**Naked in the Park**

by[Xarth](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=989888&page=submissions)©

I examined myself briefly in the mirror before leaving my room, instinctively making sure I looked okay even though I had no plans for anyone getting a good look at me. I smoothed out my old, slightly-too-big shirt but couldn't quite get rid of the wrinkles from where it had been balled up in my drawer for too long. Before the temptation to change became too strong I jerked my gaze away from my reflection and walked out into the hallway. My outfit was specifically chosen for being easy to get in and out of and me not having any particular desire to keep it clean. I didn't want to change that just because of a brief impulse of vanity.

Lisa, my roommate, was in the kitchen as I went by and saw me before I could slip past. She followed me to the front door of our apartment and caught up as I put on my sneakers.

"Are you going out again?" she asked, despite the answer being obvious.

"Yeah," I said.

"Dammit Amy, one of these days you're going to tell me where you go. I'll find out on my own if I have to."

I knew she'd been getting increasingly curious lately, and I would have been too in her position. Where exactly did a twenty-year-old girl go in the evening on a semi-regular basis dressed like it was always laundry day? Nowhere I could think of, making a cover story fairly difficult. So far she hadn't pushed too hard, but that wouldn't last forever.

"I'll tell you some day," I promised. "Just not right now."

"Yeah yeah, you keep saying that."

Lisa rolled her eyes, but turned away and let me go without further comment. I really did want to tell her, I just didn't know how. Plus I was kind of worried she'd think it was too weird.

Shrugging to myself I left the apartment and headed for the nearby park that was my usual destination. It was starting to get dark out and was almost at the perfect level of light for my purposes. I still needed to be able to see, but the less clearly anyone else could the better.

As I was hoping the park wasn't too busy when I got there, but had a few people visible here and there. Too many people around and I'd have to give up for the night; no one around made things too easy.

I attracted no attention as I made my way down one of the main paths and eventually turned off onto a familiar but seldom used side route. My hiding spot was as deserted as it always was, a large tree blocking the view from anyone walking by and giving me a place to leave my clothes.

I loved the feeling I got just before I started to strip, that sense of nervous excitement that only intensified as my shirt came off followed closely by my pants. I had nothing on underneath and was quickly naked except for my socks and sneakers. This was what I couldn't tell Lisa, what I couldn't tell anybody really. How was I supposed to say "oh by the way I like being naked in public"?

Maybe public was too strong a word. I didn't actually want anyone to see me, I just wanted the threat of it happening. Hence the park at a time of day when the number of people I had to dodge was fairly low.

Peeking out from behind my safety tree I confirmed that there was no one in sight and stepped back onto the trail. There was a slight breeze that played over my skin as I moved, making me tingle delightfully in places that were normally covered. My nipples stiffened almost immediately at the combination of the slightly cool air and the excitement of the situation.

Taking a deep breath I walked back to the junction with the path I'd left earlier. I tried to move normally, always tricky when I wanted to be looking everywhere at once and jump for cover at the slightest sound.

I froze as I heard talking from up ahead and glanced to either side to make sure I had somewhere to hide if I had to, but the voices passed quickly and I decided they must not be coming my way. I crept forward cautiously until I reached a point where I could just make out two guys walking away from me in no particular hurry. After giving them a generous head start I followed in the same general direction since they were headed the way I'd been planning on going anyway.

I was even more alert as I continued down the more traveled path. There was an increased chance of someone coming along, plus overhead lights every so often which made me far too visible as I passed under them. They did add to the fun along with the risk however.

Already my pussy was getting wet and I knew from past experience that if I went long enough it would start dripping down the inside of my legs without even being touched. Sometimes when I thought about it I couldn't understand why simply being exposed like this was enough to affect me in ways that nothing else ever had, but the fact was that it did. The best orgasms I'd ever had were the direct results of my recently discovered exhibitionist streak.

There was a guy coming toward me from the opposite direction, but I had plenty of time to duck behind a tree before he got close enough to see anything. I felt a weird sense of disappointment as he passed by without so much as suspecting anything and I almost wished he would have made things a little harder for me.

Once his footsteps faded away and he was unlikely to turn around and see me I reached down and stroked my fingers around the edges of my pussy. It was an okay spot to masturbate and I'd made do with worse before, but I held off for the moment. I was hoping for a close call that really got my adrenaline going and made the resulting orgasm so much more intense. It wasn't always possible to get that since it all came down to luck, but when it happened it was so, so worth it.

I smiled as I remembered the time a woman had stopped for a cigarette by the tree I'd chosen to hide behind. I'd been so afraid she'd discover me eventually and I'd had to flatten myself to the ground and crawl away, hoping that I could get far enough away without being spotted. As far as I knew I got away clean, but just the thought of how close it had been was enough to fuel my imagination for several nights afterward.

As I continued onward I came to an area where the path skirted around a small lake. It was one of my favorite stretches to walk because the trees thinned out and cover became more scarce, making the experience that much scarier and more thrilling. The option of jumping into the water to escape being seen was the only reason I could justify the risk to myself, though that was a more extreme measure than I liked. Plus it wasn't exactly subtle.

There were benches spaced irregularly along the path, but they were seldom used at this time of day. Sitting and admiring your surroundings lost some of its appeal when you couldn't actually see all that much. Despite that, as I approached one bench I picked out two people sitting in it facing away from the path and out over the lake. They were near a light which would expose me completely as I passed, and I'd be close enough they wouldn't even need it. On the other hand, they weren't looking.

I kept walking as my breathing grew unsteady and my stomach fluttered nervously. Soon I would be close enough that if one of them turned they'd see me and realize exactly how unclothed I was.

I had no idea how I forced my legs to keep moving forward or how I stopped myself from turning around right there. Every sensible part of my brain was yelling at me to back off and head a different direction, seeming to get louder the closer I got. With every step I fully expected one of them to glance at me, even just briefly. As soon as they did they'd notice that I was naked and tell the other. I'd have two people staring at me and my fully exposed body. Just the thought sent an almost painful throb through my clit. This was exactly the sort of situation I craved even if it terrified me beyond all reason while it was happening.

Sooner than I would have expected I was beyond the couple and had once again reached a temporary safe zone with no one around. To them I must have just been another set of footsteps passing by since they apparently had absolutely no interest in my presence.

The next step was to find somewhere with a modicum of privacy. My pussy was begging for stimulation and I felt as though the inside of my thighs were completely coated with my juices, though I knew it couldn't be that bad in reality. My clit too was threatening to force me to the ground where I stood, anything just as long as I touched it soon.

The first real possibility was the next park bench I came to, once again facing away from the path and also not particularly near any sources of light. It was questionable whether it would actually hide me from any curious eyes, but I was at a point where that didn't matter to me.

I slipped onto the bench and immediately spread my legs, pressing my fingers hard against my aching clit. In a matter of seconds I came and sighed happily at finally experiencing some relief. I didn't stop there and kept my fingers busy on my pussy and clit as I worked up to a second orgasm following close behind my first.

Cumming twice was enough for me to settle down a little and for my movements to become less urgent. I lazily stroked my pussy lips as I recovered from back-to-back orgasms, then brought my hand up to my face. My fingers were covered in my girl-cum as I expected, and I brought them unhesitatingly to my mouth. Tasting myself wasn't all that common for me, but I liked to do it sometimes when I was really turned on. And I was definitely turned on.

After sucking my fingers somewhat clean I dropped them right back down to my pussy again. I was calmer this time, and more controlled. I teased myself a little, circling around the areas that most wanted my touch and only gradually approaching them.

While I played with myself I thought back to the feeling of walking by that couple on the bench. They couldn't have been more than a few feet away at the closest point, close enough that they would have seen absolutely everything had they bothered to look. I tried to recapture the exact sensations of fear and excitement that I'd experienced, though of course it was impossible to do from the relative safety of my current position.

I was focused intensely enough on my thoughts and getting off again that I wasn't paying any attention to my surroundings. The sound of a voice approaching suddenly pulled me back to the real world and I whipped my head around toward the noise. There was a guy on a cell phone coming toward me on the path and already was close enough that if I moved he'd definitely notice me.

My mind raced through my options as I stared like an idiot before finally remembering to turn back around in my seat. As best I could I tried to sit still and act like nothing was strange about me, like there was nothing to see and her should just move along. The back of the bench protected me somewhat and I tried to slide down a little farther as inconspicuously as I could. I couldn't run without exposing myself, I just had to hope the guy was distracted enough by his conversation that he wouldn't look twice at me.

He got closer and closer, his words changing from indistinct mumbles to sentences that I could make out clearly mixed with pauses as whoever was on the other end responded. I didn't dare turn to look again, I only had my ears to gauge his movement. I waited for his footsteps to falter or for him to say something that let me know he'd picked up on my state of undress. If her did, I'd have to run for it and hope he didn't see my face. I'd still be seen but it wouldn't be as bad as it could be. As he passed by me at the closest point I held my breath and willed my heart to stop beating so damn loud, as if it was going to give me away somehow.

Then he was past me and continuing on without acknowledging my presence in the slightest. When I was sure it was safe I finally glanced up again and saw that cell phone guy was far enough away that, short of him turning around and coming back, I was safe.

My shoulders sagged in relief and my breath came out in one long sigh while my heart rate slowly gave up trying to set a new record. Now that it was over my terrified emotional state quickly gave way to horniness. I had been so, so close to being caught that time with absolutely no way out except to just sit where I was and hope. That was exactly the sort of thing I wanted and already my clit was pleading to be touched again.

It was like those two orgasms I'd just had moments ago didn't count and I was back at square one. My need to cum was as intense as ever and except for my wrist being a little tired I may as well have dreamed that I had masturbated already.

Ignoring any protests from my arm I frigged myself fast and hard with my eyes closed and my mouth open, allowing me to breathe as freely as possible. Any number of people could have come along in those next few minutes and I never would have known, my only was concern was building myself up to orgasm and crashing down onto the waves of pleasure that coursed through my body.

If not for my physical limitations I could have been there for hours. As it was my fingers grew tired and my pussy lips sore long before that. I lay panting on the hard surface of the bench recovering for a while afterward before finally dragging myself to my feet and trying to remember which way I had come from.

I was drained and still quite naked with full dark rapidly closing in, but I was happy. I almost started whistling as I trekked back to my clothes and only barely had enough awareness left to realize it might not be a very clever thing to do.

Only one other person passed me as I walked back and it hardly even seemed worth the effort of hiding, though I did anyway out of what little sense of self-preservation was still functioning. I was completely unprepared for what I found as I approached the tree where I'd left my clothing.

I almost walked straight into whoever it was without even realizing he was there, but heard the sounds of movement just in time to change course. As I peeked carefully at the scene before me my brain kicked back into gear and my heart sank. There was a figure, it looked like a man, with a dog on a leash and poking experimentally at the pile I'd left there. Fucking dog, I'd never even considered that one of them may have sniffed out my clothes and gone to investigate. What were they even doing going for a walk at this time of day?

I was looking for something to blame for my own lack of foresight and I knew it, but what else could I do other than watch helplessly? I always knew there was a chance I wouldn't be able to retrieve my clothes, I'd just never followed the thought far enough to have a backup plan. Fortunately I had nothing of value in my pockets, nothing to identify me either, and the shirt and pants themselves were expendable. My problem was how the fuck was I going to get back to my apartment without them?

Sure enough as the dog-walker stood up he took my clothes with him and pulled his dog along with him. I think the dog actually caught on that I was there, luckily it wasn't allowed further exploring or I'd have had to run away from it on top of everything else.

I slunk away from the scene with no destination in mind and no idea what to do. I had options, but none of them particularly appealed to me. The best ones were probably just to try getting home undetected, or accost one of the people still hanging around the area and beg a sweater or something, just enough that I wouldn't be completely naked. The latter option meant I would definitely be seen and there was no way around it, the former gave me a chance of success although it was far too slim for my liking. Plus if I had to get to the door of my apartment it would mean risking running into someone I lived next to rather than a stranger I might never have to see again.

I wandered for a while, no plan, no clothes, and starting to get legitimately scared in a way that wasn't nearly as sexy anymore. I tried to take deep breaths and remind myself that even if someone did see me it wasn't exactly the end of the world, but it didn't help that much.

Whether through sheer luck or because my subconscious was an absolute genius in disguise, I ended up near the couple on the bench I'd passed earlier. They were still exactly where I'd left them and I fully intended just to go by again and pay no attention when my eye caught something. Draped over the back of the bench was something that looked remarkably like a jacket. I stood frozen in place as I stared at the holy grail of my current existence, a way out of the situation I'd stupidly gotten into. It still wouldn't be foolproof, nor was it entirely ethical, but it was the very best chance I had.

I crept up behind them, focusing on being quiet rather than staying hidden since that was impossible anyway, until I was only a few feet away. That jacket was just lying there waiting for me and all I had to do was reach out and take it. The question was could I do it without being noticed.

My backup plan was simply to grab and run, but before that I wanted to at least try getting away clean. If I could somehow manage to do this silently there was a very good chance they wouldn't even know I'd been there until they got up to leave.

As carefully as I could I shuffled forward a little more and reached out to grasp the jacket. It made almost no noise sliding against the wooden back of the bench, but almost no noise is not the same as no noise. I saw the guy start to turn before I was completely finished and I immediately broke out plan B.

He must have seen me, both of them probably, but I'll never know for sure. I fled for all I was worth without once looking back or letting go of my prize. It was dark enough now that dodging around trees and uneven ground was quite a stupid thing to be doing, on the other hand it beat the alternative as far as I was concerned.

I don't think I was actually chased at all, I heard no sign of pursuit and when I finally stopped running I was as alone as I could hope for. I stood panting for a few moments, then broke into an uncontrollable giggling fit of sheer relief. Sure that couple may have gotten to see my naked ass as I was running away, but I was otherwise nearly home-free. And there was no way they would have known who I was anyway.

After the trouble I'd gone through it was time to try on the jacket. It fit me, which was a good start, and it covered what it needed to, although it wasn't quite long enough for me to be truly comfortable. If I didn't keep it tugged down as far as it would go it had a tendency to ride up and expose my butt. It obviously wasn't meant to go down too much below the waist, but If I kept my hands in the pockets and pulled downward constantly I found I could walk without acting too abnormally.

It wasn't a particularly long way back to where I'd originally entered the park, and once I made it that far I was leaving the safety of the relatively deserted park. Not that the streets were all that busy either, but there were cars going by every now and then, and the occasional pedestrian as well. The drivers wouldn't have a chance to get a good look at me and the jacket would protect me from their casual glances, it was anyone sharing the sidewalk with me I'd have to worry about.

Perversely, as I made my way back to my apartment I started getting horny again. The knowledge that I was barely covered down to below my crotch and that anyone getting too close would pick up on that was almost as bad as not having anything on at all as far as my pussy was concerned. As I dodged across the street to avoid someone walking toward me I could feel the effect my pussy juices once again flowing and threatening to embarrass me further if I wasn't careful.

A car honked as it passed by me and I didn't dare look up to see if I was the cause or not. I tugged down a little more firmly on my jacket in case it was sliding up my butt again and trudged onward with my head down and my eyes scanning the path ahead for any obstacles.

After what seemed like an excruciatingly long time I made it to my front door. I'd been far luckier than I deserved that none of the neighbors had decided to pop outside inconveniently as I went by, and now all I had to do was get inside. The door was locked as I expected, but Lisa should still be in. I hoped.

I knocked on the door a little louder than I intended, finally realizing just how fucked I was if my roommate had decided to go out for the night unexpectedly. I knocked again frantically while looking around wildly to make sure I was still alone. Just before I tried a third time the door swung open and I experienced a huge wave of relief.

"Alright, alright. I'm...."

Lisa stopped short as she caught sight of me and trailed off with whatever rebuking statement she had prepared for me.

"Can I come in?" I asked when she didn't move to let me by at first.

"Oh, yeah. Right."

I gratefully slipped by Lisa into the apartment as she closed the door and kicked off my sneakers.

"Should I even ask?" she said, eyeing me critically.

I was half-naked, wearing someone else's jacket, and my damn pussy was beginning to seriously lubricate the inside of my thighs again. There wasn't a single story I could hope to give her that would explain it all away.

On the other hand, I was feeling good. I'd gotten off enough times already that night to probably make a new personal best, and the disaster I'd seen coming hadn't happened. All the worrying I'd done about what Lisa's reaction would be if she ever found out what I was doing just didn't seem like a big deal at that moment.

"Tell you what," I said. "Let me go get changed and I'll tell you all about it."