a little confused. Satsuki was a close friend, but not that close.

"What on earth are you wearing, girl?"

"It's nothing."

"I'll say it is. Have you got a boyfriend? Are you planning to show off for him?"

"Satsuki," stammered Keiko, her cheeks reddening, "have you ever heard of... shrinking underpants? Is that possible?"

"No," said Satsuki authoritatively.

"Not even as a joke? Or a mistake at the underpants factory?"

"I can say with quiet confidence that's it impossible."

"Then I think the aliens are doing weird stuff to me," said Keiko in a very small voice.

Satsuki's eyes gleamed. "Pervert aliens! Doesn't surprise me. That's what you see in all the manga." She leaped to her feet. "You have to get them off right away."

"Take my panties off?"

"What if the aliens have switched out your normal panties with magic panties," asked Satsuki, "that get smaller and smaller until the magic kicks in and poof! you're turned into a grasshopper? There's only one way to find out. Get them off and I'll examine them at my workbench."

She turned her back, not waiting for an answer.

With great reluctance, Keiko tugged the offending garment down over her ankles. They were so tight they got tangled around her shoes, and looked deeply lewd balled up in the palm of her hand. She handed them to Satsuki, who was stretching them out in a vice at her workbench in a jiffy. Neither of the girls noticed the Knowledge Sublime retreating with alacrity to a far corner of the room.

"Can I at least borrow some of your panties?"

"After I'm done with this," said Satsuki, sliding the material beneath a microscope. "Interesting. Very interesting."

"What is?"

"They're completely normal panties, except for the fact that they're way too small. If I had to guess, I'd say these aliens were using a shrink ray on you. But that's just a guess. I have no way of knowing, as shrink rays aren't real."

Keiko curled up into a little ball on the couch, making sure that there was no possible angle in the room from which one could see up her skirt. The aliens could be watching her from anywhere! She'd have no way of knowing!

"Okay," she said. "I'm not going to let a little thing like this stop me. First I'm

going to put on some different underwear, then I'm going to cycle back in to school and plant that camera, then I'm going to catch that perverted principal in the act and - eek!"

She jumped. Satsuki swiveled with such haste that one could almost surmise the Captain had turned the dial up another notch.

"What happened?"

"My - my bra!" Keiko reached behind to fumble for the straps, which seemed to elude her grasp somehow. "It just came undone for no reason!"

"Get it off."

"What?"

"Just because the panties weren't magic doesn't mean the bra isn't. We can't be too careful."

"Aren't you going to turn around?"

"Just slip it off under your shirt. I won't see anything."

She didn't, but Keiko couldn't help shivering just a little as she extracted her arms from the errant lingerie and tugged it off, leaving her small breasts unfettered. She couldn't help but feel that Satsuki was scrutinizing her every movement with a sort of mischievous glee.

"Hmm." Satsuki held the white cotton bra up to the light and peered into the cups. "Nothing abnormal here. No microchips or anything like that. The control device must be elsewhere in your uniform."

"...really?"

"There's no doubt about it. I'm going to need you to strip completely naked except for your shoes and socks."

Her face flaring red, Keiko darted off the couch and tried to position it between herself and an advancing Satsumi. "I'm not going to do that!"

"What's the problem? We're just girls here."

"I don't like the way you're looking at me!"

"Don't you want to catch aliens?" asked Satsumi, her mouth slightly parted in what was unmistakably lust. "Completely naked, and then I'm going to need to photographically document every inch of your body. For science, of course."

The situation was now clear to Keiko. Satsumi was an alien! She and the principal were in cahoots! There was clearly no reasoning with her. But - Keiko glanced back - there was a window on the wall behind her, coming out at ground level. With Satsumi between her and the stairs, it was her only escape route.

She sprang for it, and -

Keiko made it through the window in the nick of time, Satsumi just missing her ankle as she lunged across the couch. The journalist dashed around the side of the house and was on her bike before Satsumi could make it out the front door, pedalling frantically away down the road. Only one of her hands was on the

handlebars. The other was pinning her skirt down behind, trying to prevent it from flicking up the breeze. Her panties were still back there in the basement.

Keiko pressed her legs together and gulped, unaccustomed to the strange feeling of riding around sans undergarments. Her bra was gone, too, and the cool wind was flattening her shirt against her breasts, exposing the silhouette of her nipples. It wasn't obvious, she didn't think, or was it? No, nobody could possibly notice. Or could they? Of course not! She was still fully dressed! It was nothing like being naked in public at all. Just because she wasn't wearing underwear didn't mean she had to feel like she was standing completely nude and defenceless in front of hundreds of people. That would be crazy.

Anyway, if the aliens had gotten to Satsumi, that left her with only one option. She'd have to go and get the hidden camera herself.

The Otakuhabara district didn't house the biggest electronics flea market in the world, but it was close. With her short school uniform and her purple hair Keiko looked like a refugee from a cosplay convention, but she was far from alone in that regard. Even so, the looks she was drawing from some of the geeky guys manning the booths made her blush instinctively and fold her hands over her chest, although that just drew more attention to her. They couldn't tell, could they? That one gust of wind would expose her shame to all the world? Some of the other girls roaming the streets at night had been wearing next to nothing, aside from cat ears, of course. No, she was being completely modest, and that couple over there were giggling at something else, not at the silly little girl without her panties on. Where the hell did they keep those cameras?

"Splendid results so far," announced the Captain, "but the experiments must continue!"

Keiko puzzled over a display of miniature lenses and wondered if her bottom was peeking out from under her skirt. No she didn't. That was absolutely the last thing on her mind. She was quietly confident that her behind was decently obscured from view by her tartan skirt, which was definitely long enough, although it only came to mid-thigh, really. But long enough! Not worth worrying about.

Could she build her own hidden camera? Probably not. You'd have to have some sense of where all the wires went.

She bent over the table and blushed crimson as she felt the skirt ride up ever so slightly over her behind, standing quickly upright again and smoothing it down. She hadn't just exposed herself, had she? Of course not. And even if she had nobody could have seen her, though she hadn't, of course. She glanced over her shoulder. Three nerds deep in conversation about video games or something. They wouldn't be interested in her bottom, would they? No way they'd have seen anything. Really not worth squirming over the thought of it.

Had her skirt shrunk?

Her thighs rubbed together nervously. That would be impossible. Skirts didn't spontaneously shrink. Which was good, because it would be awful if she was standing around in this public place with her skirt getting smaller and smaller. She'd wind up completely exposed if that were the case! Lucky it wasn't happening, really.

A quick assessment of the amount of leg she was showing confirmed this. The gap between her thigh-high socks and her hemline was, she was quite certain, exactly the same as it had always been. Unless her socks had gotten higher, and that was just ridiculous. She sighed in what was definitely not relief and moved on to the next stall.

What did she know so far? Aliens were messing with her. They'd got to the principal, and even to Satsumi, replaced them with evil perverted doppelgangers or something. They knew she was onto them, and they were trying to scare her off by messing with her clothes. But she wasn't going to let them win! She'd show the whole world proof of their infiltration, see if she didn't! And she'd do it with her clothes on, too! Let's see. She'd go and plant the camera in the principal's office, and then she'd go home and get new panties, and then she'd stay after school the next day and get the footage and send it to the media. A flawless plan. It almost didn't matter that she'd had her underwear removed with a plan like that. Although she might have to spend most of the day avoiding Satsumi if she was going to be all weird and creepy.

She barely felt the unaccustomed breeze on her intimate parts as she took a cardboard box from the table and tried to puzzle out the poorly-translated Japanese.

Was this even a camera? On second thought, maybe it was a desk lamp. Keiko was forced to admit she'd really been relying on Satsumi to sort out the technical side of things. It seemed too big for spy work, but maybe there was a lot of extra packaging? She hefted the box in both arms and looked around for someone to ask a bunch of technical questions, not being very specific about what she needed the device for, of course.

And jumped as she felt the breeze play about the hem of her skirt.

Had she been spotted? Could the breeze have lifted it high enough to expose her shameful secret? Of course not. There was no way that could have happened. Her skirt wasn't that long, but she wouldn't have been willing to wear it if even the slightest gust revealed her panties, or lack thereof. It's not like it had shrunk in the last ten minutes. That was crazy talk.

She put the box back down, smoothed down her skirt, although to what end she wasn't sure, and lifted it back up. Okay. There was a cash register on a card table over there. The old man behind it would definitely help her out.

This time she got five steps in her most-very-definitely-not-smaller-than-it-used-to-be skirt before the air stirred between her legs and she distinctly felt just the tiniest fraction of the lower curve of her most delicate derriere be exposed for less than a heartbeat to the world.

She stopped dead. That was impossible, wasn't it? Of course it was. Her skirt wasn't short enough to do that and her mind was playing tricks on her. Being watched by aliens every moment of the day was enough to make you paranoid.

She took another step.

The three nerds at the next table over, deep in conversation about their favourite ecchi anime, swivelled their heads with the speed of a striking cobra at the telltale sound of a female squeal. A short, spunky, purple-haired girl with a boyish figure was frozen in a position of shock, her hands clasped to her bottom as if she'd been stung. A box of electronic equipment lay on the ground in front of her, clearly having just been dropped.

Keiko glanced back at them. Three pairs of otaku eyes looked away so swiftly that they couldn't help but draw attention to the fact. Keiko gulped. Had they seen? Her skirt had gone right up, she was sure of it! Did they know she was walking through the market with absolutely no underwear on whatsoever like the little pervert she was?

Or has she imagined the whole thing?

The old man behind the cash register gave her a disapproving glare. Keiko followed his eyes down to the box. She looked back up at the old man, a pleading expression in her eyes, but he simply scowled and went back to counting his money.

Keiko steeled herself and bent over to pick it up.

She could feel every eyeball in the marketplace glued to her behind as her skirt rode up just a millimetre, just the tiniest amount, baring a length of pale thigh and nothing else, please, oh, please, don't let those nerds see even the undercurve of my completely nude and pert little bottom...

And the worst possible thing happened.

It was like a miniature cyclone had materialized directly beneath Keiko for the express purpose of blowing her skirt straight up and showing all the boys not just an inch of skin, not just an embarrassing little peek at her behind, but for one glorious moment that the three otaku would remember forever the complete image of her naked bottom, framed by flying cloth and, by virtue of her bent-over position, pointed directly at them in the most explicit way any of them could have dreamed of. True, in one fluid moment she stood upright, clasped her hands to her skirt, shrieked in mortification and bolted, but the mental snapshot would last a lifetime.

Aboard the Knowledge Sublime there was a round of polite applause.

Heedless of the way her skirt flew around her legs, Keiko rushed from the market, face burning a brilliant crimson. Her naked bottom. Those boys had seen it. Her naked bottom. Oh my god. How could she ever look anyone in the eye ever again, knowing that strange boys had seen her naked bottom? People were laughing at her. She was sure of it. As she'd ran from the building she'd heard people laugh.

The first thing she had to do was to make sure this never happened ever ever again.

As luck would have it, the Otakuhabara district was also famous for its cosplay culture. She'd find a costume store. Buy some new underwear. Then she'd run back to the market, buy the first camera she saw and run on home where it was safe. Or maybe just go straight home, she wasn't totally sure. The important thing was the new underwear. Did costume stores sell underwear? Of course they did. She was thinking perfectly straight, and not at all panicking because she was walking around in public with a naked bottom.

She paused on the busy street corner, hesitating, and that was when..

What did she need? Keiko made a quick survey of the surrounding establishments. Maid cafes, manga stores, pachinko parlours, girls thronging in brightly coloured dresses - there! Across the street, a rack of frilly aprons marked at half-price indicated the presence of somewhere she could be a costume. She cursed under her breath as the light turned red and bounced on her toes impatiently, waiting to cross.

It felt altogether too strange, bouncing up and down with nothing on under her blouse, and she quickly stopped, clutching her hands to her chest to make sure no-one had noticed the movement of her small, high breasts. She didn't expect to touch bare skin, but that was what she felt. She gasped and looked down.

The top two buttons were missing from her blouse. Great. Just great. She'd never been one for cleavage, and now she was showing enough to get her into deep trouble with Mr. Honda. Her breasts might have been small, but they were beautifully formed and if she wiggled – she did so experimentally, her hands still folded primly over the V of exposed flesh – no, her nipples weren't quite going to pop out, but it was a close-run thing. And who knew how many more buttons would disappear? Did she want to run around Otakuhabara with her shirt hanging open and her breasts completely bare, earning stares from the boys, giggles from the girls and gawking from the tourists? Of course not. Her whole outfit was clearly compromised. There was no choice but to acquire a new one right away.

The light turned green. She jogged across the street, one hand holding her blouse closed, one hand clinging to her skirt. She still couldn't tell if it had gotten shorter or not, but she was no longer willing to rule out the possibility. A couple of young ladies in cat ears gave her the once-over as she trotted by and exchanged indecipherable but probably lewd comments. Keiko had to suppress a brief, horrifying image of tripping over and sending her clothes flying in every direction for all to see. With a deliberate effort she managed not to think of how many people had already seen her nude behind today.

Outside the costume shop she came to a halt and a horrifying realization.

She didn't have any money. She'd left her bag at Satsumi's house. If she wanted a costume, she'd have to steal it.

Keiko closed her eyes and whined to herself under her breath. She was a good girl! She'd never stolen so much as a candy bar! To be trapped into this situation, to have to become a criminal just in order to keep her dignity, to know that if she was caught she'd never be believed... it was simply too sordid! She couldn't do it! Keiko closed her eyes and whined to herself under her breath. She was a good girl! She'd never stolen so much as a candy bar! To be trapped into this situation, to have to become a criminal just in order to keep her dignity, to know that if she was caught she'd never be believed... it was simply too sordid! She couldn't do it!

But she had no choice.

She took a deep breath, closed her eyes and snatched the nearest costume that came to hand. She hadn't reckoned, however, with the clotheshanger firmly attaching it to the rack, and so when the whole thing toppled over and sent her sprawling in an array of spandex and lace she was caught entirely by surprise.

The middle-aged woman who ran the store came running out and halted, astonished, in the doorway, not prepared for the girl in the school uniform who lay befuddled on the street, her legs kicking in the air. Keiko, stunned, took a moment to realize that her legs were, in fact, kicking in the air, and what that implied about the state of her skirt.

"Kyaa!"

"A perfectly satisfying kyaa," said the Captain, as Keiko simultaneously struggled to free herself from the pile of clothes and to conceal her shame from the befuddled shopkeeper. "What joy! But our experiments are not yet complete. Now is the perfect time to examine the phenomenon within a variety of vestments."

Keiko sprang to her feet and snatched the nearest outfit, which seemed to fly into her hand almost telekinetically. She didn't have time to think about this, because she was too busy running as fast as she could. She had no opportunity to realize that it was...

It wasn't until she'd gotten safely away down a back alley and caught her breath that Keiko had a chance to look closely at the stolen costume and find out that it wasn't even a costume at all, really. It was nothing more than a vest. A basketball jersey, green, emblazoned with the number 32, of the mesh kind with innumerable little holes in it. It was pretty much transparent. Useless. Great.

It might serve as underwear, at least? It was about her size, and it was better than nothing. Swiftly she stripped off her blouse, blushing faintly as she did so, although there was no-one around to watch, and pulled the jersey on over her head. It was a couple of sizes too big and hung down around her waist like a dress, although not a very good one. Was it - was it longer than her skirt? That couldn't be right. She'd never go out in public in a dress this short, let alone a skirt. It would be mortifying.

Her small breasts weren't obvious through the mesh unless you paid any attention at all. Better put the blouse back on. She was about to do so when a middle-aged woman came charging round the corner, screaming about thieves and perverts.

Keiko bolted. In no time at all she was back out on the street, sprinting for all she was worth, just barely evading the clutches of the shopkeeper. Her blouse was still in one hand, and that arm was clutched across her chest as tightly as it could go. Keiko's face was crimson, and it went more crimson still when she realized exactly how much attention she was drawing. Was that - no, it couldn't be -

Yes, it was the nerds from before, standing outside a convenience store with their mouths open. One guy had dropped his box of shrimp crackers.

Keiko couldn't stop. She couldn't even slow down. She just had to run right by them, her other hand pressed against the back of her skirt to guard against any mysterious breeze that might choose this moment to come their way.

There! Up ahead! Her bike! Keiko leaped atop it in one swift movement, thanking her lucky stars she'd forgotten to lock it onto anything. The spare underwear plan was obviously a no-go. She'd be grateful to get home now with the rest of her clothes in one piece. All she had to do was to pedal down these crowded streets with her soft nipples peeping through the mesh of her jersey until she lost the shopkeeper, who was still trying to keep up for all she was worth, then find a safe place to don her blouse, ignore the peculiar sensation of the bike seat nestling between her naked thighs and proceed to the safety of home. Piece of cake! Not hideously embarrassing at all! And hopefully nothing else would go wrong along the way.

"This is fine," repeated Keiko to herself under her breath as she pedalled down the Otakuhabara streets. "This is fine. No-one even knows you're not wearing any underwear. Your breasts aren't bare in the slightest." It was true that the occasional head was turning in her direction, but what of it? They were probably just cycling enthusiasts admiring her form.

Still, it came as a tremendous relief to look behind her and find the shopkeeper no longer trailing furiously in her wake. The mesh jersey really did barely qualify as clothing, at least as far as cold wind was concerned, and it had to be acknowledged that her nipples weren't soft any more. Quite the opposite. She wasn't thinking about them at all, of course, but if she looked down she could glimpse them through the jersey, and if she could do it what was to stop anyone else? Did that cute boy go to her school? Was that a TV camera? It really wasn't a big deal.

This is far enough, she decided. I'll just stop on this corner and pull on my blouse. That seems reasonable. And then my nipples will be protected, and I won't have to think about them any more, and I can just enjoy the nice ride home, and oh

my God no.

She held the blouse up glumly. Not a single button remained to be seen.

She slipped it on anyway and pulled it tight over her chest. This was fine, right? For the moment, anyway. Until she had to get back on the bike, and then it would hang open in front, and the sight of a cycling schoolgirl in an open blouse and an incredibly tiny skirt would draw even more attention to her state of undress than if she was wearing only the vest. The ride home was going to be excruciating. Damn those aliens! Why couldn't they just leave her alone! When she finally caught the principal in the act she was going to make him pay so hard for this!

This was what she was thinking when something very strange in the corner of her eye caught her attention and she had to do a double-take to make sure.

The principal himself! Looking around to make sure he wasn't being followed, ducking into a tastefully concealed doorway on the side of a nondescript building! He hadn't seemed to see her, but... could this be his secret alien headquarters? Could she follow him in and catch him in the act?

She hesitated. This might be her one chance, but... she was barely wearing anything. What if this wasn't important? Worse, what if it was all a clever way to trick her into some even more embarrassing situation?

"No," she said aloud to herself, hugging her blouse tightly around her, "I'd better just go home. Unless of course it starts raining. That would be the only thing to get me to go in there."

There was a crackle of thunder and, with absolutely no warning, the heavens opened. The skies went from cloudless to torrential downpour in under a second. Lightning strobed in the distance and pedestrians ran for cover, laughing, screaming and shielding themselves with newspapers.

Keiko stood open-mouthed in the midst of it, unable to move. All she could think was "This isn't fair. This simply isn't fair." She was frozen, perfectly still with shock, water tousling her purple hair.

It wasn't just the rain. It was the fact that, at the exact moment of the downpour, the waistband of her skirt had given way and the whole garment had plummeted inelegantly to her ankles. Her skirt had fallen down. She was soaking wet, and her skirt had fallen down on a busy city street. And she wasn't wearing any underwear.

A couple of tourists were standing across the street from her. Slowly, Keiko raised her eyes to meet theirs. They were as frozen as she was, looking with astonishment at the exposure of her... her most private...

Keiko squealed loud enough to wake the dead.

Aboard the Knowledge Sublime there was the clink of alien champagne glasses.

Keiko grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it down, falling into a knock-kneed crouch and desperately trying to cover herself. With mounting horror she realized that her blouse was getting soaked through, outlining her breasts for anyone who cared to look. Yes, people were fleeing the streets, but some of them were fleeing considerably slower than they might have otherwise, and from the safety of bus stops and convenience stores men and women alike were pressing their faces against their glass to stare at the unlucky girl whose skirt had fallen off in the rain. She was covered in front by her hands but her blouse was riding up behind, exposing her pert little buttocks to anyone who might have happened to be standing there.

She had to get off the street.

Keiko turned and ran.

It wasn't until she was halfway to the door to the secret alien headquarters that she realized she'd left her skirt behind, and by then it was too late.

The door wasn't locked. Keiko trotted down a flight of nondescript stairs, then another one, paranoid the whole time in case somebody started coming up below her and got a glimpse of her from the most embarrassing possible angle. Her thigh-high socks were soaked through, and seemed almost to have expanded in the rain - they came right up to the hem of the basketball jersey, which hung down over her hips like a mostly see-through dress. Her blouse clung to her body like a second skin and was roughly as transparent as cellophane. Her nipples were clearly outlined to anyone who cared to look. If anyone came along now there'd be nowhere to hide.

She had to press on. There was nowhere else to go.

Something flared deep inside her. This was it, then. The final showdown. She was down, but not out, and her foe underestimated her at his alien peril. She was going to get those perverted space bastards once and for all! They'd see how it was to be exposed!

The door at the end of the staircase opened into a corridor lined with what appeared to be dressing rooms. Keiko tried a door or two, in case one contained either clothes or evidence of a secret alien conspiracy, but they were all locked. Only the end one opened, and it proved to be nothing more sinister than a broom closet. Keiko was standing before this broom closet, trying to figure out if it contained some sort of secret passageway, when footsteps came from behind her.

She muffled a squeal, nipped into the closet and slammed it shut. Quietly, though. Somebody was passing outside the door! They were talking to themselves - she couldn't hear what they were saying, but they didn't sound at all happy.

The footsteps stopped.

They were standing right outside the closet.

"How interesting," said the Captain to his fellows, taking advantage of the fact that the Knowledge Sublime was small enough to slip beneath the door and see what was on the other side of it. "Another girl, this one in some kind of frilly costume. I wonder what we should do about her?"

The door swung open. Both girls regarded each other in shock.

"I don't know why we haven't been switching people's outfits all day," said the Captain.

Keiko reacted first. She wasn't sure why she was suddenly wearing the other girl's uniform, an extremely short, frilly orange dress with an apron, puffy sleeves and a lace bonnet, but she'd definitely got the better of the deal. The other girl was much bustier, and the wet T-shirt/mesh jersey combination looked downright obscene on her. Not to mention the complete absence of pants. Only the long socks and the school shoes were even slightly more modest than the lacy white stockings and high heels Keiko now, inexplicably, had on.

She grabbed the other girl by the shoulders, pulled her in to the cupboard, stepped out and quickly slammed the door closed.

Muffled shrieks came from within. Keiko grabbed a chair that was standing conveniently nearby and braced it under the door handle, jamming it shut. This girl was obviously an agent of the aliens. Why else would she be wearing such a ridiculous costume? Hey, maybe with this on she could infiltrate their operation from the inside?

Keiko looked down at the uniform. It was, embarrassingly, a little too full for her in the chest region, the low-cut blouse coming dangerously close to letting her nipples escape. She tugged it up nervously. Still, it should do for now. There didn't seem to be a bra, but there were panties! Panties, for heaven's sake! It seemed like a million years since she'd had the luxury of wearing any.

The corridor seemed empty. She took the risk of flipping up her skirt to check them out. They were fancy white lace-trimmed lingerie patterned with tiny red dots and with a bow on the front, not her style at all, but any underwear was better than no underwear.

There was a furious banging from inside the cupboard. Keiko crept off down the hallway. Someone would be along to free the other girl in a minute, she was quite sure.

She hadn't gotten very far, however, when somebody grabbed her by the ear and pulled her bodily into a doorway.

"Hey! New girl! Where do you think you're going!"

They were standing in a busy kitchen. A tall, imperious woman in a three-piece suit and tie was regarding her coldly. Drinks and dishes of noodles were coming through to the collection area at a frightening pace, and other girls in the orange uniforms were coming and going through a door at the other end of the room. Ah, thought Keiko. The aliens' secret base is a restaurant. That makes... sense?

"Your uniform's too big," said the imperious woman, looking her up and down. "Who gave it to you? Remind me to have them fired. And why are you soaking wet? But you'll have to do for now, there's a rush on." She grabbed two mugs of beer from the nearest flat surface and shoved them into Keiko's unprotesting hands. "Table eight. Chop chop!"

Well, this will do, thought Keiko as she was hurried out the door. I'll go undercover as a waitress, find the secret headquarters, duck in when nobody's looking and see what's going on in there. Then I'll run away and come back with the police. Shouldn't be too difficult. This uniform is embarrassing, of course, but not as bad as what I was wearing before, and...

She came to a sudden stop.

"What's the matter?" scowled the imperious woman. "We have customers, you know."

"T-the floor..." stuttered Keiko.

"What about it?"

"I-it's got mi-mi..."

"That's the whole point," snapped the imperious woman, giving Keiko a little shove. "It's no use chickening out now. Out you go!"

She watched in satisfaction as Keiko, a mug in each hand, tottered humbly out onto the mirrored floor, her legs pressed together as tight as they could go as she

desperately searched the crowded room for table number eight.

"Cute panties," she added.

"Fascinating," said the Captain. "Obviously a temple devoted to the worship of the human pantsu. Notice how they position reflective surfaces to avoid gazing directly at their idol?"

"Perhaps this is the secret of the kyaa," said the Second Science Officer. "The unclothed female body holds religious significance, and must not be viewed by the outsider."

"Almost certainly," said the Captain, as Keiko squirmed under the admiring stares of restaurant patrons, all targeted at the floor between her legs. "But further investigation is still required. Shall we..."

There! There was table eight! All she had to do was deliver the beers and politely skitter away through the nearest fire exit. Sure, a roomful of strangers would get to stare up her skirt the whole time she was doing it. Who cared? Not a problem! All of the other waitress were doing it, and none of them even seemed to notice! It would be a breeze for her to walk across the whole restaurant with everyone peeking at her frilly white knickers and give the drinks to...

Well. The school principal, apparently. Sitting along at a table, reading manga.

Keiko stood where she was, paralyzed with indecision. She couldn't let the principal see her like this! But she didn't want to get in trouble, either. And would he ever recognize her in this uniform? No, there was nothing for it but to go over there and-

She became abruptly aware that her panties weren't where they were supposed to be.

They were just a little lower, in fact. They had slipped to just below her waist, hanging dangerously off her hips. None of the customers seemed to have noticed it yet, though they had a great view of everything that was going on up there.

They were too large for her. They were going to fall down.

And her hands were full. She couldn't do anything about it.

Keiko took a slow, hesitant step, and winced as she felt them drop another notch. She was beginning to sweat, and her heart was beating faster. If she didn't hurry up and get to that table her panties were going to fall right off in front of everyone in the room and even more people were going to see her privates. But if she walked too fast...

She took a couple more hurried, mincing steps. The panties clung to her skin for a couple more horrible, tense seconds and dropped halfway down her ass. A salaryman at a nearby table seemed to be taking a much closer interest in her all of a sudden. She wobbled in her high heels, uncertain of her balance as she trotted along, faster and faster, trying to gain ground on the now rapidly descending undergarments. She was almost running now. Her braless breasts bounced within her dress. Her panties hung asymmetrically off one hip, exposing most of her behind and just a little tiny bit of hair to a giggling group of office women who'd come here on a bet. She skidded to a stop in front of table eight, panting, and smacking the mugs of beer down on the table with almost enough force to break them. The principal barely looked up.

She would have gotten away with it, only her panties chose that exact moment to

abandon ship entirely.

Keiko's scream echoed through the dining hall, almost drowning out the chorus of laughter from the patrons and even some of the other waitresses, who'd been watching with great interest. She grabbed at her skirt, forcing it between her legs, but it was too late. Everyone had seen everything. And even if they hadn't, her underwear around her ankles was a clear indicator of what had happened.

The principal looked up.

"Keiko?" he said in mildly puzzled tones.

Keiko snatched her panties, pulled them up around her hips (flashing the whole room again in the process), turned and ran for it.

Unfortunately, she didn't get very far before...

It happened in stages.

First, Keiko's panties fell down again. It was inevitable. They were too big for her, after all.

Second, she tripped. She wasn't used to wearing high heels, her panties were around her ankles, and she was running on a glass floor. She went stumbling forward, her skirt flying up to flash her bare legs, throwing her hands forward to catch herself.

Third, she landed painlessly on the glass floor. It hasn't been mentioned previously, but Keiko was an active member of the gymnastics team, and in addition had played a lot of Legend of Zelda. She knew that the way to come out of a fall without a scratch on you was to turn it in to a forward roll. She did this instinctively, tumbling head over heels, without thinking about what it would do to her skirt. For a long moment her naked bottom and trim little sex were exposed before the room in all their glory. Her panties came flying off her ankles and went sailing off into the distance.

Fourth, she came to a halt on her back. Except not a halt, because she had built up quite a lot of momentum, and the mirrored floor, as has already been established, was slippery. She went sliding across it, feet first, causing astonished patrons to leap out of the way. Sadly, one of them didn't leap quite far enough. He managed, whether accidentally or on purpose the world will never know, to set his foot on Keiko's dress as she came by, eyes wide and toes pointed at the kitchen door. The dress, already slightly too big for Keiko, gave no resistance, and her arms, sadly for her, were not by her side where they might have been used to hang onto it, but raised above her head. In one smooth motion the garment came completely off.

Keiko came to a gentle stop at the feet of the imperious woman from the kitchen and the other waitress, the one she'd trapped in the closet. Both had their arms folded across their chests and both pairs of feet were tapping.

"So. Not only an imposter but an exhibitionist as well."

Keiko laid flat on her back, closed her eyes and tried to sink into the earth. This was a nightmare. Surely it had to be. Nothing this embarrassing could possibly have actually happened to her.

It didn't work. When she opened them again her small breasts, her flat stomach, her pale thighs and the dark hairs of her pussy were out in the open, revealed for all the world to see. She was stark naked. And she was getting a round of applause.

"Silence!" barked the imperious woman, as Keiko whimpered and curled into a little ball. The clapping died down, reluctantly. "Get up."

Keiko peeked up hesitantly. Dare she do as she was told? Did she have an alternative?

She folded one arm over her breasts, another between her legs, and tried to stand, but her feet kept slipping out from under her. She was wearing heels! And the floor was slippery! She kept having to catch herself with one hand, which of course made that hand unavailable to cover herself with, a state of affairs the restaurant's guests thoroughly appreciated. Finally the imperious woman had to reach out, grab her by the upper arm, and pull her to her feet.

Keiko was standing in a crowded room, wearing only high heels, shielding her privates with her hands, and not very well. Everywhere she looked, people were giggling and leering and making lewd comments about the poor little naked girl.

She looked at the waitress and gulped. It didn't seem like she was receiving much sympathy.

"You think you can come in here and impersonate our waitresses?" said the imperious woman, smiling coldly. "You're going to get more than you bargained for..."

"Stop!"

"What do you mean, stop?" asked the imperious woman. "Surely you're not going to come to this pervert's defence?"

"I am this young lady's school principal," said the Captain, improvising wildly. "She is in a great deal of trouble for this foolish prank. As such, I claim the right to determine her punishment."

He looked into Keiko's wide, astonished eyes. She'd turned round as soon as she'd realized the principal could see her bottom.

"It will involve many kyaas," he said.

"...and so," concluded Keiko, fixing her eyes on the far wall of the school auditorium so she didn't have to look at any of the sea of grinning faces, "I ended up completely naked in the upskirt cafe, being made fun of by everyone. I didn't have any way to cover myself. It was the most embarrassing experience of my life, and it was all brought on by my silly obsession with conspiracy theories."

She flipped the page. "But even worse was to come. I had to beg the cafe's owner not to call the police. Eventually she agreed, but on one mortifying condition. I was handed a little apron that only covered me in the front, leaving my breasts and buttocks bare, and ordered to wait tables until I had begged enough clothing from the customers that I could go home without being arrested for indecency. I was running drinks back and forth for what felt like hours, all the while knowing that with the mirrored floor not even the apron offered me any real protection. All the other waitresses gathered around to make fun of me as I minced across the room, my face bright red, my bottom wiggling, my little tits bouncing and the lace apron framing an intimate view of my privates."

There was a burst of laughter at this phrase. The principal had insisted that she make the essay almost as embarrassing to read as it had been to do.

"Finally, a customer took pity on me," continued Keiko, "and offered me her

pantyhose to wrap around my chest as a makeshift bra. She made me dance on the table in exchange for them, but by that time I was desperate. Two gentlemen then offered me something to cover my lower half with if I'd lift up my apron and let all the waitresses take selfies with my pussy to be posted on the club's walls. Only after I'd acceded to this humiliating request did I discover that they meant their hats. I tried to beg for more, but there were no other offers, and by the time my shift had ended and the club was closing I was left with only a pair of pantyhose and two trilbies to make my way home in. Everyone lined up to wave me goodbye as I slunk out the back door, pressing one hat to my front and the other to my back."

There were a number of wolf-whistles and a smattering of applause.

"And that was how I learnt," finished up Keiko, her cheeks glowing, "that the only place believing in aliens will get you is standing on the subway early in the morning with a stranger's hat tucked between your legs. But my punishment... wasn't over?" She frowned. "Where did this come from? Did the principal add it when I wasn't looking?" She flipped the last page. "To teach everybody a lesson about the dangers of paranoia, I will now- " Her lips parted in shock. "Take off all my clothes? On stage? And come to school naked for a week?"

Wild cheers greeted this comment. Keiko stamped her foot. "I will not! I will not take off all my clothes on stage! That's completely ridiculous! And as for coming to school naked for a week, you can forget about-"

The Captain flipped a switch marked Hypnotic Suggestion Activator.

"Listen to that," he said, cupping his hand to his ear. "Sweet earthling music. Will we ever find out what it means?"

From the hall speakers, echoing throughout the school, there came the glorious sound of "Kyaaaaaaaaa!"