**Hina's ENF Stories**

by anonenffan

**Chapter 7. Lack of Self Control**

A trembling hand brought the paintbrush closer, and upon contact, the artist’s canvas gasped. It was an awkward spot to work on, especially since Hina wanted to have a clean, convincing look. She had a bright blush on her face as she looked at one of the many mirrors she set up so she could do this. The mere sight of her revealing stance and what she’d already done made her want to just collapse and squirm. Her knees felt weak as she continued with the gentle brush strokes.

As much as it tickled, the gentler strokes weren’t getting it done. She was going to have to be more forceful. Before continuing, Hina glanced towards her bedroom door. Her best friend Stacy always forgot to knock, which often led to some problems. The door was locked, so there was no way to make her room more private short of soundproofing the walls.

Hina took a deep breath and moved the brush to pick up a little more of the yellow, pasty substance, then brought its bristles back between her legs. She tried to carefully yet forcefully apply body paint to the front of her pelvis. The paint went on more smoothly under the increased pressure, but Hina could feel her body was quickly reacting from it as well. Just preparing to do this made her heart hammer.

The brunette stood up and looked at herself in one mirror, and then stood over another that was laid on her bedroom carpet. Despite her nervousness, the yellow color was applying well. When she first heard of body painting, she saw it as something a crazy pervert was likely to do. Who would want to paint on an outfit, knowing it could accidentally be washed away?

Her opinion had slowly changed over time. Ever since Hina had a day of simply absurd luck involving multiple wardrobe malfunctions and a lottery ticket, she found herself with plenty of free time and curiosity. Curiosity over what she could do without her clothes on, and the free time to explore those possibilities. When both of those things mixed together, Hina had a tendency to dig herself into a bit of trouble, but there was a certain excitement that came with it.

She turned her backside towards the mirror and pulled her hair forward over her shoulder to double-check her work on her top half. The thin black lines that ran across her back were especially difficult to draw on herself, but Hina felt they looked convincing. She picked up the brush and got more yellow paint. It was time to make the back of her bikini bottom.

It felt strange to have the rough bristles coating her round tush in the pasty paint. Hina wouldn’t call it a bad feeling; in fact, it kind of tickled. It only felt more awkward as she tried to carefully brush between the cheeks of her shapely rear. Simply being able to see her own butt thanks to the many mirrors she set up was a unique experience of its own.

Her heart thumped away, thinking about what she was planning to do once her swimsuit was complete. Hina didn’t mean to be overly daring today. She was simply going to see if she could fool her friend Stacy into thinking the swimsuit was real. Once Stacy left to go to work, Hina would take a dip in her own backyard pool and see how long her suit would last before it completely dissolved, leaving her utterly naked…

Once the paint was applied and some dark outlines were added to approximate shadows, Hina looked herself over thoroughly, doing her best to make sure she did a convincing job painting herself. Some areas were awkward to reach, and even the spots that weren’t were embarrassing to work with.

The yellow bikini was a bright vibrant color that contrasted greatly with her skin. Hina cringed slightly, thinking the yellow she chose was almost too bright for a real swimsuit. The outline helped, but there was something else off about the swimsuit. It was missing something.

“Hmm…” Hina thought for a moment, looking at a normal bikini she’d pulled from her closet to use as her artist’s model. The normal one was blue with white flowers. She snapped her fingers. “A design! That’s what’s missing!” She looked over the little kit of paint supplies. “I hope it isn’t cheating to use a stamp,” Hina said, taking a flower stamp and pressing it to the red paint.

She had to firmly push the stamp in various areas to get the bright red paint to apply. Around her intimates, Hina was careful. The flowers couldn’t be directly on top of a nipple, for instance, since stretching or stress cracks would break the swimsuit illusion.

With those last finishing touches, Hina looked at herself again in her many mirrors. When she looked up close, she could tell she was actually naked. However, when viewed at a distance, it was a little more difficult to say if the swimsuit was real or not. It didn’t help that she knew for a fact that it was only paint. Her eyes were closely searching for imperfections that anybody else might see. It needed a better test than simply looking it over though.

Could it fool Stacy?

Hina’s heart fluttered at the thought. That was part of her plan, to try and fool her best friend with it. Part of her just never thought she would actually get to this point. At first, wearing nothing but body paint sounded crazy. Then, it sounded like fun to try and expose her body without her friend realizing it. Her mind seemed to be going in a cycle as she started to think the idea was crazy again.

It was the first time she had ever attempted to use body paint in any way, and painting herself was difficult. There was probably some major flaw she had missed that showed the suit obviously wasn’t real. At least, Hina thought one was there, but she just couldn’t see it. It probably wasn’t a good idea to try this.

Hina turned towards her bedroom door.

Stacy wasn’t exactly the brightest among Hina’s friends, but she wasn’t stupid. As far as Hina understood, she was just absentminded at the wrong times. That was why her friend was always switching jobs. Despite knowing this, Hina thought there was no way this suit could fool her. Even if it did, it couldn’t fool her for long.

She took a few steps, looking at the doorknob of her room.

It was her house. Hina could back down from this at any time. Stacy was likely to leave for her new job soon, so it would be safe enough for Hina to simply go for a swim without testing. Watching the paint dissolve off her body would be fun enough on its own.

Hina was in the hallway before she was consciously aware of having left the bedroom’s concealment behind.

She couldn’t stop herself now. As she walked down the hall toward the stairs, Hina decided that Stacy had caught her doing worse. A body paint swimsuit would be difficult to explain, but feeling her heart beating and a slight warmth between her legs was already pushing her onward to go downstairs towards Stacy’s room. Why go through all the trouble of painting the suit without trying to fool someone with it?

Hina passed an air conditioning vent and shivered. It was a sudden reminder that she wasn’t wearing any real clothes. Instead, there was merely a drawing of a swimsuit on her body. A real bikini wouldn’t have offered Hina much warmth, either, but it would have at least have given a feeling of security by its elastic form-fitting embrace. A painted suit only gave an open feeling, and with that openness came vulnerability.

She almost chickened out when she reached the door to Stacy’s room. Hina stared at it for a long time, and looked over her swimsuit. It was still in place and as vibrant as it could be. Could she do it? Hina’s mind began to race.

‘She’s walked in on me in the shower before. That was kind of her fault. Then she saw me again but with the curtain open. That was kinda my fault. Then she caught me at the hotel…and…and she thought I did it on purpose…’

It was a dumb idea. Hina tried to convince herself not to do this. There was still time to retreat. To run back to her room and hide. Stacy didn’t have to know that she was up to her perverted activities again. Hina should keep those private.

A trembling hand knocked on the door, sealing her fate.

Hina’s face was bright red, and she could feel her heart about to burst out of her chest. Her brain begged her to take this last chance to run.

“Hey, Hina!” came Stacy’s voice. The doorknob jiggled for a second, and the door swung inwards, revealing Stacy. She stood there, looking at her friend with a bright smile. Stacy was well dressed in a grey suit jacket and a matching skirt. A driver’s cap sat atop her blonde hair. “What’s up?”

Hina froze up for a moment, her mind stalling out while trying to come up with a reply. She was in front of her best friend, naked except for the mere image of a swimsuit. “Oh I was um…trying out my new swimsuit?” The brunette sounded confused, but then shook her head. That was a fine answer! “S-so, what do you think?”

Stacy looked at Hina over with a hand to her chin, her uniform white driver’s gloves drawing Hina’s attention. “Hmm… I think the yellow’s a bit bright, but other than that it’s pretty cute!” The blonde gave her friend a warm smile.

“Really?” Hina looked amazed. Was her disguise really working? “You think so?”

“Yeah! I mean, full honesty here, but it might be one of those swimsuits that’s better for tanning or doing photoshoots for a calendar. You know, instead of swimming. It also looks kind of tight on you, like skin tight.” Stacy commented, looking a little closer. “But it looks good!”

Hina’s eyes widened as Stacy leaned in. Her face was glowing from embarrassment, and with Stacy giving Hina’s “swimsuit” a closer look, she knew she needed to divert Stacy’s attention and fast!

“T-thanks, I thought it was a bit snug myself. So, um, err… What are you wearing?” Hina asked, fighting the urge to cover. That would have given her away.

“Oh, this? It’s the uniform for my new job! I’m a limousine driver! I drive rich people around to fancy events or places,” Stacy said proudly, putting her hands to her hips. “I have to take some guy to the movies later tonight. For now I’m getting familiar with the uniform.”

“Oh, well, that’s really interesting!” Hina said with a smile pasted on her face. Now what was she going to say? She was too worried about Stacy discovering the truth about her swimsuit to think of something else. She needed an excuse to get away from Stacy before her friend looked any closer. The suit was fooling her friend for now, but she didn’t trust her first efforts to be convincing for much longer.

“Saaaaaay,” Stacy started, beginning to smirk. “You know, I’d love to get a practice run in, and you’re a rich person. How about I chauffeur you to like…” and then with a \*snap\* of her fingers, “I know, the beach! It isn’t a long drive, and you’re already dressed for it!”

Hina’s eyes widened. The beach? In her painted swimsuit? She didn’t plan on going to the beach! Hina didn’t plan on the suit lasting longer than a swim in the backyard! If the suit washed away while she was at the beach, she would be exposed and far from home! That was more than what she could handle. Hina had to say no.

“Sure, Stacy, just let me grab a towel!” came Hina’s automatic reply.

It was the wrong thing to say, it wasn’t even what she planned on saying. The words just naturally came out of the naked girl’s mouth.

Hina could have kicked herself.

“Awesome! All right, I’ll meet you outside…um…Madam,” Stacy said with a little smirk as she tried to sound official. She ran into her room to grab both an instruction book for the limo and her car keys.

Hina turned around and started a brisk walk down the stairs, going as quickly as she could towards the room where she kept her swimming accessories: sunglasses, sunblock lotion, and most importantly right now, the beach towels. Hina quickly grabbed a big one and looked at it. She wanted to wrap it around her body, as she was acutely aware of how naked she truly was.

However, to anyone who might believe her swimsuit was real, using the towel like that now didn’t make any sense. Hina didn’t need to dry off yet, and trying to cover her “swimsuit” might draw more attention to it.

“Okay…” Hina said herself. “Stacy thinks it’s real… Maybe other people will think that, too. I’ll be fine.” She hung the towel over her wrist and slipped her feet into a pair of flip flops. All the while her mind was racing with thoughts of what she was doing, what she was about to do. She would be at the beach with a painted-on swimsuit, in public, hoping nobody would notice her essential nudity.

Once outside, Hina saw a long, black limousine parked in her driveway. The sunlight shone sharply off of it; it was almost blinding to look at from certain angles. It must have been freshly washed and waxed.

She slowly approached it and looked over the car, seeing her own reflection in the blackened windows. The windows didn’t reflect color very well, which made it very difficult for Hina to see the paint on her body. Instead, she looked naked. Was it already gone? How could it be gone!? She looked down at herself to recheck that the paint was still in place. This was so risky, but she couldn’t seem to stop this sort of thing from happening.

“All right!” came a voice.

Hina jumped in surprise, looking behind her to see Stacy.

“Stacy, you scared me!” Hina exclaimed, feeling her knees shake a little. Could her friend tell how she was dressed now that they were outside?

“Sorry about that, Madam,” Stacy said, keeping in character. “I’ll let you inside so you can get comfortable.” She quickly approached the back door of the car and opened it up for Hina, waving her hand so she could climb in.

Hina was still apprehensive about having a painted-on swimsuit outside, so without much hesitation, she did as Stacy suggested and climbed in. The door shut behind her with a loud solid \*thud\*.

The first thing that Hina noticed about the inside of the limo was that it was actually hot. Really hot. By being a dark color and sitting out in the sun, the car had built up a lot of heat on the inside, and with all the windows being shut, that heat had nowhere to go.

“Oh my \*\*God\*\*,” Hina gasped, tossing her towel to the floor, her concern for modesty having evaporated in the leather-lined hothouse. She immediately reached for the button to open the window, only for it to click with no other response. She realized the car hadn’t been started yet, so there was no power. With the window still shut, Hina tried to open the door, only to find the back door locked, refusing to respond to her attempts at opening it. “What the…? Stacy!” Hina pounded against the side of the door. “Stacy, it’s too hot in here! Let me out!”

The driver door opened, and Stacy quickly climbed into the driver seat. “All right! Where to?” Stacy said, turning around with a smirk on her face.

“Stacy, this isn’t comfortable at all! It’s too hot in there! Open the windows, let me out, turn on the air conditioner, do \*\*something\*\*!” Hina shouted.

Stacy reared back in surprise. “It’s too hot!? Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! I’m so sorry! I’ll turn the AC on right away!” The blonde was clearly flustered as she turned towards the limo’s controls. “Um… Is it…this one?”

Hina quickly got on her hands and knees and crawled to the nearest air vent, eager to be cooled off in the oven-like car. But instead of air rushing out of a vent, there was a humming noise. Hina looked up and saw a black window rising up, dividing Hina from Stacy.

“Stacy, that’s not it!” Hina said. “Stacy!!”

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry! Okay… air conditioner, air conditioner…” Stacy was frantically looking over the controls. It was the last Hina saw of her before the window shut.

The nearly nude girl was now trapped in the back of a hot limo with no way out. A bead of sweat rolled down Hina’s face. She could feel it slide down her cheek, to her neck, and then to her collar bone. Hina didn’t think much of it: it was normal to get a little sweaty in intense heat.

“Stacy!” Hina tried to shout through the window. “Stacy, let me out! Let me…”

Suddenly, the many air vents in the back of the limousine turned on. Hina gasped. Simply feeling moving air was pleasant enough, even if it was warm at first. Before long, the air started to cool down, bringing the back of the limousine to a much more bearable temperature.

“Ahhh…“ Hina sighed, enjoying the cooler air embracing her exposed form. She sat on her knees in the middle of the limo, keeping her arms at her sides as she closed her eyes. Then of all things she laughed. “Oh this is so much better.”

The black window rolled down. “Sorry!” Stacy said with a nervous laugh. “I did say this was a practice run, didn’t I?”

“Uh huh, you certainly need practice,” Hina said with a touch of sarcasm. She wiped a little sweat off her forehead, and turned around to get into a proper seat in the back of the limo.

“Heh heh, yeah, I guess I do. How about I take you to the beach now?” Stacy suggested. “I bet the water is really nice today!”

Hina took her seat and thought for a moment. Actually going swimming in the painted-on suit? It would wash away! She couldn’t risk it. The time came to say no.

“I’ll think about it. I might just tan a little instead.” Hina said politely. She simply didn’t know how to say no today.

“All right then, to the beach!” Stacy said, facing forward in the driver seat. “By the way, you should probably fix your bikini bottom. I’m not sure if it’s fitting wrong or what but it looks like it’s sagging a little in back.” She giggled at her friend’s apparently disarrayed swimwear.

Hina’s eyes widened. “W-what?” She turned her head to look behind her. All of the heat from the car earlier caused a natural reaction from her body. She had started sweating, and that was causing problems for her painted-on swimsuit. It was hard to see at first, but Hina could already tell the back of her swimsuit had signs of a “V” shape at the top that pointed downward.

“I’ll close this window to let you have a moment,” Stacy said with a smile. “I think it’s…this one?” She pressed a button, and the window began to rise up and close.

Hina looked back towards the front of the car, seeing the black window shut. She had privacy for the moment, but she wasn’t sure what to do! Her body was still sweating, and she didn’t have a paint kit to repair the damage. For right now the damage to her swimsuit seemed minimal, as far as she could tell. It was hard to see certain areas without the careful arrangement of mirrors now four stories up inside the house.

Suddenly the car began to move forward. Stacy was driving her to the beach now, and her friend was completely unaware that she didn’t actually want to go! Hina’s mind flashed: being on the beach with nothing but a melting swimsuit on! Everyone there would see her, they would see her naked, and once they realized it was body paint, they would think Hina was doing this on purpose.

This was assuming her swimsuit would even survive the ride to the beach. After losing a little bit of the swimsuit to her own sweat, Hina felt very nervous. She had to do something to protect her swimsuit, and it seemed her only option was to use her towel to try and keep herself dry.

Hina’s shaking hands fumbled the towel into a pile atop her feet before she picked it back up and began to dab and press the towel into various areas of her skin. She was thankful the limo had tinted windows. However, in the back of her mind she knew this privacy wouldn’t last. At a certain point, she would be expected to step out of the limo and onto the beach dressed in whatever survived of her swimsuit.

In a way she felt powerless to stop herself. Her curiosity and inability to say no took her out of her house, left her all but naked, trapped her in the back of a moving car, driven by an unresponsive chauffeur towards a busy beach. Just thinking about it reddened her face. She glanced out the window and saw they were already off her street. It seemed like a fantasy she had only read about, but it was really happening to her.

Hina tried to focus on wiping away sweat from her body, finding herself particularly damp between her legs, more so than on her back, which meant her body had more than one response to her situation.

“No no no! Not now, not now!” Hina hissed under her breath, blushing brighter. She tried pressing the towel more firmly against her crotch to try and keep herself from getting too moist, desperately trying to convince herself that it was just sweat. She pulled the towel away to look at it to try and further prove that it was nothing else.

Upon the towel, where it had made contact with her skin, was a yellow and red smear, blending into orange as the paint mixed.

Hina’s eyes widened. She had accidentally wiped off some of the paint! She looked down between her legs, and indeed saw the folds of her womanhood bore less of the vibrant yellow and red colors, a more natural peachy tone peeking out from the marred concealment.

In an instant, Hina clamped her legs shut. Of all places for her swimsuit to fail, why did THAT have to be the first place!? Hina frantically looked outside the window, getting a view of the ocean nearby. They were almost there, and she was already nearly as naked as she ever had been in public!

On impulse, Hina wrapped her arms over her breasts to cover them. Regret followed immediately afterwards as she felt the pasty substance on her forearms, palms, and fingers. Hina pulled her arms away and saw that they were now flecked with yellow and red!

“Ah!” Hina gasped, trying to keep her hands off of herself. She looked at her breasts, seeing them still mostly covered by the paint. The flowers remained mostly flower-shaped, but the very edges of the bikini began to look a little blurry. Her nipples were now standing at attention, feeling very strange with a thin layer of paint on them. Part of her wanted to feel her breasts like this, but that same part of her had already caused so many problems.

“H-hey, Stacy? Um… Stacy?” Hina struggled to find her voice. She wasn’t going to have another chance to cut her losses and go home. She had to get her friend’s attention!

Hina glanced out the window and saw the parking lot of the beach as the limo slowed to a halt. They had arrived at the beach.

A clicking noise came from inside the car door. Then, Stacy opened the door for Hina. The blonde waved her arm and performed a small bow.

“We have arrived at your destination, ma’am! Beautiful Sun Wave Beach!” Stacy waved her hand grandiosely. “It seems relatively quiet for the time being! You could almost act like it’s your own private beach!”

Hina was about to say that she wasn’t feeling well, to perpetrate a little lie so Stacy would take her home. However, the words “private beach” were confusing enough to grab Hina’s attention.

“Wait, what do you mean private beach?” Hina stepped out of the car with her towel over her forearm and looked towards the sand. Much to Hina’s surprise, there were very few people there. Two girls were walking down the sand with a metal detector. There was a man making an incredibly involved and detailed sand castle. Lastly, Hina saw the on-duty lifeguard, sitting in her one-piece swimsuit, looking a little bored.

“I don’t get it; where is everyone?” Hina gave Stacy a bewildered look.

“It’s Wednesday.” Stacy shrugged. “People are probably still at work in the afternoon.”

Other than these few people down on the beach itself, no one else could see her: the beach was secluded from view of those driving or walking by. Her swimsuit was compromised, and Hina certainly was a bit worried about what could happen if she sweat it off or entered the water, but there was also temptation. A desire that was bubbling within her to go around the beach as she was, despite the risk.

“Well, then… I think I’ll, um…go for a nice walk, maybe work on my tan a little,” Hina said with a blush. “I’d like to go home in…about a half hour?”

“Just a half hour? That seems awfully short,” Stacy replied with a confused blink.

Hina bit her lip. She was thankful her swimsuit was able to fool Stacy for as long as it did. Really, she seemed more likely to give her secret away through some other accident. A half hour certainly did seem short. Maybe she could push herself a little longer?

“Hmm…you’re right. How about a full hour?” Hina suggested, trying to look away so Stacy wouldn’t see her blush.

“A full hour it is! That gives me time to look at some other stuff I’m supposed to do! Like…” Stacy glanced at her manual. “Perform a vehicle inspection! Have fun, Hina!”

Hina smiled and turned to face the beach. She took a few steps forward into the sand. Despite having her flip-flops on, she still felt a little bit of the warm grainy sand gritting between her toes. The sandals were the only real bits of clothing she had on, but they covered nothing. A warm breeze reminded her of this as it glided over the rest of her skin…

She was very nervous as she passed by the lifeguard. What if she noticed her suit? Would she say something? Would she be in trouble? Hina cast a glance in the lifeguard’s direction. She looked back at Hina disinterestedly, then swept her gaze past the unclad visitor, dutifully scanning the ocean.

Hina put her gaze forward again. The lifeguard didn’t seem to notice Hina’s wardrobe, which was good enough for her. She walked a short distance to be further away from the lifeguard, and unfolded her towel before laying it on the sand.

It felt so weird to be naked in a public place. Hina had to constantly remind herself that she had the painted swimsuit, and that nobody could tell that it wasn’t real. She was going to lay down and work on her tan; or at least that’s what she wanted everyone on the beach to think. In reality, she wanted to try and think about what she was doing. How could she avoid going too far before getting herself into some real trouble?

She tried not to think, knowing that would only make her body more active. Instead, she laid down on her towel and closed her eyes, listening to the ocean’s eternally rolling tide. With almost nothing else going on in the background, Hina was able to calm herself down. The sun warmed her skin, and she was able to relax. She felt very natural and free, the world around her slowly slipping from her mind.

“I should do this more,” Hina silently said to herself, smiling with a light giggle as she did a little stretch.

“\*Beep…beep…beep…\*” came a repeating sound.

Hina’s relaxed trance broke, so she leaned up to see what was going on. She saw the two girls approaching her with the metal detector.

“I think it’s getting faster…”

“Think there’s something this way?”

Hina giggled, having scared herself. Those two didn’t care about her!

Then Hina realized she might care about \*them:\* they were getting closer! That was something she just couldn’t be comfortable with. She couldn’t risk them seeing her or discovering her secret.

But what could she do without looking odd? Moving somewhere else to tan didn’t make sense. The sun was shining on her current spot the same way it was shining everywhere else on the beach. Flipping herself face down wasn’t going to change the fact that she was effectively naked in front of two other girls, and it would do nothing to address the fact that they were getting closer.

With adrenaline running through her veins again, Hina sat up and glanced at the two girls. They seemed focused on their metal detector. Hina then glanced the other way, seeing the man designing the most elaborate sand castle she had ever seen, and then she looked at the lifeguard. Finally, her eyes settled on the ocean waves pounding the beach.

It would cause more problems than it would solve, as it would likely wash away her swimsuit. There would be no way to hide that she was naked after that. But she needed to get away from everyone while she had the chance. Maybe if she only went ankle-deep, it would be okay?

Hina stood up. Just going ankle deep could work. She could only hope everyone was still fooled by her swimsuit. She left her flip-flops behind on the towel and began walking towards the water, putting distance between herself and the two girls with the metal detector.

She moved as quickly as she could without drawing attention. Once she reached the water, she stuck her foot out and let the approaching wake surround it. The water was warm. Hina looked back, and only the lifeguard seemed to be paying attention to her, likely because she was moving towards the water.

A few steps further, and Hina was ankle deep in the water. Occasionally, a small wave came up to her knees, swirling about them before retreating. Hina’s heart raced as the young woman felt increasingly aware of her near-nudity.

But it seemed Hina’s quick thinking had worked. When she looked back at the beach again, she saw the two girls with the metal detector pass by her beach towel without a second thought.

“That was close,” Hina said to herself with a small sigh of relief. She turned and looked back towards the water she stood in, seeing an unending ocean. Then she looked over her painted on swimsuit.

For the most part it was still in place, but badly compromised. There were two big smears on the outer sides of her breasts. Aside from that, her top appeared to be okay. The bottom half of her swimsuit was far worse off, with her delicate lips showing their natural color through the paint, and the backside smeared and distorted. Across the whole bikini, the red flowers were beginning to blend into the yellow base around their edges.

Another wave rolled by, going as high as Hina’s knees. She took a moment to think about what she was doing, and what she wanted to do. If she were at home, she would have slipped into her pool and watched the suit wash off. Her toes clenched under the water.

Part of her still wanted to do that, to be completely uncovered from head to toe after having her bikini wash away. But she wasn’t at home. She was at a public beach, where other people could see her. There was a real risk.

At the same time, going through with it would be so simple. All Hina would have to do was walk forward into the water. She was about five or six steps away from a more risky variation of her fantasy. Hina looked at the water, as she felt radiant warmth between her legs. Then she looked back at everyone on the beach one more time. Everyone was still preoccupied. The thrill was so close. Her fingers fidgeted and tapped her bare thighs.

Five or six steps from total, obvious nudity.

She began taking steps forward. The water slowly rose, climbing up her thighs, then past their tops, embracing her hips. A few more steps, and she was soon shoulder deep in the warm, salty ocean water, fully enveloping her body. Hina looked down and watched her body paint begin to crumble away into the busy salt water. It felt like nothing else she had experienced, this sensation of her paper-thin covering peeling away from her body bit by bit. The ocean water was able to make direct contact with previously covered skin, sending a new chill through her body.

The paint dissolved away rapidly, faster than Hina had imagined it would. It had to be because she was in salt water. Within seconds, any trace of the painted suit had drifted off of Hina’s body, dissolved out of existence.

Her knees were about to buckle from sheer nervousness as Hina hugged her arms around her chest. Reality sunk in quickly. She made one stupid choice after another, and somehow allowed herself to be completely naked and far from home. And all she could do now was smile and quiver. Hina had no idea how she could stay hidden from the other beachgoers, but for right now she was having the thrill of a lifetime.

Hina’s right hand found a snug position over her womanhood. She did take a moment to remind herself that as aroused as she was, she shouldn’t let her fingers wander while in the ocean water. Not only was her location nowhere near private enough to explore her feelings, she didn’t want to think about rubbing herself in salt water. She wasn’t sure, but she figured it would be bad for her skin.

The water level fell for a moment, much to Hina’s surprise. Most of her body was now above the surface of the water, baring her nude form to the beach in front of her. Her breasts were revealed to anyone who glanced her way.

“Ah!” She covered herself, unsure of what to do, until a large wave knocked her off balance, pulling her underwater as it retreated. Hina quickly resurfaced and shook her head to get the water off her face, then looked up.

Only the lifeguard seemed to be focusing on Hina. “Are you all right?” she called out.

Hina’s mind blanked for a moment. Having a lifeguard pull her out of the water? Naked like she was? “I-I’m fine! Nothing to worry about!” the utterly bare young woman replied, feeling very shaken up by what was happening.

The tide was rolling in and out slowly, and was likely to roll out again. Hina turned and saw the water slowly receding. If she didn’t go further into the water, the cover it offered would roll away and expose her again.

Her arousal was causing her to have trouble interpreting what was going on, though. Was the receding wake a problem or an opportunity? Hina’s naked backside would be revealed in seconds, meaning those at the beach might see her. It would be easy to take that chance, easier than letting her painted swimsuit wash away. All she had to do was stand there, and she would be revealed.

Hina fought the urge to move.

The tide rolled away, and Hina held her breath and closed her eyes. She felt the breeze over her skin again, signaling that her cover had deserted her. Hina waited for the reactions of the beachgoers. They could see her now. All they had to do was glance over. The water got lower and lower, below her hips, below her thighs; it continued to recede until she could feel the air above her ankles.

She braced herself for the gasps. Hina was sure she didn’t want to be seen, but she’d put herself in this situation. Finally, it happened. She heard the gasps of surprise. It could only have meant she had been seen. Her body tensed up, her heart was racing, her face felt hot with blush, and the lips between her legs were begging for a squeeze. They saw her naked, and that only made her feel more excited.

Did she dare to look? Could she face them? She couldn’t just stand there forever, and she knew it. Maybe she could just say she lost her suit in the water. It wouldn’t technically be a lie. She had to do something, so she slowly turned and opened her eyes. Her hand slid away from her heated womanhood, raised up to wave at them.

“H-hi every-”

“Look out!” shouted the lifeguard, pointing behind Hina.

“Huh?” Hina turned and saw a large wave approaching behind her. The water roared, the wave’s crest well over her head. “Ahh!” She took a deep breath and closed her eyes as the water crashed into her unclad body, sweeping her off her feet.

It threw Hina forward as she struggled against the tumbling tide. She tried to pull her head above the water until she felt the wet sandy beach beneath her feet. The water began to pull back, throwing Hina off balance, making her fall backwards. Luckily for Hina, the ocean spat her up onto the beach, too far for the waves to pull her back.

The problem was, she was on her back, head toward the receding waves, her bare front exposed to the sky, her legs fully spread towards those up the beach, baring her womanhood to them. Droplets of water glistened all over her skin, now its sole covering.

“Ahh!” Hina squeaked as she clamped her legs together and wrapped her arms around her chest. She could feel that she had actually gotten hotter between the legs, much to her shame.

The lifeguard quickly approached, got on her knees and looked over Hina. “Are you all right? That was a big wave that knocked you over!”

Hina was trembling, both from arousal and from shock. She couldn’t tell the difference in her current state. Then she noticed the lifeguard up close, looking at her. The lifeguard could see everything about Hina, her standing nipples, her aching lips, and not a single thread on her body.

“A-ah! D-don’t look… I’m…I’m… Everyone’s gonna see and…”

“Relax, Miss,” she said. “I’m a lifeguard: your safety is more important than your decency. Besides,” she pointed to the guy building the sandcastle. He seemed to be grumbling and stomping his foot, as his hours of work had been reduced to a pile of wet sand. “I don’t think he cares, and neither do they.” She pointed at the other two girls with the metal detector, who seemed to be quickly turning around looking confused at the incessant beeping.

“Now calm down. Are you okay?” The lifeguard asked again putting a hand on Hina’s shoulder.

That touch was a sobering one, making Hina realize just how risky things were. She had no access to any clothing, not even the illusion of it she’d brought with her to the beach. “Y-yes, I’m okay… I just, um… I lost my suit…” Hina said, giving a partial truth. She felt so helpless in front of the lifeguard, naked and vulnerable.

“Don’t worry about that, you’re not the first one it’s happened to, and I’m sure you won’t be the last,” the lifeguard giggled. “If you’re sure you’re okay, relax and catch your breath for a little bit, but after that you will have to find something to wear if you plan on staying here on the beach,” she said, waving a hand up and down Hina’s nude form. “It’s a quiet beach, not a nude beach,” the lifeguard added with a smile.

That only embarrassed Hina further. “Th-thank you. I think I’ll be on my way soon,” Hina said with a nervous laugh. “Excuse me,” she stood up, took one more look around the beach, and began to walk towards her towel. The other beachgoers were looking her way, and they seemed confused. Her polite smile changed into a flustered mess the second she was facing away from the lifeguard, and her walk quickly turned into a jog.

She scooped up her towel, and wrapped it around her body as quickly as she could, her flip-flops forgotten. Hina didn’t care about the time anymore. As soon as she found the limo, she was going to tell Stacy to take her home.

Now clad in a towel, Hina made her way towards the parking lot. There were only a few cars there, which made sense since there were only a few people at the beach, but what was alarming was that Hina didn’t see the limo! Stacy wasn’t there!

“W-what!? Where is…” Hina frantically looked around. Where did Stacy go!? She kept her towel wrapped tightly around herself. It was all she had to her name, and she had to keep a hand on it so it would stay in place.

Hina had no idea what to do. Stacy would return for her, wouldn’t she? It would be a very long walk to get back to her house on foot. Her knees buckled inwards again, for some reason feeling more excited than worried. All she could do for now was wait for Stacy to return, but could she really just stand near the parking lot?

She looked around for places to hide, and she spotted a small row of showers. They were intended to simply rinse salt water off, but they also came with a curtain for a little more privacy if someone wanted to change into or out of a swimsuit. Hina thought for a moment and glanced around the nearby street. If Stacy wasn’t here, Hina may as well take a chance to rinse herself off and stay out of the public eye.

Her naked feet carried her into the shower, and she pulled the curtain shut. With a deep breath, Hina shed her towel and set it on a nearby coat hook. She was fully nude again, but at least she was in a place where it was acceptable. A deeper blush appeared on her face, thinking that this was her chance to do something…not so acceptable. If she had so little control of herself, then she should at least try to do the riskiest activity where it would be safest. But first, she needed a quick rinse. Hina reached down to turn the shower on, but the knob resisted.

“Ugh…” The naked girl grunted. “Come on…” She applied as much strength as she could muster. “Oh come on… I want to…just…take a little time…to… Whoa!” There was a loud squeak as the knob finally turned. The shower came to life, unleashing a torrent of freezing cold water onto Hina.

“Ahh!” Hina raised a hand to try and shield herself from the raining water. It was far less comfortable than the shower she had at home. She blindly felt around for the knob and shut it off. The naked girl panted for a moment, trying to gather her senses.

“All right… Not a good shower for…that,” she said to herself, reaching for her towel. “At least I rinsed off the salt water,” she said as she dried herself off. As she wiped her towel over her body, she found her nipples standing at attention from the cold water, and her delicate lips were still warm, quickly becoming slick. Her urges withstood the cold water, and part of her still wanted to tend to them.

Maybe there was still time?

Hina poked her head out of the shower curtain as she held the towel to her bare form. A long black limousine was approaching; Stacy! The poor girl wanted to touch herself badly, but a chance to get home safely had presented itself. Despite her aching lips, Hina’s logical side barely won out. She made sure the towel was secured around her body and stepped out of the shower to wave Stacy down.

The car pulled over, and Stacy got out of the driver seat. “Ah, I’m sorry for the delay! Are you interested in going somewhere else, madam?” Stacy asked.

“I would \*really\* like to go home now,” Hina said, rushing towards the back door of the car. “Where did you go!?”

Stacy cringed at the sight of the upset, towel-clad girl. “Well, I did the vehicle inspection and saw the tire pressure was a little low, so I had to go fill it some more, and to do that I had to find a gas station.” She scratched the back of her head with a nervous laugh. “Anyway, right this way!” The blonde girl opened the car door.

Hina scrambled to get inside to hide herself from the world behind the tinted windows. The car door shut behind her as she took her seat. She let out a big sigh of relief and put a hand to her head. The risk of getting caught was over as a hand dove and felt herself through the towel. Even with the towel in the way, she could tell she was getting more wet by the minute, and that her body was done being polite while asking for attention.

Stacy got in the driver seat and turned back towards Hina. “Is the air comfortable this time? Would you like any kind of adjustment to the ride?”

This snapped Hina out of her trance. “Y-yes, it’s fine. Um…” She blushed and glanced towards her window. “Would you mind closing your little…driver cabin window? I’d like a moment to um…think.”

Stacy turned around and fought the urge to giggle. “I completely understand. You want a moment to yourself,” she said as she reached towards the button to raise the window. “Now, I did check my phone GPS for traffic flow; the scenic route might be faster.”

“That’s fine, as long as the next stop is home.” Hina said, trying to sound as firm as possible. Really she wanted to scream at Stacy to put the pedal to the floor so she could masturbate in her own shower. She wasn’t sure if she could wait that long.

“Sure thing. Just try not to make a mess while you…think.” Stacy giggled before the window shut completely, sealing Hina off from her.

Hina was stunned for a moment. “Stacy, wait! What do you mean ‘Try not to make a mess’? Stacy? Stacy!” She tried to shout, but it was no use, the window was shut. Stacy didn’t know, did she? How could she know? Did her friend know she was feeling this hot? Did she know about the body paint, or did Stacy merely expect her to do something like this? Did Stacy expect her to cave to her urges in the back of the car?

Her eyes shifted around making sure she wasn’t being watched, as her fingers clenched and relaxed over and over near the end of the towel. Finally, she gripped the towel and pulled.