**The Key Necklace**

by Shadow Walker

After reading a particularly hot story about a woman who strolled around her own neighborhood completely naked, it made me hot enough to try it myself. The first time I tried it, I was as careful as I could be. I stayed in the dark, far away from any streetlights. I remember the rush I got just making it to the end of my block and back.

I’ve also been naked for many hours on the trails running through the woodlands in my area. The thrill wasn’t quite as vivid, since hardly anyone ever goes back there. On all my travels I only saw two people and from quite a distance. Still, it helped me to get used being naked in public.

My games progressed every time I went out. I’d make myself walk further each time, or I’d add an 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 of these little events 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 into the mix: bondage.

The first time I made myself walk two blocks 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 had been looking for to boost my thrills. 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. To totally plan out the possibility would defeat the purpose for me. I’m a big girl (not physically). 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 is true. On the other hand, why else would I continue to increase the difficulty of an already risky thing?

Almost two weeks went by since my last adventure. Stress at work cut into my planning time, so I decided to take a long weekend break. This was the weekend I was going to try my most daring adventure yet. I had some random ideas but I needed a little time to hash it all out. Friday came and I spent my free day finalizing my ideas. Finally I knew what I wanted to.

As I thought over my plan, I realized all the things I had been doing up till 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 my route.

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 to myself. I was in a constant state of arousal from planning my own predicament.

I made a little wish list for myself. I wanted to be completely without an escape plan. I wanted my hands cuffed behind my back. I also wanted it to be difficult. I wanted to feel completely and totally exposed.

I then had the most daring thought. Instead of hiding the key to my handcuffs somewhere in town, so I could sneak to them without being seen, this time, I was going to put them in the one place I couldn't get them myself: around my neck!

I would put them on a rope and tie it with a double knot. It was strong rope, so I wouldn't be able to get it of by hooking it on something. Once I clicked those cuffs behind my back, I would be forced to ask someone for help. I would have to stand in front of them, naked and vulnerable and ask them to take the keys of my neck and free me.

All the time, my small breasts and shaved pussy would be on full display. My alibi for being naked was almost the truth. I would tell people I was with friends and was supposed to do a simple streaking dare through the park. But my they tricked me by putting the keys around my neck, thus forcing me to ask a stranger for help.

I would be acting embarrassed and I hoped they would sympathize with me. They surely would feel sorry for this poor, naked girl, instead of calling the cops thinking I was some kind of weirdo.

But I wouldn't be going home straight away. I had a little extra dare planned. It would take me ten minutes to walk home naked from the park, but I hid the key to my house another ten minute walk past it. So it would take me at least thirty minutes to get home after I was freed from my cuffs.

No matter how humiliating getting my handcuffs removed would have been, I still had a long naked walk ahead of me. And the route led me right past my house. So tantalizingly close, yet so far. I felt my stomach clench up when I even thought about it.

The next evening I took a long shower. After I had toweled of, I took the keys to the handcuffs and tied them around my neck. I made sure it was a good tight knot. There, I thought smiling. I was finished! No clothes, shoes or socks, my hair in a ponytail and no makeup or jewelry. I would be completely and utterly naked the entire way. I felt so daring. I couldn’t believe I actually thought this up myself.

I grabbed the handcuffs and walked downstairs. I checked to make sure the house was bolted up. I wanted absolutely no way to get back in. Once I was satisfied, I stepped outside. I held the open door with one hand. My heart was pounding in my chest and I took a few deep breaths.

With sudden resolve I pulled the door shut without second thought and turned to face the street. I grabbed the keys around my neck, to assure myself they were still there. I noticed my hand was shaking.

I made my way to the park. The walk there was uneventful. Walking around at this time of night no longer was a big deal for me. The park I selected was next to a dorm for art students. I knew a few people there and I liked the relaxed attitude most of them had towards nudity. They even once staged a nude model painting session in their dorm! Unfortunately I only heard about it afterwards, otherwise I would probably have volunteered.

In the park was an electric transformer building. It was hidden in the green and a small dark path led to the entrance door of the small concrete building. Just to the left of the entrance to the path was a light post. The way the light fell, meant that when I was standing on the path, people walking by couldn’t see me, but I could see them. I had tested this spot a few times earlier. It meant I could choose who I asked for help with my cuffs. I was looking for a cute guy walking alone, not just anybody.

In my left hand I held the cuffs. I put the cuff on my right wrist and held it behind my back. Now I moved my left hand back. I placed the other cuff around it and hesitated for a second before I closed it. Do I really want this? There would be no turning back once I did. I closed my eyes.

With a loud snap the handcuff locked around my wrist. I did it! No turning back now. I got sick to my stomach. I felt ashamed and exposed and suddenly I didn’t want to do this anymore. And then I had an orgasm. Out of nowhere, standing there naked and cuffed. There is no is no ladylike way of having an orgasm while standing up. Your knees get weak, your body is in a spasm and you do the crazy chicken dance trying not to fall over.

Luckily, I didn’t fall over. I managed to brace myself in an undignified pose, legs apart, panting heavily. I stood there for a few minutes in the dark, catching my breath. Now that the sexual tension had dropped, I felt scared and embarrassed. But when I realized I was still naked and handcuffed I started feeling horny again. That gave me back some of my courage, so I decided it was time for a suitable knight in shining armor, to rescue this damsel in distress from her naked fate. Despite my situation I giggled at my poetic moment.

I stood there for almost an hour. Several people came by, but I didn’t feel good. They looked nice enough and would surely help me, but maybe nice wasn’t what I was looking for. My arms started hurting from the awkward position. I was also a little frustrated that I couldn’t touch myself. After my first orgasm I was ready for more.

Then I saw him. He was alone and had a determined pace and a stern look on his face. This was the guy, I could feel it. My heartbeat was racing and I was panting, but when he walked past my hiding place, I took my chance!

‘Pssst’, I hissed.

He stopped dead in his tracks and looked in my direction. He squinted his eyes, but couldn’t see me standing in the dark. I was standing only two meters from him, naked and cuffed. My voice trembled as I whispered.

‘Uh...I was wondering if you could help me. I…uh...I have a little problem.'

'Sure I can help you', he replied with a smile. ‘However, I can hear you, but I can’t actually see you. What is your problem exactly?’

This was it. The moment of truth. I stepped out of the dark shadows. The light now fell over my naked body. He raised his eyebrows and then smiled. Slowly I kept walking towards him and stopped when I stood right in front of him. Still smiling he looked me up and down.

‘Very nice to meet you’, he said with a big grin on his face. ‘And how may I help you tonight?’

I started mumbling my alibi about my friends pranking me. By now my face must have been bright red, because he interrupted me and asked me if I was feeling hot. I shook my head and said I felt embarrassed. He looked down at my pussy. I was very wet by now, so he must have seen. Again he smiled.

'I'm sorry I interrupted you, please go on with your story', he said while looking me straight in the eye.

At that moment I realized something. He knew! He knew I was telling him some bullshit story. But I had no choice so I continued telling him my alibi. When I got to the part about the handcuffs, he interrupted me.

‘Oh, you're cuffed? Let me see.’

I started to turn around, but he said I shouldn't bother and instead walked around me. I had been standing with my back to the dark path and he had been standing right in front of me, blocking me from general view.
But him stepping around me, left me completely exposed. I got goosebumps and my breathing quickened. I felt his warms hands and fingers brush up against my bare bottom as he inspected the cuffs. His touch sent shivers through my body.

After what felt like an hour, he stepped back in front of me and asked about the keys, while looking straight at them. He was playing dumb, and was playing along with my made up story! I almost smiled, but stayed in character. I stepped even closer to him and because he was a lot taller, I had to look up. I tilted my head even further backwards. Imagine, me standing there, naked, hands cuffed behind my back, standing in front of a stranger, exposing myself even more.

‘They put them around my neck so I would have to ask someone for help’, I whispered.

I didn't know if this blatant lie would be too much. But he put his hand under my chin and lifted it even more. I let him gently tilt my head all the way back and closed my eyes. I stood there, almost feeling his gaze on my body.

I then felt his hand on my neck. He took the rope between two fingers, and let his hand slide down from my neck downwards. He dragged his fingers softly over my skin and I gasped. His hand reached the key and I felt his hand touch my chest. The outside of his hand was resting against my skin, while he played with the key. I was shaking by now. My heart was pounding and he could feel every beat holding his hand like this! I felt ashamed and aroused, vulnerable but safe. We stood like that for a while. I slowly opened my eyes and he was looking at me with an understanding smile.

‘I don’t have scissors with me and that rope looks tough’, he said smiling.

‘There is a knot in the back’, I said with trembling voice. He slid the rope around, so the knot was now on my chest and I could feel the keys tickling between my shoulder blades. He stepped even closer and examined the knot.

‘This is a hard one’, he said, trying to keep a straight face. ‘This could take me a while to untie’.

I smiled. By know I was starting to fall out of my role of pretending I was embarrassed. I still was, but this was something different. Not at all the quick ENF situation I had set up for myself. This guy was exposing me more than I had ever done on my own. I was standing near a street light in a vulnerable and exposed position, but somehow I didn't mind. He didn’t try to grope me, but was playing along with my fantasy. I still felt in control. All the while I could feel his hands on my chest and neck, as he 'tried' to untie the knot.

When he finally untangled the knot, I could see he really didn't want to end my predicament. He stepped to my back again, exposing my body once more. Again I felt a rush. Slowly he 'tried' to free me, looking for the keyhole. All the while my mind was racing to prolong the moment. I didn’t want to end this. So without thinking I shouted: ‘I need to pee!’

I cringed when I realized I had literally shouted that out loud. I looked around, but there was no-one but us in the park. He stopped trying to free me and stepped back in front of me. By now he had a naughty smile on his face. I mumbled I really needed to go bad, so he could try to free me later. He put the key in his pocket, took me by the arm and led me onto the open grassy field in front of me. Without hesitating, he walked straight to the middle of the field. I was now surrounded by streetlights, but they were all at a further distance, standing me in half dark. I was a lot less exposed then when I was standing under the light.

By now I was panting with excitement. I realized I never peed in front of a guy. I’ve seen guys peeing all my life at clubs and festivals, standing shoulder to shoulder or pissing away against some poor tree. For girls, peeing is more of a one girl thing. Peeing in company feels very exposed to most women. And this time, I was fully exposed!

With my cuffs still on, squatting down wouldn’t be easy. I looked at him, and asked if he could help me. He stepped to my side, put one hand between my small breasts and one hand on my back. He made sure I didn’t fall as I squatted down. He then squatted in front of me. I had my legs wide, but he pushed them even further apart, completely exposing my bald pussy to the light. He grinned and said it was easier holding my balance this way. I smiled and started peeing. It was a rush.

‘Can girls pee standing up?’ he asked all of a sudden. Surprised, I stopped peeing. I smiled and said I didn’t know and asked if he could help me up. This time, he put his hand on one of my boobs as he helped me up. The goosebumps were back. I leaned back a little and pushed my hips forward. I started peeing and I formed a short arc. I giggled a little and when I looked at him I saw he was smiling too. When I was done, I was glowing with excitement. He led me a few steps back towards the light and uncuffed me. He held my arms back and let the cuffs drop on the ground.

‘Move your arms forward slowly. Your shoulders will be stiff’, he whispered in my ear.

I moaned a little when my arms moved forward. My shoulders were indeed very stiff. My hands started tingling a little, so I rubbed my wrists where the cold metal of the cuffs had pressed into my soft flesh. I turned towards him and put my hands around his neck to give him a big hug

‘Thank you’, I whispered.

He lifted me up for a big hug, my feet leaving the ground. But by doing that, my pussy rubbed against him and without warning, I had an orgasm. And I'm talking capital Orgasm. This was the single best orgasm I ever had. And I had it naked, in a public park, being held in the arms of a stranger, my feet dangling of the ground, moaning loudly, my body limb from the waves of pleasure that coursed through it.

The first orgasm took forever and when it finished I had another one almost straight away. And then another. After my third orgasm, everything went quiet. Only my fast breathing, with a few moans when I had little aftershocks could be heard. I took me a minute to come to my senses. All the while he just held me silently in his arms.

‘Thank you’, I whispered in his ear, giving him a kiss on the cheek.

'No’, he said breathlessly. ‘Thank you!’

He gently put me down. I was a bit wobbly, but I used that as an excuse to lean against him.

I asked him with a sweet smile: ‘You already helped me once, but could you do me one more favor? Could you walk me home? I feel much safer with you around.’

And he did. And this time I didn’t sneak. Oh no, he took my hand and marched me butt naked through the middle of the street. It was so exhilarating and such a nice ending to my naked adventure. When we were in front of my house, I stopped.

‘This is my house’, I said smiling.

He looked a bit disappointed that our walk was already over. I then gave him a big smile.

‘My friends locked me out of my house as well. I now have to do a twenty minute round trip to retrieve the key. I would feel better if you are with me’, I said with a red face.

‘Well, how can I refuse such a request? It would be my pleasure to accompany you on your naked stroll’, he said laughing.

He took my hand and we continued our walk. When I came to the place I had hidden the key I picked it up. He then looked at me and grinned.

‘Do you trust me?’ he asked with a serious look all of a sudden.

I swallowed, but just nodded my head.

‘Give me the key to your house’, he said in a demanding voice.

Without hesitation I gave him the key.

‘You are now locked out naked and this is the only way in?’ he asked holding the key in front of me.

I was trembling by now. But again I just nodded my head. He then turned around and threw the key into the dark night. I could just see a flash of it as it flew past a light post. I heard a metal ring when it hit the ground somewhere in the dark distance.

I stared at him with open mouth but he gave me a big smile. ‘Trust me’, he said.

He took my hand and we started walking towards were the key had landed.
I was in some sort of shock while we walked. He told me to trust him, but what if we couldn’t find that key? I would be trapped naked in my own neighborhood! But after just a short walk he stopped. He held out his hand and in it was the key! He laughed when he saw my baffled expression.

‘I threw a coin. No way I’m throwing your real key’, he said and handed it back to me.

‘I’m sorry, I just couldn’t resist playing a little prank on you. You should have seen you face’, he said winking at me.

I felt relieved and started laughing. I gave him a hug. He took my hand and we started back to my house. After a few steps I handed him the key back.

‘Could you hold it for me? I have no pockets’, I giggled. He took my key, my one way to safety and smiled.

When we came back to my house I asked him in. I stayed naked while we talked a bit and had a drink. It felt so natural to be naked in front of him, the thought never crossed my mind to get dressed. He told me he knew almost right away that I wasn’t really in trouble.

‘I could see you were aroused and you didn’t try to cover up. I knew something was up, so I decided to play along’.

By now, my face was as red as can be. I told him he made it a wonderful experience for me. I told him I had gone out almost every night of the past few weeks, experimenting with being naked outside. I told him about my intended dare.

I moaned as I felt my shoulders hurting. He offered to give me a massage, which I accepted. He rubbed me with oil, from head to toe. And he didn’t forget about my sensitive bits. Did I have an orgasm again? Remember I said that orgasm in the park was the best one ever? After that massage it was second best. He used some special technique and all the tension from my adventure, exposing myself for so long, feeling scared and aroused all came out in one huge orgasm. Usually I’m very quiet, but not this time. My body shocked and convulsed. It was incredible. After that I was spent. I was just lying there, completely helpless, even more then when I was cuffed.

He picked me up and carried me to my bedroom. He put me in bed, undressed and climbed in next to me. He turned on his back and pulled me half on top of him. I was now snugly draped over him. I could feel the sensation of his warm skin against mine. I was glowing by now, inside and out. My mind was all fuzzy, and I snuggled up to him. He kissed me on the cheek and whispered ‘sleep tight’ into my ear. I was gone right away, and slept like a princess in his arms.

That's how I met my boyfriend. Turned out we really clicked and I had many more adventures with him. He would come up with little dares for me to perform. He understood my need to pretend, to play out a scenario, so he came up with clever ways of having me expose myself to people and make it look unintentional.

Once I stayed naked on a hiking trip almost 48 hours. We were in the woods and thanks to him my clothes ‘‘got lost’’. I enjoyed every second of it, while also being embarrassed and scared at the same time. It sounds contradictory, but I guess being embarrassed and ashamed is the reason I enjoying putting myself in these situations.

I enjoy being an Embarrassed Nude Female!