**School Carnival Night**

by Nature Lover

**School Carnival Night - pt 1**

Oh, God, please just let me make it home without being seen by anyone else...or at least without anyone being able to tell it's me...that's not too much to ask, is it? Everyone already saw me in my bathing suit. I mean, I know it's not that revealing, but wasn't that enough? Do they really need to see my bare...everything? The thought of it...and I don't even know which would be worse, being seen by my son's friends, or by their parents...  
  
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My name is Caroline - I'm 30 years old and proud that my body is pretty much back to what it was before my son was born; it helps that I had him when I was only 23 (though that sure wasn’t easy since it was during my 1L year in law school). Only problem is now my body is on full display, something I'm not only -not- proud of, I'm nervous as hell. Years ago I found myself in similar situations, but at least then I was in college. Now I'm a respected lawyer, a room mother for my kid's 2nd grade class, and pretty well known around our community. Hell, everyone in our community knows everyone else; it's a sheltered suburb, a small city where too many people know each other's business. And right now too many people know I was one of the parents who agreed to sit at the dunk tank for the school carnival. If someone sees me like this, stark naked, they might not have to see my face to figure out it's me...   
  
You know those nightmares or bad teen movies where people wake up and they're naked in school? I'm living it. The nightmares have nothing on real life.  
  
I wonder if I can sue my internet provider for infliction of emotional distress...  
  
I know, I'm rambling...ever get caught naked running around the streets in your neighborhood? Your mind wouldn't be thinking clearly either.  
  
So my son's school PTA always sends out a sign-up genius whenever they need volunteers. Each parent is expected to volunteer so many times during the year, and a few weeks ago I was still one short thanks to my work schedule - no problem because there was one event left, the end of year carnival. Problem was, our internet was out at home for most of the weekend when the sign-ups went out. I don't use my phone for personal email like school stuff, only work, so I didn't get the sign-up until most of the parents had already signed up. The only volunteer options left were dunk tank and clean-up. I should have done clean up, but no, I didn't want to be stuck at the carnival until late at night...or stuck cleaning.  
  
The carnival was mostly outside the school, except for the book sale in the library and the art displays on pretty much every wall of the school - a few hundred elementary students create a lot of art during the year and only 3 or 4 things are put up for each kid. The food trucks, bounce houses, carnival games, craft tables, music, and everything else were on the playground and the lawn next to the football field. The dunk tank was close to the school so it could more easily be filled and so the parent volunteers didn't have far to travel from the classroom we were given to use for changing and storing our stuff. Two-hour carnival, 4 parents taking 30-minute shifts, and I was the next to last one.  
  
A half hour before my shift, Carl (my husband) and I walked the four blocks to the school with our son so I could see his contributions to the art displays. After that, I walked to the volunteer classroom, closed the door, and made sure the window shades were all down before quickly changing into my bathing suit as my husband guarded the door. I left my clothes folded up inside my towel so that anyone else using the room wouldn't see my bra and panties, and then headed out. It felt scandalous to be walking through the school hallway in just my bathing suit and sandals, but the dunk tank was just outside the back door to the building and other than artwork, nothing else was nearby - everyone not volunteering was supposed to use the main doors by the library, so no one else but volunteers should be back here; this was also the room where they'd be putting leftover supplies for the weekend.  
  
As I walked outside, I saw the volunteer before me, Mindy, climbing out of the tank. A statuesque blond a couple years older than me, she was wearing a two-piece suit that clearly attracted attention, my husband's included. So long as he only looked.  
  
"Hey Caroline! Cold water tonight," she smiled at me. As much as I might hate her for her body, it was impossible not to like her for her genuinely friendly personality. Our kids were in the same grade so we had come to know each other the past couple years. "Where's your towel?" She asked as she climbed down and took hers from a hook on the side of the ladder.  
  
I didn't want to admit I left it in the classroom wrapped around my clothes to keep them hidden, but realized I probably should have brought it out. "I forgot to bring it out - no big deal, it's not like it's chilly out," which was true - it was 6:30 and 80 degrees, with a sun that wouldn't set until just after the carnival was done.  
  
I kicked my sandals behind the tank and climbed up the side, first testing the platform and then cautiously sliding out. My half hour went quickly - I was nice to any kid throwing, but playfully taunted and insulted any adults, especially those I knew. The money spent on each throw was being donated to a general fund to help pay for things like music instruments and class field trips, all good causes, and fortunately I had a steady line of people throwing. All told I went under about every third or fourth thrower, including my husband who got in line twice; his aim was spot on the first time, though the second time Carl did the "walk up and push the bulls-eye" thing. He had tried to encourage me to wear a bikini, but while I'm not flat-chested, I was worried a sudden drop into the water would pull up my top and I had -no- interest in flashing everyone.  
  
If I had the choice between wearing a bikini and my current situation, I would have gone for the bikini in a heartbeat.  
  
Once my shift was done I climbed out and saw the last volunteer was a guy I had only met at parties. When I told him I would make sure I didn't disturb his stuff in the classroom, he told me not to worry, "I live across the street - I'm just going to toss on my flip-flops and my shirt and walk home - the room is all yours!"  
  
Carl and our son waited for my shift to end and walked me back to the classroom. It was obvious our son was melting down and needed to get home, so I told Carl to take him home and I'd be along after I picked up the stuff we had ordered from the book sale in the library. It was already paid for which was good since I didn't bring my purse, just my phone which Carl had kept during my shift. After they closed the door I noticed one of the window shades was up; I walked over to pull it down and stripped out of my bathing suit as I walked back, only to be standing there completely naked when the classroom door opened! As I started to freak out and throw my arms across my body, still holding my suit, I realized it just was my jackass of a husband checking on me, "Wanted to see if you needed any help" he said with a lecherous grin. I wasn't amused and threw my wet bathing suit at him, "Here, take this home so I don't get the books wet. And close the ...ing door!"  
  
I really, really wish I hadn't done that.  
  
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Mindy's husband finished his shift at the carnival, grabbed his backpack, and headed to the volunteer room. While walking past the dunk tank he noticed his bikini clad wife climbing out of the water. Seeing her on display essentially half-naked before all the parents of their kid's classmates was enough to turn him on and give him ideas. He was so focused on his wife he missed seeing Maria as she walked out and he walked in the building, quickly finding his way to the volunteer room. He saw Mindy's clothes and a towel nearby, both of which he shoved in his backpack with a grin, not realizing someone else might be using the room. As soon as he closed the door a window shade across the way snapped up. He decided to leave it alone; if Mindy didn't check and started to take off her bikini, she'd be flashing the people across the street.  
  
A few moments later Mindy walked in, towel around her waist, breasts barely contained by her bikini top. Her husband, hiding behind the door, grabbed her from behind. Knowing it was him, Mindy slapped his hands away with a smile. "Not here - we're in the school!"  
  
"I could strip your bathing suit off right now and make you streak through the school."  
  
"Stop, right now, mister, I - hey, where are my clothes?"  
  
"Safe in the backpack - guess you'll have to walk to the car dressed as you are - unless I can get that bikini off you first."  
  
"Don't you dare, Aaron - I mean it!" Mindy nearly screamed as her husband started toward her again, then laughed and ran out, trying in vain to keep her towel around her body as her husband grabbed for it. Right as she got to the door to the parking lot he managed to get ahold of it, leaving her in just the bikini. Even though it was what she had just been seen in by half the carnival, she knew her husband was serious about stripping her if he could. She got to the car first and looked at him triumphantly as she opened the passenger-side door, or tried to - from the driver's side of the car he just held up the keys and gave her an evil grin.  
  
"I'll make you a trade - toss me your top and I'll unlock the door."  
  
"What?!"  
  
"You heard me," Aaron grinned, knowing his wife got off on being exposed, almost as much as he got off on exposing her.  
  
"Fine, here." She said, removing her top and throwing it at him before covering her ample breasts, feeling her nipples hardening, "Now unlock the door!"  
  
He did as instructed, but only his driver-side door. When she tried to open hers, it was still locked. "Aaron," she hissed, "open the damn door!" He rolled her window down a fraction, just enough for her to hear him say "You never said -your- door. Though you do have one more thing I want - just take off the rest of your bikini and stuff it through the window first."  
  
"Bastard," though she started untying the bikini knots as she insulted him. "Here," shoving it through the window crack, "now open the door before anyone looks over."  
  
Aaron thought for a moment, then grinned and started to drive away without unlocking Mindy's door. "Aaron!" Mindy started to panic - for all that she might be playful at a beach, letting a wave knock her top off and pretending she didn't notice, she had never been naked outside like this, not in her own community and certainly not in her son's school parking lot!  
  
Aaron stopped after only a few feet, not out of kindness, but because he wanted to get her home where it would be just the two of them since their son was at a sleepover with a friend. As Mindy quickly climbed in and pulled the seatbelt across her chest and lap, Aaron started to retract the hardtop from his new BMW, something Mindy forgot about. She gasped and her eyes went wide as her hands immediately flew to cover her breasts. Aaron changed his mind about going straight home and decided a long and detour-filled route would be more fun.

**School Carnival Night - pt 2**

After throwing my wet bathing suit at Carl and realizing I was stark naked in a school classroom, I quickly went over to where I...where...oh, F--K! Where the hell were my clothes?! I looked on the floor, praying they had just been knocked off, then on nearby desks in case they had been moved, but nothing. Oh my God, the towel with my clothes wrapped inside was gone! I went over to the door and risked opening it just enough to look out in the hallway, but Carl and my son had already left. Shit! To make matters worse, he still had my phone - I couldn't even call him to come back!  
  
I closed the door and frantically looked around the room, checking every cabinet and closet to see if there was -anything- anyone had left behind, but no luck. Earlier that week the school had all the kids take everything home they had stored - extra clothes, lost and found stuff was claimed, even the teachers had started to move stuff out before summer started. There wasn't even a jacket in the teacher's closet. The guy in the tank after me told me he wasn't going to use the room, so there wasn't even his own towel to steal! At least that meant that no one would...  
  
Oh, shit, oh, SHIT! The volunteers! In about 20 minutes they would all start bringing all the leftover everything - food, spirit wear, decorations, everything to this room! There was no way I could stay in here...but there was nowhere I could go that didn't require...oh, God, my body just shivered with goosebumps, just -thinking- about having to run and hide while naked! I used to have this fantasy when I was in high school about one of my teachers I thought was cute, or about being caught naked in the wrong locker room, but now that fantasy had become a mortifying reality.  
  
The closets and cupboards were too small to hide in, and there was nothing else in the room that was going to help...oh, God, I'm freaking out here - where the hell can I go? Turning left out the door isn't an option, that only leads to the back entrance and the carnival, which means I have to go right, whatever is there. I cautiously opened the door, poking my head around the edge while keeping my bare body out of view. The instant I heard voices I closed the door quickly. Across the room a window shade snapped up which made me gasp and whirl around as I was suddenly on display to anyone walking outside! I couldn't leave it up, as much as it terrified me I had to cross over to room and hope that no one saw me outside or suddenly entered the room.  
  
I walked quickly hoping I could do this with one hand, but no luck, in fact it was way too high for me to reach. I would have to climb up and stand on the low bookcase, exposing not just my top half but all of me! No way was I going to do that, not when I was leaving the room soon anyway, I'd just have to hope no one was looking in. Crouching down, I looked at the clock - shit! 7:15 which meant this was over in 15 minutes and then I'd be caught!  
  
I stayed low and walked back to the door. It never occurred to me that if I had just turned out the light in the classroom, no one could have seen anything that wasn't right up against the window...  
  
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"Man, get OVER here, I'm telling you, there's a naked teacher over in that classroom!"  
  
"What??"  
  
"Seriously! You got your good camera for your film project? Hurry up!"  
  
"Oh, wow - she has no idea we can see her, does she?"  
  
"I saw her come close to the window before walking away - she knows she might be seen, that's for sure. Are you getting this?"  
  
"Yep - I can work it into my art school project. God I hope she turns around again so I can see her tits."

**School Carnival Night - pt 3**

I made it to the door, turned around to the window one last time to make sure no one was on the sidewalk. It never occurred to me to think someone across the street might be watching since all the windows in the nearby houses were dark...  
  
As soon as I opened the door I could hear voices done the hall to the left - damn it, they were starting to close down early! I quickly ran to the right, hands over my breasts, bare pussy exposed, and bare feet slapping on the floors of the school hallway. I run right past the hallway that leads to the library, hoping that if anyone sees me they just see a blur and can't recognize me or even know for certain that I'm naked. Wishful thinking, I know.  
  
I get to the next cross-hallway and turn toward the door at the end which leads outside, I -think- to an area where no one would be, except...are there...shit! Just as I got to the door I could see people out there! I turn around and head back the way I came, but right as I stopped and turned back, I could see one of the parents glance over - I was close enough to see her eyes go wide and mouth open - oh, God, she saw me! I didn't recognize her so maybe she didn't know me, but she definitely saw me!! She's probably watching my bare backside right now as I run the other way and turn into the main hallway again. I made it maybe 10 feet when I realize there are people in front of me! Two women carrying game equipment, walking away, maybe 20 feet up ahead! I froze - oh my God, where did they come from? Did they go past as I was in the cross-hallway? If either turned around right now they'd be close enough to see everything! I couldn't even breathe, thinking they might hear me. I looked to my right and spotted the door to the school office suite, which was the only other place they could have come from, and quietly walked over while vainly wishing the floor was carpet not bare tile. I tried the door handle, and as it turned and I opened the door, it squeaked! I ran in quickly and looked for a place to hide in case they came back.  
  
God help me, I was in the school office like some naughty schoolgirl and I didn't have any clothes! It was like some fantasy come to life and for a moment I wondered what my punishment would be if I were caught by the principal - would he spank me? Would he take photos and blackmail me? Oh God, I couldn't believe I was starting to get wet thinking about it!  
  
As I was caught up in the whirlwind of emotions, I started to look around and noticed there wasn't anything anyone had left that I could use to cover myself when it finally dawned on me I had access to a phone! I ran over to the secretary's desk and grabbed the phone, but when I tried to dial nothing happened. I tried pressing '9' since that's what my office required to get an outside line, still nothing. I tried everything else as well with no luck - they must require more elaborate codes to dial out.  
  
While cursing the phones I suddenly heard the door latch opening! I quickly dove under the secretary's desk and pulled the desk chair as close to me as I could. I hadn't noticed that it was one of those desks that had a gap at the bottom of the front panel. It was only a few inches but if anyone entering decided to look down, they might the side of my butt and my right foot! Oh, God, the door bounced open - I was sure I was going to find out first hand what happens to someone who's naked at school...  
  
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"I'm telling you, someone is streaking the school. Flip the lights on, will you?"  
  
"What? How much did you have to drink before the carnival, Katherine?"  
  
"Not enough, Chris, trust me. When I looked in the door a moment ago I saw a naked woman who ran down this hallway."  
  
"Well, clearly she's not in here. Let's drop these boxes for the secretary and go get the last of them. Aaron called to say he picked up his new car and will be driving over to the block party tonight - some sort of surprise he wants to show us."  
  
As Chris walked several of the boxes across the room, Katherine set hers down on the desk in front of her, glanced down to make sure they were all the way on the desk...and spotted something through the gap...  
  
"Hey Chris?"  
  
"Let's -go- already," Chris said while walking out.  
  
Katherine had no idea who the woman was, but the cute red toenails peeking out from under the desk made it clear where the streaker had gone. She grinned and quickly took out her phone, set it to record video, and placed it on a nearby bookshelf, aiming it so it would get the entire secretary's desk and anything else around it. She moved a paperweight over to hide all but the camera lens and hoped that was enough. Before Katherine left she moved the boxes off the desk and spoke to herself but curiously in a loud enough voice to be heard, "These would be better on the floor anyway - more room to put the next set of boxes in a few minutes," and walked out, leaving the lights on and closing the door.

**School Carnival Night - pt 4**

Holy shit, my heart wouldn't stop pounding - I thought that was it, they were going to find me! I don't know who Katherine is, but it sounds like she's coming back soon with more boxes and she had already seen me once; I would have to move fast before they returned.  
  
I wiggled out from under the desk and stood up facing back to the door and the bookshelves on either side. As I was by myself I didn't bother to cover up, having never noticed the phone hiding behind a paperweight.  
  
For a moment I just stood there, stark naked in the school office, trying desperately to think about where I could go...once I walked out I wouldn't be able to turn left, that would take me back the way I came, not an option...if I turned right, I'd eventually be headed to the cafeteria where there were still people, so also not an option...but if I turned right there was another small hallway before the cafeteria...it had a less-than desirable door out that I could use if absolutely necessary (I'll explain soon enough), but it did lead to another part of the building that hopefully wasn't being used. Maybe I could hide there until things quieted down...  
  
I opened the door and slowly looked out to see if the hallway was empty...it was so I took off running, heedless of the sound my bare feet were making on the cold tile - speed was important now.  
  
I got to the cross-hallway and ran down it, heading to my destination. When I came to the double doors I paused, but hearing noises back in the main hallway spurred me on. I entered the side door to the auditorium and found myself standing on the school stage, in the buff. It was mostly dark, just enough light so anyone walking through wouldn't get hurt, but almost no light in the audience...  
  
If the fantasy of being caught naked by the principal was strong, the idea of being naked on display for the entire school was overpowering. As if in a trance I realized I had walked all the way to the center of the empty stage - if anyone entered I was 50 feet from the nearest hiding spot, no way I wouldn't be discovered. My knees started to buckle as my mind filled the audience seats...I imagined my teachers from when I was a teenager, my classmates, both my friends and those I didn't get along with. I had been a good girl in school, didn't lose my virginity until I was 20, and before I went to college no one had seen me in anything more revealing than a one-piece at the senior pool party...what would they all think, if they could see me now, exposed for all to leer at?  
  
My hand had drifted to my bare pussy, massaging my clit at first and then as if on their own my fingers worked inside me...I half collapsed to the stage floor, laid on my back, and with visions of a packed house, was quickly writhing on the floor as wave after wave washed over me.  
  
When it was over I just laid there panting, my sweat and other fluids dripping on to the stage...at first my mind thought I was imaging the ovation, the experience so visceral as to make me hear things...but then I realized the sound of two people clapping off-rhythm from each other was genuine...there were two people in the balcony...and they were watching everything! Holy shit!  
  
I gave a cry as I tried to get up and cover myself, but I couldn't do both at once and so struggled to my feet as my breasts bounced around before throwing my arms around my body and running offstage. You couldn't get from the balcony to the stage quickly, so hopefully I'd have time to get out before whoever it was caught up to me!  
  
From the side of the stage I ran out the only place to go was a maintenance room - that, or down a small hallway past the balcony steps which the two people were probably walking down. Shit, shit, SHIT! How could I be so stupid and careless??  
  
I ran into the maintenance room - there was a door to a courtyard, but it was an old door and I couldn't get the deadbolt unlocked. Shit! Instead of wasting time I realized there was a window - it was over a workbench, but hopefully it wouldn't be much of a drop outside. I climbed up on the workbench and bent over. In the part of my brain that was still reeling from my orgasm a moment ago, I wondered what the school maintenance staff would think if they entered right now, seeing my bare ass at eye level, wriggling as I struggled to open the heavy window...  
  
I finally got it open and started to pull myself through, first one bare leg and then the other so I was sitting half in and half out. I realized I wouldn't be able to close the window after I jumped out - they would know someone must have been in here, but hopefully they'd pass it off once they figured out nothing was stolen.  
  
I started to slide out the window when voices outside the door to the hallway made me less observant than I should have been. I avoided landing on anything sharp, but fell into a puddle of some oily liquid, slipping and landing on my butt. Carefully getting up and stepping away, I got as much of the oil of me as I could, but I had to keep moving - it was finally starting to get dark outside, but I -really- didn't want anyone finding me, and there weren't many options. In fact, to my horror I realized there was really only one.  
  
Technically there were two options, if you call climbing up a 15-ft wire gate an option - it was one of those sliding gates that vehicles pass through, and to top it off it looked like it had points at the top that would hurt, even if I wanted to try. And I didn't - I wasn't a fan of heights and certainly not heights I could easily fall from.  
  
The other option was a different sort of nightmare. Well, probably a fantasy for every adolescent boy, and not a few girls, but the thought of what I was about to do...  
  
There was no other way...With my arms covering what part of my naked body I could, I walked through the maintenance entrance to the building that was connected to the school and that formed the other side of the courtyard. Dim lighting gave me just enough to see my way into the main hallway. From here there were two rooms, one at each end, and exits out from either one. I started down the one I thought would let me out closer to where I wanted to go, never noticing the oily footprints I was leaving behind...  
  
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"Damn, Jake - get in here, someone broke in."  
  
"Shit, anything missing?"  
  
"I don't think so...weird...window's open but...no way it could have been opened from the outside..."  
  
"Break-in or break-out?"  
  
"Grab a flashlight and check outside would you?"  
  
Sure, Jake thought, I'll go outside and look for f—k-all, doesn't matter that it's past time to close up and I don't get overtime, but what the hell.  
  
"See anything?"  
  
"Just a lot of everything usual - vehicles, junk, the oil slick you didn't clean up from this afternoon...and...footprints?"  
  
"Probably whoever was just in here - follow 'em, see if you find anyone."

**School Carnival Night - pt 5**

Oh my God, oh my God, oh my GOD this is insane. I'm a 30-year old respected attorney tiptoeing naked through a locker room at the high school stadium...it isn't even football season, but my mind kept thinking the team is going to walk in any minute after a game...my hands were covering my breasts, trying not to further excite my still rock hard nipples...I didn't dare put my hands anywhere near my vagina...not after what happened a few minutes ago...  
  
The locker rooms in the stadium were pretty basic - benches, lockers, bathroom. No showers like the ones inside the school...two exits - one to the courtyard I just came from, and the other...well...they don't gear up to run out into a biology lab classroom...  
  
I paused for a moment before pushing open the doors that led to the side of the stands where the team would run out, high fiving fans leaning down...oh, shit! Would the stadium have lights on? I know there's no game, but the carnival is next to the field and the crews taking everything down might need the light spilling over...shit!  
  
I tried to quietly push the door open to look out and see if the stadium lights were on...I had gone through the locker room farther away from the carnival but that meant it was closer to the residential street and houses...houses with people...people who knew me as a mother and an attorney, not as a pervert who streaks naked through the local school...maybe the lights wouldn't be on but, damn, the door wasn't easy - I had to slam the crash bar down, making a noise louder than I was-  
  
"Hey, who's there?! I know you broke into the maintenance room!"  
  
What?!? I stifled a surprised scream that I'm sure was still loud enough to hear. What I didn't do was wait to ask how they knew to find me, I just bolted out the door and onto the field...the brightly lit field...the brightly lit field which in the fall hundreds of people would be staring at, and that's without the barefoot brunette with no clothes on the field. Oh, God, not here - I could feel myself getting wet again already at the thought- no! I can't, I just can't. I know someone's going to look over...I can see dozens of volunteers over at the carnival - they're too far away to tell who's who so hopefully they can't tell who I am either...SHIT! there's a group walking toward the field, shouting back to the others...and whistling! They saw me! Oh my God, the town will be talking about this for DAYS! I know my town and -EVERYONE- is going to hear about this and start wondering who the naked woman is! And then it hit me - my eyes got really big as I realized it won't just be my town, but my JOB! Oh, crap, if this ever gets out I'm going to lose my job at the firm! Shit, shit, shit!  
  
I turned further away from the gathering crowd to hide my face. Luckily there was a fence around most of the field, but only a few exits...I couldn't go to the one I wanted to because there were probably people running to it right now to get a good look at my naked body up close...but the other exit was the opposite direction from my home. With no other choice I started running that way, praying that no one would be there, dreading that I wouldn't be so lucky.  
  
I dashed across the track that circled the football field and made it to the little L-shaped stand where tickets are sold, which fortunately meant I was out of the glare of the lights on the field, and hopefully harder to see, though my bare body was probably pale enough to be seen without much difficulty. At this end there was a revolving metal gate in the tall fence that could be locked so no one could enter, but always spun the other way so people could leave - who would expect a naked mother to be trespassing on school grounds? Praying that the people at the other end might have given up and gone back to cleaning up after the carnival, I crouched here for a moment to gather the courage to streak down the street, past the houses of people I knew - oh, God, there's no -way- I'm going to make it!

**School Carnival Night - pt 6**

Oh, God, please just let me make it home without being seen by anyone else...or at least without anyone being able to tell it's me...that's not too much to ask, is it? Everyone already saw me in my bathing suit. I mean, I know it's not that revealing, but wasn't that enough? Do they really need to see my bare...everything? The thought of it...and I don't even know which would be worse, being seen by my son's friends, or by their parents...  
  
The way the nearby streetlights were positioned, I had a small area of shadow to hide in behind the ticket stand. I was about to stand up and bolt through the gate when headlights suddenly turned this way...HUGE headlights...oh, please, please let this be someone driving a pickup into a garage and staying inside!  
  
"Great job! You guys raised over a thousand dollars tonight! Take your instruments back in and then head home. Have a great weekend!"  
  
I could hear a loud low rumble and then...holy shit, what were all those cheers?!? I had to know what was happening, so I risked peeking around the ticket stand and- oh God, oh God, I started to panic when my brain caught up and remembered what else was happening in town that evening...it was the high school band! A few dozen teenagers, and they were climbing off of a huge flatbed truck, like from a float in a parade...and shit! They were all walking this way!  
  
I ducked back into the corner of the L-shaped stand - unless they were headed into the field, they'd probably go left into the school. The long side of the 'L' faced the truck, while the short side might just be enough to keep me out of sight - it only extended back about three feet, but I had to pray that was enough. I was crouched down, ankles and knees together, knees up, arms wrapped around my legs, breasts pressed into my thighs as I hunched into as small a space as I could manage, willing them not to see me...I couldn't see them, but I could hear them...  
  
"I'm serious, man - he texted me and said they could see right into the classroom where the parents were changing clothes. They saw a gorgeous blond woman with huge tits and a really cute brunette who left the classroom still naked! I'm telling you, some MILF was getting off running around the school!"  
  
What the- ?!? Oh my GOD there was someone WATCHING ME?!! I thought I couldn't get more embarrassed than I was at that moment...I was wrong.  
  
I closed my eyes, wishing everything would be different when I opened them again, excep-  
  
"Hey guys, look over here!"  
  
My eyes flew open and to my horror I was staring at three teenage boys who were staring back! Oh, God, no - two boys who were staring back and a third one getting his phone out to take pictures!!!  
  
I should have screamed, should have yelled at them to leave me alone - didn't they know I was an adult and they should respect me, naked though I was??? But all I could manage was a whimper as I scrambled to get up and run. I knew at that moment there would be pictures of me naked and who knew how many people would see them - my neighbors? My son's classmates' parents? Co-workers in the community? All I could hope for was to turn away before the kid could get a picture of my face. I ran around to the other side of the ticket stand and headed the only way I could, right past the flatbed - that still had a few kids hanging around talking with the driver and band leader!!! Shit!  
  
I could hear them all yelling after me as I just ran, not daring to stop or listen to their jeers or catcalls. The truck had to let students off on a residential street that dead-ended at the school which meant I was running past houses. I was sure everyone had families home and that everyone would be watching as the naked woman ran past. Even though it was dark out there were streetlights every couple of houses, and I'm sure my bare pale body was shining like a beacon in the night. I tried telling myself maybe no one would know it was me, that if I ran fast enough no one would see my face. And stopping somewhere and asking for clothing was -not- an option; I could hear excited voices behind me - shit! At least a few of the band members were following me!  
  
I wasn't paying attention and without looking I crossed a street against a red light causing a car to slam on both its brakes and horn at the same time. SHIT that scared the shit out of me! I stopped and just glared at the driver, one hand over my pounding heart, the other hanging at my side as I gasped to get my breathing under control. I was about to yell at him for driving recklessly when I saw his eyes go wide and for a few seconds I couldn't figure out...oh my God, I was standing there totally-  
  
"THERE SHE IS!"  
  
What??! I looked around on instinct and saw three kids from the band who had been following me as they-  
  
[BEEEEEP]  
  
I spun back to face the car whose driver was now getting annoyed that I was blocking the road, and for a moment that stretched into eternity, I didn't know what to do.  
  
My head started spinning - I was literally caught like a deer in headlights, standing completely naked in the middle of the street, teenagers on one side pointing and taking pictures, a car in front of me with a driver and passenger getting angry, and who knew who else was nearby watching! I was so stunned I didn't even think to cover myself, giving everyone more than enough time to get their phones out. It didn't matter that it was dark, the cars' headlights were shining on me like spotlights...  
  
Wait, cars'? Plural??? I spun one more time to see the car that had driven up behind me from the opposite direction as the annoyed driver! At that point I should have asked one of the drivers to take me home...I should have asked the teenagers to take pity on me and give me one of their jackets...I should have done anything but what I did which was run.  
  
Two cars on either side and teenagers on a third, I took off running the only direction I could, but after staring into headlights I had spots before my eyes and couldn't see well. The darkness with patches of bright light every few houses didn't help my eyes adjust. I ran barefoot along the block and started down another before realizing what I had done...oh, no...oh God NO...the street was having a block party...but instead of going home when it got dark everyone had stayed outside in clumps, sitting in chairs on the street and in yards, here and there lit up by a street lamp...like the one I had just run under! A group of children was playing with flashlights on the sidewalk ahead and I came to a halt so I wouldn't trip over them; I froze, shocked at what I had just done, running naked into the middle of the party!  
  
As my mind registered what had happened I realized that everyone had been talking but that all stopped as everyone turned to see what was going on...children, teenagers, parents...all staring at every part of my naked body...it didn't matter which way I turned, they were all around me - my bare breasts, my bare pussy, my bare ass, all of it in view and no way for me to cover everything. My hands flew to my nipples and my vagina until a little boy smacked my butt cheek with his hand; my hand flew back to cover my ass, which left my pussy exposed; my other arm dropped down leaving my breasts to hang free, heaving up and down as I definitely hyperventilated this time. Wherever I moved my hands, I left part of me exposed to part of the gathering crowd. I was numb.  
  
Somehow I wound up crouched on the ground, not knowing how I got there, arms wrapped around my legs, wishing it all away, knowing it wouldn't happen...the partygoers were respectful, but if the flashes were any indication, my hope to remain anonymous was over.  
  
"Caroline, let us drive you home." I looked up and saw my friend Mindy, the blond who went before me in the dunk tank. She was wearing her bikini bottoms and a shirt way too small that was tight enough to show she was braless underneath. She wrapped a towel around me and along with her husband we walked in silence to their car. I was beyond embarrassed; here I was, a successful mother and respected attorney, naked as the day I was born, which I would later hear some thought I had done on purpose, streaking to somehow regain my youth...  
  
Mindy sat with me in the back seat; I missed the smile she gave her husband as we got in. It was only after I buckled the seat belt with my trembling hands when her husband put the roof down (I didn't even realize it was a convertible). As we drove away, I suddenly felt a tugging sensation, but before I could react Mindy had whipped the towel off me and thrown it out to a neighbor! I threw my arms over my breasts as she leaned over and whispered in my ear "It's a nice night for a drive through town, isn't it?"  
  
Oh my GOD!!!  
  
-End-