**Hina Gets the Mail**

by Anon ENF Fan

Hina secured the door locks, then walked over to the window. She watched as Stacy got in her car, brought the motor to life and drove away. A little smile appeared on Hina’s face as she took steps back towards her spacious living room. Her soft leather couch cradled her as she propped her feet up.  
  
The brunette picked up the remote control and started flipping through channels. With a long sigh, she ran a hand through her hair, and began searching for ten hours worth of entertainment.  
  
One channel displayed a screaming chef, while another presented a wild-haired fool talking about aliens. A millisecond of static blipped between a weatherman and some silly cartoons. Her thumb pressed into the button again after seeing some big political debate. The screen turned black and the remote bounced against the cushion.  
  
“Wow… daytime TV really sucks.” Hina glanced around her living room and tapped her fingers. Her eyes landed on the coffee table, focusing on a drink coaster. It rested slightly out of alignment compared to its twin at the other corner. She shot looks between the two of them, reached out and corrected it.  
  
She checked a nearby clock. Less than five minutes passed since she locked the door. Hina frowned as she looked out the window again. The sun brightened the colors of the flowers and grass that partied on her front yard. There wasn’t so much as a cloud to distract from vibrant shine.  
  
Hina hesitated and then stretched. She put a hand to her chin and looked to her driveway. Her car sat alone. Any sign of her friend's car was long gone. The only sounds that remained were the ticks and tocks of her clock.  
  
Her teeth sunk into her lower lip as she stepped closer to the window. Shades of pink developed on her cheeks as kept inspecting the deserted streets. She let out a tiny giggle before stepping away from the window.  
  
She felt her pulse strengthen while her hands slipped up her skirt. Her cheeks warmed up as she slid fingers between skin and fabric. As the thin material slid down her hips, her knees wobbled. When she saw the bright blue cotton emerge from her skirt, she shivered. The cuddly fabric lost its hold and descended her smooth thighs without a sound. Hina checked her window, and relaxed her fingers.  
  
Hina pulled her legs out of her underwear and snatched it up. Her skirt settled into place, keeping her choice a little secret. She cupped her panties in her hand, held them to her chest and looked all around her. Her smile escaped restraint, as she made her way back over to the couch. Without a set of eyes capable of seeing her, she stuffed the panties between her couch cushions.  
  
Her hands moved to the hemline of her skirt. The simple texture tickled uncovered skin and kept her heart racing. She pressed the skirt between her thighs, giggling at the touch. As the sense of vulnerability weakened her knees, and Hina’s little smile wouldn’t hide.  
  
She took a breath, ran a hand through her hair, adjusted her skirt, and sat on the sofa. Then, she frowned, glanced around again, and lifted her hips off the seat. Hina slipped her fingers under the hemline of her skirt and held it up. With the skirt kept out of the way, Hina sank into the seat, with nothing between the leather and the south of her hips.  
  
Another content hum escaped her as she let the skirt settle over her lap. Hina took a deep breath and reached for the remote again. She smiled through her blush as she propped her feet up a second time. The television screen blinked to life, and her search for entertainment began again.  
  
The larger hand on a nearby clock barely passed two numbers before the screen went black again. Hina bounced her fingers against the couch cushions and squeezed her thighs together. She looked at her living room window, took a breath and stood up.  
  
Hina could hear her own pulse, pounding like a noisy neighbor on another floor. She reached up towards the neckline of her dress and slid a finger in. As she took a long breath, the tugging did little to combat her rising body temperature. Again, her eyes found the window.  
  
Hina’s feet tapped on the carpet before she stood up. She wore a fragmented smirk as she approached the glass pane. One more look around the street. Everything remained silent, sans one detail. The trees gave a gentle sway as if waving to her. With one little giggle, Hina adjusted the locks and opened the window.  
  
She didn’t open it by a wide margin. No, she pushed it up enough to feel the outside air. A crisp breeze fluttered her skirt and splashed against her thighs.  
  
“Oh!” Hina gasped as she shoved her hands into the excited fabric and forced it down. Her cheeks glowed as she looked outside. Not a single car saw her. “Heh… heh…” She took a slow breath and scanned the streets. When there was no sign of any cars, Hina bit her lip.  
  
She lifted the skirt up, baring her shaven sex to those tender winds. Seconds later, another breeze began to glide between her thighs. It whipped and caressed her exposed intimates like a careful hand.  
  
Hina let out a long sigh, and let her skirt fall back into place. She adjusted it so it wouldn’t get between her skin and the cushion, and found the remote again. “Alright premium cable, last chance!”  
  
As the screen blinked through talk shows and old sitcoms, Hina pushed buttons without thought. Her legs would shift, moving and pressing into the warm seat beneath her. She was very aware that there was no thin layer of fabric between her in the seat.  
  
Her cheeks heated up as each second passed by. The only sounds in the room came from the TV and the wind. Hina looked at her dress, the skirt sitting atop her lap, hiding her secrets. All she could do was smile and slide an impulsive hand through her hair.  
  
The television went black. Her feet tapped on the ground and Hina stood up. She gripped the skirt of her dress. Each breath she took caused her chest to heave while her pulse ran rampant. Hina turned her head and smiled at the window before starting to tug.  
  
Then, she ducked below the couch.  
  
A low rumble rolled in from the distance. It was the only sound in the room besides Hina’s breathing. She let her skirt settle back into place, and crawled towards the window. As she peeked her head above the window ledge, she spotted a mail truck near the end of her driveway. The driver dutifully opened the little door and set the letters inside.  
  
Hina sighed and giggled. “Just the mailman.” She turned and leaned against the wall, her eyes drifting toward her skirt. As her fingers approached her clothing a second time, she heard the rumbling motor again. The brunette hesitated and looked out the window. While the truck tended to her neighbor's mailbox, Hina looked at her own.  
  
She shook her head, and walked back to her couch, looking at the corner where her panties sat hidden. As she reached out for them, she stopped. Her hands balled into fists as her teeth sank into her lips.  
  
Hina tiptoed toward her window and looked outside. The mail truck was busy with at her next door neighbor’s house. It was the only car on the street. Her neighbors were all absent. Besides some chirping birds and poorly maintained mail truck, the street was quiet.  
  
As the mail truck rolled into the distance, Hina’s fingers tapped against her thighs. Then she put a hand over her mouth to fight off a giggle. She glanced at her skirt, lifting it to confirm the lack of underwear before letting it flutter back into place.  
  
Hina took a deep breath and nodded. “It’ll be quick, and it’ll be easy.” With that, Hina’s trembling legs carried her to her front door. Her door locks clicked and clacked before her, ringing in her ears. A new breeze blasted into her, fluttering her skirt and tickling her thighs. Adrenaline flooded her veins.  
  
The warmth of the outside air hugged her but did little to steady her pumping chest. She brushed her hair from her face and headed for the mailbox.  
  
Hina blushed but smiled at the freedom gliding between her legs. She kept her hands off the skirt of her dress, letting the hemline tickle her thighs. As she made her way down her driveway, she looked to her neighboring houses. The massive, spacious front yards all had long driveways. There was no sign of any cars.  
  
A heavy sigh escaped Hina as she checked both sides again. Her heart raced as she thought to be absolutely certain she was alone. Hina’s toes clenched on her sandals. There were no cars to her left, and no cars to her right.  
  
She gripped the hemline of her skirt.  
  
Her hands trembled for a second and lifted her skirt up. “Ah...hah…” Hina’s chest heaved as she gasped. She squeezed her exposed thighs, quick to hide her sex. Seconds later, the skirt fluttered back into place.  
  
Hina’s hands moved to her knees as she leaned forward. “I… I did that… I wanted to do it.” Her frantic eyes checked every possible direction around her again. Nobody was looking at her, nobody was gasping, judging or appreciating what she just did. “It’s okay…?”  
  
She reached the end of her driveway, still shaking, smiling and blushing at the same time. Thoughts of her backyard swimming pool filtered into her mind. When her smile didn’t fade, she made her plan. There was just one small task ahead of her.  
  
Hina popped the mailbox door open and pulled out the letters. “Bill...bill… coupons… credit card offer… travel guide...” She shrugged and shut the little door. With a happy hum, she started thinking about her pool again. Adrenaline still swelled within her from exposing herself. So much so that a swimsuit felt redundant.  
  
And with the first step back towards her house, she felt resistance.  
  
“Hmm?” Hina turned her head, seeing a sleeve of her dress caught in the mailbox. “How did…?” She raised her eyebrow at the oddity. There was no telling how a shoulder high sleeve could ensnare itself in her mailbox. It was just there and keeping her from going back to her house. All the brunette could do was shrug, reached out to open the mailbox.  
  
It didn’t budge.  
  
“What the…?” Hina pulled on the little door. But, the postage container refused to surrender her cover. “You have gotta be kidding me.” She took a breath, and instead pulled on the dress, thinking it would slip free.  
  
Her efforts earned a loud rip.  
  
She froze as she felt the warm sunlight reach more of her skin. “H-huh? How did….!!!!” Her eyes widened as she saw the damage she caused. One long clean rip ran down the sleeve, all the way to the bottom of the skirt. The tear created a window to her body, telling the world she had little on beneath the dress. Creamy skin, peachy hips and a round derriere started slipping out. “N-no way… how did…”  
  
With her wardrobe split down the side, Hina dropped all the mail and put both hands on the fabric. “C-come on…. easy now…” She pulled on the dress to get it loose. Her trembling legs lost their strength in seconds as she slipped backward. “Ahh-off!”  
  
There was another rip and a tiny pop. Hina cringed as she landed on the grass behind her mailbox. She reached behind her to rub her backside. “How does a dress mess up a mailbox like that…” As she blushed and frowned, she looked at the mailbox to see her dress hanging from the door. Then she noticed her bra sitting in her lap instead of containing her chest. Her ample breasts gently bounced in their newfound freedom, rosey nipples embracing the air.  
  
She froze in place and put a hand over her mouth. “N-no way… how did…” The nude girl looked at her bra, seeing a broken clasp on the back. Her pulse surged as she realized what that meant. Crimson flooded her face as she wrapped her arms around her chest and pressed her legs together. Frantic eyes scanned the neighboring driveways. Still no cars.  
  
Hina panted and looked over herself. Only a pair of sandals remained, but they did little to conceal her. She rose to her feet on unsteady legs, her hands putting a firm grip on her body to cover what they could. All the while, her heart hammered away and her body temperature climbed. Her bra flopped to the ground. The heat between her legs radiated on her covering hand, tempting her fingers to do more than cover.  
  
A gentle breeze whistled by her soft flesh. Hina checked the streets for what felt like the hundredth time. She bit her lip and shook her head. “What am I even thinking?” Hina took a breath and squeezed herself. “Mmm….” Her heart hammered in her chest as tight, protective holds turned into careful, tender caresses.  
  
Then, a sound reverberated down the street. Her head snapped aside as her grip over her body tightened. It was the unmistakable sound of a car motor.  
  
“Oh my God… Oh my God…” Hina gasped. She reached down and collected her abandoned mail. The travel magazine blocked the view between her legs, while the bills found a place between her forearm and her chest. With nothing to dispute her state of dress, Hina ran. Her quaking legs slipped and stumbled.  
  
“A-h ah!” She yelped. Hina stumbled face first onto the grass, about halfway to her door. Her sandals laid behind her, abandoning Hina to her truest form. The girl, now completely naked, lifted her head to look behind her. She could hear the car, but she couldn’t see it.  
  
She collected the mail in a little stack and crawled along her front lawn to the door. Sweat glistened over her skin as she made her desperate moves. Blades of grass tickled her vulnerable intimates, reminding her of what she considered.  
  
Even though Hina could still hear the car, she bared a crumpled smile on her crimson face. Parts of her were begging for attention because of what she did. Would she go for the pool? Could she wait and reach the bathroom? Doorway to her house? Doorway to her house.  
  
Hina scrambled to her feet, letters crumpling against her chest as she clawed at the door handle. It refused to open for her. Her jaw dropped. “N-no… I could have sworn that I…” She gripped it and shoved it, but the stalwart door didn't yield. “No no no no no no no!”  
  
“Hey Hina, I forgot my….phone….?”  
  
The nude girl froze. She craned her head around, seeing Stacy standing there, eyes wide with her keys in her hand. “W-what are you doing?”  
  
Hina stood there, pecking at her brain for an answer. Some form of non-automatic thought. “I… um… I was just um… getting… the… mail?”