**Hina's ENF Stories**

by anonenffan

**Chapter 1 - The Lucky Day**

A door clicked, and a woman walked through, shutting it behind her. She set her purse aside with a tired sigh.

Hina had just returned home from work, but her day wasn’t entirely done. There was a great deal of laundry to do. The cleanest clothes she had were what she was wearing. A black t-shirt that clung to her curvy figure. A very modest but matching skirt that stopped just above her knees. Below that was some ordinary socks and a pair of tennis shoes. Such shoes weren’t exactly good looking, but they were easy on her feet.

The brunette lived alone in an apartment not too far from the store where she worked. Pretty much all of her clothes were overdue to be washed. And although she had a washing machine and dryer inside the apartment, neither of them worked very well.

Her washing machine was poor at blending detergent. Being environmentally friendly, the electric dryer usually needed several cycles to completely dry her clothes. Given how much clothing Hina had to wash, it would take until sunrise to have everything done.

“Guess I’ll have to go to the laundromat,” Hina said, unzipping her purse to check for quarters. Inside, she saw a lottery ticket. “Oh yeah, I forgot I bought this. The jackpot was pretty big this month. Let’s see… My numbers are… Oh yeah, right!”

She set the ticket aside on her kitchen table. The numbers on it were one, two, three, four, five, and six. Even though that combination was just as mathematically likely as anything else, Hina quickly remembered why she didn’t play the game very often.

After making sure she had enough money to do her laundry, Hina put her money back into her purse and grabbed a laundry basket. The brunette gathered every last skirt, shirt, sock and pair of panties she could find.

Hina scanned through her room and realized all of her drawers were now empty of wearable fabric.

“Wow, I’ve really fallen behind on laundry,” Hina said to herself. She picked up her purse, stacked one laundry basket on top of another, and brought them down to her car. She locked the door to her apartment on her second trip with two more baskets and brought every piece of clothing she had to her car.

Once she was inside, she put her key in the ignition and started it.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

Hina looked and saw the Check Engine light was blinking.

“Oh, shut up,” she said. Her car had done this for months, with mysterious grinding sounds. The brunette didn’t worry, as she rarely had to travel far. The grinding noise was unusually loud today, so Hina answered this by turning the radio on as she put the car in gear.

Several blocks down was the laundromat. It was open twenty-four hours, but late at night, there was usually nobody there. The machines were all coin operated.

Finding a parking spot close to the door, Hina got out and took two of her laundry baskets out of her car. She needed both hands to hold them, or else they would fall. Stepping away, she pushed the passenger door shut with her hips.

It was an action that she didn’t think about doing, she just did it. But Hina immediately knew something was wrong as she walked away when she felt resistance around her waist. Hina turned and saw her skirt had gotten caught in her car door.

She cursed under her breath. The brunette needed both of her hands to hold her laundry baskets, and it was caught relatively high up. She wouldn’t be able to just set her laundry on the ground. After all, there was a puddle in the spot next to her.

Hina fidgeted uncomfortably, trying to set the baskets on top of her car. But the decision to hold two laundry baskets stacked on top of each other was proving troublesome. It was top-heavy and unbalanced. Further tugs at pulling herself free were straining the fabric.

Trying to be resourceful, Hina lowered herself as much as she could. She planned to let the bottom basket take a short fall to the ground, then carefully set the top basket on top of that.

She leaned forward, feeling the pull on her clothing, straining the fabric even more. Hina liked this skirt and would have hated to have it ruined.

Carefully, she let the first basket take a short drop from about knee height. There was a small bounce, but nothing fell out. Hina smiled and set the top bin down on top of the bottom one. Now she would easily be able to free her skirt from the car door.

Or so she thought.

The door handle, like many other parts of her car, was faulty. It jammed often, and having her skirt caught in the door probably wasn’t helping. There was only one way the door would (usually) open. From the inside.

Hina looked at the parking lot. Her car was the only one there; she couldn’t see another for the next two or three lots over. She didn’t want to admit it, but there was only one way to get her skirt free from her car door without ruining it.

The brunette blushed and bit her lip, looking around her one last time. Slowly, she reached for her zipper and began to push it downward. Once it was all the way down, she stepped out of the skirt and put her hands between her legs in deep embarrassment. Her bright blue panties were now exposed to the world around her.

A chilly wind gently whistled around her newly exposed skin, making her shiver. Hina felt frozen for several minutes. She practically felt naked! Her hands moved front and back, trying to cover her panties, but they were only her hands, nothing more.

Finally, Hina remembered why she even bothered to take her skirt off. She looked around and quickly ran around her car to the driver door. Hina opened it and leaned in, with her pantied butt out in view. She put her left hand over it to cover herself, as her right reached for the door handle and pulled.

The door didn’t immediately open. Hina started to worry and jerk the door handle harder before she finally heard the click she was waiting for. The skirt fluttered to the ground before Hina could reach it, but at the very least it was free.

She smiled and pulled the car door closed. Then she crawled out backward, cautiously looking around before shutting her driver side door. Hina then ran around to collect her skirt. She picked up the silky smooth fabric and carefully inspected the damage. It was apparent where the material was stretched and slightly torn. Still, she decided it was wearable, and if nothing else, she had been practicing with a sewing machine here and there; this could be easily fixed.

At least until she saw a dark, moist stain on it. Hina sniffed it and reeled back. There was some kind of puddle that it fell in. But Hina didn’t want to waste any more time inspecting it. She looked around, set the skirt on top of her laundry baskets, and took them inside.

As she was used to, the laundromat was empty. Every machine was automatic so it could be open twenty-four hours a day. Given the state of her skirt, this was a good thing. Hina just had to collect the rest of her clothes.

She still had goosebumps from exposing her panties outside. Quite a bit of leg was being shown off now. Hina briefly thought she could put something else on, but realized her first two laundry baskets were mostly underwear and shirts.

Hina gulped. “Make it quick Hina. Nobody will see you,” she tried to tell herself. The brunette closed her eyes and balled her fists. “I can do this.” She pushed the door open and hurried out the door towards her car to get the remaining laundry baskets.

In her rush, however, Hina stumbled. She gasped as she nearly lost balance into the puddle in front of her.

“Whew, that was close,” Hina said. She looked around, still acutely aware of her pantied tush on display, and carefully approached her car’s back door.

Carefully, the brunette took the two remaining baskets, stacked one on top of the other like before, and pulled them out of the car. She was able to push the door shut with her hips, this time without fear of her clothes getting caught in them, and made her way towards the door.

The next bit of misfortune happened, with a shiver that ran up her legs. In her hurry, she ran through the puddle, causing splashes that got her socks wet with cold puddle water.

Hina hurried in and let the laundromat door shut behind her, setting her clothes down. She needed a moment to breathe.

She had just been outside with her panties on display… Twice!

The brunette shook her head. “Calm down Hina,” she said to herself. She still had most of her clothes on. Nobody was around to see her.

And so, she turned her attention to the washing machines. It was time to focus on her task. One by one, she unloaded her laundry baskets into the washing machines. Hina didn’t find it easy to toss her skirt away into the wash, but it needed to be cleaned.

When she got to the machine she was loading socks into, she looked down at her own. They were soaked through and cold. Hina looked around, kicked her shoes off, and slid her socks off of her feet as she added them to the wash.

Now all she had were her bright blue panties and black shirt. Perhaps it could be comfortable sleepwear on some evenings. But at the moment, Hina was starting to regret not using the lousy washing machine in her own apartment.

Hina sighed, putting her shoes next to her small stack of baskets. She reached towards where a pocket usually was for money. When she didn’t find any, she gave a frustrated sigh as she suddenly remembered something.

It was back in her car.

Could she go out a third time? Hina looked out the doorway of the laundromat and saw a parking lot that was empty aside from her own car.

“I’ll just be quick,” Hina said. She pushed the laundromat door open, looking left and right again. Then she darted to her car.

This time, Hina focused on being quick as she looked inside her purse. Although she could find no coins, she was able to produce a five dollar bill. Plenty for what she had to do.

Hina smiled as she closed the car door, holding the money in her hand. Quickly, Hina ran back into the laundromat. She sighed thankfully: she had gone unseen again.

The brunette looked at the money she held. She needed quarters to do her laundry, so she tiptoed towards the back of the building where the change machine was. It had a blinking red light on it. Upon closer inspection, the red light was just above some text.

“When Blinking, Out of Change.”

Frustrated though she was by the ruin of her plan, another presented itself: near the change machine were a variety of vending machines. One of them was a pop machine, and as Hina looked at it, she decided she was a little thirsty, so she could get her change this way.

Hina looked around, making sure she was alone and inserted the bill. She picked out a drink, and it tumbled down to the bottom, followed by the jingling of quarters in the other slot.

Feeling victorious, Hina gathered up her change and drink, returning to her washing machines.

A quick sip was tempting, so before putting the quarters in the washing machine, she twisted the cap on her pop bottle.

RSSSSSSSSSSSSSSK!!!!

“Ahh!!” Hina shouted in surprise. The pop bottle was shaken up quite a bit on its way out of the vending machine, so foam sprayed the half-dressed brunette and her surroundings when Hina released the growing pressure inside the bottle.

“Dang it,” Hina muttered. She looked at herself: the pop had sprayed her good! Especially her shirt. Now anyone could see that she wasn’t wearing a bra today! She was so soaked that she could even see the shape of her waist.

Setting the bottle down in frustration, Hina looked at her shirt. Now it, along with the rest of her clothes, needed to be washed too. Otherwise, she’d be very sticky.

But could she do it? Her panties had been spared the soda’s explosion, but they would be all she had left on. Her breasts would be on display if she went without her shirt. She wouldn’t be legally decent anymore.

But who would see her? Another look out the window brought her a little peace of mind; there were no other cars in the parking lot. Not once out of all the times she used this laundromat at night did she ever have company.

She took a deep breath. This was dangerous…but maybe it would be okay. She gripped the bottom of her shirt and began to pull upward. Her smooth curves were revealed as she pulled the shirt up, and her breasts bounced free.

Hina’s face was crimson red as she held her shirt. Looking around frantically, she had realized something.

Her blue panties were the only clothing she had on.

The brunette needed to will herself forward. The sooner she got this done, the sooner she could have clothes on her body. So she loaded the shirt in with the rest of her shirts.

Hina hugged herself and ran her hands up and down her body. All she had left were those bright blue panties. They covered so much, yet so little. She had started to wonder what she would do if someone saw her.

All she could do was cover her breasts and hide if someone came in. But someone would know she was there since she had all those machines running.

Hina looked at her panties. They was the only clothing she had not about to be washed. Beneath them, there was nothing. Not even a single hair as she had shaved recently. She had to keep them on, for what little they would do.

She was about to start all the machines when she suddenly started to slip. Hina was able to control her fall well enough that she did not get hurt, but it still ended with an unpleasant splash, a cold sensation spreading over and reaching between her legs. It made her squirm slightly.

Hina’s eyes widened as she realized what she had slipped in: it was that pop that spilled on the floor! Having landed on her butt, the sugary soda had soaked the back of her panties.

“Agh!!!” Hina shouted. This wasn’t fair. How could she have been so careless?

Hina slowly got up and looked at the back of her soaked fabric. She hadn’t started the washing machines yet. As her luck went, there seemed to be one more thing to add.

Could she do it?

Hina looked around the laundromat again. She was alone. The brunette hated that she had to do this, but there was no choice. The panties had to be washed.

Hooking her thumbs into the waistline of her wet, sticky panties, she forced them down her thighs and stepped out of them as they plopped sodden around her ankles.

Now she was naked.

Hina felt her pulse quicken as she looked around again, then put her pop-soaked panties into the washer, anxiously holding hands over her body as best she could, covering only her lady lips and breasts in turn as she anxiously fed quarters into the machines to start them running.

There wasn’t a stitch available to her for the next hour. She was alone. Hina tried to remind herself that she was alone and never saw anyone else come in at this hour.

It wasn’t working. Hina needed a place to hide and wait out the hour, so her naked feet carried her to the ladies room of the laundromat.

Thankfully, it was a well-kept bathroom. All of the toilets were very clean as Hina walked inside, letting the bathroom door shut behind her.

Hina sighed with relief and walked over to the sink and turned a faucet on. Not wanting her body to get sticky from soda, she began splashing the water against herself, on all areas that didn’t feel right.

She gasped as the cold water splashed against her chest, hardening her nipples some. Hina just wanted this night to end. Looking at herself in the mirror, she felt compelled to put a hand between her legs. Her body temperature had risen, and her hands had detected moisture.

That was odd… Sure, she’d had moments of privacy before, but was she…enjoying this?

Hina shook her head. No, she was just having bad luck. She turned away from the mirror and splashed some water on her butt where she had slipped in the soda. It was a shocking sensation, to say the least. But before long, Hina felt clean again.

Satisfied, Hina took a deep breath and looked in the mirror again. She had to wait this out. Once her clothes were done, she would dry them, put them back on, and then go home. Easy.

Nobody else came to this laundromat at this hour. She could watch her clothes get clean and forget this whole ordeal.

But what if someone did come in?

The washing machines were locked until they were done. So Hina couldn’t pull any clothes early. She could hide in the bathroom and wait in a privacy stall. But they would need to be in the laundromat for a while if they started washing clothes after her.

Hina peeked her head out of the bathroom and returned to her washing machines. It would be okay. Nobody was going to come.

She watched her clothes tumble and looked out the window behind her. There was the occasional beam of headlights, ones that made her duck. But nobody approached.

“I’m only making myself freak out,” Hina said, wiping a little sweat off of her forehead.

She sat silently, holding herself and rubbing her hands up and down her arms. After quite a bit of time, the washing machines finally dinged, and Hina sighed with relief. Her ordeal was over.

Or at least half over. Hina realized that as she opened one of the washing machines, the clothes needed to sit through a drying cycle. Hina would have to endure her nudity for quite a while longer.

One by one, she moved her wet laundry to the dryers. She thought about putting something on, but wearing wet clothes would never be comfortable. Though it was tempting to keep something handy, she kept moving clothes over into the dryers.

Once all the doors were shut, Hina looked to her pile of quarters and realized it was too small to even start one dryer. This made her eyes widen as she looked outside. There was only one spot she was going to find more money, and that was in her car.

Last time though, she had panties and a shirt. Now, she didn’t even have a sock. But it had to be done.

Hina took a deep breath and slowly strode towards the door of the laundromat. Her car still sat alone, and there was no traffic as far as she could tell. This was her chance.

Her hand trembled as she pushed her naked body towards her car. The brunette craned and spun as she walked, at times even walking backwards to look in all directions as she warily approached her car. She wanted to sprint back into the laundromat, but she pushed herself forward, knowing time was a factor.

Finally, she opened the door to her car and got inside, now a little more hidden from the world. Hina sighed with relief, though still wore a blush on her face as she looked inside her purse. There was another five dollar bill inside, to her luck.

Hina glanced around again and ducked on seeing a set of headlights take aim at her. She slowly raised her head back up and saw it was just a car in a nearby intersection making a turn. It passed by and rolled away.

She gulped and mentally prepared herself to be exposed to the elements again. Hina opened the door to her car and got out. She slammed it shut and ran back into the laundromat.

Her heart was thumping hard as her head swam with adrenaline. A trickle of moisture ran down her inner thighs.

This caught Hina off guard as she reached down to inspect this, and felt a bit of warmth. Did this… turn her on? Hina shook her head; no way she found this fun. She wanted out of this!

Hina made her way towards the vending machine and only had it produce change this time, making her way back to the dryers. With the quarters in hand, she started all of them and watched the clothes begin to tumble again.

It was a dull activity, which did little to distract her mind from the thoughts of what just happened.

She’d been outside. Completely naked. And she didn’t get caught. It made her body feel hot.

Hina looked around the room feeling very embarrassed. Even though nobody was around to see, her nipples were hard, and she was a bit moist between her legs. It begged for a little attention. Her fingers wiggled, wanting to wander without permission.

The brunette pulled her hands away. She needed to calm down and thought it would be better to not do these things in view from the parking lot and the street beyond. Nudity was one thing, touching oneself was another. So Hina made her way to the ladies room.

Once back inside, she walked into a privacy stall and locked the door. She knew she was alone, but the added security helped. Hina took a seat on the toilet and tried to slow her breathing as she held her breasts.

She was aroused, but acting on those feelings was something that should only be done in the bathroom of her home. As she took slow deep breaths, she tried to calm herself from her state of arousal.

“Not here… not here…” Hina said out loud. In her mind, this little feeling that begged for attention was going to have to wait for the safety of being in her apartment before letting a hand glide down there.

After what felt like a long time of trying to avoid caressing herself, Hina stood up and exited the privacy stall, letting her naked feet carry her out of the ladies room.

When Hina checked on her laundry, she smiled, seeing it was almost done. It was in the final five minutes. Mainly, they were already done and dry, just doing some tumbles to prevent wrinkles. However, even though this part of the cycle wasn’t really essential, she couldn’t pull her clothes out early.

It wasn’t a big deal; she’d spent a great deal of time naked already. She could handle a few more minutes, couldn’t she? With that in mind, Hina took a seat near the dryer that contained her underwear and waited, eager to be clothed soon.

Luck wasn’t entirely on her side though. The lights in the laundromat began to flicker. And the dryers made a failing hum sound before starting to operate normally again. Then, all at once, every light in the laundromat shut off. The dryers went silent.

Hina was surprised to be cast in darkness. The exit lights were the only thing that seemed to still be working. Beyond that, there was very little light from the street coming into the laundromat. The power seemed to be out entirely.

The brunette slowly stood up and approached the dryer that contained her underwear.

“Well, my clothes were almost done anyway,” she said with a blush and a smile. Reaching towards the door of the dryer, she gripped the handle and pulled. But it did not open. Hina pulled on it again and gave it several tugs.

It was still locked.

This sped up Hina’s heart rate a little. “Oh no…” She quickly went and checked the other dryers. They were all still locked. Her ordeal was nearly over, but now she was isolated from her clothes.

“Okay, okay… calm down… just wait for the power to come back, and it’ll be fine,” Hina said. The brunette took another seat and just waited. And waited. And waited. But power did not come back.

This made her worry. How was she going to get her clothes back now? She’d have to wait until the morning when the owner came to remove the night’s money from the machines. The power didn’t seem like it was going to return anytime soon.

She didn’t want to just stay in the laundromat all night though. What if some late shift worker came in to do their laundry? Hina didn’t see other people here often, but it was a thing.

But how would she come back? Hina shook her head. There had to be something that she missed in her apartment. She’d just throw it on in the morning and come get her clothes.

With this in mind, Hina took a deep breath and tried to mentally prepare herself for what she was about to do. Go outside, get in her car, and go home. All of that, without so much as a sock.

She approached the laundromat door and looked both ways as far as she could see. With only one car passing down the road, Hina had to convince herself she was safe.

“Even if someone drives by, their eyes are on the road…” Hina told herself, as she opened the door to the laundromat.

The cold night air glided over her naked skin, making her nipples firm themselves. She put an arm over her breasts, her other hand covering the triangle between her legs as she snuck towards her car.

In a quick motion, she opened the door to the car and sat inside. Hina sighed with relief. Her apartment was only about four blocks away. Just a quick drive, then she’d just have to sneak into her apartment unseen, somehow.

She put the key in the ignition and gave it a turn. The worn down car coughed. “Oh come on, not now,” Hina said, turning the key again. The car coughed again, almost turning over.

“Start, damn it!” she said, turning the key again. With the same sputtering result, she banged her hand on the dashboard. “Do \*not\* do this today!” she shouted.

Hina gave one more frustrating attempt at starting it, and finally, the car coughed to life. But it was running very rough. It seemed to be shaking. The vibrations rocked her seat, making her gasp. The coarse fabric was in direct contact with her backside, and with the shaking of the malfunctioning car, it was like sitting on a massage chair.

“Ohhh…” Hina moaned.

She’d intended to let this wonderful sensation continue until she heard a noise: Beep… Beep… Beep.

She saw the Check Engine and Service Soon lights come on. Hina had neglected the expensive repairs her car needed, and it was coming back to get her.

“Stupid car, it’s not that far,” Hina said. “You’re getting me home!” she said to the car. Hina put her seatbelt on and put it in reverse.

The naked beauty took a deep breath and carefully backed her car out of its spot. She tried to keep herself low in case she saw another driver. Hina really didn’t want to be seen as some crazy exhibitionist.

Giving the car a little gas, she moved down the road quickly. Hina cautiously looked around as she passed a couple of blocks. She was nearly home safely.

But with about a block and a half to go, the car started to shake more violently. It was stalling, and slowing down. It lurched and lunged abruptly.

Out of instinct, Hina pulled her car into the nearest parking lot, a small convenience store. She parked it in a spot and let it idle. Usually, it would stop doing these strange things if she did that.

This time, however, Hina let the car sit for a moment before it completely stalled out and went quiet.

“Oh no,” Hina said, then cursed under her breath. She tried to restart the car a few times, but couldn’t even get it to cough. The poor old car had finally died on her.

“Come on!” Hina said in frustration. “I’m almost home!”

As her frustration ebbed, she once again began to feel nervous. She could see her apartment building from where she was, about a block and a half away. With her car out of commission and her clothes even further away, she had no choice but to go back to her apartment on foot.

Hina bit her lip, looking around as she got out of her car. One arm over her breasts, clutching her keys, the other covering between the legs. Her naked feet stepped to the rough pavement, and she crouched down as low as she could before shutting the door to her car.

This was it. Hina was in the outside world without a thread clinging to her body. Hina had made the mistake of parking under a light, so she was visible to the road. She slowly and carefully made her way towards her apartment, clinging to a short brick retaining wall that ran around the small store.

Hina had reached her street. If she could cross it, she’d be on her block. Hina crouched down, looking around every corner until she was sure no cars were coming or going. In the dead of night, there was very little traffic.

The nude woman took a deep breath and held her keys tightly. She stood up, still covering herself, looked to her apartment, and began to run.

She was completely exposed as she ran down the street. Running barefoot on the pavement was slowing her down, and the sways and jiggles of her breasts were throwing off her balance. The street lights showed her smooth skin, which shined a little from sweat. Her curves rubbed against themselves, her fingers digging towards her sweet spot in her movement.

Hina made it across the street but did not stop running as she made her way towards her apartment. She had heard a car coming, but she was starting to find it difficult to care, having gotten this close.

The nude beauty stopped running and ducked by a car, seeing one of her neighbors. She peeked up but realized she hadn’t been seen yet, so she hid again. Hina realized she didn’t get a good look and didn’t know which of her neighbors she‘d seen. She peeked up again but saw nobody where she’d seen someone just moments before.

“Weird… who was that?” Hina said, having heard neither a door or footsteps. This made her a little uneasy. Someone she knew might see her if she wasn’t careful. What would they think of their neighbor streaking around?

Hina continued to glance around, but after a while, she decided that whoever was about wasn’t near.

She rushed towards the door and fumbled with the key to get into the apartment building, and then ran up the stairway. The key slid into the lock and quickly let her in. Hina rushed inside and slammed the door.

With her back to the door, she slowly slid down and sighed. “Oh my god… I can’t believe this. How did everything go so wrong…?” Hina shook her head.

She now had the safety and privacy of her own apartment, but all of her clothing was back at the laundromat. And a dead car halfway in between.

“This day can’t get much worse,” she said, shaking her head. Hina started to search through her apartment, looking for forgotten clothing. However, when she had gathered her laundry, Hina was pretty thorough in getting every last pair of panties.

There were no shirts, skirts, panties, bras, nor even pajamas. Hina’s search led to her own personal washing machine. Had she been patient with her own washer, she wouldn’t be having this problem. Looking inside, she saw a load of bath towels.

Hina picked one up. “I can’t go back with just a towel… but it’s better than nothing…” She walked towards her living room and looked at the towel in thought, and started looking at the fluffy fabric. Then her eyes caught her sewing machine.

While she was no master of the hobby, Hina knew a few basics about working with fabrics. She had an idea.

“Maybe I can make a dress out of this…” The naked woman thought. It would still look like a towel, but maybe it could at least be less prone to falling off. Hina nodded to herself, inspecting the fabric, thinking it could work.

She opened a drawer looking for a spool of thread, and turned the TV on for background noise as she sat down with the towel, planning some measurements.

As Hina focused on her stitching, the news came on, with the head anchor laughing.

“I don’t believe this, folks. I’m still in shock, but tonight we have some history. The Mega Bux Lottery’s historic high jackpot drew its numbers mere minutes ago, and it’s confirmed there is a winner. If you played one, two, three, four, five, and six, congratulations! You are the luckiest person in the world!”

The announcement broke Hina’s concentration on her stitching, her frozen countenance showing no awareness of the grinding emission from the sewing machine as the gathering fabric jammed it tighter and tighter.

“\*What!?\*” Hina exclaimed as she jumped up to see the TV screen. Her eyes widened as she read the numbers on the screen, then scrambled to where she had set her lottery ticket and read it over.

“Oh my god! I won! I won I won I won I won!” Hina cheered happily. For the moment, she had completely forgotten that she was without clothing. The nude woman danced around in her apartment. “I can’t believe that stupid number combination actually won!”

As her celebratory mood cooled, she turned and for the first time noticed the mess she’d made of the towel in her distraction, realizing that she’d have to cut it into useless fragments to unjam the machine. “…Oops,” she said.

She opened a drawer and put the winning ticket inside safely. Claiming her prize would have to wait. She still had to get her clothes.