**Shoplifting Incident**

by ****Sabineteas****

I was at home marking papers for my class and my husband was in the living room watching television when there was a knock at the door. I ignored it figuring that my husband would get it. In a few moments my husband was in the doorway.

“Beth, there are two policemen here and they want to see you.”

I frowned at him but I rose and walked out of our kitchen into the front room. There were two rather large men standing there and they both flashed badges at me. I stood, wondering what they wanted.

“Mrs. Johnson, we have a very disquieting report about theft and thought we should come around to clear it up.”

“Well, I will be happy to help you.”

“Very good. Now Mrs. Johnson, do you shop at Valerie’s?”

“Well, yes, I do.”

“There have been some accusations that you have stolen several items from the store.”

I just stared at him as he took out a notebook and opened it.

“It seems that you are accused of stealing, ah, three bras and ah, five pairs of underpants, woman’s underpants.”

“I did no such thing!”

“Can you produce a receipt for the items? You do admit that you have several items from Valerie’s, don’t you?”

How did they know that? I just stared at them, blankly.

“Mrs. Johnson?”

“Ah, yes, I do shop there.”

“Well, do you have these items?” “Well, yes, I have some underthings from Valerie’s, but my husband was with me when I bought them and he paid for them.”

I looked at my husband and the two officers did also.

“Mr. Johnson, do you have a receipt for the items in question?”

My husband looked at me and then at the policemen.

“Ah, no, when we came home Beth threw the bag away.”

I stared at him, my mouth working soundlessly.

“Well, since you do not have evidence of purchase, we’ll have to take the items in as evidence. Mrs. Johnson, would you please get them.”

I stood, rooted to the floor. I was in shock. I had never shoplifted anything and here I was being accused of theft. The largest officer stood and took my arm.

“Where are they Mrs. Johnson?”

“U-u-upstairs.”

I hated the way my voice cracked and the fear I felt in my stomach. I hadn’t done anything; my husband had paid for everything. This had to be dream, it couldn’t be happening! The large officer gently pulled me to the stairs and like a convict heading to the gallows I walked. I climbed the stairs with the officer behind me, his face at the level of my bottom, making me very aware of his eyes on me. I shuddered inside.

We walked to our bedroom, and I haltingly walked to my dresser, pulling open my underwear drawer. As I picked through it, intending to take out the Valerie’s things, I felt his presence behind me. He was peering over my shoulder at my underwear. He gently moved me aside and pulled the entire drawer out.

“Are there any others?”

I felt blood rush to my face.

“Ah, yes.”

“Where are they?”

“I-I-in the hamper.”

“You mean dirty underthings?”

I shuddered again and could only nod.

“Get them.”

I walked slowly to the bathroom where our hamper was. I was so embarrassed! He stood outside the bathroom door, watching as I sorted through the clothes, taking out my used underpants and one bra.

“Is that it, then?”

“Y-y-yes.”

“Downstairs, Mrs. Johnson.”

I clutched my soiled underpants and bra to my chest and haltingly walked down the stairs with him following me. I walked into the living room. My husband was sitting in a chair and the other officer was on the couch. The large officer walked by me as I stopped, still clutching my soiled clothes to my chest. He overturned the dresser drawer, dumping all my underthings on the coffee table.

“Would you please take out the Valerie’s items, Mrs. Johnson.”

I knelt before the coffee table, hiding my soiled underpants and bra between my legs. I flushed as I began to pick through my underthings. I was so embarrassed as they saw my two thongs and two pairs of sheer french cut underpants that I bought for my husband. There was also a push up bra that left my nipples bare, that was also for my husband and now two strangers were seeing them. I put the few Valerie’s things to the side. When I had finished they picked up each item, checking the tags to be sure they were from Valerie’s. The two sheer panties were in that pile and I flushed as they looked at them, seeing that they hid nothing. One of them smirked at me. My face was burning.

“Is that all, Mrs. Johnson? We have two pairs of pants and two bras. Records show that there are five pairs of pants and three bras. Where are the others?”

I trembled and handed them the two pairs of soiled underpants. I dropped the other bra on the pile of clothes that were not from Valerie’s. They checked the underpants, inside and out, smirking at me as they noticed the soiled gusset of the underpants. I could have died of shame. My husband sat like a lump on his chair, not believing what was happening.

“There is a pair of pants and a bra missing.”

I mumbled.

“Speak up Mrs. Johnson.”

“I-I-I have them on.”

“Well, let’s see them.”

I looked at him in shock and my arms instinctively clutched my body. They couldn’t be serious. I stood staring at them.

“Mrs. Johnson, we can do this here in the privacy of your home or we can do it at the station house.”

I began to cry as I hesitantly gripped the bottom of my T-shirt. Closing my eyes I pulled it up and over my head, standing with my bra exposed. I crossed my arms over my chest, feeling faint. My eyes went to my husband. He was staring at them and me. The large officer stood up and walked behind me. He pulled out my bra strap roughly, making me gasp.

“Ah, yes, this is one.”

He came to my front and moved my hands to my sides. Then he pulled out each cup and peered down. A large hand went in my left bra cup, feeling the material, the backs of his large fingers rubbing over my nipple. I sucked in a breath, wanting my husband to object to this, but he stared at me, saying nothing. I looked at him and his face was white. I was sucking in air as the large officer removed his hand and pulled the right cup out and felt inside that one also.

“No other tags, sir.”

“Mrs. Johnson, please remove the item and place it with the others.”

“I can’t!”

“As I said, we can do this here or at the station.”

The horror of being led, handcuffed, into the police station made me almost swoon. The school administration would never understand.

Trembling, I reached behind myself and unhooked the bra. I slipped the straps down and with one arm covering my breasts, I removed it. Then I laid it on the small pile of incriminating underpants and bras. They both smirked at me. I had to be scarlet! My nipples had erected and I felt a telltale trickle of moisture between my legs, which embarrassed me even more.

“The pants, Mrs. Johnson?”

I stumbled backwards until my legs touched a chair and then I sat, heavily. My husband was watching intently as were the two policemen. I bent over to hide my breasts and untied my shoes. I pushed them off with my fingers and Unbuttoned and unzipped my jeans. Squirming, I pushed them down my legs and off, still bent over. When my jeans were in a tangle beside my chair and I was only wearing my underpants and socks, the older officer spoke.

“Stand up Mrs. Johnson.”

I clutched an arm to my breasts and pushed myself up with the other hand. The younger of the two stood, walked behind me, pushing me forward and then pulled out the back of my underpants. I sucked in a breath. He peered down the back of my underpants at my ass, then thrust a hand down them. He squeezed my ass, making me suck in another breath. He peeled the waistband back to check the tag. Then he moved in front of me and pulled out the front of my underpants, peering at my bush. His hand snaked in, feeling for another tag, his knuckles pressing against my pussy. I shut my eyes, willing this humiliation to be over.

“They appear to be the pants, sir.”

“Mrs. Johnson, we will need those as evidence also.”

I shrieked silently in my mind. He couldn’t be serious! The younger officer stood back. The older looked at me. I was paralyzed. He reached for his handcuffs and I shrieked soundlessly. I pictured myself being led into the station house with my hands handcuffed behind me in only my underpants! My hands went to my underpants, baring my breasts and erect nipples. I pushed them down to my ankles and stepped out of them. Then I bent, one hand covering my bush, leaving my breasts bare. I picked up the underpants and held them tightly.

“Put them on the pile, Mrs. Johnson.”

I took two small steps forward and dropped the balled up underpants on the pile of incriminating lingerie. My face was burning up and my nipples were so hard and stiff they hurt. I backed up and started to sit on the chair behind me.

“Please remain standing, Mrs. Johnson and hands at your sides.”

Unwillingly, I let my hands drop, baring me totally to both officers and my husband. I was so humiliated! The two officers sat on the couch, poking through my underthings, making notes. From time to time they would look up at me, standing, naked but for socks in front of them. I had to close my eyes, but in a few seconds, I opened them. I watched them paw through my dainty underthings, from time to time smirking and looking at my bare breasts and pussy.

“Mrs. Johnson, we’ll need a bag for the evidence.”

My husband stood.

“No sir, she can get it.”

I sucked in a breath and walked to kitchen, knowing that my bare ass was jiggling behind me. I heard a couple of snickers and flushed redder. When I was in the kitchen I leaned against the wall, shivering.

“Mrs. Johnson?”

I stood up and found a bag under the sink. I walked back with it held in front of my pussy, but my breasts jiggled and swayed with my steps. They were still seated; watching me as was my husband. Watching my bare breasts!

“Would you please come here and count the items, Mrs. Johnson.”

I walked over and knelt beside the coffee table. I clamped my thighs together. I counted five pairs of underpants and three bras.

“Put them in the bag, please.”

I picked up each one and put them in the bag, my bare body, my naked body, trembling. Each shiver made my breasts jiggle. The younger office took the bag from my hand and stood behind me, staring at my bare ass. The older one pushed all my other underthings off the coffee table and laid down a piece of paper all the way across the coffee table from me.

“Please sign this receipt, Mrs. Johnson.”

He held it down and handed me a pen. I had to lift up and lean across the table to reach the paper. The officer behind me chuckled. I turned even redder as I realized that my pussy had to be peeking between my thighs. I had never been so ashamed.

“Check and read back the items to me, please.”

I knew he was doing that so I had to stay bent over, showing my ass and pussy to the other officer. One of my nipples brushed the table, sending an electric shock through me.

“Ah, um, one white bra, one blue transparent bra, one skimpy red bra, ah, two pairs of transparent white pants, one soiled blue panty, one soiled transparent blue thong, one soiled red thong.”

“Is that everything, Mrs. Johnson?”

“Y-y-yes.”

“Please sign the receipt.”

I signed, very aware of the officer behind me staring at my pussy, my pussy that was very hot and moist. My breasts swayed and jiggled as I signed my name. I looked up as I finished, seeing the older officer, the one in charge, smirking at my bare breasts, my erect nipples. I was so embarrassed. He stood up.

“Would you see us out Mrs. Johnson.”

I stood up, defeated, and slowly walked to the door with them following me, watching my bare ass jiggling before them. I stood aside and opened the door, trying to hide behind it, but they pushed it open wide, leaving me in plain view of the hall.

They both turned to me and held out their right hands.

“Thank you for being so cooperative, Mrs. Johnson.”

They both smirked at me and looked up and down my naked body, my breasts, and my bush, my obviously glistening pussy lips, which had swollen quite noticeably and were clearly visible between my thighs. I stupidly stood there, in plain view and shook each hand, my breasts bouncing and jiggling as they firmly shook mine.

“We’ll be in touch, Mrs. Johnson.”

As they turned to go away down the hall, the door across from me opened and our neighbors the Hanson’s stepped out. Mrs. Hanson gasped and Mr. Hanson smiled at me, standing in our doorway, naked but for socks.

In a daze, I gazed at them.

“Good evening Mr. Hanson, Mrs. Hanson.”

Without even noticing her shocked expression or his of obvious delight, I stepped back and slowly closed the door. Then I sank to my knees on the floor in our entryway and covered my face with my hands.