**Beach Patrol**

by Dormouse

**Beach Patrol Pt. 1**

“OK ladies, I’ve got a cushy job for you.” Superintendent Mabel Montague was addressing Rachel and Emily, the two newest additions to the force at a small police station in the seaside town of Muggleton-on-Sea. The two of them stood expectantly waiting to find out what their task would be.  
  
“There have been reports of unruly behaviour at the nude beach,” the super continued, “so I want you to hang around there for the afternoon and keep an eye on things. I’d send two of the lads but as most of the people hanging out at the nude beach seem to be middle-aged men, they don’t like going there. It gives them the willies, apparently.” She paused to laugh at her own joke. “Maybe you’ll enjoy it more.”  
  
“Do we get to take a police car?” asked Rachel. The beach was some way out of town.  
  
“You are joking,” replied Mabel. “You’ll take your bikes. Now, get on them.”  
  
  
  
It was perfect weather for a day at the beach. The sun was high over head. It was hot work cycling to the coast. There was a convenient bike rack at the entrance to the beach, and there were already several bikes there. Emily tried to radio back to the station that they had arrived safely, but couldn’t get a response on her police radio.  
  
“We must be in a dead zone for reception,” she told her colleague. “If we do need to do anything, we’re going to be on our own.”  
  
But when they climbed down from the dunes to the beach, all was very quiet. There were a number of people stripped off sunning themselves or paddling in the water. And most of them were men. The beach ran from east to west. To the east, the edge of the nudist area was marked by notices on wooden poles. To the west there was a rocky outcrop which gave some protection from a strong breeze, and this seemed to be where the majority of the occupants of the beach were sitting.  
  
“I suppose we ought to introduce ourselves to the natives,” said Emily as she started to walk towards the first group of naked men. “Hi, I’m Emily,” she started to say. But before she could say any more, the men turned their backs on her. The next group, the same result.  
  
“That’s very rude,” she said to Rachel.  
  
“I think it’s because we’re wearing clothes,” Rachel replied. “I remember reading that nudists – naturists, they prefer – dislike clothed people – textiles, they call them – hanging around on nude beaches. They think of them as voyeurs.”  
  
“We can’t really strip off and patrol the beach naked!” exclaimed Emily.  
  
“Why not?” It’s a perfect example of community policing. Besides, I don’t know about you, but standing here in this black uniform with the sun beating down on us after that cycle ride, I’m feeling distinctly uncomfortable.” With that, she started undressing.  
  
“You’re mad,” protested Emily as Rachel removed her uniform. The dark shirt and trousers were dropped to the ground. Bra and knickers followed. “Wow! You really did it!” Emily was astonished, looking at her friend’s naked body.  
  
Rachel went over to the group that had previously given Emily the cold shoulder.  
  
“Oh, look,” said one of the men. “It’s the fuzz,” he said, pointing at Rachel’s groin. Rachel was not one for keeping her bush tidy, and for the first time since stripping off, she turned red. She hadn’t thought this through.  
  
“Hi, I’m Rachel,” she started, trying to ignore her embarrassment and the amused stares of the men. “Yes, I’m police, yes, I’ve never done this before. We’ve had reports of problems here, so we’re here to investigate and help.”  
  
“I’m sorry we were rude to you and your friend,” the man replied. “You’re right, there has been some harassment here from a group of drunken lads the last few days, but they haven’t turned up today.”  
  
“OK, thanks. In that case we’ll hang around in case they come back, and we can work on our tans while we’re here.” She turned round to walk back to Emily and was surprised to see that Emily had now removed her uniform and underwear and was lying face up on the ground.  
  
“Well, it only seemed right,” explained Emily. “As you’d made the effort, I thought the least I could do was show you moral support.” Rachel noted that Emily’s bush was much neater then her own.

**Beach Patrol Pt. 2**

There is much that can be boring in policing, just waiting for something to happen. Whilst lying on a beach sunning yourself was indeed a cushy job as the superintendent had said, Rachel was beginning to get bored. She decided to go for a little walk, keeping to the confines of the nude area, of course. Some way down the rocks she realised she was in an area predominantly occupied by women. She hadn’t noticed them before. As she approached, she realised that two of the women were engaged in activity that she was sure was illegal in public even on nude beach, each having their hand on the other’s pussy. The women noticed her presence, stopped what they were doing and looked suitably embarrassed.  
  
“I’ll pretend I didn’t see that,” said Rachel.  
  
“Come off it,” said one of the women. “You’ve been wanting to do that with your girlfriend over there ever since you got here.”  
  
“She’s not my girlfriend,” Rachel said vehemently. “We just work together.”  
  
“Really? Yeah. Right, if that’s the way you want to play it, stay in the closet. I can tell the way you look at each other what’s really happening.”  
  
Rachel was shocked by this and as she continued walking around the beach, she thought about her relationship with Emily. They got on well together, having started at the station the same day and having been paired in their work ever since. That didn’t mean she wanted to put her finger… She didn’t want to put her tongue… She didn’t want to rest her head in Emily’s ample bare bosom. No, she didn’t want to do any of these things, she was sure.  
  
She kept quiet about this when she returned to Emily.  
  
  
As the day drew on, they realised everyone had now left the beach apart from them. It was time for them to leave too and go back to the station.  
  
“Do you realise,” said Emily, “we’ve been here all afternoon and we haven’t once gone in to the sea. I think we should, just to say we’ve gone swimming in the nude.”  
  
“Say to who?” asked Rachel, who wasn’t sure she wanted it known back at the station that the two of them had spent the afternoon naked. Most of the rest of the force at the station were men and being told about this was sure to result in ribald comments. But a swim sounded a good idea.  
  
The tide had been going out since they’d arrived and it was now a long walk to the water. And, despite the warm sun, the water itself was cold. But with typical British pluck they pretended the cold didn’t affect them and plunged deep into waves. Soon, the hijinks that result from two people playing together in cold water started. The tried to trip each other up, duck each other, climb on each other’s shoulders, wrestle each other. As Rachel tried to pin Emily down, she found herself with her face almost touching Emily’s pussy. And suddenly she remembered her earlier conversation.  
  
Emily noticed her friend stiffen.  
  
“Something the matter?”  
  
Rachel came clean and told Emily about what the woman on the beach had told her. Suddenly, Emily let out a scream. Rachel was perplexed.  
  
“I thought you might not like the idea,” she said. “I didn’t expect that reaction, though. I’m not that repulsive, am I?” But Emily was pointing with emphasis up the beach. To where they’d left their clothes. Rachel turned round. There were two men on the beach and they appeared to be picking up the discarded uniforms. Emily and Rachel started running the long distance up the sand but the men had too much of a head start. And as the two women started climbing the dunes, they heard motorbike engines starting. There was no sign of the men, or their clothes.  
  
They stood there in the dunes taking stock of their situation. They still had their bikes. They’d secured them with security cables which had combination locks, so they’d been left. Stored in the bikes were their expandable batons that have replaced truncheons for the modern police. They’d also been left their cycling shoes and helmets, the latter helpfully labelled “Police” in friendly blue letters. They’d also had their police radios, still useless so they couldn’t call for help. Lads from the station coming to rescue them would be embarrassing, but not as bad as having to cycle back to the station naked. But that seemed to be their only option. Well, the worst that could happen is someone would see them and make a complaint and somebody from the station would come and investigate. Although maybe whoever saw them would assume that as their helmets had “Police” on them, they were on official business.  
  
So, they had to bite the bullet, put on their helmets and shoes and set off.  
  
The first mile or so was along a quiet country road and they saw nobody. But as the entered West Muggleton it was the start of the rush hour, which meant they sometimes saw as many as four cars in a row. The drivers they passed seemed to be most amused by their predicament. A couple of times they should have stopped a car because the driver was so distracted by the sight, or was on their mobile telling their friends what they’d just seen. But somehow, the women didn’t think trying to stop them would be a good idea.  
  
They approached a parade of shops and there were a couple of men up ahead about to enter a shop. Something looked wrong. Rachel realised the men were wearing masks and were carrying ominous looking items. Emily noticed them too.  
  
“Those look like sawn-off shotguns” she said. “But why would they be robbing the wool shop?”  
  
“That’s not just a wool shop,” replied Rachel. “There’s a branch of the Post Office at the back of the shop!”

**Beach Patrol Pt. 3**

They had to stop. What else could they do? A crime was in progress and it was their duty to intervene somehow, no matter how they were dressed. Obviously they couldn’t go blundering in. Even wearing uniforms, that would be a disaster. But Rachel checked and her radio was now working.  
  
“Robbery in progress at West Muggleton Wool Shop and Post Office,” she said into the radio, standing outside the shop. “Send assistance. We will monitor.”  
  
But she hadn’t realised when she did this that she was standing in front of a large window and her voice had been heard inside. The two men turned round and were taken aback to see a naked woman standing outside the shop. This was the men’s downfall. The distraction gave the post-mistress the chance to press the security button. Armoured shutters suddenly fell into place in front of the post office counter and with that the men were not going to get any money. There were no other people in the shop, so there was no chance of taking hostages. And they knew that the button would have alerted the police. In fact, they could hear the sirens in the distance which were already responding to Rachel’s call.  
  
The men ran out of the shop making straight for Rachel. What they hadn’t realised was that there were two naked police officers outside the shop. Emily had crouched down by the door out of sight. As they came out she threw herself down under their feet and the men fell down in a tangle of limbs. Rachel had her baton ready and kicked their guns away whilst thumping both men on their heads. They had just finished tying up the two men with their bike security cables when the first police car arrived.  
  
Their colleagues took one look at the pair of them and burst out laughing. Of course, no-one offered them any clothing, not even a high-visibility vest. And then Superintendent Mabel arrived and got them all securing the crime scene, taking a statement from the post-mistress, and otherwise kept them so busy that they almost forgot they were naked.  
  
The local paper had got wind of the robbery and the strange manner in which it had been thwarted. Reporters arrived. People from nearby houses started gathering, many with camera phones. Mabel convened an impromptu news briefing, and insisted that the two heroines of the hour should stand next to her.  
  
“You’re punishing us for losing our uniforms, aren’t you?” said Rachel. Mabel just smiled and turned to address the sea of cameras.  
  
“Two of my officers observed a robbery in progress at the West Muggleton post office and intervened to prevent the miscreants from getting away. They did this in what could have been a dangerous situation with no regard to their own safety, a gallant effort from the two of them. They will be getting commendations in due course.”  
  
“By why are they naked?” asked a voice from the crowd.  
  
“They had been patrolling the nudist beach and wasted no time in getting here to apprehend the criminals,” replied Mabel. This, of course, made no sense, and the reporters were trying to puzzle it out as Mabel brought the briefing to an end. She turned to Rachel and Emily.  
  
“Right, you two back to the station now and fill in a report.”  
  
“Do we get anything to wear?” asked Rachel.  
  
“You seem to have got this far, you can go the rest of the way as you are. I’m sure the rest of the lads at the station will be pleased to see you. After that you can go off duty. You’ve spare uniforms at home, haven’t you?”  
  
The pair mounted their bikes and set off. They were actually feeling rather pleased with themselves. They’d stopped a robbery with nothing except their police batons and some bike security cables. You didn’t need a uniform to be a policemen, although they certainly hadn’t been under cover. They exhibited their nudity with pride.  
  
Sure enough, a cheer went up from the station as the two of them came through the door raising their fists over their heads in triumph. But all the joshing was good natured. They had, after all, managed to have their uniforms stolen, so it could have been worse. They sat at a computer completing their report of the incident as the rest of the station personnel hung around watching them. It was going to take a long time to live this down, but you don’t become a police officer if you’re shy and afraid. They could brazen it out.  
  
And then they were off duty. They still had to cycle to their homes, naked. As they left the station, out of the hearing of the rest, Emily turned to Rachel.  
  
“About what we were talking about on the beach, that stuff the woman said to you about us. Come round to my place tonight for dinner. We can discuss it there. Don’t bother to dress.”