**Crazy Me**

Stupid messes and how I get into them. That’s what is on my mind right now. So it started early yesterday morning. OK so it really started almost two weeks ago and got crazy yesterday morning.

My mom’s boss was going out of town and they needed someone to keep an eye on their house. My mom knew I was trying to find a job to earn more money for college next year, so she offered up my services. That was fine with me because they offered to pay a pretty ridiculous amount to simply keep an eye on things, water the garden and house plants, and just keep up an appearance that someone was around.

Their house is about a half mile from ours, and on a route I regularly run and bike. I went over two days before they left and the husband walked me through the security system, which blinds and shades to move and change, the water system for their garden, and the little bit of yard maintenance that would need to be handled during their two week absence. His wife, my mom’s boss, gave me the skinny on the inside of the house.

They were both great with any amount of time I wanted to spend here and asked that I stay at least a few nights to keep up the look of someone at their house. They did not want me to bring anyone else around, and I had no problem with that.

I was OK with the no party thing because I didn't party. Yeah I went through high school without every going to a party, or ever going on a date. Oh I went to the prom and homecoming, but with my friends and not a date. So I am pretty shy and only hang out with my three buds that have been my friends from grade school. They are all guys and to them I am just one of the guys.

Oh yeah, I ride a bike everywhere because we have one car, and it is my mom's. I was saving for a car, but that became my college fund. I will be taking a few classes in the fall while I keep working.

So the first two days were pretty boring and I was chatting with an online friend of mine, Terry about just how boring my summer vacation had been up until now.

He suggested I spice things up with some nudity while I did my chores there. That is nothing new; he always suggests nudity for any occasion. But it got me to thinking about ways to have more fun there. So the next day I watered the garden topless. Not really that big of a deal, since the backyard is really private and it was early in the day on a weekday when everyone is at work. Still it was a new experience.

The next day I planned to bike over real early and get things going in the house before everyone was moving in the neighborhood. That way it would seem someone was around over night. Terry suggested I ride my bike over there topless since the yard thing went so well. I didn’t do that, but I did go over there with no underwear on. I had it in my backpack and I changed before I went home later that day.

We got a call that night and my mom’s boss wanted to see if I could extend my care taking chores another two weeks. They had a chance to buy some property where they were vacationing and wanted to stay there until it was a done deal. I had no other plans so I agreed. That had the added side benefit of my mom deciding to visit her mom without me.

We were originally scheduled for this weekend to visit, but mom delayed so I could do this favor for her boss. The added time was too long for her to wait so she went back to her original plan. The next morning I got started early up at 4am and to my surprise so did my mom. She generally goes in later in the morning. But she decided to get an early start and leave work to head to her mom’s early as well. Leaving from her work got her a half hours travel closer and on the right side of traffic.

So she hugged me, left me some cash for food or whatever and took off. That left me home alone for four whole days. So I made sure to stash my key rock in the backyard, that way when I forgot my keys (like I always did) I could still get in. Then I checked email, another suggestion from Terry to ride over to the other house in just a long t-shirt. Crazy guy. Then I started to do my chores at home since I didn’t need to stay quiet for my sleeping mother.

Those went really fast and that stupid suggestion from Terry sort of worked its way into my brain. I knew this was just too good to pass up doing something crazy. I knew it would still be pretty safe to ride to their house at 4:45am in my t-shirt. If I stayed any length of time though, getting back could prove tricky. For some weird reason, that was also sticking in my brain.

So I found a football jersey my dad sent me from New York. It went about mid-thigh on me. I stripped down to nothing and put that on. The jersey was an added twist and probably a little bit dumb. It isn’t exactly see-through, but it is made out of a thin breathable fabric with little holes all over. So anyone standing right next to me would have a pretty good clue it was just me underneath.

Then I loaded up my backpack with a pair of shorts, a sports bra, socks, and running shoes. That was my safety valve. I went out to the garage and got my bike ready. I always head out the back door and lock things as I go. Today though, the safety valve thing felt pretty lame. I had tried to do some daring things in the past, but I always chicken out and use my safety pack before I even get started.

So I decided on the spur of the moment to really make this little deal happen. Without my backpack along I would be forced to do it. So instead of going back inside, I simply locked the door and swung my leg over my bike. The bike seat was a little chilly at first on my bare crotch, but it just heightened the thrill. I headed out in the pre-dawn quiet.

There is one busy street between the two houses. And this morning it was a little busier than normal. I think one person slowed down to get a closer look, but I doubt they could make anything out since there wasn’t that much light yet. Still it was a rush to think they might have noticed something. By then this stupidity was exciting me.

The last two blocks, which were dead quiet I was also beyond excited at actually doing something other than just fantasizing about it. I decided to push my luck. I pulled the hem of the jersey up so that my bare butt showed in back as I rode.

I know it was stupid and insane even though no one saw me. I was the most excited I had ever been when I finally pulled into the driveway. The whole neighborhood seemed to be asleep except for a house two over and on the opposite side. Someone was moving upstairs, but the blinds were down so it was just a shadow.

I locked up my bike, like always and then started to the house. The door code worked like always and I started to go inside. But I paused and decided my risk taking needed to continue. I made sure the door would stay open by extending the deadbolt before I let the door close and rest against it. Then I walked back out to my bike. There wasn’t a sign of anyone around. Even movement in the house across the way had stopped.

With my heart racing a million beats a second, I pulled off the jersey, hung it on my handlebars and dashed to the house naked. I have dreamed of similar dashes from a parked car to the house while naked. I is always wake up touching myself.

This was so much better! Actually doing it and instead of running into where I had clothes, I was running away from the only thing I hd to wear. I made myself pause on the step and look around, still outside and naked. It was so intense, even though there was no sign of anyone.

Then I went inside to get started on my chores here. I had to hurry or I would be stuck here for a while. Other than being super horny, things went really well. In an hour and fifteen minutes I had everything pretty much wrapped up. Before I went out back to turn off the water I took a peek out the front windows to see that all was still quiet.

Instead of the quiet neighborhood, there was an ambulance with lights flashing at the house I noticed activity in earlier. There were also people outside checking out what was going on. There was no chance of going out there now. I went back to wrap up the backyard watering and then nervously went upstairs to wait out the ambulance.

People came and went for about thirty minutes and then they brought out a guy on a stretcher. He seemed to be OK, but they still loaded him up and headed out. Most of the houses had lights on now, and it was daylight out. Also the neighbor just down and on the corner had his car backed out of the garage and was loading things into the backseat and trunk.

I watched that activity, followed by the neighbors directly across from this house opening their blinds and getting ready for work. I realized I was stuck here for a while. At least until everyone got off on the morning commutes. One group would leave and the neighbors next to them would seem to wake up. Then kids from all up and down the street began to walk towards the corner, obviously the bus stop.

I watched in total horror as this kid, probably 13 or 14 ran across the street to the front of this house and out of my sight, only to return a few moments later carrying a folded up New York Jets jersey. I was toast. My reaction was total panic except for this really weird part of me that got totally horny. And as the minutes past, that part took over. I ended up in the kitchen masturbating to the idea I was stuck here naked.

I have to admit it was my best climax ever. But then it was panic time again. I had my cell phone, my id and some cash in my wrist purse, but otherwise nothing. I only have guy friend, and none of them could be trusted if they knew I was naked. At the very least I would end up in cell phone pictures. So I decided to wait and hope for a great idea.

By mid-morning I began to explore for possible clothing ideas. There was no way I could use any of the owners clothing. It would be too much of a risk to explain if I ruined something. I tried to modify a trash bag but that was obviously covering a naked girl. Out of options I decided to see what was out in their storage shed. Having no clothing is far different from being naked with clothing waiting inside.

I jumped at every little sound and was a nervous wreck. The worst part was at some point I started to get horny again. The shed contained mostly items for the yard. However, in a box on a shelf behind a bin holding organic fertilizer was a small suitcase thing. The dust on it meant it hadn’t been handled in a while. I opened it up and it looked to be something left over from a bachelorette party. Everything was still in the original packaging.

There was a huge dildo, two vibrators, all still in the packaging along with four costumes that were on the sexy side. They were like one-size-fits-all things and looked like gag gifts. One was a mesh sheath dress in lime green. There was a “little black dress” that appeared to be super short with side slits up above the waist. Another was a French Maid’s outfit, which consisted of mesh stockings and a little white apron.

The last one was sort of a play on Tinker bell, with a one-arm bare little dress and little ankle socks with printed slippers on them. There was also a garter, several bottles of lubricant and a super tiny bikini. Of everything, the only one that would cover anything was Tink. And that didn’t appear to cover much. I put everything but Tink back. It was my fall back plan.

Then I decided to check out the owners clothing. It was a bust from the minute I opened the closets. They are both big people. The smallest thing I found was a 2x t-shirt. It made me wonder even more about the suitcase in the shed. Who was it given to? Things had calmed down in the neighborhood enough that I decided to chance looking for my football jersey.

A quick nude dash out and back confirmed my bike was fine and the jersey was gone. The neighborhood was dead though. If I stayed much past 10am things would pick up again and I would be here until after dark. I decided to try Tinker bell on. The material was really thin and sort of see-through. It was snug enough that it stayed in place though. My nipples showed through.

The hem was really short and sort of slanted. It started off about four inches down my right leg to about crotch level on my left leg. The included g-string was about half again my waist size and stretchy. From a distance I would probably be OK, but up close it was obvious I was almost naked. I had to either go for it now or wait until dark. I decided to wait for dark.

So I climaxed again, and then found a spot to nap. My cellphone woke me up. It was my friend Jake and he was requesting a FaceTime. I accepted a call instead because I didn’t want to chance him figuring out I was naked. First he asked why I wasn’t at home. He had stopped by my house. I explained about working.

He told me to get done fast because his brother had won tickets to a sneak peak showing of a movie we were all waiting to come out. It would be early evening and there was no way I could make it so I bowed out. He was bummed but understood.

I realized it was lunch time now and my tummy was gurgling. I hadn’t planned to be here this long so I didn’t eat breakfast. I knew there was nothing in this house to eat, since they cleaned everything out before they left.

The only thing I could think of was pizza delivery. And of course once I thought of it, that is what I wanted. Only problem I’m a naked girl. And the Tink outfit wouldn’t handle that close of a look. Then I remembered the swimsuit in the suitcase.

Of course I couldn’t wear just that, but the ties showing with a towel around me and I would look like I was tanning. Cool plan. So I headed back to the shed. The bikini was super tiny, but it had tie sides so it would at least fit me. Of course it was a g-string style and the small triangle didn’t even cover my pubic hair. The top was small too, but so are my boobies so that wasn’t so bad.

I knew I wasn’t planning to be seen in the suit, but the idea of wearing it with pubic hair hanging out was just gross. So brilliant me, I decided to trim up. I used some scissors to trim up first. Then I got a new disposable razor and went to work. It was a lot of bending and reaching. No way could I get it even, so I basically took it all off.

I showered and got the remaining stragglers. Then I was a baldy for the first time since I was little. Drying off was a pain because all they had was small towels, only slightly larger than a hand towel. But two of them worked. Putting lotion on got me excited, and I ended up climaxing. Then I was really staving. So I ordered the pizza and soda. Then I got the swimsuit on. OK I said swimsuit, but putting it on made me realize that it was a joke too.

It was small like I said and it barely covered me. And once it was on, I realized it was basically see-through. The top was too. My slit and nipples were covered but only by sheer pink fabric and very little of that. I took a deep breath and knew it would be OK. The towel would cover me.

That made me remember the small towels in the bathroom. I ran upstairs and sure enough only those small towels in the guest bathroom. I went to the master bath and found that they only had small ones there too. Who in the hell only has small towels in their house?

So I experimented and I could get one around my waist, just barely. But no way would it wrap around my top. I tried holding one in front of me, but it looked like I was teasing and that wasn’t a good plan. I put the one around my waist and just realized the pizza guy was gonna see my little bobbies through the sheer top.

I just couldn't do it. I decided to not answer the door and let them take the pizza back. i would survive until tonight. Then I realized the owners would be told about the pizza delivery that failed. I was almost in tears.

With no other options, I resigned myself to the fact that a stranger would see my little boobs. My heart started racing when I heard the doorbell. I thought maybe it would be a girl, or maybe an old guy that wouldn’t even care. The bell rang again so I hurried down the stairs to the landing. Halfway down the towel slipped off and the guy pounded on the door and yelled, “Pizza delivery.”

I had no time to regroup so I simply opened the door and saw a really cute guy grinning at me. His eyes seem to lock on my top, and it was obvious I needed to open the door more to get the pizza in. I was so flustered I just opened the door and he took that as permission to come in.

His gaze kept drifting down to my top and then he handed me the soda and reminded me of the total. My heartbeat increased and my horny feelings came roaring back. I was being seen almost naked by a cute guy. I was sure I was blushing scarlet.

Then I remembered the cash was on the kitchen table, so I had him wait and headed up the stairs. It was too late to do anything about him seeing my bare ass as I went upstairs. I grabbed the cash and headed back down and he was grinning as he watched me hurry down.

I gave him the money and he took his sweet time counting out my change. I started to give him a tip and he grinned and said, “That is enough tip for me.” He was looking at my chest.

I glanced down and realized the towel wasn’t the only thing that shifted on the stairs. My left boobie was totally hanging out with a rock hard nipple. He said, “Loose the rest and the pizza is on me.”

I was in total shock as I just stood there letting him look at my boob. His grin got bigger and he said, “OK so I will add a twenty, but you have to take the money back upstairs and then come back down for the pizza.”

I realized this totally cute guy was willing to buy my pizza and give me twenty bucks to see me naked. I was too shocked to reply and he said, “OK thirty but that is my final offer.”

I felt myself nod, and then my hands untied the top and pulled it off, and then pushed the bottoms down and off. They sort of fell behind me, so I turned and bent to pick them up before I realized I just gave him a total crotch shot view. I put the swimsuit on the foyer table where I put the coke.

He took his time digging out the thirty bucks, counting fifteen out in ones. All the while he was checking out my body and I was just standing there not covering anything. He smiled as I stood there and then I remembered the put the cash upstairs thing.

I turned and went upstairs, and just walked. Then I hurried to the table and put it away and then came back down as he watched my crotch and bouncing boobies. He handed me my pizza and the said he would give me another five for a bent over crotch shot.

He had pretty much seen everything, so I said, “Twenty.”

He replied, “Twenty I get to feel up your pussy and both boobs.”

I was in a state of shock, but I managed to shake my head no. He sighed and said, “Ten for the bend over?”

I just turned around, moved my legs apart and bent over then county slowly to ten. I turned around and he counted out ten again pretty slowly. He said, “I will be working tonight if you want another pizza. This was my first naked pizza dare and the sad part is any more will only be downhill from this one.” He grinned and added, "Unless you call again."

Then he left and I took my pizza and soda upstairs. I was halfway through my first slice when the meltdown started. I totally freaked out. I calmed down and realized I was beyond horny. I started to play and had the best climax of my life. I knew I had played a long time when my pizza was cold and my soda warm. I warmed up my pizza and got ice for the soda.

I was still trying to get my mind around the idea that I had let a guy see me naked for cash. My cellphone rang and I didn’t recognize the number. I answered and it was the pizza guy. He said, “I know we just met under rather strange but pleasant circumstances, but would you consider going out with me? I won’t expect any nudity or anything else, you just seem so cool and I want to get to know you.”

I told him I would think about it. When the words came out of my mouth I thought I said no, but I really said maybe. He said, “Call me anytime.”

Finally my rational brain took over. He is a cute guy and the only reason he called me back was to confirm my number. He asked me out because he saw me naked and probably thought I would have sex with him. There was no way I could go out with him.

So I began to scheme about how in the heck I was going to get home. I finally decided at 3am I could probably ride my bike home butt naked and no one would know. I could eat left over pizza for dinner and it would be a night to stay over and make it appear as if someone were home.

Around 4:30 there was a knock at the front door that made me jump. I quietly walked down to the door and checked out the peephole. I didn’t see anyone, so I hurried upstairs and looked out a window. I noticed the kid I saw earlier taking my shirt walking down the driveway.

So I went back to the front door and looked out the peepholes again and confirmed no one was there. I opened the door a crack, and then breathed a sigh of relief. It wasn't my shirt, but there was a shirt folded up and sitting just outside the door. I had to open the door to get it, but no one saw me. I had clothing again.

I checked it out, only to discover it was a Dallas Cowboy mesh jersey. I guess he was trying to insult whoever had a New your Giants jersey. I put it on. It was bigger, and the sides were open. It moved like crazy with my slightest motion and it was obvious I was naked under it because it was see-through mesh.

I decided the bikini and jersey would be my outfit to ride home. I stuck with my plan to stay until way early morning. Then I started to get horny at the idea of still having to get home mostly nude. I was close to climax when I was interrupted by a text from the pizza guy. His name is Ted and he wanted to meet for coffee at Starbucks tomorrow morning. In my excited state I decided coffee would hurt, so I agreed. We were going to meet at 9am.

I had left over pizza and went around the house like I was doing stuff. Around ten thirty I turned the lights out downstairs and went up to the master bedroom and turned the lights on there. I played and climaxed a few times, thinking about the day. It was exciting now that I knew I had accomplished a major goal in my life at taking a naked risk and even though I was seen, it turned out OK. I even got some clothing back. I turned the lights off at eleven thirty.

I had planned to wait until 3am, but I was bored. I also wanted some more risk. I know, I should have quit while I was ahead, but you don't get how great the risky stuff feels. So a little before midnight, I put the shirt on without the nasty bikini and snuck out the back door to my bike. Everything was dark and no one was about, so I gathered the front of the shirt up so it was about three inches above my navel and then used a hair scrunchy to tie it off and keep it up there.

Then I settled my bare and very exposed pussy onto the seat and rode toward home. The breeze caused by riding my bike let the back flare behind me like a cape. So the lower half of my body was bare. The busy road on the way home was really busy, so I took the scrunchy out and let the shirt drop down over me.

I still had a lot of skin showing, So I put the back and the front together and stuffed the hem through the scrunchy. It would at least keep one side closed. Then I waited for a gap and rode across at the intersection. Two cars honked at me, but they kept going.

A block past the busy street I turned into a loop road to see if anyone came after me. In the time it took to ride down and go around the loop and then head back to the road, no cars passed.

I was planning to do the hair scrunchy thing again for the ride home. But I was horny and not even close to rational. Instead I took a deep breath and pulled the shirt off. I was insane and I started to shake from nerves at the thought of what I was doing. I got off the bike and tied the shirt around the handlebars so that I would need to stop and get off the bike to untie it and put it on.

Then I got onto my bike naked and started to ride home. It was six more blocks to the turn into my block, and it seemed to take forever. I came close to being seen twice. The first time I was just past an intersection when a car came up and turned onto the road I was on but going the opposite direction. I was only fifty feet from them but they must have been focused on the other direction.

The second time a car turned onto the road and headed right towards me. I swerved into a driveway and onto the sidewalk. I stopped by a tree and they drove right past and never even slowed down. Then I turned onto my block and rode to my house. I took my bike out back and walked into the backdoor nude and very excited.

I was shaking from both nerves and excitement. I played with my crazy horny body until I couldn't move. My last thought before I drifted off was I had four more days to be daring before mom got home.