**Not How I Planned It**

by Nature Lover

**Not How I Planned It - Part 1**

I blame my little brother.

Okay, I know that doesn’t make sense, but I need to blame somehow for how I wound up naked walking farther and farther away from my clothes. And it was his friend’s house that was part of the problem, so that’s why I’m blaming him. Plus, little brothers are always to blame.

I should probably explain.

My family lives in a quiet suburb of a big city. Nice houses but smaller yards, so most homes have fences around their property to maintain a little privacy. Not much privacy though – anyone on the second floor of their house can see into the yard next door. Some houses have those security lights that turn on when there’s movement and light up half the backyards on the street – which was also part of the problem.

Like I said, I blame my little brother.

My name is Caroline. I’m a 19 year old freshman at a university a couple hours away. Just far enough that my parents can’t drop by whenever they want, but close enough that I can go home for a weekend if -I- want. Which is where I am now (okay, which is -close- to where I am now, though for some reason I’m still walking -away- from my house). It’s the four-day fall break in October and my first trip back home since college started. If you didn’t know, fall break is a thing at some schools now – it’s not as long as spring break or winter vacation, but it’s a long weekend right about when midterms happen so most students who can leave campus go somewhere. My roommate grew up closer to our school and sees her parents a lot more so she went to a friend’s lake house for a girls’ weekend. They invited me, but for this first fall break I wanted to see my family. Plus, this way I don’t have to spend any of my own money on food.

I should have gone to the lake house.

Twice now on my floor we’ve played truth or dare – the last time was two weeks before fall break. The first time was move in weekend and the second time was a month or so later. No one really knew anyone else well enough to do anything crazy, plus we still have most of the year to go living on the same floor, so it was mostly truths. The second time a couple people did dares to run around the floor in their underwear, or had to make out with someone else for 30 seconds, but no nudity. From some of the stories told as “truth”, however, I’m thinking it won’t be much longer before the naked dares start.

There was one story that got to me. A girl a few rooms down had to tell everyone the most embarrassing thing that had ever happened to her. I don’t think she was expecting that one, because her eyes got big, her voice went quiet, and her face turned red, so we knew it must be something good. She told us about a time earlier that summer when her parents were taking her brother and his friend to a major league baseball game a few hours away, so there were going to be gone all day and she was going to have the house to herself. She lives in some rich gated community – much bigger yards, and in her case her house was at the top of a slight hill which meant that no one could see into her backyard.

It was a beautiful day so she was going to spend most of it laying out by their pool. After the whole family ate breakfast her parents and brother drove away to get his friend while she went upstairs to change into a bikini and get a towel. She actually waited awhile before going back downstairs just in case her family forgot something and turned around, because she didn’t want her brother to see her in her suit. About an hour after they left she went outside, taking her phone to set an alarm so if she fell asleep she wouldn’t sleep the whole day away.

Natalie (her name was Natalie) was the worst – beautiful face, beautiful body, and really nice, which meant you couldn’t hate her. She knew she had the looks, but she didn’t flaunt it. Some boyfriends in high school, but most were way too aggressive for her. Earlier in the game she admitted she was still a virgin, but lots of kids are before they get to college, so she wasn’t that embarrassed.

Anyway, she told herself at the start of the summer that she needed to push herself if she was going to succeed in college – she had to try new things and be comfortable with who she was. After going for a swim and laying out on her towel to dry off under the sun, she realized that she had the backyard to herself for the whole day – the neighbors couldn’t see over the fence and her family wouldn’t be back until later that night. She hated how tan lines would show up when she wore certain dresses, so after thinking about it for a moment, she decided to take her top off. Not confidently and not right away, though – she had to check to see that no one could see in to her backyard (even though she grew up in that house and knew no one could see in) and then looked at the back door as if someone was going to walk through the moment she took her top off. No one did (duh – no one else was home) so she slowly untied first the lower knot on her back, and then the knot behind her neck, and held the front of the suit to her breasts for a moment, before pulling it all the way off and setting her top on the ground. She sat still like that for a few minutes, breathing deep to calm herself (which probably made her breasts move up and down a lot) and then finally lying down – on her stomach, just to be safe.

After lying there for awhile she started to wonder if she might possibly be able to take off the bottom of her suit. She knew that if anyone somehow caught her topless she could still cover up in an instant – she’d be embarrassed, but not mortified. If she was completely naked, though, the only way to cover up would be with the towel that she was lying on – by the time she stood up and wrapped it around her it would be too late. But it wasn’t as if she was expecting anyone, and anyway the gate to the fence was locked – someone would have to come through the house, and her family was gone for the day.

Natalie was wearing the kind of bikini bottom with ties on either side, so she didn’t have to stand up, she just untied both sides at once, but without taking the suit off – it laid there over the curves of her bottom (she was still lying on her stomach, remember) but it felt different – it wasn’t tight to her body anymore and in fact a strong wind could blow it off any time. After lying there for another moment, she pulled the suit all the way off and set it next to her top. She was now naked in her backyard for the first time.

Her heart was pounding so hard she was sure she’d never be able to calm down enough to fall asleep, but she didn’t want to risk anything and so she set her phone alarm to go off in three hours – she’d probably be hungry for lunch by then anyway, and wondered if she’d be put her suit on before going inside or just fix lunch while she was naked.

She didn’t get that far.

As her parents would tell her later, they were about an hour away from home when they came upon a huge accident on the highway, the kind that shuts down traffic both directions and there’s nothing to do but wait. There was nothing around them but forest so they couldn’t take another road even if they could get out of the traffic. Finally after waiting for an hour a cop on a motorcycle came alongside – he was going car by car to tell people it was a major accident and wouldn’t be cleared for hours. They could wait, or they could drive along the shoulder about a hundred yards to one of those emergency-only crossovers and turn around to go back home. Which is what her parents decided to do – by the time the accident would be cleared they would have missed the game, so they turned around. What they -didn’t- do was call Natalie to tell her they were coming home early.

As luck would have it (bad luck in Natalie’s mind but good luck for her brother and his friend) her family came home about an hour before her alarm went off. Plenty of time for her to have fallen asleep. And to have rolled over so she was lying on her back.

Her parents didn’t actually come in the house – they decided not to waste the day and so dropped the boys off while they went someplace, an art gallery or something like that, while the boys decided to stay home watch the baseball game they were missing. After going in the kitchen for some food, the kitchen that faced the backyard and the pool.

To this day Natalie’s brother won’t tell her if he or his friend have any naked pictures of her. He swears he doesn’t, but Natalie said he always says it with this little smile which makes her not believe him. His said that when he saw her outside without any clothes on he tried to tell his friend not to look but his friend didn’t listen, so being the good brother he ran out to wake her up right away so she could cover herself. Except not long after he woke her up her phone alarm went off. When she later asked her parents what time they had dropped off the boys, she did the math and realized her brother and his friend had been home for an -hour- before waking her up. How long had they known she was outside naked? Did they take any pictures? Did they do anything else??

Anyway, her brother knows that if any naked photos of her ever show up somewhere that he’s done – his parents will punish him like never before. But she’s sure there are pictures out there somewhere, and she admitted she’s sometimes turned on thinking about how she doesn’t know which of his friends might have them.

So back to me and my problem. Well, my current problem. My -first- problem was how aroused I was listening to Natalie’s story. I’m also a virgin, but I’ve had orgasms before. I knew I could probably go back to my room and lie there thinking about what she went through and get myself off, but that would have been way too obvious to everyone else why I suddenly left the lounge. Instead, I started thinking about going

 home for fall break and wondering if I could try to go naked in -my- backyard. My backyard with the neighbors a lot closer and a fence that didn’t hide anything.

**Not How I Planned It - Part 2**

Fast forward to fall break. Two weeks later and I was still thinking about Caroline being caught in her own backyard and not knowing whether her brother or his friend had taken any pictures of her while she was asleep and sunbathing naked. We didn’t have a pool, but we did have a backyard. The first night I was home it was raining, but the second night was perfect – cool with a slight breeze.

I waited until after my family had fallen asleep. My brother still had school the next day and wasn’t allowed to stay up late on a school night, so I knew I would be okay. Still, I waited until about 2am before going downstairs (dressed) and walking outside.

My brother’s old treehouse was still there, though with a hammock instead of the swings. The slide and other stuff were only for when our younger cousins came to visit. After lying in the hammock for a few minutes, I decided to climb into the treehouse. It was higher, about as high as the fence, but it also had “walls” and a roof so it felt less exposed. For my experiment I had only worn a t-shirt and shorts, no underwear or bra (I didn’t want to get dirt on those – might be too much to explain if my mom did my laundry as I was hoping she would). After some deep breaths I decided to take my clothes off, shorts first then t-shirt (it was long enough to cover my butt so I wasn’t exposed right away) and send them down the slide – that way I couldn’t get them right away and would have to come out of hiding.

I realized that of the two houses on either side, one was a couple with a toddler and they always went to sleep early (or at least all the house lights were always off early) and the other was an elderly couple. The house across the alley where my brother's best friend lived could also see into the backyard, though not as well, but their family was out of town this weekend, or at least that’s what my parents told me when I asked how the neighbors were doing. Being naked in my backyard wasn’t quite as daring as I first thought.

But being naked in the alley behind my house certainly would be.

We had a gate in our backyard fence that we could use to get through to the alley – useful for taking out trash and recycling each week. I couldn’t quite work the gate latch but after a minute I got the gate open. I remember my dad saying he replaced the latch soon after I went away to college, but I had assumed he got the same kind as before. Nope – different latch, different way to open the gate, and a different way it closed.

What dear old dad never mentioned was that unlike the previous latch, which could be opened from the alley-side, this latch was more secure. Some nearby break-ins convinced him to get one that locked from the inside and couldn’t be opened from the outside unless a little slide was moved to keep the latch from locking. I didn’t move the slide. I didn’t know it just yet, but now I was naked in the alley and locked out of my own backyard.

I walked a few feet away from the (locked) gate, and started to go into the middle of the alley when it happened. A couple blocks down someone had pulled out of their garage into the alley. I froze – I couldn’t see anything around them except the car’s headlights as small points and realized they were probably too far away to see me just yet, but that would change fast! After standing there without even thinking enough to cover up I darted back to my gate. I was going to run into my backyard, except the gate wouldn’t open – the new latch was locked from the inside! I was starting to panic when I realized the lights were turning – the car was leaving the alley and turning on a street, driving away. No honking, no shouts, so I’m pretty sure they didn’t see me – the alley doesn’t have street lights, after all. I didn’t realize I had stopped breathing, but suddenly I started doing so really fast, my breasts moving up and down with each breath.

My heart was also still pounding – not just from the close call but because I realized I had no way back to my yard! Climbing the fence wasn’t an option – all the boards had those triangle points at the top, plus there weren’t any steps or footholds and I’m not strong enough to pull myself up with my arms. I was going to have to go out the alley and around to the street and back down my driveway to where the treehouse slide and my clothes were. There was only one direction to go since the other end of the alley ended in a ravine – way too many trees, roots, etc. on a hill and I would still have to get around the house at the end and back to my street. So I started walking in the direction of the headlights I had just seen – they wouldn’t be coming back right away, would they?

My courage gone, I was walking really slowly with one hand covering up below and one hand trying to cover my breasts. The alley had all sorts of rocks and gravel so I couldn’t walk too fast without stepping on something and hurting my bare feet. Fortunately it was getting a little easier to see the ground. It took me a couple of seconds to realize the reason was because it was getting lighter around me. But the alley didn’t have streetiights…oh my God, there was a car coming up behind me!

It had to be close because (1) there weren’t that many houses between mine and the ravine at the dead end, and (2) I could start to see my own shadow on the ground which meant this car could –definitely- see my naked body, at least from behind. This time I didn’t freeze, however, I immediately turned and ran through the one open gate I could see, closing it as soon as I was through.

The car, which must have been driving really slowly as they sneaked up behind me which would explain why I didn’t hear it sooner, suddenly sped up and drove away, as though the driver knew the show was over. I waited another minute before deciding to see if the coast was clear, the whole time forgetting that I was standing naked in someone’s yard – and I didn’t even know which yard I had run into, everything happened so fast.

I went to open the gate except it wouldn’t budge. I tried pulling as hard as I could but nothing. I felt for the latch thinking I was on the inside, surely the gate wouldn’t lock from the -inside-, right? No lock, but then I realized the problem. This was my brother’s best friend’s house, the one on the other side of the alley from our house. Something about their yard and their fence being uneven meant that you had to actually lift up their gate in order to pull it open. While it was easy to close, it required a ton of strength open it again. My 14-year old brother and his best friend always have to work together to get it open – there’s no way I can do it by myself, and they're supposed to be out of town anyway. Even if they're home, I’m not about to wake up his friend to ask for help! “Um, hi – sorry for being naked on your front porch, but can you help me lift up your gate so I can run around the alley without any clothes on?” Not happening.

I started to walk along the narrow path from their gate, moving closer to their house. I was next to their garage so I couldn’t see much yet. As I walked a few more feet and could see their whole house, I noticed a light was still on - they were probably one of those families that always leaves a light on when they're out of town, so I just tried to ignore it.

What I couldn’t ignore, was that as soon as I got to the front of the garage, their backyard suddenly lit up like it was daytime – they had one of those stupid security lights, the kind that turns on as soon as it detects movement! Unfortunately it -doesn’t- turn off if you stop moving, which is what I had just done, so for a few seconds I was just standing naked in my neighbor’s really brightly lit backyard. Then I saw -another- light turn on in the house and I knew someone was home! And probably about to look outside to see what was going on!

I took off down their driveway to the street. Unlike the alley this street had streetlights so I could see the ground a lot better, but anyone looking outside could also see -me- a lot better! Instead of trying to cover as much as I could, I just put my hands over my breasts so they wouldn’t bounce while I ran down the block. The wrong way toward the dead end at the end of -this- block.

When I ran through the gate across the alley and then down the driveway to get out of our neighbor’s yard, I wasn’t paying attention and turned the wrong direction. It would have been the correct direction had I run through a gate on -my- side of the alley, but when I chose to go to the -other- side, I forgot I wasn’t going the same way anymore.

I slowed down and stopped next to a car on the street – at least it hid me (kind of) from the nearest street light. As I tried to catch my breath, all I could think was holy hell, I was outside running around the streets in the middle of the night and I was completely naked. No shoes, just my bare feet, my bare ass, my bare breasts, and, well, my bare everything. I had probably just been spotted by my brother's best friend or his family, and I was getting further away from my house and my clothes.

It was going to get worse before it got better.

**Not How I Planned It - Part 3**

Shit! A car just turned onto this street - why are so many people awake at this hour and why are they all driving around my neighborhood???

I was crouched down behind a parked car, hiding in the shadow it cast from a nearby streetlight. Problem was, there was nothing between me and the -moving- car that was headed this way! I had to move.

Staying crouched down, I duck-walked around to the front of the parked car that had been shielding me from the street light. Now the parked car was between me and the moving car, but there was nothing between me and the streetlight - if anyone in either house at the end of the street decided to look outside their windows at this moment they'd have a great view of a naked girl with her hands over her breasts and her butt sticking out, breathing quickly as she tried to figure out what to do next.

Okay, I'm at the end of a dead-end street that stops at a ravine with a little creek at the bottom. Problem is the ravine is treacherous - really steep with way too many rocks, tree roots, holes in ground, etc. Any kid playing there in the daytime had to be really careful not to slip and fall or they'd get seriously hurt. No way was I going to try it in the dark of night with my bare feet. That was out.

And no way am I'm going to run back toward the car and streak whoever is in it. I didn't notice it before, but it's probably a good thing I turned the wrong way when I ran out of my brother's friend's yard - if I had gone the other way I would have run into some sort of party, or at least a group of adults hanging out in someone's yard. Not hanging out saying goodbye and going inside, but hanging out in chairs, talking and laughing. If a naked 19-year old girl ran past them they'd definitely have something to talk about - and since this was only a block over from my house, whoever it was probably knows my parents. Hell, they probably know -me-! So that way was out as well - I'd have to cut through someone's yard. On purpose this time.

Both houses at the end of this street were dark. Probably because no one was awake, not because it was easier to watch the naked girl outside if you kept the lights off. At least I hoped that was why, since I was going to have to go through one yard or the other to get out of here.

At least the car driving this way stopped - 2 or 3 people got out and a cheer went up from the outside party so they must have been joining them. Who shows up to a party at 2am??? I guess that meant the party wasn't ending any time soon. Yeah, -definitely- not going that way.

Then I remembered that the yard on the side of the street that was closer to my own house had an outdoor dog. Not only was their entire backyard surrounded by a metal fence, meaning I'd have to climb over a fence -twice-, the dog was mean and probably wouldn't just stare at the naked girl going past but would think "hey, dinner without any packaging - tasty!" Nope, nope, nope.

(Sigh) I was going to have to go through the other yard, which would take me further away from my own house. And there was no alley behind the houses on this side of the street - they just backed up to the yards of other houses on the -next- street. At least that meant no fences, but I'd have to sneak through -two- yards, past -two- houses with -two- families - twice as many chances for people to see me naked. But zero chances to be bitten by a dog, so it's still better...I think...

The first house was easy - no lights came on as I quietly walked on the driveway to the backyard. No voices shouted and no dogs came after me. So far so good. It was just Mrs. Walters who lived there - she was an elderly lady so I wasn't too worried.

If I had known about her security camera, I would have been mortified.

I remember my parents telling me that Mr. Walters passed away right after I went to college. He was always nice to us kids so it was a loss to everyone when he died. What my parents didn't tell me, probably because they didn't know, was that Mrs. Walters had a new security system installed, including a night-vision video camera covering the backyard and driveway. Worse, it fed directly to a home security office that monitored her camera. When the security guard spotted a naked girl creeping up the driveway, he called the house and told Mrs. Walters. Mrs. Walters could reply with her code word that all was well and that it was normal for people to walk naked up her driveway, or she could tell the security office to call the police.

She had them call the police.

After giving the police the address and an explanation, the security guy made sure the video feed was recording. In case the naked girl was caught and Mrs. Walters pressed charges, they'd need the video of the naked girl for evidence.

The police were heading this way - and I was naked and clueless.

**Not How I Planned It - Part 4**

I was moving slowly again, one hand and arm over my breasts, the other hand covering my crotch, my bare ass still exposed. My friends and I had all mooned each other at one time or another so I shouldn't have been as embarrassed about having my ass out there for anyone to see, but there's something about having your bare backside exposed...maybe it's because you don't know who might be behind you, if there's someone secretly watching you...

I had moved from Mrs. Walter's yard (and the unknown security cam) to the yard behind it and was making my way to the street. I was now two blocks (and an alley) away from my house - and my clothes! The ravine kept me from turning right, so when I got to the (thankfully quiet) street I could only turn left to start making my way home. All I had to do was walk to the end of the block, turn left, go two blocks, turn left again, and my own house would be halfway down the street. A mere three and-a-half block walk. Simple, right?

Shit! Of course it wasn't that simple - the yard party or whatever it was, was on a corner house - if I didn't want to go right past it I would have to go around it, adding two more blocks to a naked adventure that was supposed to start and end in my own backyard. Five and-a-half blocks before I could get to my clothes. Five and-a-half blocks if nothing else happened.

By now I had calmed down some, enough that the cool night air and the excitement of my predicament had an interesting effect. With one hand I could feel my nipples getting hard, with the other I could feel myself getting wet - I couldn't believe I was getting turned on by this! No way was I going to have an orgasm here on the street - that would have to wait until I was safely in my bedroom...well, maybe the backyard if I can ever get there.

After alternately walking and crouching next to cars and bushes, trying to stay out of the streetlights wherever possible, I finally got to the street corner - the first one, not the second where I could "safely" go left. The blocks in our neighborhood were typical suburb - 6 or 8 houses across and next to each other, but only 2 "deep". While I was waiting at the corner, trying to work up the nerve to dash across the intersection, I could hear the voices from the yard party. There had to be at least 10 or 12 different people and I heard some female voices as well. I felt a little less scared at that; if they caught me, a mixed group would no doubt embarrass and humiliate me, but at least they (probably) wouldn't assault me and ravage my naked flesh (I really need to stop reading bad romance novels).

I couldn't bring myself to cross just yet, even though once I did I'd be moving away from them. I was crouching next to a bush that no doubt made a nice contrast - pale skin against green leaves, but I made myself believe I could hide that way. Their voices drifted my way - nothing I could really make out, too many people talking at once, laughing at different jokes.

After a moment I stood up and had just started into the intersection when I could see a car coming (seriously???) but at least this time it wasn't headed my way, it was a block over, moving parallel to my path. It stopped by the yard party (great, -more- people) but then I realized - it was a police car! One officer got out while the other drove down to the end of the street, right about where I had been 10-15 minutes earlier.

Now everyone was quiet except the cop, and I could hear him clearly in the still night air. "We had a report of a naked woman approaching the house at the end of the street. If that was one of you or a friend of yours, you should say so now - the security camera might show the person's face and you don't want to be caught lying."

I couldn't believe it - there was a second person out here na--- Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God! My heart started racing and I could barely breathe - he was talking about me!!! Mrs. Walters must have seen me...wait, did he say something about a -security camera-!?!? There was video of my naked body and someone had seen it!!!

Shit, shit, shit! I have no idea what the cops will do with a streaker, but trespassing was sure illegal.

With my pulse racing I missed what was said next, but in the meantime the cop driving the car must have reached the end of the street and turned around. The car's searchlight was on and was being aimed at the partygoers - clearly the officer driving had been shining the light at each front yard as he drove. I saw the second cop get back in, and then the car and the searchlight both started to turn - in my direction!!!

**Not How I Planned It - Part 5**

I didn't have time to think, I just hauled my (naked) ass back to the bush I had used for cover, though this time on the other side, and no crouching down either, I hit the ground fast and wiggled as close to the bush as I could get. Since it was a corner house the bush was 'L' shaped along both streets. I was as hidden as I could be from the street, knowing if anyone was awake inside the house they were getting a great show with me lying on the ground, butt up in the air as I crawled along. What they couldn't see was what was happening under me - the grass tickling my still wet pussy and my still hard nipples as I tried to blend in with the shrubbery; I was closer than ever to an orgasm with a police car 20 feet away!

Of course the car stopped at the intersection and turned. I held my breath as they started driving slowly down the street, as if retracing my steps, shining the searchlight on every yard. From this direction they couldn't see me unless they looked backwards, but I couldn't stay here - once they turned around I'd be spotted easily with that bright light.

I still couldn't go left - yard party. And now I couldn't go straight since the the spotlight could certainly reach the next block. I sure as hell wasnt going to run -toward- the police, which meant going the one direction I really didn't want to go - further away from my house.

No crouching or hiding this time, I just all out streaked the next two blocks and didn't even put my hands over my breasts as they bounced around. My fear at being seen naked was now less than my fear of getting caught by the police. Just as well that I wasn't paying attention to the houses I was running past; I would have freaked out had I realized that I ran right past some amateur astronomer and her friend who were taking nighttime photographs of the sky. One of them could see me coming and quickly told the other, who even more quickly had her high end camera ready to go, getting photos of my completely exposed naked body both coming and going. I didn't know it yet, but weeks later I would be the "star" (and the full moon) of her photography exhibit at a neighborhood art gallery.

After two blocks of flat out running I turned left, away from the ravine this time, and went two more blocks before slowing down, thinking I might be able to lose the police if I wasn't anywhere near Mrs. Walter's place. Except now I was even -further- away from my clothes! I would now have to go -six- and-a half blocks to get back home.

While I was running I had been looking behind me as much as in front of me, especially the last block or so to figure out if I had gone far enough. As a result I wasn't paying much attention to where I was going; the street I was on was one of those roads that goes from being a residential street to an office/retail street...one block back.

I had run right into the small business district on the edge of town. Lots of lights...and no bushes for cover.

I froze for a moment, shocked at where I now was. Bad news #1, lots of lights, and no bushes to hide behind. Good news, no business on this block was open this late - no one (probably) watching. Bad news #2, the intersection I was standing at (why the hell was I still standing upright, naked for all to see???) was with a cross street that saw more traffic than the residential roads. Not a lot, but enough that there was a car coming toward me from the street to my left. And another from the street to my right. And a third from the street straight ahead.

I was trapped and about to be a naked deer in lots of headlights.

The only safe way was back the way I came and pray the cops hadn't followed me this far. I turned around and ran away from the intersection - at least two of the three cars wouldn't see me, and if I was fast fast enough, maybe the car now directly behind my bare behind wouldn't see much either.

I wasn't going to try and cross to the other side of the street - that would definitely expose me too much. I didn't think I could get back to the houses on the next block, so I'd have to make my "stand" on this one (though hopefully with as little standing as possible). I had two choices - a coffee shop or an art studio. The coffee shop had a big open patio - glass tables, wire chairs, and folded umbrellas. Nothing really to hide behind.

The art studio wasn't a gallery but a teaching studio, with workshops and where anyone could go to paint or draw or whatever. There were easels, solid tables, and a few big planters, plus an awning that blocked some of the overhead light. The art studio won.

As I ran to the studio I saw there were a few planters alongside one table, and some easels stacked against it at one end. It was about as sheltered a spot as I would find, so I quickly went around and crawled under the table, backing up on all fours so I could see out.

The ground was rough - nothing tickling my pussy this time - so I stayed on all fours. A moment later I saw not only the tail lights of one car drive past, but headlights from the other direction - and a searchlight - shit, it was the cops again! It's as if they had talked with someone I recently streaked past and were told which direction I had run, such as two amateur astronomers...

I backed up further under the table, far enough my feet and legs came out the other end, on either side of the stack of easels leaning against the table, far enough that even my bare ass wasnt under the table anymore. I know this because my butt bumped into the easels.

Look, if you like painting and pretending you're a great artist, great, but respect the studio teacher when he says to clean your brushes and put all paints, water, etc. away. Don't be the a-hole who leaves an open container of paint on the nearest easel shelf, not when a naked 19-year old might bump into the easel and knock the paint over.

It took me a few seconds to realize what was happening; by the time I figured out that paint had dripped all over my bare ass there was nothing I could do but hope it would wash off later. I'm not even sure what color it was, just something dark. Maybe it would help me hide.

**Not How I Planned It - Part 6**

The paint almost did it. Twice now I found myself getting turned on by this mess - first hiding by the car on the other side of the block from Mrs. Walter's house, and later lying facedown on the grass against a bush as a police car drove by on the other side. This time, the feeling of something both oily and a little sticky slowly dripping down my bare butt, in-between my butt cheeks, tantalizing close to my wet pussy, nearly did it. I had to resist the urge to touch myself, because I was still outside, naked, a long way from home, and as far as I knew with the entire police force out looking for the naked trespasser.

I waited another few minutes to make sure the coast was clear before crawling out from under the table. The paint had stopped dripping down; it felt like it had covered my entire butt, but when I reached back to feel, it was only about half. I stood up and quickly looked at the offending paint container. It was too dark to see a label but it smelled odd. Then I remembered, the studio was known for only organic/natural materials - the owner did a workshop with us last year in high school. The paints had milk and honey as a base and different foods for the color dyes - berries and carrots and other stuff. Great, my ass could be an ad for a farmer's market.

I slowly walked away from the studio. Shockingly there were no cars around. I was actually a block closer to home, at the corner of the street that divided our suburb, with houses on one side and businesses on the other. I had to walk down this street if I was going to get around the yard party, if they were still even there (not that I was going to go check). By now it had to have been at least an hour since this started. I wasn't wearing a watch so I wasn't sure - heck, I wasn't wearing anything, no shoes, no hair band, no glasses, no jewelry, not even earrings - I was literally as naked as the day I was born.

I wasn't sure which side of the street to walk down - the side with houses and people? Or the side with stores? The whole street had lights so that wouldn't make much difference. I decided to stay on the side with the stores for now as I couldn't bring myself to walk across the street just yet - with my luck I'd be dead center when a car would show up.

At least on this street the town required bushes and other landscaping in front of the businesses, that way they'd blend in some with the residences on the other side. It would give me places to duck down and hide if a car came along. Which of course was about five steps into my walk - in fact I had to hide three times in that first block alone. At this rate it would take forever to get home.

I got to the second and third blocks, both of which were easy enough to cross - not so much streets as driveways into a parking lot. Big signs and bushes on the corners. I didn't need them at the first crossing since no one drove past at that moment, though I did at the second. A couple more times hiding and I found myself three blocks down. I now had only one more block to go before I got to my own street, at which point I'd only be two and a half blocks from my house - and my clothes!

I was screwed.

The convenience store on the next block was all lit up with cars in the parking lot - they were still open! That can't be right - no business in our town was allowed to be open 24/7 - I remember because there was a special May election for school board and some other issues. It was my first time voting so I made sure to know what was on the ballot but...but I didn't bother learning most of the results since I'd be leaving for college...shit! It must have passed. The store was like a huge beacon letting everyone know they were open - no way could I get past the store without being seen, not with that many people/cars going and coming, not even if I crossed the street.

I really didn't want to go back the way I came but it looked like my only option. I was crouched behind a bush waiting for the right moment to start walking back when another car pulled in to the store - a police car! I wasn't sure if it was the same cops, but then I heard some guy walking out of the store call to them:

"Evening, Officer James! How's your night going?"
"Pretty quiet, Michael. There's a naked trespasser out here somewhere, but not much else."

Shit! Were they going to tell everyone???

"Hah! How did they get away from you?"
"Haven't seen her ourselves - she was caught on a security camera walking through someone's yard, then a couple of amateur astronomers saw her running down the street and turn onto Grove Park. Nothing else in the last hour."

Oh my God, oh my God, oh my GOD! Someone had seen me??? I never noticed anyone! I was running so fast earlier to get away from the cops I didn't even think about whether other people were outside! Stupid, I know, especially with the yard party group. Had anyone else seen me? But it was what they said next that made my heart stop.

"Astronomers? Well, I guess they saw a full moon tonight, didn't they? Hah!"

So not laughing...

"Yeah - they said they got some photographs of the woman..."

WHAT???

"...but they weren't digital so we couldn't get a look at who it was - some sort of specialized film that they'll develop and show us as soon as they can. Some night sky photography project."

Holy shit - I had been seen AND caught on film - twice! Holy ...ing shit! Who knows what the security camera saw earlier? And if the astronomers' camera was good enough, I ran past them fully exposed - they could have seen everything - my bare breasts, my pussy, my butt...my face! Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God. Now my heart was racing and my breathing was just as fast...

Crouched down behind the bush with my feet and knees on the ground, butt resting on my feet and arms over my chest, listening to a conversation half-a-block away, I didn't think it could get worse, when the weirdest thing happened. The paint, the all-natural paint with a milk and honey base, had apparently attracted a neighborhood cat. Without me realizing, it had walked up behind me and started licking the milk and honey and whatever else off my butt. I jumped.

And shrieked. Loudly.

**Not How I Planned It - Part 7**

No! I had been so good, avoiding making noise this whole time! No way they didn't hear me shriek. I bolted out of there as fast as I could, knowing they'd probably see me. All I wanted was to get away from there and find a place to hide. I didn't dare stay on the business street - to easy to find me I thought. If I went back to the houses in the neighborhood hopefully I could hide in a backyard until things calmed down. I ran out from behind the bush and across the street. I vaguely remember hearing voices that seemed as startled as I was.

As I ran across the street, my pale body shone in the streetlight - no way they could miss that. For the third - no FOURTH time tonight people were looking at my naked body and I was both mortified and aroused, but sure wasn't going to do anything about it. First was the car behind me in the alley, then the security camera, then the two astronomers, and now the cops - and anyone else nearby who heard me.

I made it across and started running down the sidewalk, though I knew it wouldn't be long before the cops got back in their car and followed. I'd have to hide in a yard before they figured out which one, so I turned left through the grass and then, when I realized this was a block without fences between the yards, turned right behind a house and kept running through the backyards. I never saw the tent I ran past in the dark, never saw the three boys, never realized there was a video camera filming a makeshift "Cabin in the Woods" horror movie, and never knew I just made a cameo appearance like a pale ghost of a streaker. I also didn't know that the film I didn't know about was for a high school project and would be shown at a school-wide town hall in a few weeks.

I came to the next street, and with a quick glance to make sure no one was there, I ran across and kept going though the connected backyards, houses on either side of me. I finally stopped when I came to a backyard with a row of tall flowers at the back, probably marking the property line between this yard and the one behind it. I could hide behind the flowers and just see around one side of the house back to the street I had been running parallel to - if the cops were chasing me, they'd come down this street first. They weren't shining a spotlight -in- the houses so I figured I was far enough back -behind- the house.

Had anyone looked out, they would have had quite a sight - a naked girl prone on the ground, not spread-eagle but not keeping her legs and arms tight to her body either; if I had to move quickly, I wanted to be able to spring up and move. If it was the house in front of me, on the other side of the flowers, they might not even have seen that; these were some tall flowers. The house behind me had a great shot of my behind, however. No lights came on, so I was probably safe from leering eyes.

Just not safe from...other things. Once again, my body had calmed down enough that I wasn't quite as scared - hey, if nothing else I was getting closer to home - but if I wasn't as afraid, it just meant I was even more turned on. Once again I was facedown with grass tickling my pussy and my nipples. I was breathing hard, trying to keep control, when two, er, three things happened at once:

(1) I saw the police searchlight cross the driveway up and off to my right - it was about to shine in the front yard of the house I was facing, but I was in the backyard (actually the backyard of the house it backs up to) and was probably safe.

(2) I heard a series of clicks - I glanced around and on either side I saw a sprinkler head pop up, aimed not at the grass, but at the flowers.

I -didn't- see the sprinkler head that popped up right between my legs, aimed not at the flowers, but at my pussy.

(3) I was pushed, no -shoved-, over the edge. Oh my f---ing GOD did it send me over the edge. I had never experienced an orgasm that intense before. I was only 19 and didn't have a lot to compare it to, but holy hell! All the pent up frustration of the past couple hours, not being able to get to my clothes, knowing several people had seen me naked, having that paint drop on my bare ass, and then the f---ing cat licking my ass, and now a stream of water hitting me right -there-? Jesus Christ, I was having an orgasm in sight of police officers driving by in their car! After a wide-eyed gasp, it took everything I had not to scream out, which meant I had no reserves left to control anything else. I think it was my first multiple orgasm - either that, or it just lasted f---ing forever. When it was finally over, I just laid there, soaked from the sprinkler water, soaked from my sweat, and soaked from my own juices. I couldn't move if I wanted to for at least a couple minutes, and just laid there, shivering in the cold. It's October - who the hell waters their garden at night in October???

\*\*Kerry, always a light sleeper, had her bedroom windows open and woke up when she heard the sprinklers turn on. Damn it, she was sure she turned off the automatic program a couple weeks ago. Eh, she'd fix it tomorrow - her robe was in the laundry and as usual she was sleeping in the nude. She didn't want to get dressed and she didn't want to walk naked through the house again. The last time she did she bumped into her stepson who was only 15 years younger than her and liked to stare whenever she wore something revealing. Seeing her naked in the kitchen like that gave him an immediate hard-on which only added to her embarrassment. Tonight Kerry just went back to sleep, having never looked out the window.\*\*

\*\*Kerry's stepson, never a light sleeper, somehow knew to be awake and watching his yard, just in case something wonderful happened tonight. It took awhile, but in fact something wonderful -did- happen. He couldn't believe his eyes or his luck; there she was, naked as a jaybird. It was dark and the moon kept going behind the clouds, but for a moment he had a beautiful rear view of Caroline, legs apart, wriggling as she got closer to the flowers. He thought he could see some sort of discoloration on her rear end, probably dirt or mud from crawling around, and with a grin he thought he should help. He quickly went downstairs to the mudroom next to the kitchen, where the sprinkler controls were, and turned them on, setting them for the maximum 15 minute cycle. He stood there watching, already recording the whole thing from his open window upstairs. The lighting might not be great, but he had a microphone attachment for his iPhone and knew it would easily pick up all the sounds he heard - from the girl's first audible gasp to her muffled moans and squeals, to her heavy breathing after it was over.

**Not How I Planned It - Part 8**

I finally regained control of myself, though by now I was freezing and shivering. It couldn't have been more than 50 degrees tonight to start, and I was still being showered with freezing cold water. I moved away from the flower garden (the cops searchlight had long since moved on) and took a moment to gather my thoughts. I was kneeling just behind the sprinklers, feet, knees, elbows and hands on the ground, butt in the air like the Sphinx or a little kid's frog pose - whatever it took to keep my now very sensitive pussy and nipples off the grass. I figured it wasn't likely that anyone was looking at me, and I'm certain no one heard me a moment ago.

I had to get moving - somehow my aroused state helped keep my fear and embarrassment in check, or at least just enough. After that huge release, however, all the anxiety and embarrassment and everything else I had been suppressing shot way up. I was closer to home, but panic was starting to set in - how long had I been out here? It was still really dark but would that last much longer? When was sunrise? The thought of still being outside when the sun came up made me shiver even more.

I took off, cutting through the last couple yards, and wound up at an intersection. I was sure I was a block away from the yard party - I'd cross here, turn right and go another block to my street, and be a block and a half from home. Wow, I could -not- get that massive orgasm out of my mind, and covering with my hands didn't help, considering how sensitive I still was after all that. With barely a glance to make sure no cars were coming, I dashed across the street.

Right into the corner house that was having the yard party.

My mind had told me I was still a block away, but geography said differently. Somehow I forgot I crossed a street while dashing through all the backyards.

"Hey, you're the woman the cops are looking for, aren't you?"

I probably should have been flattered he said "woman" and not "girl" but that wasn't a priority right now. After standing there for half of forever, stark naked, dumbfounded at my mistake, I finally thought to get moving again, turned to the right to go the last block to my street, got maybe three steps, when I saw the police car searchlight at the intersection a block away, headed in the direction of my house.

I was frozen with uncertainty about what to do next. My block is where the street ended at the ravine - the cops wouldn't just pass my house, they'd turn around and drive back. I couldn't go that way yet. But I also couldn't stay here at the yard party, they'd...Shit! The whole time I had been standing there frozen, they had all been staring at my bare ass only 15 feet away!!! I spun around and bent down into what I guess was a classic pose, feet crossed, hand over my pussy and other hand/arm over my breasts, my bare ass now facing the intersection and not the party.

I was otherwise still frozen, unable to think of what to do next, when I realized they had been talking to me this whole time...

"Why were you trespassing?"
"How come you're out here naked - is this a dare?"
"The cops first stopped by like two hours ago - have you been running around naked this whole time?"
"Hey, I recognize you - don't you live around here?"

It was the last comment that shook me out of my stupor. Oh God, one of them knew me, or at least knew me enough. I just started babbling: "I, I'm, I live on the next block - I was just having fun, then I got locked out of my yard and locked in another yard, and then the cop showed up and I was running and people saw and I was hiding and then the paint and there was this cat, then more running and a sprinkler and now the cops are there and I can't get home and I don't know what next and, and..."

"Hey, it's okay kid, we're not going to tell the cops, just try to catch your breath."

I probably should have been annoyed this one called me a "kid," but again, not a priority right now.

"I just, I really don't want the cops to catch me. They think I was trespassing, which I kind of was but not on purpose, and I know it's a crime..."

"It's okay, really - Jen, will you go inside and get her something to cover up with?"

"Sure, back in a minute."

I was about to thank them when one of them suddenly looked behind me, "Damn the cops are coming back this way."

"Okay, Caroline..." Shit! He figured out who I was! "...no time to wait for Jen - just get under the table. Becca, grab the lawn blanket and toss it over top. Everyone else, lift up the food and drinks."

I crawled under the table, trying not to think of the pose I was showing to Becca and whoever else they all were. The rectangular blanket could only reach the ground on three sides of the square table, so they made sure the gap was at the back, which was the way I was facing after crawling under. Someone quickly sat down and pulled their chair in to help minimize the opening, just as the cops pulled up again. This time I had no trouble making out the conversation...

"Hey again officers - did you ever find your naked trespasser?"

"We spotted her over on Main Street before she ran this general direction, but haven't seen her since. Has she been by here?"

"Sorry, wish she had, we'd have invited her to sit and stay with us as long as she wanted!"

I was the only one who didn't laugh at that. In fact, I was doing everything not to make any sound at all. I was sitting up with my legs crossed since there wasn't room to lie down. Instead of covering up, one hand was over my mouth and the other on the ground next to me; I didn't trust what would happen if my hands were anywhere near my pussy or my breasts.

"Do you want something to eat or drink, officers? We have plenty over on the table."

Wait, WHAT?!?! Oh shit, that was Jen's voice, the one who went to get me clothes. She probably had no idea I was under here, and just invited the cops over!

"Well, we certainly can't have anything to drink." Thank God! "But I'll go for a slice of pizza if there's any left." Oh, God!

I could tell someone had just moved something on the table, and closed my eyes, waiting for the cops to leave. Suddenly my eyes got really big and I had to stifle a scream; luckily the noise was covered by the woman sitting down who started talking a little too loudly.

The same woman who had slipped off her flip-flop and started playing with my pussy with her toes! Oh my f---ing God! She was going to try to get me off right here, in front of all her friends - and two police officers standing only a few feet away! She started to move her foot up and down - I was still so aroused it wasn't going to take long. I didn't dare take my one hand away from my mouth, but my other hand was pinned beneath her other foot - I was afraid if I pulled my arm too fast I'd bump the table so hard they'd know someone was under here - I was trapped and helpless and being pushed over the edge again. Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh - my - GOD!!!

**Not How I Planned It - Part 9**

I couldn't help it - muffled as it was, I still let out a scream when I climaxed, though at least whoever was at fault was ready and yelled out to cover the noise: HEYYYYYY!!! WHAT ABOUT THE RAVINE MAYBE THAT’S WHERE SHE IS" I would have thought she was overdoing the loud drunk act except I was so incoherent at that moment I couldn't have spelled my own name. I just gasped for air and tried to stop quivering. Fortunately she decided not to prolong my torture - once my orgasm was over she removed her foot and let me relax. Most of me was thankful, though a small part of me had hoped she would have kept at it...

"Doubtful - you wouldn't want to go in the ravine at night, too treacherous in the dark, especially without shoes to keep your footing."

"We better get going - shift change is in an hour and we can't spend any more time searching for a naked ghost. If you see her, give us a call, otherwise..."

"No problem - g'night officers"

As the cops left the yard party turned to the table...

"Jesus, Sara, what were you doing"
"Kid, are you okay?"
"What happened down there?"

Suddenly the blanket was removed and I was exposed like never before - not only was I bare ass naked, they had all just heard me have an orgasm! No one had ever seen or heard me have an orgasm before (as far as I knew). I was so embarrassed I took off running, forgetting they had offered me clothes a few minutes earlier.

The only good thing was I was almost done with this night - I ran the block to my street and didn't even get to the sidewalk, I just cut across the corner lawn and kept running until I reached my driveway and then ran to my backyard. I was home!

I sat on the deck for a minute to catch my breath, not thinking (or maybe just not caring, I'm not sure) that my neighbors could still see me if they tried. None of that mattered as much as the fact that I was finally back at my house where this nightmare began! We have one of those barometer/temp/clock things in our backyard, and there was just enough moonlight to see it was 5am - holy crap, I had been running around my neighborhood completely naked for three hours??? Three whole hours of exposing my bare ass, my bare pussy, my bare breasts to How how many people? Way more than I ever imagined, and as I thought back to Natalie's story, way more than she did.

The next game of Truth or Dare could be amusing...if I decided to share...

My breathing was back to normal so I got up and walked over to the bottom of the slide where my clothes were...were supposed to be...didn't I put them there, sending them down the slide before starting all this? I climbed up into the treehouse thinking I must have picked them up and put them there to keep them off the ground...but nothing...

My confusion started to turn to worry, but instead of wasting time looking, I decided to go in and look for the clothes in the morning. My parents typically didn't hang out outside in the autumn, and if my brother found them I'd make something up.

I walked to the house and opened the back door...or tried to, but it was locked. My worry turned to dread - I -know- I came out the back door, and unlike the gate, this one didn't lock without a key, unless you locked it from inside. Much as I hated to, I went around front and tried that one - also locked. I went back to the backyard and was walking up to the back door again, when suddenly two lights came on - one in the backyard illuminating me, and one inside, illuminating my brother and his best friend.

F--k my life.

The door opened but they blocked the way. "Hiya, sis! Let's sit down on the deck and talk."

F--k my life so hard.

Remember that first house whose gate wouldn't open and then two lights came on, an automatic security light outside and another light inside, the light that let me know someone was there? Turns out that was my brother's best friend, Eric, who didn't go out of town with his parents after all. While watching a movie he saw the security light go on, and had looked out the window just in time to see a naked girl running down his driveway...a naked, pale, thin, young, medium-length brown haired girl. At least, that's apparently how he described me when he immediately texted my brother.

I was shocked at what I was hearing - while I was out on my unplanned nighttime adventure, my brother and his friend were texting back and forth about me! Eventually my brother got suspicious and went into my room to see if I was there - when he couldn't find me in the house, he went outside to check the hammock. That's when he saw my clothes, still at the bottom of the slide, and he knew. He KNEW!

It got worse.

**Not How I Planned It - Part 10**

When my brother realized I was the one who had streaked his best friend's house, he told Eric to come over. They took my clothes inside and locked the doors so that whenever I came home I'd be stuck outside, still naked. It wasn't enough just to wait, though, they started texting others. Everyone they knew to see who was awake. Only a few friends replied, but it was enough. Two girls they knew from science class decided to stay out late working on their astronomy project, just in case. Someone else they just called "our friend with the hot stepmom" agreed to stay awake and keep a lookout in his own and his neighbors' yards. A couple others on other blocks I didn't get close to. Apparently there was one guy they really wanted to talk to - he and a couple others were doing a nighttime film project to make a horror movie and would have had a great video camera ready to go, but he had turned off his cell phone so it wouldn't ring or vibrate while they were filming.

I was beyond normal embarrassment, I was mortified - way more people knew about my naked night than I had realized, not to mention the security cam (which they didn't know about), the astronomy photos, or the video of my first orgasm of the night (which -I- didn't know about). Oh my God, oh my GOD this was bad. I started to say something when Eric spoke up: "Were the cops that kept driving around looking for -you-?"

I just nodded.

"Damn, that is so -hot-! Just thinking of you out there all exposed, trying to stay hidden. You got pretty far away - where all did you go?"

I so did not want to answer, when my brother, all of 15, had what he thought was a brilliant idea.

"I've got it - she can -show- us where she's been!"

WHAT? "No way in hell!"

"Wait, sis, listen - I don't mean walking it all again, I mean driving the route. Eric can drive us."

Eric, all of 8 months older than my little brother, had just passed his driver's test and was allowed to drive the car his parents weren't using. I was about to refuse when my brother told me I could go with them as I was (totally naked) or wait outside until Mom and Dad found me (also totally naked). He also reminded me of the astronomy photos (saying nothing of the garden orgasm video) and promised that if I went with them, he'd convince the girls to get rid of any photos that showed my face. Nothing he could do about the rest of the pics, but at least this way people might not figure out that it's me in the photos...

Shit. This night wasn't over.

**Not How I Planned It - Part 11**

Eric went home to get his car and meet us in the alley, the starting point for all this, while my brother and I waited in our backyard. As humiliating as it was to be seen naked by my brother, at least he wasn't a sick perv - I was his sister so he wasn't really turned on. Like Eric obviously was.

F. M. L.

We got into Eric's car once he was in the alley. I sat in the back, hands covering everything. I might have to go along with this, but no -way- I was going to sit up front next to that perv. Because I started out at his house we drove around to the front and back into his driveway. The security light was still on, they told me to get out and re-enact what happened.

"Wait, you said I didn't have to walk it again! No, no way am I getting out here!"

"Make you a deal, sis, you have to get out two places - you can chose one, we'll chose the other. And you already said no to Eric's backyard, so you have to chose someplace else."

"And if I don't play along?" I knew the answer, but couldn't stop myself from asking the question.

"Then we call the girls from science class and let them know to develop and post every single photo, including the ones that show your face."

...

"Fine - drive and I'll chose a place when we get to it."

"Nope, choose now - without knowing whether there will be cars or other people around when we get there. But to be fair, we'll make our choice someplace where no one is around."

"Fine - then I ch-"

"And you can't choose our own backyard."

Shit. "Okay, I choose the art studio."

We started driving, first to the end of Eric's street where Mrs. Walters lived, then around to the other side where I came out. We stopped briefly by the bush where I first overheard the cops talking to the yard party, then turned up past the house where their classmates had been working on their astronomy project, and then over to the business district. After reaching my farthest point and turning back, we were at the art studio. I'm not entirely sure why I picked the art studio; I figured there wouldn't be any cars, but there would be the table to hide under, while any house we stopped at might have people waking up now that it was almost 5:30am.

They pulled into the parking lot and after a moment of just sitting there I quickly got out, with both boys behind me. Arms across my chest and my pussy, knowing they were staring at my bare ass the whole time (or at least I assumed Eric was - I hoped my brother wasn't). I climbed under the table next to the hedges when my brother asked "so how did you get the paint on you if your butt was under the table?" I sighed and crawled backwards, being careful to avoid the easels this time and told them what happened.

Just then I felt paint pouring over my bare ass, once again getting in-between my cheeks and dripping toward my pussy. I jumped and yelled, but my brother and his friend were just laughing their (clothed) asses off. "Don't worry," Eric said, "I have a towel you can sit on so the paint doesn't get on the car seat."

A--hole.

We got back in the car and drove the rest of the way. They nearly drove right up to the entrance of the 24-hour convenience store but I told them I didn't go that far and that they'd be breaking their deal, which meant I could break it too (my brother and I had always made deals and knew how to stick to them and what "loopholes" we could use. Childish, I know, but it seemed meaningful to us).

We couldn't very well drive through the back yards so we stuck to the street with me narrating. When we came to the yard party location I was thankful to see it had ended with no one around. I didn't tell my brother and his friend about my second orgasm of the night, just that I was hiding under the table from the cops. No need to talk about how my first "real" sexual activity with another person was an anonymous old woman (she had to have been at least 30).

Finally we returned home, but my brother hadn't picked a place for me to get out of the car. Maybe they forgot?

"Okay, now that we know everywhere you went, time for us to pick a place." Damn. Why didn't they - "We needed to see everyplace first so we could think about it." If my brother had been old enough I would have insisted that he drive - pretty sure all Eric had been thinking about this whole time was the view of the back seat from the rear view mirror.

"Fine - where?"

"We have an idea, but can't say - we agreed not to make our decision until we knew no one was around, so we'll drive there, check it out, and then decide. To keep you in suspense, though..." A--holes. "...you need to wear this blindfold so you won't know which place it is."

Holy hell. The only good news was they had both left their phones at home, so they couldn't get any photos of me. Not that they needed them, thanks to the Astro-girls.

We drove around for a moment, stopped, and drove on "No good, sis, traffic is picking up here." Shit - it was getting later and later, soon half the world would be up and going to work - it was a Friday morning, after all. We drove some more and again stopped and moved on. They were obviously driving some round about way so I couldn't tell where we were. I started worrying they were going to take me someplace where all their friends had gathered, but I knew my brother and he had clearly said it would be a place with no one around. At least I could trust him to keep his promises..

We finally stopped again and I heard Eric say "Perfect - we're here!" The car doors opened and my brother took my arm to guide me out of the car, then closed the car door. I couldn't know that it was Eric who, having never left the car, had climbed over the seat to close my door at the same instant my brother had closed his car door - from back inside the car. I started to ask where we were so I could prepare myself mentally when my brother, leaning out the car window to make it sound like he was right next to me, said to just take off the blindfold.

I took off the blindfold and looked around...

After a moment of confusion the reality of what they had just done hit me full force - all I could do was stand there, eyes wide, jaw dropped - I didn't even think to cover myself so I was completely exposed in front of my brother and his best friend.

I was at a city park, by the ravine. The -other- side of the ravine. Holy SHIT!!!

As Eric started the car, my brother yelled through the window which was only open an inch to prevent me from grabbing him or trying to reach in through the window to open the door - and somehow I knew all the doors would be locked.

"I never said we'd choose a place you had already been to tonight." SHIT! "And I wouldn't risk going through the ravine - way too slippery and dangerous, especially without shoes. You'll have to walk down to where the ravine ends, or up to the bridge. Either way it's probably about a mile, mile and a half to get home. You've got an hour or so before sunrise, so you should probably get going. Bye, sis - we have to get ready for school - see you at home!" And they drove away.

Leaving me completely naked, over a mile from my house or my clothes, an hour before sunrise, on a weekday morning with God knows how many people already awake and starting their day. How many times would I be seen? Would anyone I know catch me out here? Oh God, what about kids at bus stops? How many might have camera phones? An hour to sunrise, but it started getting lighter before the sun came up...

Oh my God, oh my God, Oh my f---ing GOD. I was going to kill my little brother.

**Not How I Planned It - Epilogue**

I eventually made it home. I don't have the energy to talk about it right now, but safe to say I didn't get home before sunrise and it wasn't even close.

Right now all I can think about is the last four hours, and just how many people saw me, naked as the day I was born...

- A driver in my own alley, which meant it was probably a neighbor who knew me (seen live)...
- My brother's best friend, Eric, as I streaked down his driveway under a blazing bright security light (seen live)...
- At least one security guard who was monitoring Mrs. Walters' house and saw me slowly walking through her yard (caught on video)...
- The two amateur astronomers from by brother's science class (seen live and caught on camera/still photography)...
- Possibly one or more drivers in the business district (seen live)...
- A freaking cat (tasted live)...
- Two cops and at least one person at the convenience store (seen live)...
Another classmate responsible for soaking me with his sprinklers (seen live)...
- The entire yard party of 10-12 people (seen -and heard- live)...
- Eric again, and my brother.

That doesn't include what I didn't know about at the time, but found out about later, increasing my embarrassment and humiliation:
- The entire home security office and two dozen people who work there, including two high school student interns,
- Three high school students who were filming a project for class, plus their editor (caught on video)
- The waterboy who recorded all my moans and squeals (caught on video and audio)
- Eric's parents. I knew he had seen me - what I didn't know about was the dashcam aimed at the -inside- of his car that allowed his parents to make sure he didn't drive with too many friends in the car.

If I had wanted to do the math (I really didn't) I'd have fainted at realizing at least 50 people had seen me that night, with who knows how many more who would see (or hear) the recordings in the weeks to come.

Fainted or had another orgasm in the park, or maybe both.

Anyway, my brother was right, going south to where the ravine ended and leveled out, or going north to cross at the bridge, it was about the same distance. I'll share the story when I'm ready, all you need to know for now is that the high school was down by the south pass, so I

 headed north to the bridge.

A bridge I didn't realize was under construction.