**Hina's ENF Stories**

by anonenffan

**Chapter 5 - Hina's New Roomate**

**# PART 1**

Hina pushed a drawer shut in her bedroom, feeling quite pleased with herself for having finished her laundry. In her house, it was a long walk from the basement to her bedroom, so even light loads took a considerable amount of time to complete.

With her usual set of daily chores done, Hina sat on her bed and picked up her phone to check for messages. Her usual friends always seemed to be up to something interesting.

Stacy had been Hina’s best friend for years, but she was unpredictable, having a tendency to do things that left Hina scratching her head. She also had a different job every time Hina talked to her. The last time Hina saw her blonde friend, she was selling used cars. Since then, she heard about her trying to fix elevators, drive a bus, and even become a zeppelin pilot.

Hina had given up on predicting what Stacy was doing next. All she knew is that it was always something different, exciting, and sometimes amusing. Swiping through the phone screen, Hina finally found the most recent message from Stacy, and on reading it, her face fell in disappointment: Stacy was currently in a simple waitress job.

Hina set her phone aside with a sigh. Her friends activities were mundane for once, which unfortunately for Hina, were very boring.

Since she had a big mansion with more rooms than she knew what to do with, Hina had offered to let some of her closest friends live with her. However, Stacy was convinced she could afford a place on her own. Hina glanced around her room and tried to think about something fun to do, since her phone failed to yield an interesting post.

Thoughts of her last vacation crossed her mind, casting a blush on her face. Things got very risky on that cruise. Hina didn’t want to repeat things from that adventure, but deep down, she did find those things to be a least a little bit fun.

Hina’s heart quickened at the memory, wondering if she should be thinking about this. Doing something like that could be fun if she was doing it in a way where she didn’t have to worry about getting caught. The thrill was hard to deny, and while it was risky anywhere else, it was perfectly safe to do in her house. At least, as long as she didn’t stay by her windows too long.

The brunette fidgeted on her bed for a moment before deciding it would be harmless. She’d just keep things brief so it didn’t get out of hand.

Hina took a deep breath as a blush suffused her face.

But her smile hinted at excitement as her hands reached for the hemline of her shirt. Her fingers slipped upwards between her shirt and her skin, and they slowly dragged the fabric upwards.

It was a new experience Hina had slowly taken a liking to. Although she wouldn’t admit it, if she felt safe enough, she would be tempted to undress. There were times where she ended up without a thread in a place that risked exposure. While those experiences scared her, they also left her curious. In the sanctity of her bedroom, it was not important to worry about whether her clothes were in a pile by the bed rather than covering her slender body.

As Hina slowly pulled her shirt up over her bright blue bra, she felt her cheeks turn a little redder. She kept things safe when she did this by choice, but she still found it embarrassing. When she finally pulled the shirt over her head, the brunette set her shirt aside and glanced around her room as if someone was there to see her, instinctively moving her arms to cover her underwear-clad breasts.

Hina hesitated for a moment. There was a calm excitement that made her take a deep breath. Her body was responding to the reduction in cover, her pulse quickening a little. She felt more aware of the air in the room as its coolness called her attention to her chest’s scant cover.

With another look around, Hina closed her eyes and reminded herself that she was in her own house. In her room, no less. She had total freedom to do as she pleased.

Still, even with that sense of security, Hina was a little uneasy about indulging in this newfound fetish. Although Hina was able to avoid getting into too much trouble on previous occasions, things still got too close for comfort. She couldn’t quite shake that feeling despite her private surroundings.

Keeping her pace slow, Hina lifted up her right leg and rested her ankle on her left knee. Her protecting hands left her bra to slide the shoe off her foot and set it on the floor. Then she hooked a finger into her sock, pulled it off of her foot, and tossed it by her shoe. Hina’s hands almost started to shake as she repeated the process with her left foot.

Now she was just in her bra and skirt, with a pair of panties underneath. Although Hina had only removed a little clothing, she felt that she was now a lot more exposed. She wiggled her toes a little.

Hina had a small smile and a bright blush. Normally, undressing was no big deal. The whole process was normally completed in under a minute. At least, that was the case if she was planning on taking a shower or changing into a swimsuit. Here…she felt more like she was savoring the feeling.

She sat there for a minute, looking around her room and running her hands up and down her legs. The feeling from the reduction in clothing was having quite the effect on Hina; she felt anxious. It was like she was daring herself to do this, even though nobody was around to see her. Nobody would know if she didn’t follow through.

Except someone \*would\* know: she would know.

Hina rose to her feet, unsnapped a button, and pushed down the zipper of her skirt. She slowly slid the skirt down to her ankles. Now her panties were on show, their bright blue fabric matching her bra.

The brunette sat back down, wearing only her underwear. She took a moment to breathe as she took in the fact she was showing a lot of skin. The bra and panties covered little. On a hot summer afternoon, she might have considered it comfortable sleepwear, but it was mild that day, the room’s air cool on her nearly bare body.

With very little clothing remaining, Hina forced herself to stop. To go any further could lead to unwanted exposure. She wasn’t sure how, but she knew if she did something like that, it would happen. Hina would be embarrassed, and whoever happened to see her would think she was a crazy streaker.

Instead, Hina tried to be sensible, laying back on her bed, reaching for her phone. She needed to get her mind off of how undressed she was. Her idea was that if she managed to make this feel comfortable, she could enjoy it more regularly.

Still, as Hina let her finger slide across the screen, she felt very much aware of how little clothing was on her body. The bra and panties were all that remained, the blanket she was laying on touching most of her skin. It wasn’t like she was in an unusual spot to be dressed like that. The thought of sleeping like that crossed her mind, and it seemed like a good idea. That might help her get used to this.

So Hina stayed there, trying not to think about how she looked as she absentmindedly looked at her phone for something interesting to read. She found a post by one of her other friends who had gone off the rails talking about a new tablet she bought, bragging about it being far more than a simple tablet. It seemed like a dull topic to Hina.

With her phone once again failing to entertain her, Hina set it aside. The undressed girl sat back up. She felt a little more relaxed, sitting in bed in just her underwear, but it wasn’t exactly exciting. Hina thought for a moment about actually trying to do something without getting dressed. It didn’t have to be anything complex. She could simply get a glass of water.

The brunette slowly got to her feet and looked at her bedroom door. On the top floor was a small kitchen, not far from her bedroom. She had the freedom to do what she wanted, but something that should have been casual seemed bold to her.

She took a deep breath and nodded with a determined yet blushing look on her face. Hina was going to exit her room and go to her kitchen for a drink of water. All while wearing nothing but her bra and panties.

With the challenge set, Hina took steps towards her bedroom door and put her hand on the cold metal door handle. She felt very exposed, thinking about how little her underwear covered, how much skin was left on display. And the fact that she chose to do this.

Hina opened the door slowly and looked through the crack. It was her house, and she was the only one home, yet she felt compelled to keep a careful eye out. Hina knew she was safe from being found, but her body was reacting like she wasn’t.

She took those first steps out of her room and shut the door behind her. Hina paused, feeling like there was a knot inside her. The sound of her door shutting had a sense of finality to it, like she had to commit to this challenge now. She carefully turned the doorknob and opened it again, to confirm she hadn’t locked it before shutting it. Hina took a deep breath. If she imagined the door was really locked, she would be sealed away from her clothes, and she would have to find the key that opened the bedroom doors.

Granted, it wasn’t an elaborate lock. Hina figured she might even be able to unlock it with a paper clip, yet the thought of looking for a key to get back into her room elicited a thrill of excitement. She shook her head, thinking it would be better to do something like that another time. Her real plan was to get a simple drink of water. Resolved, Hina turned around and faced the empty hallway of her home.

Getting to the kitchen was normally a very short walk, and yet it seemed so much longer to Hina. Was it because she was in just her underwear? It was more silent than a public library in the morning. The only sound Hina could hear was that of her own unsteady breathing.

In a way, it was exciting. Hina’s heart was pounding as her bare feet patted the smooth floorboards. She had so little clothing on, and she was away from her room. A pair of thin, bright blue panties and a matching bra were the only things separating her from complete nudity. On impulse, she moved her hands to cover herself. She wasn’t naked, but it felt right to have her hands there.

Hina couldn’t help but smile as she made her way down the hallway. Doing this felt crazy, yet bold. She wasn’t sure why this was so exciting, as she had wandered her house completely naked the day she moved in, though by accident. Was it so different because she was doing this on purpose this time?

Her hands brushed over the material of her underwear to make sure they were still in place. She gave each piece a light tug and let the elastic snap her scanties back into their proper place over her body. If Hina was seen like this, it would be just as embarrassing as if she had been seen naked. But there was nobody else in her house.

Finally, Hina reached the kitchen. She let out a big sigh, having reached her self-imposed dare’s goal. She stepped onto the cool tile and made her way to the cupboard. Her hands moved from their covering positions to open it and take out a glass.

Hina walked towards her refrigerator and opened it. She shuddered as the cool air spilled out over all of her exposed skin. What little clothing she did have on did nothing to keep her warm. The sensation wasn’t unpleasant, though; in fact, it was refreshing.

She reached inside for the water filtration pitcher and poured some of its sparkling contents into the glass before putting it back inside the refrigerator. The undressed girl leaned against a counter and sipped her water. What she was doing was crazy, risky, bold…and fun.

Fun? Did Hina really find this fun? It was exciting for sure: she could feel her heart pounding, the adrenaline running through her veins. But fun?

Hina drank the rest of her water, her face still glowing as she wondered about this. Having to avoid being seen by others wasn’t exactly her idea of fun, but she was in a perfectly safe place to explore this. She could never quite get the idea out of her head after some mishaps in the past, and thinking about those had a tendency to push her into more trouble.

She turned and put the empty glass in the sink. Her mind centered on her appearance, standing in the kitchen in nothing but her underwear. It was a naughty side of her, though she wouldn’t admit it existed. She shook her head, thinking she should go back into her room. But why? With all the freedom in the world to do more, Hina decided there was no harm in going a little further.

The brunette took a deep breath, put a bold smile on her face, and began walking out of the kitchen. Back in the hallway, she could see her bedroom door. This idea was crazy. Hina planned on going right back in and getting properly dressed.

Her impulses turned her instead towards the staircase down to the next floor.

“Just a little longer,” Hina told herself.

It seemed like a good idea. If she went through her house like this, she could get this whole streaker thing out of her system and go back to being normal. What could go wrong with this plan?

As Hina took each step down the stairs, her bust bounced slightly, her cleavage alternately compressing and releasing as her bra worked to restrain her breasts. She was more aware of that bra now, the garment that made up half of her sparse clothing.

The nearly undressed girl reached the bottom of the stairs as was now on the third floor. She crossed her arms over her breasts, feeling a bit embarrassed by them. The bra was covering more than just her breasts: it was also concealing a clear sign that she was enjoying this, her hardened nipples now rubbing against the cups’ interior surfaces. Hina could feel the rubbing with every step, each one further eroding her will to disregard the sensation.

Hina held herself a little bit tighter. She couldn’t really be enjoying this, could she? Sometimes she got that feeling…but did being so undressed in an unusual place excite her that much? Was that truly a bad thing? She had experienced this before.

Right now was different… She was trying out exposure on purpose. She closed her eyes trying not to think about that. But Hina wanted to be somewhere more secluded to than at the bottom of her third floor stairs. Her nervousness got the better of her, and her will to be more hidden won out. If she got too close to a window, she could risk being seen by a neighbor or passerby, perhaps from the sidewalk, or even from a neighboring house window! The most secluded room on the third floor was the bathroom, so with her hands in covering positions, she quickly ran inside.

Hina shut the door, turned the light on, and leaned back against the door. Her heart was hammering from thinking of how exposed she was. She had nothing but her bra and panties on, and she was doing this on purpose. What was she trying to prove? Maybe it was time to back down, head back to her room, and get dressed.

Even though she was alone, Hina would have felt a little bit better if she had more cover. She turned her attention to the towel rack…and saw nothing.

A disappointed yet embarrassed frown developed on Hina’s face. Each floor of her house had a bathroom, even the basement. But it was clearly more than she would use, so she only bothered to put towels in the top floor one, nearest her room, plus a few hand towels on the ground floor. There was no cover to gain from this room.

With a few cautious steps on the cold tile, Hina approached the sink and rested her hands on the counter. A few minutes to calm down was all she needed. She knew it was silly to think anybody might see her like this. She didn’t even pass near a window.

Hina then looked at herself in the mirror. The bright blue color of her bra stuck out compared to the rest of her smooth skin. Her breasts were held firmly in place by the fabric. She let her hands slowly slide over her smooth skin until the sensation was interrupted when her fingers brushed over her bra.

Hina squeezed herself, letting out a breath as she handled her sensitive breasts.

The bra’s restraint offered a small bit of decency. If she risked going without it, it would be just one piece less than what she had on now, but that one piece was half of everything she had.

Taking her bra off would have also been twice as daring as what she was doing now. Sure, she was relatively safe, but somehow it seemed like more of a risk to allow her breasts to be exposed.

Hina looked behind her and saw a laundry chute. The bathrooms on each floor were arranged in a column, one above the next below, all connected to the same chute that led to a basket in the basement.

The girl bit her lip and let her fingers tap her sides for a time before they began to rise and reach around her back.

This was pointless. What was she proving? She wasn’t proving anything to anyone. Hina didn’t need to do this. There was no reason to take her bra off.

A slight snapping sound reverberated in the bathroom. Hina’s bra loosened, and she moved her arms to hold her cups against her breasts.

Her blush deepened, its red shade displaying Hina’s embarrassment back to her in the bathroom mirror. At the same time, however, her chest felt free. If Hina moved her arms, the bra would fall to the ground. She kept her arms in place to prevent that. She couldn’t let that happen.

It wouldn’t be enough for her.

Hina took cautious steps towards the laundry chute, taking hold of the bra as she approached it. Her breathing was heavy as she slowly moved the bra down and away from her chest. Her bare breasts, no longer being squeezed, now hung freely. Her nipples were poking out hard, showing her arousal as they moved in small circles with the cycle of her deepening breaths.

She was topless. Sure, she was in a place where it would be normal, but she wasn’t doing it for normal reasons. Half of her clothing was in her hand. Hina would have to be mindful of being near windows now, as a simple pair of panties were the only thing that separated her from stark nudity.

Hina’s attention returned to the laundry chute. The last time she did this, it wasn’t about giving herself a thrill, but that was the end result. As the brunette reached to open the laundry chute, her mind was screaming at her not to do this, that there was no reason to do it.

She stared at her bright blue bra as she held it suspended in the laundry chute. One of the ends was pinched between her fingers, her tenuous hold the only thing restraining her clothing from a fall into the clutches of gravity. If she let go, she would be on the third floor with only one article of clothing on her entire body. There would be no getting the bra back.

It only took a second, but to Hina if felt like it was happening in slow motion. Her index finger and thumb separated, releasing her hold on the bra, letting it fall down the chute. There was a slight “pat” sound as one strap hit the sides of the chute as the garment tumbled away into the basement.

Hina let the chute door fall back into place as she took some unsteady steps backwards. She just let go of her bra. It was gone now. It was off of her body, far out of her reach. Hina moved her arms to cover her breasts as she thought about how she’d now have to either walk back upstairs or go to the basement to regain adequate cover. The fact that she didn’t have easy access to anything that could cover her breasts was sending a shock through her mind.

Her hands subconsciously fondled her now unclothed breasts. They felt as smooth as the rest of her skin. Hina tweaked her nipples slightly, eliciting a sigh before she stopped herself. This was hardly the time. She had more to do as she looked at the bathroom door, mentally preparing herself to continue through her house.

With one more tug on her panties’ waistband to confirm they were in place, Hina moved a shaky hand to the bathroom door and opened it, exposing her topless form to the hallway, silent but for the sound of the door creaking open.

Hina moved one shaky leg forward, and then the other. The stairs she needed to climb to get back to her room were right there. She could go back up to her room and get more appropriately dressed. Instead, Hina turned away, and slowly walked down the hallway.

“I can do this… I can do the whole thing,” Hina said to herself. This wasn’t some embarrassing accident, it was a self-dare. And it was an exciting one. Hina was walking through her house in nothing but a pair of panties, and there was no easy access to clothing within arm’s reach.

Each step that Hina took forward brought her a little further from her bedroom door. She was nearly naked, and she was choosing to move away from her nearest clothes.

Her breasts were once again restrained, now only by her arms, unable to prevent a subtle bounce as she walked. She could feel her nipples poking against her forearm, reminding her that she had left her bra behind. It was more than left behind: she essentially threw it away by letting it fall down the laundry chute.

Hina took a deep breath, causing her chest to heave a little. In the relative safety of her home, she made a decision to go further. She let her hands fall away from her exposed breasts, then forced them to her sides. The exposure in the open hallway made her skin feel like it was tightening.

Fighting the desire to cover herself was no easy feat. Hina’s arms would raise slightly, almost covering herself until she shook her head and forced her arms back down. It helped to give her hands another job, so Hina moved them between her legs.

Her fingers were greeted by the thin cotton of her hip-hugging panties. As Hina moved her hands to cover between her legs, she also detected a warmth, one that often showed up whenever Hina had prolonged issues with her wardrobe. There was no denying it, Hina was enjoying what she was doing. Yet, her blush grew more vibrant.

Each step she took as she walked down the hallway caused subtle movements in her pelvic area. The way she was holding herself had caused her hand to slightly push her panties around, dragging the fabric over her most intimate area.

Hina’s breasts were now free to bounce as well. They were unrestrained by clothing or protecting arms, their jiggle becoming more pronounced as she approached the stairs leading to the second floor. Her blush grew redder as her arousal grew. The brunette carefully descended the stairs, doing her best to prevent herself from covering her bouncing breasts. The side effect of this, however, was that her fingers were touching her panties more.

They were the last article of clothing she had on her body. So little of her skin was covered by the bright blue fabric, and she was otherwise completely naked. The fact that her panties were the only thing remaining made Hina’s mind focus on them when she reached the bottom of the stairs.

She leaned against the wall when she reached the second floor. Her fingers were still touching, tugging, and pulling on her panties. It was then that Hina forced herself to move her hands to her breasts and hold them. If she let her hands continue doing what they were doing, she’d very likely end up completely naked.

Still, that didn’t stop Hina from looking at her last bit of cover. Hina was so close to being completely naked that it didn’t really feel like she was wearing them. Rather, they were merely touching her. She was more aware of every thread of the material that was in contact with her smooth skin.

The warmth had grown, and she could feel it between her legs now. Hina knew what she was thinking of. Of what she wanted to do. She wanted those panties off, but she had to be careful now. Being on the second floor, if Hina passed by a window, there was a realistic chance of a passerby or neighbor seeing her.

Although, if that did happen, they would most likely be looking up at her and so would likely only see her from the waist up.

Only? Her neighbors would be seeing her breasts!

Hina cupped her hands around the sensitive part of her chest. There was more risk to this than she realized. The upper floors were safer due to how high up they were, so as she contemplated her descent, Hina began having second thoughts about taking her panties off.

However…

The higher stakes didn’t scare her from the idea like it should have. She was at the halfway point of her house, two floors above, two below. If she could make it to the ground floor, then she would have really done something.

Besides, if she wanted to climb back up the stairs with her bra on, she’d have to reach her basement. More cover was the reward for daring to go with so little cover. With that, Hina continued to walk forward through her house.

She felt a little nervous as she got closer to a window that overlooked her neighbor’s house. Hina took a deep breath, crossed her arms over her breasts, and increased her pace to a slight jog. It felt like she did it in slow motion, but in reality she was past the window in a second.

Once she was past the window, Hina leaned against the wall and breathed heavily. Her pulse was roaring in her ears from the adrenaline rush. She had just run by her window, completely topless. Did anyone see? Would anyone have been looking? She had to know.

Hina held herself against the wall as much as she could. It was cold against so much of her naked skin, nearly making her jump. Still, she took a breath, and held herself against the wall before she slowly peeked around to look through her window, then recoiling back, her face turning red.

She could see her next door neighbor’s driveway from this window. And her neighbor was getting groceries out of her car! She could have been seen! Her pulse quickened as she tightly held her breasts. This was dangerous. What would her neighbors think if they saw? Could she even dare to move from her spot?

Hina slowly glanced out the window again. Her neighbor was still there, and she was still grabbing bags from her car.

“If I’m not careful,” Hina mumbled to herself as she covered her exposed breasts, “I’ll be seen…”

The brunette mentally cursed herself for taking this risk. She moved a hand to make sure her panties were still in place. They still clung tightly to her body, thankfully, though they would not be visible to those on the ground outside. Being on the second floor, anyone who would see would have to look up at her window, but the angle would block the view of her panties.

She then realized that if she was seen, whoever saw would think she was naked. What little cover she had was a lie.

As her hand held her panties, she noticed she was very warm between her legs. The whole area seemed more sensitive too, begging for her to move her hand into her panties and…

\*\*Thump!\*\*

Hina nearly jumped from her trance. The sound came from outside. She took a deep breath and took another look outside.

The trunk of the car was closed, and her neighbor was heading inside. Hina held her breath as she watched her enter her house and shut the door.

Hina let out a big sigh of relief. Her neighbor didn’t notice her. That was close, so very close. This self-dare nearly caused a lot of embarrassment.

She held her position by the window for a moment, taking in what just happened. That was the first real risk, but even then, the chance of her being spotted was fairly low. She was fine.

Looking at her panties, Hina wondered if it was time to stop. But then again, the ground floor was a staircase away, and she was one step away from full nudity. Hina had come so far; it would seem to be a shame to back down now.

Despite her little scare, Hina made a decision. She wasn’t going to back down when she was so close. Her goal was the ground floor, and she was going to get there.

She forced her arms to her sides and began to walk through her house again. Her mind fixated on her panties. Getting to the ground floor wasn’t the only thing she was pushing herself to do. She had been removing her clothing, her panties all that remained.

Her fingers brushed over the bright blue fabric and tugged at them. She pulled them against herself, emitting a quiet sigh as her tugs pulled the soft fabric across her sensitive folds. Nothing else was covering her, and they weren’t nearly enough to make her decent.

Hina walked down the hallway, passing by rooms that could serve as bedrooms. Many of them still didn’t have anything in them, as Hina had yet to fully furnish her house. Her mind was focusing on the last of her cover, but she gravitated towards a door.

Her hand gripped the doorknob and opened it, then she slowly stepped inside. Soft carpet greeted her feet as she stepped into an empty bedroom. Hina didn’t even know what to do with so many rooms; she just wanted to be somewhere open, yet private.

The brunette walked out into the center of the room and looked out the window that overlooked her backyard. She didn’t approach it, not wanting to repeat the risks she just took. Instead, she just admired the view.

She glanced around the room, looking at how bare everything was. There was no furniture, no curtains, no \*anything\*. The room was naked.

Hina slowly sat down in the center of the room, taking notice of the carpeting. It was new and smooth to the touch. She had never taken notice of such a feeling before, but her near nudity was making her more aware of her surroundings…

She took one more look at her panties, and then around the room. The brunette felt safe enough. It was time.

Her fingers slowly gripped the sides of her panties as she lay on her back and lifted her legs up. Hina’s face turned redder and redder as her panties slid down her legs, inch by inch.

Finally, the panties slid over her feet, and she held the scanty garment in her hands. That was it. She was now completely and truly naked.

Her legs fell back down to the ground as she thought about what she was doing. How much she had done. How far she had gone. How much she was enjoying this.

Hina rested her head, her denuded body supine upon the floor. She spread her arms and legs in the center of the room, trying to feel as open as possible. There was no fabric anywhere on her body.

Well, that wasn’t true. Her panties were still in her hand. She had cover that wasn’t on her body. Even if it was, it would be inadequate. Hina would still be all but naked with it on. But nearly naked wasn’t \*really\* naked. This was different, and it was sending an invigorating rush through her.

She didn’t want those panties anymore.

Hina slowly sat up and saw the closet was open. She smiled and balled up her panties as best she could, then threw them into the closet. Now, none of her clothing was within arm’s reach. She was without access to a single thread.

The naked girl resumed her position as she spread her arms and legs. She closed her eyes. Her cheeks felt warm, as did the area between her legs, but this was so very fun. Being naked in such an odd place normally would unnerve her, but she was convinced she was in control. That she was safe. That she couldn’t be seen.

Still, even though she was fully naked, there was one more part to her self-dare: getting to the ground floor.

It was nerve-wracking to be sure, but Hina felt excited at the same time. She was doing a lot more than she originally planned, and she was glad she was doing it.

She closed her legs back up, feeling hotter than ever as she began to stand. Being completely naked made her feel more vulnerable, but also more excited. Hina squeezed her legs together, then held her breasts in her arms.

The naked girl took a deep breath as she approached the doorway, leaving her panties in the closet. It was time to do the last of her self-dare. There was no backing down now.

A quiet creaking noise was the only audible sound in the hallway as Hina opened the door. She couldn’t shake the feeling that she could be seen. The naked girl exercised tremendous caution as she looked down the hallway, first left, then right.

Her tush was able to bounce more freely now that it was unrestrained by her panties. Each subtle movement was a constant reminder that she was completely naked.

Hina continued down the hallway, her heart thumping like mad, but she couldn’t help but smile through her blush. For once, her naked adventure was on purpose, and she was going to do it without being seen.

Ahead of her was the staircase that finally led to the ground floor. The end of her self-dare was near. However, Hina didn’t feel disappointed. In her mind, she began to think about doing something like this more often.

As she descended the stairs, Hina was struck by how open her living room was. Her hands moved to covering positions, quickly detecting signs of her arousal. Simply being naked like this was turning her on. Hina had felt this before, and normally she was a bit ashamed by it. Now, however, it seemed like naughty fun.

The staircase was wide, and it felt very open. It made Hina feel all the more exposed while her heart thumped with excitement. There were no walls to hide behind on the stairs. There was nothing to hide her nudity. She felt so vulnerable, yet between her legs there was a welcome pulsing warmth.

Hina reached the bottom of the stairs and looked around. She looked to her left, then to her right. Her hands were still tightly holding her intimates, knowing her body hadn’t calmed down fully.

“I…did it. All the way down… Completely naked,” she said to herself. Her smile grew, thinking she was free to run back up the stairs and put on some clothing.

However, she didn’t feel the need to rush things. It wasn’t like Hina was expecting company. She could take all of the time she wanted to get back to her clothes.

So she walked over towards her couch and slowly took a seat. The smooth leather was an unfamiliar feeling to Hina’s naked skin. It had been warmed by sunlight, so as Hina slowly sank into the couch, she squeezed her legs together, letting out a light sigh. The material touched Hina in places that it normally could not, stimulating her heightened senses still further. Her hands both settled on her lap, fingers splayed over her thighs, leaving her breasts uncovered. Her digits slowly tapped upward and inward along her thighs.

Did she dare to do any more? It seemed like Hina could get away with anything. Maybe… Maybe just a little bit…? She must make sure to finish in the bathroom.

One hand slowly slid between her legs, and she let a finger begin to gently stroke her sensitive lips, the paired folds parting with the increasing pressure. Hina gasped and shuddered, but she did not stop herself. She wanted to add to this feeling, and she moved her free hand up her smooth skin slowly, then began to fondle one of her naked breasts.

There she was, naked and letting her hands feel her body. Clothing was several floors away, and Hina didn’t mind. Each stroke, each fondle was sending her deeper and deeper into her thoughts of her exposure and how daring she was.

Hina wanted to do this more often. She wanted to wander her house in the nude, maybe sleep without any clothing. If she could build more courage, she may even be able to skinny dip in her own pool. Again. By choice this time.

Her body was arching with lust as she wholly embraced her newfound freedom, rubbing faster, squeezing tighter, pushing her fingers further, deeper.

“Almost…!” came the breathless gasp.

\*Riiiiiing! Riiiiiing! Riiiiiing!\*

Hina nearly screamed, her hands automatically moving to covering positions.

Her home phone was ringing! The brunette turned her head to look towards the impertinent instrument.

Since moving into this house, Hina decided to get a landline in case she lost track of her cell phone. She had given the number out to personal friends and family only, so it was never going to just ring for no reason.

The naked girl stood up to walk towards the phone, but then froze. She needed to answer that phone, but there was one problem. It was right in front of her window looking out at the street!

Hina hesitated. Maybe they would give up?

\*Riiiiiing! Riiiiiing! Riiiiiing!\*

That didn’t seem likely. Maybe Hina could just say she was busy and ask them to call back later?

She felt nervous, but she had to do something!

Decided, Hina rose to her feet, cradled her breasts, and moved towards the phone. The window was big. There was no easy way to hide. This would have to be fast.

Hina snatched up the receiver, and held it to her ear while her free arm held her breasts. “H-hello?”

“Hey Hina! It’s Stacy!” came the reply.

“O-oh hey Stacy! W-what’s up?” The naked girl’s eyes quickly looked outside the window. If a car passed, they would see her…!

“Well… Look… I hate to admit it, but I’m in a little bit of trouble. This waitress job isn’t going to quite cover my rent, and I’m not sure if I even like it. So this is kind of admitting defeat for me…but I think I wanna take you up on one of those extra rooms you have.”

Hina held her breasts tightly, only half-listening to what her best friend was saying. It sounded important, but she could not concentrate. She took a deep breath and forced herself to look away from the window.

“What do you mean?” Hina asked, trying to ensure that she understood.

“Well, most apartments want you to be able to make a certain amount of money. This job falls a little short of it, so until I can get a better job, I was hoping you’d still be willing to let me use one of your rooms?”

Hina was still apprehensive about her nudity at the moment, but her friend needed her. “S-sure. You can move in tomorrow!” she said quickly, so she could get away from the window sooner.

“Thanks Hina! You’re a true friend! I’ll see ya later!” Stacy said.

A dial tone purred in the exposed beauty’s ear.

Hina hung up the phone, and her hands returned to covering herself. That call from her friend had brought her out of her aroused state, prompting her to run from the window towards the stairs.

As the naked girl ran up the stairs, she mentally kicked herself for doing so many lewd things.

She was unhappy for another reason: she was so close to fully embracing her exhibitionism, yet she had just agreed to something that would make it almost impossible to enjoy.

The area between Hina’s legs was still begging for a touch.

But that would have to wait.

**# PART 2**

The following few days had been restless for Hina. The girl was happy to help her best friend Stacy when she needed her. She helped Stacy move into one of the many vacant rooms that Hina had throughout her house, going with a room the second floor. Stacy had been encouraged to make the second floor kitchen and bathroom a little more personal for herself, so the two could have their own space.

The blonde had yet to give up on the idea that she could pull things off herself, so she kept her job and promised Hina she would pay her rent.

“Stacy, you don’t have to pay me; I don’t need it.”

Hina had to giggle, remembering that Stacy’s résumé probably resembled a phone book by now.

“I know I can do this, Hina! It’s the principle of the matter. Everyone who’s ever fired me tells me I’m not good at anything, and I \*will\* prove them wrong,” Stacy declared with conviction in her voice.

Hina respected Stacy’s determination to get a stable job, even though it was unnecessary. “Well, if you’re not giving up, then go get ’em! Serve every square meal there is at that restaurant!”

“I’m not a waitress anymore,” Stacy said with a smug look on her face.

The brunette leaned back. “Already? It hasn’t even been a week!”

“I don’t need them, I found a job as an ice cream tester!” Stacy declared proudly. “I will be paid to test out all kinds of different flavors of ice cream.”

Hina raised an eyebrow, not believing her friend. “That’s not a real job, is it?”

“Oh yes it is!” the blonde declared, then glanced at a clock. “Speaking of which, I’m gonna be late if I don’t head out the door soon.” She grabbed her keys and waved at Hina. “I’ll see you later!”

Hina waved back, but a thought crossed her mind. A daring, curious thought. “How long will you be out?”

“Hmm… I dunno. It’s a bit of a drive, and it could be a long shift if they have to show me what to do,” Stacy said. “I gotta run, I’ll see ya later!”

Hina looked out the window as her friend left for her new job. The brunette didn’t want Stacy to be working if she really didn’t have to. However, Hina didn’t mind her friend having reasons to be out of the house for long periods; Hina had things that she wanted to do. Alone things.

She turned and moved up the stairs. A blush was growing on her face. Hina wanted to do a lot more than she actually did a few days ago, and she couldn’t because Stacy was always around. She finally wanted to embrace her self-dares, and she finally had a chance to do just that.

The brunette wasted little time in getting to her bedroom, climbing the stairs as she thought about how much time she had. Whenever Stacy said something was a long drive, the destination was usually about an hour away. The round trip gave Hina a minimum of two hours, plus whatever amount of time Stacy would actually be working.

Hina wasn’t sure why, but lacking the freedom to streak her house made her want to do it more. It made her want to do bolder, more daring things, as if she wanted to make the most of her time alone. And she got an idea from a few days before, one that might spice things up even further.

Once on the top floor, Hina shut her bedroom door. She was breathing heavily, wondering if it was a good idea to do this. What if Stacy came back sooner than expected? What would Hina do? Stacy had only seen her naked once; the two had never spoken about that incident.

Hina shook her head. The brunette knew she could pull this off. Having a roommate significantly raised the stakes, but that made her want to do this more.

Like she had done a few days ago, Hina began to undress. Her mind was racing as her shirt slid over her head. She was going to be bolder this time. Hina reached behind her back and unsnapped her bra, and the cups fell loose.

She was completely topless in a very short amount of time. The undressing girl shivered and hugged her arms against herself. Hina would have liked to savor the undressing like she had done before, but she knew it was easy to lose track of time while wandering her house.

Soon, her socks, shoes, skirt, and panties were all in a pile on the floor. Hina took a breath at her rapidly reddening face. Why did she do this so quickly? Why was she so eager to get naked? Hina could already feel a warmth between her legs, but she decided against doing anything about it just yet. That might have made her come to her senses and chicken out.

No, she had a real plan. All of the bedroom doors of her house had simple locks. At a push of a button, that door would be locked. Hina knew that although the key for these doors was somewhere in her house, she had never found it. Her plan was to lock herself out of her room, then find that key.

Her heart was quickening. Part of Hina’s mind was screaming at her, telling her that this was a bad idea. If Stacy came back early, she wouldn’t have easy access to clothing. If she couldn’t find the key, she’d have to find a paper clip and try to open the door with that. However, Hina’s shaking legs carried her towards her door anyway.

She gripped the doorknob and turned it. Hina took one more look at her clothes, then clicked the button on the room side of her door. This was it. The naked girl was going to seal herself from her clothes.

Her legs felt like jelly as she pulled her naked form past the door frame. Hina closed her eyes tight and pulled the door shut behind her with a soft click. It was silent, but it rang in Hina’s mind like a loud crash, reminding her that she had just committed to her plan.

The naked brunette turned and tugged on the door. It rattled in its frame, but it would not open. Hina had done it. She locked herself out of the bedroom, completely naked, and all of her clothes were inside the room. The key to getting back inside was somewhere in her house, but Hina wasn’t quite sure where it was. She moved her hands to covering positions, took a deep breath, and tried to think about where the key would be.

Already, her nipples were hard, and she was very warm between her legs. Signs of arousal were already taking hold of Hina. Her fingers absentmindedly began to gently squeeze and massage herself until the girl forced herself to stop.

That was an activity for later. A sort of reward she would give to herself once she found the key. Right now it was just a distraction, something that would make her search for the key more difficult.

Hina thought about where the most logical place a key might be, and her mind had settled on the basement. It was the most sensible place for such a tool.

She was on the fourth floor, and she needed to be in the basement. Hina tried to turn the doorknob again in an attempt to back out of this challenge she had set up for herself, but ultimately could not open the door.

This idea was crazy. Hina would be in a really embarrassing amount of trouble if Stacy caught her like this. Much worse if she couldn’t get into her room.

She shook her head and looked down the hallway. That key wasn’t going to find itself.

And so, the naked girl took a deep breath and walked forward heading towards the stairs. Hina glanced at the clock, remembering the minimum two hours she had estimated she had. If she couldn’t find the key soon, her backup plan was to find a paperclip to pick the lock with.

Granted, Hina only assumed that would work. That idea hadn’t been tested yet, and she also merely assumed she had paperclips somewhere in her house. The naked girl was starting to curse herself for this reckless idea. And yet, the uncertainty made her more excited. Hina hurried down the stairs, her face as red as it could be. She was tingling with arousal between her legs, fighting to ignore her little wish for release.

Hina was in more of a hurry this time, keeping a quick pace as she moved down the stairs to the third floor. The sense of safety was absent with the threat of her best friend looming about. She shook her head and focused as she moved down the hallway.

She had time, but not a lot of time. Just moving from one floor to another felt like it took an eternity. It didn’t feel any better with the fact that her chest and tush both had a subtle bounce with each step she took. They were more free, and their wobbling reminded her that she was completely naked.

As Hina approached the stairs leading towards the second floor, she slowed down. She hesitated before putting her hand on the rail. The second floor was where Stacy’s room was. What if Stacy had already come back? The thought of someone else being home wasn’t just Hina’s imagination anymore, it was a real possibility!

The naked girl felt her heart thumping away as she looked down the stairs. Just thinking about it was making running back to her room sound like a good idea, but that would mean putting distance between herself and the solution to this problem.

Hina gathered all of the courage she had, and tightly held her intimates as she descended the stairs on her way to the second floor. She had to find the key, wherever it might be. Though as the naked girl moved to the second floor, she began to wonder where she would look if the key wasn’t in the basement. What if the key wasn’t in her house at all? The very thought that she might not be able to get back into her room at all sent a nervous chill through her.

The naked girl shook her head. Now was not the time to think like that. She had to keep moving towards her basement!

She placed her foot on the second floor landing. Hina was frequently checking all directions, keeping an eye out for Stacy in case she came back early. All Hina could hear was herself, which meant that for now, she was relatively safe.

Hina took her time moving through this floor. She was mindful of looking at currently empty rooms that she could hide in if Stacy returned. However, she knew that only Stacy’s actual bedroom would have any furniture that could be used as a hiding place. Which could easily leave her trapped, naked in her friend’s room. What would Stacy think of her then?

As she walked through, she noticed an open door. Hina looked inside the room and saw Stacy’s bed surrounded by a variety of boxes. This was the room her friend chose, but something about it tickled Hina’s mind, and she couldn’t quite shake it. Hina stood in the doorway looking at it for a long time before glancing at Stacy’s bedside clock.

Then Hina’s heart rate quickened. She had already wasted a half hour! Was getting downstairs really taking that long? Hina turned away from Stacy’s bedroom and made her way towards the stairs, heading for the ground floor.

Hina remembered that she had to be more careful now. On the ground floor, her neighbors were far more likely to accidentally see her naked form. Her arms stayed in their covering positions as she walked around the main living area of her house.

If Stacy returned, Hina would immediately be found. Clothing was inaccessible, and hiding would be a major ordeal. How long could Hina outmaneuver Stacy? How long could she outwit her? The brunette hurried towards the basement door, thinking that if she found the key, she would also find her answers.

Hina opened the basement stairwell door, stepped inside, shut the door behind her, and sighed with relief. For the moment, the basement was an area that felt private enough. The naked girl let her guard down, and felt around the wall for a light switch, fumbling for a time before finding one and flicking it upwards, illuminating the descending stairs and the expansive room beyond.

The naked girl gazed through the gaps in the ornate balustrade. This was no simple basement, occupied by utility and storage spaces. Rather, the staircase descended into another large room that Hina could entertain guests in. It looked much the same as the living room except for the lack of windows and the addition of a minibar. Given Hina’s current lack of attire, she was glad the expansive room had no windows.

Granted, a basement was still a basement. With no windows, sunlight could not warm the room, so the air in her basement was noticeably cooler than it was in the rest of the house. To steady herself, Hina put one hand against the wall and the other on the handrail. She would have preferred to keep them in covering positions, but she reminded herself that the basement was one of the safest places she could hide while naked.

A side effect of this, however, was that her intimates were now exposed to the cooler air. As the air washed over her body, Hina slowed down for a moment to clamp her legs shut. Even though this experience had her running on worry, she still had an adrenaline rush that engendered a billowing warmth between her legs. One that was not easy to ignore.

Her nipples also responded to the colder room air, rapidly firming to crinkly protrusions. She shivered, feeling goosebumps appear over her skin as she took careful steps down the stairs.

She was quite aroused, but Hina was starting to wish her dare didn’t involve a missing key. Without that prerequisite task, Hina would have been free to explore her desires, perhaps even succumb to them.

Hina took a cautious look around the basement, not sure of what she was looking for as her hands began to gently massage her intimate areas again. The sensations began to slowly radiate up her spine and through her torso as Hina adjusted her stance, her fingers’ pace increasing.

“Mmm… Yeah… I could be doing something like this…” Hina mumbled to herself. That was when she realized what it was she was doing! Her face turned a deep shade of red as she forced her hands to her sides. This wasn’t the time for that. She hadn’t earned it yet.

Earned it? No, no, no! Hina shook her head. She had a more important task at hand. That was why she stopped herself. Remembering that time was limited, Hina began looking for that key.

The naked girl took careful steps through the basement. Hina looked inside various drawers and cabinets around the minibar, but the all-important key did not turn up. She felt very nervous and exposed as she searched through drawer after drawer.

With no sign of the key, Hina looked towards the laundry room. Of course! Why hadn’t she looked there first? Thinking that was the most likely spot to have extra keys, Hina quickly moved towards the laundry room.

She opened the door and hit another light switch. The laundry room wasn’t quite as glamorous as the rest of Hina’s house. It was reasonably well organized, but it was a utility room first and foremost, with a furnace, a water heater, a washing machine, and a clothes dryer.

Hina’s eyes scanned the walls, hoping to find some stray nail that the key might have been hooked on. As the brunette did this, she cursed herself for not making sure she even had the key before attempting this. As much as Hina looked, there was no sign of the key anywhere.

As she stepped out of the laundry room, Hina started to wonder about where else that key could be. The basement was her only plausible guess, and she didn’t have a time for a more thorough search.

Instead, Hina started thinking about Plan B, which involved picking that lock with a paper clip. Of course, this idea was also untested, and Hina would have to find a paper clip first. But at this point, it sounded like the easier idea.

With her focus shifting towards her new plan, Hina made her way up the stairs to exit the basement, taking her back to the main floor. She moved her hands, one up to cover her breasts, one down between her legs. Once again, Hina had to be careful. Now that she was near windows, she would be visible to the outside world.

“Paper clips… Paper clips… Where would I put paper clips…?” Hina mumbled to herself nervously. A computer desk seemed obvious, only she had opted for a laptop and didn’t bother to get a desk. There could potentially be one in Stacy’s room, but Hina shuddered at the thought of being caught naked snooping around her friend’s room.

Although… A hairpin could potentially be used in place of a paperclip, right?

Hina nodded and kept that idea in mind in case she was unable to find a paperclip. She had to at least try and find one before resorting to sneaking into Stacy’s room.

Being in the living room, Hina looked around at a few of the small tables by her couch. She took some cautious steps forward as she kept her arms wrapped around her body. The drawers seemed likely to contain a paperclip… but she was going to have to pass by some windows.

The naked girl caught movement in her peripheral vision. Out the window, a car was passing by!

“Eek!” Hina crouched down as low to the ground as she could go. Had she been seen? Hina wanted to hurry, but couldn’t risk further exposure. She stayed as low to the ground as she could, crawling towards one of the small tables.

Hina thought about what she looked like. Crawling on the floor, completely naked and looking for a makeshift key. She felt exposed and vulnerable, causing her to draw her hand between her legs. Her sense of arousal was very strong, making her worry she was enjoying this a little too much.

Crawling this way felt awkward, but Hina eventually reached the small table. She slowly poked her head over the windowsill, feeling very nervous. With nobody in sight on the street, Hina pulled open the drawer and looked inside, hoping for a paper clip.

The drawer contained a few things, though of little value. There were some batteries, loose change, a pen, a TV guide, and a remote that Hina thought she had lost. But there were no paper clips or hairpins.

She shut the drawer, maintaining her low stance as she slowly made her way to the other little table. Like before, however, the drawer contained junk. Just a few hair ties and some drink coasters. Hina sighed, trying to think of where else to look. There might be something in the main floor kitchen she could use.

However, Hina cringed a little as she heard the sound of another car passing. She was simply too vulnerable on the ground floor. Her chances of getting seen were very high, and Hina was getting too nervous to deal with it anymore.

Hina held her intimates in her lowered stance and began moving towards the stairs. The second floor would have something for sure. A quick glance at the clock revealed she didn’t have a lot of time: Hina had under an hour to get back into her room. The brunette didn’t like it, but she was going to have to try borrowing a hairpin from Stacy.

The naked girl quickly made her way up the stairs. Her heart was racing as she thought of how much of a risk she was taking. Hina was crazy to go this far without even making sure her plans of getting back to her room would even work.

Once atop the stairs, Hina sighed with relief, feeling that she had a little more privacy on the second floor. Only, in a way, she didn’t. If Stacy came home early, she would be going to this floor first. This only made Hina feel more nervous as she moved towards Stacy’s bedroom door.

She was completely naked and sneaking into her best friend’s room. What would Stacy think if she saw that?

Hina shook her head. She couldn’t think about that now.

“Hair pins… Hair pins… Where would those be…?” She carefully looked over the top of Stacy’s dresser, wanting to disturb as few things as possible. Hina didn’t like the fact she had to snoop around, much less doing it naked.

The naked girl was about to give up and open the top drawer of Stacy’s dresser when she heard the sound. It was a door opening! Hina glanced at Stacy’s alarm clock. She was back early!

“Hina, I’m hooome!” came Stacy’s voice. “I got a call and they said their ice cream cooler was broken and everything melted.”

Oh no! Hina was in trouble now! She could hear Stacy’s footsteps quickly coming up the stairs. The naked brunette frantically looked around. If she ran out into the hallway, Stacy might see her immediately! That left only one option.

Hina quickly moved into Stacy’s closet and closed it behind her. The naked girl put her hands over her intimates and cuddled up against the back wall of the narrow closet as much as she could, nearly tripping over a box shoved up against the baseboard.

“Hina?” Stacy’s voice came closer. “I guess she can’t hear me up stairs. Why did she get a place so big?”

The naked girl did her best to steady her breathing as she heard the footsteps enter the bedroom. There was nowhere Hina could run. What if Stacy opened the closet? How would Hina even begin to explain things? All she could do was watch helplessly as Stacy set her phone aside and sorted through a few things.

“I wonder what Hina does on a regular day?” Stacy wondered almost sub-vocally. The blonde stepped near the window. “Maybe she’s swimming?”

Hina watched as Stacy looked out the window. She hadn’t thought much about which windows overlooked her pool, but now she realized that skinny dipping would be especially risky now that her friend had chosen this overlooking room.

The naked girl shook her head. Why was she thinking about that? All Hina could do was wait and hope Stacy would leave the room.

That was when a thought dawned on her: A second floor room where she could see her pool…? That sounded a lot like the room she had stripped herself of her panties in a few days ago!

And that’s because it was the very same room.

Hina took a quick glance at Stacy through an opening in the closet door, then looked downwards. If this was the same room, that meant her panties would still be here. She slowly lowered her stance so that she was kneeling, feeling around the floor of the darkened closet.

Much to Hina’s delight, her hands detected fabric! She carefully wrapped her fingers around them and tugged, but there was resistance. Hina was certain these were her panties, but a box was pinning them down. The naked girl could only hope that Stacy simply never noticed them when moving in. She didn’t dare to move the box, to risk making noise.

Instead, Hina returned her focus to watching Stacy. Everything counted on the blonde leaving her spot. Whether she focused on getting those panties or escaping the room, Stacy was going to have to leave first.

“Doesn’t look like she’s out there. Probably just in her room.” Stacy said. The blonde turned around and slowly walked out of the room. “Hey, Hina, where are you?”

By the sound, Stacy was slowly moving away.

This was Hina’s chance! She slowly pushed the closet door open, feeling her heart thumping hard. With more light in the closet, Hina soon realized that from its size, the box was likely too heavy to quickly get her panties freed. Not that they would do much good.

With the chance at a scrap of clothing deemed non-viable, that meant Hina would have to leave the room. But where would she go? Stacy was likely on her way to the top floor to knock on her door. Furthermore, she still needed either a hairpin or a paper clip to even get inside her room…

Staying in Stacy’s room was out of the question. It was one of a few places Stacy was guaranteed to be if Hina waited. On shaky legs, Hina slowly stepped out of the closet. She took one last quick look around the room, hoping to spot anything she could use in her haste to leave the room. Hina slowed as she approached the door, then slowly crept out of Stacy’s room.

Hina looked to the left, and then to the right. There was no visual sign of her friend, so she was clear to begin moving. To where, Hina wasn’t sure. Somewhere that was okay to be naked was a good start.

As Hina took careful steps out of Stacy’s room, she kept an eye out for her best friend while her hands covered her warm, tingling intimates. She wanted to move quickly, as there was no easy place to hide in the hallway. However, moving quickly was a bad idea, especially if…

“Ah,” Hina silently gasped and recoiled back, having spied Stacy around the corner, standing in the hallway, looking confused.

The blonde looked around in every direction. “Which way were the stairs?” Stacy took a few steps backwards, then walked in the other direction looking unsure.

Hina hid herself around the corner. She knew the layout of her house well, but her friend was now facing the same problem Hina had the day she moved in. Stacy was lost and confused. Even worse, she was in the path that Hina needed to use!

“I hope I’m not lost… Okay… I think I came from this way…” Stacy said as she walked around.

Hina’s eyes widened with worry. Was Stacy going to retrace her steps? With the sounds of Stacy walking closer confirming her thoughts, Hina knew it was time to move!

There was no planned hiding spot, Hina just clung to her chest and started to run. What she needed right now more than anything was distance between herself and Stacy. She was not about to accept being caught naked.

Once she was at the end of the hallway, she turned the corner and leaned against the wall. Getting back into Stacy’s room didn’t seem like a good idea. Hina needed a newer hiding spot, and quick!

“Okay… This way is my room,” came Stacy’s voice.

Hina did her best to steady her breathing. Running any further would take her back downstairs, further from where she wanted to be.

“If she comes any closer…she’ll see me,” Hina thought.

“Maybe I should just call her,” Stacy said, followed by a few more footsteps.

Hina peeked around the corner. Stacy must have gone into her room. If Hina could sneak past, she could reach the third floor. Then she might have a little more time to find a way to pick that lock, especially since Stacy couldn’t find her way around the house yet.

She took a deep breath. If Hina was going to make this move, she didn’t have a lot of time to do it. With another look around the corner, she could tell Stacy was still in her room. Hina gulped and crept against the wall slowly.

With each step she took, she was brought a little closer to Stacy’s door. She could feel her heart thumping hard. Hina wasn’t completely sure if this was a good idea or not. Getting closer to her own bedroom sounded comforting, but she didn’t have a way in.

When Hina approached the door frame, she hesitated. Once she made it past Stacy’s door, she’d be well on her way to the top floor. However, she hated the idea that she could possibly be separating herself from the actual key. She was getting further from the means that would easily let her back into her room, which made her feel more naked. But she needed to put some distance between herself and Stacy.

The naked girl listened carefully for a sound from her friend’s room. She didn’t dare to look, knowing the risk of being found was very high.

“Hmm… Where did I leave my phone…” came Stacy’s voice.

Hina took a deep breath. Her friend was likely looking through her purse in search of a phone. If she kept quiet, Hina could sneak by unnoticed. She moved her hands to hold her chest and took a step forward.

“Maybe I left it in my car?”

Upon hearing those words, Hina knew Stacy could turn her head to the doorway any second. She immediately quickened her pace and got past the doors. With a sense of urgency, Hina kept moving quickly until she reached the next corner.

Hina leaned against the wall after having gotten around the corner and silently let a breath escape. That had been too close. She waited and listened before making her next move. If Stacy went back outside, she could easily get to the top floor.

“I guess I’ll try finding my way to her door again,” Hina’s blonde friend Stacy muttered, then called loudly, “Hey, Hina!”

Hina immediately entered a state of panic. She couldn’t just stand there and wait to be found, so she rapidly retreated at a fast walk as she heard footsteps approaching.

The brunette had an advantage in knowing the layout of the house better. Her bare feet also didn’t make much noise, despite her quick movements. If Stacy was going to try finding her on her own floor, then the blonde would be working her way up.

As Hina streaked towards the stairs, she kept one arm wrapped around herself to keep her breasts from swaying about. Even though she was very nervous and worried, she still felt very warm all over her body. Her body had a response to the risk, confirmed by her other hand down between her legs, the radiant warmth inviting her fingertips to press inward, to envelop themselves in softness.

Hina tried to keep from running, knowing she would make noise even though she was barefoot. Still, it was hard not to run, as every few seconds she could hear her friend calling out to her.

“Hinaaa! Are you home?” Stacy’s voice echoed through the bare-walled hardwood-floored halls.

The naked girl was so worried she could hear her adrenaline rush. She nearly stumbled on her way up the stairs, sending a hand out to catch herself against the wall. Her uncovered breasts swayed outward in newfound freedom.

Hina looked back, hearing Stacy’s footsteps. The brunette’s face was rapidly turning red as she continued her unsteady pat-pat-pat up the stairs.

Finally, Hina was on the third floor. One more floor, and she would be on her own floor. But she would be trapped! There had to be a way to get Stacy off her trail!

Hina looked down the third floor hallway toward the next staircase upward. To take that path would be to seal her fate. She turned away from it, taking the other direction down the hallway and just kept moving.

The naked girl’s detour led her to the third floor kitchen. There was no usable cover available to her, so Hina held herself against the wall and waited for a sign of Stacy.

As she leaned against the wall, she nearly jumped. The wall was cool, and having her absolutely naked skin touch it sent a shock through her system. It was a chilling reminder of what she was constantly aware of, that she was naked without easy access to any cover.

Hina took a moment to look over her body, and saw that her nipples were still protruding into the open air, while she still felt very warm between the legs. She let a hand slide down to more closely inspect her sensitive folds, feeling her hot, uncovered womanhood. There was little Hina could do to hide her arousal, much less her nudity. Part of her wanted to tend to her feelings, while another part of her reminded her she hadn’t earned that yet.

Before Hina could dwell on her feelings any further however, she heard an all too familiar voice.

“Why aren’t all the stairs in one spot? Ugh! Now which way do I go?”

Hina gulped. Stacy was clearly lost, and though she had a set goal of getting to Hina’s room, she wasn’t quite sure how to get there. That could lead her right to Hina!

Yes! The sound of footsteps \*were\* getting louder, meaning Stacy was getting closer!

“You’ve gotta be kidding me,” Hina said to herself. She quickly moved from the doorway and ducked behind the kitchen island dominating the middle of the room. For the moment she was hidden, but Hina had to be prepared to move again. If Stacy caught her, there would be no easy way to explain why she was naked in the kitchen.

Hina peeked her head over the counter and quickly ducked back down. Her friend had arrived!

“Hina? Are you in here?” Stacy called out. “Where are you? How do you navigate this house?”

The naked girl could hear her friend’s footsteps on her left, so she got on her hands and knees and crawled to the right, turning the corner. She had to be quiet: if she made any noise, Stacy would find her for sure.

As Hina crawled, her backside felt very exposed. With her hands on the ground to balance her crawl, Hina’s naked rear end was vulnerable to being seen. Her butt had a slight jiggle, and her bared glistening lips evidenced her arousal. The blush on her face grew redder as she realized this, and she couldn’t even claim this was on accident. Hina had chosen to get completely naked on purpose.

The steps continued. Was Stacy walking around the counter? Hina took no chances and kept crawling around to the next corner.

“Why did Hina pick such a big place?” Stacy asked out loud again. “Did she really need this many kitchens?”

Hina held her position nervously. She noticed that she didn’t hear Stacy’s footsteps, meaning she stopped walking. Ahead of her was the doorway leading out of the kitchen. If she was quiet, she could escape the kitchen. Crawling around the counter was not keeping her well hidden at all.

The naked girl began to slowly crawl away from the counter towards the kitchen exit. Once she was out of there, she’d make her way up the stairs to her floor, that being her only chance at getting away from Stacy.

“Is there even anything in this refrigerator?” Stacy asked as she pulled the refrigerator door open to look inside. She had no idea her friend was nearby and completely naked.

Hina held her breath as she pulled herself forward passed the doorway. She crawled a few feet further before rising up into a hurried walk down the hall, clutching her chest to keep her breasts from bouncing.

That was close. Far too close. Hina had been nearly discovered by her friend, and she had escaped. Adrenaline was quickening her walking pace as she made her way towards the stairs leading up to the top floor.

Hina knew what she had done was stupid. What would her friend think if she saw her like that? Her heart hammered away, reminding her just how close she came to discovery. As her hand moved down to cover herself between her legs, Hina detected an intense warmth that showed just how exciting this was.

Hina was finally on the top floor, and she didn’t hear Stacy following her. With a sigh of relief, she ran towards her bedroom door, and tugged uselessly on the doorknob.

It was still locked.

The naked girl stared at the door for almost a full minute as the fact sunk in. She never found a key, nor a hairpin, nor a paperclip. Being absolutely naked, Hina had no means to pick this lock. Hina was still going to have to find a way to open her bedroom door to get to cover.

“Ah ha! Here’s the stairs! Hina, are you home?” Stacy called out.

Hina’s eyes widened. She was trapped on the top floor of her home, with no way into her room, and her friend on her way up. Stacy was going to find her sooner or later, and find her completely naked and aroused on top of it.

The brunette looked around frantically, not about to give up without trying something else. The bedroom wasn’t an option, and the top floor only had a few rooms for her to use. However, Hina looked down the hallway and saw a room she should have run to sooner: her own bathroom, the one place where being naked was normal!

With an ideal hiding spot ahead of her, Hina started to run as quickly as she could. As she ran, one arm held her breasts while the other stayed between her legs. The running motion caused her fingers to press between her lips, but she had no time to stop! She didn’t even slow down enough to keep her footsteps from being audible.

“Hey Hina!” Stacy’s voice came.

The naked girl kept running, not stopping for anything. Hina entered the bathroom and shut the door behind her, panting heavily.

“I…made it,” Hina panted out loud.

She took a few steps towards the bathroom sink and looked at herself in the mirror. As she placed her hands on the sink to support her weight, she thought about everything she had done. How she had chosen to do this. That she had chosen to lock herself out of her room without a single thread on her body, and without even knowing where the key to open it was.

Hina still hadn’t found that key. She hadn’t even found a substitute she could use for the key. The naked girl had been too focused on evading her best friend. If Stacy had seen any of that, who knew what she’d think?

Yet at the same time, there were clear signs that Hina enjoyed this, at least a little. Between her legs, her womanhood begged for more attention from her hands, radiating pulsating warmth in time with the calming of her hammering heart. Her tender breasts were very responsive to every subtle movement Hina made.

She took a moment to catch her breath, thinking she at least deserved a break. Then she decided to check the drawer for hairpins while she waited for Stacy to eventually leave her alone on the floor. However, the drawers offered no such substitute. There was a Q-Tip, but Hina couldn’t be sure if that would even work.

There came a knocking on the door, followed by a turning of the doorknob.

Hina’s eyes widened as she realized that she didn’t lock the bathroom door.

“Hey Hina, are you in here? I came home early and…\*Oh!\*”

“\*\*\*Ahhh!\*\*\*” Hina covered herself and looked away. “Stacy, get out!” Hina shrieked as her face had turned to its deepest shade of red as she tightly held onto herself. She had been seen! All of her efforts made no difference in the end. She…had…been…seen! Stacy was going to think she was some crazy exhibitionist. How could Hina even begin to…

“Oh my gosh! I’m so sorry!” Stacy said, quickly getting out of the room. “We’ll umm…talk after your shower!”

Shower? Hina looked at herself and remembered she was naked in her own bathroom. Of course! She looked like she was getting ready for a shower! Stacy may have seen her naked, but it was for a normal reason.

It took a moment, but eventually Hina looked on the bright side of being seen this way. Despite being very embarrassed, her self-dare could remain a secret. However, there was still something she needed. She needed a way to unlock her door. That was when Hina got a little idea on how to do just that.

She quickly ran to the bathroom door and opened it a crack. “Hey, Stacy?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you have a hairpin I can borrow?” the brunette asked.

“Oh yeah. I’ll go get one!” Stacy replied.

Hina smiled. Once Stacy brought her a hairpin, she would be free to get into her room. She turned away from the door and looked inward toward the bathroom. Her eyes found her way towards her shower.

The brunette really didn’t need to shower at the moment. But that was her cover story as to why she was naked. To make that reason true, Hina decided she may as well make it a relaxing shower.

With no need to undress, she stepped forward and turned the shower on, starting a stream of hot water. There was still a hot buzzing between Hina’s legs, causing her to bite her lip. Hina took a look behind her, then back at the shower.

She wanted to relieve a little pent up stress but at the same time she knew Stacy would be back soon. That is, unless Stacy got lost again. Hina knew it took her a few tries before getting used to the layout of her house, so that meant Stacy could take longer.

On stepping into the shower, Hina’s fingers lapped her thighs as her body begged her for what it needed. Steam slowly began to fill the room while she fought her urges as best she could. The hot cascading water splashed against Hina’s naked body. For a moment, Hina closed her eyes and put her hands to the wall of the shower and took in the sensations.

As the soothing atmosphere formed in the bathroom, Hina’s arousal was growing. She couldn’t ignore it anymore. Her hands began to slowly cup her breasts and gently massage them, letting her fingers brush over her firm nipples.

A soft hum escaped her lips as the warm water glazed her naked form. She leaned forward, letting the shower water rain down her back, over her round bottom, around her whole body. In her current state, she felt as if her senses were raised. Hina could feel every droplet of water run down her skin from her head all the way down to her feet.

Her breathing was slowly starting to quicken as one of her hands slowly made its way down her body. She gently caressed her smooth abdomen before moving below her hips, then between her legs. The naked girl was now rubbing her sensitive womanhood.

The pleasure began to build, quickly getting stronger. Hina’s legs began to wobble from all of the built up tension. She adjusted her stance and lowered herself to her knees to maintain balance before putting both hands between her legs and continuing.

Hina’s breathing was getting deeper. Her chest heaved as her heart rate began to quicken. As she pleasured herself, her mind raced over the memories, how close she came to getting caught, at times just a head turn away.

She was close. Hina could feel it. The brunette tended to her lips at a faster pace and let out a moan. It was much louder this time. Hina was beginning to arch her back and curl her toes.

“\*Oooooohhhh!!!!\*” Hina wailed loudly as her hips bucked. She spasmed several times as she rubbed herself as quickly as she could. Wonderful feelings were surging through her body, and stars were dancing in her eyes as she slumped into a C shape between the water-slicked shower wall and its grippy bottom.

Hina’s ecstasy finally began to ebb, her core relaxing, her formerly frantic fingers slowing to a sensual massage, then away down her wet still-trembling thighs, a big smile on her face.

“Umm… Hina? Are you all right?”

Still in her post-orgasmic daze, Hina slowly turned her head wearing that same smile and saw Stacy standing above her, a look of concern on her face.

“Hey Stacy,” Hina said casually. Then her smile faded. “S-Stacy!?” She moved her hands to cover herself and looked away as her face quickly reddened again. “Why do you keep letting yourself in!?”

“I thought I heard you scream and the door was open!” Stacy said. “I figured at least the curtain would be closed if you were going to…” The blonde said, trying to respect at least a little of Hina’s privacy.

Hina’s face turned redder and redder. “I… I um… I got…caught up in it.”

This was embarrassing. Stacy knew what she had just done, and Hina was so aroused she didn’t even bother with the curtain.

“Whatever you say, Hina,” Stacy said. “But that was definitely your fault the second time.”

With her sexual needs tended to, the need to be covered overtook the forefront of Hina’s mind. “Did you um… Did you remember the hairpin?”

“Oh, right.” Stacy raised her hand and revealed one. “I’ll leave it here on the vanity.” She walked towards the bathroom sink and left the hairpin there. “I’m sorry about walking in on you… But you really should lock the door if you’re doing…that. Or at least pull the shower curtain. It’s like you wanted to be found.” Stacy giggled as she made her way out.

Hina sat there for a moment with a warm glow on her face. After waiting things out, Hina rinsed herself off properly before shutting the shower off. Then she got out of the shower and picked up the hairpin, studying it through water-beaded eyelashes. At long last, she had a way into her room, and would finally be able to get dressed.

Not wanting to waste any time, the naked girl opened her bathroom door, hairpin in hand, and walked down the hallway towards her room, not bothering to dry off first.

The dripping wet girl slid the hairpin into the keyhole. It took a little fidgeting, but eventually, Hina heard a soft click of the catch releasing, which allowed the doorknob to turn. Hina sighed with relief as she was finally able to open the door to her room.

“Oh come on! You didn’t even bother with a towel?”

Hina’s eyes widened when she realized Stacy had seen her naked for the third time today. Without looking back, she ran into her bedroom and slammed the door shut.