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The Parade

By

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Synopsis: The unnamed narrator attends his local police station for an ID parade with a twist following a burglary at his house. (nosex)

The police station was in the centre of town: an old, traditionally-styled brick-building with an equally old and traditional blue lamp outside. The station was set back from the road and faced a small, green, park. It had been refurbished recently, and a long disabled access ramp ran up to the entrance where an automatic, blue PVC framed, glass door hissed open at my approach. Running across the width of the brightly-lit foyer was a chest-high wooden counter, behind which sat two smartly-uniformed clerks. I introduced myself, fishing in my pocket for the letter.

'Ah yes, sir,' said the clerk cheerfully, 'for the ID Parade?' Without waiting for an answer he gestured to a row of brightly-coloured plastic sets that were bolted to the adjacent wall. 'Please take a seat, I'll let the ID Inspector know you're here.'

As I sat waiting, I began to reflect on the statement I'd made to the police only a few weeks earlier. It had been a cool but dry Saturday afternoon, and I'd just settled in to my armchair to watch an afternoon's televised sport. Kick-off was at three, the beer was in the fridge, and the pizza was on order. All was good with the world. Just as I pulled the tab on my first tin, the doorbell 'ding-donged' merrily. I glanced at the clock. 'Too soon for the pizza,' I thought. The front door swung open to reveal a woman, dressed in a loose-fitting long black coat, who stood with her eyes downcast.

'Sorry to trouble you,' she said. Her voice was pleasantly modulated, with no trace of an accent. 'I'm on my way to a party and I'm lost. I desperately need to pee and ...'. Her voice trailed off and she began to shuffle her feet. I was about to say that I wasn't running a public convenience when a sudden gust flipped her coat open. The words died unspoken, for below the coat—with the exception of her stockings—she was completely naked. I caught only a quick flash before she recovered her modesty, but the flash was enough for me to see a magnificent pair of round, brown, titties above a slender waist and broad, womanly, hips below which nestled a patch of dense black fur at the juncture of her thighs.

In the circumstances, what could a gentleman say? I stepped back and gestured towards the cloakroom. 'Second door on the left,' I offered. Then, 'the first one's a cupboard,' I added, somewhat

lamely.

The girl scampered past me, her face still averted. She must have been desperate, for she was shrugging her coat from her shoulders as she got to the toilet door. I caught sight of her heart-shaped ass, with a black heart-shaped tattoo on the left flank, as the door closed behind her. I stood quietly, waiting, my hand still on the open front door. I could hear, over the noise of the television, a prolonged tinkle of running water. Then silence. 'Please?' her voice. 'Some paper?'

I cursed myself. I was sure that there was some in there, and a spare roll, but now wasn't the time to debate it. Kick-off was in five minutes and ... I dashed upstairs and into the bathroom, grabbing a spare roll from the basket on top of the cistern. As I reached the bottom of the stairs again, I could see her tall, dark coated, figure run from my driveway and out of sight, the coat billowing behind her, and doubtless displaying her charms to all the world. I heard a car start and accelerate away. I shrugged and closed the front door.

As soon as I stepped into the cloakroom to deposit the fresh roll I realised. There was plenty of paper. Horrified, I dashed into the lounge. My wallet, pre-placed on the coffee table awaiting the arrival of the pizza delivery, was gone.

The policeman who'd come in response to my call was kind about it all, but clearly amused. 'Distraction burglary,' he said with a wry smile. 'First time I've heard of a naked female doing it though. We'll do what we can,' he continued, 'but I wouldn't hold out too much hope.' And so it was for a week or so, then a phone call from out of the blue. 'We've got somebody we'd like you to take a look at,' the policeman said. 'Can you come along to look at an ID Parade?'

And so it came to pass that I found myself sitting in the foyer of the police station waiting for ... I was jolted from my reverie by the door beside me banging open. A lanky young constable stood framed in the opening. He looked quizzically at me. 'You the man for the ID Parade?' he asked accusingly. 'Come this way, then.'

He led me at a swift pace into the labyrinthine interior of the police station, and eventually stopped before a heavy wooden door, which bore a brushed steel plaque reading 'IDENTIFICATION SUITE – WITNESS WAITING AREA.' The constable pushed the door open. 'Take a seat,' he said. 'The inspector will be with you shortly.'

The room was small and a brightly lit, minimally furnished, with a low table carrying old, dog-eared copies of the ubiquitous *National Geographic* and other magazines piled neatly on it. A couple of soft chairs and a broken swivel chair, cocooned in black and yellow hazard tape and resting drunkenly in a corner, one of the arms broken from its base; completed the spartan furnishings. A second door was situated almost at right-angles to the one I'd entered by.

I'd just sat down when the second door swung open, and a tall man in a police inspector's uniform, carrying a clipboard, entered. 'For the ID Parade?' he asked cheerily. 'I'm the Parade Inspector. Can I see some ID, please, Mr ... errr ...?'

I handed him my passport while he looked at his list. Swiftly, he copied some details onto his sheet before returning the slim maroon booklet to me. 'That's fine, Mr ... errr ...' he said. 'Identified by passport: we can't be too careful these days. Now,' he said, 'I'm the officer-in-charge of the parade. From this point onwards, I have to follow a set procedure. You may not use your mobile telephone, nor can you take any photographs. However, the conduct of the Parade will be recorded by CCTV. In a few moments, we'll go through into the viewing gallery where I'll brief you on the Parade itself. When you enter the gallery, you'll be facing a one-way mirror. The persons forming the Parade will be in the room behind the mirror and, due to the lighting arrangements, you're completely invisible to them and them to you until I commence the Parade. Only you and I will be in the gallery: police officers and solicitors who wish to observe do so from a separate viewing area. Now, if you'll wait here for a few moments, I want to check that we're all ready.'

He was gone for only a few moments before ushering me through into a darkened, narrow, gallery. There was a long, dark, window in the long wall facing me and, at one end, stood a lectern with a shaded light over it. The inspector ushered me to the lectern.

'Now then,' he said. 'You're about to take part in an ID Parade. In a few moments, the Parade Room will be illuminated and you will see a Parade of nine persons. Each will stand below a number. The person who you saw may or may not be present on the Parade. If you person who you saw is present on the Parade, you are to identify them to me by their number.' He paused for a moment before continuing. 'If you wish the Parade to turn to their left or right—to view them in profile, for example—you must tell me and I will arrange this. You may not speak, or attempt to speak, to the Parade directly. You are required, even if you can identify the person who you saw immediately the room illuminates, to view the entire Parade. This will be achieved by you walking to the end of the viewing window and back to this point,' he gestured to where I stood before the lectern, 'before you make any identification. If you cannot make a positive identification, you must say so. Do you have any questions?'

I shook my head.

'Ok,' he replied, and adjusted a switch on the lectern. Immediately, the Parade Room illuminated to reveal a line of nine women, all tall brunettes. Some looked to be in their late-teens, others possibly were into their early-thirties, and all ages between. They wore a variety of clothing, from jeans and T-shirts, to smart business suits with skirts and heels. Number Three caught my eye immediately. She was a tall, statuesque, girl; casually dressed in a well-filled T-shirt and an old, faded, pair of tight jeans. Her hair was loosely tied in a pony-tail, which was secured by a large ribbon. She stood slightly taller than the rest of the women by virtue not only of her height, but also a pair of bright-red high heels.

The girl standing next to her at Number Four was, by contrast, slightly shorter and dressed in a severe black suit over a startlingly-white blouse. Her hair hung loose to her shoulder. Her stance was confident, feet firmly placed and hands on hips.

'Can you identify the person?' asked the inspector.

Slowly, I walked down the line, noting little details: a wedding band here, an engagement ring there. The girl who'd misbuttoned her blouse this morning, leaving a gape at the navel. I reached the end of the line and walked slowly back. The inspector looked expectantly at me as I reached the lectern. Silently, I turned and walked slowly back along the line, stopping briefly opposite Number Three and Number Eight. I shook my head sorrowfully, and walked slowly back to the inspector.

'I'm sorry,' I said. 'I just can't ... don't ...' I paused for a moment. 'You see,' I continued, 'on the day the woman was naked and, well ...' I shrugged. 'You know how it is: I wasn't really looking at her face ... I don't know if ...'

The inspector's expression at the monstrous suggestion was a joy to behold. He went pink and stopped just short of spluttering, before ushering me swiftly into the waiting room; doubtless as a precursor to sending me from the station.

When he returned ten minutes later, he was ashen: his face almost as white as his shirt. 'Will you rejoin the Parade, please,' he asked, straight faced. At his request, I walked slowly along the Parade again. I shook my head sadly. The inspector looked at the floor and swallowed loudly. If anything, his face went an even paler shade. He keyed a microphone on his lectern: 'Ladies,' he intoned sepulchrally, 'strip, please. Tops only.'

Almost immediately, the women began to disrobe. It wasn't a blizzard of clothing, but it wasn't far off. Strangely, two or three of the girls—the woman in the business suit particularly—flung their clothing off with greater alacrity than the others. The girl at Number Three slowly pulled her T-shirt up and over her head, revealing a white-bra which strained to support her ample assets. Her hands went up behind her back, and the broad elastic loosened. She turned slightly to slide the garment down her arms and onto the pile of clothing at her feet. Her titties were large and round and brown, with hardly a hint of droop. The nipples were a dark brown and set in large, dark, areolae. As I watched, her teats began to stiffen so that they looked like small brown thumbs.

At Number Six, the skinny brunette simply hoisted the hem of her thin dress and pulled it up and off over her head. Below, she was completely naked. She stood for a moment, revealing all, before

draping her dress artfully across her hips.

Suddenly, all was still in the Parade Room. Slowly, I walked along the line again, there and back. Stopping occasionally to more closely examine individual members of the Parade.

'There's a couple of possibilities there,' I told the inspector quietly, 'but the clincher ...' I made a pushing down motion with both hands at waist level ...

The inspector must have been expecting it. He barely flinched this time. Maybe I'd exceeded his capacity to be shocked. He bent forwards to his microphone. 'Ladies,' he said, 'knickers too, please.'

The expression on the inspector's face held me and stopped me from turning. I wanted to, I really did. I stood waiting until the inspector spoke and broke the spell. I turned and examined the Parade again.

Number Six had simply dropped her dress so that it lay at her feet. She stood casually, one leg thrust out, her hand on her hip. She was skinny and quite pale skinned; and shaved clean. Small, pink nipples adorned a pair of high-set, compact, titties. Her fleshy pussylips stood out, pink against the white flesh. A small blue tattoo of a cavorting dolphin adorned her pubis.

Number Four was completely shaved. She was a well-built woman in her middle-twenties with a trim waist which showcased a splendid pair of tanned brown bubbies, their tips adorned with compact, crinkled pink points. Her legs, still cased in hold-ups, were long and shapely. Her tan was an even gold and she stood proudly, legs spaced and her hands dangling loosely at her side. She was worth looking at, but it was Number Three that my eyes were drawn to.

She was well-tanned too, but with visible tan lines revealing a disinclination to sunbathe *au naturel*. She was *au naturel* elsewhere too, and a thick profusion of black crinkly hair adorned the juncture of her thighs. Her nipples were well swollen by now, and she stood, clearly somewhat embarrassed and eyes downcast, with one shapely long leg crossed over the other at the ankle, hiding herself. Interestingly, she'd put her heels back on after removing her jeans. No standing flat-footed and ungainly for her! Her hands rested on her thighs, ready it seemed, to cover herself at the first opportunity. No tattoos that I could see, and no piercings: at least to her nipples. She was so bushy down there that it was impossible to tell from the gallery.

I tore my eyes from Number Three and walked slowly along the line, revelling in the sight of nine totally naked women, displaying themselves just for me. It was the small things I noticed most—the older woman with the wedding band whose cuntlips sported a pair of rings which stood out clearly against her tanned inner thigh; the innocent-looking teen with the huge titties which swayed with every breath and the big tattoo of a hand which wound around her left tit, cupping it; and the wide variety of style at the juncture of the thighs: from natural to shaved, and all styles between—landing strip, Mohawk, Brazilian and all.

I walked back slowly to the inspector. 'Can they turn around?' I asked, 'the woman had a distinctive tattoo.'

At the inspector's command, they turned. I walked back along the line slowly. Number Three was unblemished, while Number Four had a discreet Welsh dragon tattooed on her left buttock. The girl with the huge tattoo had a large phoenix across her buttock but otherwise, the women were free of tattoos. Interestingly, the older woman with the pierced pussy had three or four faded, dark red, tramlines across her buttocks. Clearly, she'd been playing some serious games with somebody in the recent past.

I shook my head sadly, and returned slowly to the inspector. 'I'm sorry,' I said. 'I don't think the woman is here. None of them have a tattoo that matches and, well ...'

As quick as a flash, the inspector leant to the microphone. His voice boomed out: 'Ladies, you may dress. Thank you.'

From the corner of my eye, I saw Number Three bend forward to retrieve her knickers from the pile at her feet. As she moved, her titties swung forwards and rolled deliciously. Number Four had simply bent her knees and squatted open legged, showing her moist pink centre to all. The inspector must have seen where I was looking and hit the switch, hiding the Parade Room from me. I barely

heard his words of thanks for coming, and assurance that the investigating officer would be in touch in due course, before he hurried me away to the waiting area. I was out of the station five minutes after the inspector's hurried goodbye.

Once outside, I settled myself onto a park bench, where I could see the police station entrance. Fifteen minutes after my departure, the doors opened and Number Four, once again in her suit appeared. She was accompanied by a smartly dressed man in a dark suit and carrying an executive lunch-box (sorry, attaché case). They stood for a moment outside the police station, apparently deep in conversation, before walking slowly into the park. I retreated hurriedly, and sat on another bench deeper into the park: one that was hidden from the police station by a high hedge.

Number Four and her solicitor settled themselves onto the bench, one on each side of me.

'Good view?' asked Sally with a mischievous smile. 'Enjoy that?'

'Very nice,' I replied. I turned to Dave, the solicitor and an old mate. 'How 'bout you? Good view? See enough?'

He nodded happily. 'Sally'll adjudicate,' he said, pulling a roll of banknotes from his pocket.

Sally fished in her pocket and produced an old beer mat, from which the top layer had been torn to produce a rough surface capable of being written on. I recognised my, and Dave's, signatures. The rest was covered with Sally's girlish handwriting.

'So?' I said.

Dave handed me a folded £20 note. 'No tattoos,' he said. He peeled another note £20 note off: 'Natural tits.' A further £20 note followed. 'Unshaven.' he muttered.

'Tan lines?' I offered.

Dave handed over another £20 note, then selected a tenner. He paused, looking at me enquiringly. 'Now,' he said quietly, 'piercings. None in her tits, but she was so hairy I couldn't see down there.' He turned to Sally. 'Adjudicator?'

'Pay up,' she replied. 'I couldn't see anything either. However, I closer and was looking for something there.'

Dave handed over the note without demur. I shuffled the notes together. 'Thanks, Dave,' I said, 'it's always a pleasure ...'

Sally reached over and relieved me of the notes. She handed me the £10 and pocketed the rest. 'I've got expenses, you know,' she said with a smile.

I suppose I owe you all an explanation, and it's a simple one. We all: Dave, me and Sally, live in a small town, where we see the same people day in, day out. One of those people is a female PCSO. Now our transatlantic cousins won't know what a Police Community Support Officer is. For the past few years, British police forces have employed PCSOs. They're uniformed support staff who patrol the streets, providing visible reassurance and extra eyes and ears for the police. Some even have powers of arrest. Our little town has two or three PCSOs, and none nicer looking than a tall, well-built girl, with big titties and a pony tail.

One night, in the pub, the conversation had turned to the girl, and the question of what she looked like without her clothes had developed. I'd favoured the natural look, no enhancements, tattoos or piercings, while Dave had taken the opposite line. The result was a drunken series of bets worth £90 that, when we sobered up the following day, we didn't know how we'd ever settle, until Sally came up with her plan.

Sally is a game girl. She's a solicitor too, but does only conveyancing—buying and selling property—so doesn't deal with the police and isn't known to them. She'd been raised by a very unconventional family, who were naturists, so she'd spent a lot of her childhood stark naked. When she'd gone to university, she'd promptly signed-up at a local lap-dancing establishment where she'd discovered that not only was she unworried about being naked, she was excited by the glazed expressions on the men's faces when they saw her dance for them. She'd been a successful dancer, and had done a number of private, invitation only, parties; where the girls weren't adverse to the guests getting a handful here and there. Even now, when the urge took her, she'd go off and do a

