**Jenny Champion of the World**

by Brummie

Initially Commander Holt was so shocked by the message he received that he made

the speaker confirm what he'd been told. Shock turned to surprise then intrigue

and finally excitement. He buzzed the intercom and gave strict instructions to

his secretary. Within a minute his door opened and she ushered Jenny Richards

into his presence. His secretary, Mrs. Prendergast, gave him a very stern

disapproving look and tutted before turning on her heal and stalking out of the

office. This couldn't be helped. Holt couldn't contain his curiosity as to how

this staggering situation had come about.

'Well Agent Richards. you requested to see me'. 'Yes Sir' replied the most

beguiling and feminine member of his MI6 team. 'I encountered a situation a

short while ago and I thought it best that I made you aware of it'. 'Hmm, I see.

Well please carry on' he replied his appreciative gaze traveling up and down her

figure.

Jenny began her tale slowly 'I popped out during the lunch break Sir, to

withdraw some money from the bank. I was waiting in the queue when I noticed

something curious at one of the tellers windows. A man was being served by the

woman cashier. She loaded all the money from her cash draw into a canvas bag and

passed it to the customer'.

'Well this is all very interesting Agent Richards but I hope there's more than

just a description of your lunch hour' interrupted Holt.

'Yes Sir. It's just that I didn't see him sign any withdrawal slip or pass over

a cheque to cash, in fact nothing. The only movement he made was to twirl a

small shiny coin he had on a chain round his neck. 'Hmmm. Go on'. 'Well he just

took the cash bag and walked nonchalantly out of the Bank. I was the next

customer at that window and I asked to withdraw some cash. The girl seemed pre-

occupied but she opened the draw and seemed very perturbed that there was no

money there'.

'So what are you saying' demanded Holt still confused. 'Well Sir, I can only

think of one way that you can get money from a bank without signing something, a

slip or form. Something. 'And that is?'. 'Well..if you were robbing it Sir'.

'Are you telling me you witnessed a bank robbery and did nothing?' asked Holt.

'No, of course not Sir. To be honest I wasn't sure the bank had been robbed. The

cashier was still confused and wasn't sure whether the money was missing or not.

I decided on a different course. I dashed out of the bank and tried to spot the

man. He was about a hundred yards away so I set off after him. I couldn't just

go up to a stranger and accuse him of bank robbery so I set out to follow him to

see if he made any suspicious moves'.

'Go on Agent Richards. What happened next?' said Holt.

'Well Sir, I trailed him for about half a mile when he went into a small

restaurant. I followed him in and took a seat behind him where I could watch him

and he couldn't see me. He only ordered a sandwich and a coffee so within twenty

minutes we were off again. He took a very meandering route and he wasn't walking

fast so I was beginning to think I was mistaken and he was innocent when he made

a very quick call on his mobile. He turned into a narrow alley, I waited a while

then followed him in. After about thirty yards there was a door I thought he was

heading for but he ignored it and carried on past. However as I came abreast of

it it opened and I was grabbed by a massive pair of black hands.

'Crikey, Agent Richards what happened then?' enquired Holt now becoming more

interested.

'Well Sir then I became Champion of the World' replied Jenny.

The silence lengthened. Holt looked at her stunned. That definitely wasn't the

answer he was expecting. 'What?' he asked baffled.

'I became Champion of the World. Sir' repeated Jenny only slower this time.

'What the blistering blue barnacles are you talking about Richards' shouted Holt

using some of the rich vocabulary he'd learned in twenty five years at sea.

'This isn't some sort of game you know. Champion at what may I ask'.

'Well I'm the World Champion of Bl.......' began Jenny who suddenly stopped in

mid sentence. She appeared stunned for a few seconds before her cheeks turned a

deep pink and she put her face in her hands A tiny dam within her brain had

burst and the memories of the previous hour flooded back into her conscious

mind. She cried out mortified 'Oh my God, what have I done'.

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Jenny followed the man into the dark alley between two buildings in one of the

older parts of London. He was wearing a long brown well worn rain coat and a

matching floppy hat pulled down to conceal his features. He'd just robbed a bank

and despite appearances all his senses were on high alert. He'd noticed the

woman in the queue in the bank, She frankly stood out like a beacon. Her long

blonde hair, amazing figure and super model face made her impossible to miss. He

was surprised when he spotted her in the mirror in the restaurant. She seemed to

be watching him intently. His worst suspicions were confirmed when he got up to

leave and she called for her bill and within a few seconds exited the eatery

behind him. He walked slowly while coolly formulating a plan then made a phone

call. He headed for the rendezvous leading her into the trap he'd laid for her.

Inside the dingy room three men were sprawled around in various states of

alertness waiting for news of the latest heist by their boss. The trilling of

the old fashioned black phone thundered into the silence jerking them awake. A

small, stick thin rat faced felon picked up the receiver and listened becoming

more alarmed with each passing second. 'OK boss' he said before putting the

phone down. 'Nathan, a small job for you' he said.

The biggest Negro he'd ever seen rose like a colossus from an easy chair. He

stood with a vacuous expression on his face and waited for instructions. 'Blonde

coming down alley. You grab. OK' said Sid the Shive slowly and clearly making

sure Nathan understood despite the simplicity of the command. Outside the hat

and coat man surreptitiously knocked twice on the door in passing. Sid waited

ten seconds then cracked it open and watched. As the blonde came level he threw

the door open and Nathan surged through grabbed the woman following his boss,

covered her mouth with an enormous paw and dragged her into the dark interior.

Hearing the commotion behind him the boss turned and seeing Jenny captured

retraced his steps. He followed the pair through the door closing it after him.

Jenny's struggles were futile when pitted against the huge black mans muscles.

He held her firmly but gently until she realised she was just wasting energy and

quieted down, watching the men warily. The boss man and Sid were in conference.

After a minute Sid turned to look at her. He saw her bag lying on the floor were

it'd fallen. A quick search soon turned up Jenny's MI6 security pass. Silently

he showed it to the boss and they returned to their huddle.

Jenny couldn't hear anything until just as the boss began turning he said 'I'll

remove the memory' to Sid. During their conversation the other man had been

studying Jenny. Even in the dim light and with half her face covered and her

body wrapped around by Nathan's other beefy arm her beauty was obvious. Fat

Tony, so called for obvious reasons, whispered urgently in Sid's ear. Sid in

turn looked searchingly at Jenny and relayed the message in the same whisper to

the Boss.

'No. You know I can't make them do anything they wouldn't do voluntarily, and

besides I won't allow it'. A downcast Fat Tony whispered to Sid again and once

again the message was relayed. The Boss stood silently deep in thought while

looking intently at Jenny. She tried to stare back resolutely but she could

guess what Fat Tony was suggesting, he looked the sort. After a minute the Boss

said 'OK, I'll give it a try. I think a little retribution isn't unfair for the

trouble we're being put to'. He advanced and Jenny stiffened as he came and

stood in front of her.

He opened his coat and drew out the chain that hung round his neck. At it's

center hung a small coin. He gripped the bracket the coin hung from between his

thumb and finger and began twirling it. 'Look at the shiny coin dear' he said.

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Jenny blinked in the bright spotlights that shone down directly on her. She was

standing in a small circular arena surrounded by banks of seats that extended

upwards and outward as far as she could see. Every seat was filled with a mass

of indistinct people. The noisy excited crowd stared at her making her feel like

a gladiator in ancient Rome waiting for the Emperor to decide if she lived or

died .

'WELCOME' shouted the MC into his microphone. 'WELCOME LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO

THE CHAMPIONSHIP FINALE. As you can see' he continued in a more normal

conversational tone now he had the crowd's attention. 'We are down to the last

two contestants'. He raised his voice again and pointing introduced 'FROM

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, THE AMERICAN FINALIST...BRITTANY'. The crowd exploded

into applause and cat calls. 'AND FROM LITTLE OLD ENGLAND, PLEASE WELCOME

....JENNY'. Again the crowd cheered and clapped like loonies. The noise level

about the same so neither contestant seemed to be the favourite.

Jenny looked across the stage toward her opponent. Brittany was a goddess in

human form. Brunette, tall as her and if anything even bigger in the chest

department. Even Jenny felt a twinge of attraction in her loins. Brittany was

sex on legs. The MC started up again.

'OK ladies and Gentlemen you know what comes first'.

They chanting started low but soon grew until everyone was screaming 'STRIP,

STRIP, STRIP'.

'Shhh' the MC quieted them. 'Can we have the lottery winners please'. Two men

detached themselves from the throng and climbed the steps onto the stage. They

high five'd each other and then split so each stood beside a contestant. 'Well

ladies you knew the rules when you signed on. The finalists will compete naked.

Gentlemen enjoy your prize. Jenny stood as if frozen as her winner circled round

and stood behind her. For some reason she couldn't quite fathom he was wearing a

shabby brown rain coat. He reached round her and began to unbutton her crisp

white blouse. He undid all the buttons except one in the middle then waited

until the crowd went silent. He gripped each side of Jenny's shirt but still

waited teasing, allowing the tension to build until with a flourish ripped it

from her body. The crowd went wild as Jenny was exposed. Her skirt followed with

equal ceremony so she was left in her wispy white bra and panties and high

heels.

The lottery winner unclasped Jenny's bra at the back. She gasped and crossed her

arms over her chest holding the bra in place. A stern whisper in her ear

compelled her to lower her arms to her side. Again the crowd waited with baited

breath as the stripper reached round and gripped the centre of the bra. He

whipped it away exposing Jenny's breasts to the mass. A collective 'Ahhh' rose

as her pink tipped mammaries sprang into view wobbling enticingly before

settling back into their high firm globular shape. Jenny blushed deep pink and

so did her areolas. She was being stripped for the entertainment of the crowd. A

tingle gripped her lower belly and her nipples reacted becoming aroused. They

sprang to their full extension as a pair of hands encircled her and cupped her

breasts ever so gently and began tenderly caressing her. She groaned as the

knowing hands massaged her flesh.

With a final tweak of her large pink rubbery nipples the hands left her. She

stood dazed in erotic arousal the crowd baying for more. He waited a full minute

as the noise built, the expectation until with both hands he grabbed the back of

Jenny's panties and tore them off her. The crowd erupted as Jenny's naked

hairless womanhood was revealed. She gasped and reddening then tried to cover

herself with her hands. An urgent whisper in her ear again compelled her to

relax and to return her arms to her sides.

Not content with exposing Jenny the hands took her by the shoulders and slowly

turned her body showing off her fantastic figure, parading her, to the entire

crowd who went absolutely ape shit, chanting, whooping, cheering.

'Why are you doing this' asked Jenny. 'Because secretly you want me to' answered

the enigmatic whisper in her ear.

Once more a hand reached round her body this time coming to rest on her flat

stomach and gently beginning to stroke her in a circular motion. Her eyes closed

in pleasure as the hand caressed her. Lower it went, lower still until

inevitably it flowed over her pubic bone and cupped her pussy. She sighed as the

hand squeezed her softly rhythmically. The other seemingly disembodied hand had

returned to continue massaging her left tit, the fingers ever so gently circling

her nipple.

Jenny was in heaven. The hands caressed her knowingly, ever so softly. A finger

dragged between her puffy pussy lips until it reached her erected clitoris and

began to circle round and round it. The crowd were forgotten in a miasma of

erotic sensations as the hands brought her higher and higher. A finger slipped

into her caressing her softest innermost moist flesh. Jenny's breath quickened,

rasped in her throat as the hands worked her body. An insistent whisper in her

ear urged her to let herself go, to surrender herself to the sensations. The

fingers manipulating her pussy quickened, thrusting slowly, still softly, but

insistently. A thumb pressed her clit. The whisper rasped urgently 'Now' and

Jenny stiffened, releasing herself to a trembling all over warm pervading orgasm

that went on and on seemingly forever.

The hands held her until she could stand on her own. The whisper in her ear

instructed her to obey the MC before leaving her alone in the spotlight.

'AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ....... THE FINAL OF THE WORLD BLOWJOB

CHAMPIONSHIPS'. Jenny gasped. 'What the hell' she thought. 'CONTESTANTS TO YOUR

POSITIONS PLEASE'. Jenny looked over to see an equally naked Brittany move to a

small rubber mat were she knelt down and waited. Suddenly Jenny moved as if

someone had pulled strings attached to her limbs. She mimicked Brittany and

knelt on her mat.

'Contestants. The final is a three man challenge. The first to finish all three

of her men wins. Remember of course we will need to see the evidence of your

success. Can we have the first participants please'. Two men appeared. Jenny

studied her man. He was small and stick thin with a sharp face and wore only

boxer shorts.

'LADIES..LET THE BLOWING BEGIN'. The crowd erupted as the contest started. Jenny

mesmerized and confused looked over at Brittany. She had extracted her mans

member and was attacking it with everything she had. A whisper in her ear

commanded her to begin and again the compulsion rose within her. She reached for

the mans shorts and drew out his dick already semi erect in anticipation of what

she was about to do. A quick couple of pumps with her tiny fist and she plunged

him between her soft pink lips and began to bob her head while sucking like a

vacuum cleaner.

The crowd could easily follow the action. Enormous monitors showed the action in

glorious Technicolor. On the biggest monitor an eighteen foot saliva covered

penis was pistoning in and out of Jenny's full pink lips as she sucked for all

she was worth. The efforts she was putting in to it made her breasts shimmy and

shake entertaining the crowd even more.

A cheer rose as Brittany's first man succumbed to her ministrations and a second

anonymous male appeared in his place. Jenny re-doubled her efforts and was soon

rewarded with a groan and a cascading eruption as the penis ejaculated into the

air. A second man appeared. This one was decidedly overweight and short. Jenny

paid this no mind as again she whipped him out and began using her oral skills

as only she could. This penis also followed the body shape of it's owner. The

first man had been stick thin with a penis that was long and slender. The short

fat man had a short but very thick penis. Jenny didn't have to worry about

gagging but her jaw soon began to ache being stretched so wide. Her tongue

attacked swirling until the man was groaning. 'Oh God yes. Just there, like

that'. Her lips pressed hard against him and he couldn't stop himself thrusting

forward.

Another cheer. Brittany was still ahead as her man ejaculated. Jenny gripped her

mans balls and gently squeezed him while sucking and tonguing him seemingly as

if her life depended on it. He tightened and she was just in time removing him

from her mouth as he erupted hitting her across the cheek. He groaned and

spurted once more this time hitting her across her nose and lips. He withdrew

and she looked round. Brittany was working like the very devil on her last man

as a shadow fell across Jenny. She looked round and straight into the biggest,

blackest cock she had ever seen. It resembled a small tree trunk. At rest it was

over twelve inches. 'Good God, who knows what it'll grow to in a minute' Jenny

thought. She reached for the black snake and lifted it. It was like picking up a

soft salami. 'It must weigh a couple of pounds' she surmised. Again the man

matched the penis. Tall, muscle bound and massive in every direction. Jenny

looked up into a black face showing only a vacant expression. The black

truncheon in her tiny delicate hand began to react and harden. It was like a big

black snake waking from it's slumber and slowly rising to stare at her with it's

single central eye. She used both hands to pump it as best she could before

tentatively parting her lips. The head slipped inside the warm wetness and she

began to suck like crazy hoping Brittany wasn't near winning.

Her jaw began to ache again as it was stretched. The jet black cock began

thrusting slowly. She could only get about four inches inside her mouth so she

gripped and massaged the rest with both her hands. She ran her tongue round the

head and along the shaft. Dark veins stood out as blood pumped into him bringing

him to his full majestic length of fifteen inches. Jenny hung on for dear life

as the pistoning quickened. Deeper and deeper he thrust, her sand paper tongue

rasping over his sensitive glands. Her hands fondled his balls as she sucked and

sucked. She still hadn't heard a cheer when she felt him seize. She drew back

but he grabbed two fistfuls of her hair and she felt him erupt over her tongue.

Again and again he spurted flooding her mouth.

He released her and Jenny jumped up elated that she'd won the contest. The crowd

erupted again as Brittany finished her last man then her expression turned to

disappointment as she looked up to see Jenny already celebrating.

'JENNY WINS'. screamed the MC and brought forward a big shiny trophy. Jenny held

it aloft drinking in the adulation of the crowd as they applauded and cheered.

After a few minutes an urgent whisper in her ear said 'OK my dear you can go

back to the dressing room now'.

Jenny left the arena, cheers still ringing in her ears, and headed down a dark

alley towards the light.

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'Jenny'.....'Jenny'.....'JENNY' insisted Commander Holt until she looked up at

him. 'World Champion of what I said'.

'Err...Nothing. Nothing at all Sir'.

'So it appears that you followed this character into a dark alley and then found

yourself back here. Is that correct. 'Err...Yes Sir that about sums it up Sir'

lied Jenny.

'I see' said Holt more gently. 'Ever heard of Stanislav Lazlo?'

'Err...No Sir'.

'He's a Hungarian who emigrated here about ten years ago. At the start he earned

his living as a stage hypnotist but it wasn't long before he discovered a new

use for his powers and developed a little sideline in robbery. Not always banks.

Anywhere where money is handled but never too large an amount that he couldn't

just walk out without any fuss. He's not into guns or screeching getaway's. I

think this is your man in the brown coat. It all fits his pattern'.

It also explains why you lost nearly an hour after you were captured. He's

obviously used his skills to try and make you forget him and his gang.

'Er..yes sir. Suppose it does' said Jenny sheepishly

'And it also explains one other thing as well'.

'Oh what's that sir' enquired the unsuspecting blonde.

It explains why you have no recollection of walking nearly a mile back here

through the crowded streets of London, through the security of this building, up

in the lift to this floor, along the corridor to this office and are now calmly

sitting here in front of me totally naked.

Jenny froze then slowly looked down at her body. She blushed the deepest pink

she had ever done at the thought of the show she'd put on then slowly crossed

her legs and covered her breasts with her arms across her chest trying to curl

up into a tiny ball.

'Oh fuck' she groaned.

Holt flicked the intercom. 'Mrs. Prendergast, please bring in the clothes I

asked you to find earlier. Thank you'.

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After Jenny had gone Holt stood and crossed to sit in a deep leather armchair.

He pictured the scene in his mind, not only of an oblivious Jenny passing

hundreds of bemused pedestrians in the street but at the twenty minutes she'd

sat facing him in nothing but a pair of high heeled shoes. He put his hands

behind his head relaxed back and smiled broadly. 'I really should try to send

Mr. Lazlo a Christmas Card this year' he thought happily.

The End