**Lisa's punishment #1**

by **Lisa Rogers**

One of the goals that I has set for myself is to earn a 10% return on my stock portfolio over the course of 2012. This seemed like a reasonable goal since I had been in an investment club for about three years.

I said that if I can accomplish this goal, I would treat myself to a long weekend vacation to Colorado in the winter with some girlfriends. On the other hand, if I failed to meet my goal I would set up a risky dare that I would have to perform.

The level of severity would go up for every percent that I missed.

The year started out fairly well, but I sold a stock that I thought had peaked and bought another stock that ended up going down on news of poor earnings. I decided to wait it out for a few months but the stock remained near 52 week lows. As the year was going on, I started to panic and began to make more and more trades. When the year ended, I was down 7%.

After looking at my written goals, it was clear what my punishment would be.

My punishment called for me to pick a date on the calendar no more than 30 days away. The following is what I had to do to satisfy my punishment.

When that day came, I purchased a cheap watch with a countdown timer. Then I cleaned out my car so that there was nothing in the car that I could use for cover. I left my condo at 2:30 AM on the appointed day. Dressed in tennis shoes, bra, panties, shirt and shorts, I drove to one of the beaches in the LA area. Around 3 ish, I arrived at the beach and parked my car one and a half blocks from the road that parallels the beach. When I got out, I carefully hid my key in my secret spot, then I headed for the beach.

When I got to the sand, I set my countdown timer for five minutes and started walking. When the time ran out, I stripped off all my clothing, including my shoes. Once naked I set my timer for five more minutes plus one minute for every percentage point that I missed my goal by. In total, this was 22 minutes.

With my timer running, I begin walking naked down the beach. The moon was out but not too bright so I felt safe. The down side with the cover of darkness was that it would be that much more difficult to find where I left my clothes. The longer I walk, the harder it will be.

I continued walking until the timer ran out. At that time I took off my watch, and placed it where a lucky kid would find it in the morning. Then I layed down in the sand, spread my legs wide open and started to masturbate. My punishment called for me to give myself an orgasm before I could turn back and start looking for my clothes.

It didn't take long to reach an orgasm, since I was already very aroused. Once finished, I stood up and rinsed off in the ocean. Now it was time to return to my clothes.

Here was my problem. I had no watch to tell me when I had walked for the same 22 minutes, and with limited moon light, I would need some luck to find my clothes. With no other choice, I started walking in the direction that I came from.

As I begin to make my way back, many thoughts were running through my head. First is that without a watch, I had to rely on my own sense of time. I would have to guess when I had walked back the same 22 minutes in order to estimate where to start looking for my clothes. Then I would have to estimate if I was too far right or left of where I left my clothing.
One thing was for sure, the beach is a big place and it can be hard to find your way back in daylight and with landmarks (other people, umbrellas etc…). But in dim light with limited sight distance and with no land marks, it will be harder.
Another thought was, if I’m unable to quickly locate my clothing, how long do I continue looking before abandoning my clothing and making the 10 minute naked walk back to my car that is parked on well-lit city streets. The longer I take to locate my clothing, the closer to sunrise and the city will begin to come alive. Then if I’m still unable to locate my clothing, I will have a long walk naked through city streets and a 30 minute naked drive home. To top things off, I have to get from my car to my condo, that’s right, you guessed it, completely naked.
The less time I spend looking, the less likely that I will find my clothes and the more cover of darkness I will have to get all the way back home naked. The more time I spend looking, the greater chance I will find my clothes and it won’t matter how light it is or how many people are up when I return to my car since I will be dressed.
What is a naked girl to do in this situation I thought, as my heart began to thump louder?
With my head spinning through all the possible scenarios that waited for me, I realized that I wasn’t able to think clear enough to have a strategy. I would just have to go on instinct.
I walked for about what seemed to be about the right amount of time, but there were no clothes in sight. What do I do I thought. I went one way and then the other, still nothing. Perhaps I haven’t gone far enough I thought. I walked down further, criss crossing back and forth. Still nothing.
I estimated that it must be around 4:30 AM or so with no clothes in sight. Still naked, with no idea where my clothes were, I figured that a 10 minute walk back to the car and a 30 minute drive home, there would still be the cover of darkness if I left now.
I decided to spend a few more minutes looking, but I really had no idea which way to look. I began to walk in random patterns in hope of a miracle. I kept looking thinking only a few more minutes, then I would go. I must have done that a dozen times. Wishing I knew what time it was, I probably wasted 30 more minutes looking franticly for my clothing.
As I looked in the direction of where I entered the beach, I noticed a car drive on the street that parallels the beach. I wonder what time it really is I thought to myself. How much longer do I have before it starts to get brighter?
I was honestly afraid of walking naked through the city streets to get my car. The naked drive home wasn’t as scary, but then getting from my car to my condo was also an issue. This is what was preventing me from abandoning my search and leaving the beach naked.
I really couldn’t make up my mind as to what I should do. My preference would be to find my clothes and simply go home. I decided to continue looking until I saw another car drive down the road. I continued searching in what seemed like a good search pattern. This continued for about ten minutes or so when I noticed another car drive by. That’s it, I thought. The city is starting to wake up and I have a ten minute walk to get to my car clothed or naked. For this punishment, I made sure to wear bra and panties so that there would be evidence that there was a naked woman on this beach last night and couldn’t find her clothes and had to go home naked.
I took one last look around, nothing, so I started to walk back in a slight state of panic. As the minutes ticked by, I was closer and closer to where I entered the beach from the street. I never noticed how lit up the streets were. I paused realizing that the lights from the city would expose me and my cover of darkness was gone. Realizing that I had no choice but to keep going I kept going. As I approached the stairs that led to the street, I stepped on something sharp. I was forced to sit in the sand to wait out the pain and to check on the damage. There was some sign of blood but it wasn’t too bad.
Still in pain, I realized that I had to keep going. I stood up and kept going. The problem now was that I had to walk on my heel to protect my foot. This slowed my down a little, but not too much. When I got to the stairs, I was in full light from the city. On the street, I could hear another car go by. The city was waking up. I had to move fast knowing that once on the street, there was no place to hide. If anyone was there, they would see me and I couldn’t do anything about it.
As I approached the top of the stairs I looked around to see if anyone was there, not that it mattered. I just had to go, and so I did. Now on the street walking hobbling towards the cross walk a car turned the corner. There was nothing I could do and nowhere to hide. As best I could I just ignored them and crossed the street hoping they would just keep going.
As I made my way down the street, another car came head on. Again, I just kept going. When I got to my car, I franticly looked for my hide-a-key but it was gone. I took another look and found it. As I was unlocking my car, another car drove by. Just great, I thought.
Now naked in my car I still had a 30 minute drive and a dash to my condo ahead. I took too long looking for my clothes I thought. Nothing I can do about that now. Looking at the clock, it was almost 5:20 AM
I started the car and drove home as casually as I could ignoring the other drivers. I’m sure several people noticed. I was careful not to speed so a cop didn’t pull me over.
As I pulled into my condo, I realized that I did spend too much time looking, not that that would help anything. Another glance at my clock showed just a few minutes before 6:00 AM.
My condo had a parking garage underneath. I pulled in and looked for a good spot. I found one close to the stairs. This will be at least as humiliating as walking through the city if not more, since these are my neighbors and it was later in the morning than before. Many people are starting to leave for work at this time.
Elevator or stairs I thought to myself. Elevator would be faster and more direct, and with a bad foot seemed like a better option. But since most people take the elevator, I had to choose the stairs. Plus the elevator had more surprises, such as when the door opened, would there be anyone there or not?
I took my chances with the stairs. As I started to climb flight after flight, I was more nervous that someone would open a door and meet me head on. Fortunately, that didn’t happen. When I got to my floor, I opened the door a crack to see if the hall was clear. It appeared to be clear so I made a mad dash for my door. As I was approaching my door, I heard another door open. As fast as I could I unlocked the door and went in. I didn’t dare look back to see if I was caught.
With my back leaning against the door, my heart was still pounding and I started to laugh. I made it, I said.
Now time for a warm bath.
As I was sitting in the tub warming up, I replayed the events in my head. Once again, I slipped my fingers down between my legs and gave myself another orgasm.

I was done with my punishment I thought.