

Stolen Clothes by Misa (first published on 4chan).

The warm water went silent, and already she knew something was wrong. The rest of the shower room was absolutely silent. No chatter, other signs of running water, nothing. It was a little unnerving, but it soon passed. There was no sense just standing around what with the next class only minutes away. She shook off some stray moisture from her hair and gathered a cotton towel around her body, bare feet slowly carrying her to the lockers. It was then she realized something was truly amiss. Her locker, which should have been waiting open with her change of clothes, was locked tight, and not a garment was in sight. As if this weren't alarming enough, the only other item of note? A folded up slip of paper.

There was already apprehension welling up within her as she nervously sat and read its contents. She already wished she hadn't; that sensation soon gave way to outright fear at the sight of the text within.

"A towel's all you deserve, nice enough I left you that. After this your reputation should match your nature, a girl with no restraint like you. May want to hurry~" The chilling note was punctuated by a flowery heart. The girl felt a shiver soon after... who would do this? And why? She looked around the empty locker room desperately for an answer, an option, a garment... and found none. Instead, her only answer... the telltale ringing of a bell. Two minutes... the next class would not be long in arriving, and she had one waiting for her. She had to think... and fast.

It had taken only a few moments to weigh the limited options of staying in that silent locker room. Everything was either locked or empty, especially her own. She began to fidget with nervousness from her posture upon that bench, knowing that left only one option. She had to head out.

There was time before the next class arrived, maybe a change of clothes or even someone who could help would be found. So reluctantly, those bare feet carried her away from that room's confines into the spacious interior around the pool.

To her relief, there was not a person to be found... but nor was there an option to be seen. No stray swimsuits, certainly no uniforms, and a towel did her just about no good. This was bad... a shiver worked its way through her, making her skin tingle.

As her arms instinctively settled around the confines of her towel, she tried to focus her thoughts on what to do... and then, her gaze was cast to the nearby entrance. Footsteps, and assorted talking... students were coming.

She felt her breath quicken with a slight rise and fall to her chest, as realization hit her. The girl's class had just finished... for the next hour, the pool was assigned strictly to the boy's club; leaving that toweled female in something of a panic. It was either somehow get out of sight, or have a good dozen people see a girl standing about in naught but an increasingly damp towel.

The notion to simply get up and go was her first thought, and it seemed the quickest solution. So with a nod to herself, she set about doing just that... and barely made it three feet before she backed out of sight with a stifled gasp. A good dozen people had already entered before she could even head in that direction. No way was she getting out through the hall. Worse... it wasn't just the boys. There were assorted girls too, most likely to cheer on their favorites, or maybe just watch.

That left her best alternative as getting out of sight until she found an opening. She noticed an array of benches off to the side, and she quickly stepped off behind them, putting her well away from the changing areas. With nervous footsteps, she went to the furthest space from the end of the bleachers and sat against the wall, hugging her legs close as she stared upward through the thin spaces in the seating. A few people were already gathering there and sitting not far at all above her. She couldn't stay there long, obviously. A

hand carefully adjusted the upper portion of the cloth to better conceal her cleavage while she glanced off at the other side. A side door of some sort, off in the corner away from the growing groups of students. She didn't know where it lead, but it was better than staying there. She nodded to herself, and slowly began moving in the opposite direction in a low stance... at least until the sudden sensation of a cold liquid spilling from above stopped her in her tracks. She gasped faintly at the tangible chill and stared upward in alarm; a plastic cup was knocked over from the bench above, which had been the source of the clear soda that just went all over her shoulders. "Look at that mess you made!" She felt her blood go cold at the chiding comment that accompanied the action.

Far more alarming, though, was what she saw moments later from her knelt posture within the shadows of the bleachers. A vaguely familiar face of a cheerful girl leaning over to peer down into the dark underside and the railings within. "I didn't mean to! It's not like anyone'll notice, right?..." It wasn't someone she personally knew, but definitely someone she had seen about, even if the name wasn't quite registering. She kept absolutely still, desperate to avoid notice, even as she felt that towel slowly descending along her back from the cold liquid dripping downward, causing her body to shiver slightly. All she had to do was wait, and... "Hey, is someone there?..." Her eyes widened as she instinctively looked upward. The girl couldn't possibly have seen her from there... could she? The door wasn't far, but... maybe that girl could help?

No, no, getting her attention was a foolish idea; what if she went and told others instead of helping, or worse, was involved in all this? A swift shake of her head cast the notion aside, and after composing herself as best she could, she hastily crawled away from that spot, closer to the other end of the bleachers.

The spilled liquid hadn't caused much of an effect, fortunately, though she certainly felt it. It was a small blessing that the cup must not have been full. She allowed herself to sigh in relief at the sight of the door, not far off from the benches. With the utmost of caution, she first leaned one foot out, then the other, and slowly moved out from the bleachers, already feeling all the more exposed as she moved close to the ground towards the waiting exit.

So far, so good; all eyes must have been on the ones using the pool. She stared down briefly, and a twinge of red touched her face, noticing a hint of cleavage slipping into view. As one hand reached for the door, she carefully set her other hand behind her to pull the slipping cloth upward. With the knob in hand, she gave a quick turn, and... click. The locked exit gave no response. Her eyes went wide, and she nervously glanced off behind her. That just left the main entrance... the majority of the students were either in the pool or around it by then, but a handful were still in the bleachers watching, and a single toweled girl walking out could easily catch notice. As she desperately weighed her options, she felt her body tense at another voice, clearly addressing her. "Hey." A backward glance, and her eyes widened, seeing the girl from before leaning over the bleachers. "...wow, that's bold of you..." The watching female gave a giggle after looking her over, and she felt almost as if she were naked in that very moment. A bashful look to her, then to the door again... maybe the girl wouldn't say anything if she just ran for it, but... maybe she would.

It was a simple question of weighing the risks against the benefits, and the risks of staying in the open in the hopes that this teasing girl would help rather than make things worse were too dangerous to consider. Her decision was made swiftly after that girl's last comment.

There was a brief flustered, almost apologetic, look given to the upward girl before without a word, she turned on her feet and swiftly but quietly sprinted for that door.

Every step upon her feet felt like it took an eternity, yet she moved faster than she'd run in recent memory, keeping her breaths to herself as she hurried through the door, leaving a giggling girl staring after her departing form in amusement and disbelief.

Only once the door closed behind her did she stop to catch her breath, resting her shoulders against the wall with a light heaving of her chest... which, she noted with a downward look, was significantly more visible. In fact, her breasts

were halfway exposed. Upon resting her form back to the wall more fully, she soon realized why.

In her haste to escape the pool area, she had only clutched the towel to her front; the rear of the towel had practically fallen straight down. She blushed intensely, more from thinking back on what the girl staring after her must have caught a glimpse of. If it weren't for the arm against her chest, it seemed the towel might have fallen completely. As it was, it hung loosely down from her shoulders and sides, and her other arm was soon occupied in clutching the lower half against the fronts of her thighs. She'd have to fix that fast, but first... she finally decided to look up from the door. A set of lockers were just across from there, and the hall extended in either direction. The second bell hadn't yet rung. She guessed she had five minutes at most. A slow lean from the doorway to glance to either side was given.

Most of the students were gone, but a few lingering individuals were here and there, scattered at different places. The quickest route would be down the hall to her class, of course, but... she couldn't just go in a towel!

The only alternative would be hoping to reach the faculty or maybe the nurse's office in the other direction. They'd surely help, after all... it was just a question of which was the lesser risk.

Her classroom was close, but she dreaded the result of her classmates seeing her like that... even if they did know her. The faculty would certainly be the safer choice, of course, yet that required a longer trip. Either way, she was short on time and shorter on options still... all while one arm reached behind her, desperate to resecure the undone fabric that left most of her back exposed.

Of course, fixing the downcast cloth was her first priority. There was no time to do that while going down the hall, absolutely not. That required a fairly uncomfortable period of time in which she had to lower her guard to refasten the towel behind her, though it still felt as if it did woefully little to conceal her lack of dress, especially with it still being on the damp side.

Then came the difficult part... making it to the faculty without being seen. The classroom had been a silly idea, really. So she gave a quick look to either side, ensuring both that her route was empty and that no one was looking her way, before she stepped out and carefully yet steadily headed down the hall. Just pass the two classrooms and around the corner, and she'd be clear. There were no giggles or call-outs of her voice, which meant all was going well. A sidelong glance allowed her to take note of the silhouettes in the room to her right, ensuring no one was noticing her passage, before she quickly passed by the first room.

It was halfway past the second class when she finally let some relief settle in, until she bit back a gasp and swiftly ducked under the window. The panel she had only just walked past was thrown open, and a male student leaned out, glaring off in the direction she had just left. "Hey, hurry it up, you're gonna be late!" She instinctively hugged her legs close while looking over, just as the male student vanished from sight above her. A pair of uniformed students at the far end of the hall absorbed in conversation... who would soon be coming her way. Her mind felt dizzy. An upward glance confirmed her worst fears; the window was open... she couldn't get up, they would definitely notice her! The sound of conversation dimmed, and she knew she had to either get up and run, or risk the much slower (and awkward) route of crawling as fast as she could.

There was no time to delay further, she was almost there, a slower rate of movement wouldn't do much harm. So doing her best to ignore the growing sounds of distracted chatter, her hands and knees were used to move along the ground towards the waiting corner.

She couldn't help but fidget a little as she crawled. If those girls happened to look her way, well... they were bound to get an eyeful of her lower body. This made her face redden, so she shook her head to ignore the potential embarrassment. She was too close to let that concern slow her down. After what seemed an eternity of crawling, she finally reached the corner, grabbed her fingers around the wall, and pulled herself out of sight, taking in a slow breath as she sat against the wall once more, newly unseen.

Not a sound from the hall she had just left, aside from the idle sounds of

cheerful talk. They hadn't seen her! She let herself smile for once; the worst seemed finally over. A glance to the right confirmed the small empty passage containing the faculty rooms. A nod as she set her hands down and climbed to her feet, turning in that direction. Just a short walk and she'd be clear. Only something soon stopped her in her tracks.

Rather, someone... she barely had moved a foot when a breath-taking sensation caused her body to freeze up. Where there had been fabric beneath her left shoulder, she felt the towel swiftly come undone, and drawn lightly back by the intent grasp of a small hand. "...my oh my, where are you going in that? That's not yours, is it?"

A series of giggles followed, and she glanced over her shoulder to see a trio of staring girls smirking at her... the leader of whom was holding a corner of her towel between painted fingernails, and she already felt the front falling down from her rapidly exposed breasts. "...we'll just take this back to the pool for you, then!" The other two girls giggled and nodded in consent.

She didn't know them personally, but she knew their reputation... the high class clique every school seemed obliged to have. And it was their leader who was on the verge of stripping her completely, smiling cheerfully all the while. She had to do something to stop her, or... if nothing else, maintain her decency and get away while she could. Either way, the girl showed no signs of stopping that slow, methodical tug from her fingers; her breasts had already fallen completely free by then, and it was only the faint placement of her hand that kept it close to her slowly exposed midriff. A small blessing the trio couldn't see her heaving chest, but... they would certainly see the rest of her before long.

"Wait, wait, please don-!..." She frantically pleaded as she turned to face the girls, looking at them with desperation plain on her face... surely they wouldn't just leave her with nothing!

Yet turning to face them only finalized the situation getting as worse as imaginable; the girl across from her just giggled all the more as she pulled her towel clean off, drawing it over to her side, leaving her body exposed from head to toe. The girl went from red to pale and quickly clutched her exposed breasts with one arm and set the other between her bare thighs. "W...why are you...p...please don't..."

The girls giggled in unison as they looked over the newly exposed girl. "Well, guess she went all the way!" As the one girl on the left nodded with this fact, the girl on the right gave a faux pout. "...we shouldn't leave her totally nude, though..." The other girl smiled and nodded. "That's right... shouldn't you do something for her, Kristine?" The leader looked over the shivering female before her, as if appreciating her work, before she seemed to reluctantly nod. "Of course, we're not cruel! We'll just go put this back, and you can use this until you find your things."

The girl was wide-eyed as she watched the other female hopefully... and she instinctively opened her hands to catch what the taller girl threw her. A long, thin strip of white bandaging.

"You should manage if you're creative. Might want to hurry, you look cold!" She giggled and pointed.

Her bare nipples were indeed reddening and protruding outward, and her lower body was shivering, which left her emitting a small gasp as she clutched her bare legs close.

"Ciao!" With that said, the girls vanished with resounding giggles, towel and all. Her mind was swimming as she stared down at the what she was left with, then a blank stare over to the faculty room. Being in a towel was one thing, but... how on earth could she explain -this-?

Things had gone from bad to worse, there was no denying that. But... things weren't hopeless yet. She was still shivering from sheer nervousness as she leaned against the wall, winding as much of the bandage around her as she could. It was only one strip of cloth, but it must have come from an entire roll of bindings, as she was able to be quite 'creative' indeed. Before long she had managed to restrain most of her exposed bosom and wind the rest between her legs and around her backside to conceal... well, little more than the essentials. At least she wouldn't be exposing her most intimate details simply by walking

around, just very close to it.

There was just enough left to secure the end of the bandages at her right hip within a makeshift knot. It basically looked like the most threadbare sort of underwear imaginable, while her midriff and back were all but completely exposed.

Still... it was something. Her hand had almost knocked at the faculty office, then she stared down, and hastily shook off the notion. She looked ridiculous... at best. No, she had to find something to wear, somehow... but what, and where? Her mind raced for a solution, already past the notion of being on time for class. It was already started, she'd have to explain away that later... this was a little more urgent.

A spare uniform would be a blessing. The idea of a lost and found danced into her head, but... did the school even -have-one?

She never thought to check, but there was no better time than the present. The main floor, likely the front desk, was her safest bet.

Without wasting any time on further thoughts, she made for the nearby stairs and carefully tip-toed down, carefully cradling her chest in one arm, just in case.

There was little support given from the bandaging, and certain portions of her chest could be felt straining against the light material. Once her feet left that last step, she stared off down the hall, taking note of the small fortune class time allowed; the halls were empty. Which meant she had no cause to delay, she took off down the hall in a brisk pace, reaching the other end in a moment. A cautious look around the corner, and... she saw exactly who she expected. A bored-looking student secretary occupying the desk, her bespectacled gaze fixed downward into an open book. Unlike the other girls, she knew this one fairly well... practically on a first name basis... but not quite enough to waltz out in front of her as she was without making one very awkward impression. Her gaze wandered down to the desk the girl sat at, trying to see what was inside it. If anywhere would have some spare clothes, that would be it... but how would she get a look with the girl's permission? Or, dare she consider the notion, - without- it?

A distraction of some sort... that seemed best, yes. Though what on earth could she do to draw that girl's attention elsewhere and not towards her? Her eyes left the girl's seated form and searched the surrounding lobby. A fire alarm? No... ringing that would have been absolutely crazy in her present appearance. Whatever she did, she would have to think of something before the period ended... she did -not- want to be stuck in the hall before finding a solution. The hall? She blinked, looking at the opposite side... and the array of cleaning instruments lined up against it. That was it... at least, the only method she had at her disposal. Enough to get the girl's attention, and hopefully no one else. With one more look to ensure the girl stayed occupied, she reached out with a foot and lightly nudged one of the brooms over. It landed on the ground with a faintly echoing clatter.

As if on cue, she heard the girl getting up... and that was her mark to get out of sight. The door immediately behind her was opened with a light push, and she slid into the dimly lit room, waiting for the girl's footsteps to pass to investigate whatever had knocked the broom over.

She sighed to herself as she looked around the small closet. She felt ridiculous, but it was almost over. Once she got to that desk and found a spare uniform, she could put all this behind her. The girl's steps were far enough. She braced herself with a breath, then turned to go; she had to be quick about it. Only halfway out the door, she froze as if struck.

A sensation of unraveling fabric... a stray metal hook had ensnared a piece of the bandaging which made up her 'outfit'. Her face felt a rush of warmth as she stared back. She only had one opening, if she got an outfit from there, it wouldn't matter. But... if she was wrong, and just hurried out... her options may well have been done for.

No, she had come this far, and the worst had to be over after this last trial. She couldn't delay any longer; one short dash to that desk and this would all be in the past.

She gave a nervous fidget upon deciding on this course of action, and the very

moment she was sure the girl was at her furthest, she braced herself and left the small room as quick as she could, her bare feet making blessedly little sound.

The result was swift, and irrevocable; the ensnaring object unwound that bandaging from her form with every step she took away from it, and it wasn't long at all before she felt the last inch of it flutter away, abandoned in her wake. She was left completely vulnerable as she moved behind the desk in a low stance, clutching her legs close with one arm as her other hand fumbled through the assortment of boxes beneath the counter. Surely there was... The thought never finished itself. Her fingers lightly pulled the cover of the box away, and she saw just what the girl was responsible for; clerical tasks. All manners of letters, paperwork, files... and not a single garment. "B-...but there has to be..."

"Has to be...what?" She froze and looked over and up. A very unhappy looking, bespectacled girl was staring down at the hapless, apparently quite nude female clutching her legs to her chest. "I-...I lost..."

As she fumbled for an explanation, the girl in the glasses just sighed. "...I knew you were out there, but this is really something... get up already." Before she could manage a protest, she gasped as the girl sharply grabbed her right wrist and tugged her to her feet, her breasts rising and falling with an unrestrained quiver of motion that even made the secretary look flustered.

"...geez, at least wear some underwear before taking on some stupid dare..." Her eyes went wide at the accusation. Did she think this was deliberate!? "No, I-...I..."

The secretary ignored her protests, frowning as she looked over the nude female.

"I have work to do, you silly girl, now go someplace else before I-..." The secretary finally let go of the girl's wrists... and what happened next made her eyes widen; it was soon was her turn to blush. The exhibitionist was latching onto her, and pulling at her blouse! "G-...get off of me, are you nuts!?"

The girl had become desperate; the secretary was going to call for help and she'd be done for! If only she could get something to wear from her, then it would all be okay... except, the secretary reacted too quick. Even with her blouse left disheveled, she had an easy enough time of catching her assaulter off guard; being nude had disadvantages, and a sharp shove from both hands into each of her breasts sent the streaker tumbling backward, gasping for breath.

"H-...honestly..." The bespectacled girl caught her breath and adjusted herself. "You-... you must have lost it..."

As the downed girl tried to compose herself, and her sore, heaving chest, she found herself staring at the up clothed female with a frantic look, but her pleading gaze fell on a blind expression. "I was just going to leave you alone, but you've pushed your luck too far, missy." Totally ignoring the downed girl's frantic expression, she was rather calm as she picked up her desk phone and dialed for security. "Front desk please, I need someone thrown out."

There was nothing keeping her there. She had to get away, preferably inside the building, or she was about to find out that things could still become much, much worse.

She had to run. The where did not matter in the slightest, as long as it was away from there. Maybe she was to blame... at least for this particular instance. To try and take clothes from someone else of all things! It wasn't as if that girl was at fault. (At least not that she knew of...)

Whatever the case, it was time to go. The moment the secretary was occupied by the phone, she was on her feet and off with an impulsive sprint, running until she was well away from that desk and back into the hall, protectively clutching her form as she glanced around in desperation. She had to hide... and get out of sight. Only one place allowed her both opportunities; and it was with that thought in mind that she rushed into the nearest bathroom and the furthest open stall, locking herself behind it.

Not a moment too soon. She barely had time to compose herself and sit down to catch her breath, when... the bell rang. She felt her pulse quicken nervously, scooting back in that narrow space to keep as low a profile as she could. She only had to wait it out until classes resumed, of course... except, sure enough,

an array of voices and footsteps soon gathered in that bathroom, enough to heighten her nervousness all the more as she stared at the ceiling, hugging her sides with a light rub to either side of her midsection. She was definitely a little chilly, but that was far from her greatest worry.

No, eventually it was that of a light knocking to her stall. "Hey, hurry it up!" She cast her gaze downward and stared at the door before her blankly. No, she had to be imagining it... surely she made sure before hand... but when the knock occurred again with a slightly louder tone, it was made clear as day; the voice directed at her belonged to a male student.

She hugged her legs close to her nude form, though it was a pointless gesture; at least whoever the person was couldn't -see- her. Her toes curled up lightly as she mentally flailed for an explanation of some sort; any sort. She had to at least say something, but... could she even manage a proper impersonation? There was no way out from the stall except through that door, or considering the craziest of ideas, over the walls. She took in a small breath, and spoke in a shaky voice. "I-...I'll be...a while..." Her voice was naturally light in tone, so she tried to sound as raspy as she could, and for optimum effect, gave a stifled retching sound from her throat while clutching her hand over her mouth.

There was silence... and then the footsteps finally receded. She blinked, staring at the door in plain disbelief. Before long, she heard the voices fade too, and the sounds of departing footsteps. Then after an eternity, a second bell. Afterward, only silence.

It was only at that time she allowed herself to calm down. Her feet touched the cool tile, and she nervously opened the stall door, peering out... right into the smiling face of Kristine. "Why-...why are you in..."

The taller female just giggled pleasantly before responding. "...the girl's room? Oh, I knew the voice of a guy would scare you half to death. He's long gone. It was so worth it." She gave a 'tsk' sound, staring over the other girl's obviously nude form. "My, but you are so careless. Come on now, you're late for class." Without waiting for an argument, she took the flustered girl by the wrist and started pulling the nude female along behind her.

"I can't go to class now, let me go!" She began struggling for dear life, causing the other girl to halt before the door she had pulled her to, turning to fix her with an ice-cold stare. "Keep doing that and you'll wish you hadn't; so hush up and come along quietly. I might even sneak you in." Another cheery giggle, accompanied by a knowing wink.

The girl felt paralyzed with fear. Either option could result in something beyond her wildest fears, but... she also had a way of avoiding either of those extremes. What could that girl possibly do that would be worse than going to class like that? But then... if the girl really could get her into class unseen... she had a chance of maybe getting someone she -knew- to help.

Kristine would somehow get a completely nude girl into class unnoticed? She might have been desperate... but she wasn't stupid. That was just about impossible. Still, for the immediate moment, the light-haired girl had her at a pointed disadvantage. At least until they stepped out into the hall.

Kristine had a vice-like grip on her wrist, and seemed dead-set on pulling her all the way to class. With no instruments at her disposal, she distracted the other girl with the only means she knew... those of her lips. It was a quick, almost meaningless gesture, but that split-second kiss from the nude girl was enough to take anyone off their guard, even an ice queen like her.

That brief moment of disorientation was all she needed. A tense catch of breath as she drew back, almost as if apologetically, and she ran for it, once again leaving the hall, only from the other direction to avoid running into that secretary again.

Kristine had been far too dazed to pursue, which left her free to arrive at the other end of the hall, catching her breath in slow, familiar gasps of air. This was becoming far too much for one day.

More bothersome still, even she hadn't been immune to the fleeting rush of that impulsive kiss. Her chest had started heaving a little quicker than usual, a sensation she tried to ignore with a rapid shake of her head as she stared

forward, finally taking in the scene before her... that of a painfully familiar poolside, complete with a class of girls all occupied in competing laps. She blinked, standing there helplessly with her back to the door. Just when she thought she was practically doomed, the last thing she expected to find caught her notice. Her gaze wandered to a small bundle of cloth at her feet; a discarded pair of panties that were immediately familiar... as they were her own. She scrambled to pick them up and draw them to her hips, delirious with relief... then she saw the note.

"You've done pretty well, so you can have these back. If you want the rest, head back to class. You won't be too late... make it through the period, and I'll return everything else." The note's handwriting was immediately familiar; the same as before, with that same childish script. "If you don't, well... I guess you're on your own." A miracle no one had seen her yet, but she had that underwear back on in record time, leaving her mind racing as she tried to decide what to do next... leave or go, one thing was clear; the half-nude girl's time was shorter than ever.

Kristine was still standing in that hall in a daze when she reluctantly returned from the other side of the hall, approaching at a much calmer, almost silent pace. The taller female looked like someone had knocked the wind right out of her; she was likely still coming to terms with having lost her first kiss to some crazy exhibitionist. The last thing she expected was for that very same girl to come back. "I-...I'm sorry, I'll-...I'll go back with you." She bowed her head in genuine apology, leaving the flustered, clothed of the two all the more befuddled.. both that the girl had returned, and that somehow, she had put something on.

"..." She meant to say something about that fleeting gesture, but only glared. No sense bringing that up now... the shameless girl was about to get all the payback she could give her. "Fine. Back to class with you then." It was her responsibility as one of the upper class, after all. So without wasting any time, or giving her newfound captive a chance of running off again, she marched her straight back to class, and nodded at the door.

"Well... off you go. Behave yourself." She wouldn't give the girl the full benefit of her promise, but some part of her decided to be a little nice and not make a complete scene. Kristine pulled the back door open silently, and ushered that barely dressed girl to an empty desk at the back, far off from the other students occupied in their books. "Good luck..." With that playful whisper, and a parting smile, Kristine shut the door and was gone.

As she frantically surveyed the array of familiar faces, she found herself already questioning the insanity of her choice. She didn't even know what to do to pass the time, which... from an upward glance, would be half an hour. Thirty minutes and she would be clear. A small sigh to herself, as she sunk low in the seat, hoping no one would look. It was all she could do.

That had been the idea, anyway... but something else changed her mind.

It started out as a faint quivering sensation from beneath her, in that taken seat. Then a new development, one she could barely hear; a vague... whirring sound. Then... she felt it. Her eyes went wide, her face went red, and her breasts sharply piqued up. It was a vibration... between her hips, inside that underwear. She barely withheld a gasp by biting her lip. It had been a trap... of the worst sort imaginable. She couldn't stay there, not like that! If she endured, surely she'd get her clothing back, but... how on earth could she stay still, much less calm, for half a class with a feeling like that taking place? Worse, it showed no sign of letting up... only intensifying.

What had only been a few moments had felt like a few hours. Her teeth clenched sharply at her lower lip, fingers driven into her thighs to keep still at any cost. She managed, somehow... though it was at great affect to her composure. Whatever unseen instrument set off the sensation, it was slowly but surely exerting its influence. Her face was soon glowing red, her skin quivering as her toes curled up, and she was sweating a little in tune with the steady rise and fall of her breasts. Then she felt the sensation quicken, and her eyes widened a little. No... she had to get it out, or else... she was going to make a scene. A

quick look from side to side reassured her that no eyes had yet looked towards the rear of the class, as if no one expected any of those back seats to be occupied.

With that small assurance, she slowly looked down, and set one hand into the front of her underwear, reaching as far as she could with her fingertips to withdraw that intrusive object. It only seemed to make things worse, in that awkward instance that she felt around inside her underwear, she felt the vibrating quicken... and she barely stifled down a gasp before the extent of her fingers finally touched upon a tiny device at the very center of that undergarment's inside. A sharp breath, and just as she felt her body about to react in the most unwanted of ways... the warmth-infused item was pulled free from her lower body, her chest rising and falling steadily as she drew her hand back. "... A silent breath of relief as she sat back in her chair, the disheveled underwear sitting rather low on her waistline. Then she blinked, feeling a sudden notion that she was being watched. A slow, almost petrified look upward and over... and another girl was sitting across from her, quite entirely clothed, smiling sweetly at the half-nude girl. "Well, don't stop there..."

The blonde girl winked, and from a satchel at her right hip, she tugged out the familiar expanse of a white bra strap... her own. "You may as well finish up... then the rest is all yours..." She whispered to her with a calm tone, nodding down at that lone garment she wore. "...I doubt you want to stop there, right?" She smiled again, leaning on one elbow, watching patiently, as if she had all the time in the world.

She had no idea who the girl was... or why she was doing this... but whatever was going on, it was clear; that blonde female was the one responsible for all this, and she was seemingly set on making one last demand.

A disorienting turn of events to say the least. As if being seen there wasn't alarming enough... this girl was almost certainly the culprit, or at least someone in her employ. Yet through all that had happened, the question burned at her: why? She certainly didn't know her, and she had maybe noticed this female in passing at most. Though for whatever reason, this student was dead set on the potential ruin of her reputation. The question almost found its way to her lips, then with a chilling look, the female took in a breath as if to make an attention-getting sound. In response, she frantically shook her head... and the girl smiled with minimal warmth, as she watched.

There was no choice, then... this would be the final step, and it would all be over with. She hadn't been entirely sure on what she had meant by 'finish up', but... she had a fairly good idea. She shut her eyes, took in a slow breath, and a hand slowly settled back into place beneath that thin garment.

It hadn't taken much further action on her part. A little deliberate movement from her unseen fingers, and she felt her breathing tangibly quicken, along with the rise and fall of her chest. It was a wonder she kept from making any sound, but the will to keep a low profile worked wonders. As the small rubbing motion quickened, she felt her face blush as her knees shook. Unbeknownst to her, the visage of the observing girl was a little red as well... though she also seemed to take a more vicious sort of pleasure in the sight, as if she were savoring the end result of a long overdue penance.

Within another moment, that was totally beyond her capacity to notice. She was lost in a self-inflicted state of ecstasy, her hair falling around her shoulders as she tilted her head back, a sound of contentment held back from a firm clenching of teeth to her lips.

That plunged hand was moving on instinct by that point, a rhythmic down and up motion, slow then fast... and it was soon encased in a warm feeling of moisture as her body fully gave in to the sensation. Her submerged fingers and eventually that lone garment around them soon grew immensely damp. She exhaled soundlessly as she settled in her chair. She didn't know how she would explain this away, but... in a moment or so, it wouldn't matter... she could get dressed, hurry off to clean up as best she could, then the nightmare would end. After a few more moments to collect herself, she finally managed to look over where the girl had been. No one there. Not a sign. She blinked... and cast her gaze forward. The

class too, was empty. As if no one at all had been there to begin with. "A wonder you were fine for so long..." There was a familiar giggle from a silver-haired girl, seated on that desk to her left with crossed, skirted legs. "You passed out the moment you sat down, or so I'm told... Kei was kind enough to keep an eye on you, and she had the whole class on their merry little way without ever knowing you were there. Miracle worker, she is." To say she was befuddled was putting it lightly. She had been asleep? Then what had been in her mind and what hadn't? The blonde was gone. Then, maybe... her face went from confused to frantic as she stared down. Little had changed... she was still in merely a plain set of underwear. Worse, they were clearly damp from her own actions. "B...but what about..."

"Oh, your clothes? You were out cold, so we figured to let you rest... bad idea, looks like." An idle gesture given to the girl's lower form. "...I'm sure she'll give them back when she sees you, I think she's in the third period... boy did you make an enemy out of her. Guess you know not to tell on a girl like that now, right?" She smiled and slid off the desk, patting the girl's bare shoulder reassuringly. "Well, I've got class, sweetie... I'd keep a low profile if I were you." The half-dressed girl spun around and stared desperately after the departing female. "W...wait, don't..." The last word made the girl stop at the door, looking over towards her curiously. "Oh, you'll be just fine... it's an art class, after all. They're expecting a model, you shouldn't disappoint. Mm, and..." She touched two fingers to her lips and blew a teasing gesture of a kiss. "...you weren't half bad." She gave a little wave, and then she was gone. The next thing she heard was the bell ring, and sure enough... the door opened, and students began to enter. She took notice of the pedestal at the center of the class, and resigned herself to the only explanation open to her. She nervously slid out of her seat and took up a careful pose, her arms concealing what little she could. Maybe she really had brought all this on herself. She sighed quietly, fixed her gaze on a distant point, and tried not to think of what the next hour would bring.

Moments after the door closed, sealing her fate in that classroom, she felt the telltale chill of cool air around her lower form. That last garment had been removed, leaving nothing to the imagination of the other students. There had been an assortment of stifled giggles, which were hastily hushed, before their sketchwork began. Her reputation hadn't quite been destroyed as someone might have liked... but it had most certainly been completely exposed.

After a day's worth of unforgettable events, things somehow wrapped themselves up almost too neatly. The class had subjected her to no small amount of ridicule due to how she'd undertaken the sketch, but beyond that... it was mostly forgotten in the few days prior. No one in her proper classes had the slightest idea of what had happened, either.

It was late afternoon after her last class, some days later, when the past was the past. She had been gathering her shoes from the locker when a sound made her turn; that and the gentle but intent touch of hands to her shoulder. "Well, I'm glad it all went so well... but we still have unfinished business, you and I." That sweet whisper could belong to none other but Kristine.

There had only been a moment of unspoken confusion before the girl behind her conveyed the answer in actions; two soft hands danced along her sides, accompanied by an intent kiss to her neck. Her skin tingled, her body froze up... and as she turned, confirming that none were around... she drew both arms around the female, pulled her close, and gave in to the effortlessly swift disrobing which followed.

A new found disregard for being seen by others did have -some- advantages...
~Fin~