**Lisa the Risk Junkie**

by CityWolf

**Beginnings**

She can’t help herself. She knows it’s stupid, but she keeps doing it. Her life’s all fucked up, but she knows she won’t stop.

She knows. She’s a pervert. She can’t help herself. She doesn’t want to get caught. Or humiliated. It’s the risk that turns her on. Her life is a mess. She’s a loser. At her private high school EVERYONE went to college. Even in the public school everyone went to college. Except her. Her grades were bad. College was not even a possibility. After graduation she just continued to work at the convenience store and live in her parent’s basement. With no possibilities. She swore that her former classmates stopped in just to feel superior. She heard them, especially some of the girls, laugh behind her back. She never had any close friends. Most of the others her age in her neighborhood seemed to dislike her.

As long as she could remember, she was scared and excited when she was naked. She couldn’t explain it. Naughty? Vulnerable? Helpless? Risky? And as she got older, those feelings turned sexual.

The real start was one normal day. She had just gotten back from the pool. Her parents were both at work. She went out into the garage to grab a box of stuff she needed.

You have to visualize her parents house. Typical suburban neighborhood, except that most of the houses are old and don’t all look alike. Her parents house stood atop a small hill rising from the street. The street was a relatively steep hill and had little traffic. The house stood back about 30 yards from the street. There was a driveway leading to a garage on the side of the house. Hedges on both sides between their house and the neighbors. A large evergreen tree on one side, a small evergreen tree on the other and a small tree in the middle of the yard.

The garage was empty, the door was open and the car was gone. She was in a normal two-piece bathing suit. While she was fumbling with the box, she got a strange urge. For whatever reason, she got the urge to be naked. In the garage. It seemed crazy. It was the middle of the day. The garage was visible from the street, and she wanted to be naked. She remembers feeling the cool, rough concrete on the bottoms of her bare feet. She had not noticed it before.

She felt that twitching in her clit. She had played with it before in bed at night, but did not really understand the feelings. It seemed that even though she knew that this was wrong she was powerless to stop herself. She actually moved into a little area between boxes where she could not really be seen from the street and removed her top. It was the strangest feeling having her small breasts exposed to the air. She slid the bottoms off. She set them on the box in front of her so she could grab them if needed.

She was totally naked outside! Well, not really. She was in the garage hidden in a corner. But for her this was amazing. She was getting more and more excited. And then it happened. She had an earth-shattering orgasm. Her first orgasm. It was the only time in her life that she ever had an orgasm without any clitoral stimulation. It was totally spontaneous because of the situation.

After she came to her senses, which took some time, she realized that she was naked outside (not really) and really felt afraid. Afraid. Embarrassed. Ashamed. She grabbed her suit and tried to put it on. The bottoms got all rolled up and she struggled but could not get them up. Finally she calmed herself down, took them off, untangled them and started again. She got my suit back on and scurried into the house. She went up to her room, laid down in bed and promptly fell asleep.

She woke up after an hour and at first thought it was a dream. She knew it wasn’t, though. She thought about it. She thought about it some more. She fingered herself to another orgasm. She thought about it some more. In fact, it was all she thought about for some time after.

She knew just how stupid what she had done was and felt ashamed.

She knew she was going to do it again.

**Escalation**

Lisa was an only child and both of her parents worked. She was around the house a lot by herself. Not a concern to her parents because she was the perfect child. Never got into any trouble. Didn’t mind doing her chores. Went to work to earn her spending money. They went every weekend to their vacation home in the mountains. She stopped going when she graduated from school.

She started spending time around the house naked when her parents were out and she knew that they were not going to be home for a while. It was a hundred percent safe. There was only one house that could see any of her windows and during the day no one could see in anyway. No one ever stopped over unexpectedly. Still, it was neat being naked. But not enough.

Lisa needed to try again. This time she went out in a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. Barefoot. Again she stood in the little niche that obscured her from the street. She took off her shirt and shorts and shivered naked in the corner – even though it was hot and humid. She reached down and rubbed her clit. It did not take long before she had her second orgasm. Just like the last time after she calmed down this seemed like a much worse idea. She was absolutely naked mere yards from the street. Again, embarrassed, ashamed and afraid. She carefully pulled on her shorts and put her shirt back on and scampered back into the house.

The next time she followed the same pattern. She rubbed her clit and rubbed and rubbed. After a while she started thinking of what it would be like to be naked not in her little niche in the garage but out in the middle where she could be seen from the street. She was getting more and more turned on. Then she stepped out where she actually could be seen from the street. Not in the middle of the garage. Only a couple of feet from her safe niche. But she could be seen if anyone was around. And happened to look that way. Her eyes were wider open than ever before. There was nobody in sight, but she was more turned on than she had ever been. She was naked and vulnerable and out in the open. She came like she never had before. She stumbled back behind cover. Again she hurriedly put on her clothes and ran back into the house. All she could think about was how vulnerable she was, how she could have been seen and how turned on she was. She brought herself off again in her room thinking about it.

Lisa was never one to go barefoot. The feeling of being barefoot outside when she was also naked, though, made her feel even more naked, vulnerable and excited. She started NEVER being barefoot except when bathing or changing clothes. She started using hand cream on her feet to keep the skin smooth and soft.

The pattern repeated. Lisa would go out into the garage, wearing only a long t-shirt, take it off and move to the middle of the garage. No one ever walked by. She would bring herself off, although it took longer and the orgasms were less than before. She knew she had to up the ante. She thought about it. What if she made her clothes tougher to get back on? How could she do that? She figured out a way.

The next time she came out dressed only in a t-shirt and brought a rope. She took off her shirt and crept over to the steel runners that guide the garage door up and down. She tied the shirt in repeated knots. Now she would have to untie it to get her clothes back. And she’d have to do it in the open at the front of the garage.

She scurried back to her safe niche and immediately started thinking that this was a bad idea. She shivered as she tried to work up the nerve to go back to her shirt. Finally she ran over. Frantically, exposed in the open, she tried to untie the knots, looking up at the shirt and at the same time glancing down to the street. She made no headway on the knots. She ran back to cover. What was she going to do? What if she couldn’t get her shirt loose? She had to. She tried to calm herself down and went back over. She actually got the first knot undone. Then she saw two boys walking down the street in front of her house. She could not get back to her safe spot quickly enough so she laid flat on the ground and prayed that they did not notice her. The filthy dirty cement garage floor. She was frozen, staring at them. She thought that they could hear her heart beating. They passed by, never looking up.

She crawled back to her niche and barely touched her clit when she came violently. She tried to suppress her gasp. She collapsed afterwards, just sitting there on the floor. When she came back down to earth, she felt very embarrassed and humiliated. This seemed no longer fun, but she still had to get her shirt.

She went back out. She was calmer now and after some time she untied the knots, pulled her shirt back on and ran back into the house. She ran up to her room and came four more times before falling asleep.

**Nighttime Adventures**

Lisa found it harder and harder to orgasm in the garage and thought about actually going outside. But she couldn’t do that or she’d certainly be seen. She started thinking about nighttime. The darkness would hide her.

One Saturday night her parents were away for the weekend. She got off work at 11PM. It was another clear warm night. She started out in the garage again, wearing only a long t-shirt. The light in the garage was out. The light that illuminated the front yard was out. Her yard was pretty dark, but all of the other houses had lights on and there were streetlights on the street. Not much she could do about them, but it was not all that bright in her yard or on the sidewalk in front.

She took off her shirt and dropped it on the floor. She could feel her heart pounding. She couldn’t bring herself to leave the garage. She started rubbing herself. As she got herself more excited, it was as if a magnet pulled her out. There were hedges on either side of her lawn and due to the placement of the houses there was little chance of either next door neighbor being able to see her. The houses across the street could and anyone walking or driving by, though, could if it were light. It would be harder with the lights out but that would change as she got closer to the street.

She could feel the rough asphalt on her bare feet. She shivered as the warm air enveloped her naked body. She slowly walked down towards the street, crouched over, looking in all directions. Her heart pounding. Her head throbbing. She could see ahead of herself but at the same time was envisioning in her mind a view of the scene from above. Her naked form moving slowly towards the street. She had only gotten about ten yards down the driveway when she touched herself.

That touch was all it took. She came hard and let out an involuntary yelp. It is unlikely that anyone could have heard even had they been outside and close, it but she felt that it was loud enough to wake the dead. She slid to the ground and kind of curled up in a fetal position. She could feel the asphalt on the entire right side of her naked body.

She wasn’t sure how long she had lain there, with her head fogged up and regaining her breath. It probably wasn’t long, but she suddenly snapped to and realized where she was. She opened her eyes and looked around. No one was within sight, of course, but it didn’t need to be that way. Someone could have happened upon her. She had been lucky. She sprang to her feet, ran back to the garage, grabbed her shirt and ran back inside. She jumped into bed and fell asleep exhausted.

The next time that her parents were going to be away, she went again. Again, she dropped the shirt on the floor of the garage. She made her way down the driveway. She got down the hill to the sidewalk. There was an evergreen tree next to the driveway at the street. She crouched beside it. She felt her heart beating almost out of her chest. Her house was on a hill. To her right was uphill and at the top of the hill, about three houses away, the road turned. To her left, at the bottom of the hill, the cross street was one way but she could see both intersections where cars could come for some distance. She started to play with herself. After some time she saw lights to her right. A car was coming down the hill. She came immediately. Her yelp seemed loud to her. For a moment she was frozen, but then she turned, stumbled but did not fall, and ran up the driveway to the relative safety of the garage. She was in the garage before the car passed her house. She was hyperventilating, but noticed that the car’s lights did not really light up the area where she had been, being shielded by the tree. She grabbed her shirt and went back inside. She masturbated in her bed and fell sound asleep.

She started to look forward to those nights when her parents would be away, which was most Friday and Saturday evenings. She became more casual in going out in the front yard. She started staying behind the tree naked when a car came by. She came hard much of the time when there was a car nearby. One time she lay on her back on the hill in the middle of the yard and played with herself until she came. She was possibly visible, but probably not from the houses across the street or from a car driving by. Nevertheless, when a car came by the next time she jumped up and ran back to the safety of the house. Eventually she forced herself to stay when a car drove by. She came just before the car got to her house, but fortunately she was far enough back that the car lights did not illuminate her. She was shaking as she rolled over and ran back into the house. She still had to look out for people walking, which did not happen often. She took to laying with her head pointed down the hill. Being upside down disoriented her but seemed to enhance the risk. Again she forced herself to stay with a car coming and had an incredible orgasm.

One night she was crouched completely naked behind one of the trees in the corner of the yard when two cars came down the street. She was excited, but when the both stopped in front of one of the houses across the street her heart stopped. They weren’t directly across the street, but about two houses away. Nevertheless, from their angle they might be able to see her and it was too late to scurry away. Fearful, she actually climbed into the branches of the evergreen tree, scratching her naked body in the process. This seemed like a bad idea as her entire body was shaking and the tree was rustling. She didn’t know what to do, though because she could be visible if outside of the tree branches.

The cars unloaded. These were local high school kids. There were two sisters in the house. She had been friendly with the older sister when they were kids, but Lisa had always been in fancy private schools and the sisters went to public school. Not that they weren’t friendly, but not close anymore. This was the younger sister and her friends. Even worse, they hung out in front of the house for a while. Lisa was trapped naked in the branches of a tree with a group of high school peers across the street. There was no escape until they left. What if they noticed the movement of the tree? What if she sneezed. She couldn’t suppress a cough but it was soft. It sounded loud to her. She was terrified. There was nothing sexy about this.

What if a neighbor complained about the noise they were making? She envisioned the police coming with their lights and all the neighbors coming out to see what is going on. She envisioned the police finding her in the yard naked. She envisioned them handcuffing her and parading her in front of the neighbors and high school kids while they all laughed and took videos. Her life would be ruined. She noticed that she was rubbing herself. She came and kept quiet but the tree shook and she collapsed into the branches. She was hyperventilating and was afraid that they could hear. No one seemed to notice. After about a half hour the sister went in and they left. She ran back into the house relieved.

**Further Away**

Lisa was hooked. And she needed more.

She started wondering what it would be like to leave her yard. Naked.

In her suburban neighborhood, the houses were not close to each other. There were three houses across the street from her before there was a fork in the road up the hill. On her side there was one house down the hill before the cross street and one up the hill on the other side. Next to that was a long driveway for an apartment building. Behind her house was a wooded area behind the three houses bordered by the cross street far below on a hill and the driveway to the apartment building’s parking area above. Beyond that was the public high school.

One night when her parents were going to be away she made sure that all of the lights in the back of the house were out, even making sure that the rooms with windows facing there were also dark. She put on a long t-shirt and stood at her back door in a darkened kitchen, grasping her key. Her heart was beating knowing what she planned. She slowly opened the door and stepped out. She closed the door, hearing it lock behind her. She set her key underneath a nearby rock and took off her shirt, which she tossed under a bush. On wobbly legs she proceeded to the back of her yard. There was a break in the hedge in the back that led to the woods. She hesitated and then advanced out of her yard. The feeling was amazing. She could feel the ground under her bare feet as she ventured out of her own property. She felt more naked and vulnerable with each step away from her house.

It was a dark night. The woods were about ten acres and even though there was little chance of anyone being there – at any time let alone late at night – she was nervous. This was rough ground so each pebble, each stick, each rough plant on her bare feet reminded her how naked she was. Initially there was a more heavily wooded area that was very difficult to navigate. Tree branches and bushes had to be pushed away and brushed against her naked body. After a tree line it opened into a meadow. Surrounding the meadow were more heavily wooded areas again, with a small but steep hill leading to the driveway on one side and a very steep and long hill leading to the street below. There was a chain link fence separating the woods from the school, but many portions were gone or in disrepair.

She spent about an hour exploring the area in full. She stood at the top of the hill looking down at the street and the row of houses on the other side of the street. She became excited when on occasion a car would drive by, although she was high enough up that she would not have been seen even if there was not the cover of the foliage. After a while she laid on her back in the middle of the meadow. The rough ground felt uncomfortable against her back and legs. She brought herself to a climax and laid there for a bit. She jumped up when she realized how close to falling asleep she was. She made her way back home, grabbed her t-shirt and went in. After a shower she brought herself off again and went to sleep.

Two weekends later she had another late night to herself and revisited the woods. Again, little chance of anyone coming upon her. She spend more time out there. When she lay down to bring herself off it took a while. A long while. She came, but it wasn’t like before. She needed more. When she got home she started thinking about what would have made it more exciting. Increasing the chances of getting caught? She REALLY didn’t want to get caught, though. Doing things to make her more uncomfortable? Somehow forcing her to do things she didn’t want to do or forcing her to take risks? She had trouble sleeping as these thoughts went through her mind. But she knew that she needed more. She needed to up the ante. And she knew that she wasn’t going to quit.