**Adventure 1**

by jaynee

Adventure 1  
  
My name is Jaynee. I’m now 35 yrs old, 5’10” brown hair, in great shape, from volleyball and tennis.  
I love to run naked in public. I have many stories to share.  
So, rather than a history and chronological order, etc., I’m just going to start posting recollections of what I’ve done.  
  
I’ll start with my unintentional downtown streak.  
I say unintentional, but I meant to run around a bit naked, but here’s what happened I live in a suburban neighborhood, I own a condo about 15 blocks from the local town. The local town is really a main street with a train station. People commute to the city on the train. Trains run from 4:30 am leaving he station to 1:00 am retuning to the station.  
  
So 15 blocks of houses, about 1.5 miles, separate me form downtown. I have many other sotries I’ll share, but on this night, I decided to walk about downtown a bit naked, maybe 5 minutes, for the thrill.  
  
So, I put on a dark slip, shoulder straps, and black open toed heels, my favorite. I love to be nude in public either in high heels or bare feet. I also love to wear stockings and sometimes pantyhose, but tonight, it was gonna be heels, downtown made it feel formal enough to be naked in heels.  
  
I’ve always fantasized of walking naked to town, crossing over to the suburbs on the other side, and having to come back. I decided that it was a fantasy and walked to town at 3:00 am in my slip, which looked like a dress, and heels.  
  
My nipples were alive. My breasts are a healthy B cup, nothing compared to my legs, especially in heels, but my nipples are pretty long, and when I am streaking or about to streak, they extend about the length of my fingernail.  
  
So, I get to town, kinda duckin behind parked cars, shrubs, etc. when I’m in the streetlight. I’m not naked, but it would be weird to see a women dressed as I was at 3:30 am, now, on a weeknight. The train tracks run parallel to main street. They are elevated.  
  
Near the tracks is commute parking, which is relatively empty at this time, but will begin filling up as rush hour approaches, but I’m early so I’m safe……  
  
I love to be naked and stranded, not so I’m sen, but so I need to work to get back to clothing. I get more turned on as I move farther away form my clothes.  
  
As I get near the train station parking lot, I find a dark spot not lit up by the lighting in the lot. It is a parking spot near the back, against a line of shrubs and trees. I decided this would be a great spot to ditch my slip. I wans’t sure if tonight was going to be a barefoot or high-heeled night, but I decided to keep my heels on for two reasons…1. I’ve never been naked in town and I didn’t want to step on glass, 2. It was a bit cold out and the concrete was cold.  
  
As I was about to slip the slip over my head, my hearing became magnified. I could hear the hum of the parking lot lights, sound of wind brustiling slowly in the treest that lined the lot. I also began looking around frantically making sure I was alone.  
  
I dropped the slip at my feet in parking slot 269. I was thinking of leaving the slip in the bushes, but I thought it would be more daring to leave it in the lot, part of it being the extra work I’d have to do to get it back when I returned from my naked walk.

**adventure 1 part 2**

Sorry for the delay and spelling errors in my last post.....  
  
Immediately, I covered my breasts with one hand and my crotch with the other. In preparation for the streak, I shaved off all but a landing strip, providing a stark contrast to my mid-spring tan(or lack thereof)  
  
I began walking quickly to the parking lot entrance. I have to cover 100 yards. to the right of the lot is the street that runs parallel to the south side of the tracks. To the left is a grassy/bushy area that acts as a border to the neighboring houses. There are a few cars in the lot, maybe left some people stayed over in the city, maybe monthly passes.  
  
I walked quickly to the entrance, which is illuminated by a streetlight, I hid behind a parked car because I knew I'd have to get thru the streetlight quickly in case anyone was around. While squatting behind the car, I tried hard not ot touh myself. Now about 100 yards from my clothes, I felt so vulnerable. I loved it. I was finally feeling the cold as well, must have been the adreline that kept away the cold during my quick walk to the lot entrance.  
  
Unlike other streaks, which I will describe, I didn't plan this one out too well. I had a decision to make, I could turn right, run thru the streetlight, down the semi tunnel/road, that was normally very busy, come out on the other side of the tracks. Then I'd have to turn right and head thru an apartment complex that bordered the tracks, not able to cross back over to the safety of my slip until I had gone about 1/4 mile parallel to teh elevated concrete tracks thru the parking complex parking lot. Or, I could turn left and head back down the hill toward my condo. I'd have to navigate more streetlights, and return nude to my condo, which I lived on the second floor.  
  
I figured it took me about 25/30 minutes to get to town, I should've driven because just walking here was a risk and the time spent clothed walking here took away from my naked time, and I figured that another 45/60 minutes of return trip would bring me closer to 4:30, and I know I have neighbors that may be up early for work. So, with one last look back at my slip, or where I knew it was, and my heart pounding out of my chest, I took off running the last 10-20 yards of teh lot and turned right to head toward the tracks.  
  
If you've ever streaked, you know that the air whipping passed your ears becomes very loud, and you lose that supersensitive hearing you get when you are naked where you shouldn't be. So, I naturally turned my head a bit to the right as I ran toward the traffic light, there were no cars, and ran through the tunnel under the tracks to the other side. As I ran across the intersection, I covered myself again. I felt so naked. In that tunnel I had no-where to hide if a car came from behind or from ahead of me. Also, my heels were not helping. They were sol loud. I tried running on my toes to reduce the clicking and echo, but that just slowed me down. I should have done it bare naked.  
  
As soon as I got to the other side of the tunnel, which felt like one of my former 100 yard dash track sprints, I jumped to the right behind some trash bins to catch my breath. I cou;dn't believe. I was now separated from any covering by a good distance in an extremely public area, my legs and arms were trembling with excitement, and I could barely catch my breath, even though I was in plenty shape to run this little bit.  
  
When I jumper behind the trash bin, the clicking of m heels echoed between the brick apartment buildings and the concrete raised train track embankment. They had to go. I really liked this pair, so I decided to carry them with me. After all, I'd need them for the walk back home.  
  
I started tip-toeing, due to the cold and the blacktop of the parking lot was not smooth, down the back parking lot of the apartment complex. The rear of the apartments faced me to my left, which was about 40-50 yards form the track embankment to my right. The parking lot was in between, with grassy islands forming places for cars to park. I tip-toed quickly down about 40 or 50 steps, stepping up to the grassy knolls, getting my feet wet with cold morning dew, then dropping back on the pavement between cars. I could see my reflection in the cars windows, my nipples hard as a rock and goose bumps on all of my skin.  
  
I could see a few lights on already in the apartments, they were in the small windows, I guessed were bathrooms, good thing I took my heels off!!!  
As I was about 3/4 of the way down to the end of the complex, nearing the next road that penetrated under he railroad tracks, I heard a door open, squeak and then close. I immediately ducked behind the closest car, totally open to view of anyone that would drive behind me, but hidden from the person leaving the door. It was an older man, he started walking towards me, I was about 30 yards away. My heart started beating real fast again. Why did I do this, why didn't I plan this better, there should have been escape clothes in one of the dumpsters,etc. He stopped one row of cars way from me, felt his jackets pockets for something, cursed at himself, then walked back to the apartment.  
  
Now I'd had enough.

**adventure 1 part 3**

Sorry, i screwed up the title to part 3  
  
I love to be on the verge of being terrified of being stuck naked in public. I always want to get close to that with my adventures. I was now there.  
As soon as the guy walked into his door, I took off running toward the end of the parking lot. While running, I mis-stepped, tripped on one of those grassy islands, and lost my shoes under the parked cars. I'll get those later, I just need to get back to my dress/slip, get it on, and head back to my house before the commuters arrive.  
I got back up now wet with dew and some grass on my knees, elbow, hand and ran to the end of the complex parking lot, I looked quickly then darted out into the streetlight and the road. I ran to the other side of the tunnel waiting to make sure there was not traffic. The parking lot covered both entrances to the tunnel, so I ran across the street and into the lot.  
  
There did not appear to be any more cars than when I left. I have no idea how much time passed, so I raced back the spot. I got to 275, 273, then I saw a car that wasn't there before when I disrobed. It parked in 271. There was no-one inside or anywhere I could see.  
  
When I got to the other side of the car to retrieve my dress/slip, it was gone. Now, this would normally be a huge fantasy, but not now. I hadn't planned on this, and it was getting late.  
  
I looked around for a little while, then saw my dress/slip. The car parked on it!!!!! Son of a bitch. I tugged at it, but no use. Great, Now I've been naked downtown for 20 minutes?? and now I have to get home naked thru residential streets. Those thought of, "I'l never do that again" crammed into my head.  
  
Now, totally naked, barefoot, 1.5 miles form home on a weekday morning somewhere between 4 nd 4:30, I had to run home. I was cold, wet, grass stained, and turned on more than ever.  
  
Again, I ran to the end of the lot, shaking. I covered myself as I turned left down the main street.  
I ducked behind parked cars as cars passed me as I ran intermittently down the street until I got to my turn.  
  
Once there, I was actually home free. I got lucky. I ran in through the back of my condo complex, retrieved my spare key form under my floormat, and rushed into my living room. I took a long hot bath and reminisced the adventure. Definitely thrilling, and a bit more than I wanted. I had to figure out how to top it!!!