**A Dangerous Obsession**

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\*\*\* THE NEED WITHIN \*\*\*

Bailey didn't know why she did the things she did. It was like some unseen force controlled her from within. Once she got a thought in her head, she was compelled to find a way to act it out. It consumed her, the planning, the thrill of possibly being caught, the rush she gained during her daring escapades. But, her obsessions were becoming increasingly more daring, and more dangerous.

It had all started when she was a teenager. Both her father and mother worked long hours and she spent many a day in her home in sheer boredom. For whatever reason she soon found herself getting a thrill from performing daring little tasks. Her dares were simple in those days, standing in front of an open window as she changed her clothes, not wearing underwear beneath her knee high skirt, dropping a towel at a seemingly inopportune moment in the girl's locker room at school. Once she had even challenged herself to run all the way around the house while completely naked. Of course it had been late at night and while her parents were away on a trip. Today she laughed at the mundane tasks she had set before herself. Now, it took a lot more to feel the rush she craved. It was as if she was an addict to some drug, always looking for the next, more powerful fix.

As Bailey grew older her schemes grew more complex. She would plot them for weeks, thinking of every possible scenario and adjusting her plans for the most exciting experience possible. Once she had traveled to a public park, hiding a car key near one entrance. She then drove to the other side of the park, stripped, and locked her keys and clothes inside the vehicle. Of course, she had planned the excursion for late at night when there were fewer people around. Her adventure took nearly an hour to complete, running and taking shelter behind trees and park benches, but she managed to reach her objective in stealth.

Another time she had driven to a hiking trail and jogged nearly three miles away from her vehicle. She then ripped up the old shirt and shorts she had been wearing, forcing herself to find a way back to her car in the nude. This task had been more daring as it was in full daylight with many more people on the trail. Once again she managed to pull off her dare without being seen.

Bailey felt a sense of guilt at her obsessions. She had often wondered if there was something wrong with herself and many times had declared "This is the last time I'm going to do this." She had never been caught during any of her ventures, and the thought of being found out absolutely terrified her. But, it was the only time she truly felt alive, and no matter how hard she fought her desires, her devious mind always pulled her back into the game. For weeks she had fought her most recent urges, but slowly the wheels in her mind had turned, and her thoughts were increasingly brought to her next erotic thrill. She had broken up with her most recent boyfriend nearly four months earlier, and her boredom and desire was building inside her. Lying in bed at night, she would barely shut her eyes, when her imagination would take her through her next exhibitionist trek. She had no choice; she would have to act soon.

She stood in front of the full-length mirror, gazing at her slender nude form. "Tonight's the night," she said to herself. She was a petite and beautiful girl, but, even though she received endless compliments, in her mind there was definitely room for improvement. She reached down and softly rubbed across her freshly shaved mound. It felt smooth, and it tickled as her nails lightly trailed across her skin. Reaching up, she cupped her perky B-cups with both hands. She hated her breasts, and had planned to have implants as soon as she could afford it. She wanted to be larger, and better proportioned, like the beautiful women she saw in magazines. She also was displeased with her hair. Her sandy blonde locks had been layered and cut above the shoulder about a month earlier. Though she initially hated her decision, the sassy mane was beginning to fill out and grow more to her liking.

Making her way to the closet Bailey pulled out little white day dress. Slipping it over her head she wiggled her way into the garment. After some adjusting, she again stood in front of the mirror, turning from side to side and admiring her choice. It was small tank dress with the hem hanging just above the knee. She had found it at a second hand shop and thought it would be perfect for what she had in mind. The white fabric was in stark contrast to her bronzed body, making her appear even darker than she actually was. She was proud of her tan, taking pride in the fact that she had no tan lines. Sometimes she even incorporated her trips to the tanning salon into her schemes. But not this night, tonight she was going to experience her riskiest challenge yet.

The very thought of what she had planned tied her stomach in knots. She tried several times to talk herself out of her compulsion, but it was to no avail. Each time her mind rationalized her quest, her need to fulfill something inside her. She walked over to the side of her bed and slipped on a pair of white tennis shoes. Looking over at the clock on the nightstand, Bailey took a deep breath. It was almost 8:00 p.m.; it was time to go.

\*\*\* THE GAME BEGINS \*\*\*

As Bailey drove up to the bar she could see there were several cars and trucks parked in the parking lot. The small gravel lot was only partially lit with only two overhead street lamps. While the dim illumination was in her favor, Bailey opted to park on the side of the roadway, across the street from the establishment. The street was not lit and her task was going to be hard enough. If she made it this far she was going to leave herself an easy finish line.

She sat behind the wheel for several minutes. "What is wrong with me?" she asked herself. "What the hell am I doing?" She felt as though there were butterflies fluttering in her stomach. Her pulse raced in anticipation. She trembled at the thought of the act she was about to perform. Reaching for her cell phone, she dialed a number she had written on a post-it note. "Hello," she said. "Yes, I need a cab please ... Yes, it's 102 East 4th Street ... Tommy's Bar and Lounge .... My name? Uhm ... It's Pam Martin." As the call ended she giggled at her choice of an alias. It was done; her plan was in motion.

As she closed her phone she turned her attention back to the bar. It was a plain cinder block building with few decorations, and she could see several people walking in and out the front door. It was a seedy part of town, just on the edge of the manufacturing district. Only a couple of blocks over were the public housing units. She strained her eyes, trying to get more detail on the individuals walking into the lounge, but she could only make out their silhouettes as they strolled in front of the building's lit windows and neon signs.

Reaching into her purse she dropped the phone inside and pulled out a twenty-dollar bill, stuffing it into the front of her dress. Reaching over to the vehicle's glove box she opened it up and pulled out a small metal box. The box was black and had a small magnet on one side. Fiddling with her key chain she detached her car's door key, placing it inside the box. Slowly she opened the car door and stepped outside. She made a quick look in both directions, making sure no one was looking, before she kneeled and clicked the magnetic key box to the metal underbelly of her vehicle. She then locked the car's doors and slammed the vehicle shut.

It was a warm summer evening and the air was thick and still. She could tell she was near the local factories as there was a slight sulfur odor lingering in night. In the distance she could hear the slow rumble of some sort of machinery running at one of the plants. The sound mixed with the thumping and muffled booms emanating from the sound system inside the bar. During the planning of her wicked game she had driven through the area several times, and at various times of the day. Meticulously, she had planned her route and scouted possible locations to hide. Her other dares had been in relatively rural areas, making her treks too easy. This was a new challenge. It was a rough area, and there were always people out and about.

She adjusted her dress and slowly made her way to the front of the lounge. As she drew closer she could see a row of motorcycles parked in front of the building. Bailey wasn't much into motorcycles or hot rods, but she knew a Harley when she saw one. She surmised that these were probably hard core bikers, especially considering the part of town they were in. Walking towards the door Bailey noticed three men around one of the bikes parked at the corner of the building. One was seated on the motorcycle, while the other two were standing to one side. She also noticed that all three had a beer in their hands. "That's funny," she thought to herself. "I thought drinking outside a bar was illegal around here." She then giggled under her breath. She realized her naivete, thinking these were men who really didn't care if it was illegal or not.

The little blonde made her way to the front door and stood underneath a light mounted on the front of the building. She had no intention of going inside, only to wait on the taxi she had ordered. Keeping her arms crossed across her chest, she kept her head down. Daring to look around, Bailey shifted her eyes and realized that the bikers had taken notice of her. She couldn't hear what they were saying, but she could tell they were laughing and pointing in her direction. Though she still had her dress on, she already felt naked, feeling the leather clad men undressing her with their eyes. They were large men, each outfitted in leather chaps and a heavy motorcycle jacket. She could tell there was some sort of emblem on the back of the jackets, but she couldn't make out what the colors read.

"Where is that damn taxi," she whispered under her breath. She was feeling more and more nervous as the bikers leered and snickered. Two of the men were nudging the third, she could only imagine, to prod him over to her. Bailey looked up and could see headlights coming down the roadway. "Finally," she whispered. "The damn cab is here." Her relief was short lived however, as she watched the vehicle pass by the lounge and continue down the road.

"Hey!" one of the bikers yelled. "Come over here honey!" The other two men laughed and each gave each other a punch on the shoulder.

Bailey only smiled, keeping her head down and trying not to look in their direction.

The man who had yelled at her was now moving towards her. He was a rough looking man, with long shoulder length hair and a goatee. On his chest she could see the outline of some sort of tattoo, partially hidden beneath the dirty tee shirt he wore under his jacket. "Hey sweetie!" he yelled again. "Come on over and I'll give you a ride." This time the other two men erupted in laughter, slapping each other on the back.

Bailey fidgeted nervously as the man continued slowly walking in her direction. She remembered that she was not wearing any type of underwear, and wondered if the white dress might be sheer enough to reveal her nakedness underneath. If nothing else she could go inside if things got out of hand. It would be better than being in the parking lot, alone with these men.

"Hey! I'm talking to you!" the man said with an angry tone. "Can't you hear me?"

"I'm just waiting on a taxi," Bailey replied. She watched as the man momentarily stopped and looked back at his friends.

"Well hell baby, we can take you where ever you want to go," he replied laughingly. The other two men grinned from ear to ear, and nodded in agreement.

"Uhm ... well ... I think I'll just wait on the cab. Thank you anyway," she answered in a now trembling voice.

It was then that Bailey noticed another set of headlights coming down the road. She crossed her fingers and closed her eyes. "Please let this be the cab," she said to herself. "Please, please, please." She opened her eyes to see the white van pull into the parking lot and up to the front entrance of the bar. "Thank God," she whispered as she quickly walked to the vehicle, opened the door, and jumped inside to the backseat.

"Awww!" the bikers yelled at the sight of the girl's getaway. "If you change your mind baby, we'll be right here," one laughingly exclaimed.

Bailey looked at the cab driver and blurted, "203 East 28th Street. And, let's get out of here in a hurry, please."

"No problem," was the driver's reply.

Bailey sat back in the seat and looked at the bikers. She smiled and waved as the cab pulled out of the parking lot. She could see the men laughing and grabbing their chests, faking broken hearts. She laughed and let out a heavy sigh. This was only the beginning.

\*\*\* TWENTY-FOUR BLOCKS \*\*\*

"Are you sure this is the place ma'am?" the driver asked.

Bailey looked around at the old factory buildings. The place was dark, deserted, and had not been in use in years. "Yes," she replied. "This is it. Thank you. How much do I owe you?"

"It's $8.50 ma'am," he answered. "Are you really sure this is the right place? I can wait if you need me to."

Bailey smiled at the taxi driver. She could see he was an older black man with graying hair. Looking into his eyes, she could tell he was concerned about her well being. "No, this is just fine," she answered. She reached into the top of her dress and pulled out the twenty, handing it to the driver. "Keep the change," she said as she reached for the door handle.

"Thank you ma'am," the driver said while shaking his head. "Have a good evening." He watched as she stepped out of the vehicle and shut the door. He continued eyeing his strange fare as she walked down the sidewalk, in the direction they had just come from. Again he shook his head as he put the gearshift in drive and continued on to his next fare.

Bailey stopped, looked at her surroundings, and watched as the taxi drove out of site. There were few lights in this area and it took her eyes a few seconds to adjust to the darkness. The night was deathly quiet as she listened for any unwanted visitors. Not even a dog was barking. She had been through here several times during her scouting trips, and she knew where she had to go next. She continued a short ways down the roadway until she came to a bridge that crossed a small river. This is where the next step in the game was to start.

Quickly Bailey stepped out of her shoes and set them on the railing of the bridge. The concrete was still emanating the heat from the day and was warm beneath her feet. She then reached down, grabbing the hem of her dress. Lifting the garment upwards, she pulled the dress over her head and away from her body. She now stood on the bridge completely nude. Wrapping the dress around the shoes, she walked over to the railing and peered at the water below. It wasn't a large waterway, but it was large enough to serve her purposes.

She could hear the water as it swirled below her. "This is it," she said aloud. She had already put herself in a situation that would scare the shit out of most women. Now, she was ready to up the ante and fully commit to the game. There would be no going back if she went through with it. Her heart was pounding in her chest. She could feel goose bumps form on her naked flesh, her nipples erect and hard. In one swift motion she tossed the dress and shoes into the dark waters below.

Bailey suddenly began to hyperventilate as she grabbed hold of the railing. As she gasped for air she watched the white cloth float swiftly down the murky stream, and out of view. She felt as though she were about to be sick. She closed her eyes and worked to control her breathing. Her heart pounded so hard she could hear her pulse inside her head. As tears began to form in her eyes, she stood upright and tried to regain her composure. "That's it," she said. "I have no choice now."

Again, Bailey looked around at her surroundings, peering down the roadway. She was near the corner of Congress Boulevard and East 28th Street. She had twenty-four blocks, or nearly three miles, to reach her car in the nude. While the area she was in at the moment was deserted, she knew only a few blocks away there would be houses, and businesses, and hangout areas where there would be people, rough people, maybe even gangs. "What the fuck am I doing?" she thought. She knew if the wrong person or persons caught her, she could easily be raped, or worse, gang raped or even killed. She wondered if subconsciously she wanted to be raped, or maybe she had some sort of death wish.

But, while she cursed her perverted mind, she also felt a sense of euphoria. She had never felt as alive as she did right now. Every sense was on fire. It wasn't death she wanted; it was life. She wanted to feel everything, experience all life had to give; she wanted excitement she could never get in her normal "vanilla" life. Bailey took a deep breath, and again started down the roadway.

Bailey simply walked down the sidewalk for the first five blocks, holding her arms up to her chest, shielding her breast from the night air. There had been no streetlights on her path and she merely strolled down the walkway as if she were walking to the store or were out for an exercise. She gazed at the row of empty buildings to either side of the road as she walked, wondering what might have been made in the buildings back in the day. She also thought there might be more traffic on the road at that time of night. She was constantly looking for places to hide in case she saw an oncoming vehicle, but she was yet to see an automobile. Her luck quickly changed however, as she soon found herself approaching a fairly well lit section of the road. She slowed her progress as she closed in on the area. The streetlights were bright and bathed the boulevard and sidewalk in a sickly yellow glow. She knew this was a part of her path where there were homes on both sides of the street and she stopped to survey the passage.

As she looked down the street she was again beginning to feel that rush of exhilaration that she had craved for several weeks. Though she was still frightened, she couldn't help but feel her body tingling all over. She reached down with one hand and softly began rubbing her wanting mound. It was warm and she could feel it dripping between her fingers. Reaching up with the other hand she gently rolled one of her nipples between finger and thumb. She had no idea why it took this type of situation for her to feel this way, but it did. She felt shame and ecstasy all at the same time.

Looking to her left and right she could see the homes that lined roadway. They were poor homes, run down and shabby, but she could tell they were occupied with the occasional lamp or television light emanating from their windows. She could also see that several front yards had hedgerows or fences lining their borders. She crouched and turned her head slightly, listening intently for any sound to be heard. Hearing nothing of importance Bailey stood upright and whispered, "Damn." She could either move forward down the sidewalk, or maybe she could make her way through the backyards of the homes.

Bailey reached up and ran her fingers through her hair as she thought. "If I go through the backyards it will be dark, but I might run into a dog or something," she said to herself. She also thought there may be fences she would have to cross and being totally naked she was in no condition to jump a chain linked fence. Giving a heavy sigh she looked forward, she had made her decision, she would simply walk down the sidewalk as if nothing was wrong. If she were to notice someone she would make a dash for the nearest hiding spot.

**A Dangerous Obsession**

As she strolled into the light Bailey felt a rush. Here she was, out in the open, and totally exposed to anyone who might happen upon her. "My God, I can't believe this," she thought. She was beginning to regret her choice of discarding her shoes as she could see remnants of broken bottles and glass sparkling in the light on the sidewalk. She had even noticed a used syringe lying on the walkway, near a telephone pole. She now kept her eyes on the concrete, keeping a close eye on where she stepped as she walked at a steady pace.

For another three blocks Bailey walked in the basking yellow light without seeing a soul or hearing so much as a bark. She was beginning to think her challenge had once again been too easy. She now walked with her hands to her side at a casual gate, but still scanning at the sidewalk for any sharp obstacles. It was then that she heard the shout.

"Whoooooo Hoooooo!!" echoed throughout the neighborhood.

In an instant Bailey had stepped into a darkened lawn and crouched down behind a bush. She looked in all directions desperately looking for where the voice had come from. She was trembling and her breathing became arduous. In all her outings, this was the first time that she knew someone had seen her.

"Did you see that?!" the voice yelled again.

Bailey could hear other voices, but the sounds were unintelligible to her. Nevertheless, it was obvious to her there was more than one. Almost in a frenzy, she scanned all around. Just then she saw where the voices were coming from. It was behind her, a couple of houses down. There, she could make out the shape of five boys coming out from the shadows of the front porch of one of the homes. She had obviously walked right in front of them. "Damn it" she thought. She had been paying so much attention looking out where she stepped, she had let her guard down.

"Yo man, she was naked I tell you!" one of the boys yelled. "Dat bitch was buck ass naked, I swear to God!"

"Naw," another said. "You're a crazy motherfucker."

Bailey looked on as they emerged out from the darkness. She could tell they were all Hispanic. They were all young, well-built boys, maybe in their late teens or early twenties. She could see two of the boys were wearing white tank tops with dew rags on top of their heads. The others were wearing tee shirts with unbuttoned plaid shirts over top, one with a bandana around his head with the others wearing ball caps turned backwards. "Shit," she blurted. She knew these were not the kind of boys that needed to find a naked white girl in their neighborhood. She watched as they argued. It was obvious only one of them had actually seen her and he was trying to convince the others of his discovery.

"I'll prove it to you God damn it!" the boy screamed. "Bitch walked right down here." She could see the boy that was yelling was muscular with intricate tattoos displayed from both wrists to his shoulders.

"You're full of shit," the another boy laughed. "Ain't no bitch walking around here naked, less she some crack ho."

Again Bailey's heart was racing. She stood motionless as the young men drew nearer. Another decision had to be made; either she stayed at her hiding spot, hoping they didn't find her, or she could make a run for it. If she did decide to run, it was obvious she wouldn't be able to continue down the street she was on. She would have to run one or two streets over, then continue her way towards 4th Street. She looked to the boulevard and to her right she could see a cross street about three houses down. She tried to peer through the darkness at the yards between her and the road, but the large trees on the lawns kept the light from shining through.

The boys were jumping into the yards behind her, hooting a hollering as they swept around every tree and bush. She was going to have to run for it. She decided she would run through the darkened front lawns in front of her, hoping none had a fence or any other obstacle to block her way. With a little luck they wouldn't see her. It was the only chance she had of getting away. Slowly she counted, "One .... two ... three," and she was off.

"There she is! There she is!" one of the boys screamed. "Holy shit, get her!"

Bailey never looked back. She darted through the first yard like a gazelle with a cheetah behind it. She could hear the gang in pursuit behind her, yelling and screaming along the way. Reaching the second yard she noticed small hedgerows lining both sides of the sidewalk leading to the front door of the house. She kept her pace as she leapt across, hurdling both hedges and sidewalk, in one stride. Bolting through the shadowy third yard she zigzagged around several shrubs and made her way to the far corner of the house.

There she tried to turn and head for the adjacent cross street, to the side of the property, but it was then she felt her feet come out from under her. The humid air had left heavy dew on the grass, and Bailey found her bare feet had little traction. She slid on her butt for several feet before coming to a stop. Quickly she looked back. She could see three of the boys barreling their way through the bushes, coming straight for her. They were laughing and yelling as they neared the frightened blonde daredevil.

In an instant Bailey had jumped to her feet and was once again on her way to the street. The road was not lit and she found the warm pavement more reassuring than the wet grass beneath her bare feet. Not wanting to wear herself out, she tried to pace herself, trying to control her breathing and speed. She could hear the steps of her pursuers closing in behind her. She had always been a good runner and knew if she could keep in front of them, she could probably outlast them. But, they were gaining on her quickly, and she had to move as fast as she could.

Bailey could hear the footsteps draw closer and closer, and she dared to look over her shoulder. One of the boys was now only a car length behind her. He was a muscular youth with a shaved head. She could tell he was one of the boys that had been wearing a dew rag, but he had obviously lost the item somewhere during the chase. She could see the other two that had been close, were now fading and losing distance. They were shouting and urging their friend on as he closed in. He was fast and still gaining ground, and her legs began to ache as she pushed herself. Her bare breasts bounced as she ran and began to hurt, but her desire to escape kept her in focus and pushed her on.

She continued on as fast as she could, and made a quick turn onto a road that paralleled the one that she had been on when she started her trek. The street was darker than the previous route, but she could tell she was once again running through a row of older homes. The boy was now right behind her as he chased her another two blocks. She could hear him breathing heavy and grunting as he pushed forward. No longer was he yelling and screaming, he was trying to take in every ounce of air he could manage. Suddenly Bailey could feel his fingers on her back. He was reaching out, trying to grab her, his fingertips just within reach. Letting out a yelp she pushed as hard as she could. "Oh my God," she thought. "He's going to catch me." She imagined her fate, chained in some basement and taken over and over again for days. Tears began to well up in her eyes. Her feet were raw. She couldn't keep this pace much longer.

Just then she could hear the boy's footsteps fading. She kept her fast stride for several more hundred feet before looking back. She could see him, stopped, hands on his knees, and gasping for air. She could also see him pointing at her, trying to make some kind of sly remark, but his lack of breath kept him from uttering a word. He only stood, bent over, with labored breaths.

She continued to run until she was well away from the boy. Slowing her pace, she continued for several more blocks before she made her way to the side of a house at the corner of a side street. There, she collapsed in the murky shadows of the driveway near the home's garage. She sat up, bringing her hands up to her face, trying to muffle her uncontrollable huffing and puffing. She had never run so hard in all her life. Her muscles ached and her legs were on fire. She could feel the heat of her body and the beads of sweat that had formed across her bare flesh. She didn't know how much more she could take, and hoped the other gang members were not on their way to look for her. If she had to run that hard again she would surely be caught. She reached back and rubbed her butt, caressing the spot she had fell on earlier. She knew there would be a big bruise there in the morning. As her breathing became more controlled, Bailey covered her face and began to sob.

\*\*\* THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME \*\*\*

Bailey sat alone in the darkness for what seemed like an eternity. She had left all of her jewelry, including her watch, at home and had no sense of time. Her mouth was parched from the running and she believed she could kill for just a glass of water. She kept low and listened intently. Several times she had seen a low ride car pass down the street, driving slowly as if the occupants were looking for something. She could only guess that it was the Latino gang, now mobile and searching for their intended prey. She looked around, knowing she was going to have to move eventually. She couldn't stay where she was all night. Slowly she raised to her feet and cautiously made her way back to the side of the roadway.

She was cursing her mind for deciding not to wear shoes. Her feet were raw from her recent scamper and her legs were sore and throbbing. Her hair was hot and damp, and she could feel the perspiration on her bare body dripping down her back and chest. Keeping to the side of the road she stayed in the shadows of the large oaks and maples that bordered the street. She walked just in the edge of the yards, the cool dew on the grass now feeling good on the bottom of her feet. She was one street over from the route she had previously been on, but was still traveling in the right direction. She had lost track of exactly where she was, but surmised that she was more than half way to her car. But she had to be careful. With another incident like the one before, she would probably just give up and hope for the best.

From yard to yard Bailey crept down the street, passing one block, then another. Looking at the street signs, she gained her bearings. She was on the corner of Robinson Road and 11th Street; there were still seven blocks to go. Suddenly she heard a dog barking from behind a home up ahead of her. The sound instantly aroused the other dogs in the neighborhood, prompting a k-9 chorus to be heard in all directions. She sneaked behind a tree and watched for any movement in front of her. It was then that she noticed a set of headlights coming up behind her. It was the same automobile she had seen several times before. She turned and made her way to the other side of the tree, where she carefully peered out and spied on the vehicle.

It was a four-door car that sat low to the ground. She could see its large chrome wheels, with their thin profiled tires wrapped around them. The car seemed to change color as it passed from one streetlight to another. It was moving slow, and she could hear rap music blaring from within. She knew there were at least four people inside the vehicle as she could see one arm hanging out of each opened window. She tried in vain to see who was inside, with the vehicle's dash lights only faintly highlighting the faces inside.

Bailey shook uncontrollably as she continued to look on. She knew in her heart, it was the boys who had been chasing her. "They're not going to give up," she said to herself. "My God. I have to make it to my car." She looked down the roadway. "I will never do this again," she swore to herself. "Just let me get to my car and go home."

She watched as the car leisurely traveled past her. She could hear the men laughing inside. "This is fun to them," she thought. "They are enjoying this little chase." But she wasn't going to make it easy. If she could just make it maybe one more mile, she would be free. As the car's taillights faded out of sight, Bailey pushed herself onward. The dogs were still barking, but not just one, several could be heard and all around her. She believed that as long as several animals were carrying on, her position wouldn't be revealed.

Again, she sneaked from yard to yard, block by block, taking shelter beneath the shadows of the trees. Occasionally, she found herself making a mad dash beneath the light of the street lamps as she came to a lawn blocked by a fence or wall. At one point she watched as a front porch light was turned on in front of her. She had hunched down behind a parked car, in an adjacent driveway, and watched as the homeowner walked outside and lit a cigarette. She guessed she was delayed for eight or nine minutes as she watched the man puff and blow smoke from between his lips. She sat silently watching the man, biting her bottom lip to make sure she didn't utter a sound. She then noticed the man drop the cigarette on the ground, and stomp it out. He then casually walked inside and turned the light off.

With a heavy sigh she gathered herself and, after traveling a couple more blocks, soon found herself in another predicament. Standing at the corner of Robinson and 7th Street she could see the next leg of her journey took her past a small park. To her left stood several basketball courts, surrounded by very tall chain link fences. On her right was a large security wall that spanned several hundred feet down the road. At first she thought she might be able to travel through the ball courts and reemerge somewhere on the other side. But, after a closer look, she realized the gates to courts were chained and padlocked. Her only advantage was that the park didn't seem to have any lights, and, with the gates being locked, most likely no one was inside.

Bailey sat in the darkness for several minutes and assessed the path in front of her. She wanted to be careful, there were gang members searching for her, and she didn't need any more people on her trail or alerting them to where she was. But, she could see no other route. She decided she would have to make another hard run until she reached the next block. She hadn't scouted this street during the planning of her dare, and she wasn't sure what lay beyond her newest obstacles. She could only hope there were trees or bushes to hide behind. In the shadows, she crouched on all fours as if she were prepared for some sort of race. Taking a deep breath, she came to her feet and sprinted across the road, into the unwelcomed illumination of the streetlights.

Her fists clinched tight, Bailey swung her arms as she raced down the sidewalk. The night air now felt cool on her damp skin, her nipples tight and erect. She concentrated hard on controlling her breathing as she darted past one telephone pole to the next. In the distance, she could hear the sound of a loud car engine, and tires squealing, one or two streets over. The noise had scared her, and her mind wondered if it had anything to do with her. She kept her focus. She had to make it to the next block.

For a moment she had to dart into the middle of the roadway as she dodged a couple of metal garbage cans that blocked the sidewalk. But, in and instant she was back on the concrete path, and could see the next street in the distance, another row of houses just beyond. She also noticed she was now running next to a baseball field. She was at the outfield end of the field and thought that if she had to, she could climb this smaller fence to find an escape route. It was then that she thought she heard voices coming from near the dark baseball diamond. She tried to listen over the sounds of her regulated gasps, but she couldn't be sure if it were voices or just the night playing tricks on her. If there was someone there, perhaps she was too far away to see that she wasn't wearing clothes. She really didn't care at this point; it was too late to worry about. She had to make it to the safety of the trees ahead of her.

It took only a few more seconds before she reached the next cross street, and the homes beyond. She jogged past the first house, it being on a corner lot and having few trees, and took refuge in the lawn of the next home. There she jaunted behind a set of hydrangea bushes. She laid down in the grass, flat on her back, and again attempted to slow her pulse and breathing. As she rested, she gazed up at the stars. She was deep in the city and the surrounding lights illuminated the sky, drowning out the light from the smaller celestial bodies. But she could easily make out the larger stars, and even noticed a shooting star as it streaked across the sky. She closed her eyes and made a wish. She thought to herself, "I'm almost home."

Bailey continued on her stealthy journey, darting here and there, and hiding at points along the way. After a few minutes, she found herself at another side street. The sign read, "5th Street." "I'm almost at the bar," she thought. Across the street she could see a vacant lot. There were no more houses or buildings in front of her and she could see the rear of the bar in the distance. There were also no streetlights, but another problem had arisen. She could see that the lot was bare, with no trees, no bushes, and no places to hide if anyone spotted her. But, there was no other way, and her need to reach her destination outweighed her need for stealth at the moment. She had already planned what she was going to do. She would dart across the lot and make her way to the back of the bar. Once there, she would make a mad dash for her car and not worry if anyone saw her or not. The surprise she would give any onlooker would surely buy her enough time to reach the key and unlock her car. She would then simply speed away as fast as she could until she reached a safe place to put on the clothes that she had left on the back seat.

Hurriedly Bailey jogged across the empty land. It was a gravel lot and the tiny rocks cut into the souls of her already raw feet. But the adrenaline was flowing through her body and it masked her pain with determination. She had made it three quarters of the way across the lot when, once again, she noticed headlights on the road behind her. Quickly she dropped down, spread eagle on her belly. She could feel the gravel and grime as it stuck to her body. She looked behind her and could see the same car, slowly rolling down the road on the other side of the lot. She could hear the muted rumble coming from the vehicle's exhaust. She felt as though her heart would burst from her chest. "I'm so close, they can't catch me now."

Again the car slowly rolled down the roadway. "They didn't see me," she thought. Not waiting for the car to drive out of sight, Bailey swiftly sprung to her feet and sprinted for the building. She ran with all the strength that she had left, pushing her body to the brink of its limits. Suddenly, she could hear a loud thunder coming from the car. As she looked back she could see the car speeding down the street, away from her, in the opposite direction. She wasn't sure if they had seen her, and she didn't care. In just a few moments she could make it to her vehicle.

Reaching the back of the bar, Bailey crouched next to a dumpster. She could smell the foul odors coming from the metal container, and she kept several feet away. Quickly she ran around the corner of the building and made her way to the front edge of the business. She leaned back against the cinderblock wall, taking a moment to catch her breath, then peered around the corner to where her car was parked. It was then that she saw a sickening sight.

The yellow lights twirled around rapidly, causing a strobe like effect on the surrounding buildings. Bailey could see a large man kneeling near the front of her car. The figure then stood up and walked to the back of the wrecker. Terrified, she watched as the man pulled on a lever at the back of the truck, the front of her car slowly raising off of the ground. Now, she could clearly see the "No Parking" signs next to her vehicle. She wondered how she could have been so stupid to have not noticed them when she parked. She figured she had been so nervous, and so preoccupied by the people going into the bar, she simply didn't see them.

**A Dangerous Obsession**

She sat stunned. She felt like she wanted to cry, but no tears streamed down her face. Her stomach churned inside her. "Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!" she repeated over and over. "What am I going to do now?" Slowly she arose to her feet, letting her back slide its way up the painted block wall. She turned, looking over the parking lot, the numerous cars, trucks, and motorcycles parked all around.

Suddenly she felt a hand on her shoulder. "Hey bitch," a voice said behind her. "We've been looking for you."

Bailey could only fall to her knees, emotionless, and stoic. She was defeated and exposed, and resigned to her fate. She felt the sensation of pins and needles all across her bare body. She stared at her car as the tow truck slowly carried it down the roadway. "You've caught me," she said sheepishly without looking back. "Now what?"