**Hina's ENF Stories**

by anonenffan

**Chapter 8. Hina’s REAL Hobby**

The sewing machine gave consistent ticks as its operator’s vigilant eye observed its progress. Every repair came together with surgical precision, matching the original fabric. After applying the thread, the tailor picked up a magnifying glass to inspect her work. She smiled at her results.

“I think that does it! Here you go,” she said, handing the garment to her friend.

The blonde took the skirt and looked it over. She raised her eyebrows, and she nodded. “Wow, I can’t even tell where the tear was. This is really good!”

Hina smiled and began storing her spools of thread in a drawer. “Those work skirts are not built to last. They found the cheapest zipper in the world for those things.” She shook her head. “I’ve fixed a ton of those just for myself.”

“I can tell,” Stacy looked at the cloth again, marveling at the seamless repair. New fibers blended with old without a hint of color difference. “How come you don’t do the textile stuff more often? Have you ever designed anything?”

Hina shrugged as she stood up, “I mainly did it because I had to. I mean, I liked making things look good again, but I never really thought about designing something of my own.” She put a hand to her chin and looked over her sewing equipment. “Maybe I could put something together…”

“Well, you should do something with your time. You know, between vacations.” Stacy smirked and crossed her arms. “Or do you have a different hobby you’d rather explore?”

A vibrant blush invaded Hina’s cheeks. She couldn’t make eye contact with Stacy after hearing that. Her friend’s smirk made her run a hand through her hair as she turned her back towards the blonde.

“I um…” She glanced at some of her old sewing equipment again, seeing her escape. “You know, maybe I will try designing something. I just um… I need some supplies! Yep, I need more thread, some fabric, and a few more tools. I’ve gotta do a little shopping!” Hina gave a nervous laugh as she started a brisk walk past Stacy. “I’ll see you later!”

“Don’t go planning another camping trip without me!” Stacy winked.

Hina’s walk turned into a jog as she ran to her driveway. With her car keys in hand and a purse hanging over her shoulder, she kept moving. Her blush faded some, but the red color remained visible.

By the time she pulled into the parking lot, her mind returned to calculated thoughts of fabric. The brightly colored sign above the “Yarn Barn” hung over the entrance. She smiled and stepped inside.

Crisp air conditioning greeted her as the automatic doors opened. Calming sounds of acoustic instruments humming out of the store’s sound system. Bright fluorescent lights buzzed above the many aisles. Wandering shoppers explored the shelves and discussed stitching techniques.

Hina stood at the entrance as her face beamed in every direction. Familiar shelves containing needles and fabrics displayed colorful signs that promised excellent prices. Design books, sewing dummies, and hundreds of different fabric bolts were all for sale.

One aisle was dedicated solely to spools of thread in dozens of varieties and hundreds of colors. Hina stepped forward, inspecting a familiar stand. Looking at the stand felt like hearing a long forgotten song. “Oh my God, how many of these have I gone through?” she said, finding a black spool of thread. A giggle escaped her lips as she set it down.

As Hina viewed all the shelves, she placed a hand to her chin. “Hmm… What to make… What to make…” She took a few steps towards the back of the store when she passed the sewing machines.

Hina double backed seeing one in particular that demanded her attention. A Silk Goddess brand sewing machine sat on display, secured behind a large pane of locked glass.

“Wow…” she plucked a pamphlet from the shelf. She ran a finger down the side of the paper, reading the list of features.

It had it all: twenty needle positions, a stitching speed of fifteen hundred stitches per minute, twenty-five hundred stitch patterns, and embroidery capability. There was nothing it couldn’t do.

“Wow… the things I could make with that,” she whispered. Her eyes explored the magnificent machine. They widened in shock upon discovering the price tag. She shook her head before rereading the price. “Jeez… you could almost get a new car for that…” Hina frowned and scratched her head. “I could afford it, but… No, my old one still works fine. Hmm… I want it, but I don’t \*need\* it.”

As Hina turned around, there was a tug at her hips. “Hmm?” She stopped and glanced at the source of tension. Her skirt hung ensnared on a hook near a shelf. With it pulled out of place, a hint of her sky blue panties peeked above the waistband. Hina blushed and jerked her garment free before tugging it back to its proper position.

“Gotta be more careful,” she said to herself. She shivered and blushed before shaking her head. Hina forced her attention on the bookshelf in the back row. As she approached, she saw an employee busy with her own tasks. With a price tag gun in one hand and a clipboard in the other, she scanned everything on the shelf. The woman looked in Hina’s direction and smiled.

“Hello, can I help you find anything today?”

“Um, yeah, I wanted to browse some of these books for design ideas.” Hina read over the many books that sat on the shelves. She looked back at the woman. “Any recommendations?”

“Certainly!” she stood next to Hina and extended an open palm towards the book display. “We have them organized by skill level, so on the far left are entry-level books, and on the right are expert level.”

Hina cupped her chin in her hand. “Hmm… I’m not sure where’d I’d place my skill. I can fix things, but I’ve never made anything from scratch.”

The woman nodded and directed her hand lower. “Well, if you’re not sure, we have a big one down here that covers all levels,” she giggled. “It’s kind of heavy though.”

Intrigued, Hina knelt down and saw the oversized tome of textile designs. The cover told of thousands of patterns within its pages for beginners and masters.

“Well, that makes this easier!” Hina pulled the book from its shelf, straining her shoulders as gravity made its bid for the book. She gritted her teeth and struggled to stand up straight. “Wow…”

The woman giggled. “Usually when someone wants that one, they fetch their boyfriend from the music shop next door.”

“I can see why,” Hina grunted. “I don’t have a musical boyfriend, but I can handle this. I’m gonna shop some more, thank you.”

“All right, if you need anything else, just ask!” she chirped as she drew her price gun.

Hina lumbered away as her fingers protested handling the mammoth weight of the book. It was like carrying a bowling ball. Every few steps, Hina had to stop and use her knee to prop the book up.

Hina reached the end of the aisle and turned her head towards the checkout lane. She glanced at her single item and hesitated. Another shopper in line carried several bundles of cloth and packs of yarn, her face in a bored expression that said this was just a normal shopping trip. A frown formed on Hina’s face as she looked to the exit, the checkout lane, and the book that strained her arms.

She fidgeted before spotting a line of shopping carts by the door. “Ah ha!” Hina smiled, re-securing her hold on the hefty book. Hina took a step forward before stopping. Her frown returned as she looked to the cashier, who kept an eye on the exit and the line of carts right next to it.

The brunette shook her head and continued to hesitate. Then, she spotted an answer in the form of a vacant shelf. Her smile returned as she walked towards her solution.

Hina strained as she set the colossal book down. “Phew,” she wiped her forehead. “Don’t think that’s going anywhere.” She turned around to the line of carts when she felt a tug on her shoulders and chest, followed immediately by a rapid series of ticking sounds.

“Hmm?” Cool air enveloped her cleavage. Plastic buttons scattered onto the tile floor like lost coins, their absence obvious to Hina on looking down since she was not expecting to see her bright blue bra. Yet that was exactly what she saw! Hina’s heart accelerated as she saw part of her shirt pinned between the book and the shelf. Fluttering clothing framed her smooth stomach to anyone looking her way.

Hina spun around to yank her blouse free. The book surrendered the cloth without further conflict, but it inflicted its damage. Every single button was now scattered over the store floor, opening her top wide, uncovering her stomach.

Her eyes scanned the nearby area for other shoppers. A small exhalation escaped her lips as she ducked below the top of the low display shelves to hide in the aisle. She pulled the shirt closed over her chest and lowered into a squat to get a better look at the floor. To reach for one of her lost buttons, she was forced to let go of the thin fabric, which bloused open with her movement. Her hands gripped the material and forced it shut once more as her face heated with blush.

“What now…?” Hina gulped. She reached for her phone but stopped, cringing and shaking her head. Hina looked to the exit, her escape route, then back to the vigilant cashier. Hesitation continued to delay her as her fingers tapped against the side of a shelf.

“Interested in the Silk Goddess?” came a familiar voice.

Hina’s head snapped back. The employee from before approached. She had a friendly smile as she reached into one of her pockets. This made Hina turn around, keeping her better-dressed half facing the woman.

“O-oh! Um, well,” Hina cleared her throat. “It certainly is impressive!” Her blush betrayed her secret as a free hand brushed hair out of her face again.

“If you’re curious, I can let you try it out,” the woman said.

“Oh no, that won’t be…” Hina looked back to the sewing machine, and then at her blouse. She paused for a few seconds and looked at the woman again. “On second thought… I think I um… I’d like to take it for a spin.”

“Okay, sure! Let me just grab some scrap fabric and some thread. I’ll be right back!” the woman gave a relaxed smile and walked around the corner. All the while, the trembling girl kept her hands gripping the shirt.

Hina took a deep breath. Her hands ran over the sides of the shirt, flattening the material and looking it over, inspecting it. The sight of her bra and uncovered tummy made her heart hammer.

The woman returned with some red scrap fabric in hand. “Okay, here we go. This should be enough for a nice demo. The thread that’s in the machine already should match this.” She withdrew a key and unlocked the glass case before sliding it open as wide as possible.

Hina held her shirt shut, keeping the front away from the employee’s line of sight. The woman prepared a spool of thread. As Hina waited, she heard the sounds of other customers in nearby aisles. She gulped and flattened the material against herself again.

“Okay, it’s ready to go!” the woman chirped. “You can sew any pattern into this scrap cloth that you’d like!”

“Th-thank you,” Hina said as she approached the machine. She gave the most pleasant smile she could but stood there, hesitating to make a move.

“Here, let me run you through some of the features!” she waved her hand, beckoning Hina to get closer. “There’s a lot to cover, but I’ll show you some of the most interesting features first!”

Hina’s fingertips tapped her thigh. “Oh, I don’t think that’s necessary, I like to… um…explore on my own.”

“Well, let me just demonstrate a few things first. It’ll blow your mind!” she enthused.

“I um… I think I’ll be fine, thank you,” Hina scratched her head. “It looks very… um… intuitive? Like you… like you don’t even need a manual!” She forced a giggle.

The woman smiled at Hina. “Well, if you’re really that certain, I’ll leave you to it.” She stepped away from the sewing machine. “If you have any questions, don’t hesitate to ask.”

“Thank you,” Hina smiled. She watched as the woman walked away, waiting for her chance. The woman went back to adjusting price tags.

The brunette looked in every direction around her. She wandered away from the sewing machine to look around the corners. Other customers continued to talk but remained in their aisle. Hina darted back to the Silk Goddess.

Hina took a deep breath, feeling as if her heart was going to jump out of her chest. It beat like a war drum, warning her of the risk. She gripped the fabric of her blouse and slid it off her shoulders.

Her knees began to wobble. The bright blue color of her bra cheered at her eyes now that her shirt was out of the way. Soon after, she wrapped her arms around her chest.

Her labored breathing drowned out the sound of other shoppers as she held the damaged clothing in her hand. Hina’s hands shook as she brought her outerwear up to the sewing machine.

Having no hope of finding her scattered buttons, Hina decided simply to sew the front of the shirt together, then slip it on over her head. She pulled the formerly button-lined hem over and lined it up with the buttonholed side, spun the knob on the side of the machine a half turn to raise the needle, slid the corners into place, flipped the lever to drop the foot on the layered cloth to trap it in place, and then checked the alignment carefully. Satisfied and wanting desperately to repair her damaged garment, she pressed none-too-gently on the machine’s operating pedal.

The Silk Goddess began its ticking work, pulling the blouse through the machine a stitch at a time. Hina bit her lip, keeping her eyes on the stitching. The thread left in the machine from its last use was a bright red, in contrast to both her blouse and bra, but she continued resolutely on despite the uneven stitching caused by her haste.

“Just a little more here…” Hina muttered with a quaver as she approached the halfway point.

Tap…tap…tap…tap…came the sound of a hard-soled shoe on the store’s cheap white tile.

Hina’s pulse doubled. “Aah!” she gasped. She looked around in every direction as her arms. Although she was still alone, the taps grew louder.

The half-dressed girl clutched her chest and ran around the corner into the next aisle. Crisp air conditioning glided over her exposed skin, reminding her of her wardrobe. She found seclusion in the next aisle, further from the sound of footsteps.

Hina gulped and tried to cover herself. Feeling her bare shoulders made her eyes widen.

“Oh no…!” Hina took a deep breath and peeked around the aisle. Her body trembled with an overload of nervousness. She saw two girls by the sewing machines and retreated.

“Hey, they unlocked the Silk Goddess!”

“Somebody must have been trying it out.”

“No, no, no,” Hina whispered. She shook and her hands scrambled to find something to hold onto before finding her upper arms.

“Hmm, weird, I see buttonholes but no buttons. What were they doing?”

“Maybe it’s scrap cloth. You know, for a demo.”

“Can I help you, ladies?” joined a third, familiar voice.

Hina had to put a hand on a shelf to balance herself as her knees turned to jello. Her shirt, a critical piece of clothing, was the center of attention, and Hina was an aisle away from it.

“Yeah, can we try out this machine?”

“Oh, this one? Hmm… I could have sworn I just unlocked it for someone else. All right, go ahead!”

“Okay, thanks!”

Hina tried to slow her breathing. The store’s exit was ahead of her, a short run away. She looked at her exposed bra and then at her escape route. Her hand balled into a fist as she locked her sight onto the door.

Tap…tap…tap…tap.

The sound of footsteps got closer. Hina turned around, running towards the back of the store. She nearly tripped as she turned the corner, hearing the beep of a price gun follow her.

Now separated from her cover and her escape route, Hina moved her protective hands to her skirt. Adrenaline surged through her veins she tried to hide.

Hina looked at the two by the sewing machine. She took a deep breath and darted towards the next aisle. There was no response to her sneaking, so she ran down one more aisle then continued towards the last one, devoted to bolts of varicolored fabric. It was empty but for the shirtless girl.

A sigh escaped her lips as her chest heaved. “I can’t believe this is happening,” Hina thought. Again, she tried to see a path to the exit. She ran her hands over her clothing, confirming everything remained in place. They fixated on her bra, gripping it, pressing it against herself.

Her fingertips slipped under the cups.

Hina’s blush heated further as she touched sensitive skin. The external contact sent a tingle through her body as her skin tightened. She noticed a subtle warmth between her thighs, forcing her to squeeze her legs together.

She took meek steps towards the end of the aisle to bring the exit within view. Her skirt tickled her thighs the whole way. Hina shook her head and gripped the skirt, holding it so it couldn’t flutter. As Hina approached the end of the aisle, she stopped to listen.

“…You don’t know how to use one of those, do you?”

“I do too! It’s just faster than I thought it would be, that’s all.”

“Oh yeah right! You mangled that thing!”

A sinking feeling formed in Hina’s stomach. “Just get out… just get out…” Hina whispered to herself, looking at the exit. She lowered her stance and prepared to run. But before she could make her escape, she heard approaching footsteps again.

“Nhh!” Hina gasped and turned back, running for the corner of the store. Her skirt fluttered without her hands to pin it down. It revealed her soft thighs and vibrant panties to anyone around her before she hid at the end of the aisle.

Hina ducked into the final aisle of the small shop, occupied by dressmaker’s dummies, devoid of shoppers. She checked every direction, and the sounds of footsteps followed.

“Nooo!” Hina whispered. She gritted her teeth and saw her only chance to hide. Hina looked back one more time and lowered herself to crawl into the space behind the dummies.

The shelf creaked under Hina’s weight, but she focused on getting out of sight. Her path was blocked by boxes, but the frantic girl kept moving towards them. Then Hina felt resistance around her waist. “C-come on… come on!” Hina saw a hook had caught her skirt. Her rampant pulse pounded in her ears. She cringed and reached for the zipper of her skirt.

The skirt lost its tension, and the panicking girl was able to pull herself forward. She felt the cold metal of the shelf against her thighs. Before long, Hina crawled her way to a darker part of the shelf, her view obscured by one of many large boxes.

“Wow, full body models? When did they get these?”

“I don’t know; seems new to me. Looks like you can dress them in anything you make.”

A giggle followed. “They didn’t skip any details, I see.”

Hina blushed and squeezed her thighs together. She tried to crawl in further.

“Well, I mean, it makes sense. You wanna see if certain parts show through the clothes.” Another giggle followed.

The undressed girl bit her lip, doing her best to be silent. Those boxes were the only thing protecting her decency. Her sustained adrenaline rush and warming womanhood kept her trembling.

The footsteps approached and passed, allowing Hina to breathe a sigh of relief. She began to crawl backward, looking behind her as she moved. “Careful…”

Her shoes reached the tile floor, and she felt the soft fabric of her skirt at her ankles. She smiled and began to crawl back faster. Then she felt resistance, this time at her chest.

“Oh no…” Hina whispered. Her hands shook as they reached behind her, feeling the ensnaring hook. One arm wrapped around her chest, while the other reached for the clasp that secured her bra.

Her underclothing went slack, held on only by her arm. Every move she made unclothed her body further! Hina kept the bra over her chest as she slid off of the shelf, clad only in her panties and footwear. She stood up and reached behind herself to fix her attire.

Hina’s hand shook as her clumsy fingers fumbled the ends of the clasp. “C-come on… come on…” Once again she looked around and crawled deeper into the concealing boxes lining the aisle.

Her chest heaved, shifting under the loose cover. The only thing keeping it from gravity was her own hand. Adrenaline kept her on her feet as cool air continued to wash over her skin.

“Focus… focus…” Hina willed herself to ignore her body’s reactions. Her fingers gripped the clasp after struggling, but she heard approaching footsteps.

“N-not again… c-come on!” she gasped. She clung her loose bra to her chest as she darted down the aisle. Then, Hina halted. “My skirt!” She turned to retrieve it when she saw the employee from earlier giving odd looks near the base of the shelf.

“N-no,” Hina whispered before turning back to resume running. The end of the aisle put her near the front of the store with the exit in sight. Her remaining clothes consisted of the loose unclasped bra she held to her chest, the panties she wore, and the shoes on her feet.

“I’ve got to…fix this…” Hina fidgeted with her bra once again. The cups shifted, brushing against her tender intimates. Her chest heaved, threatening to spill into freedom as a result of her labored breathing. A trembling hand fought to find its way to the clasp again but failed to grip it.

“C-come on…” Hina bit her lip. Her fingers felt cold as her heart continued racing. Seconds passed like minutes before her limited cover tightened following a snap.

“Oh my God…” Hina sighed as she tugged on the secure bra. As she kept her hands in covering positions, she took a few steps forward and looked toward the exit.

“Are you even trying to make something?”

“Ha ha… I mean, come on, what else could I have done?”

“It doesn’t even look like a shirt anymore.”

Hina held still. She could hear those two other customers, and the employee wasn’t far away, either. Adrenaline burned within her, but she stayed in place.

“Come on, you already ruined that thing. Let me buy my yarn, and we can get going.”

“All right, all right.”

Hina’s eyes widened. All she could do was fidget and tremble. Her hands gripped her unclothed body as if it would somehow hide her. She backed up closer to the shelf behind her and held her breath.

“What are you knitting, anyway?”

“Another cute little sweater for Smokey!”

The pair of girls emerged from the aisle to the left of Hina. One of them held some colorful yarn; the other giggled.

Hina stood there, paralyzed by panic as the two walked by.

“You sure that color matches his fur?”

“Hmm… You think maybe a different red would work better?” she asked her friend, holding the yarn up to the light.

Hina held her breath and sidled towards the sewing machine aisle. Or at least, she tried to. A tug at her hips warned her to halt. “H-how did…” Hina’s face reddened further. “N-no…” Her panties shifted, tugging around her sensitive womanhood. Those two stood right in front of her while her fragile clothing pulled tight.

“Hmm, maybe you’re right… Let me take another look,” the first woman said. She turned to her left and walked, and the other girl followed. Seconds later, they disappeared into the next aisle.

Alone again, she reached down to her panties and tried to tug them from the shelf. They continued to resist. Her hands gripped the panties and yanked them free of the shelf.

A ripping noise halted time.

As the tear echoed in her mind, the delicate fabric loosened around her waist. The right side of her panties hung open, shredded down the side and exposing more of her personal skin.

Hina trembled before taking refuge back in the sewing machine aisle. She held her panties in a vise-like grip. The loosened clothing slid down her hips before her hands forced them back up. Warmth continued to spread between her soft thighs.

She looked at the damaged panties and stood there. Then she noticed the unattended Silk Goddess.

“Okay… okay… I can fix this,” she panted. Hina took a deep breath as she gripped her torn clothing before recoiling against the shelves.

“You’re right, this color does match him better,” the first woman said. The pair passed by the aisle, making their way to the register.

Hina thought her heart was going to leap out through her throat. She put her hand on the shelf to catch her breath when she noticed the remains of her blouse. It sat there in a stitched up crumpled mess.

She shook her head and looked at the sewing machine. Very little thread remained on the spool. Hina looked in every direction, making sure that nobody could see her.

She released her panties.

Hina squeezed her thighs together as she snatched the damaged clothing from the floor. She stepped towards the Silk Goddess and looked over her panties.

She bit her lip and lined up the needle near the damaged cloth. Cool air washed over her exposed backside, gliding around her naked, smooth skin. A bra and some shoes were all that remained. Hina squeezed her elbows against her chest and pressed her legs together.

A hand nestled between her thighs while the other worked on the repair. Goosebumps ran over her body. Hina could see the exit in the corner of her eye. It felt further away, less accessible because of her exposure. She continued to cover her warming crotch. The delicate entrance twitched in the presence of her hand.

A gentle finger slid over her lips.

Hina closed her eyes and allowed a quiet moan. She slapped her other hand over her mouth. Her blush burned on her cheeks when she stopped herself. It took all her willpower to pull her hand away from her sensitive folds. Catching herself in the act made her stand frozen in time as her brain tried to process her feelings.

A grinding sound took Hina’s attention. Her eyes shot open as she saw her panties being sewn into a tangle, the fabric folded over itself by the mighty Silk Goddess.

“No!” she gasped as she snatched her panties back. The last of the thread bound her panties in a crumpled, unwearable mess. Both hands moved between her legs to guard her most intimate area. Hina’s knees wobbled, and it felt like the room was spinning.

The door dinged. Hina darted down to the end of the aisle just in time to see the other two women leaving the store. Hina looked at the register and saw the employee counting coins. Hina maintained her avid gaze, waiting for a chance to make her move.

The employee returned to her pricing tasks in the back of the store as Hina balefully considered the machine that had destroyed her blouse and panties. She shivered and squeezed herself. Pleasing tingles danced over her lips. Hina withdrew her hand and looked at her fingertips.

Moisture.

Hina’s eyes remained wide as her hand returned. With one final check for a vacant register, she took a deep breath. “One… two… three!” She bolted out of the aisle, sprinting for the exit to the store. The automatic doors wobbled a bit before rattling open. A cheerful “ding” followed.

Hina had to stop, watching the door’s pathetic pace. “C-come on… come on…”

“Hello and welcome to the Yarn Barn,” called a familiar voice from the back of the store.

“No no no no no…!” Hina pleaded to the door.

As the opening widened, Hina couldn’t wait anymore. She turned to fit through the gap, squeezing between the doors. Her bra began to slip out of place as Hina forced her way through, baring more of her cleavage.

Hina slipped through the doorway out into the parking lot. She continued to run from the store toward her car. Each stride of her sprint flopped her breasts from one side to the other, causing her nipples to slip from their proper place within the loosened bra cups. More skin began to show, and as the cups’ grip on her ample breasts loosened, the more they bounced.

Once she reached the rows of cars, Hina ducked from sight.

“Oh my god… oh my god…” Hina brushed some hair out of her face and looked over the hood of the car. With no sign of the employee, Hina lowered herself back down and looked towards her own car.

Hina checked for potential onlookers before noticing her reflection in the freshly waxed paint of a nearby car.

Her eyes widened, and she placed her hand over her mouth. She snapped her thighs together while wrapping her arms around her exposed chest. Nipples poked against her forearm, reminding her of her undressed state. The bra remained on her body, but the cups failed to secure her breasts.

Hina reached for the cups to refit the bra. As she began to pull, she heard a snapping noise, and the bra went slack. “W-what? Why did it…?”

The proud roar of an engine made Hina jump before she could finish thinking. Hina clung to the loose cover, keeping it near her chest as a new car drove into the parking lot. She saw the shining sports car rolling closer towards a vacant parking spot.

An arm holding the bra to her chest was all that kept Hina from total nudity, a fact kept refreshed in her mind by feeling the air on her skin. Hina passed a few cars before she noticed an empty spot next to her own. She started to run for the clear path.

\*HONNNNNK!\*

“AHHH!” Hina screamed as the car stopped rolling towards her.

In her shock, the bra slipped from her hands. It fell to the ground, flopping on the pavement at her shoes. Although its impact with the asphalt was objectively just a soft \*ffip\* sound, the clatter of its broken clasp on the tarred stones echoed in Hina’s ears like an explosion.

Her breasts swayed in newfound freedom as warm sunlight kissed her soft skin. Hina was, at last, naked. Easy access to cover became impossible. Soft wind caressed every inch of her body as if it was thanking her for letting go of the bra. She trembled as the driver looked at her.

“N-no! I… I can’t… no!” She stumbled towards her car as her arms flailed to covering positions. Skin met skin as she tried to cover her naked body. A hand clamped down between her legs. The pressure made her pussy twitch in anticipation.

Hina turned mashed the buttons on her car door. “Let me in… l-let me in!!”

“Hey, what’s going on?” came a voice. “Are you all right?”

“P-please, don’t look… I… I…” Hina cringed, opening one eye towards the car. There she saw a woman with short hair, a tank top, and a pair of shorts. The new woman held a hand up to her eyes, blocking her view of Hina.

“Hey, calm down. I’m not out to do anything to you… I’m just asking if you’re okay. So…are you?” the woman asked, developing a blush of her own.

Hina trembled. “I… I’m fine… I just um… I need to get home…”

“I can see that! What happened? Why are you naked? Are you some kind of streaker or something?” she asked.

“N-no! I’m not!” Hina ran around her car, so it was between her and the woman. “I… I just… I lost my clothes, and I’m trying to get home.”

The woman crossed her arms and raised an eyebrow, demanding, “How?”

“I-I was going to d-drive,” Hina shivered.

“No, I mean,” she waved her hand. “How did you lose your clothes?”

Hina kept her arms wrapped around her vulnerable form. “T-they… they got ripped…and I tried to fix them, but to do it I… I had to take them off and… Well, people kept almost seeing me.” Hina kept her eyes on the ground.

The woman put her hands on her hips and smirked. “You know, I would have believed you if you said you were a streaker. You let go of your top as soon as I saw you.”

“Th-that’s because you scared me!” Hina protested. She was unable to look the woman in the eye. Instead, her eyes locked on the hand covering her between the legs, with her blush as bright as it could be.

“Sorry about that! You ran out so suddenly, and I didn’t want to hit you.” The woman looked away. Her voice shrunk to that of a whisper. “To be honest… I think it’s kinda hot, but I’m a little scared to try it.”

“I-I’m not streaking, really!” Hina squeaked. “P-please… I just want to…” she hesitated as she bit her lip. She shook her head. “G-go home, I want to go home…!”

“I get it, I’m sorry, but it’s not my fault you got caught!” she winked. “You must feel so scared right now!”

Hina nodded, as one of her fingers applied some loving pressure to her lips. The front of her car obscured a direct view, but it didn’t hide that Hina was reaching. “It’s… it’s too much… p-please… d-don’t tell anyone… I’m not a streaker… I…”

“Hey, hey, relax!” she giggled. “You must be new at streaking… Just answer one question for me, and I’ll leave you alone.” The woman put a hand over her heart. “I promise.”

“W-what?” Hina trembled.

“What’s a good place for a first-time streaker?” the woman asked, then blushed.

“W-what?” Hina repeated. The naked girl leaned back, while the clothed one kept a smirk. Hina took another look at her car, then back at the woman. Her fingers pressed against her lips again.

“W-well… if you’re scared…” Hina gulped. “Y-you could just try your house, o-or… maybe your b-backyard… at night…?”

The woman nodded. “That makes sense, better safe than sorry. I’d love to be brave enough for a parking lot like you are.” She smiled. “Well… You’re okay, right? Do you need any help before I go?”

Hina shook her head. “N-no! Nope! I’m um… j-just fine!” She blushed, forcing herself to smile.

“Okay then… Good luck, and don’t get caught!” The woman winked as she started walking away.

When the woman was out of sight, Hina let out a heavy sigh and turned towards her car, promising safety and freedom. She pulled on the handle only to experience the familiar resistance of a locked door. Hina’s eyes widened as she pulled the door handle again. It refused to let her in.

“…Keys!” Hina wrapped her arms around her breasts and gritted her teeth. She patted her own hip, finding bare skin instead of a purse. Her pulse continued to climb as she looked back towards the woman.

“H-hey! Wait… M-Miss!” Hina called out from behind the car.

She paused and turned towards Hina. “Hmm?”

“I um… I need your help… please?” Hina gulped.

The woman smirked, walking back towards the helpless girl. Her advance made Hina lean back. This time, she didn’t restrain herself as her eyes wandered over Hina’s body. “What’s wrong?”

“I um… I need my purse… I left it inside the store… Could you um…get it for me?” Hina kept her eyes on the hood of her car, her trembling reflection stared back at her.

The woman smirked. “Oooh…you’re kinda trapped, aren’t you? Jeez, that makes your whole situation kinda scary, doesn’t it?”

Hina took a step further away from the woman. She cleared her throat, “U-um… y-yeah it does. C-could you, please… help?”

“Hmm… do you have any clothing left? Like, at all?” The woman grinned avidly.

“W-what?” Hina blushed. “I mean…all I have left are my shoes…”

The woman bit her lip. “Hmm… so you’re not one hundred percent nude then? How about you take your shoes off, and then I’ll go fetch your purse for you?”

Hina leaned back again. “B-but… why do… I can’t just…”

“They’re not doing you much good now, are they? I wanna see a brave streaker go all the way!” She smirked. “Unless you don’t want my help.”

“W-wait!” Hina blushed and gritted her teeth as she looked at her footwear. “I’ll… I’ll do it, just please be quick, okay?”

The woman smiled again. “All right, let’s see your kicks!”

Hina closed her eyes and shook her head. Her heart thumped in her ears as adrenaline reminded her of her decision. She lifted one leg and reached for the heel.

One shoe fell to the ground. A few seconds later, its twin joined it. For good measure, Hina rolled up her socks and dropped them atop her discarded footwear. Hina placed one hand on her car for balance as she looked at the last of her clothing. She looked back up at the woman.

“O-okay… I did it…” Hina gasped. Her body trembled, and her pulsating womanhood begged for a hand to dive between her legs. She pressed her thighs together as if that would hide her body more. Another warm loving breeze glided over her skin as if it were praising her for her nudity.

The woman clapped and smiled at Hina. “Wow, you look ready to fall apart!” She leaned in for a closer look. “You’re shaking, all blushing, but I think you kinda want to let a hand do a little more than cover!”

“N-no!” Hina shivered. “U-um… C-could you please…um…”

“Your nipples are all hard, and your hands are squeezing awfully tight!” she giggled. “Hmm… do you go streaking often?”

“U-um… n-no I don’t… Th-this is a rare thing,” Hina said. “It a-actually happened all by accident.”

“A rare thing, huh? If it’s so rare, how come I don’t see any tan lines on you?” She gave an evil smile.

Hina didn’t have an answer. The sun shone over her naked skin, showing no difference in skin tone where a swimsuit would be. “Um… um… um…”

The woman gave a quiet laugh. “Okay, okay… take it easy. I’ll get your purse for you, as promised.” She winked. “What does it look like, and where was it?”

Hina blushed and kept looking at her abandoned footwear. “It’s…a little red handbag. I think it might be by the sewing machines. P-please hurry…”

“Got it!” she said before running for the store.

With the woman’s departure, Hina stood alone in the parking lot. Her toes wiggled, touching the warm pavement while she held herself. What remained of her cover — the bra and her footwear — sat in a pile, but Hina didn’t move for it. Instead, she stared.

Her soaking pussy quivered as a finger waited near it. “Mmm…” she hummed. The protective hand waited in covering position, but her body cried for movement. Hina blushed as she looked around the parking lot.

She bit her lip.

Hina took a breath and let her fingertip trace the surface of her sensitive skin. The touch sent electric tingles up her back and forced an unsteady gasp out of her mouth. Her free hand began squeezing and rubbing her ample breasts as she opened her stance.

She looked around the parking lot one more time, still not seeing another soul. Two fingers began stimulating her delicate folds, rubbing her tender skin. A loud gasp escaped her as the world seemed to fade from existence. All that remained was her body and her wonderful hand. A third finger began sliding over her soaked entrance while her free hand spread on the hood of her car. Her breasts swayed in their renewed freedom as open air washed over her soft flesh.

She leaned forward before gasping. Her moist skin glistened with sweat in the open sunlight. Her hands worked faster, wanting to bring a building feeling to the surface.

Her hips thrust into her loving hand as her pulse roared in her ears. Euphoric feelings of delight fogged her brain over as sweet relief swept her away. An intense heat radiated between her legs as she continued to stimulate herself. A smile grew on her vibrant crimson face.

As her hand relaxed, it soon found its way to the hood of her car. All Hina could do was pant and hold herself up. She took deep breaths, as her knees gave the occasional twitch.

“…Wow…”

Hina brushed some of her hair out of her face and looked towards the source of the sound. The woman stood in front of her with a small red clutch purse in her hand.

As the woman stared, Hina’s hands remained on the car. She giggled, smiling through her blush.

“Um… Sometimes it might…get you a little pent up,” Hina explained between pants.

“I can see that,” she said bearing a blush and smile of her own. “Well, I have your purse. Are you going to be okay?”

“Yeah… yeah, I’m fine…” she brushed her hair out of her face, her tender breasts swaying with the motion. “Um… thank you for helping me…” She grabbed her purse and began sorting through it for her car keys.

“It’s no trouble,” the woman said. She blushed and looked away. “I…kinda want to try it myself now…but maybe like you suggested, just the back yard first.”

“That’s… a good idea,” Hina said between breaths. Her hand gripped the car remote. “Well…I should go…” she said, hitting the button to unlock the car doors.

“All right. It was nice meeting you!” the woman said. “Sorry if I teased you a little too much!”

“Nice to meet you, too. It’s…no trouble.”

With that, the woman walked away, occasionally stopping to take another look back at the naked Hina. She smiled as she left.

Now free to be alone and go home, Hina stumbled her way to the driver’s seat and climbed into the car. For the first few minutes, she only sat in her car seat and took long breaths. Over time, her smile faded, but her blush sustained its color. Her legs angled into each other as she leaned lower in her car. What did she just do!?

As Hina reached for her car keys, she heard a buzzing noise within her purse.

“Hmm?” Hina reached inside and found her phone.

A text message from Stacy awaited her attention: “Come back home if it’s not too late. I found a pretty sweet deal on a sewing book on the Internet. You really should see it!”