Heather's Last Day, by 'Kat'

When Heather leaves her employment, she is stripped by her boss, but later turns the tables on her

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Heather worked as a shop assistant in a women’s boutique, and had been doing so for about six months before she was offered a better job in a rival shop. Her departure had not gone down well with the owner, Miss Grey, so she wasn’t sorry that this was her last day. Closing time eventually came around and she said farewell to the other three assistants before heading for Miss Grey’s office as she had been requested to do earlier. She knocked and entered to find Miss Grey sitting behind her desk sorting through some paperwork. Miss Grey was in her mid thirties, nearly six foot tall with long black hair, she wore today, as she always did one of her navy blue business suits. She was not easy to get on with and never socialized with her staff, in fact her first name was completely unknown to any of the staff including Heather who now stood rather nervously in front of the desk. She was wearing the uniform provided for the shop staff which was quite a neat affair consisting of a matching navy blue jacket and thigh length skirt with black stockings and black high heeled shoes; a white blouse finished it off.. Miss Grey always had an air of authority about her and today was no exception as she looked up at the blonde 23 year old who uncomfortably avoided her gaze.

"Right," she began. "I’ve got a few forms for you to sign and then there are a couple of other matters to sort out before you leave, Heather."

"OK," Heather replied and she spent the next few minutes signing her name on various bits of paper as directed by Miss Grey. Once she had finished Miss Grey collected the papers together and put them in a drawer before once again addressing Heather.

" That’s the paperwork done which just leaves two other matters to deal with, the first being your uniform, we’ll need it back of course."

" No problem," Heather told her. "I’ll drop it in sometime next week, if that’s alright?"

Miss Grey was silent for a moment before she replied.

"I’m afraid it’s not, you see the last three people who have left all said the same thing but I’m still waiting for their uniforms."

"Oh but I’ll return it," Heather assured her.

Miss Grey looked thoughtful for a moment but then sighed and said, "No, I’m sorry, you’ll have to leave it now, I can’t afford to lose another one."

"But I’ve nothing else with me," Heather pleaded, "not even a coat."

"I can’t help that, Heather. I really must have the uniform before you leave."

Heather continued to plead with Miss Grey but deep down she knew it was a hopeless cause, Miss Grey was well known for not changing her mind and clearly she was doing this to get her own back on Heather. She eventually fell silent as her pleas were obviously falling on deaf ears and just stood there staring at her feet. Miss Grey finally broke the silence saying, in a icy tone, "I haven’t got all night Heather, the uniform please."

Fighting back the tears Heather began to slowly remove her jacket not really believing that this was happening to her. She remembered to take her keys out of the jacket pocket as she placed it on Miss Grey’s desk. She then undid the belt on her skirt before reaching behind her to unbutton and then unzip her skirt. She paused her and looked a Miss Grey, but the shop owner was busy, or a least appeared to be, looking through some invoices. Heather dejectedly let her skirt slide slowly to the floor, stepped out of it and then picking it up put on top of her jacket on the desk. The air felt cool on the bare flesh at the top of her thighs between where her hold up stockings finished and her rather brief white knickers began. Heather struggled with the buttons on her blouse as by now her hands were trembling and she was having difficulty controlling her fingers. The buttons on her cuffs caused the most trouble but eventually she succeeded and removed her blouse to reveal her 38C breasts which her white lacy half cup bra struggled to hold in place. She dropped the blouse on top of the rest of her uniform and stood back from the desk but before she could say anything Miss Grey, without looking up, curtly said, "The shoes are part of the uniform as well."

Suddenly Heather seethed with rage at the way Miss Grey was treating her and she wrenched the shoes from her feet and slammed them down on the desk.

"There you are," she hissed through clenched teeth.

Miss Grey looked up at her with a faint trace of amusement on her face before adding, "The stockings belong to this business as well." And then picked up her pen and began to write. Heather now red in the face could hardly control her anger as she virtually ripped the stockings from her legs and literally threw them at Miss Grey where they landed on the desk just in front of her. Miss Grey, with a look of distaste, carefully picked up one of the stockings with the end of her pen and deposited it in the rubbish bin. She then repeated the exercise with the other stocking before carrying on writing.

Heather stood in front of the desk in just her bra and knickers, her feeling of rage rapidly subsiding to be replaced by one of great anxiety.

"How was she going to get home," she thought desperately to herself, at least her car was in the underground car park below the shop. She felt a wave of panic sweep over her as she realized her predicament.

Her thoughts were then interrupted as Miss Grey put down her pen and said, "Thank you for the uniform, Heather, that just leaves one final matter."

"What’s that?" Heather spat out determined to put on a show of defiance despite her true feelings.

"The matter of the money that I lent you out of the petty cash," Miss Grey informed her.

"Well, I haven’t got any money, so you’ll have to wait, won’t you?" Heather replied coldly.

"I’d like to," Miss Grey continued, "but as I said earlier I have no guarantee that you will come back so perhaps you’d better leave something as security. Just for my peace of mind."

"But I don’t have anything," protested Heather. " I promise I’ll come back and pay you."

"I see you don’t even have a watch, " Miss Grey went on, "so you’ll have to leave something else instead."

"Like what?" Heather retorted.

"I’m afraid there is nothing else for it, you’ll have to leave your bra and knickers, they should more than cover the outstanding amount."

Heather was panic stricken. Surely Miss Grey wasn’t going to send her home without a stitch.

"Please, Miss Grey," she begged, " take my bra and knickers and I’ll be left with nothing."

"I’m very sorry, Heather, but I see no alternative. When you come back with the money, I’ll be happy to return them to you."

"Please, No!" Heather pleaded, "Don’t..."

Miss Grey said nothing but looked straight at Heather who could tell by the expression on her face that further argument was futile. So with tears welling up in her eyes she reached behind herself and unclipped her bra. Her breasts swung free as she slipped her arms very slowly out of the straps and put the white lace garment on the desk. She then hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her knickers and extremely slowly slid them down to her knees where she let them go to fall to the floor by themselves. Bending down she felt very vulnerable and put her arm across her naked breasts as she reached to pick up her knickers. These she put on top of her bra and then stood back, still covering her breasts, to await Miss Grey’s next move. Before Heather had much time to think about her predicament Miss Grey put down her pen and addressed her.

"Thank you, Heather, I’m sure you will be aware that I will be sorry to see you go and I wish you well in your new job." Heather couldn’t believe it, Miss Grey was talking to her as if nothing was amiss: yet she had jut made one of her staff strip naked in front of her. Heather could barely comprehend it as Miss Grey continued.

"Er, in view of your present situation, I’ll let you out of the fire exit directly into the car park. I believe your car is parked there."

"Yes," was all Heather could manage to whisper in reply not believing that this could be happening to her.

"In that case," Miss Grey went on, "as we’ve nothing else to do here I’ll take you down to the fire exit and bid you farewell."

Heather thought briefly about begging Miss Grey for her clothes but she knew that it would be a waste of time so instead she remained silent as her former boss came round from behind her desk, picking up Heather’s keys as she did so and headed for the office door. She opened it and walked out into the shop, Heather followed. As they walked through the store Heather looked at Miss Grey’s skirt swishing on her legs and wished she could feel a skirt doing the same on her own legs. In fact at that moment she would have settled for the feeling of any sort of clothing upon any part of her body. She felt strange as she followed Miss Grey, shoes clicking on the hard floor. In contrast Heather padded along silently behind with the floor feeling cold on the soles of her feet. Not that she really noticed as her thoughts had now turned to what would happen when she left the store. They eventually arrived at the fire exit and to Heather’s amazement Miss Grey turned and smiling held out her hand, "Well goodbye and good luck."

Heather with her mind in a turmoil found herself shaking the proffered hand and actually saying "Thank you."

Miss Grey then turned and pushed open the fire exit door. Heather felt herself involuntarily taking a step backwards as Miss Grey took a quick look around the car park before turning to Heather and saying, "All clear, off you go."

Heather took a deep breath and stepped through the door. To her horror she saw that there were still a few people around but as she turned to go back into the shop the fire door clanged shut behind her. She was well and truly on her own. Quickly she crouched behind a parked car and then carefully peered over it to see if she had been spotted. She hadn’t and after a good look round she set off towards her car in a crouching sort of run. As it was evening there were not many cars left and quite often she had to break from cover and make a dash in the open. Her progress was further hindered by being barefoot and not able to run very fast. So with several detours and one or two heartstopping moments when she was nearly spotted it took her nearly fifteen minutes to negotiate the car park. Finally she reached her car and still crouching she unlocked the door and thankfully slid inside. She had a quick look in the back but there was absolutely nothing to cover her nakedness.

"Oh well," she thought to herself, "It's dark outside and nobody will see me."

It was then she noticed the little green light on the dashboard.

"Damn I must have left the lights on this morning," she said out loud to herself.

About two seconds later a terrible thought hit her as she desperately jammed the key into the ignition and turned it. The engine did not even turn over, the battery was completely flat……………

Heather's Last Day Part 2

"Oh no," Heather wailed on the edge of panic. She was in a desperate situation and knew it, completely naked miles from home with a car that wouldn’t start. Her eyes glazed over and she slumped forward in defeat until her forehead was resting on the steering wheel. She racked her brains to see if she could think of a way out of her predicament but nothing came to mind. In a last desperate act she suddenly sat bolt upright and tried the ignition again but it was a futile gesture, there was no way the engine was going to start so she slowly leant back in her seat and began to wallow in self pity. For several minutes she sat there motionless staring into space until she was suddenly startled by a tap on the side window.

"Oh," she cried in fright and instinctively covered herself with her hands. Looking round she saw that Miss Grey was standing beside the car. A feeling of relief that it was not a stranger, passed briefly over her , but was rapidly replaced by one of extreme trepidation, this was, after all, the woman who had made her strip naked in the first place. Miss Grey indicated for her to wind down the window which Heather duly did.

"Having trouble?" Miss Grey enquired with a slight smirk on her face. "I thought you’d be long gone by now."

"My car won’t start," Heather explained, the despair evident in her voice.

"Oh dear, that’s unfortunate."

Miss Grey replied and was turning to leave when she was stopped by Heather saying, "Please….. please can I have my clothes back."

" The uniform belonged to me, remember?" Miss Grey responded, "and I’ll return your underwear when you pay me the money you owe."

"Please," Heather begged, "you can’t leave me stranded here naked."

"I could if I wanted," Miss Grey replied matter of factly.

"You wouldn’t," Heather gasped not believing what she was hearing.

Miss Grey stared intently at Heather for several seconds before breaking into a thin smile and saying, "No….. I suppose not."

"Thank you" Heather breathed with relief, "Where are my clothes?"

"They’re still in my office and I’m not going back for them," Miss Grey informed her and as Heather looked aghast she continued, "but I will give you a lift." This relieved Heather somewhat, she may still be naked but at least she could get home. She grabbed her keys from the ignition and was out of her car and locking it in a flash. As she finished a car engine starting over the other side of the car park caused her to flinch and crouch down slightly, reminding her of her nakedness.

"Where’s your car," she asked anxiously as she turned to face Miss Grey.

"Follow me," the store manageress answered and set off along the row of cars.

Heather looked around furtively and then scurried after Miss Grey, acutely aware of her lack of clothes. Fortunately for her, Miss Grey’s car was only parked about ten further along from Heather’s so they soon got there . But the clothed woman made a great deal out of rooting around in her handbag to find her car keys just to prolong Heather’s agony slightly longer. At long last she produced them, opened the driver’s door and got inside. She then lent across to open Heather’s door and as soon the lock was released Heather was quickly inside. Miss Grey buckled her seat belt and as she put the key in the ignition she looked at Heather who was sat there with her arms crossed over her breasts.

"Don’t forget your seat belt, dear," Miss Grey said condescendingly

Heather mumbled an acknowledgement and reached for her belt as Miss Grey started the engine and then reversed the car out of its parking place. They were soon out of the car park and driving down the road that was the way to both Heather’s flat and Miss Grey’s house. Miss Grey hummed contentedly to herself, as she drove. Heather just sat there in silence grateful that it was dark and that nobody could see in. They were about halfway home when, to Heather’s horror, Miss Grey turned into a supermarket.

"What are you doing?" she asked in fright as they entered the well lit car park and her naked body was suddenly far more illuminated than Heather desired.

"I have some shopping to do," Miss Grey replied smugly.

"You can’t leave me naked in the car," Heather said in a shaky voice.

Miss Grey drove to the furthest corner of the car park, still well lit but devoid of other cars and turned off the engine before answering, "Certainly not, I have all the records for my shop in the back of the car, I don’t want you destroying them to get some sort of revenge whilst I’m gone."

"But I… I c.. can’t come with you like this," Heather stammered

"Of course not," Miss Grey laughed, "you can wait in the car park, there is a rubbish bin over there to shelter behind.

"You can’t be serious," Heather gasped.

"Yes I am, " Miss Grey snapped, "So get out of my car before I drag you out by your hair."

"Please," Heather begged

"OUT NOW!" Miss Grey shouted and so frightened was Heather that she was out of the car in a flash and heading for the relative safety of the rubbish bin which was about 10 yards from the car. Crouching down behind it Heather peered over the top to see Miss Grey striding off towards the supermarket. Close to tears she prayed that Miss Grey would not be very long, but deep down she knew that the shop owner would take great delight in prolonging Heather’s naked wait.

Heather spent most of her time slumped behind her bin. Occasionally she peered out from her hiding place in the vain hope that Miss Grey was returning, but each time there was no sign of her and she sat back down to wait some more. But then on one of her quick peeks she thought she saw a chink of light from the back of Miss Grey’s car. A faint glimmer of hope that the tailgate hadn’t been shut properly causing the light to stay on crossed her mind and looking across the car park once more to see if any one was near she plucked up her courage to go and investigate. If she could get it open perhaps she could hide in there until Miss Grey returned she thought to herself. She took a deep breath and after making one more check that nobody was nearby, darted out from behind the bin and scurried over to the car. She crouched down at the back of it and quickly tried the tailgate which to her utter surprise opened easily. But when she looked in she saw that it was full of books and records belonging to Miss Grey’s business and there was no way she would be able to hide in there as well. Despair almost overwhelmed her but then an idea hit her and for the first time that evening she broke into a smile. Ten minutes later she returned to her rubbish bin to await Miss Grey’s return.

At long last Heather spied Miss Grey approaching, carrying one small bag of shopping. She hadn’t really needed to stop at the supermarket at all. Heather noted. Miss Grey walked past her car and over to Heather’s bin.

"Still here," she enquired cheerily.

"Yes," Heather responded.

"Good," Miss Grey continued, "Well I’m afraid I met my friend Julie in the store and she has invited me back for dinner."

Heather had a good idea what was coming next.

"So I’m afraid I can’t take you home after all, you’ll have to make your own way." Heather now knew that she had planned to dump her naked.

But Miss Grey was rather taken aback by Heather’s response as she was expecting her to plead desperately rather than say, "Leave me here and your business is finished."

"What do you mean?" Miss Grey asked rather concerned.

Heather then explained that she had taken the liberty of removing all Miss Grey’s business records from her car boot and had hidden them.

"Give them back this instant," Miss Grey demanded trying to sound as if she was in control. But in reality she was now in trouble as she knew without her records she would at the very least have serious problems or more likely as Heather quite rightly stated she could be finished. She knew she had to get them back at all costs. She spent a minute walking around the immediate area to see if she could spot where Heather had put them, but to no avail. She finally returned to the bin and looked down at Heather.

"OK, you win," she said unpleasantly, "What do you want?"

"Clothes," Heather answered without hesitation.

"Right, I’ll go back into the store and see what I can get, they have a small clothes section," Miss Grey replied and turned away.

"STOP!" Heather ordered causing Miss Grey to freeze in her tracks, "I want your clothes."

Miss Grey gulped but said nothing.

"Come on," Heather added impatiently, "off with them."

"I’ll lend you my jacket" Miss Grey tried to bargain, the thought of being made to strip by Heather filling her with dread.

"No deal," Heather snapped back, "I want every stitch you’re wearing."

"Please, not here" Miss Grey pleaded, now it was her turn to beg and she did not like it."

"Right here, this instant," Heather ordered making the most of her new found power over her former boss. "or you’ll never see your shop records again."

Miss Grey hung her head in defeat, she knew there was no way out of this and she put her shopping down on the ground and then dropped her shoulder bag next to it. With shaking hands she began to remove her business suit jacket and as she slipped it off her arms Heather said, "Put all the clothes on the car bonnet for now"; so dejectedly Miss Grey did so.

Now it was her turn to look around nervously as she kicked off her shoes and then reached up under her skirt and with some difficulty wriggled her tights down over her hips. Bending over she pulled then down to her ankles and then off of her feet before placing them on the car bonnet. Heather watched with a trace of amusement as clearly she was removing first the garments that exposed her the least. Maybe she was hoping Heather wouldn’t make her go all the way, but it was a vain hope. Miss Grey then looked around again before undoing the waist of her skirt and stood there holding it up until Heather prompted her from behind the litter bin to "Get on with it"

Miss Grey then allowed the skirt, to fall to the ground revealing her slender lightly tanned legs in the process. Stepping out of it and then picking it up to place on the car bonnet she managed not to reveal her knickers due to the length of her blouse. She stopped again at this point, bare feet on the tarmac and looked round carefully before starting to undo the buttons of her blouse. Once they were all done she undid the cuff buttons and then took it off to leave her in just bra and knickers. As the blouse landed on the car Heather tried to stifle a giggle as Miss Grey’s underwear was revealed to the world. Heather had always imagined that her former boss would wear very plain old fashioned underwear beneath her business suits yet her disrobing now left her displaying a bright red matching set of very skimpy lace trimmed silk bra and knickers. To Heather they seemed somewhat out of character for this prim and proper woman.

Miss Grey was now extremely nervous, things had gone badly wrong for her, the humiliation of Heather had been great but now the tables were turned her stomach was churning.

"Can I keep these?" she begged of Heather in a last ditch attempt to keep her bra and knickers.

"NO!" Heather answered in a commanding voice, " you stripped me, now its your turn."

Miss Grey knew she had no choice, and as her face burned red with embarrassment she undid and removed her bra which made her small pert breasts start to jiggle as she did so. Placing the garment on the car bonnet she then pulled her knickers down and off and hurriedly put them on the car bonnet before almost immediately crouching down behind her car. Heather wasted no time and came out from behind the bin and over to the front of the car. She picked up Miss Grey’s clothes and began to put them on. In a matter of minutes she was attired in the business suit that her former boss had been wearing a few moments earlier, it was a size too big but fitted quite well and was far better than being naked. The bra she had decided was of little use to her, Miss Grey was considerably less well developed in that area than she was, so once she had put the shoes on, which were also a size too big, she went and put it in the bin. A feeling of triumph filled as she casually strolled back over to the car and walked round to the side where Miss Grey was cowering.

She looked down at the naked woman and gloated. Miss Grey was on her knees, arms across her chest looking down at the tarmac, her long black hair hung down obscuring her face.

"Not very nice being stripped is it?" Heather asked

"No," Miss Grey replied in a whisper without looking up.

"No indeed," Heather continued, "And I think you deserve to be left here like you were going to do to me."

This caused Miss Grey to look up in fear

"N..n..oooo!" she howled which made Heather laugh.

"Why not?" Heather asked enjoying every second of Miss Grey begging on her knees.

"Y.yy. you can’t, I mean, woul… please," Miss Grey stammered close to panic.

"Of course I wouldn’t," Heather relented watching relief flood across Miss Grey’s face, "You can ride in the boot."

Miss Grey was about to protest but then thought better of it and under Heather’s direction she climbed into the boot and was still trying to get her naked body comfortable as the tailgate was slammed shut. Heather looked round briefly just to see if anybody had noticed what was happening but there was still nobody near so she walked over to where Miss Grey had put down her bags. Picking up the shoulder bag Heather rummage in it until she found a bunch of keys. She soon identified the car key and picking up Miss Grey’s shopping made her way to the car. Despite the boot being open the doors were still locked so she unlocked them with the key and threw the bags across onto the passenger seat. But then instead of getting in she crouched down and reached under the car. Several minutes later she had retrieved all Miss Grey’s business records from their hiding place under the car and put them on the back seat. Now it was her who was humming contentedly as she got in and in a short space of time was driving out of the supermarket car park.

Heather's Last Day Part 3

As Heather drove towards her home she stopped humming as the feeling of triumph began to fade and she started to wonder what to do next. She had successfully turned the tables on Miss Grey, now locked naked in her car boot, but didn’t know what her next move was going to be. As she wracked her brains it occurred to her that Miss Grey had fully intended to leave her stranded naked at the supermarket and she began to feel more than a little bit angry. Then she got stuck in the last of the evening traffic which always made her angry so by the time she turned onto the road that crossed the local park she was in a particularly foul mood. Half way across the Park which was more of a Common, due to there being very few trees, she saw the large car park that was provided for recreational purposes. At weekends it was usually full of families out for walks, people exercising their dogs and so on but on a dark mid week evening it was empty. A sudden flash of inspiration crossed Heather and she swung the car sharp left into the car park and then drove to the corner furthest from the road where she stopped and turned off the engine. She was about to get out when she saw Miss Grey’s shopping on the seat next to and out of some strange sort of curiosity she could not resist seeing what was in it. Picking it up she opened it and saw that it contained only a loaf of bread, some eggs and a large bag of flour. Heather became annoyed again, Miss Grey had deliberately left her in the supermarket car park and spent ages in the shop just to humiliate her further.

"The bitch," she muttered as she opened the car door, got out, and strode purposely round to the rear of the car. Pulling the tailgate up she looked into back of the car and saw Miss Grey lying there illuminated only by the small boot light.

"Heather!" Miss Grey began.

"Shut up," Heather snapped, "And get out of the car."

"Please Heather," Miss Grey whined, "Can I have some clothes?"

"No you can’t, Miss Grey," Heather replied curtly, "There’s only one set and I’m keeping them."

"Oh!" Miss Grey moaned

"And while I remember," Heather continued, "You can call me Miss Graham from now on," Heather smiled as Miss Grey nodded in acknowledgement.

"Good," she added and then a thought struck her. "What’s your first name? Calling you Miss Grey seems a little inappropriate in your current situation."

"Susan," Miss Grey whispered, somewhat fearful of Heather.

"Right then, Susan, get out of this car."

Miss Grey slowly and stiffly extracted herself from the car boot and finally stood in front of Heather. Despite the near darkness she still tried to cover herself as she looked about.

"Where are we, Heath… I mean Miss Graham?" she corrected herself.

"In the middle of the park, Susan," Heather answered making sure she emphasized the name Susan. After all she had never know Miss Grey’s first name all the time she had worked for her.

"Why are we h.. h.. here," Miss Grey stuttered knowing that she was not going to like the answer.

"Because this is as far as you're going by car," Heather told her.

"NO!" Miss Grey cried and dropped to her knees in front of Heather.

"Yes," Heather answered amused by the desperate look on her face. "You can walk from here, I take it you know the way to my house?"

Miss Grey pleaded and begged. "You can’t make me walk to your house naked," she wailed and started to cry. Normally Heather would have felt some sympathy, but the naked, tearful woman grovelling in front of her had earlier stripped her and then planned to leave her naked at the supermarket. Miss Grey would have shown her no mercy if she hadn’t managed to gain the upper hand so she had no intention of letting her off the hook now. Heather looked down.

"Shut up and listen," she ordered and Miss Grey still sniffing gazed up at her through tearful eyes, "and don’t interrupt!" she finished.

A small moan came from Miss Grey before Heather went on.

"You walk to my flat where I will leave your car, and business records, outside, I’ll leave the keys on top of the driver's side front tyre so you don’t have to come knocking. Understand?"

"Yes Miss Graham," Miss Grey replied and then added more desperately,

"Please can I have something to wear? Anything, please."

"Anything?" Heather teased her

"Yes anything," Miss Grey nodded in agreement.

"Hang on a second," Heather replied and went round to the passenger side of the car as Miss Grey’s hopes soared that she might get some clothing after all. Heather returned moments later carrying the shopping bag. Miss Grey still on her knees watched in puzzlement as Heather put the bag on the car roof and took out the eggs. She opened the carton took one out and quick as a flash broke it over Miss Grey’s head.

"Noo" Miss Grey squealed as the raw egg ran down her hair. She instinctively put her hands on her head and they of course got covered as well.

"Please, stop!" Miss Grey begged as the second egg broke over her head closely followed by the third. She shook her head wildly which just spread the goo further. By the time the sixth and last had been broken over Miss Grey the raw eggs were running down her body and she didn’t help matters by trying, in a futile effort, to wipe them off with her hands. In actual fact all she succeeded in doing was to spread it even more as she howled, "You cow."

"Language," Heather tutted, as she picked up the bag of flour and without Miss Grey seeing, moved up wind of her She then ripped opened the packet and emptied the contents over the forlorn Miss Grey’s head and quickly stepped back as the flour settled.

Miss Grey screamed in horror as the flour stuck to all the raw egg on her body.

"Oh god," she cried and shook her head causing more of the flour to fall and coat her body, "You rotten fucking bitch."

This momentarily startled Heather as she looked down at the flour and egg covered Miss Grey, she had never heard her swear before.

"Well, you wanted something to wear," she laughed as Miss Grey began to struggle to her feet. Heather slipped by her and got into the car; quickly starting the engine she spun the wheel and headed back to the main road.

"Don’t forget" she called, "I’ll leave the car outside my flat," and drove off

"Come back," Miss Grey cried and tried to run after the car. But she stopped, knowing it was hopeless, and watched in despair as it joined the traffic and disappeared. Miss Grey, who had started the day as a confident well dressed business woman was now dumped naked, covered in flour and eggs in the middle of a park. She sank to the ground and beat the car park with her fists in frustration.

Miss Grey knelt there for about ten minutes by which time she had regained her composure and to some extent her clinical business mind so as she finally hauled herself to her feet she was able to assess her situation. She reckoned it was about two miles to Heather’s flat, about a mile through the park and another mile through a housing estate. The first bit was easy, it being dark and there was unlikely to be anybody else in the park, whilst the second half through the estate she didn’t fancy at all. She also considered what she was going to do about getting even with Heather but then concluded that she, herself, had started the events that led to her being in this mess. Therefore she decided the beat course of action was to get to her car, get dressed and go home. Once there she could get cleaned up and forgetting all about Heather would probably be for the best.

She set off across the park, keeping some distance from the still moderately busy main road. She made good progress, although she frequently winced or cursed as her bare feet came into contact with a rock or twig. Being a dark cloudy night she couldn’t see very well but knew that conversely nobody would be able to see her. It was only as she approached the edge of the park that she started to become self conscious and involuntarily started to crouch more as she walked and cover herself with her hands and arms. As she got close to the road at the edge of the park Miss Grey realized she had come out at more or less the right place, she recognized the corner shop where one had to turn to get to Heather’s flat. A car pulled away from it as she watched and even several minutes later there was no other sign of activity so she decided it was now or never. She moved closer to the road and the shop until she was hiding behind the last tree there was and only about 50 yards away. Still nothing seemed to be happening so she took a deep breath and came out from behind the tree. She adopted a crouching sort of run with an arm across her breasts but had barely covered 15 yards when she tripped over something and fell head first into a pile of leaves. Miss Grey quickly regained her feet, only to find she now had dead leaves stuck to her as well as flour and eggs. She cursed Heather as she ran.

She reached the edge of the park and was half way across the road when to her horror two youths walked out of the shop. She stopped dead in a tracks right in the middle of the road, frozen to the spot, almost like a deer caught in car headlights. She stood there motionless watching the youths as they opened the tins of beer they had just bought. Both in jeans and tee shirts with close cropped hair they were not the types Miss Grey would have wanted to tangle with even if she was fully clothed One of the youths raised his tin and tipped his head back to take a swig but as he did he caught sight of the naked flour covered women stood in the road. He stopped dead and stared which resulted in him pouring a fair proportion of the contents of his tin down his front. He thought he must be seeing things at first but the damp feeling down his tee shit brought him to his senses and he nudged his mate without taking his eyes off of Miss Grey. The nudge caused the other youth to spill his beer.

"What the fu…." he shouted and then stopped as he saw Miss Grey.

At this point Miss Grey instinctively decided it was time to go and took to her heels and ran. The two youths immediately gave chase, they didn’t really know why, it just seemed the right thing to do and after all it wasn’t every day you came across a naked woman. Miss Grey ran as fast as she could she ran down several roads turning the corners at the end of them in an attempt to lose her pursuers. She could hear them calling after her which just spurred her on and it wasn’t long before the cries began to get fainter Eventually she dodged into a garden and hid behind a hedge. Gasping for breath she tried not to make too much noise whilst at the same time listening for the youths. Fortunately for her they were two hopelessly unfit specimens and had given up the chase several minutes before Miss Grey came to a halt. Once she was convinced they were not following she carefully came out from her hiding place and looked around. Anxiety began to gnaw at her as she made her way to the end of the road she was in and looked for the name of it. She found it and read it with ever growing despair. "Bristol Avenue" it said and it dawned on Miss Grey that she had no idea where she was. She knew the way to Heather’s house from the shop but that was it, she had been so preoccupied with losing the youths she had taken no notice whatsoever of where she was going. She decided to retrace her steps to the shop thinking that she would be able to find her way back from there so she set off in what she thought was the right direction.

Seconds later a car appeared and she quickly crouched down behind a parked van until it had passed. Miss Grey never got to the shop, for two hours she trailed around the streets not really knowing where she was, frequently hiding from passing cars and occasionally even having to avoid the odd pedestrian. She was tired cold and hungry and her feet were very sore when she came to yet another road end. Mournfully she looked for its name, "Clifford Road" her half numb brain registered as she started to cross to carry on along the road she was already on. Then it struck her and she looked again just to be sure, "Clifford Road", that was where Heather lived!

With renewed vigour she set off down the road looking for her car, knowing that Heather lived in about the middle. Miss Grey had never felt so relieved as when she spied her car parked outside Heather’s house. She ran up to the car and crouching down went round to the drivers side front wheel arch where she felt on top of the tyre. This was where Heather had said she would leave the keys and it was a relief when she felt them. She grabbed them and still crouching opened the car door before slipped inside. Before pulling the door shut she had a quick look round the interior whilst the light was still on.

"Shit!" she said out loud to herself when she realized that Heather hadn’t left her clothes. Pulling the door closed she toyed with the idea of going up to Heather’s flat to see if she could persuade Heather to give her them back. Then she thought it was unlikely Heather would so instead she put the key in the ignition and started the engine, driving home nude would not be that bad and in her state she would ruin any clothes anyway.

Heather looked out of her window when she heard the engine start and remained there as the Miss Grey drove off. She then turned round and picked up the mobile phone she had found in Miss Grey’s bag. She dialled a three digit number and a few seconds later said "Police". A short pause followed as she was connected before she continued, "Hello, I wish to report a car that has just been stolen…………………."

The End