**Punishment #2**

by **Lisa Rogers**

The goals that I set can be about anything. For instance, this past football season, I decided to pick the winner of the last Super Bowl. If I picked correctly, then I could take the margin of victory in points and multiply by $100. With that amount, I could go on a clothing shopping spree. If I picked wrong then I would have to spend that much time in minutes naked in a movie theater with a few catches.

Before the game started:
• Pick a winner; Seattle or Denver.
• Pick a theater for my punishment.

If I lost, I would have to do several things to prepare for my punishment:

Right after the game:
• Purchase a combination lock.
• Open the lock, and keep it open.
• Purchase a short cable with closed loops at either end.
• Purchase a small bag that can be locked shut and locked to the theater seat using the cable.
• Craft a draft email to myself with the combination for the lock.
• Don’t look at the combination again.

At the end of February:
• Pick a movie and show time at the selected theater for the first week of March. This would allow enough time to completely forget the combination.
• Notice the run time of the movie.
• Then select the date and showing.
• Set a time during the movie to strip.
• Return to my email (without looking at the combination) and set the email for future delivery so that there were the exact number of minutes between the strip time and the email delivery time.

On the punishment date:
• Clean out my car so that there is nothing that I can use for cover.
• Select clothing that can easily be taken off.
• Bring, the bag, cable and lock.
• Arrive at the theater 10 minutes before the movie.
• Do not buy anything from the concession stand. Grab a handful of napkins.
• Go to the theater and select a seat.
• Once seated, I cannot move.
• If someone decides to sit near me, I still cannot move.
• At the appointed time, strip and proceed with the plan.
• Before I can touch the lock again, I must bring myself to orgasm. (napkins)

If everything went a planned, I would strip, place my clothing in the bag, attach the bag to the seat and lock the bag shut. Sit naked for the set time and then masturbate. My email would arrive with the combination. I could unlock the lock, open the bag, get dressed and leave as though nothing happened.

If something went wrong, I would have to leave the theater naked, walk to my car and drive home naked.

This is how things actually happened.

As the teams were set for the Super Bowl, I listened to analysts and predictions before deciding that The Broncos should win and perhaps by a big margin. This was based on expert predictions and the Denver high powered offense. Even if they lost, it wouldn’t be by much.

Feeling confident in my pick, I selected a multi-screen theater near Beverly Hills that is located on the top floor of a shopping mall with an attached parking garage. To get from the theater to the garage requires several flights of stairs, escalator rides or an elevator. Not to mention a stroll through lengthy part of the mall.

Beverly Hills is also a fair drive from my condo. This combination seemed to add a high element of risk to my punishment should something go wrong. This element of high risk is what thrills me the most, but truthfully, even if I have to suffer the punishment of stripping, there was a way to get through this with very little exposure and risk, but things would have to go as planned to enjoy this safe haven. One glitch was all that was required to face total humiliation. For some reason, this risk taking, both thrills and scares me to no end.

Super Bowl Sunday had finally arrived. I went to a friends’ house to watch the game. As the game wore on, I started to get nervous, but truthfully, I was expecting a second half Manning engineered comeback. Then Seattle ran the second half kickoff back for a touchdown. Crap, I thought. Despite this, I was still expecting a big second half from Denver.

You all know that this didn’t happen. Denver’s high powered offense scored only 8 points. I really didn’t expect that. The final was 43 to 8, a 35 point gap. Wow!

When I got home that night, I looked at the written goals. The next day I made the preparations and bought all the required goods. As I was doing this a rush of conflicting emotions filled my body. This is part of the drug that I mentioned earlier. It has me hooked.

At the end of February, I looked to see what was playing. My goal was to find a movie that had been out a while, that wasn’t very good and had the latest start/end time. This way if something went wrong and I couldn’t get the lock open, most of the people would be gone. Plus the mall would have been closed for about three hours.

I decided on a Tuesday showing that started after 10 PM. This selection should minimize the number of people around.

On the punishment date, cleaned out my car only bringing the bag, lock and cable plus the clothes on my back.

I wore a sweater, blouse with no bra, panties, shorts and slip on shoes. I headed down to the theater hours ahead of the start time so I could wander around the mall and then have dinner nearby. The parking spot that I found wasn’t ideal. It was a fair walk to the escalator, stairs and elevator. The whole time I was filled with nervous excitement. After dinner, I had extra time, so I moved my car to a better location.

When it was time to enter the theater, my heart started pounding harder. I bought my ticket, went to the theater and saw that there was only one couple there. I sat near the front and against the wall to avoid anyone sitting near me or walking by.

Once seated, I took off my sweater and placed it next to the bag. I used this time to figure out how to run the cable through the seats, attach it to the bag and lock everything in place. Once situated, I slumped down in my chair to avoid drawing attention to me.

As the show time neared, a few more groups of people entered the theater, sitting in the middle or towards the back.

I glanced at my phone to check the time right as the house lights dimmed. This shouldn’t be too bad I thought. According to my calculations, the movie + previews should end shortly after midnight. I set my strip time for 11:20 PM. This would give me the required 35 minutes of nudity plus about 15 minutes to get my clothing unlocked and back on.

While the pre-views were showing, I glanced back and notices that there were just over a dozen or so people behind me. Shortly after, I heard a small group walking down the aisle. They sat about two rows behind me on the other side of the aisle. They were my biggest threat, but still not too bad.

When the movie started, I kept hoping that it was bad enough for people to walk out early, but I don’t think anybody did.

As the movie progressed, I kept checking the time on my phone. I would also check my email to see is the email arrived early, no such luck.

As the 11:00 PM hour passed, I kept checking the time with more and more nervous excitement. At 11:18, I said this is it. I slipped my shoes off and placed them in the bag along with the sweater. I sat there for a several seconds almost shaking. Next, I slumped down and opened my shorts. With one move, I slid both my panties and shorts off down to my thigh. With my bare butt on the seat, I slowly looked back and saw that I hadn’t yet drawn any attention to me. Then I slid my panties and shorts down my legs to my feet. Sitting back up a little in my seat, I stepped out of my panties and shorts. Reaching down, I placed them in the bag.

Now the hard and most revealing part. I unbuttoned my blouse and brushed the blouse off each shoulder. With my body now completely exposed, I leaned forward a bit and carefully slid my blouse down my arm and off.

As quickly as I could, I placed my blouse in the bag. Checking the time, I was already two minutes behind as it was now 11:22. Crap I thought. I threw the phone in the bag and locked everything closed. Now my time starts.

Now completely naked and exposed, I realized how bright the theater was especially so close to the screen. My heart was racing and that same nervous excitement still racing through my body. Now all I could do was wait.
Probably 20 minutes had passed, so far so good. Remembering that I could not touch the lock until I had an orgasm, I went to work.

With the napkins in one hand, I parted my legs and reached between my legs with my other hand. After just a few minutes, I had reached an orgasm and put the napkins to good use. I did a slow check to see if anyone had figured out what was going on. Good news, nobody had a clue.

Now to check the time. I went looking for my phone, but couldn’t find it. Where was it? I absolutely need my phone to check the email. I looked around my seat but there was nothing. Where was my phone, I thought. WHERE WAS MY PHONE! I started to panic. Think, what could have happened to it. Now my heart was pounding and my emotions were going crazy. Keep calm, I told myself and think.

The commotion that I was making caused a few people to look over at me. I just froze, and they turned their attention away from me.

Oh crap, I then realized that I locked my phone in the bag. Now what was I going to do?????

I could tell that the movie was coming to an end. I had to act. I tried to remember the combination, but I wasn’t sure. The problem was that even if I knew the combination, I didn’t have enough light to see what the numbers were. I tried to think what the combination might be. Before long, the credits were rolling and the audience was starting to file out.

I was only worried about the small group two rows back. I slumped down a bit, and to my relief, they left without noticing anything.

About two minutes into the credits, there was only one group left. What was I going to do I thought.

My options were, exit through the emergency doors completely naked, but how would I get to my car? I could exit naked out the front, but I knew there were people there. My other thought was to wait for the house lights to come on so I could see the combination lock. Time was ticking since I would only have so long before the workers would come through.

I decided to wait for the house lights. After several minutes of credits, the house lights came on. I looked back and could see that I was all alone. Now to try the lock. I tried several combinations but nothing was working. I was out of ideas. Just then I heard a young man’s voice calling to me saying “were closed, it’s time to go”.

I called back and said I was looking for my wallet and then I would leave. Now my time was short and my heart was racing. He went away for a few minutes, but soon came back. Waking down the aisle, he said to me that he would help me look. I had to think fast. In a matter of seconds, my nakedness would be revealed.

As he got close enough to figure things out, I said to him that I need his help in the most damsel in distress manner I could come up with. When he saw that I was naked, he was shocked at first, but then his look of shock turned into a smile. He asked how he could help. I made up a story about losing a bet and my friends locked my clothes in this bag and left etc… He seemed to buy it, but when there is a naked woman, guys will believe anything.

He surveyed my situation (and my naked body). I didn’t try too hard to cover up as I was at his mercy. He said that he could get a pair of wire cutters and get my bag free. He left the theater and came back moments later with a pair of hefty wire cutters. He was able to cut through the wire, but not my bag. At least I now had my bag with my clothing and phone, but I couldn’t access them. He tried to think of a few things but came up empty. At that point, I just asked if he could help he get to my car. He was happy to help, but could only help me to the top of the escalator since he still had to watch the theater.

I said deal. He ran point for me as I made my way up the aisle with my bag. The coast was actually clear all the way to the theater entrance since my movie was the last to get out. Before we got to the open, I grabbed his hand and said “Thank you”. Then I kissed him and placed one of his hands on my breast.
One last look and then I have to go. He walked with me through the empty mall to the top of the first escalator. At this point, I don’t think anybody else saw me. At that point we parted and I give him one last clear look at my naked body and I smiled at him. He waived with a big smile with his eyes fixed on me. I stood clearly visible for him to look as much as he wanted. He kept looking, and I gave a last wave as I disappeared from view.

Now on my own, I rode the series of escalators down, constantly worried that someone would see me, but I don’t think anybody did. Now at the bottom, I made my way through the doors to that garage. I was so glad that I moved my car closer. Before moving into the open garage, I looked around and there was nobody. I walked naked through the garage to my car. While I was retrieving my hide a key, I could hear a car coming down the ramp towards me. I quickly ducked behind my car and let him pass. After retrieving my key, I opened the car, got inside with my bag and drove away.

Still naked, I made my way down city streets and a series of interstates as I navigated my way to my condo. Now only one challenge left. Parking my car and getting to my condo without being seen. Well at least I have experience at this I thought.

My car clock showed just a few minutes after 1 AM. People could still be up. I parked as close as I could to the stairs, made a quick check and made a mad dash to the stairs. So far so good. Now as long as nobody gets the bright idea of taking the stairs, I’ll be fine.

As I was making my way up, I could hear someone coming down. What could I do, I thought? I could go back down to the garage and hide, or I could exit onto one of the floors and hope that nobody was there.

Not wanting to go back down, I entered the door to one of the lower floors. This would allow the person to pass, but now I was completely exposed in the hallway. I stood on the other side of the door waiting for the person to pass. Just then the elevator door opened and a couple stepped out. Now I was caught. I smiled and waved at them, said everything was ok. I waited a few seconds longer, then re-entered the stairs since the person had passed.
Now I just ran up to my floor regardless of who was there. At my floor, I just ran to my door and entered.

I went to my computer sent mail folder to retrieve the combination. Soon I was re-united with my clothing and phone. The email did in fact come through.
Everything would have been fine, if only I didn’t throw my phone in the bag.