**Almost caught!**

**Celeste**

This is dedicated to all of you who've been writing in and sharing stories (both true and fictional)--reading your stories are wonderful, and I keep coming back for more!  Thank you!    
   
Here is a little something about a night I had earlier this summer.  It was, I think, a late Sunday night, about 11pm, and I couldn't get to sleep.  I had been reading NIP stories earlier that day, so was imagining myself doing all those things the fictional girls had done.  I've been out naked before, many times, but I always was either very close to my clothes, or (more likely) held them while I walked around--they were always there to grab and put on in a flash if I heard/saw someone coming.  I always thought that was kind of cheating...tonight I wanted to try something different!    
   
Throwing on a pair of shorts, a t-shirt and some flip-flops, I headed out to an undeveloped plot of housing land near my house.  It had a paved road going along its edges, forming a long rectangle, with one of the long sides being part of a through street which connected two more-traveled streets, about a 1/4 mile off in either direction.  The rectangle itself was about the size of a regular city block.  In the middle of the rectangle was just leveled ground, with tall grass reaching up to your knees.  They had already put in street lamps, so the whole place was fairly well lit.   There were some houses along the other side of the through-street, but they were mostly hidden behind tall trees and hedges.  It was there I wanted to test myself.   
   
As I neared the rectangle, I found a spot along the through street with a little depression filled with rocks and pepples--probably some kind of drainage space.  It was a warm night, but I remember shivering as I looked around, up and down the street, and listening for anything, any sound that someone was up and about.  Nothing...I started to fiddle with the hem of my t-shirt...I was still maybe 30 yards from the  undeveloped plot of land, 30 yards of open street, with tall prickly brush lining the street on both sides.  With one last look back the way I came, and quickly pulled my shirt up and off, feeling the night air tickle my nipples.  I swear I remember feeling them stiffen, exposed like they were.  I hurriedly kicked off my flip-flops and set in the little rocky depression, putting t-shirt on them so it wouldn't get dirty.  Standing up, I think hugged myself, feeling very nervous, but now determined to follow through with my plan.  Reaching down, I began to ease my shorts down, half-expecting someone to yell out.  I kept looking around; I could see some lights on in a few of the houses, but most of them were dark--but the street was lit up completely, with no where to hide.     
   
I think because I started to feel the breeze on my butt I finally pushed my shorts down fast and stepped out of them!  I felt so exposed...I crouched down as I put my shorts on top of my shirt and shoes.  I stayed crouched down a few moments more, looking and listening.  Nothing...   
   
Feeling shivers running through me from head to toe, I slowly stood up, one hand draped across my breasts, the other shielding my pussy from view.  I was just standing next to my clothes, and I already felt like I was going too far!  But I just had to do it!  Other girls did it...I could do it, too!  But I needed to do it right...A voice in my head was screaming to put my clothes back on and just head home...I was getting so worked up I probably stopped listening and looking.  It took all my focus to do what I did next.   
   
I slowly lowered my arms to my sides and began to slowly walk down the middle of the well-lit street toward the undeveloped plot of land...

It felt like an eternity, walking down the middle of the street, naked, my hands at my at my sides.  I could feel goosebumps on my arms and legs, the hairs on the back of my neck tickling my skin.  I could feel my breasts ache in such a wonderful way.  And I could feel myself getting wet...   
   
My goal was to walk--yes, just walk!--a full circuit around the undeveleped area, the middle of the road, exposed under the street lamps.  I told myself that I would not stop of any reason.  Each step took me farther and farther from my clothes, from my only protection against being caught doing this naughty thing.  I so wanted to cover myself; my hands would uncontrollably lift up a little, attempting to hide my nakedness, but each time, I mentally forced them back down. This street got almost continual traffic during the day--every minute a lone car could always be seen going up or down the street.  At night, things slowed down quite a bit, but cars still came every 5-10 minutes it seemed.  I prayed I had chosen the right moment to do this!   
   
I got to the side road that began to cut through the undeveloped area and began walking down it.  Now I was walking away from the through street, and even though the only real cover I had was the tall grass of the undeveloped land in the middle of the rectangle, I began to relax a little.  I'm pretty sure was smiling at this time.  I slowed down even more, trying to soak in the night.  I remember raising my arms up high, reveling in the sensations of the night air on ever inch of my naked body, feeling it caress the tiny hairs on my arms, the space between my shoulder blades, my sensitive, wet lips down below...   
   
When I got to the first corner, I wanted to prolong these feelings, I just laid down in the middle of the road.  I spread my arms and legs out wide, splayed in the soft orange light of the steet lamps.  The hard pavement felt rough against my skin, like if I moved I would get road rash, but I loved the contrast of the hard road and the night air.  It felt so wonderful to lay there, so vulnerable.  I was probably only some 20 yards from the through street, but no would ever look this way, because there was nothing here.  I closed my eyes, letting myself just feel...   
   
After a while, I got up and continued down the road, now going along the long side of the rectangle.  I kind of pranced and skipped around, feeling free and youthful.  Moving over to one of the street lamps, I rested my back against it, facing toward the through street.  I spread my legs wide, and clasped my hands behind the lamp, as if I was handcuffed around the lamp.  Now I was totally exposed to anyone who might come walking or driving down the through street; under the street lamp, I'm sure they would be able to see everything.  Again I closed my eyes, fantasizing about being handcuffed to a lamp post--but in my fantasy, the lamp post was not on some remote corner of an undeveloped piece of land, but along a major street, of in a busy neighborhood.  I was aching to touch myself, but I didn't--I mean, I was handcuffed, right?     
   
Pulling myself out of the imaginings, I moved away from the street lamp, and continued my walk, eventually reaching the next corner, which would lead me back toward the through street.  This whole time, no cars had come, but I was only half-way done, and now came the hardest part: now I had to walk toward the through street, and once I reached it, I would have to walk down it back to my clothes!     
   
I turned the corner, and with each step I got more and more nervous, like a deer inching its way along a road, wary of any sign of an approaching car...if one came, would I freeze in the headlights?

I got closer and closer to the through street, closer and closer to being in a position where, if someone were coming, I would not easily find a place to hide.  I kept looking at the dark windows of the houses on the far side of the through street, as if I would be able to detect someone watching me, and calling the cops.  I would focus on every little sound, imagining every brush of wind through the trees was the sound of a distant car coming down the street toward me.   
   
Unlike before, I couldn't help touching myself...pinching my nipples and pulling on them, squeezing my breasts, running my hands down my tummy, and pressing my hand against my pussy lips, rubbing them hard with each step.  It was getting hard to walk straight, my body was beginning to shutter...only a few more steps and I would reach the through street to begin the long straight walk back to my clothes...   
   
I was breathing heavily when I reached the through street, touching and rubbing myself all over.  I looked to the up and down the street; no cars were coming.  I was bringing myself closer and closer to cumming, and I lost all sense of fear...with a few staggering steps, I moved to the center of the street and laid down on my back.  I brought my feet up under my butt, spread my legs and lifted my hips up till only my shoulders and feet were touching the ground...I closed my eyes and began to furiously rub my pussy.  I slapped it, spanking my cunt then rubbing it, plunging a finger inside then pulling out and spanking myself even harder, then pinching my clit, then rubbing it harder and harder...my whole body was tensing...closer and closer!   
   
Then I heard it! That familiar whirr of a car turning a corner.  My eyes flew open, looking down the street between my legs.  Nothing.  I craned my head back to look up the street--a pair of headlights, far in the distance, but getting brighter and brighter!  I scrambled to stand up, scratching my butt and the palms of my hands a little.  I was on my feet, my hands dripping with my juices, my thighs and butt and mons, too.  I just stood there as the moments ticked by, the headlights got closer and closer.  Oh my God, oh my God was probably the only thing going through my head--I didn't know where to hide.  On one side of the street was a dark hedge with who knows what kind of dangers lurking on the ground should I step into them--and possibly setting off someone's floodlight--and on the other side, was an empty road lined with grass no taller than the tops of my knees!     
   
A moment later I was dashing down the side road, looking for a place to hide, but I only had seconds to do so.  I could now hear the car!  Panicking, I jumped off the road into the grass and laid down, my breasts pointing up into the night, blades of grass sticking to my wet skin.  It must have been instinctual modesty that brought my hands up to cover my breasts, not like that would help hide me or anything! I looked toward the road.  The trees on the far side were now being illuminated by the headlights, and, seconds after I had laid down, the car rushed past me, seemingly oblivious to my presence.     
   
I began to breathe again.  Listening and looking around, I sat up, brushing off some of the grass and dirt that stuck to my legs and back.  The buzz of my near orgasm was mostly gone, fear having stolen much of it.  But now that the car was gone, the danger past, I could feel that familiar rush of excitement, replaying in my head what had just happened.  I was almost caught!     
   
I got up and, continuing to brush off my body, walked casually back to the through street till I stood in the center again.  Looking down, I could see the exact spot I had laid down before--there were a few scattered wet spots.   I felt that sitting back down now was kind of anti-climactic (pun definitely intended!), but what could I do now?  I still had to walk back to my clothes, and now I was as committed as ever to just walking...but what could I do to up the ante?

Standing where I was, in the middle of the road, it was a straight walk back to the place I had hidden my clothes, but now, after the fright of almost being caught, all I could think about was putting myself right back in that position...of being dangerously close to being seen!  Thinking about it now, I can't believe that after having jumped out of the frying pan I was trying to jump right back in!  But how could I do it?  Like I said, laying back down in the middle of the street felt like a cop out--I had this burning desire to push myself farther, just a little bit, and do something new. But how could I make myself more vulnerable than laying down in the street?   
   
Shivering at the thought of what I was about to do, I raised my hands up to rest on the top of my head and, after making sure I was facing directly down the middle of the street, closed my eyes.  Carefully placing one foot in front of the other, I began to walk, with my eyes closed, down the middle of the street!  I began to count to 10 in my head, moving slowly down the street, listening for any hint of a car.  I was aching to hold my breasts, to feel my trembling tummy, to run my fingers up and down my wet slit, but I ordered myself not to...I wouldn't touch myself till I got to my clothes.  The night air felt amazing on my whole body, like electrical fire running across my skin...   
   
I got to 10, then opened my eyes.  I had wandered a little away from the middle of the street, so i righted myself, looked up and down the street briefly, then closed my eyes again.  I began to walk again, counting softly, listening, feeling, yearning...I felt like I was taking such a risk.  What if a car started coming as soon as I closed my eyes?  It would be incredibly close in 10 seconds, leaving me little chance to hide.  God, why did I think I could get away with what I was doing, walking, naked, blatantly exposing myself, down a road that cars actually do drive down all day? But I my mind had turned off, all I wanted was sensation...all I wanted was to feel more and more vulnerable...I could feel my nipple so stiff they almost hurt, and I could feel my pussy beginning to drip again without me even touching it...   
   
Another 10-count, another glance up and down the street, then another, and another...I was getting close to my clothes, and was beginning to chicken out.  No one would know if I just walked the last dozen yards--I had been walking down this street for a maybe a minute, but it felt like a lifetime, and I was torn between wanting it to end and wanting to be like this forever.  I closed my eyes once more and began to walk...this time counting the numbers out loud, as if I wanted to wake someone up so they would look out their window and see me.  “1…2…3…”   
   
I got to 10, and opened my eyes.  I had walked a short bit beyond my clothes.  I looked up and down the street: nothing.  The street was dead.  I realized I was breathing in short gasps, and my whole body was screaming for release!  But how!  God I wanted to touch myself!  I balled my hands into fists and held them away from my body, because I wasn’t ready…I needed the right place.  The spot I was in was a little shaded from the street lamps, but a little farther down was a street lamp.  There!   
   
I ran over and stood in the middle of the street in front of the lamp.   Without even looking up and down the street, I closed my eyes and placed a hand over my slit…BAM!!! Like a shot going off, I moaned and almost collapsed as waves of pleasure ripped through me.  I think I made some squeaky little gasps.  My other hand went to my breasts, mauling them, twisting my nipples so hard it hurt. My legs were shaking, and huge shutters ran through me from head to toe, and I still had my eyes closed.  I’m sure I couldn’t hear anything at that moment, and probably didn’t care.   
   
As my shutter subsided, I opened my eyes, suddenly very self-conscious.  I had a huge need to get dressed and race home (does this happen to anyone else?).  I staggered over to my clothes and clumsily put them on, finally beginning to look up and down the street.  Moments later, with my shirt and shorts on, I slipped my flip flops on and made the short trip home…   
   
God, even now, almost two months later, I can still remember that night as if it happened yesterday…it’s Sunday again…I wonder if I should try to do something tonight!     
   
Thank you for reading about my little walk!    
   
Kisses,   
   
Celeste