**You Can't go Home Again**

Hi;   
   
Wow, over a year since I posted.  I see Candace says she was inspired by me. Well, I've been inspired by her into a new adventure in which I found the truth in the phrase "You can't go home again."

   
About two weeks ago I had occasion to drive through my old neighborhood. To my surprise I noted a for sale sign in front of my childhood home. My first thought was to see if there was an open house so I could go through and relive some memories. Then I thought about some of those naked memories and thought about the possibility of reliving some of them. I parked my car to do a little scouting, figuring anyone who saw me would assume I was interested in buying the house.   
   
I walked up to the front door and could see that the house was empty. No curtains, no furniture, the current owners had already moved. I walked around the corner and into the park, pretending I wanted to look at the back of the house. There was a new fence but it was just like the old one. One disturbing thing was that on my light pole, the one I used to challenge myself to circle, was a security camera and a sign saying that the park was monitored. I went back to my car and drove home.   
   
I thought about coming back after dark and getting naked in the driveway but I wouldn't risk going into the park and I didn't really feel daring enough to try crossing the street or doing much else. I went home and a couple days later signed on to these forums where I found Candace's story. Suddenly I started to feel that old need again. I had to get naked somewhere. I tried to think of other places, but my house was just too tempting so last night I decided to drive back there, 'just to look around.' Even though I told myself it was just another look around, I guess my subconscious had other ideas because I wore loose, easily removed, dark clothing. Shorts, panties, bra and t-shirt and a pair of sandals. Almost to my disappointment, I found a parking spot only a few houses down the street. I'd been half hoping that with no place to park, I'd have an excuse to do nothing.   
   
I parked and got out of my car, leaving my purse in the car and taking only my keys. It was about 2am as I walked to 'my' house. When I got to the drive I thought about stopping and looking around but decided that would look too suspicious if one of the neighbors happened to be looking out a window, so I walked right up the driveway like I owned the place. The driveway was nice and dark and I knew now that I was going to do it, I was going to get naked. It had been over a year since my last, brief, snowy adventure and I thought maybe I'd just stay in the drive way for a bit, then get dressed and go home. The neighbors had planted some shrubs on the little strip of grass next to their house and I felt even more protected than the old days, plus, I didn't have to worry about any of my family catching me.   
   
For some reason I pushed off my shorts and panties, stepping out of my sandals to remove the panties then putting the sandals back on. Keeping my shirt on, I took a step or two closer to the street before pulling my shirt over my head and removing my bra. I was naked again, feeling like that exited teenager I once was. My heart started to beat faster and I could feel the breeze on my nipples and pussy. The driveway wasn't going to satisfy me. I looked at the houses across the street. The one on the corner was completely dark. The one right across from my house had lights on upstairs. I crept forward until I could look up the street to my left. Nothing was stirring so I crept forward a little more till I could look the other direction, toward my car. Again nothing.   
   
I didn't even give myself a chance to think about it. Before I knew it, I was running across the street, even more recklessly then ever. I think I knew this might be a chance I'd never get again and I wanted to force myself to take that chance. My heart was beating even faster than before as I reached the relative safety between the houses. I hadn't been here in a long time and I didn't know if the way to the back yards was still open. I walked forward slowly, unsure of the footing in the darkness. No fences, I was in the backyard.   
   
Now I did have time to think. Again, consciously this time, I realized this was a rare chance to relive some of my adventures. I wanted to cross that second, busier street. I carefully approached the sidewalk, my senses alive with adrenaline again as I listened for cars. Soon, I could see both ways, no headlights as far as I could see. I looked across the street at the next backyard. No shrubbery, no lawn furniture, just a wooden fence around it, enclosing the far side and the back of the yard, leaving the side to the street open.   
   
I looked both ways one last time and sprinted into the street, heading across. As I ran, I caught a glimpse of headlights far to my right. Too far to see me now, but I would soon be in the yard ahead of me. No fence, no furniture, nothing to hide behind if this car passed. I didn't stop, skipping over the curb and running toward the far side of the yard. Now I got the shock of my life, something I never ran into as a teenager running around naked. As I entered the yard I was suddenly bathed in floodlights! I could see the lights mounted on the back of the house above that little motion detector that made them come on automatically. Like a deer in headlights, I froze, not knowing what to do. I usually had a plan, but not this time.   
   
Now, to add to my predicament, a dog started to bark from inside the house and an upstairs light came on. I looked up at the light and noticed one of those cables used as a dog run. I couldn't stay where I was, there was no place to hide, a car was coming, and soon, someone might be letting a dog out in the yard with me! My first thought was to run back the way I had come but before I could reach the curb I could see light on the pavement in front of me. The car which had seemed safely far away must have been speeding and was now only about a block away. Still, I couldn't stay where I was so I ran away from the house, toward the back of the yard. Just before I reached the fence, the car sped past and I ran around the edge of the fence into the next back yard. Here there were bushes of some kind and I ducked into the darkness. Sure enough, above the fence I could see the door into the yard I had just vacated open and see the chain moving along the cable. I had just missed having to contend with the dog and its owner.    
   
I stayed in those bushes, further from my house than I had ever been as a teen. My breathing was so loud and my heart beating so hard I was sure someone would hear. I don't know how long I waited but eventually I saw the top of the door open as the dog was let back inside. I wanted to wait longer for those lights to go out but I had had enough excitement. I ran at an angle back across the street and didn't even go behind the house, just sprinted right around the corner and back across to my driveway.   
   
As soon as I was safely into the darkness I had time to think. The feeling was tremendous. I had to masturbate right there in the driveway. As I rubbed my very excited pussy slit I found myself looking at the windows of what used to be my house. The teenager in me was still afraid of being caught by my brothers or my dad! Once I made myself cum it was over. I quickly gathered up my clothes and pulled on my t-shirt and shorts, made sure my keys were still in my pocket, and carrying my underthings, tried to walk calmly to my car.    
   
Thanks Candace, for inspiring me to one more adventure, even if it did almost give me a heart attack!   
   
~Leah 

I had to do it again!   
   
Once again, after last weekend's adventure, I had the *"There! I never have to do it again!"*feeling but only a couple of days later, I knew **I was going have to.**  The episode of last weekend had rekindled the old fires.  At first I planned a trip to the park but then I realized that as long as my old house was still empty I should take advantage of that.  I would go there first and, if the house was still empty, there was a good place to park, and there were no other problems, like neighbors throwing a party on a porch, I would have my adventure there, if not, the park would be my back up plan.   
   
I wore only shorts and a loose T-shirt this time, no underwear.  I had sandals on to drive but this time I planned on taking them off to be 100% naked.  I felt the old excitement as I drove, gradually transforming from a mature career woman to a teenager as I neared the house.  Everything seemed quiet and there was a parking spot right in front of the house.  It didn't seem prudent to park there though, but there was another spot a few houses up.   
   
I sat in the car for a few moments.  The scared little teenager had returned and I needed to work up some courage.  I thought about leaving, I didn't have to do this I told myself, but I knew if I left the urge would still be there and I would return, probably even that same night.  I wasn't going to get away that easy.  With a sigh, I opened the door and got out, leaving my purse, driver's license and money on the seat, and making sure I had my keys.  I closed the door as quietly as I could but it still seemed loud in the quiet street.  It was warm enough that I was sure most people were sleeping with open windows.  My car was parked in shadow, a large tree blocking light from the nearest street light.    
   
I stepped away from the car and purposefully walked to the driveway, then again up the drive like I owned the place.  The driveway was very dark, I didn't realize it at the time but it was a new moon so only starlight and reflected streetlight between the houses.  It was so dark that I was a little afraid, even though the darkness would help hide me.  I had the "What if?" feeling that someone might be in the driveway.  I walked to the back of the house and looked into the backyard.  There was enough light from the light in the park to see that the yard was empty and as my eyes adjusted to the darkness I felt safe and secure in the driveway.   
   
I went back toward the front of the drive and kicked off my sandals, then quickly shed my shorts and top.  There I was, naked again, and feeling exactly like the thrill seeking teenager again!   
   
More shortly, I promise!   
*\* LeahR*

Well I was naked again, but what to do now?  I didn't want to try crossing the street again, last weekend had been enough of that for a while.  It was a little bit cool, not cold really, but just enough to heighten my awareness of being naked.  I was excited, but not terribly so, this was tame compared to last week.  I crept forward to the front edge of the houses, light from the streetlight now hitting me from one side.  It was very quiet.  I backed up into the shadows, wondering what to do.  I wanted this to last.   
   
I looked up at the empty windows in my house.  It wasn't hard to imagine my family sleeping behind those windows while their daughter cavorted naked outside.  My parent's window was on the second floor near the back of the house and my oldest brother's window was near the front of the house, almost right above where I stood.  I tried to imagine them looking down on me now.  In the old days I stayed close to our house because I wasn't so worried about the elderly couple that lived next door, so that anyone looking from my house would only have been able to see me by leaning out the window and looking almost straight down.  Now I was closer to the other house and if someone were to look down from my house, they would have been able to see me.  Fortunately, or maybe unfortunately, there wasn't anyone there now.   
   
I guess I always wanted, or at least expected, that one day I would be caught.  My mom, dad, or one of my siblings would be waiting when I came back in the door naked, my clothing sitting there on the steps.  I always wondered what I would do or say.  “Um, dad...I was going downstairs to put some clothes in the wash and I thought I heard a noise outside so I just went to check on it.  I um, forgot I was naked?”     
   
It never happened that anyone ever confronted me, but did they ever see me?  Did my brother hear the click of the door latch as I slipped out and lean close enough to the screen to glimpse me?  Did my dad hear it and get out of bed, come downstairs, and see me through the front window as I ran naked across the street?  Did my mom or my sister ever wake and look out the back windows and see me naked in the park?  Probably not my parents at least, because I can't believe I wouldn't have heard about it, but if my brother saw me, would he not let on, because he was enjoying the show?   
   
Guys reading this, if you saw your teenage sister doing this would you tell on her?  Confront her, maybe blackmail her?  Or would you just keep quiet and watch?     
   
I looked back up at what was once my brother's window and imagined him looking down at his naked sister.  I didn't want to have sex with him, but how cool it would have been if he saw me.  I started to rub myself, thinking about how maybe he would do the same, watching me running around naked.  I stopped because I didn't want to cum yet.  I really wanted this to last.    
   
My fingertip was wet now and I could feel the cool breeze both on it and between my legs.  Thinking about the possibility that someone in my family may have seen me out here on this very spot, as naked as I was now, got my heart beating faster now and I wanted to do something more than just play with myself in the darkness of the driveway.  A couple of cars had driven by while I was back in the darkness but I knew that unless someone was looking directly up the drive while they passed they couldn't see me, and even if they did look it was still very unlikely that they would know what they were looking at.    
   
I went to the rear edge of the house again and looked into the back yard.  There really wasn't much interesting there so I went back to the front of the house, past the front edge and into the light from the streetlights again.  I knew that if anyone looked out of the front windows of the houses across the street they could see me, but the houses looked dark and quiet so I stood there, telling myself that I would stand still if a car passed.  There wasn't any traffic though and I got bored.  Being a bored naked teenager, which was what I felt regressed to is a dangerous thing and I had to do something.     
   
The most logical thing was what once had been one of my first forays from the driveway, crossing our front lawn to the space between our house and the next.  Just like last week, once I got the idea I found myself acting, obeying the teenager in me.  I boldly ran across our old front lawn, feeling the cool grass between my toes.  Once past our house, I turned into the narrow space between our house and the neighbor's and was again in relative darkness.   
   
This felt good.  I was getting more comfortable now.  I didn't know exactly how long I'd been naked but I thought at least 20 minutes or more.  Even though I was comfortable in my nakedness, my heart was still beating fast.  I decided to keep going.  Not running this time, I stepped out onto our neighbor's lawn and casually walked across it, then into the next driveway, which was between the third and fourth house on the street, ours being the second house from the corner.  Yeah, this was so like it was so many years before, nakedness seemed so natural.  My car was parked in front of the fifth house and I looked at it from the driveway where I stood.     
   
There was no pocket in the shorts I had worn and I felt my car key in my closed fist.  I had the urge to leave my clothes where they were and get in my car and drive home naked.  How I would get from the parking area to my apartment I didn't know but Celestine had driven home naked in her story #8 so I thought I might try it.  I walked slowly across the next lawn, almost hoping someone would drive by but no traffic at all.  From between these houses all I had to do was walk down the drive and I would be at my car.  I started forward, but now a car did come and I ducked back up the drive.   
   
The car drove past and I watched the taillights disappear.  I might have done it, driven home naked but that little delay and I lost my nerve, plus I realized that even if I made it home and to my apartment OK, what if my son was awake when I walked in naked?  I decided I would just touch my car, then go back and get my clothes.  I walked down the drive and touched the back of my car.  There was shadow so I stood there a few moments but it was quiet so I started back.  As I turned to go up the drive, I saw a couple on foot round the corner and start heading up the sidewalk toward me.   
   
My momentum had already started that direction, and I couldn't stop.  I sprinted up the driveway, looking toward the couple.  They were male and female and they seemed engaged in conversation.  They didn't seem to even look at me, concentrating on each other.  I dashed into the darkness and flattened myself against the wall of the house in the direction from which they were approaching.  They never glanced up the drive at all and as soon as they passed I crept forward again, peeking around the front of the house to watch them go.   
   
As soon as they were a couple of houses away, I started back for my clothes, walking briskly but not running.  That was the closest I had ever been to a pedestrian while naked and my heart was pounding.  As I passed each house I would briefly duck between houses, but didn't really stop, walking finally across my own lawn and into my safe and familiar driveway.  My clothes were there but I didn't put them on.  I had to cum.  I started rubbing myself again, squatting down in the darkness.  I decided to lie down on my back, my pussy facing the street.  I raised my knees a little and parted my legs, exposing my pussy to the street.  If anymore pedestrians came by and looked up the drive they would see me.   
   
I made myself cum and it was a good cum, built up by teasing myself through the night, and really enhanced by the couple who almost caught me naked.  As soon as I came I scrambled up and grabbed my clothes.  I slipped on the sandals but held the rest of my clothes in my hands.  I looked both ways and no one was coming so, keeping close to the houses I ran back up the street, then to my car.  I jumped in and quickly drove away naked.  When I got home I stayed naked except for my sandals.  No one saw me as I made my way from my car to my apartment door.  I quickly pulled on my clothes and went in.  My son was in his room, maybe asleep, but I wished I hadn't dressed outside.  Too late, but maybe next time, and I'm pretty sure there will be a next time.   
   
Maybe you can go home again after all.   
   
*\* LeahR*