

## The Disasters of Unmaking- An ENF Story by Misa

The Practice of Unmaking'. That had been the book her friend recommended she study first. "If you want to create from nothing, you should understand the opposite too." She liked the idea less and less. Why did alchemy have to be such a limiting body of study? It was certainly rare to have any student take an interest in the subject, so the faculty had encouraged her work in the field. Yet it had proven nothing but troublesome, and worst of all, stringent. Do this, not that, don't do this, or else. And so on and on.

Little wonder she'd gained something of a reputation for skirting the rules. Which, as she'd been warned many a time, was a dangerous thing in the sciences. It was on the verge of getting her a trip to detention at best. So in recent days, the girl had been on her best behavior, at least for her. Which just meant that her interests away from class became of the sort considered unsavory by the faculty or most any normal student.

Well, how did one expect to get anywhere in a field of science? If no boundaries were pushed, nothing would ever be discovered. That was her belief, anyway. Her friend encouraged her in these undertakings, more often than not, but this intention of hers to conjure materials from thin air had made the other girl understandably nervous.

Which left her in that dusty library in the late afternoon, perusing through a book that looked older than the entirety of every building there, combined. At least none of the students or elder faculty passing by here and there would even know what she was reading, much less have reason to care. As one hand passively brushed at the knee-length blue cloth of her skirted uniform, the other traced an index finger across line after line of dull formulas and equations.

"How anyone can get anything out of this is beyond me..." She rolled her eyes with that barely audible utterance, before continuing down towards the end of the chapter.

It was thankfully just about done. She'd call it quits here, head back to her room, and get back to some studies of interest. She did at least give that last line of text the appropriate level of respect, trying to focus her eyes as she quietly spoke the cryptic contents aloud. "...and so this be conveyed, thine works be unmade..." What did that even -mean-?

She was done. She gave a breath of relief, sitting back on the chair as her hand tossed the book shut with a small cloud of dust, her other tossing back an assortment of curled brunette tresses behind her shoulder.

Her feet began to seek placement upon the ground to get up and leave, then... something stopped her in her tracks. It wasn't anything beneath her, or even in her surroundings. No, it was the slow but sure realization that her feet were becoming bare. Where there had been a petite set of ankle-length socks and slip-on footwear, was left the chilling sensation of her exposed toes moving freely against the floor, and soon enough the rest of her foot was the same, not a stitch of fabric there. "

"...what in the..." Another perplexed whisper as she cast a confused look beneath the desk and over her knees, staring at her own feet in plain confusion. Her footwear hadn't been removed or even undone, it was just not there at all. Whatever was going on, she wasn't finding it funny... and it seemed like a good cue to make herself scarce.

Except she soon opted to stay right where she was as a result of what she saw next. Her skirt, which had previously covered the expanse of her legs well past the knee, was slowly riding up closer to her thighs. And it wasn't that the material was moving upward, no... it was just simply vanishing from sight, as if it was being unraveled by an invisible force, leaving no trace of its presence. She shook her head in disbelief, staring at the alarming sight for a stunned moment longer... before looking back to the book and flipping towards that chapter.

She'd apparently done something very, very wrong... and she was becoming certain she would have to set things right, and fast. But would she have time enough to do that on her own before things became worse, or was getting away from there and hopefully finding some more sagely advice the better move?

Her attempts at flipping through that book were rushed at best. She scoured the aged text without any regard for the ancient contents or even to keep a low profile. She didn't understand what was happening, but she sure had a good idea of it.

The book had hundreds of pages. She'd only scratched the surface of it. Whatever was happening, it was clear enough that that central desk out in the open was no place to try and resolve it. A quick look to either side was given to ensure no one was looking her way, then she clutched the book to her chest, marking the page she was on with her hand, and swiftly moved across the floor into the closest and most dense gathering of bookshelves she could find.

There she gave a sigh of relief, though it was short-lived. She felt a rush of red to her cheeks as she stared down and began looking through the book again. The skirt's dissolving appearance hadn't ceased at all, in fact it was already rapidly becoming a half-length mini skirt. The accompanying sensation of a chilling breeze made her frantic searching all the more intensified.

"Fix fix fix..." She repeated to herself desperately as she searched the following chapter, a natural location for a remedy as these tomes often went. Then, finally, she found a phrase. A hasty spot check of its wording, before she softly read it aloud. "To bring the worst to a pause, remain calm and ignore the cause."

The effect was immediate. Her newly shortened skirt had finally ceased that invisible unraveling. Though the damage was most certainly done; it had stopped well above mid-thigh, leaving her legs exposed from the toes to a hem that was inches away from making a pale blue set of panties visible. She was still blushing at this awkward sight, but... she managed to still calm herself somewhat. The worst was indeed over, even if she was left with a somewhat questionable appearance. She set the book shut and turned to replace it on some random shelf. She'd just hurry back to her room, she could ignore a few stares and even stinging comments easily enough. The latter was common after all.

Her hand stopped just shy of placing the book within a selection before her. As it was just shy of her collar, she noticed it easily enough. The dark vest over her white blouse... or rather, the expanse of white fabric where her vest -should- have been. In those sparse moments of relief, the bottom half had utterly disappeared, as if in some newly agreed-upon form of payment.

It didn't stop there. She saw the sleeves of her blouse soon riding up her arms as well, inch by inch disappearing from her forearms as if vanishing into the ether.

"Not a trade... that's not helping, you stupid book!" She exclaimed in a hushed tone as she pulled the book back down, giving it stability upon that shelf as she flipped through that chapter again. She had to find a final solution, and quick. The vest would clearly be the first to go, and then...

"Excuse me, Miss..." She froze and gave a quiet look to her side, at a polite older woman whose expression seemed a bit inquisitive about the barefoot, mini-skirted girl before her. When was a dress code like that put into approval, she wondered? "We're closing soon."

Time had totally escaped her. One thing was clear, she had to resolve this as quickly as possible... if her memory served, she had a half hour or so at best. She could have trusted in her ability to fix things with the tools at hand, or this could have been her only chance to seek some knowledgeable aid. Either way, that woman was going to want some sort of answer. By that point, her blouse was rapidly becoming sleeveless... and the effect seemed content to stop there and exert an influence on the fabric that should have been covering her midriff.

"Oh, um... yes, I know... thank you." She forced a bashful smile to her expression

as she looked to the librarian with a quick nod, all while she was thinking nothing more than goawaygoawayGOAWAY. "I'm just making sure this is what I need, then I'll be done." She in fact desperately needed it, but at the same time, she'd wished she'd never laid eyes on it.

The woman gave the obviously flustered girl a skeptical look, but as a small blessing, the aged book in her grasp had more of the attendant's attention than her half-vacant attire. "Hm, very well. Do be careful with that." With that said, and a knowing look to the barefoot girl's eyes, she turned and vanished from sight, leaving the row of shelves in favor of the desk at the far end of the aisle.

It was also adjacent to the exit, so it was just about impossible to take a book away without ensuring it had been properly checked out first.

Somehow she doubted she had the time to take this book anywhere... but she also doubted there was anyone there besides her who would be familiar enough with its contents to help.

Worse, the effect had not begun to stop during that brief conversation. Sure enough, her blouse was gradually vanishing from her stomach on up, and the blazer worn over it was just about gone. It seemed to take an odd route of things, as well. While she went after the woman to check out the troublesome book, she clearly felt it separating from her back and shoulders, exposing her skin along the spine towards her neckline in a way that made her shiver.

"Can-...um. I check this one out?"

A bespectacled girl who had been occupied in her studies looked up from over her opened textbook and gave a nod. "Sure! Let me just take a look and update the record..."

Without waiting for a response, the book was taken from her. The girl gave an impressed whistle as she looked it over.

"Wow, heavy stuff here...something like this needs special approval, given its age. Would you mind waiting a couple minutes?"

As the seated girl watched and waited for an answer, she stood there feeling quite apprehensive. Her arms had long since taken to crossing across her stomach, as it was becoming gradually exposed. "I'm... kinda in a hurry, y'know?" She felt her upright form fidget at an awkward sensation. The shirt had thankfully stopped just shy of coming apart at the back, leaving an inch of fabric intact at the rear of her neck.

Unfortunately, it began doing the same from the front instead, and that girl would undoubtedly notice her blouse simply dissolving where it should have been held together by an array of petite buttons.

"Hmm..." The girl looked at the book again, then at the nervous, clearly poorly dressed female across from her. It didn't take much to put two and two together... especially once she noticed a growing hint of bare skin coming into view before her. "I can imagine." She wished she could have helped, but her only contribution would have to do; that of making a quick mark with a pen to her ledger, and handing the tome over to her. "Better get a move on." With that said, she gave a disarmingly pleasant smile, and went right back to her own work, the girl's plight forgotten. She felt bad for her, but... well, there were reasons people weren't meant to mess with books like that, and sometimes the only way people learned was the hard way.

"Thank you!" She pulled the book close to her chest and bowed her head in a swift gesture of appreciation, and began flipping through pages as she hurried to an isolated desk nearby, sitting as out of sight as could be, scooting under the desk as she sought out a more complete resolution. It did offer a decent amount of cover, as it was located in a corner, though the sight of a mostly exposed set of legs lacking any sort of footwear from beneath it could easily draw the occasional glance.

"Okay, okay, remedy, remedy..." She repeated the words to herself while moving from chapter to chapter. Something had to be able to stop whatever she'd started, if not undoing the damage. "Finally!" In her excitement her outcry had drawn a few



upward look, then back down. It was a good thirty feet away, and she was on the verge of being naked... and that was if the book didn't put her in that state before she even decided! As a small blessing, for the moment, that single undergarment -seemed- intact... so it was either wait for the library to close, and cause a scene... or try and put the book back, avoid causing a scene, and maybe just maybe get out of this with her decency intact. A thought crossed her mind, and she decided it was probably better that Hibi had not stayed. There was someone who'd never let her hear the end of it.

It was then or never. She had to put the book back, or else she was beyond screwed... and it would be easier almost naked than completely. She gave a look from around the corner to the tables between her and the next row of shelves. The place was slowly clearing out, which was good. There were still students at the desks doing last minute studying. That was bad. Which meant her best bet was to keep low. She knelt down, drew the book close to her chest with folded arms, and began a half-tiptoe/crawl along the thinly carpeted floor, staying behind a set of chairs and the nearest table for cover. Thankfully it was an empty one. A few more shaky steps, and she was at the end of the square furniture, with a few feet separating her from a bookshelf, and relative cover. From there, it was more or less a straight line to the shelf she'd gotten the culprit-text from, but... it was still a straight line between rows of books, and there would be absolutely no cover if someone saw her there. Misa tried to keep her breathing calm as she sat there for what seemed an eternity, using the book as cover for her lightly heaving bust. It was a pretty large tome, so it covered what counted easily enough, but that wouldn't do any good in way of concealing the other side. Finally, the student who was perusing the books near her turned and headed away... and she hopped from the desk to between the shelves, quickly moving to the next row, standing up on the other side as quick as she could with a tense sigh. Too close. With one arm holding the book close, she passed a hand across her chest, instinctively reminding herself she still had -something- on. Miraculously, that set of invaluable panties still lingered in place. "Right, almost done..." With that weak attempt at reassuring herself, she stared down the aisle ahead, which was blessedly empty, and began moving ahead at a slow yet steady pace. No time to delay. She'd put the book back and be done.

It was usually easy to tell when something was too good to be true. Her uninterrupted progress thus far had seemed a clear warning sign, so she kept her guard up and prepared for the worst. It was when she was one clearing away from that array of shelves when it happened. She began to step out from that row of shelves when a young student, barely taller than her chest, passed with a stack of books in hand. And turned, and stared right at her. ...or rather, her exposed stomach, and her uncovered panties. Which had seemed to take that as the perfect cue to begin dissipating. Within a moment the student had stopped glancing and began staring at the soft incline of skin gradually coming into view before her eyes.

Misa didn't know what to say... but it was around the time that the girl calmly pointed out that her underwear was on the verge of completely exposing herself that she gasped and wedged a hand between her gradually exposed thighs. Sure enough, she felt that there was soon nothing beneath the touch of her palm... and within moments her backside felt just as vulnerable. The panties had simply faded away, leaving her standing there with a bright-red expression, staring desperately down at the confused girl as if to simultaneously say 'please move' and 'please don't say anything'.

The girl giggled in a way that made Misa's skin crawl. Then tilted her head as she looked up at the helpless female, taking amused note of the outline of her breasts behind that book which one arm barely held in place. She hadn't said a word, but Misa had a fairly good idea what she was thinking. How best to take advantage. "...I -know- this looks bad, but... um. Could you please let me by?"

"Hmm." The younger student finally spoke, and again her eyes passed up and down along Misa's body, seeming to very intricately observe her figure. It would've felt like being undressed had she not already been. "...I dunno, you look better that way." Another chilling giggle.

Misa had enough. She began to just proceed to walk around the girl in a quick move to the side, then a small hand shot up and clutched at Misa's wrist. The one between her thighs. "Uh uh uh. Lemme see first."

Lemme... see? She stared blankly at the girl, who just smiled with a pointed nod to the book... or rather the tense curvature she concealed with it, then horrified realization dawned on her. "...you can't be serious! I-...I'll do no such thing!" "Well okay, then everyone else gets to-..." She pursed her lips as if to whistle, and tilted her head over towards the expanse of desks at her left. There weren't many students left... but there were more than enough to take notice if the girl did what she threatened.

"Stop! Stop, stop..." She whispered yet made her tense voice enough to dissuade the girl from that reputation-ending gesture. Misa didn't know what kind of crazy obsession she had with her body(though she ventured a guess it involved envy), but she was at a clear disadvantage. Better her than who knew how many others. She gave a shaky breath, encased the book in her left arm, and drew it off to the side, letting her bare chest settle into view.

"Mm-hmm." The girl smiled with an melodic sound of approval, taking in the sight with an impressed gaze, particularly the reddened peaks which responded quite nicely to the environment. "...not bad at all, I had you figured as having waaay less." Misa's expression was a red-painted mixture of humiliation and barely contained rage, but she knew getting angry at her wouldn't accomplish a thing, it'd just make things worse. "...t-...there, now let me go!" Without waiting for an answer, she set the arm right back over her chest as the girl pouted.

"Well, fair's fair..." She did indeed let go of her arm, and move aside to let her pass. Misa sighed, slowly composing herself as she walked on by, quickly going to the next row. "...but it's no fun if I'm the only one." Click. She never noticed the newfound chill upon her wrist until it was too late. At some point, a very swift-fingered girl had slapped a cheap pair of handcuffs over her wrist, and latched the other end to a sign at the end of the row. "Well, they are closing soon, I best be going-... be careful, bouncy." A cruel giggle, and she was off like a bolt for the front desk.

"Y-...you BRAT!" She forgot herself in her anger and exclaimed as the smaller girl ran off, frantically pulling at the sign and her wrist bound to it. She was at the end of the row, and mostly out of sight... but that book in her other arm was nowhere near that waiting space on the far end of that alcove.

She had been in an unfortunate position, too; her back had been to the hall behind her as the brat had secured her right wrist to the right of the bookshelf. She barely had leverage enough to get the hand between her legs, but there was just about nothing she could do to cover her rear. "I-...I can't believe this..." It was less annoyance at her situation and more at the sight of the thin metal cuffs she'd been bound with. They were the kind you'd get from a ticket redemption booth. Easy enough to get open with the right key, or even a pen and a good amount of time. She had none of the above. All she had was a book clutched to her chest, no way of getting to where it belonged... and if her mental clock was right, about five minutes before someone came looking to clear her out of there.

Misa felt herself losing focus from her frantic state. No, not the time for that at -all-. She was more level-headed than that, and she'd get through this... somehow. Yet she was hardly adept at picking locks, and this didn't seem the time to be fumbling at trying.

That left one tool at her disposal. She moved close to the shelf, reluctantly using her lap as a surface on which to scour through the pages once again. It was a book of -unmaking-, wasn't it? So if anything would get her out of this, it would be the

thing that got her into it. (Bashing the chain with the business end of the tome had also been a fleeting thought, though not a very realistic or subtle one.) "Please bring all final selections to the front of the-" "...oh shut up!" She whispered tensely to herself, shaking her head to toss some bangs from her eyes. She'd definitely begun to sweat a little, whether from exertion or tension who could say.

Misa had no idea what page she'd last made use of, and it didn't matter. She just needed an out. And finally, somewhere in the first half of the aged writing, there it was.

"When quickly you must away, think of a better place to stay." A better place to... that was easy. The dorms. Forget the stupid book. Once she was back there, it didn't matter if it was in her possession, on the shelf, or used as kindling. So focus on the dorms she did. And the book delivered on a means. It was like the floor beneath her simply fell away into nothingness. The cheap trinket binding her was soon proven useless. It gave way just enough for her wrist to pass through the newfound opening, and when she vanished from sight, it was as if she or the book had never been there at all.

"Oww..." Her landing had been rough, to put it lightly. She had tumbled end-over-end for a matter of seconds, before coming to a sharp stop courtesy of her hips striking the cold surface of a washing machine. That hadn't immediately registered, though. Her feet slowly settled against the front of a clear door as she rubbed her sore lower end. Misa's next thought was to look around and try and figure out why the -hell- she was in a laundry room.

The answer hadn't taken long. There were four machines on her side, four dryers on the other, and a secured door to her right. It was the public-use sort. She knew it well.

They were used by everyone who stayed on campus. Before she could begin to curse her luck, as if on cue, the only object she presently had to her name came to a gentle landing just beside her. The silent curse in form of a stare that could melt wax would have to do. This was unfortunate, but not a disaster. She set her hands down, carefully lowered to her feet, and glanced about to determine which machine had something to make use of. Could've been worse, at least she wasn't in someone's bed. It was around the time that she leaned over the nearest dryer to peer inside when she heard the door opening.

She just could not catch a break, apparently. She didn't trust she would even have something out of the dryer in time, much less on her before that someone caught an eyeful, so she responded with a quickness.

Thankfully someone had the foresight to make the window the frosted sort, so all she needed to do was extend a leg out to kick the door shut with a resonant slam. That got a confused curse out of someone on the other end. She stared at the handle to buy herself some time, but somehow the fact that it lacked a lock didn't come as much surprise.

That meant Misa had bought herself merely a good half a minute. Which had been enough. She plunged her arms into the warm garments inside, grabbing onto the first length of cloth her fingers settled around, and pulled it to her.

"...oh, come on..." There was no time to lament her luck, or lack thereof. She pulled the garment over her head and shoved it down over her body just in time for one annoyed female her age to shove the door back open.

Misa was already red-faced as she turned to face the girl, a hand still smoothing out the skirted fabric over her hips. It was a simple nightgown of loose fabric, the sort barely having enough cloth to offer some decency... provided, of course, the wearer also used underclothing. It was pretty obvious she lacked that much from the outline of her breasts alone.

"...what are you doing in here?" The taller girl didn't really seem to care that there was a stranger alone in the laundry room, wearing a nightgown that seemed suited for someone a good two years younger than her. It also seemed pretty likely judging from the sight of her, and the amount of skin the mini skirt revealed, it

was -all- she had on.

"Um-... I, you know, last minute wash... hehe." Misa couldn't really play up the dumb blonde routine too well given her hair color, but she tried her damndest. "So, yeah, just gonna go back to my room now..." A sheepish smile as she moved past the other girl towards the door, freezing in her tracks as the female yelled to her. "...forgot your book." She barely brought her arms up in time to catch it, but given its weight, it hadn't taken much to catch Misa off-balance, causing her to stumble backward against the wall with a sharp breath. "Thanks..." It was the last thing she wanted, but she still held it close to her with a reluctant nod of appreciation.

"My roommate's gonna want her nightgown back too." With that remark, noting the way the color drained from Misa's face, the other girl couldn't help but smirk.

On one hand, Misa was a lot of things, but she didn't fancy herself a thief. On the other... she was pretty sure she needed that a LOT more than that lady's roommate. Was it just 'exploit the unlucky' day and she missed the memo? Still, the last thing she wanted to go sprinting off like a mad girl instead, and possibly wind up having the other female run her down and pull it off her. Misa had a feeling she was capable of it.

That left reasoning. "...look, it's not been a good day, and I really just need this to get back to my room, so if you could..." She tucked the book under one arm as she held out an open palm in an attempt to keep the girl's protests at bay. Instead she felt the weight of the nightgown suddenly falter, and the rightmost side of it began to slip down from her shoulders and the swell of her right breast. It might have fit her poorly, but the size didn't explain that! She instinctively reached a hand to hold the slipping material in place and keep the strap in check, when the obvious answer was made clear. There wasn't a strap. It was gone.

"...haven't you had enough!?" She exclaimed at the book which had no response, further leading the girl watching from the door to believe Misa had lost a lot more than her clothes.

She had to run. Otherwise both her and that nightgown were done for. "Look, tell your roommate I'll pay her back, room 372!" Without waiting for a response, she took off on her bare feet, the skirt fluttering in her wake, book in one arm and her other hand holding up the half-supported gown for dear life. Thankfully none of the adjacent dorms or offices seemed to have any observers in their doorways, not that she knew at least, though she could only imagine the laundry girl was getting an eyeful.

It didn't matter to her. The stairs were waiting. She drew up a leg and shoved it open with her foot in a familiar gesture.

Two floors was a long way to run in a dissolving nightgown, but she had no choice.

Worse, it really hadn't let up since she made a break for it. While her hand did her utmost to keep the half-supported gown over her chest, it was clearly working its way down her center, gradually exposing her cleavage from the middle of her chest on down. "...c'mon, give... it...a... rest..."

After Misa made it up one side of steps, then the other, she let herself stop to catch her breath just outside the second floor. She rested her weight back against the wall and finally let the book down, staring downward to take note of her appearance. It was like the gown was split from her collar to her waist, and her breasts barely held in check by what little fabric there was, and the faintest hint of that incline shy of her waist could be seen as well. Not even remotely up to the dress code... but she was almost there. She had to hurry, too. She felt the same happening upon her back, slowly but surely. Fortunately, her room was right by the third floor exit. So she shakily pushed off from the wall and began heading around the stairs, then stopped in her tracks, hearing a clamor of voices coming down the steps. Two or three people at least. At least two girls. She stared up, then behind her at the second floor. She could wait for them to pass, and hope they didn't follow... but it was not an all-girls dorm. Genders were separated by floors, and

she knew all too well which one took up residence there. Considering -that-, she was starting to think it smarter to just rush upstairs and take her chances... after all, it was far better to get caught by girls than the alternative. Then again... the fairer gender had been proven -exceedingly- cruel so far.

No, she'd had more than enough 'help' from her own gender. It didn't seem the brightest move, but it would only be for a little while, so she braced herself and went past the adjacent door into the waiting hall. It was almost evening by that point, but... well, that was hardly the most quiet, curfew-driven place on campus. She was already regretting the decision, in fact. Misa found herself staying in a corner as she clutched the book over her upper body, practically curling up within it to keep her profile low.

A few doors were still hanging open a number of feet away, and she could even hear music from one of the open rooms.

Without a doubt, this was not a good place to be in her predicament. But as long as no one saw her, or better yet, so much as looked in her direction, she'd manage. Sure enough, the passing chatter of the group could be heard outside the door, then fading down the stairs. That was her cue. She slowly moved from that relative 'cover', went for the door, and barely got a hand up to open it. It opened out towards her instead, and she instinctively moved back against the wall as it covered her location.

"I'm telling you, she went this way." "She'd be crazy to come up here dressed like that..." Are you calling me a liar!?" "Fine, suit yourself..." A half-familiar couple were too occupied with bickering to notice her as they entered the hall, and passed her by, leaving her standing there catching her breath as the door moved away from her and closed lightly. It was time to go.

She gently adjusted the book against her and pulled lightly on the knob. Which didn't open... and Misa realized why, much too late, her gaze drawn to the card reader at the left as her face went pale.

The staff had a weird way of doing things. They'd make entering the floor easy enough, but good luck getting back out without proper permission. The false sense of security had led to them catching innumerable people trying to sneak out of their lovers' dorms at night.

So there she stood, pulling at a door that wouldn't respond without an item she most certainly lacked... and the material of her attire gradually dissipating once again. "Oh come on, not now..." Her free hand pulled a little harder, a familiar tingle going through her skin. It was the back of the nightgown... or rather, where it used to have been.

It had completely been dissolved from her neck to her hips, and she slowly felt it coming away at the sides too.

Staying there was crazy. She was literally half-dressed, but as she turned about to conceal her exposed backside, she scoured the hall looking for a safe way out... and knew of none other than heading through it.

She shook her head, resting her shoulders to the door, casting the thought aside. That was just too risky, especially with that girl looking for her. All Misa had to do was wait, and surely someone would...

Suddenly, the hall went black. That caught her off guard. The emergency lights gradually coming on, all the more.

Then the telltale flashing of a red glow above them. Someone had pulled the fire alarm. Sure enough, she could hear people responding from inside the rooms. Either this was the worst timing in the history of natural disasters, or a certain girl knew -just- how to draw her into the open. "...fine, then... no one'll notice if I-..." She eased a step forward, and just about shrieked, backing swiftly into the corner as she dropped the book to her feet in alarm.

A glow from the emergency lighting shone down on the section of the hall just as she moved from her alcove, as if seeking out her presence. There hadn't been anyone to see her yet, but... it was what -she- saw that froze her in her tracks. The

sight of her own bare thighs, and that briefly illuminated space between her hips. The gown had totally dissolved down the center, and came apart in neatly separated halves, leaving her breasts freely falling into view without restraint, and her lower body soon just as exposed. "Of all the times..."

She took in a tense breath and backed up once again, staying away from the illuminating glow which seemed dead set on highlighting her presence. Maybe the door would let her out now. But maybe not... and who knew WHAT would happen if she opted to go ahead instead. Heck, maybe she was safest just staying right where she was.

Once Misa became accustomed to the newfound darkness, and composed herself somewhat, she realized that her plight had a distinct advantage. What security in its right mind would keep a door locked down during a fire alarm? None, one would hope.

It was hard to say why she kept retrieving the book and taking it along, the thing was far from light... but if nothing else, it was the only tangible object that she could count on as cover, lacking though it was.

It was good enough cause to reluctantly bend her knees and tuck it beneath her left arm, before easing to the right and pulling on the door with her other. Sure enough, it came open without any opposition.

She wasted no time in heading through it and back to the stairwell, pulling the door shut behind her. Good thing too, she had a feeling all the voices behind that door were people leaving the assorted rooms, most more confused than alarmed.

Pranks were common after all, and if it was the real thing, word would travel fast enough.

She didn't plan on waiting to see what they'd decide on. She was already heading upstairs as fast as her feet would carry her, intent on getting to the third floor before anyone got in her way. Misa was halfway up the second half of the stairs, already breathing hard when the area was once more brightly lit, the emergency lights going out in favor of the more normal, dimmed illumination.

It hadn't taken the staff long to put the false alarm down, she figured. That gave her a little time to catch her breath as she walked more slowly towards the top of the stairs, an arm around her stomach as she rested back against the rail, her chest heaving from exertion.

If she'd known a trip to the library would've resorted in that great a workout, she'd have done it more often.

After a moment's respite or so, she finally felt her breathing (and her breasts) settle to a relaxed pace. She then finally passed the last few steps between her and the door to her floor, pulling it ajar ever so slightly.

In what was becoming a familiar reaction, she froze up behind the door, only allowing her face and her disheveled hair to lean around and stare at her own dorm. More specifically, the familiar person who was knocking at it repeatedly. "Misa? Come on, you said 8PM sharp..."

The figure was dressed in casual-formalwear, a plain black dress shirt and darkened slacks. She'd been planning on something similar, it was normal fare for a first date after all.

Her present attire was far more casual than she was prepared to settle for. Misa felt her heartbeat quicken, though not just from sheer nervousness of the situation.

Hibiki had always been fairly handsome, not that she was one to ever admit it. Little wonder the sight of him paired with her distinct lack of attire had her feeling somewhat on edge.

Bad to worse. Story of her life. Having resigned herself to thievery was one thing, now she was having to stand up a first date. It would've been fine had the guy been a waste of space, but this one seemed anything but. Given her alternative, though... standing him up, it was.

She watched for a quietly pained moment, then eased her hand against the door to

guide it shut as silently as possible. Then she went off to the side, shoulders to the wall, and began to wait.

There were a few more moments of knocking and calling that seemed to waver between annoyance and concern, neither of which made her feel any better about all this, before as a small blessing, all went quiet.

Misa waited a few more moments to be sure, then once again turned towards the door and tugged it open. Sure enough, her former date was gone. A sigh that was equal parts relief and disappointment, before she approached her door, staring up at the number to be certain. Room 372.

That was all the assurance she needed. A hand reached up to her door knob, as she made to put an end to her plight... when she ran right into the most obvious of obstacles.

A lock she had not a key for... and her first instinct was to reach down to her bare hip for something that most certainly wasn't there.

One would think she'd have remembered this sooner, but given the events so far, Misa had been so dead-set on getting to her room that she hadn't planned for this eventuality in the slightest. Worse, she knew her roommate wasn't there, otherwise she'd have answered when her guest came calling. In fact, she'd deliberately chosen a time when she wouldn't be, to minimize things being awkward.

So much for that idea. She estimated two, three hours before the other girl came back, At best. She nervously stared from one side of the hall to another. The hall was the total opposite of the one below, quiet and peaceful... but that could be pierced at any moment.

Of course she knew others in the dorms, but none quite on a level where she'd feel comfortable knocking on their doors in the nude. "Think girl, think..." She fidgeted for a moment, turning her back to her own room as she moved closer to it, staring down the length of the hall hoping for an idea as she kept the book to her chest and her legs set firmly together. "Gotta be somethin-..." "Huh? Sounds like you're looking for Misa. End of the hall." At that faint voice, she stared over to her right... and from around the corner at the far end of the hall, she could hear footsteps approaching followed by the light closing of an unseen door. She felt her breath quicken again, as she desperately took in her surroundings. Three surrounding rooms, and... of all things, a disposal chute, barely enough for a girl her size to ease into. "... She was not that desperate. ...was she? It wouldn't wind up incinerating her or anything(that she knew of), but would turning up wherever it lead be any better? If she was lucky, it was the laundry room. If not... probably the -other- room people tossed things into a chute for, and last she was aware, that meant the garbage container outside the building.

Who was coming? Who was looking for her? Was he coming back? Worse, was it that girl from before? ...either of them? Misa didn't think running into ANY of them would be good. She checked her surroundings again. None of those three were unoccupied, as far as she knew. Dorm space was always a commodity. That only left a question of whether someone was there, and if not, if they were careless enough to leave the door unlocked.

But, if they were there...

Those steps were coming closer, not further away! She threw caution to the wind for once, and took a small hop across the hall to the room opposite her own, and tested the knob quickly. And naturally, it...

opened. Even Misa was left briefly stunned as the knob turned beneath her hand, but she wasn't about to ignore the blessing. She moved the door forward a few more inches, and stared inside. A neatly made bed, and one that looked like it was perpetually UNmade. People did live in that room... people who weren't there. Good enough for her. She wasted no time in forcing it shut with her own weight, taking in a deep breath as she clicked the lock. Misa didn't feel comfortable with what she had in mind, but it was a necessary evil. She carefully placed her book down on the neater of the two beds, and turned her attention to a nearby dresser.

Something, anything would do... just enough to get her through the evening at worst, long enough to get someone to let her into her room at best. Misa barely had her hands on the surface when the door was knocked upon, loudly. "What makes you think she went in there?"

"Well let's see, did you notice some bare-assed girl go into any of the OTHER rooms?"

The silence was answer enough. Then the door was knocked at again. "Go get security, I'll force it open." There were the sounds of departing footsteps, then a more worrisome sound of a jiggling lock. Bad news, both. She looked to the dresser with a helpless expression, then over her shoulder to a window.

No time, absolutely none... not even for that book, -especially- if she did what she was thinking. Getting caught would be a nightmare, in someone else's room no less. So after pulling a stray garment from the dresser, Misa hurried to the window, and tugged it open, briefly recoiling from the cool breeze which drifted into the room. She took a deep breath as she pulled on the 'borrowed' top, which turned out to be a simple nightshirt, of the button-down variety. There wasn't time to customize it... and it was better than nothing.

She leaned out through the fluttering curtain and stared over the edge, her right arm quickly brought up and across her chest to restrain her breasts from swaying freely.

Misa must have lost her mind. Not only was it three stories high, there were still the occasional students coming and going... and above all, just where did she mean to go!? The knob gave a sound of turning, and she had her answer; it didn't matter. It wouldn't be inside that room!

So when the door finally was knocked inward by a firm push, there was no sign of her... just an abandoned book.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid..." Mostly she spoke of herself as she scooted along the stone wall, left vulnerable as her palms were each needed to feel her way across the narrow ledge, and keep her balance. She had no time for useless modesty. All anyone would see from down there was the outline of a figure, it didn't matter if she covered herself or not... someone looking would be bad, regardless.

The next window to her right was her first thought, and the safest bet. While an annoyed female tried to figure out where a certain girl had gone (because there was no way she was crazy enough to go out the window!), Misa was slowly opening the next one over. No time to look or think. It was windy out, and better embarrassed than dead. She swung one leg in, then the other, and slowly sat herself on the window sill, hands at her sides to support herself as she went to stand... and instead stared blankly at the two girls in the room, who were looking back at the half-nude female sitting on their windowsill, obviously not sure -what- to make of her.

"Um...hey." Misa tried to smile sheepishly, though she had no way of making her appearance even remotely casual. She had the sense to set both hands between her hips as her feet swayed from over the window's edge, though the expanse of her legs and the rise and fall of her near-bared curvature made her lack of attire plain as day, unless the scattered lengths of hair offering her breasts some decency counted for much. Judging by the two girls' expressions, it didn't.

"I...er, got locked out of my room... maybe... one of you could get a key to..." Her mind went blank for a moment, her face reddening as the girls just went right on staring. "...37...2?"

Another hopeful smile. One of the girls was lying on her bed immersed in an open text book. The other was sitting back in a chair watching some random program. One looked to the other. The second looked back at Misa. The first girl didn't seem too interested one way or another, maybe a little amused, even. The second didn't take it nearly as well. She began to scream.

"No no no, I-...I live here, please don't scream!" Misa pushed from the window and hurried towards the girl, moving over her as she desperately shoved both hands over her mouth. "...I can explain all this, I swear!"

As the red-faced girl struggled beneath her, the other girl from her bed just watched the two with a half-giggle. "...uh huh... explain that." Misa blinked and looked down. Her face was left blushing furiously. The shirt had come apart right down the middle, and she was left nestled upon the other girl's lap, her legs straddling the female beneath her and set around the chair, her half-exposed breasts set right against a perfect stranger's. "...I-...ah..." "What's going on in there?!" An alarmed voice knocked at the door, and the knob shook. "...looks like you better run, sweetheart." The girl in the bed giggled, then nodded at the door. "Oh, nothing much... our friend's just leaving." Misa was in a bind to say the least... she didn't dare move her hands from the girl's mouth lest she scream again, but... she didn't want to sit there on that lap for a moment longer, either. Worse, the girl began squirming beneath her.

On one hand, the clamor outside settled down somewhat thanks to the passive girl's reply.

On the other, the one beneath her was nowhere close to settled. "Calm down!" Misa gave a hushed, insistent remark to the female squirming beneath her in a way that was awkward to say the least. She carefully eased back a few inches, with one palm still clamped over the girl's mouth as she used the other on her shoulder to ease backward, before using the same hand towards her lips in a shushing gesture. "Just-... just wait 'til they leave and I'll be long gone..." Speaking of long gone, that just about applied to that garment she'd stolen from the other room. Where there had been a somewhat concealed expanse of cleavage was instead seen an unrestrained pair of breasts, which each of the other two in the room couldn't help but stare at, though one with bemusement and the other more with frantic embarrassment. "G-...get OFF OF ME!"

Misa taking a chance at moving her hand from that girl's lips hadn't been too bright. With that wild shriek, the other girl responded with remarkable swiftness the moment she got her arms up, and shoved at the practically nude girl's shoulders, dispatching her to the ground with a light thud... and the remnants of an undone nightshirt spreading out beneath her exposed form.

Misa gave a wince, but still was quick to sit up and tuck her legs close while shakily getting to her feet, slowly remembering herself as she set both arms across her chest. "I didn't have a choice! It was either that or have you alert the whole-..."

Crash. The door came open, and a flashlight shone right on the disoriented Misa... more specifically her bare midriff, illuminating her stomach and the muscles of her hips quite clearly. "...floor..."

What followed was chaotic to say the least.

At some point while the frantic girl screamed and pointed at Misa, the calmer roommate giggled at the display, and a flashlight-bearing woman closed in with an intent that didn't seem even remotely pleasant... Misa made the only move open to her. She ran, sprinting towards the door in a mad dash while she ran on her hands and feet, a briefly uncomplimenting display that left her breasts swaying freely, but moving low was her only chance at getting around the flashlight-bearer. That thankfully was only necessary until she got back into the hall. She turned, kicked at the woman who entered, and not waiting to see what resulted, immediately pulled the door shut with a loud slam afterward. Misa caught a series of deep breaths, her bosom heaving sharply. No time to delay. A look to either side of the hall. No way was the staircase doing her any good unless someone pulled a fire alarm again. Misa could only hope the confusion in that room, which was apparently considerable judging from all the yelling, bought her enough time to high-tail it. So, staying close to the wall, she headed down the hall at a brisk pace, trying not to think either of her disheveled appearance or the ever-present risk of bumping into someone.

No two ways about it, she was not looking her best... her hair was scattered around

her shoulders in a poorly kept display, she was sweating profusely, and that just seemed to make the cleavage her arm barely kept in check all the more prevalent. Part of her wished she still had the book to rely on... and as she hesitated at the end of the hall, just across from the bathrooms and at the edge of a corner which lead to an adjacent hall and even more dorms, she realized this would be her only chance to double back and pursue the abandoned text... and maybe, just maybe, another way out of this mess.

She couldn't tell if the hall was completely clear or not... and even if it was, what would going that way accomplish? The only thing after the next hall was a common area, among the last places she wanted to be. Misa didn't at all like the idea of heading back into the fire, so to speak... but her fate seemed perpetually linked to that stupid book. With that decision reluctantly cast, she looked back over her shoulder and quickly headed towards that room at the far right of the hall. No time for subtlety, she braced herself with an intake of air and ran, her hair and curvature alike moving about freely with each step.

Not a moment too soon, she was back at that first room in the same moment she finally heard the second door opening. Her hand gripped the knob, with the silent hope that it was still unlocked, and to her immense relief, she made it through without a hitch, her back resting against it to swiftly guide it shut. Misa went straight for the bed, leaning over it as she went for where the book... -had- been. Indeed, there was no sign of it. "Where on earth did it..." She trailed off, her hands frantically searching the covers and tossing them aside in search for the missing text, when a small voice got her attention. "...you mean this?"

At that feminine sound, Misa nervously guided her gaze up and across the room... and blinked quietly at the petite girl sitting on the bed across from her, patting a familiar book placed beside her with a caring gesture.

"Oh don't mind me, just enjoying the view." The brat from the library gestured at Misa's plainly exposed bosom, giving the taller girl cause to gasp and recoil, hugging her curves as she moved back against the dresser. "...give that back, I... I need it a lot more than you!"

"Uh huh, I think you need a lot more than that too." That time she gestured at Misa's hips with another shiver-inducing giggle. "...so, what -is- it worth to you..."

The girl pondered this aloud with a melodic humming, her feet swaying back and forth with a whimsical look. "Making you run a lap or two around the building sounds fun! Or maybe just waiting out in the hall for the next hour... I'm sure your boyfriend would -love- running into you."

Misa had to do something, and fast... no way was she going to be that psycho's plaything again. All she had to do was get ahold of it. And clothing or not, she was pretty confident of having a physical advantage over the petite brat. So she shook her head firmly, and reluctantly began walking closer. "...I think I'll just take it from y-..."

With a tsk-tsk sound, the girl smiled, held up a small phone and... flash. The bright light made Misa recoil and cover her eyes. Then another flash. "...I bet I can send these pictures out before you do~!" With an all-too cheerful smile, the girl turned the phone around and showed Misa a set of images that made her blood go cold. The first picture was modest enough despite her clearly nude state.. the second was her with her breasts freely exposed, and was each showed her from head-to-toe. Misa didn't know who she planned on distributing that photo to, but... she'd rather not find out.

So it was either do as that brat wished, which would be undoubtedly sadistic in nature, or risk rushing her, and getting that phone away from her, and maybe even putting the book to good use for once. As for the threat, well... maybe the girl was bluffing. Maybe.

Misa was particularly gadget-savvy... but she was also of the belief that sending a

picture out to someone in a spur of the moment decision would take at least a little time to pull off. Time she had no intention of allowing her. The element of surprise helped, too... after all, she didn't think the girl would expect her defiance after the library incident.

Sure enough, even the younger female was caught off guard as Misa moved across the bed in a sideways motion then leapt at her with a quick grab for the phone in her grasp.

The gesture at least went somewhat as planned. Misa was able to easily pull the device out from the girl's grasp with minimal resistance, though it did result in the unpleasant circumstance of having pinned the flailing brat beneath her. And struggle she did, Misa had to thrust a palm against the brat's collar to keep her in check, though the phone was dealt with easily enough.

An open window had its benefits, and Misa tossed the phone through it without a care to what became of it. A three story fall would reduce it to an useless pile of broken parts.

That just left the brat. Rather than stay over her, which something told her the girl would've liked too much, she slowly sat up, keeping the girl pressed down with a light dig of her nails into her skin that she imagined stung quite a bit. "...you hold still this time." Shame Misa hadn't held onto those handcuffs. She kept her weight over the downed girl's lap as she calmly looked through the book, eventually finding a page that made her smile for once. "To get back at one in turn, do unto them what they've earned." "Wait a sec, you can-"

The girl's protests fell silent. Mostly because she was no longer there. Oddly enough, a uniform and some coordinated underclothing was the only sign the brat had ever been there at all.

Misa didn't know what happened to her, but she was just fine with imagining it. She blinked, noticing the sentence went on.

"The cost of revenge you sate is sharing in the target's fate."

"Wait, that can't mea-..." And just like that, Misa was gone from the room as well. She felt a familiar sensation of plunging through darkness... then she felt a hard surface beneath her, and sat up with a sharp breath.

Misa stopped just short of fully uprighting herself... because she was staring right into the face of a certain petite, sadistic girl... and, unintentionally, a downward glance she regretted confirmed her suspicions, neither of them had a thing on. "Get... off of me!" "Believe me, bouncy, I'd love to..." The short-haired female was sitting right over Misa, squarely planted on her midriff with two small palms resting on the space between her ribs. "...but you sure you want me to do that?" With a swift nod, the girl indicated Misa's gaze upward, and the downed female reluctantly followed.

They were lying in the back row of what she assumed to be the assembly hall's seating section, judging by the dim lighting... and she could hear the faint sound of applause, along with lights slowly warming back to life.

Whatever was going on, and for whatever reason they were there, the two would be about to draw quite a bit of attention if they stayed in place. "Oh, and..." The girl pointed again. Misa tilted her head to the side, and for once, she was unsurprised. A closed tome was sitting right beside her, unseen beneath an adjacent seat.

"...there is no way I'm letting you get away with this, so don't even think of getting up, or I promise they'll hear you for miles." Misa didn't know what to make of the smaller girl's threat, aside that cold expression giving her chills... then when the female above her adjusted her posture, and Misa felt her prone legs wedged apart by a downward-positioned hand, she understood.

Misa liked to think she had done fairly well at keeping her composure so far, given how her evening had been going. The actions of that girl positioned above her, well... that definitely hiked up her nervousness a significant notch.

"You-...you're crazy..." She tried to move beneath her, preferably away from the obtrusive hand, but the girl seemed dead set on staying in place. "...well, I guess

so..." The touch of her hand hadn't done anything yet, though she certainly kept it close enough to Misa's inner thighs to make sure she knew it was there.

"...they'll know you're here too." She stared up at her with a unavoidably worried look, being there was little Misa could do to keep her face from turning red and a hint of sweat forming. In case the other girl doubted that, she set one of her hands down, and reached up with the other, lightly but securely setting a palm across the upper girl's left breast. It wasn't much, especially in comparison to the advantage the smaller girl had, but it would have to do.

At that, the girl sitting above her fidgeted somewhat, then gave a frown.

"...fair's fair... so, guess you better think up a way out of this, since you got us into it." Their positioning behind the chairs offered them some cover, but who knew how well that would last, especially if staff showed up.

"...I'll-... I'll take a look, could you get off me?" Misa turned her head towards the book, though had a difficult time looking through it given her posture. "Not a chance, you do it from there, I know you'd just ditch me here." The girl smirked, and traced a finger indicatively along the inner portion of Misa's thigh with a shiver-inducing touch. "...oh, and call me Kirie, all my friends do..."

Misa dreaded to consider this brat treated her enemies. She didn't like the way this was going at all, but if anything could help her out of this, hopefully it would be what got her into it.

She set her less busy hand over, pulled the book close, and tilted her head to see what she could. There was the nerve-wracking sound of people passing by them as she looked, making her breath quicken and her chest begin to rise and fall. If she was seen like this... Misa would've simply died. Well, after she killed that brat.

"O....okay, I think I-...ah!" She twitched and bit her lip, staring up at Kirie with a face that was slowly turning pale. The brat had just -rubbed- her! "...oh, sorry, couldn't resist..." A small giggle from her, but when Misa responded, her tone was ice. "If you push your luck anymore than that, I swear they'll find you long before me..." That made the girl withdraw with a defeated look. If nothing else, Misa had sure proved good at evading notice. She took in another breath and refocused on the open pages. "...right, um... to escape from things at their worst, try to atone for those you've cursed." What was that supposed to mean?! Misa cast a look up at Kirie, who just smiled back sweetly. That could've only meant the brat. "...um, fine... I'm sorry?" Nothing.

"...I think you have to -mean- it." Kirie's smile lingered, and her hand drew dangerously close once more. "Fine, god!" So Misa leaned her head up, grabbed Kirie by the back of her head, and pulled her into a kiss that made her stomach turn. She kept it short and unavoidably sweet; she'd been told she wasn't a half-bad kisser after all.

For once, the shorter girl looked genuinely shocked when Misa withdrew. And just as she turned her head away, red-faced, catching notice of a figure turning their way... the floor dissolved beneath them.

As a small blessing, when she came to a landing, Kirie was long gone... to who knew or cared where. Misa had her own problems. She was definitely not at the dorms, or even on campus... no, she was sitting in an empty booth far in the back of a restaurant.

It was 8:25, judging by the clock on the wall... and if her memory served her correctly, in five minutes, her date would come to meet her there instead.

The thoughts running through Misa's mind were something along the lines of: oh no oh no oh NO. The restaurant was near closing hour, so it was a small blessing that almost no one saw the disheveled girl with oddly bare shoulders sitting near the back.

The two bored staff members were lingering near the front, as well... so she did what any girl in her dire situation would do; she bent her legs and went under the table, swiftly pulling a certain constant-textbook-companion along with her, bracing it upon her lap as she once more scoured through the pages. "...come on,

come on, has to be a way out of..." "Guess I'll just wait for a few, but thanks." That familiar tone of voice froze her up completely. She didn't even notice the approaching steps, or the departing feet of the waitress who'd guided her wayward date there. Worse, within moments, a familiar pair of legs were set down inches away from where she sat. She drew away towards the other seat, tucking her legs close with the book to her chest as she stared up at the underside of the table helplessly.

This could not have been any worse if she tried. Misa's eyes traveled to the side, across from the table. Two bathrooms were nearby, but... if moving into the open wasn't bad enough, there was no way she could do so without the boy next to her noticing.

It was around the time that she felt the motion of a sneaker brush her calf, and she barely kept a gasp from escaping her. "...what in the..."

Misa reacted fast, then... better on her own terms than Hibiki catching an eyeful of her curled up beneath the table.

"...um... hi." She held up a hand defensively from the other side of the table, and eased into view with the most careful of movements imaginable, deliberately stopping just when her shoulders came into view beneath the table, leaned forward somewhat as she sat upon the edge of the seat across from him.

Then as Misa readjusted her arms, she very carefully sat back, when and only when she was sure the book covered every inch of her body from the front, with her arms clutching it tight to her bosom for good measure. "It's... um, a long story..." Her voice felt faint and weak, much like her red-faced complexion.

Hibiki was only human, and he cast his eyes down for a fraction of an instant before looking back at Misa with a few silent blinks. "If you wanted to make a memorable first impression, well congrats, you succeeded."

"Shut up!" She felt her cheeks tinge with an intense warmth before sitting back defeatedly. "Sorry-... but, come on, tell me you know I wouldn't do this on purpose!"

Had her arms not been more occupied than ever, she might have slapped him for the smirk that resulted. Then to her relief, the boy gave a relaxed look. "...'course not, you're way too pent up for that."

"Thanks... I think." With that, after ensuring no one's attention was on them, she carefully recounted most of the evening, though she deliberately left out a few choice details involving a certain short-haired brat.

It took an eternity of a minute before Hibiki answered. "One hell of a night."

"You could say that."

"So what now?"

"Well, first I figure out-..."

"Get down!"

Misa didn't have to be told twice. She fell to the left and again slid under the table just as a pair of footsteps returned. "...no luck yet?" "Nah, but I'm fine waiting. Water's good. ...in fact, make it two."

Her breathing was tense as she recoiled beneath the table, watching the waitress's legs as innumerable possibilities danced through her head. Would she call the police? Ridicule her? ...make her do dishes? She didn't want any of the above to happen. When the female, who was barely a year or two older than her at a glance, finally turned away, she went to get back up and went stiff from the sensation of a hand against her bare shoulder, reached down and forward to keep her in place. "I'd wait until she comes back." Her muscles tensed then slowly relaxed only when that warm grip finally withdrew. So much for keeping calm.

So wait Misa did, not sure what to do or say, until the waitress came back. "Here you go, two..." Misa watched what happened next unfold as if it were in slow motion, and she was helpless to stop it. The corner of a book left a little close to the aisle... which lead to a certain approaching female losing her balance briefly, only to barely catch herself on the table. Th waitress had been quick enough to save herself from an uncomplimentary spill, but the objects in her

possession weren't so lucky.

The next thing Misa saw was two glasses worth of water spilling down and forward across the underside of the table, and her own form hiding beneath it, in an all-encompassing splash of moisture. That had two immediate results. One, of course, being that she was left practically soaked.

The other, was the apologetic "I'll get it!" comment from an apologetic waitress, who was on the verge of kneeling down to fix her mess... and see a sight she wouldn't soon forget.

As nice an idea as 'just run for dear life' seemed in theory, between the likelihood of the girl noticing and the guarantee that her date would get one heck of an eyeful... Misa opted for a safer, if somewhat foolish idea. She felt guilty about it the moment it came to mind, but given the alternative... she had little remorse about pulling the massive book close to her, raising it up, and readying herself to strike the waitress the moment she came into view.

Thankfully for all involved, that hadn't proved necessary. The odds of Misa successfully knocking someone out given her lack of required strength and inexperience with swinging blunt objects, not to mention her reluctance to actively harm someone, had not been good at all.

Maybe Hibi had figured she would do something stupid like that, or just decided to spare her further embarrassment, but for whatever reason, the waitress never managed to look. "Totally my fault, could you get some towels? I'll handle everything."

Gosh but that boy could be a snake-charmer if he wanted to be, just the voice he was putting on alone was impressive... Misa could only imagine the effect paired with the expression in her mind's eye. She gathered the waitress was left a little too stunned to answer immediately, then sure enough, she wandered off to go do as asked without argument.

"...I'd be jealous if you hadn't worked a miracle..." That much uttered under her breath as she settled back in under the table, frowning with a downward look... she'd not been utterly drenched, but she was definitely more wet than dry, which didn't help her situation any.

"If you want the bathroom, now's a good time." Those words made Misa reconsider the obvious, staring briefly up then across the hall. That would be a really good idea.

"...if you look, you'll regret it." There was no verbal reply, but Hibiki reached a hand down with the index and middle fingers crossed, a good enough sign for her.

Misa reached the end of the table on all fours, briefly looking to either side... then up to her awfully helpful date, who sure enough, was staring up and away in an entirely different direction. Time was a'wasting. She made sure her footing was secure, drew the book under her left arm, and ran-stumbled her way to the bathroom as fast as her feet could carry her, shutting the door behind her in a matter of seconds. Misa breathed heavily as she let her chest rise and fall, locking the door as she surveyed herself in the mirror with a sigh... she was a mess. Worse, that water had been -freezing-, and only then did it dawn on her. Her arms went across her chest to lightly rub her sides as she looked for some towels, and found her great luck was as present as ever. 'Save the environment, use a dryer.' A piece of junk that could barely dry one's hands, much less her body.

"...plan b..." Always came down to that. She went to the countertop, set the book down, and began flipping through pages. It seemed unlikely she'd find some page specializing in a good method of drying off, but it wasn't like she had many options. Misa already realized it hadn't been a good idea, her hands were leaving droplets of water along the pages, so she had to work slowly and carefully. "Um-... to become dry when in need of haste, consider heading to a warmer..." She heard voices outside the door, and reluctantly turned her head. A key was turning the lock! "There's water all over the place, I'll need some extra from the storage cabinet..." Would whoever it was hear her out? ...or better yet, help? There was always the option of just hiding, or worse, relying on that stupid book again... but who knew where she'd wind up, and she was not even remotely looking her best.

Misa left the open book on the counter for a moment, and frantically surveyed the area. There were two small stalls behind her, and she already doubted her ability to rush behind one in time.

"Um... I'm using it at the moment, I can just get them for you!"

The girl on the other side of the door stopped and gave a confused look to the bathroom. She hadn't -seen- anyone enter... and why was the door locked? Was some deviant hiding in there? (It was actually becoming pretty common, she'd already heard rumors about some teenage exhibitionist seen in the streets wearing just a jump rope around her legs.)

"Um... what are you doing in there?" The waitress was afraid to ask, but did so all the same.

It seemed as if Misa bought herself only a few moments, if that. "I'm getting changed, sorry!" Well, at least she would've liked for that to be true.

"...that isn't a changing room, and it's for customers only." She sighed with a roll of her eyes before opening the door and walking in. That girl hated being right. So she also somewhat hated herself for not being all that surprised at seeing a stark nude, and rather wet, female standing by the sink. At least she had the decency to shut the door behind her, though oh was she tempted to make a scene of things. Her eyes searched the bathroom, and she knew the damp girl was full of it. There wasn't a garment in sight.

"Get out or I'm calling the police."

Misa froze with a barely contained sense of panic as she stared at the waitress, her hands bashfully clutching at the counter before her, meaning the other girl was getting quite an eyeful. "Um-...I can totally..."

The waitress was already walking over, as if to take the exhibitionist out by force. That would've been beyond horrible.

"...place!" She gripped the book desperately as she finished reading off the incomplete line.

One could imagine the waitress' confusion when the girl was simply gone, leaving no trace of her presence other than a small puddle of water.

Misa had become almost too accustomed to the sensation of being tossed about which followed, though it was blessedly brief that time... yet for once, upon her arrival, she could barely see a thing.

After all, her newfound location was full of steam. She was sitting flat on a wooden bench in what was clearly an exceedingly warm sauna. Little wonder she was sweating within seconds. For a moment it made her worry about just where on earth she'd gone to, but the surroundings were familiar enough. The campus did have a few recreational facilities, and the steam room was one of them... as well as the indoor pool and workout areas it was adjacent to.

Worse, she knew all too well it was not gender-specific. It could be hard to make out another person in that thick cloud of moisture, but somehow she had a feeling her presence would not be too difficult to notice.

Sure, Misa was becoming less affected by the spilt water as time went by, but she was sweating up a storm instead, which was hardly preferable. She wasn't much for the calisthenics type of activity, so she wasn't too sure where leaving would take her... but she sure couldn't sit there all day. With a slow breath to compose herself, and noting with some relief that the book was waiting right beside her, she took it up to her chest and slowly approached the door, pulling it back with her right hand.

Beyond it she saw the expanse of a cool tiled floor, a rectangular pool, and... an approaching group of students, clad in a mixture of towels and swimwear, all

heading towards the sauna.

Misa slammed the door immediately and backed against it with heavy breathing, holding it shut as she frantically tried to decide on a way out of this.

Then, for once, she actually noticed something useful. A small bath towel hanging on a nearby rail. And it was definitely small, as in, the sort a man would wear around his waist, and little else. She could use it, but it would only do her a very partial sort of good, and whichever sort, a lot of explaining would be required.

Or, of course, she could have simply hid, but she had only moments to decide, if that, and no way could she see the book's contents in that dim lighting. Even if she were caught, not all the group were male... she could always hope that the fairer genders among them might help. That was, as ever, an exceedingly risky though.

Misa wasn't left with all that much time to decide, so she did her best to act quickly. Balancing the book with one arm while pulling the towel down and working it around her waist with the other was no easy feat. She quickly put the book aside, securing the white cloth at her side into a tight knot, barely having the book up in her folded arms and across her breasts at the time the door opened, and the first to enter was greeted with quite a sight. One could assume most girls with any sense wearing a towel that size had a swimsuit beneath it, so Misa wasn't too concerned by her barely-concealed lower body, she was just careful about her motions. Her upper body, though... there wasn't all that much she could do about making its lack of attire less obvious, shy of clutching the book close for dear life.

"I'm, ah... all done in there, all yours." A nervous smile as she tried to get past the boy without making a scene, though that surely left him looking behind with a double-take, as if wondering if that girl was as topless as she looked, judging by her bare upper back.

It wasn't until she passed the male pair that she leaned towards the females accompanying them with a hushed whisper.

"I-...um... my swimsuit was taken... all I could find was this towel... you wouldn't have... something to use?" The two girls looked at each other in disbelief, then shared a momentary giggle. The closer waved the two males on ahead, leaving the females alone outside the sauna, to Misa's immense relief.

"Thanks, it was kind of awkward with them ar-..." "Isn't that your wash cloth, Hina?" "Why I do believe it is!" Another giggle with a familiar sort of wickedness that made Misa's skin go cold... and with her arms occupied as they were, Misa had no recourse to stop the closer of the two from pulling that knot swiftly out of place and tossing the retaken towel back over her own shoulder.

"Sorry sweetie, we'll be needing it, and..." Her eyes wandered down, taking in the sight of that clearly exposed incline of skin and the bare thighs adjacent to it.

"...well, you best find a lot more than a towel... doesn't the swim team get the pool at nine?"

"Oh, that they do."

"Might make it out of here if you hit the locker room in the next, oh, five minutes or so."

"Do be careful!" The two shared a laugh at that remark, though only one went on ahead... the other gave Misa an open-palm slap to the left of her backside with the slightest application of force... enough to make her stumble on the damp tile and go careening towards a nearby heated pool. As much as the pair would've loved to watch the resulting hijinks, they left Misa to her fate and vanished into the sauna after the other two.

Above all things, she had to keep the book out of there. Angry library staff was

one thing, but that was her only surefire way out of these situations... even if it seldom helped. So she impulsively tossed the book aside moments before she landed in the water with a resounding splash.

It was fairly shallow in depth, as most heated baths were, but she miraculously managed to avoid any severe injury, just some distinct soreness as she landed against the floor of the steaming container. "...oww..." She muttered to herself as she surfaced from the bubbling water with a sharp intake of air, rubbing at her dampened eyes. This really wasn't too bad, as heavens went. With the bubbling water around her, it was really hard to tell much about Misa's appearance, aside that her shoulders were bare.

It did provide a much needed opportunity to compose herself, at least. Except... well, she was still nude in what she had to admit was a very relaxing atmosphere. She slowly settled down against a wall of the pool, hands rested in her lap as she set her legs forward in an outstretched posture. It was quite nice to not worry about frantically moving from place to place for once.

With a content sigh, Misa slowly closed her eyes and tried to forget about the night's events for once. Gosh the water was soothing. It felt especially good in ways that were gradually occurring to her, little wonder given her lack of attire. "...mm." A dreamy murmur escaped her as she felt her hands rest against her bare thighs, her backside comfortably settling upon the surface beneath her. Then her fingers began to lightly trace her own skin. "...n-...no, dummy, stay focused..." Misa whispered to herself as if to keep that crazy thought out of her head, but she was becoming too worked up for her body to listen to her mind's weak attempt at reasoning. She soon felt her breasts rising and falling lightly to the point where a hint of her bare curvature could be seen surfacing every so often from the pool's surface.

"Just-...mm, a little..." Right, it wouldn't do any harm to let herself go for once... heaven knew she deserved it. So her hands danced closer to that warmth-infused space between her hips, when... a voice stirred her from her thoughts. "...um... you okay, lady?" Another person was suddenly there, shaking Misa out of her disoriented thoughts. A student maybe two or three years her junior was sitting across from her, a boy staring blankly at the red-faced girl with the bare shoulders... and occasionally a hint of a lot more. "Your boobies are showing." Misa went from red to pale at the direct comment... and sure enough, her breasts had become half-visible from beyond the bubbling water, with even a hint of her nipples showing every so often. "Ah-...ah, well-..." Her hands curled up into small fists between her unseen legs, trying to keep from going further. She was so close to finally having some release... but with present company, that was starting to seem an extremely bad idea. Not to mention the fact that the boy must have been a little confused at seeing a topless girl in a public pool.

It was safe there. For the time being, at least. Sitting there immobile in that heated water was far from how she planned on spending her evening, but given Misa's alternatives and potential of being seen by every student there? Nope. She was staying -right- there.

She gave a quiet sigh, and tried simply to stay out of sight, at least as far as everything below the shoulders went, maintaining a low profile as she sat back. "What's this?" "Wow, that's a pretty huge textbook..." The comments from behind her reluctantly made Misa's head turn, with damp tresses following her movement to gaze in that direction.

Two members of the swim team, distinctly male ones, were looking through the book with confusion at the nonsensical passages. Even what they could understand made no sense to their unpracticed eyes.

Their ignorance would have been more a source of annoyance had drawing their attention been among the last things she wanted to do. And yet... she also needed that book far more than they did.

"Um, that's my b-..."

She had begun slowly reaching an arm up to get their attention, when the taller of

the two cast an accusational look at the submerged girl.  
"Hey, didn't anyone tell you the pool's off limits during practice?"  
"You don't have to be a jerk, she's kind of cute."  
"Who cares, rules are rules. Beat it, missy."

Misa frowned, barely restraining herself from an impassioned rant that would've been foolish, given her predicament. So instead, she gave an apologetic smile, putting on the sweetest front she could muster.

"Oh, sorry, totally didn't notice... just, um, bring my book back and I'll be totally out of your sight." That was her best option, after all... and if the book, for once, did her a favor, she'd be able to make literal good on that promise.  
"Eh, may as well, not like it makes any sense to..."

The swimmer slammed the book shut and began to approach Misa to leave it beside the seated girl, when he froze, and gave a confused look... and it wasn't just him, the student behind him was staring blankly at Misa as well.

"What's with you two? I'm just taking a-..." Her gaze went down to the water around her, expecting to see her nude form obscured by the steaming water... but instead, she saw a gradually clearing surface of transparent moisture.

Someone had cut off the timer, and sure enough, it was becoming just a normal pool of warm, perfectly clear liquid. Misa reacted just in time to keep the two from seeing her breasts with a frantic entwining of her arms, having to count on her legs curling close to conceal the rest, but the damage was most assuredly done, no swimsuit in the world covered that little, especially at a campus pool.

"I-...I can totally explain..." Misa felt her face going red, as her gaze went from side to side, seeking out the switch that should have kept the heated water going for a good fifteen minutes more... then she saw him. The boy who had been in there with her, smiling with a cheerful wave as his other hand rested right on the switch he had just deactivated.

If she got out of this unscathed, he. was. DEAD.

She had more pressing matters, though. The two were staring at her as if their eyes were glued to her, and that book was nowhere near leaving his grasp.

"Um... can I please have that back now?..."

"No-....I think I'm keeping your book, and that you should get your deviant ass out of here before I tell every guy on campus we've found a skinny dipper."

Misa's predicament wasn't at all enviable, she was in a world of trouble no matter how things went. And yet if she just quietly left as the swimmer demanded, there was a chance(however slight) that she could get away with only those two noticing... it seemed very unlikely, though.

While Misa sat there beneath the clear water squirming nervously, a miracle of sorts intervened. Well... sort of. She wasn't sure she was capable of turning any redder, but the sight of the pair's swimwear dissolving before her eyes did the trick.

At around the same time one of them cursed and the other panicked, she gasped and forced her eyes tightly shut, simultaneously clutching the opportunity with a frantic tone of voice.

"Look, um-... if-...if you bring me the book, I can undo everything, it's the same reason I' here, honest!"

She didn't dare look, she just hoped the two had the sense to hear her out. Misa had no way of seeing how the two reacted outside of a few startled curses, but it seemed clear enough that a choice was quickly made.

A loud impact signified the book was tossed down on the surface adjacent to her head... followed by the sound of others entering the pool which made her body go cold despite the still-warm temperature around her.

"Hurry it up, or we're tossing you out." She reluctantly looked over at the face of the boy some five feet from her(and nothing else of his), and nodded. It wasn't a time for modesty, Misa had to act fast. She reluctantly turned so that her back faced the two, sitting up and looking over to the book as best she could, reaching

an arm up to shake off as much water as she could before turning the page, seeking out... well, hardly a fix. Had there been one, she'd have used it herself.

No, Misa instead focused on the only resolution she knew; a way out. And there on a page before her, it was written in simple enough phrasing.

"Much has been endured without a chance to breathe, recant these words and find a overdue reprieve."

The two boys watched the strange girl, more entranced by her unusual speech than her bare form(which was no small feat), and soon found there was nothing more of the girl to observe. Just a ripple of water and she was gone, as well as the strange text having vanished with her.

Misa would likely never know how those two coped with their plight, nor did she really care, at least they shared in it. She was still very much on her own, a fact made painfully clear as she landed on, for once, a soft foundation. It didn't count for much, as she was left shaking her head from side to side to cast her damp bangs from her eyes, and with her form dripping wet as she reluctantly sat up, both hands at her sides settling upon the cool ground.

Of course it was soft. It was an extensive patch of grassy land, her present location concealed just beyond an array of bushes. For once, it did mean Misa was left without cause to panic or run for cover. On the other hand, she was plainly outside, far from anywhere she recognized, soaked from head to toe, and rapidly becoming very cold. It couldn't have been too far from campus, which left her with a fairly good idea of where she was... only the local park had this kind of atmosphere after all. With one arm cradling her chest and the other used to help her stand, she had been about to look over the bushes to appraise her surroundings when a gust of wind brought an array of newspapers right into her face. She tumbled down immediately afterward, glaring at the offending obstacle as if to tear it apart... when she instead gripped it and stared wide-eyed at the front page. It was a local campus newsletter, the latest edition, barely an hour old.

"Streaker reported on campus, sorority pledges gone too far?"

Beneath it was a blessedly blurry photo of a flash of bare thigh and a lock of hair no one but Misa would recognize... or so she hoped.

With a defeated sigh, she settled back down beneath the bush, carefully and thoroughly using torn pages of the periodical to dry herself off. It wasn't very effective at all, but given her alternative(re: none), it did well enough.

Once she had mostly done away with her dampened state, though her hair would still be a little on the wet side for quite some time, she finally managed to look up and around at the park.

It was almost pitch black, only a few dim sidewalk lights, none close to her fortunately. It was well past the park's normal hours apparently, and she was encased within a ring of bushes that made her location almost indistinguishable.

For the moment, then, she did the most logical thing. Misa settled into the warmest portion of grass she could find, as concealed within the bushes as could be, pulled some tatters of the damp newspaper over her body, and caught a much-needed rest. Her body and mind were exhausted, and if she had any plans of getting out of this mess for good, she'd need to let both recover.

Misa's sleep came blessedly easy... and she was brought out of it just as suddenly. "...m-...mm." A dreamy murmur escaped her as she rolled onto her back and stared skyward, realizing it was still clearly dark out... aside from a glimpse of a flashlight beam passing across the bushes, inches away from illuminating her body lying along the grass instead, barely concealed by scraps of torn pages.

"You see anyone?"

"Not a thing."

"Well, she can't have gotten too far, keep at it."

Misa had no way of knowing what time it was, only that it was either really late... or really early. Either way, she felt more than awake enough to climb to her feet and tuck her arms and legs around her form, slowly peeking up and over the bushes. Two uniformed officers, campus police, searching the darkened park with flashlights in hand.

She didn't know who they were looking for... but she could venture a pretty good guess.

There were enough bushes in the area that she had a chance of sneaking past them, but then where would she go? Obviously the smartest option was just to use the...

...

Misa looked over her shoulder, and her eyes blinked in a stunned reaction to what she saw.

Or rather, what she didn't. The book was not there. It was just her, the tatters of an unrecognizably torn paper, and the faint sounds of distant chatter.

For the time being, she was truly on her own. That left the undesirable fallback. Making it out of the park... which, if memory served, wasn't too far from the dorms... but it would involve the longest walk of her life. Unless of course she turned herself in.

Misa looked down to her nude form, and tried her best to remind herself that it was not even remotely an option.

There was no time for Misa to sit about dwelling on her plight. The departure of the two from her immediate area gave her an opportunity to make herself scarce, and if she had any semblance of luck left, track down a certain absent tome.

She carefully got to her feet, gathering any tatters of the periodical she could find close to her body, and reluctantly looked up over the bushes beside her.

No sight of the two, at least not in her vicinity.

The chattering had grown distant, a good sign that she had a chance to leave that clearing, even if it seemed stupid. Misa wasn't likely to accomplish anything hiding there, especially if the hour grew brighter and others started arriving.

The torn papers didn't account for much, though she was able to fashion enough of it together to conceal the fronts of her breasts as well as the region between her thighs.

This also meant she had to keep both her arms in place to maintain the fragile cover. Her right arm's horizontal placement was enough to keep a torn strip of paper in check across her chest, and conceal her nipples from escaping into view as well, though it didn't much matter if anyone saw the rest of her, especially from behind.

Ensuring that her other hand kept a crumpled-up ball of paper in place beneath her waistline, she then finally lowered her posture and half-crawled/half-walked through the brush of closely gathered plants.

Thankfully nothing stung at her, just the nuisance of innumerable leaves brushing past her as she walked carefully forward. Her arms stayed intently close, making sure either of the pieces of paper strayed from her form.

Misa was going to need them for the indefinite future, and she liked to think that maybe a certain vindictive curse wouldn't affect something she couldn't wear-.

Her feet slowly touched upon the thin grass away from the bushes, and she was quick to back against it, her eyes swiftly taking in her surroundings.

If either of the two had been there, surely they'd have shone a light or noticed

her presence in some way.

The park was indeed silent, though. Not a person or a sound was perceived aside from the faint signs of the two from before investigating elsewhere. Hopefully far away if she had any luck. It was the only cue she was liable to get. So she continued forward, inching away from the bushes, then something far off to the right caught her notice.

It was the book. It wasn't just that, though. It was the book and a girl. An equally nude girl. A girl she recognized all too well. And although Misa was pretty sure it was her own fault that other female was in the same plight as her, she didn't feel the slightest twinge of guilt. No, she was more worried that this brat from before currently was frantically reading through her only known way out of this mess.

Kirie was oblivious that she was being watched. The younger female had been through one hell of a night, putting it lightly. Through sheer inventiveness she'd gotten away from the theater after that crazed exhibitionist's disappearance. In fact, had it not been for one old woman seeing the wrong thing at the damn wrong time, she would've made it clear to the dorms.

It hadn't taken much for the stupid bat to get the officials involved, apparently. No, the two weren't after Misa, they had no clue she was even there. They were after -her-. Kirie didn't care, though. That book was responsible for her being in this mess, and heavens willing, it'd be her way out of it.

There was no other explanation. She'd tried to cover herself up, of course. Used clothes left in donation bins, tattered garments found in dumpsters, anything. None of it did her a lick of good, it all faded into the ether moments after she'd try wearing it.

So that meant the stupid bitch had done this to her, somehow. God forbid a girl try to have a little fun, did she deserve -this-? Hell no, no one did! Still, it would be over soon enough, the 5-0 were far enough away, she'd figure this out soon enough.

There was a problem, though. Kirie couldn't read a word of the book's contents.

Misa figured as much. She counted on it, in fact. Though that left a much bigger problem, as she stayed out of sight behind a bush just behind the occupied, seated girl.

How would -she- get to it instead?

Misa remained out of sight for a considerable amount of time while the seated girl uselessly scoured through the book's incomprehensible contents.

She tried to consider the easier ways of getting the book away from her, namely luring her away somehow, but she wasn't at all certain that would work.

Even if she did manage to draw Kirie away, it was just as likely the brat would take the book with her, and that meant she lost a perfectly good opportunity provided by their relative isolation.

So that left her with the option of something incredibly rash, and potentially stupid. Misa waited until the other girl's attention was fixed on another line of text, then she approached the bench from behind, abandoning her cover to throw an arm across the smaller female's shoulders, trying to pull each of her arms away while her left hand reached for the book.

"Sorry, I'm gonna need that ba-..."

Kirie put up one heck of a fight, kicking and flailing in her arms as Misa ripped the book away from her, just as quick to let her go once she had the tome, as the brat glared at her from the bench with nothing short of fiery malice.

"Y, you... all this mess is your fault!"

"Shouldn't you be more quiet?" Misa just smiled at the disheveled girl, who realized her mistake far too late judging by her alarmed look in the direction of approaching voices.

By the time Kirie looked back towards where Misa had been, she was long gone, returned back to a clearing with the book open on the ground before her, once more flipping through the pages desperately.

Somewhere off in the distance Misa could hear the sound of a panicked girl yelling followed by voices giving pursuit, but they were ignored easily enough.

No, she was done delaying what she should have done ages ago; putting the book back where it belonged, and making things normal again... hopefully, anyway.

"To set everything right once more, return the book to where it should remain in store.

If you truly wish for a chance to begin anew, the destination awaits... the rest is up to you."

The last she heard before all was consumed by darkness was the frantic outcry from a running girl who may have been approaching Misa's location, but she'd never know for sure.

It was slowly approaching dawn when she came to.

She blinked and sat up with a startled breath, looking around as her hair settled around her shoulders. Misa was sitting in a desk with the book open on a surface beneath the presence of her bared chest, her arms resting limply at her sides. It was the same study room she had been at the prior day, though as a welcome change, the room was empty unlike it had been then.

Misa gave a sigh of relief. There'd be no better chance for her to simply get up, head to the shelves, and put the book away. With that thought in mind she carefully began to get out of her seat and take the book with her, when she heard the sound of footsteps approaching.

Many pairs, in fact. A study group? At that hour!? Whatever they were, she had to do something, and there was no time to just run for the shelves, they would notice her in mere seconds. It was either hide under the desk, or as foolish notions went, abandon her closest chance yet at making things right and relying on the book yet again.

Well, that or try to explain to who knew how many students why she was studying in the nude. Misa soon realized that the bold thought excited her just a little, and she mentally hated herself for it.

Misa had come too far to just get caught when it was almost over. (Or so she hoped.) She abandoned the opened book upon the surface for the time being and swiftly ducked out of sight, leaving the chair behind to curl up beneath the rectangular surface before her.

She made it a point to stay nearest the center of the furniture's underside, and between a pair of chairs, hoping to minimize the odds of her being seen until the students passed.

Only... they didn't. With the sounds and sights surrounding her location in mere

moments, she began to realize that maybe running would have been the better choice.

Each of the four chairs around her were pulled out, and soon occupied by the half-visible forms of seated students. All girls, judging by the skirted legs adjacent to her location.

Misa couldn't help but notice a certain other undergarment or two, given her line of sight, another thing to mentally chastise herself for.

"Ooh, what's this?" She heard a young, enthusiastic voice remarking with interest at the strange book left behind.

"Dunno, looks foreign, probably some dumb world history book."

A few assorted giggles and disinterested murmurs of consent, and she could hear the sliding sound of the book across the surface above her, as if it had been pushed aside in favor of whatever material the students had come to study instead.

How on earth was she going to get anywhere now? Misa was practically stuck there, with four pairs of swaying legs all around her, and any chance of an exit requiring her to either go between the chairs... or out from the side of the desk, which wasn't without the risk of her being noticed by a stray look.

She nearly jumped when she realized an extent of a petite foot's back-and-forth swaying motion had come within inches of grazing her right thigh, the socked limb wavering between staying in and abandoning a light brown piece of slip-on footwear. Cute, but hardly anything she could use.

Well, first things first... she'd need the book. With nerve-wracking cautiousness, she turned to one side and slipped between the pairs of legs at her left, staring up at the edge of the forgotten book. At least she could get this much out of the way. An arm reached out for the end of the book, and instead she felt her fingers take hold of the end of the desk where it had been.

"Wait, I recognize this!" Misa felt her muscles twitch as her hand swiftly pulled back at the sound of an enthused voice, barely keeping her fingers' presence from view.

"Oh yeah, it's one of those... gram, grom..." Grimoire, you idiot.

It didn't matter to her, they'd never figure it out. "I think I can kind of make out this line..."

Just perfect, last thing she needed was more victims on her conscience. Of course she wanted to intervene and get the book away from them, which also had the small benefit of helping her get it back where it belonged, but was there any chance of them hearing her out, or would it just make things even worse? (If such a thing was possible.)

While she considered that, Misa was left on all fours between the two girls on her end of the desk, trying at once to stay out of sight, away from those swaying legs... and ignoring the plainly visible sight of those white panties staring her in the face from between the leftmost girl's parted hips.

Didn't they have any decency?

No, the last sensible thing was to abandon her cover, especially given that she didn't know much about the girls (apart from their apparent ignorance), and her track record had been less than stellar as far as seeking help from others went.

So despite a bothersome urge to help the speaking girl from wrapping a noose around her own neck, Misa waited, though it was hardly a favorable posture.

It was a miracle neither of the girls had nudged her yet, though she certainly felt within inches of it happening, even if only by accident.

She was so distracted by keeping still and away from either of their legs' reach that she hadn't picked up on the girl who had been reading giving a startled gasp.

That turned Misa's head towards the other female's body seated behind her, and she quickly wished she hadn't heeded the instinct. Sure enough, she could tell the one who had been reading was being afflicted the same way that Misa had been.

In the worst way, namely that she could clearly see that set of underwear fading from view before her very eyes.

No way did she want to stare at THAT, but a train wreck mentality must have kicked in at some point, and her eyes were locked on, unable to look away from the gradually exposed sight of a total stranger's intimates.

Thankfully Misa wasn't left staring for long. The girl must have noticed, judging by the startled outcry followed by two arms shoved between her skirt, followed by a confused array of comments from the other girls.

The afflicted one wasn't answering as far as she could tell, she was too occupied with covering herself desperately, though Misa didn't expect it to do her much good, she noticed the footwear dissolving from view before her eyes as well.

She didn't much like the idea of leaving the victim to her fate, but one thing was clear; that girl was very much distracted, and so were the others. If she was going to get out of there, that was her only chance.

"Oh wow, look at that!"  
"That's a bold uniform!"  
"She doesn't even have a bra!"

"I-...I wore one this morning, this isn't funny!"

Misa could only hear the comments, but her mind's eye could fill in the blanks well enough. As the girls giggled and carried on despite the victim's plight, Misa slowly began to move away from those sets of legs towards the end of the table nearest a series of bookshelves not far away.

When and only when she was certain the group was distracted enough, she peeked her head up around the table... and sure enough, there was a half-naked girl who was the center of attention, all three gathered around poking and teasing at the deathly embarrassed student.  
Well, she made her bed, she could lie in it. It was easy enough for Misa to reach over and ease the book towards her amidst the confusion, finally pulling it off the surface and close to her chest with a sigh of relief.

"Oh wow, she's really naked now!"  
"That's a great trick!"  
"I-...no, where-...where'd my clothes go!?"

Misa sighed and rolled her eyes, trying her best to ignore the frantic girl's wails, instead crawling beneath the desk and towards the shelves where the book belonged.

A final parting glance, ensuring the four stayed distracted, and Misa climbed to her feet, ducking around the corner to hide behind the shelf.

She gave a tense breath, and stared off down the passage before her. A familiar sight, the book's resting place was at the end of the hall of shelves.

Adjusting her arms to ensure the book was securely in hand, she began a cautious but steady movement forward on slow footsteps.

She was forced to stop a full shelf's distance away from her destination.

A considerable amount of caution tape had been strewn across the end of the passage, with a small note set upon the central front.

[Caution - Do Not Enter - Under Renovation!]

"...oh for the love of..." She stopped just across from the tape, a small gap of visibility between her and the obstacle. Of course she could get through, but it would take an awkward amount of time, during which she'd be quite visible... not to mention that it would require taking a book along with her.

Still, the library was mostly empty, it wasn't as if anyone in the surrounding area would notice.

Was it better for her to risk rushing forward, or try and think of another way through?

Then it occurred to her, a stark-naked girl sitting at a desk was bound to draw attention soon, if it hadn't already. It probably wouldn't be good to be associated with her, or to be seen period.

Asking for help seemed out of the question, but what other choices did she have?

Misa stared down at the cover of the book rested against her breasts, which almost seemed to be mocking her indecision.

Misa had come as far as she had, may as well push through the last obstacle before her.

A quick look to either side, and with the book carefully cradled beneath her right arm, she began forcing her way through the array of tape, though that was no easy feat.

The numerous lengths of yellow material seemed dead-set on obstructing her progress, winding and entwining around her limbs as she eased her arms through the upper part of the barrier.

Before long Misa had no choice but to drop the book through and let it fall to the other side, focusing all her efforts on climbing through the small openings the tape allowed her.

It involved a tense few moments as she let her feet leave the ground and horizontally worked her way into the shelved area before her, making it something of a miracle no one noticed her legs flailing and kicking before she reached the other side.

"Ah...fi...nally." She gasped that last word out as she sat down behind the tape, staring across at the opened book she'd tossed to the ground.

Then she stared up, at a long-emptied space where that book belonged. She clamored to her feet, took the text with her, and practically shoved into place with a sharp exhalation.

"There, hope no one ever takes you out agai-..."

"I told you this wasn't enough." She heard the disappointed comment from her right and turned, instinctively backing into the darkest corner of the shelves she could find.

It was an adult voice, clearly none too pleased at the disarrayed tape that was supposed to be blocking off the shelf.

"What did you expect me to do, chain it up?"

"It would have been a good start."

"Whatever, just go make sure everything's there, I've got an exhibitionist to kick out."

For once, Misa took some solace in knowing that didn't mean her. Though it was little relief, considering the pending approach of an instructor who would not be too pleased to find a nak-...

Wait. She felt something. Misa stared down and blinked. Sure enough, she felt something she hadn't felt in ages.

The sensation of bonafide clothing upon her skin. Specifically, her socks. That didn't count for much, but all things considered, it was a miracle at the moment. It would do woefully little in way of making her pass as decently dressed, but it was definitely a start.

Surely the rest of her clothes would return in time.

For the moment, though, that minimal footwear was all she had, and her arms would have to do for covering the rest of her, and she somehow had to buy herself enough time for the rest of the book's damage to be repaired.

"Is someone there?" The voice felt closer, and Misa's muscles tensed.

"Come on, hurry up..." She whispered, staring over at the shelved book desperately.

Then she heard a flashlight click on, and felt a warm sensation against her stomach... rather, that of a gentle glow plainly illuminating her bare skin.

Misa had one choice and one choice only. Hardly the ideal, but given that any movement would make a strange sight even stranger, she did the only thing sensible.

She froze perfectly still, though not at all liking the posture this left her in, with her arms uselessly held at her sides. It was dark enough in that alcove that only the illuminated part of her body was clear, thankfully.

Unfortunately, whoever was wielding the flashlight had a devious sense of curiosity.

"Well, who would leave an anatomic model standing there?" It was an elder man by the sound of things, and thankfully one who didn't seem to see very well, otherwise he might not have passed a sight like hers off so easily.

"Good heavens, they make them so real these days." Misa's blood went cold as she realized the circle of light passed fractionally lower, focused squarely around her bare thighs, and the tense region between them.

Her fingers clenched, trying desperately to keep from covering herself or even so much as squirming. Misa's legs were set close enough together to offer some decency, but somehow that didn't make her feel very good about the situation.

God, she'd think the guy had never seen a vagina before. (Maybe he hadn't...)

By some miracle, the staff member didn't seem prone to a closer look, otherwise he'd find out how incredibly lifelike that model had been.

A voice from the front of the library stirred the elder man from his entranced reverie, and the glow finally swerved away from her lower torso, followed by departing footsteps.

"I know, I know... everything's fine over there, just some model the science club left behind. Gosh if that wasn't a soft-looking model..."

Misa could have died had she been recognized. That didn't seem to be the case, blessedly.

Trying to fight back the shivers going through her from head to toe, she slowly moved forward from the alcove, spurred on by the reassuring sensation of her undergarments gradually reforming upon her body.

Without so much as a look to the rest of her, the boy turned and was on his way out with a wave. She then sighed with immense relief, moving back out of sight as she brushed her sweating hands off on her legs. Which, she then realized, had a skirt covering them.

Aside from lacking some shoes, that meant she was just about fully dressed. That seemed a good enough cue to finally walk out from cover, and head towards the front of the library.

Sure she was obviously wearing a pair of socks, but that had become a trifle.

"Not checking anything out?"

The bespectacled girl seemed both amused and a little perplexed at the sight of Misa without a book in hand.

"Not for a while. Oh, and keep people away from that taped-off area. It's a death trap."

With that remark that left the seated girl all the more baffled, Misa turned and headed away, rubbing at her eyes sleepily as she left the building and headed over towards her dorm in the warmly lit morning.

Her drowsiness was hitting her like a wave, and she barely felt conscious as she walked down the path. Not much further, and she could finally crash.

"Um, miss?"

Misa barely registered the polite voice until she heard the elder voice repeat itself, then she slowly turned in response with a tone that sounded far sleepier than she expected. "...yes?"

"You forgot your book." And sure enough, the older man was smiling as pleasantly as could be when he held the massive tome out towards her. Surely the girl would be ecstatic at his kind deed. She had checked it out for a week, after all.

-Fin