My story

Fri Jul 20, 2007 01:1674.135.244.216

So, when I was growing up my family had bought a house abroad for summer

vacations. It was a nice enough house, but the great thing was that the

nearest other house was a little over 2 miles down the road. Out the front of

the house was a lot of trees and out the back was fields as far as you could

see.

I was staying there with my mother and my brother and I was about 17 at the

time. She said one day that she was going to the store to get some shopping

done and then to visit the bank, Now given that the store was some 50 minutes

away I figured I had some spare time. We had no tv or internet at the house,

so time was passed through playing cards or reading.

So my brother and I decide to start playing some cards, Well we decided to

make things interesting by adding in some dares. Pretty easy stuff at first,

to be honest not very daring at all. But as we played more it got a little

more serious. We decide the loser of the next game has to go from the house to

a turn in the road we lived on naked. Now the turn was only about 300 yards

away and the visibility of the road was good, besides you could hear car

coming from miles away so it wasn't too bad.

We start playing cards and bang I lose! I didnt want to do the dare so I

figured we could double or quits. So if I won my brother would to the dare, if

I lost then we agreed that I would walk the entire distance and running was

not allowed.

The cards get dealt and we start to play, before I know what happened I had

lost again. So we walk to the front door, I didnt feel too good about it. So I

managed to negotiate that I could keep my t shirt as long as I rolled the

front up and put it behind my head. I could also take a pair of shorts if I

carried them whilst I had my hands on my head.

I remember stepping out onto the gravel driveway and the end of the road

seemed miles away. It was the middle of the afternoon and bright and sunny. I

walked down the 15 yards of our driveway to the big metals gates. The only way

onto the property without climbing trees and bushes. It was as I passed the

gates I felt the sun hit my body and I felt very warm and suddenly very naked.

My brother yelled at me to get a move on, I started walking and it was all

going pretty well. I reached the end of the road and turned around to walk

back, I was walking back to the house with my hands on my head and feeling

good about life. I had gotten away with it!!

Suddenly I heard a sounds behind me and there was my mother sat in her VW Golf

looking at me. I was completely naked and took the short and held them up in

front of me. My heart must have jumped to 5,000 beats a minute. My god the

addrenaline and shock was running through my system. I just wanted to hide.

She pulled the car up so that the passenger side window was next to me, I

thought she wasnt going to say any thing as the car slowly moved past. Then it

stopped as the backside window reached me. The window wound down and my mum

yelled "Put your t shirt in the backseat", I was confused but I always obeyed

her, so i did, after all I still had my shorts. Next she said "Give me your

shorts and wait a moment". Again I complied. Passing my shorts through the

window onto the backseat. She then drove off to the drive way. Pulled the car

up to the front door, got out and closed the gate. She opened the boot of the

car and start to unload the shopping. I just stood there in shock. What was

going on?? Here I am completely naked, in the middle of a road in the middle

of the day. I didnt want my mum to see my naked again so I waited for her to

go back in before heading to the gate, where upon my brother came out and told

me that he had told mum what was going on. I thought, well at least she will

laugh and let me back inside in a minute.

"Mum will be back in half an hour, she is having some food and a drink" said

my brother. So I just sat by the gate, completely naked waiting for a telling

off. She came out a bit later, it felt like hours. She opened the gates and

backed the car out. When the backdoor reached me she tells me to get in, since

my clothes were in there I was only too happy. As I get in and close the door

I realise my clothes arent there any more. I asked what was going on and she

replied that we had to run an errand. We drove 10 miles to the nearest village

and she pulled up next to the recycling container for bottles. "Right then

love, out you get, make sure you sort the brown from the green". I paused and

she gave me a stern look in the rearview mirror. So I got out and did the

bottles, luckily no cars came by. Againts my heart was pounding and I was

getting pretty turned on by the fact I had no choice but to do it.

I got back in the car after finishing the job and we drove back to the house.

We drove about 8 miles of the trip back and she pulls over, "Right get out and

walk home, think about what you have done, when you get back we wont talk

about this again". So I get out, now two miles from home, naked. After I get

home, my shorts and t shirt are hanging up on the gate. I went in and we eat

dinner like nothing happened. It was the most bizarre feeling, having your

parent do that to you. My brother later told me that my mum was trying to

teach me a lesson.

I have some other true stories I can share, if anyone is interested.

egAbroad

Part 1

Sun Jul 22, 2007

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Sorry I got a bit hung up with the pre story part. Will post the rest later:

In the summer, when we werent spending time in France we would setup a tent in

the back garden. Usualy my brother would pitch it have friends over to hang

out. It was a pretty big tent, with the outer part for storage and inner part

for sleeping. My brother had spent most of the week in it but

I had it for the weekend. I invited my friend Lauren over, we figured we could

stay up late gossiping and reading some mags whilst not being in the stuffy

house (English houses dont have air con.).

Friday night rolls around and Lauren arrived. Lauren has been a close friend

for a long time. She was pretty tall, had red hair, a very attractive figure

and was a little wild at times. We went out to the tent, put our stuff inside,

then came back inside to get some food and drink for the night.

My parents always locked the house, even with us outside, but they were

getting up early in the morning to spend the day at the Golf Club. Dad loved

playing and mum could work out. So we get in the tent pretty early, the light

was still decent so we are sharing gossip. I decide to tell Lauren about my

france story. She went nuts, wanted to know all about it. Wanted to know how I

was feeling, what was said, what happened, I mean everything! After a little

while when I answered all her questions she said she needed the bathroom and

went inside, when she got back she said we should play games again. I was not

a big fan of this. We were in the back garden of my house, my entire familty

was inside, our house had neighbors in each side and the back that could see

into the garden if they were awake. Now out the front of the house was fields

and not as many people.

So we came up with the idea of rolling a dice and picking a dare based off the

number. We each wrote down three dares and put them folded up on the floor. If

it was odds I drew, even Lauren drew. I rolled first and it was even. Lauren

drew from the pile, it was one of my dares. "Hug the apple tree, and tell it

you love it". Lauren got up and did it, came back in and sat down. We rolled a

few more times with results being a few stories and truths (both of my dares).

On the 4th roll I knew that she would be rolling and one of us would get one

of her dares, I just hoped that it wasn't anything crazy.

She rolled a 5, so I drew. I read the scrap of paper. "Sleep naked". Well this

wasn't good, at least it wasn't public I thought, but embarassing enough. So I

got out of the inner part fo the tent and into the outer part. I took my

sleeping back with me, put my socks, shorts, panties, bra and t shirt into a

zip up adidas bag. The kind where the zip has two zippers so you can run a

small lock through or string when you are flying. As I was about to get into

my sleeping bag, I hear my dad right outside the tent say "OK, we are off to

bed, do you need anything else from in the house?" I said "No" and prayed he

didnt come in. He didnt and went inside, I could hear him locking the back

door.

I got into my sleeping bag and hopped back into the inner tent. Lauren was

giggling away. If I pulled the sleeping bag up it just made it to my armpits.

But that was a mission.

I rolled a 4, so Lauren picked out a dare, since it was one of hers I thought

things would get even. It said "Be tickled for 30 seconds". Now this was

awkward, I couldn't tickle her for 30 seconds whilst keeping the sleeping bag

up. I said that to her, she thought for a second. "How about I sleep naked

also?". I said that was fine, so she stepped outside and put her clothes in

the bag, then hopped back inside. She lay back done, there was 1 scrap left.

She rolled a 4 also, picked up the sheet. "Both get into the same sleeping

bag". Lauren then explained, I thought this would be a fun one to start off

with not now. This was frankly a little weird. We decided not too do it.

Lauren then said "Well if we arent doing this how about I sleep naked also and

lock the bag with our clothes in, we can get the key in the morning from your

room". The penny dropped. How was it that Lauren had locks, dice and paper? I

asked her, she said when she went to the bathroom she got the stuff from my

room and my brothers room, along with some other stuff. I rolled my eyes. "OK,

lock the bag".

New Story - Part 2

Mon Jul 23, 2007

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New Story - Part 2

So after locking the bag and placing it in the outer part of the tent we spent

a while talking and reading by torch light. Times started to pass and we got

tired so we fell asleep, we figured in the morning we would get up get into

the house and get the key to get our clothes, or get new clothes from my

bedroom. Either way it was all good.

I slept well, I had a sense of excitement the whole time at feeling the

sleeping bag directly on my skin. It felt rough in places and every time I

moved it felt pretty good. Lauren fell asleep pretty quick also.

The next morning I awoke at about 7am I guess, I rolled over and saw Lauren

was still asleep. She was laying on her side and the sleeping bag had slid

down to just below her breasts. I could see why the guys liked her. It made me

realise that I was still naked in the sleeping bag. I lay there and listened

to the nice sound of rain hitting the top of tent, one of the best sounds that

there is.

I heard Dad open the back door and yell out "Good morning ladies". I sat up

and yelled good morning back. He must have had an early tee time. Lauren woke

up also and pulled her sleeping bag up. She wasnt so bold and excited now as

she was last night. After about 20 minutes we saw no movement in the house, it

was raining a little, but realy had cleared up, the sun was coming out and it

looked to be a glorious day.

I peeked out of the tent doorway, saw the the coast looked clear and Lauren

and I moved across the garden to the conservatory doors. They were open so we

went inside, as we reached the door to the main house I heard my Dad yell "I

will go and check". He was obviously talking to my mum and wanted to see if we

were inside or not. Our conservatory was entirely glass apart from the perspex

roof.

Running back to the tent would result in considerable embarassment. I ran

behind the sofa and lay down, Lauren followed very shorty and did the same. I

heard the footsteps of someone through the conservatory out into the back,

look inside the tent and come back inside. The conservatory door was locked

and then the door to the house was closed. I guess after looking inside the

tent and seeing no signs of us Dad decided we had gotten up already.

I looked over the sofa after a few minutes and saw that all the lights in the

main house were off, so I moved over the house door and it was locked. Lauren

and I were now trapped in the conservatory.

I looked at the thermometer and it said 65. Not too bad I thought. The problem

was the conservatory was that it would heat up very fast, its just like a

greenhouse. There was no air con and no fans. We had no way to get out of

there. Plus every house had a pretty good view of it. An hour later the sun

had warmed the place up to 85. The air was stuffy and I was glad not to be

claustaphobic. We sat behind the sofa for fear of being seen. We could see the

neighbors in the garden, cutting grass and gardening. Everytime I saw movement

my hear sped up. I could feel the

adrenaline kick in and at the same time I wanted to be seen. It was quite

conflicting. 30 minutes later the room was up to 90. I had started sweating.

Which was pretty gross. I looked at Lauren and she was hot too. We were both a

little nervous about the situation.

After another 30 minutes, we were covered head to toe in sweat. It was tough

to keep it out of your eyes. I looked over at the glass and saw a reflection

that I wont forget. Our hair was a mess, sweat streamed down us and we were

shining (I cannot describe it in any other way) head to toe. Lauren starting

laughing, "We look like those chicks from your brothers porno". We had caught

him watching porn a while back and the girls were oiled and wrestling. We both

laughed, but not too loudly as we didn't want the neighbors looking over.

I then heard the best sound ever, the house door being unlocked, then

footsteps and the conservatory door was unlocked. You could feel the

temperature drop. I snuck a peek of my brother walking to the tent. I didnt

know whether to ask him for help, but I didnt think Lauren would appreciate

that. She gave me one of her looks. So we kept quiet, he came back carrying

our adidas bag. As he worked across the conservatory I heard mum ask him where

we were. I didnt hear his reply. She obviously had changed her mind about

working out. This made me sweat even worse, the last thing I wanted was to get

caught again. What would my parents think of me? Lauren must have thinking the

same thing and said "I guess this is how you felt in France?", I nodded. My

heart was going 5,000 beats a second, I was just worried about getting caught

and the thought of going into the house vanished. We ran back to the tent and

sat down.