**Jillian's Naked Mile**

by[LaceAndHumiliation](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1138699&page=submissions)©

Hi, I'm Jillian and I'm an incurable exhibitionist. I love to flirt, tease, flash and anything else I can do to stimulate myself. You see, it's all for me. It's what turns me on, drives me crazy. I remember getting off on all the prick teasing in high school. Tight shirts, short skirts, they all got me the attention I craved. College was no different though I pleased as much as I teased. I discovered my passion there for public nudity as well as bondage and erotic humiliation. I found men who loved to tie up woman and fuck them senseless. Recently, I've discovered a new way to tie it all together, a new release, all along these lines. It was brought on by internet stories about women who would get naked, or nearly so and put themselves in public. The stories would then detail how these women would put themselves in daring situations in public. Occasionally some would bind themselves in some way. It intrigued me and excited me to no end thinking about it.   
  
Eventually, being the wild child that I am, I tried it myself. First, it began as walks through my neighborhood wearing cut off Tshirts and short shorts. I am short and curvy with a small waist. I have big tits (for my size) but firm. I have a nicely rounded ass which is also tight from all my walking and Pilates. I've often been told I have the perfect stripper's body. I've used it often to get the hard cock I want. Often I would watch for men from my block walking their dogs or going out running. When they would pass my windows I'd make sure that that was the time that I'd be changing clothes. I'd flash them my breasts or at least hoped to. With each increasingly daring thing I made myself do brought a greater rush. It always led to some wild sex with whoever I was with at the time, or a hot session with my vibrator if I wasn't currently dating. I was just in a period where I'd been without a man for the longest period since my adolescence. I was finding that my exhibitionistic behavior was keeping me horny and that my poor vibrator wasn't able to keep up. It led me to increase the risk of my public behavior, all for the increasing thrill it brought.  
  
After reading a particular hot story about a woman who walked naked in her own neighborhood it made me hot enough to try it myself. I planned it accordingly and went out and did it. The first time I tried it I was as careful as could be. I walked in the dark, away from the streetlights. I remember the rush I got just making it to the end of my block and back. I live at the end of a dead end, the land behind my house is some light woods, then another subdivision. I walked naked back there as well, along the paths. The thrill wasn't quite as vivid, since hardly anyone ever goes back. Still, it helped get me used to being naked, in public, in the dark.  
  
My games progessed each time. I'd make myself walk further each time. Also, I'd add another element of risk to make the thrill increase. I'd force myself to walk closer to the street lights or make myself slow down more. I was like an exhibition junkie. Each time I needed more of a thrill to make sure I got off harder. It was intoxicating, for sure. The planning for the event was part of the joyous buildup. I'd wrack my brain trying to think of things to make myself do in order to keep ratcheting up the thrill of the ride.  
  
Again, because of the influence of some of the stories, I decided to add another one of my fetishes to the mix. Bondage. The first time I made myself walk two blocks, in nothing but my high heels (to force me to slow down) with my hands handcuffed behind my back, I swear I was going to cum before I even made it home. I was hooked, this was the thing I was looking for to boost the thrill. It was about the risk of being caught, helpless, naked and bound. After that first walk with the cuffs, each succeeding walk always included them. Did I ever fear getting caught? Of course I did. That was the biggest part of the perverse thrill of it. I didn't want to be caught, but the thought of being caught... and what I might have to do...well, it spurred me on. I planned each episode so that I had a good chance of not getting caught, but to totally plan out the possibility...? That defeated the purpose for me. I'm a big girl (not physically). I've had some pretty kinky sex, if I get caught, so be it, I'll handle it. In fact, the thought increasingly crept into my mind that maybe I was doing it all along just to get caught. I can't consciously say that it's true. I don't think of myself as trying to plan myself getting gang banged or raped, but on the other hand why keep increasing the difficulty of such a risky thing? I'm not a psychologist, I'm just a kinkster, I'll let you decide.  
  
One day after a night's naked walk I was in my backyard and one of my neighbors stopped by. It was Darla, who lived two houses down. She's a lesbian. I have no problem with that, per se, I certainly had my share of women in college, I just wasn't as into women now. Darla, though, was into me. I was always polite to her but I certainly tried to minimize the contact with her, not because she wasn't nice, just because I didn't want to encourage her. She started talking about nothing in particular. I chatted her up for awhile but I started to give her the old, "Oh, I've got dinner on," speech.   
  
She just smiled and said, "That's fine, dear, I'm sure you need to keep up your strength, all that walking you do." I just looked at her. Naw, she couldn't know....right? I just shrugged it off. "Yeah, I guess," I smiled.  
  
"Well, it certainly suits you," she grinned. "Your figure has never looked better..."   
  
I turned to look at her.  
  
"...all of your figure," she giggled.  
  
"What's that?" I asked in mock surprise.  
  
"Oh please, dear, let's cut the crap. I've seen you out on your walks. I actually look forward to them now. I have my binoculars handy every night now. I have to say, I'd like you to do it more often than once a week or whatever. I like how you've added some bondage....very kinky," she cooed.  
  
My face must've gone pale. "What? Um...wow...I didn't think anyone saw me."  
  
"Well, I don't know about anyone else, but I did. At least a couple times in the last few weeks. How long have you been doing this then?"  
  
"Oh, a few months now. Probably about a dozen walks or so ," I sheepishly admitted.  
  
We got to talking. It actually felt good to release some of the secretness of it. She already had me, it was no use denying it and it didn't appear she had any ulterior motive other than to tell me about it and get some excitement herself in talking to me. She got me to admit how thrilled it all made me, how excited I got with the thought of such sublime humiliation. She understood, I could tell. She was quite into bondage herself. She particularly liked talking to me about my fascination with handcuffs. I also admitted how sensitive my nipples were and how I longed for the old wooden clothespins on them. I'd tried nipple clamps and such but nothing was as pure and raw as having clothespins on them. She smiled knowingly.  
  
"Well, if you ever need any, stop by, I have some," she said as she walked away.   
  
I made a mental note of that. Almost two weeks went by, the stress of working cut into my fantasy planning time. I made myself take a long weekend for a break. It was to be on this weekend when I'd try my most daring adventure yet.  
  
I'd made other notes about my neighbors, what their schedules were, what they were like, who was in each house. It was my fortune to have all adults living in close proximity. There was Darla, Sam, Greg, Bob, all on my block, only Sam was married. His wife is one of those trophy wives, he is a big jerky guy. He is very chauvenistic and demeaning to women. He is a super salesman type, a big blowhard I thought. His wife hardly ever seemed to be home (which I could understand). For my purposes though, he could be of some use. Knowing his propensity to ogle and leer, I had used every opportunity to prance by him in my T shirt and shorts. I gave him plenty to look at for the last few weeks, I was priming him for something, I just wasn't sure what. One of the days I was walking by in the half shirt and shorts, my generous tits no doubt nearly peaking out from under the top. He was washing his car. He wolf whistled.  
  
"You know, if I was married to you I'd have you washing my car in that outfit..." he chuckled. "...and without your hands."  
  
I just sniffed and kept walking but smiled secretly as I kept walking. There's just something exciting and even humiliating about my desires. I just can't help myself. In fact, the possibility that it's for the humiliation that I do these things had just begun to enter my mind.  
  
Greg is the neighbor furthest down the block. He's some computer techy guy, in his forties. He has a schedule and rarely varies from it. Home at 7 dinner at 8, in his den around 9 (and I found out why on one of my walks) and walks the dog sometime after. I'd given him quite a few shows with my blinds open as he passed with his dog, Sally, a slobbering, friendly golden retriever.   
  
I was passing his house one day with a short skirt, no panties and a painted on shirt and I waved at him as he stood on his steps. It was just getting on to 9 pm When I passed I noticed him ogling intently.   
  
He smiled stupidly and said, "Wow, you are pretty as a picture."  
  
I laughed, "I have some of me if you want them," I said, with specific intent. He wasn't sure if I was joking. I changed the subject. I made sure that I put my elbows up on his fence when I talked. This had the effect of pulling my half top up even more. I could feel cool air on the underside of my tits, no doubt it was allowing him to view a nice portion of the bottom of my breasts. When I doubled back later (yes, sometimes I do it for exercise as well!) I noticed the light on in the den of his house. I have no idea why I veered to look in, other than perhaps giving him another look. I could see his computer on. I was about to walk away when Sally ran up to the fence and tried to smother me with wet kisses. I had to keep pushing her cold nose away from my groin, she kept trying to lift the skirt up and here I was pantiless! I shooed her away quietly but she was intent. When I looked back up I could see him, sitting in his chair. I moved along the fence line, along his bushes. He was in his chair. The computer was on. He was masturbating! Oh god. I started to laugh to myself and walk away. However, as I was walking I thought about it. It tweaked something in me. That something which drives me crazy. It was humiliation. Here he was, jerking off to the thought of me (probably) and I was looking at him doing it. I thought back to other days I'd passed him. I'd seen the light on in his den after, I took note of that for my budding plan as well. I almost went back to watch him finish but then I thought how well it would fit my plans if I waited. He was most definitely not the type I want to fuck, but that added to the humiliation when I'd think about him catching me. I wanted to avoid that if I could.  
  
Bob is my next door neighbor. He's a young guy, a former athlete, works construction of some sort. He spends nearly every night in the evening out back on his deck, barbecuing and drinking beer, especially when football is on. Occasionally he has friends over to join him, but mostly only on Saturdays or Sunday afternoons, when there are games on. I know I've teased him the most. I often lay out in my backyard, topless, when I know he's around. I'm sure he's seen my tits plenty of times. I make sure that even though there's a privacy fence for most of the adjoining land line, that where I lay gives him an opportunity to ogle and I've seen him take it on more than a few occasions. I love oiling myself up for him and then acting like I'm asleep under my sunglasses. I've watched him pretend to cut his shrubs for nearly an hour, all the while ogling my freed breasts. Like I said, I'd been priming these guys for weeks and weeks now, for what, I wasn't sure, but the plan was beginning to develop.  
  
The long weekend was approaching, I'd had some random ideas but I needed a break in order to hash it all out. Friday came and I spent the free day finalizing my ideas. I knew what I wanted. All the things leading up to now were just practice runs. They had all been too easy and I knew it. I always had an escape plan or had used ways to minimize the risk, such as planting clothes along the way in case I chickened out or was about to get caught. I knew I didn't want that this time. I wanted this to be the most challenging, most daring, even diabolical thing I'd ever done. I was in a constant state of arousal from all the planning, thinking I'd been doing over this now for weeks. I cut myself off from masturbating for a week which nearly drove me crazy. As part of the preparation for my adventure, I'd given the 'boys' of the neighborhood some really nice revealing looks at me. They certainly knew my schedule as well and always seemed to be outside when I'd go for walks in my ridiculous little outfits. They wanted to jump me and I knew it, it was what I wanted them to desire.  
  
That part of the plan out of the way I concentrated on the specifics. I wanted to be naked, totally, for this, with no escape plan other than getting back home. I wanted to be cuffed, hands behind my back. I wanted to it to be difficult. I wanted to be nearly helpless, yet, still be able to complete all my tasks if done promptly and correctly. My thoughts occasionally went to Darla. I wondered if I should include her in this somehow, just as a safety precaution, since she already knew about me but she never made it into the initial plan.   
  
I'd gone shopping at an adult store for several items. The most important were the ankle cuffs. They were soft, padded ones, which connected with a velcro strap but could also be locked with small locks. My idea here was to limit my ability to walk, making it slower, more tedious and risky. I used a bicycle lock cord and looped it through each loop in the cuffs, connecting them together. It gave me about 12 inches of slack. It would give me very limited ability to walk with speed. I'd have to shuffle. In addition I planned to wear the high heels I just bought. It fit my plan perfectly. I knew if I chickened out I could easily get out of the velcro but not if I used the locks. I'd need the key unless my hands were free to cut them, of course. It was laughable the first time I tried to walk around the kitchen with the ankle cuffs on and high heels. I nearly tripped several times before I worked it out. Still, I wasn't going to be able to go very far, fast. It was how I wished it.  
  
I needed to do something for Greg. I needed to take some pictures. I took my good digital camera and posed for some revealing photos. I got some of me in my half shirt, arms over my head. Then I took some topless, but with me cupping my breasts. I got a couple of me in my short shorts topless, but facing away, my shorts pulled up tightly into my crack. All in all I got some nice sexy shots, but PG-13 types. These I put in envelope A.  
  
I got out my trusty handcuffs. I loved the ruggedness of them, the solid steel, the coldness, the hardness of them against my wrists. No padded cuffs for this girl, I liked these raw, and rough. I set up the camera again. I set it on auto and took a few pictures of myself naked and handcuffed. I took one with my legs open. I took a few more of me cuffed, on my knees, my face to the floor and my naked ass pointing invitingly at the camera. If he ever got these he had a picture of everything I had. I printed them off on my home photo processor. I put them in envelope B for their use as part of my plans. Oh yes, the plan was coming along nicely. I made a stop several blocks over at a local pub on friday afternoon, the place was dead, as I'd hoped. I wore jeans and a big sweatshirt with a hat pulled down over my face, I didn't want to be recognized later. I taped a key under the pool table, which, only for the moment, was sitting silently.  
  
It was Friday night, I made a 'walk through' of the neighborhood. I was depositing the key for the wrist cuffs in one spot, the key for the ankle cuffs in another. One thing for each spot, each person. Each one had a planned task I had to do to get the key. I had included Greg, Bob, but not Sam yet. I had something else for him. I'd need my webcam video camera on my netbook for that one. I recalled his comment about making me wash the car without my hands, the pig. Secretly though, it thrilled me because it fit into what I wanted perfectly. It was degrading, humiliating and overpoweringly exciting. Remember, I still was planning to get home, scot-free, but I wanted the tasks to be as difficult and as humiliating as possible. I wanted it to get me off like the big bang. The thought of being caught by any one of these guys, or anyone at all, while doing something so kinky, was sending my mind into a fever. I knew I was driving myself so crazy that I'd need a real hard cock in me very soon.  
  
Saturday finally came, it was to be the night of my adventure. Instead, it poured rain. All day it came. I kept looking up at the sky for relief, none came. I kept the weather channel on, it didn't get better. My pussy was throbbing already from the possibilities and from my ignoring it now for a week. I almost thought about doing it anyway but the cold, biting rain changed my mind each time I stepped outside to check it.   
  
I instead spent the night going over my plans. The basic intent of the plan was clear. I wanted it to be as difficult and kinky as I've ever had it. I had purposely teased the neighbors just to motivate them. It was effective, I could tell, I knew they all wanted me. That was the humiliatingly fun part. I was going to venture into territory where I'd purposely fanned the flames. If I failed I was going to be caught by the very people I'd turned on and no telling what they'd do to me. It made my pussy hum just thinking about it. Each task would require much effort on my part. I didn't just want to show up to a house, pick up and key and move on. I wanted to have to work for it, with a high price to pay if I failed. I looked at my plans, I think I'd done just that.  
  
Sunday arrived after a fitful sleep. I rehearsed my plans over and over during the day. I even took some trips outside to check over things again. I wanted to know if the rain had any effect on where I'd left some of the keys. It was like a cold run through. I also needed to drop off the netbook into the hiding place I'd planned, while the Sams were out. I was satisfied everything was still ok. It was supposed to be a nice evening. The storm had pushed through some of the cool air, though nights at this time of late summer can be somewhat cool. I didn't mind though, being slightly chilled would further motivate me to keep things moving. The time was getting close now. It was time for a shower then...onto it.  
  
I lingered in the warmth of the shower for a bit, knowing I'd be without such warmth for some of my night anyway. I put on my makeup, slightly exaggerated for effect. Instead of my usual more neutral lip shade I made them bright red. Yes, it was a whore look I was after. I really have no trouble pulling that off. I pulled my hair back into a pony tail. I had no need of it hanging in my eyes later since I would have no hands to keep brushing it aside. I slithered into my tight, short sundress. Sheesh, I remembered how long it had been since I'd worn it, I'd gained a few pounds since then. I looked in the mirror. This was even better, more of me would show this way. Finally, I got out my netbook and unhooked it from the charger. I looked in the mirror again and sighed. This would be the last quiet moment for quite awhile. While it was quiet, it was by no means relaxing. I was so worked up from all the thought, all the preparation, all the possibilities. I gathered my gear in my athletic bag and headed out. I set my house alarm and looked at my house keys laying on the table. I knew I had to leave them but I was tempted to go back and get them, 'just in case'. I used my resolve to shut the door behind me and leave them inside. I was locked out, now the only key for me to get in was taped to the underside of a pool table, a mile away. I had the safety of my car for at least the moment.

All sorts of thoughts ran through my head. I had some fear invade my thoughts for the first time. What if? What if? I arrived at the pub so quickly that I didn't really have time to think those thoughts all the way through. It was no use anyway, I was committed. All these months of my games had led to this anyway, this type of night was inevitable. I looked at the line of cars parked at the bar. It was far more crowded than I'd figured. I saw a tall guy getting out of a red pickup and head in. I recognized him as Josh, he was a friend of my next door neighbor, Bob's. He was a frequent visitor to his barbeques.  
  
I walked in uneasily. It was loud, smoky and full. Men noticed me right away. I was the tart in the revealing dress. My were boobs hanging out invitingly and there was more than a hint of backside than one could reasonably expect in a bar like that. I glanced at the pool table. It was packed, as I'd planned. Now though, I was starting to regret my decision to put it there. It's one thing to plan it with the heat of the thoughts overwhelming you, it's another to have to do it, in the cold light of a barroom.   
  
Suddenly, a man appeared on my right and offered to buy me a drink. It was Josh. I smiled to myself that he worked that quickly. I eagerly accepted. He'd seen me across the fence numerous times, though never like this. I knew I'd need some liquid encouragement, for sure. I downed it while making small talk with him. He was clearly only interested in my chest, as he never looked me in the eye once. All the while I was planning how in the world I could get on the floor with all those people around and grope for the key. The first thought was to just do it. After my second drink, to just walk over, nudge someone aside. Just get on my knees and do it, and walk out. I figured that maybe the shock alone would stun them long enough. Luckily, I came up with a better idea. Josh had noticed my lack of attention to him and excused himself to walk over to the pool table area. I cursed myself under my breath for not at least flirting him up for the other drink. Any other night, in my current state of horniness, I'd have no doubt allowed him to see everything he'd been ogling and let him stick his hard cock in me out in the parking lot. I was that horny. I was going to get off soon but I needed to focus. I still needed to get that second drink, though, and time was a factor. One, Greg clearly had his usual schedule, I did not want to mess that up. Two, the two Sams were at her parents, as usual for a sunday, but always arrived home at about 10pm. So, I had to do it all before time constraints limited me.  
  
I was starting to get frantic for that second drink. I almost cheated and ordered one for myself when I remember I'd left everything in the car, for that very purpose. I decided to be more outward about my flirting and I turned to a lonely man at the bar and gave him a good show of my cleavage while talking to him. Finally, he got the hint and bought me the drink. I barely had time to thank him before I finished the drink, slammed in on the bar and walked over to the pool table area towards Josh.   
  
I could feel the eyes on me as I moved, it was intoxicating, yet nerve wracking. I put some change on the table, indicating my desire to play. I was well down the stacks of quarters, I knew I wasn't going to wait to actually play. I used it as an excuse to get in close. It was between games and I purposely starting chatting up Josh who was still clearly interested in what I was (wasn't) wearing. Since he was tall he could look directly down my dress. He was getting a spectacular show. I used his advances to begin my act. They were just about to rack the balls and break for the next game when I started my 'bit'. I frantically called out for no one to move, I'd dropped a contact lens. This led to several guys dropping to the floor on their hands and knees in search. I joined them. I knew what this would mean, I'd planned it, and I only wished I'd had the guts to look back to see their faces. But, there I was, on my knees, my skirt had to be halfway up my ass, at least. I could feel it in the air. My french cut panties had to be showing. I had to act like I didn't, but I knew they were looking, all of them. I could feel Josh, on his knees, behind me. He had to have the best look, from just a foot or two away from my exposed cheeks. I feigned for the men to look elsewhere while I looked under the table. I used that opportunity to peel the key away from it's hiding place. It was only then I dared a glance behind me, from under the table. Guys were elbowing each other in the ribs. I could hear them say things under their breath. I was tingling by now. I stood up abruptly, saying I'd found the lens. I pretended to put it back in my eye. I thanked the men for helping and I walked back into the main part of the bar. I saw the disappointment in Josh's face when I started to walk away. I then slipped quickly out the door. Part one was accomplished.  
  
I stood out at my car with a smile. I knew I was crazy, I knew this game was going to be out of control nuts but I couldn't help myself, I was giddy now. My pussy felt like it was fluttering. This had only been the easy part. I was about to seal my fate for good for the night. I'd parked way back, behind the bar, where only employees park. I took my bag of goodies out and got right to work. First, I took off the dress and the panties. I was going to shove them in the bag when I had another spontaneous nasty thought. I figured, why not. I took the dress and the panties and walked to the corner of the bar, nude. I glanced around the corner, the coast was clear. I ran over to the red pickup truck and quickly tossed the dress into Josh's open window. As an afterthought, I hung my panties from his antenna. I ran back to my car. NOW I was going to have to hurry. I quickly put the ankle cuffs on. I opened the driver's side window just a smidgeon. I locked the car doors and removed the remote from the ring (my car won't lock all the doors from the inside.) Then, with reluctance, I put my handcuffs on. I briefly hesitated, before I clicked them shut behind me. I had a moment of panic. I actually pushed the remote to open the doors again. I got back inside the car. I was breathing heavily now. My ankles were still cuffed, I was still naked, and the handcuffs were still cuffed to one wrist. It was now or never. If I waited any longer my plans could be ruined. I could always do it another night. My pussy was on fire. I thought, fuck it, I got out of the car this time without hesitation. I locked the doors, slipped the remote into the car through the crack I'd left in the window and put the handcuffs behind my back and clicked them. That was that. I was now cuffed and naked with only my plans, wicked as they were, able to get me home safely.  
  
I wasn't completely crazy (well, that's subjective). I'd actually planned it better than just being bound and naked and making myself walk in front of everyone on the street. There actually is a path from the alley behind the bar which leads to a park. I had to take this path to the park, go through the park, which led to my street, a half dozen blocks from my house. I began my walk. Almost immediately I regretted adding the cable which attached the leg cuffs. It was hard enough to walk with the high heels, adding the limited range of motion made it hard, very hard indeed. I could only shuffle, and even then, I nearly tripped every other step until I sort of got used to it. I didn't want to fall, I couldn't brace myself, my hands were behind me. I really hadn't thought that part out well enough. I should've cuffed them in front of me, at least for now. It was quiet enough in the alley and then the path. I really didn't know what I'd do if there was a drunk or bum hanging out back there. I shuddered at the thought, though strangely, it heated my pussy up another level. Fleeting thoughts would flash in my brain that maybe I wanted that, maybe I should come back someday when there are guys back there, that sort of thing. I was wondering why this stuff drives me crazy like this. I had enough troubles to worry about on this night, however, and my focus came back.   
  
I was at the park now. I had to cross a reasonably busy street to get to it. I waited for the opportunity. As cars passed I kept thinking of my running clock, I couldn't wait long but I also couldn't just rush out with dozens of cars going by. Finally I saw an opening. I dashed/shuffled/jumped the best I could across the street. I wasn't quite to the treeline when I heard a car horn. I'd been seen. I hustled into the brush, and scraped myself on some branches. I crouched there, panting heavily. I waited. There was no one following. I gingerly extracted myself from the bushes and resumed my shuffling gait. I had a few hundred yards in the park then I exited it on my street. I still had blocks and blocks to go.  
  
I began shuffling again. I stayed on the sidewalk. The streetlights weren't frequent and were placed at intervals between houses, not directly at them. I passed a house where I knew a cute guy lived. I'd walked past this house many times, hoping to get his attention. He was a pilot of some kind, and totally ripped. I'd have included him in my plans somehow, if I knew anything about him or his schedule, alas, I knew that would have to wait for another night. I more than secretly wished he was looking out his window then. I thought I saw him through his blinds. I ducked down. Maybe he'd notice me, my tits bouncing with my unsteady gait. I walked back in the other direction. I was under the street light now. God , I was horny, I couldn't believe I was messing with my detailed plan like this in trying to get myself fucked. I sauntered back toward the right direction, my sexy ass naked to the wind. I didn't see any movement. I tried again, down and back. It was no good. I had to move on. The hum in my pussy was growing. I resolved that I would absolutely punish it later, because of all of this teasing and abstaining.  
  
A few cars passed and I ducked out of the way in plenty of time as they did. I got across the last cross street to my block but still had to wait what I considered too long. I could see Greg's house. I was exhausted from all the effort of the walk. I made a note to never try the hobbling effect again. I still had some physical activity left. I hoped I had enough strength.  
  
I made it to Greg's. I figured it was after his dinner time, and hoped that it was still before his den time. As I approached I could see that his den light was dark. I shuffled along the fence line. His dog Sally approached.  
  
I thought, "Fuck, what's she doing in the backyard?" I had to shush her from making too much noise. I was on the other side of the fence and my hands were behind me, it made that difficult. Still, I had wanted it hard and it certainly was. The plan was this: I left the two envelopes of pictures hidden. I'd drop off the first ones, the revealing but milder ones on his front porch. I'd ring the doorbell then shuffle the hell out of there to the backyard. Then, I had to hope he jerks off to them. While he was doing that I had to drop the second envelope on the front walk, the one he'll have to go on when he takes Sally for her walk. Then, I had to go back to the backyard and get the key and keep an eye on Greg's progress, so to speak. I had to hurry and get the ankle cuffs off, then race to the front where the pictures were and scoop them up before he finds them and sees me like that. Oh, I'm embarrassed to admit but in the car, on my way to the bar I was thinking how that the pictures alone wouldn't be embarrassing enough. So, I wrote a note and I included it among the racy pictures in envelope B. It was written like a coupon. It said, "This entitles the bearer to choose one of the pictures and have me in the manner of said picture" Then I wrote in parentheses, "You won't have to jerk off next time." I even left my email. Greg would be able to choose which position he wanted me in, cuffed and naked. Now that would be humiliating. He was in his 40's pudgy and balding, and by the looks of it, hadn't had a woman in years...if ever. I think that satisfied my desire for it to be risky and embarrassing if caught.  
  
There was a pressing problem though, the time. I had taken too long at the bar, was kept too long waiting for traffic, then delayed myself with my slow back and forth walk for the cute neighbor.   
  
I crept along the fence line. I found the packet I left by the fence. I opened it and took out the first envelope of pictures I'd taken of me. These were the sexy but safer ones. I made sure this was the right group of photos, I didn't want to make that mistake. Because of the time pressure, I had to make it go quicker. I figured I had but a half hour or less to get to Sam's and wash his car. I took the pictures out of both of the envelopes and laid them carefully in two piles. I wanted him to have at least one really sexy one in order to 'guarantee' him jerking off quickly to it. It was a struggle with my hands behind me but I managed it. I took a random one from the X rated pile and put it with the safer ones. I didn't have time nor the inclination to put them back in the envelopes, I had to hurry. I took the safer pictures and I shuffled quickly back to his front gate with them. I managed to get the gate open by backing up to it, I knew I'd better leave it open for my quick retreat. I hopped up to his front door. I dropped the pictures and rang his doorbell. I scurried like mad around the side of his house, through the gate to his backyard. This was where the ankle cuff key was. I heard the door open, a momentary silence, then the door shut again. I had the urge to go back and see if the pictures were still there but there was no need, the light went on in the den. I was on my knees facing his window. His den was in the basement, it was one of those bi- level houses. I knew he couldn't see me, it was pitch black behind me and his den was illuminated only by a desk lamp. I saw him fan out the pictures, a smile came across his face.   
  
Suddenly, Sally came from around the corner and knocked me over. I couldn't stop her without my hands. She was all over me, nosing me, licking at me.   
  
I thought, "Fuck, why is she outside?"  
  
I had to placate her though, I didn't want Greg to notice. I did my best to comfort her but with my hands behind me my pats at her head made access to my behind too inviting. I almost ruined my whole plan right there and nearly screamed when I felt her cold nose press hard on my ass. The more I fought her, the more she wriggled. I looked in the window and saw Greg with his dick out, it was hard, he was stroking it. I knew I had to hurry and Sally was all over me. I'd buried the key next to the birdhouse, right outside his den window, purposely. I began to dig for it. I spend half the time digging, half the time pushing her away from my privates. I was so wet now, I'm sure Sally surely noticed it too. I dug furiously for the key while fighting Sally off. I could only laugh at how this had to look, me, naked and cuffed peering in a window with a guy jerking off and a dog's nose in my business. I finally got the key. Greg was working his hand more feverishly, I noticed he'd put one picture separate from the others. I knew which type. I rolled over onto my side, this limited Sally's intrusions. It was still no easy task but I managed to get the key in the lock. My face was just feet from the window now as I watched Greg shoot his cum all over his stomach to my pictures. I don't know why but at that moment I could feel my pussy get extra creamy. I had it, the key was open! I tossed the ankle cuffs over the fence for retrieval later, I kind of liked them for this type of play.  
  
I locked the back gate on Sally and I raced to the front less encumbered than before, though I still had the heels on. I bent down to pick up the risky pictures. It was then I cursed my choice of not using the envelope. I tried picking them up by kneeling down and bending back but I kept dropping some, remember, I still had to carry my house key in my hand the whole time. I certainly didn't want to drop that. Sally saw me struggling and started barking madly. This no doubt is what brought Greg to the door. I saw the light come on, I made one last stab for the pictures, I got them....then dropped one or two...I think. The door was opening. I raced out the front gate and into the darkness. I found a dark patch of trees and huddled there gasping and chuckling to myself.   
  
"Ok, so I dropped a picture or two," I thought, "what the hell, he already saw me in the other bondage one." I couldn't see anyone follow me and I saw his light go off again in the distance. Now I really had to rush. I eschewed the safer, darker route and walked across the street and down the sidewalk towards Sam's house. No one appeared to be out or in their windows anyway. I made it to his driveway. His prized car was under its safe car blanket. I quickly peeled it off. I went to the old stack of two by fours and such which lined the outer part of his driveway, they were always remodeling something over there. Behind the back one I pulled out what I needed, my netbook and a bucket of soapy water. I reached in for my prize.   
  
"Shit, it's ice fucking cold!" I muttered to myself. At the bottom, I'd left the handcuff key. This time I easily managed the cuffs and I had them off. I left them cuffed to one wrist, no way was I giving these up. I quickly set up the netbook with the built in webcam. I had it set up on the concrete wall, about waist high. Once I was ready I turned on the webcam and pushed record.   
  
I looked directly into the camera, bent over, my tits hanging down gloriously for him and I said, "would it look something like this?" I smiled, recalling what he'd said about me before. I took sponge out of the icy water and splashed it on my tits. I gasped at its frigidness but I tried not to let on. I then rubbed my tits all over the hood. I was careful not to use my hands on the car, only for the sponge. I repeated this all over the car. I even used my tits on his tires...the grazing across the rubber drove my already sensitive and now rock hard nipples crazy. I made sure I mugged for the camera throughout and repositioned it when necessary. I still had to be fast though. Then, I got the garden hose and rinsed it off, all the while playing suggestively with the hose as I did. I rubbed it into my pussy lustily, I even pretended like I was licking it like a cock. I finally doused my whole body with water, the chill invigorated me but did nothing to cool the flames building in me.  
  
I thought of drying it off with one of his precious microfiber towels but I thought, "Fuck it, he's not paying me for this." I shut off the webcam. Then, I got on my aol account and sent the video to his email, also at aol. It was part of my plan. I could always unsend it, aol allows it when you send mail between its members. However, I'd need to get to either the netbook or my home pc before Sam comes home and opens his email or else I get the humiliation of him having that video forever, and what it might mean. I shuddered.  
  
I hung up the garden hose and dug up the next key I needed, right under their flower pot. It was the key to our group mailboxes, the whole block's were in a group, on a post, just steps down the street from Sam. I hustled to the boxes, no longer encumbered by either set of cuffs. I opened the mailbox and slid the netbook in, it's slender, and the mailboxes are tall, tall enough for business sized envelopes. I took a deep breath and committed myself once more. I placed the key to the mailbox in with the netbook, my only spare key was at Bob's, my last task. Then, I put in my house key and closed it shut. Finally, laid the handcuff key on the ground behind the boxes, I had to be able to get them off to open the mailbox later. I now had to complete my last task before Sam got home. That could be minutes from now, though he might not go right to his email. Knowing that he's a hard charging salesman type and all, I was pretty sure it would be the first thing he did.

I started to cross the street when I got another surprise, it was Greg walking Sally. Oh fuck, how did I not think of that, of course he comes in this direction, I always give him a good titty show when he passes. He was headed towards my house, and Bob's of course, being next to mine. I had to cower in the bushes and watch him pass.  
  
"Fuck, how long is this going to hold me back now," I fretted. I watched as he passed Bob's house, then approached mine. He lingered in front of my house, he let Sally smell all my pretty flowers on the way. I knew what he was wanting, another show. I couldn't give it to him now, I waited. Finally, reluctantly, he kept moving. He hit the end of the street and circled back. I waited breathlessly until he passed out of sight. Then, I raced across the street, nearly breaking the heel on my shoe in the meantime. I made it to Bob's fence and I crept along the edge, I was in my yard, so close to safety it was tantalizing. I couldn't get in, however, without tripping my alarm and having the police show up to arrest the naked girl in the lawn. I had to complete the task, get the other mailbox key, go back, get the netbook and the housekey and get home. When I got to the backyard I nearly blanched. Bob was there all right, but so was his friend Josh, from the bar! They were watching the tv he puts outside.  
  
Then I remembered, "Fuck, that's right, it's not Saturday night like I'd wanted to do it on, it's Sunday night, and there's a Sunday night NFL game on, fuck fuck fuck" I cursed. I got my cellphone from the hiding place by the fence. It was supposed to help me with a distraction, now, it didn't seem likely that would work. I had my plan. The key to the mailbox I'd thrown in his pool. It was the above ground type. He'd invited me to swim in it whenever I wanted. I'd figured that I'd distract him with a call, tell him my car was dead a couple blocks up, to get him out of the backyard. I'd chat him up for a moment, tell him to hold on. I'd then jump in the pool, retrieve the key, get out quickly, get back on the phone, tell him I got the car started so never mind. Then I'd race back to the mailboxes. I have to be honest here. I knew I'd be plenty horny. I had no idea I'd be this horny though, I needed cock and I needed it badly. But, I figured that...you know what...if he catches me and I'm this horny...well....I had pretty much figured this task was about 50-50, half the time I'll make it, half the time he'll catch me and fuck my pussy raw. Either way, I figured it was win-win. Now though, the other man made the phone call distraction near impossible. I was beside myself. Ok, so I've admitted I wouldn't mind Bob catching me, I did not want Greg to, and most certainly not Sam. I was frantic.  
  
Then, I had an idea. I skirted along the back fence two doors down, to Darla's. I knocked on her back door. She opened it with a big smile, seeing me dripping and naked.  
  
"My, you've certainly had a most interesting night so far, from what I could see anyway, " she giggled.  
  
"Darla, I know, and I'm sorry I can't talk, I'm in such a big hurry..." I panted between rushed breaths.  
  
"Why? you are safe now," she said, eyebrow raised.  
  
"Yes...no....soft of," I said haltingly. "I have to do something, and I have to do it fast or..."  
  
"Or what, dearie"? she said with a sly smile.  
  
"Or, well, I'm really going to have to do something or let something happen that I really don't want to."  
  
"But, isn't that what you really desire for yourself? Isn't that why you do those things"?  
  
"Yes, no, kind of," I said, confused by my own hesitance.  
  
"You put yourself in these positions on purpose, you give up control, purposely, no?"  
  
"Well, yes, I love not having total control, the risk, the danger, the exitement," I started to gush, "But I'm afraid that I might have gone too far this time, I really don't want to do some of the things I'd planned if it went wrong."  
  
"So don't," she said concisely.  
  
"You don't understand, they haven't happened yet, but will, if I don't do what I need to in the next, hell, ten minutes or so."   
  
I could see her confusion, I quickly, and I mean quickly laid it all out for her, the keys the mailbox, Sam, Greg, and now Bob.  
  
"Oh my, you have been busier than I thought," she chuckled, "and I thought the only show was the naked car wash, I had my popcorn and my feet up watching that one."  
  
I blushed scarlet. "So will you help me"?  
  
"I'm not sure," she said, her face now serious.  
  
"Why not?" I begged.  
  
"First, I' m not sure you want help. Deep down I think you want...hell, need these things to happen to you. Why would you even have thought of them? Second, I"m not sure how I can help you. And third...." she hesitated, " why should I, if there's nothing in it for me?"  
  
I had to convince her, in a hurry. I threw it all out there. "Ok, look, I need you to call over there and tell them something, anything. Just make it good enough to get me enough time to get in and out of the pool."  
  
"And?" she said with interest.  
  
I sighed, I knew what I had to do. "...and then some time together?" I said hopefully. Like I said, I've had sex with plenty of women before, and she was attractive, in a forties, milf-lesbian kind of way.   
  
"Doing what?" she prodded.  
  
I was at wit's end, "anything you want," I said without reservation.  
  
"Ok," she said, taking control. "Here's what we'll do. I'll call, I'll make it good."   
  
I nodded.   
  
"But, I get some things my way, starting right now, it won't disturb your game."  
  
I agreed, "I said anything, ok, but hurry!"  
  
She smiled, "Come here," as she pulled me to her and kissed me full on the lips. Her hands found my breasts and rolled my nipples through her fingers.  
  
"Fuck," I thought, "It feels so good." I told her I needed to hurry. She told me to wait there.   
  
She left and came back, she had clothespins in her hand.  
  
"Oh fuck," I thought.  
  
"Don't tell me you don't remember saying you loved the feel of these, hon."  
  
I nodded modestly. She put them on me, I gasped. She stood back and admired her handiwork. She then twisted them playfully while I groaned.  
  
"You are going to finish your task with these on, slut," she growled.  
  
"Yes, ma'am," I said softly.   
  
She then grabbed the loose cuff from one wrist. She twirled me around before I could protest and cuffed them on me again, leaving my hands helpless again behind me. I started to protest, "but how am I going to get the key from the pool like this," I moaned.  
  
She laughed, "His pool is only 5 feet deep honey, use your toes." She then pushed me outside naked and cuffed again. "I'll be calling you soon Jillian, I expect you to come when called," she said sternly.  
  
"Yes ma'am," I said defeatedly as I walked back towards Bob's.  
  
I then realized the new problem immediately, I could't climb his fence that way, I'd have to use the gate. I walked towards it and waited for an opening. I could see across the street, Sam's car wasn't home yet. There was still some hope. Then, I saw the two of them go back inside. I found out later she'd asked them to come over and help move a couch. When they passed by I raced into the back yard. I climbed up the pool steps carefully, I still had heels on. Why I insist on being so strict with myself sometimes bothers me but it's what makes it all turn me on so. I slid into the water, again, it was icy. I nearly shrieked. I located the key and felt for it with my toes. I'd have it, then I'd drop it, have it again, then drop it again. My toes were cramping. I had no choice but to continue and I finally managed to get it to stay between my toes. I submerged myself and brought it up to my hands, behind me. I had it! Then I realized another problem. How was I going to get out, I needed the handrails and I had no hands! I had to bob up and down as it was, I'm 5' 2" and the water was 4, 4 1/2 feet where the sides were. I was in a panic, I was in freezing water, naked and from where I was I could see Sam's car headlights pull into his driveway.   
  
"Fuck!" I screamed in my head. I went to the handrailing and I backed up to it, I began to walk myself up that way, backwards, using my arms to push me up. I got to the top and sat on the ledge. I got my legs over the rail, then I just started to slide down the outside of the ladder, getting some rough scratches as I went. The clothespins were still firmly in place, their bouncing sent electrical jolts through my nipples with each bounce. I got to the ground, I took a step, my heel buried in the wet ground, I fell forward into the grass, thank goodness it was a soft landing. I was face down in the grass, on my knees, my hands cuffed behind me and when I looked up I got the shock of my life.  
  
"What the fuck do we have here?" It was Bob and Josh. They were staring at me in wide wonder.  
  
"Oh my god," I started to gush, "I was just.....well you said I could...and I ...." I stammered, I couldn't even find words. He picked up my head by my chin.   
  
"First, are you all right?" He said, somewhat bemused.  
  
I felt my twisted ankle's soreness, but mostly the hurt was pride.  
  
"Yes, yes, I think so," I said.  
  
"Ok, then back to it, what the fuck are you doing?" He said, though not menacingly.  
  
The two of them were staring. I was on my knees, I was sobbing now, my chest was heaving, I noticed the weight of the wet clothespins, the pain was searing me now.  
  
"I was...I was just playing a little game with myself," I managed to choke, between sobs. "I was just...having a little fun."  
  
"I guess so, " laughed Bob. "What is up with the cuffs and the nipple things?"  
  
"I don't know...I just like them sometimes, you know?" I said submissively.  
  
Josh hadn't said a word yet. "Well, I guess I can tell how you ended up naked after all," he smirked. He reached over to the patio table and grabbed my sundress and my french cut panties. "That explains why you are like this, and these were in my truck."  
  
I looked away from the men in shame. I started crying anew.  
  
"Look, you are ok, we're ok," he said, nudging Josh, "Right Josh?"  
  
"Hell yeah, we're ok," laughed Josh.  
  
I winced in pain. "Please let me out of these," I said, referring to my cuffs. They just shrugged, that's right, the key is in the mailbox. "Fuckkkkk," I moaned. "At least take the clamps off, they are hurting something fierce." I stood up and tried to walk but my ankle wouldn't allow it and I found myself on the ground again, even worse, I fell on my chest, the clothespins yanked violently on me when I hit. I screamed out.  
  
"Pleeeeeeeeeeeeease take them off," I sobbed.  
  
Bob looked at me with seriousness. "Sure, no problem, but first, I want to know how you got like this."  
  
I just begged with him, "Please, just take them off, they are too painful and heavy."  
  
"I will, once you tell me, the minute you tell me how you got here, just like this, I'll take them off, not a minute sooner."   
  
I couldn't walk, the pain was unbearable, and they'd caught me doing the most embarrasing thing I'd ever done, what could it hurt? I told them. I lied a little (maybe a lot). I told them about the bar, that part was the truth. Then I told them how I made my way back here, leaving out the parts about Sam and Greg. I just told them about forcing myself to stop here and get the key. That satisfied them for the moment. He released the pins from my battered nipples. I screamed bloody murder. I fell to the ground. It was amazing, so painful, so embarrassing, so humiliating...so...maddeningly exciting.  
  
I laid on the grass, recovering. Josh and Bob just waited me out. My nipples were still on fire, but now it felt like it was spreading all over me, but now it was a warm glow, seemingly connected directly to my pussy.  
  
"I just want to go, " I said. "Help me up."  
  
They did. I wobbled a few more steps then sat down on the deck chair. I took off the shoes finally.  
  
"Do you want us to carry you home?" Bob asked, thoughtfully.  
  
That familiar hum was now deafening, everything had led me here, to this, I was drunk on the thrill, intoxicated on the high. Being naked here, in front of these two rather beautiful young men, cuffed, all of my own choosing was rendering me unable to do the right thing, the sensible thing. All the planning the energy I'd put into all of it was now directly feeding my pussy. I didn't move.  
  
"I said, do you want us to carry you home or can you make it, we'll walk with you," he said, more concerned this time.   
  
"Yes, please," I sighed.   
  
"Is that all you need?" Bob asked, as his eyes penetrated me.  
  
"Sure, I'll walk, but could you do something for me first? Could you put the clothespins back on...I think I can take them again now."   
  
They just looked at each other wide eyed. They both reached for them, each getting one. Each one attached one to a nipple. Another wonderful jolt shot directly to my core.  
  
I fell back to the grass on my knees in front of both of them. I looked up at them and said, "are you sure you don't want something else first"? I said, my head not a couple feet from their crotches.  
  
"Fuckkkk," they both said in unison. "Are you sure about this?" Bob said, all while pulling down his shorts. Josh already had his at his ankles.  
  
"Um hmmm," I mumbled with a mouth full of Josh's thick, wonderful cock. I alternated on their cocks, slowly licking and savoring both of their beautiful dicks. I looked up at them.   
  
I said, 'The clamps are hurting me really badly."   
  
Bob reached for them. I said, "No, promise me you won't take them off until the end, even if I beg," I said sternly.  
  
They both nodded dumbly.  
  
"Seriously, no more dick sucking for you until you promise," I said, withholding my mouth from their cocks.  
  
"Fuck no, we'll not take them off till we've cum in you," Josh gasped.  
  
"Fuck no, not until we're through with your whore ass," Bob grunted, as my mouth engulfed him again. He even twisted the clothespins like a kid's airplane, just to illustrate his point. I nearly sank to the ground. I went back to their cocks, it was a blur. The pain was driving me to make them cum, hard. I don't even remember who filled my mouth first but it tasted like heaven. Then it was the other, I don't even remember the surroundings. I was in a fog. A beautiful, erotic fog. I'd lost the outside world, the adventure I'd planned was lost for the time being. I remember being carried to the patio lounger, placed on my face and then fucked hard from behind.   
  
It was Josh. He said, "I wanted to do this to you when you were on your knees at the bar, your ass right in front of my face."  
  
I said, "I know, I could feel it. Fuck me hard, fuck me like you want to," I moaned. I remember feeling hands raining down on my ass in wonderful spanks. My nipples were being pulled and twisted by the clothespins grotesquely as they were mashed into the cushions. I remember being pulled up roughly with the cuffs, jerking my arms up almost unnaturally. I was bent over the grill, it was still warm, though not hot. I was fucked again, my pussy was being pounded with abandon. This time it was Bob. I was lost. My pussy was on fire, I was sopping. I can't remember the first time I came but I remember the shriek I let out. I remember them cumming in my mouth, my pussy. I even remember one of them trying my ass, but being too spent to complete it. It was only then they took the pins off my nipples. I crumbled with a gasp in an exhausted heap on the grass. Both guys were laying on their patio loungers. No one said a word for the longest time.  
  
I stood up, unsteadily. I picked up the mailbox key. "Don't bother getting up," I joked.   
  
"Just a second," Bob said. He took the clothespins and clamped them on me again. "Just for the walk home," he smiled. I was almost jumping from one foot to the other by now, it was just too much, plus, after I'd cum the direct connection between the pins and my pussy was no longer direct.   
  
I begged him to take them off. Then he said, "Ok, but we both will expect you back each Sunday."   
  
After what I'd just experienced? Was I crazy? (perhaps) I said, "Yes, anything, just take them offfff," I begged.  
  
"Don't forget the cuffs and these," he said, as he twisted off the clothespins, which made me gasp.  
  
"I won't."  
  
They both kissed me goodbye with long deep kisses. Their hands roamed freely over my used body. I broke away finally, reluctantly.  
  
I walked away, I left my heels behind as another souvenir. I'd just reached the driveway of my house when I remembered Sam. "Son of a bitch," I thought. I ran back, nude, to the mailboxes. I opened it quickly and turned on my netbook as I rushed towards home. I was just inside the door, the alarm was now off, I checked my email. The first one was from Sam.  
  
It read, "That has to be the worst car wash in history, what kind of soap was that anyway, it's all streaky. It may even be scratched, I should call the cops to at least write it up. It doesn't even look like you dried it. This is totally unacceptable. I expect you here, Wednesday night at 9 pm sharp to do it right, I'll have to supervise your lazy ass this time. Be dressed as you were. You should expect to also provide some sort of repayment for your ill chosen actions. If you aren't here promptly I have a number of friends at the club who would like to see a naked car wash, I wonder where someone would get a video like that? This isn't a request, it's a demand. I expect a reply."  
  
I was shaking. I sighed in defeat. My hands could barely type out the reply, "Yes, sir, I'll be there promptly at 9pm 'dressed' as I was. I will repay you in any fashion you desire." I then hit send. My stomach churned. My pussy, however, throbbed.   
  
I then noticed the next email, it was from Greg, of all people. I opened it with trepidation.  
  
It read, "Hi Jillian, boy, was I surprised at the pictures, and wow, I must say, you are even hotter naked. I'm also surprised by the offer but I choose this picture and I have some free time on Tuesday. Please respond, so that I know I'm not crazy and just imagining this."   
  
I looked at the attachment. First, it was the picture of me cuffed, hands behind, face down in the carpet, ass high.   
  
"Oh fucking god," I said, my stomach tightening.  
  
The other attachment was the coupon. They'd both fallen out of the pile when I'd tried to gather them up. I was almost sick. Almost trancelike, I typed out a response.  
  
"Ok Greg, Tuesday it is, "I'll be dressed accordingly, is 9 pm ok?" and I hit send.   
  
My front door was open. Darla appeared. "well, that certainly was interesting," she laughed. "I thought you wanted the distraction, why the hell did you come to me if you were going to let them fuck you anyway"? She said jokingly.  
  
"I didn't, I wasn't....I wasn't planning on it, you cuffed me, that made it hard."  
  
"You wanted it hard, right?" She said knowingly.  
  
"Yes..." I said, head lowered. "Still, I tried my best to get out of there..."  
  
"I know you did, hon, and you'd have made it too, if I hadn't sent them back on purpose for some tools," she said with a giggle.  
  
My mouth shot wide open. "Don't look so surprised Jillie, you wanted it, you really did, you can't deny that. I'm a woman too, you don't think I could tell what you needed?"  
  
I nodded softly, "but you don't know what you did," I said, "now I am on the hook....to everybody...including you."  
  
"And isn't that also what you really, truly wanted?" She said cooly.  
  
I started to protest. I stopped. I wasn't even sure of the answer.