Nude on the rooftop

Hi, my name is Sheri. Just lately I got into college, so now I'm living away from home for the first time. In a lot of ways, I'd say I'm just a normal college girl. Most of the time, I'm either studying in the library, cooking in my little kitchenette, or talking to my mom on the phone - you know, stuff like that.

But I guess I do have a sort of secret life. Up until now, I haven't really told many people about it - just a few people I met on the internet. The main reason I can't tell anyone is because it's a little bit weird I guess. What I do is... oh god, this is so embarrassing (I'm thinking to myself, 'Why am I even writing this?'). I don't want you to think I'm strange or anything. Like I said most of the time I'm just living my life the same as everyone else. Well, anyway, I guess it's better if I tell you the whole story.

I guess it all started when I moved out of my parents' house last September. I was just starting college, and this was my first time living away from home. I'd managed to talk my parents into letting me have my own apartment. It's just one room with a little bathroom and a kitchenette, but it was so exciting because this would be my big chance to be free, and do whatever I wanted to do.

I remember though that first night after my parents went home, I felt so excited about starting my new life, but to tell you the truth I felt a little lonely too. My room was filled with all these boxes, and my bed was about the only thing that was unpacked and ready. The feeling slowly sank in that I was out on my own now. I had a shower, and started getting ready for bed.

Usually - I mean like when I was living at home with my parents - as soon as I got out of the shower, I'd have to put on a dressing gown, or else my mom would yell at me to get dressed. Here though it was just me, so I could do whatever I wanted. I remember getting out of the shower, drying myself off, and then going straight out into the middle of my room, completely naked. I didn't have any curtains or anything, and one wall is just like these two big glass doors leading out to the balcony. Out the balcony door, I could see it was getting pretty late. It was all dark out, and I guess a lot of my new neighbors had already gone to bed.

I know this is going to sound crazy, but I starting to get all excited just from standing there in the nude like that. Don't you ever feel like that? It's hard to explain. It just kind of feels good all over. I guess I should have hidden, or covered myself up, but just the whole excitement of moving out on my own and everything had me all worked up, and so I just couldn't think straight anymore. I don't think anyone was watching, but those first few weeks before I got my curtains, I did a lot of silly things that I probably shouldn't have if I'd been thinking. Everything was all so new then. It was like every day was an adventure.

I guess I should tell you too that I donft have a boyfriend yet. There were a couple of guys in high school who asked me out, and like even complete strangers come up to me sometimes, but basically I'm pretty shy, and so I never know what to say or do, and so I've never had a serious boyfriend.

Oh, I kissed a guy once at summer camp. I met him in town on one of our days off, and the two of us walked back to camp together on this road through the forest. There was some kind of electricity between us that day, and finally we just kind of ended up kissing. I don't really know why. After that, back at the camp, I didn't get a chance to talk to him again, alone I mean, and so like we never got together. Still it's one of my happiest memories, and that's one of the reasons I want to find a boyfriend.

Anyway, what was I telling you about? Oh, yeah. My new apartment. I guess the next big thing was the time I ran into Mr. Carlaw outside in the hall. One of my classes is at night, and afterwards, I stopped to have supper. I ended up getting home pretty late. It was way past midnight, and I was so tired. I brushed my teeth, and started to get undressed, but as soon as I lay down, I fell fast asleep.

Then a few hours later, I woke up again feeling a bit thirsty. I went over to the kitchen, when suddenly I realized I was just wearing my white silk blouse, and nothing else! Here I was standing there with no bottoms on. I felt so embarrassed. Maybe it's just me, but I felt kind of kinky standing there dressed like that. I guess it's not that strange, but anyway, that's how I felt.

All of a sudden, I started wondering if I'd remembered to lock my door. I quickly went to check it, and sure enough, it was unlocked. Can you imagine if a burglar, or someone had come in, and found me lying on my bed there half naked? I would have died of embarrassment. How could I be so careless?

Anyway, I was about to lock my door again, but for some reason, I started wondering if there was anyone around outside in the hallway. I looked down at my blouse, and it was more or less long enough to cover up my.. well, you know, my private regions, even though it had these long slits running up each side. I just sort of stood there for a long time, trying to get up the nerve to open the door, and take a look outside. It was the middle of the night, after all, and it sounded pretty quiet outside. I didn't think there would be anyone out there, but there was only one way to find out for sure.

I slowly turned the door handle, and opened the door, just like an inch. The hall that runs past my door is outside - in the open air with no walls, I mean. I felt this kind of swoosh of air, and it tickled a bit between my legs. Outside in the hall, I could see this railing and the buildings across the way on the other side of the parking lot. I could even hear cars driving by in the distance. It didn't sound like there was anyone in the hallway though.

I opened the door more and more, and took a peek outside. It was dark in my apartment, but outside, it was a bit lighter because of the lights in the hall and from the other buildings across the street. The feeling of the air was cool and refreshing, much better than my stuffy apartment. I took a step out, and shivered as soon as my bare feet touched the cold concrete floor. The shiver seemed to settle in my most sensitive place, reminding me in a very noticeable way that I was naked underneath my blouse. I have to admit I was starting to feel a little excited.

I stepped right out into the hall, and let the door close behind me. I was so thrilled that I'd actually got up the nerve to do such a thing. I walked over to the railing, and looked out over the parking lot and the street that runs behind my building. I kept looking back and forth down the hall to see if anyone was coming. I was so-o-o nervous. I spread my legs a little though, kind of enjoying the feeling of the cool night air on my privates.

Suddenly, just a few feet away, the elevator opened. Out came Mr. Carlaw, one of my new neighbors. I just kind of froze, panicking, as I realized there was no way I'd be able to make it back inside my apartment before he saw me. I completely freaked. I just stood there waiting to see what he would do. He looked surprised to see me, but he didn't look down at my bare legs, not at first anyway, though it must have been obvious I wasn't wearing any bottoms.

"Good evening," he said slowly. I'd met him before a couple of times because he has a daughter in high school, and they'd asked me if I could tutor her.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I.. uh... I couldn't sleep, so I..." I looked down at the hem of my blouse, wondering whether he could see my pubic hair or not. I felt so hot and flushed, and I'm sure my face must have been bright red by then.

"No, that's alright," he gave out a little laugh, as he tried not to stare too much at my bare thighs. "I just nipped down to the store myself."

We stood there awkwardly for what seemed like forever, but then he walked past.

"Good night, then."

As he walked away, I dashed back into my apartment, and closed the door locking it behind me. I was breathing so hard, and my heart was beating a mile a minute. How on earth could I have done such a thing? How could I be so crazy as to flash my own neighbor? What had he thought? I couldn't believe he hadn't said anything. I couldn't believe I'd gotten away with it.

Almost without thinking what I was doing, I reached down, and slid my hand between my legs. I was shocked because I was wet, like I mean really wet, more than I'd ever been in my life. Why was I getting so excited after doing such a horrible, terrible, silly thing? The look on Mr. Carlaw's face kept running through my mind. He must think I'm some kind of nymphomaniac, so unable to control myself, that I'd run out there to flash him. Horror and fear and embarrassment and excitement kept running through my mind. What's wrong with me? How could I be so naughty? I used to be such a good girl. What was I turning into?

In my mind's eye, I kept reliving that moment, the look on Mr. Carlaw's face, my own complete and total embarrassment at being caught like that. It's almost too embarrassing to admit, but I guess my fingers were sliding around, getting all wet and sticky, and I was breathing faster and faster, getting more and more excited. It kept building inside me, and I couldn't stop. The whole shock and stress of what I had just done was too much and I just lost control. Soon, this tidal wave of pleasure - excitement, ecstacy, whatever - ripped through my body like nothing I'd ever felt before. My knees gave out from under me, and I fell, gasping for air. I can still remember the feeling just like it was yesterday, even though it was months ago now.

As my mind slowly cleared, I was even more shocked and confused. What happened? What set off that wave, that beautiful wonderful feeling? I staggered back to my bed, and lay down, still thinking over and over again about what I had done. Was I really turning into some kind of nymphomaniac? I lay there for a long while, wondering about the whole thing till I finally managed to drift off to sleep.

The next morning, at first I wondered if I'd maybe dreamed the whole thing. Unfortunately though, I was still dressed in my blouse, and my fingers had this strong smell of me on them. 'Ooo! What's that?' I thought. My whole encounter with Mr. Carlaw seemed as fresh and real as ever. As I showered and dressed for work, I felt even more worried and embarrassed than the night before. I really hope I don't run into Mr. Carlaw on my way to school. It's not like I like him or anything, I mean not in a romantic way anyway. It didn't even matter to me that it was Mr. Carlaw. That wasn't what had got me excited. It was something - I still don't understand it, but something about that whole situation and getting caught in it, that seemed so incredibly arousing to me.

As I left my place, I glanced over at his apartment, but there was no sign of him or his wife or daughter. It was still early, so not many people were up. I went to school, but for the next few days, I kept thinking about that night.

A couple of weeks later, at school, we got a break. I showed up for class, but there was a note on the board saying that today's class was cancelled. That was fine with me, and I started phoning some of the new people I'd met at school to see if they wanted to go out, but it was like everyone already had plans. I took the train home, feeling a little sad and lonely having no one to go out with. I really need to find a boyfriend.

Before that, I hadn't really spent much time in my neighborhood on a weekday. It's mostly houses and a few apartments, but I guess most people around there work in the daytime because when I was walking back from the train station, I didn't see many people around. It was a nice day out, very sunny and warm. I went into my empty apartment, and opened up the glass door to my balcony trying to think of what I could do for fun. Maybe I'll just go up to the roof, and take a look around, and see what's nearby.

I took the elevator up to the tenth floor, and found a stairway leading up to the roof at one end of the corridor. There was a lock on the door part way up, but it was broken. The hinge on the door creaked as I opened it, and I was a little bit afraid of what might be up there. Once I got on the stairs though, I walked up till I was surrounded by the bright blue sky, the whole city stretching out all around me. I took a peek over the edge, but it was pretty high up, so I got scared a bit, and walked back to this little shed on the roof where the elevator gears are. There were a few empty pop cans lying on the roof, but other than that, it was clean and bright, and it didn't look like anyone had been there for a while. I sat down on the steps that led up to the elevator gear room, and looked out over the city.

Around there, there aren't really that many buildings as tall as ours. There are some off to the left towards the subway station, but I couldn't see any people in them. Just in front of our building, there are some gardens, and a little ways off, there's a school. I basked in the warmth of the sunshine. This would be a good place to do some sunbathing, I thought.

As I sat there, I remembered that night when I bumped into Mr. Carlaw. Nothing bad had happened to me since then. I had seen his wife a couple times, but she seemed as friendly as ever. I guess he hadn't told her. Or maybe he didn't think it was so strange for me to be walking around outside in just a blouse like that. Maybe it wasn't nearly as bad as I'd thought.

The more I sat there, the more I began to feel like I wanted to try the same kind of thing again. Something inside me had really enjoyed that night. It had felt so free, so exhilarating, so naughty I guess. Almost without realizing it, I slowly began to undo the buttons on the front of my dress. I was so high up, and I was pretty sure no one would come up here. I was trying so hard to justify to myself what I was doing, but to tell you the truth, even as I started to undress, I was terrified. For one thing, it was broad daylight out. For another, if anyone in one of those buildings nearby had a pair of binoculars, they'd be able to see me clear as day sitting out in the open like this. I knew the whole idea was crazy, but somehow I just couldn't stop myself. I wanted to see how far I could go.

Even though in my mind I'd decided, I still found it so hard to get up the nerve to actually take my clothes off. I jumped when I heard some people yelling in the distance. I soon realized they couldn't see me, but still it was so unnerving. I kept telling myself over and over again to calm down, that everything would be alright, that no one could see me. I finally got up enough nerve to reach up inside my skirt from below, and grab a hold of my knickers. If I just took these off, no one would be able to tell. I took a deep breath, and steeled myself, then lifted my bum up, and pulled my knickers down. I felt so embarrassed as they slid down my legs. I wasn't used to feeling the air on my privates especially when I was outdoors. I quickly pulled my knickers off over my black leather boots, and hid them behind my back on the step.

I felt between my legs, and sure enough I was wet as anything. This was such a complete turn on for me. I just sat there for a while with my legs apart, enjoying the feeling of being pantiless in the sun. I felt good that I'd made it that far, but I couldn't help wondering if someone in those buildings was watching me. I finally decided to get up, and find a place that wasn't so out in the open.

I picked up my knickers, and walked around to the side of the elevator shed. My heart stopped as I realized that the building behind us was at least as tall as ours. I stood staring over at row after row of apartments just across the way. Some of the windows had their curtains open, and it definitely looked like people were home. To hide, I ducked behind this slanting ledge at the corner of the shed. Had anyone seen me? If they had, they would probably be wondering what I was doing up here on the roof all dressed up. Good thing I was still wearing my clothes. I'd gotten so worked up over what I was doing, I'd almost forgotten to take a better look around.

I hunched down behind the ledge to hide, and stared at a smaller building off to the side. The windows all seemed to have their curtains drawn shut. I took a deep breath, and slowly pulled my dress up and up revealing my naked hips and black pubic hair. I stared down at my pussy, feeling it heat up, getting more and more excited. My heart was pounding away, but I was so wrapped up in my own naughtiness that I couldn't stop myself. Peering over nervously at the building behind us, I pulled my dress up and off over my head. The feeling of being almost completely nude outside just blew me away. I'd never felt anything like it. I was just so completely aroused my head was swimming with euphoria.

I still had my bra on, so I undid and took it off. I set all my clothes down in the corner. I was completely naked except for my watch, necklace and boots. I nervously played with my necklace, and then touched my breasts. They were so sensitive from the excitement of being outside naked.

I was so terrified my whole body was shaking. Worried that someone would see me, I edged around toward the front of the shed. All those tall buildings near the station looked pretty scary too, but anyway, I'd come this far, so I decided to at least take a look around, and enjoy my new found nudity. I walked out to the middle of the roof. Oh god what on earth am I doing walking around outside with nothing on in the middle of the day? I couldn't get up the nerve to go all the way to the edge, so I ended up coming back toward the shed. At least, it blocked part of the view from the building behind ours.

I kept teasing the tip of my nipples with my fingers, bringing myself closer and closer to orgasm. I was completely out of my head with desire by then. I didn't know what I was doing anymore. I just wanted more, to see how far I could take this.

I bit my lip, and slowly walked, still naked as anything, toward the stairs I had come up. They were right at the corner of the building, and I could see some people walking on the street below. My heart sped up, but luckily they weren't looking up this way. As I turned toward the stairs, I suddenly realized I was now in view of the tall building behind us. I could see curtains fluttering in the wind, fans rotating, and the feet of a mother cooking lunch for her kids.

I was so panicked I almost tripped, and fell, but I steadied myself against the railing, and tried to duck down, so I wouldn't be so out in the open. I looked down at my naked body. The bright sun made my pink skin really stand out against the grey concrete of the building. What on earth am I doing? This is crazy!

Deciding I'd better hide, I hurried down the first short staircase, and crouched down in the shadow of the railing. I felt so completely naughty as I moved further and further away from my clothes. I peeked out over the railing, and scanned the building across from us more carefully. At least, no one was standing at their window, although I could still see that mother scurrying around. I heard a car horn honk, and I jumped, but I kept telling myself they couldn't see me. I was safe for now, anyway. Not that I felt safe. I was breathing really heavily, and my whole body felt like it was on fire.

I looked down the next set of steps. The next landing was still a short flight up from the tenth floor. I didn't know if it would be safe to go any further, but something in me wanted to try. Still crouching down, I carefully made my way down to the next turn. I peeked over the edge of the railing again, but it looked like no one had spotted me yet. I was still feeling shaky, but I was almost starting to enjoy the adventure, prowling around in the nude up here on the rooftop. I felt like a spy, except spies wear clothes I guess. I was a sexy spy, like one of those James Bond girls. If anyone bothered me, I'd just kick them unconscious, I joked to myself.

Yet hunched there like that, now miles from my clothes, I began to feel more and more vulnerable. If anyone got the same idea as me, and decided to take a stroll up to the roof, I'd have to run up as fast as I could, and get dressed again. That would be so-o-o embarrassing if they caught me. But maybe they'd be like Mr. Carlaw and not even say anything about it, or apologize for disturbing me. Or maybe they'd phone the police! Maybe I'd better go back, and get my clothes.

I looked for a moment at the slatted steel door that I'd come through on my way up. Probably everyone thinks the door is locked... but then why were those pop cans up there? Part of me wanted to go all the way down to the door, but all the excitement was getting to me. I finally turned, and made my way back up to the roof, and dashed to put my clothes back on. When I was all dressed again, it took me a long time to calm down, but I eventually went back down to my apartment, and ended up going out to buy some curtains. If I didn't buy curtains soon, I'd end up giving myself away for sure.

Anyway, that's basically how I got into all this. Anyway, I hope you're not all disappointed and think I'm crazy or something. I'm just a sweet sensitive girl who does some crazy things sometimes. What I'd really like to know is if you've ever done anything like this? If you have, please post a message to the group. Hope to hear from you there.

Sheri Wild

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/wildgrrls