Jenna Detained  
  
"Get your hands in the air, ma'am!"  
  
The voice took me by surprise, and shocked, I froze in place. Having  
agreed to help some friends who were moving to the Carolinas, I  
found myself staying at their new home. Or rather, soon-to-be-new  
home, as they hadn't moved in yet. It was a real fixer-upper and  
needed plenty of work, especially on the outside. But I heard they  
got the house for a good price.  
  
So that was what I was doing, trying to get the grime and old paint  
off some exterior windows, when apparently someone had approached me  
from behind. I knew it wasn't my friends, because they were out in  
the city at the moment. They were in a bind, with not enough time to  
take care of all the improvements, and that is why they asked me to  
come here to help.  
  
This particular window I was working on was giving me a lot of  
trouble. It was very tall, and very dirty. Also, there was an old  
flower bed just beneath the window overgrown with vines and maybe  
even thorns. I was left standing on a bench, balancing on my  
tiptoes, as I stretched forward and used a mop to clean the glass.  
  
"Put your hands in the air, ma'am!" the young male voice repeated.  
  
I was kind of leaned over at the waist, propped up by the long pole  
of the mop held against the window. If I raised my hands, I would  
probably drop the mop to the ground. Turning my head slightly, to  
look over my shoulder, I saw a young man in the brown uniform of the  
Sheriff's office. He couldn't have been more than nineteen or  
twenty, a recruit, just a few years younger than me. It was  
especially embarrassing him sneaking up on me like this because of  
what I was wearing.  
  
You see, I knew I would be working by myself out here today, and it  
was damn hot! Like ninety degrees, or something. So I threw on a  
pair of cut-off denim shorts, which even had a few holes in them,  
and showed a lot of my legs. And I put on a tattered white T-shirt  
that just covered my breasts. A pair of old sneakers, no socks,  
completed my ensemble. Half-bending over in the position I was in, I  
must have looked pretty indecent.  
  
"I'm not going to ask you again…" he called out, his voice cracking  
just a bit.  
  
"All right!" I squeaked, helpless. "Just… just give me a moment…"  
  
"Drop the weapon, now!" the young cop said more firmly.  
  
Weapon? I then realized he was talking about the mop. Like I might  
swing around and hit him over the head with it! Not wanting to cause  
any trouble, I released my grip, letting the pole clatter against  
the house as it fell to the ground. I had to be careful not to lose  
my balance, and finally straightened myself to a standing position.  
Bringing my hands to my head, I slowly turned around.  
  
Our eyes met, and I felt myself blush. It seemed I was rather  
exposed up here. With my arms raised like this, the small shirt was  
scrunched up and left my bare stomach and bellybutton on display. My  
breasts, unfettered by a bra, jiggled playfully. And I was afraid my  
nipples were getting hard! I really hadn't expected to be seen today.  
  
"Is there… is there some sort of problem?" I asked nervously.  
  
The young man placed his hands on his hips, looked me over from head  
to toe. "Only that you got caught trying to break into this home."  
  
"Break in?" the words almost stuck in my throat.  
  
"That's what it seems to me, ma'am," the cop drawled. "We know that  
the property had been recently purchased, and the owners haven't  
moved in yet. We were told to keep an eye out for prowlers. And here  
you are."  
  
"Prowlers?" I was shocked, and even looked around in surprise.  
  
The young cop persisted. "I saw you trying to bust open that window!"  
  
"I was trying to clean that window!" I stamped my foot emphatically,  
which only caused my boobs to shake.  
  
"Are you claiming this house belongs to you?" he folded his arms and  
asked.  
  
"No… my friends invited me here to help straighten up the place," I  
explained, and started to reach out to point to the disrepair of the  
house.  
  
"Keep your hands up!" the cop warned me.  
  
Immediately, I shot both my arms to the sky. His young voice was  
suddenly so forceful, I felt compelled to do what he said. But I bit  
my lip anxiously, worried that the quick movement and stretching  
higher, might raise the shirt above my breasts. Thankfully, I felt  
my nipples were still covered. Then I lowered my eyes and gasped.  
  
Past my bare stomach, I noticed the top of my shorts. All the  
bending and stretching and reaching must have wiggled the button  
loose. They were worn to begin with, not tight fitting like a new  
pair of pants. At least the zipper was still up, but I couldn't be  
sure if it would hold. I began to fear my shorts would slip down! So  
I tried to remain very still.  
  
"Keep them arms up," he reminded me. "I'm going to have to check for  
concealed items…"  
  
"Is that really necessary?" I gasped. "Look, my name is Jenna. The  
owners are my friends, and they can tell you that they asked me to  
help clean the house."  
  
"Well, except they're not here, Miss Jenna," the rookie cop said  
with a sly smile, almost as if he was teasing me. "That's a mighty  
convenient story, ma'am."  
  
I didn't know what to say. This whole accusation was so unfair, and  
completely absurd. But I was unfamiliar with these parts, and I sure  
didn't want any trouble with the law. Maybe if I could just call my  
friends, they could explain everything to this overeager country  
police officer. I was just about to make the suggestion, when he  
took a step forward.  
  
Now this whole time, I had been standing on a crumbling orange  
garden bench made of stone. It was kind of like I was on a pedestal.  
When he walked up to me, the young man's face was even with my  
waist. I suddenly felt very nervous, but also excited. I was ashamed  
to admit that being caught in this vulnerable position was turning  
me on. The size of my nipples confirmed my arousal. I just hoped he  
wouldn't notice!  
  
Very slowly, deliberately to show he was not going to hurt me, the  
officer placed his hands on my hips. I just stared out ahead, maybe  
opened my mouth in a small silent gasp. He began checking my shorts,  
slipping a finger through the belt loops, searching for who knows  
what. Next, he placed his hands inside my front pockets, and I was a  
little more breathless. I guess he wanted to search my back pockets,  
too, but he didn't have me turn around. Instead, he leaned close and  
wrapped his arms around my lower body. This was getting me rather  
flustered! I felt his hands pat down my bottom… then squeeze my butt  
cheeks.  
  
"Oh!" I said in surprise, and perhaps in pleasure.  
  
But there was nothing in the seat of my shorts. It was just the  
loose denim covering my ass. I was really afraid that if he  
continued his search, the young cop would discover my secret.  
  
I was not wearing panties today. And I had shaved my pubic region  
completely bald.  
  
Suddenly, his hands moved, his fingers wandering down my bare legs.  
There was really no need to check my thighs, knees, and calves,  
because they were completely bare. But he quickly squatted down in  
front of my feet and gently grabbed my ankles. I interpreted this as  
an unspoken command, to slightly shift my legs and separate my feet.  
I still had my hands raised in the air. The young man then squeezed  
his finger inside my sneaker, tracing the rim around my heel. The  
wiggling of his finger kind of tickled.  
  
"You can take them off, you know!" I giggled in spite of myself.  
  
He continued to work both my feet, a finger in each shoe. When he  
raised his head to look up at me, I hoped he wouldn't see up my  
shorts.  
  
"That's mighty cooperative of you," the young man said.  
  
Keeping my promise, I stretched out one leg. Very efficiently, he  
began undoing the laces. Although with all the prodding he was  
doing, and being kind of worn anyway, I think they would have  
slipped off easily. The cop removed my shoe and discarded it,  
holding my bare foot in his palm for a brief, sensual moment. I  
shyly pulled my leg back, and extended the other one. I kept my arms  
reaching for the sky, my hardening nipples poking out, and boobs  
threatening to bounce free. Closing my eyes, I found the experience  
of being stripped… delicious. Even if was just my other shoe taken  
off.  
  
When I stood completely barefoot on the bench, he tugged on my toes,  
running a finger in between. I had not painted my toenails, they  
were clear and natural. Again, I had no idea what he was looking  
for. The rookie cop probably didn't know any better, but maybe he  
should have been inspecting the removed sneakers in case I had been  
hiding anything, which of course I wasn't!  
  
"Are we almost finished?" I finally asked in exasperation.  
  
As I started to lower my arms, the young man stood up and said, "I  
didn't tell you to move!"  
  
Bent at the elbows, I jerked my hands up once more like this was a  
robbery, while stamping my bare foot in annoyance. My lips started  
to quiver in a petulant pout. But then, to my amazement and  
humiliation… my shorts dropped down my legs!  
  
Eyes wide, I immediately brought my hands down to clasp them in  
front of my pussy, despite the policeman's instructions. I don't  
know if he caught a brief glimpse of my hairless crotch, but it was  
clear that I was naked from the waist down. The denim shorts  
crumpled around my feet, I was so embarrassed!  
  
"Get down off the bench, ma'am!" he ordered firmly.  
  
I could feel my juicy round bottom just sticking out in the fresh  
air. "But… can't I pull up my shorts first?"  
  
Still suspicious, the young man informed me, "I'm not going to ask  
you again!"  
  
Blushing bright red, I lowered my eyes. Well, he wanted me to climb  
down from the bench. My heart was beating fast, and hands were still  
cupped over my pussy. Awkwardly, I lifted one leg, and then lowered  
it so I could step to the ground. I stepped right out of my shorts,  
left on the bench!  
  
I walked a little closer, dressed only in the ratty T-shirt, and  
stood bottomless in front of the young man from the Sheriff's  
office. This couldn't be happening, I thought, as I waited bashfully  
before him. The blades of grass tickled my bare feet.  
  
TO BE CONTINUED…