The Bank Raid

By Batty Batz

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PART ONE

God this is hard. I have to give a full statement to the police tomorrow about

the bank raid today. So I thought if I got everything written down this

evening it would be easier to remember.

Well my name is Brenda Brown, I’m, 24 and work at the local betting shop in

the small town of Berwick, which is in the North West of the UK. There’s just

the two of us girls who work the counter, Joyce and me, then there’s the

manager Tom who has his own office at the back of the shop.

Well it’s been a long hot summer, so this morning I was wearing little more

than my rather short summer dress and sandals. The dress was practically

backless and tied once round my neck from the front rather than the usual

shoulder straps. It was white in colour with a blue and green flower

arrangement. Very light but not transparent and it hung very loose which

provided good ventilation. Underneath I wore a white thong and strapless bra

to match. Had the dress been a bit longer I might have gone commando, but as

it only just covers my butt cheeks I thought better of it. However, as the

morning went on I might as well have done just that.

Joyce was first in the shop this morning and she had the kettle on making a

brew when I arrived. She was wearing a white blouse and a mid-thigh sports

skirt. As soon as she turned round to greet me I noticed she wasn’t wearing a

bra as the darkness of her nipples were clearly visible through the thin

material. She’s at least a D cup and I think that blouse was a little small

for her.

She noticed me staring.

“What’s up?” She asked.

“No bra today?” I pointed. “That’s going to cheer the customers up.”

“That’s not all I’m not wearing.” She laughed and promptly lifted her skirt up

revealing a totally clean shaved pussy.

“Joyce!” I exclaimed. “You tart, put it away.”

She did a little twirl before letting her skirt fall back down.

“Well you can talk.” She laughed. “Look at you in your little mini dress. You

can see your ass hanging out the back.”

“No you can’t.” I said, pulling down on the hemline and grinning. “Anyway I

have a thong on.” Feeling daring, I gave her a quick flash, returning the

little show she’d just given me.

She screamed laughing “Oh my god!”

Joyce then handed me my cup of tea and we set about getting the shop ready for

opening.

I noticed she had that playful glint in her eye the one she gets when she’s up

to mischief, so I should have known what was coming next.

“Seriously Brenda, you can’t wear a dress like that with that!”

“With what?” I asked.

“That, that big bra you have on underneath, fancy wearing a bra with a

backless dress. It’s hideous. Go take it off right now.”

Me a big bra! Now that’s funny, I’m only a B cup. “No way, everyone will see

my nipples sticking out.” I told her.

“Come on, I know you’ve worked in here before without underwear. It gets too

warm. No one will notice; that dress is a little too thick for anything to

show and besides, all the customers in here are too busy looking at the TV

screens and checking out the latest betting odds to notice what you and I are

wearing.”

Well that was very true. We both often went commando, but I’d never done so in

anything as revealing as this dress. After a little more cajoling I decided to

give it a go. Just for a little while anyway and see what it felt like. Joyce

and I were always getting up to mischief and daring each other to do one thing

or another. So this was just power for the course.

So I went off to the bathroom and unhooked my strapless bra and pulled it out

from the back of my dress. Although only a B cup they are still quite perky

and my nipples soon get hard for very little reason at all. Being bare they

soon stood to attention and you could easily make them out through the

material of my dress, but at least you couldn’t actually see them. Just two

little bumps.

Now for the thong; I hooked a thumb into either side of the waistband and soon

had it down to my ankles. Stepping out of them I noticed I’d been getting a

little sweaty down there from the heat of the day already and it was still

early morning. Like Joyce, I’m totally bare and it felt rather good to have

free air flow between my legs.

Joyce was waiting for me in the shop when I returned, so I did a little twirl

for her as she had done earlier; my little dress flapping up and revealing my

bare pussy and ass. She did a wolf whistle and we both laughed.

It was time to open the shop, so Joyce unlocked the door and placed the open

sign in the window. We sat behind the counter ready for the Berwick gamblers

to come in and loose their hard earned cash.

I was sat bare assed on my seat because the dress was too short, but no one

could see under the counter, so that was OK. We had an electric fan switched

on to keep us cool and the morning went by pretty much as normal.

Just before lunch time, Tom Harris the Manager arrived, he’d had the morning

off for a dentist appointment. He’s the dark and handsome type, late twenties

and we both kind of fancy him a little I guess, we tease him all the time and

how he puts up with us I don’t know. Sadly I think he has a girlfriend.

“Morning Tom.” We both chirped.

“Morning Joyce, morning Brenda.” He replied.

“Hey Tom! Brenda isn’t wearing any underwear today.” Announced Joyce.

“Joyce!” I screamed back at her going bright red.

“Really.” Tom replied, not sounding that surprised. “I’ll let you ladies in on

a secret.” He laughed as he headed for his office. “Neither am I.”

Well that left us giggling like two little school girls.

During the lunch hour it gets quite busy, so we usually just grab a sandwich

and carry on, Tom helps out on the counter too. That afternoon it was my turn

to go to the bank with Tom. We’d take the takings from this morning and those

in the safe from the previous afternoon. So being rather busy today by the

time we went to the bank I’d totally forgotten I wasn’t wearing any underwear.

How can you forget you may well ask? Well when you’re working hard, checking

up on races and betting odds, serving customers etc, it’s a lot to think about

and you have to really concentrate on what you’re doing.

So we were in the bank before I even realised.

PART TWO

We stood in the queue making idol chit chat when suddenly there was a loud

bang! A gun shot had fired up into the ceiling and three masked men had come

into the bank. I hadn’t even noticed them arrive.

“Everyone onto the floor!” One of them shouted. “This is a stick up!”

Well I nearly jumped out of my skin! A woman at the front of the queue

screamed. Thankfully I didn’t.

“Everybody onto the floor NOW!” One of the robbers repeated. “Arms and legs

out like a star where we can see them. Nobody try anything.”

We all dutifully dropped to the floor and spread our arms and legs out as

commanded. It was all a bit surreal and happened so fast, but that’s when I

remembered I wasn’t wearing any underwear.

Lying on the floor like that with arms and legs spread out meant that my short

dress was pulled up half way over my ass. What’s more, with my legs spread

out, anyone directly behind me would have a clear view of my pussy and ass

hole. Further more, with my legs open like that my pussy would be wide open

too.

Shit and I knew Tom had gone down right behind me. I tentatively looked round

and sure enough there he was and with an odd look on his face. He was staring

directly between my legs. Don’t think he saw me looking at him, but I turned

my head away in total embarrassment. I felt my face flush crimson and all I

could think about was - oh my god, my boss was looking directly at my pussy,

my totally shaved bare pussy, my totally spread open pussy. Shit, he was

looking at my clit and vaginal opening; he was looking right into my vagina.

Oh and my anus too. Oh please let this not be happening. - But it was; He

certainly knew I wasn’t wearing underwear now. I’d never be able to look him

in the face again. Oh no, and I was beginning to get a little moist. I could

feel my nipples hardening and if I hadn’t been lying face down on the floor

they’d have been pushing through the material of my dress.

Hmm I’d better not put this into the Police report. Anyway, I was totally

oblivious to what was going on in the bank now and couldn’t stop thinking of

Tom staring at my now wet juicy pussy. The more I thought about it the more

turned on I was getting. Unfortunately things were about to get a good deal

worse.

The robbers were not having much luck. One of the bank staff must have seen

them coming and pressed a security button or something, because steel shutters

had come crashing down over the counters and the alarm was going off.

I think they’d decided to cut their losses and just grab what they could from

us customers then make a quick getaway. One of them came over to where Tom and

I were laying and I guess he soon saw my naked bottom peaking out from under

my dress.

“Jeezus!” I heard him exclaim. “Hey Bert come and look at this.”

“What is it?” One of the others asked. Bert obviously.

“This bird hasn’t got any knickers on. Shit you can see her pussy!”

“You what!” He came bounding over for a look. “Bloody hell Fred, your right.

Wide open too, you can see everything!”

Well you can imagine how embarrassing this was. My face was as red as a

beetroot. I daren’t move, yet here were two strange guys starring right at my

naked pussy and there was nothing I could do about it.

“Leave her alone. Just take the money!” It was Tom, trying to come to my

defence.

“Shut it ...wit! Or you’ll get a bullet between the eyes.” Was the sharp response he got, from the one called Bert I think.

That brought the third robber over. “What the ... are you two doing? They know

your names now.”

“Erm, yeah sorry Geoff; Oh shit!”

“You fool, now they know mine too.”

Blimey these three where really bumbling bank robbers, but as terrified and

embarrassed as I was my pussy was still on display and I was so turned on now

I just wanted to rub it, but I daren’t move. Much more of this and I’d have

been having an orgasm right there in the bank.

However, just then the sound of sirens could be heard and the screeching of

breaks as several police cars came to a stop outside the bank.

“This is the Police. We have the bank surrounded, so come out with your hands up.”

Thank god I thought. This will soon be over.

But no; the one called Geoff, obviously their leader, told the other two to grab Tom and me and take us to the front door. We were to be their hostages.

At least we were back on our feet and my pussy was covered up. Just!

It was now time for my nipples to make an appearance. Well the shape of them

anyway as they pressed out through the material of my dress. Looking down, I

could see the whole of my breasts and nipples down the top of my dress as it

gapped open from my nipples being so hard. I was glad no one else could see

down the top of my dress, but it didn’t stop me from being embarrassed. I

placed a hand at the top of my dress to hold it down whilst the other was

subconsciously holding my hem line down.

We were put on show with shot guns to our heads whilst Geoff negotiated with

the Police. They wanted a van to take them to the local airfield and then a

Helicopter to get them out of the country.

Surprisingly the Police seemed to agree to his demands and it wasn’t long

before a white van pulled up outside.

“OK you two, put your hands on your heads and do exactly as you’re told.”

Geoff ordered and got his two minions to lead us out to the van.

Well having my hands on my head like that I’m sure my pussy must have been on

display again. But I’m not sure. I was too scared about what was happening to

us. However climbing into the back of the van I was more than sure. My dress

rode up right to the top of my ass cheeks. I was flashing all the Police good

and proper. Even worse I think there where some reporters at the scene and I’m

sure I saw camera flashes go off as pictures where taken. How humiliating!

PART THREE

The inside of the van had two wooden benches running along each side. I sat on

one with the robber called Fred, whilst directly opposite sat the other, Bert,

with Tom next to him. We weren’t allowed to take our hands of our heads and as

the van set off, with Geoff driving, it was very hard to keep our balance. I

had to open my legs to steady myself, so of course Bert got a good look at my

pussy again.

“Bloody hell Fred, she likes flashing her pussy does this one.”

“Must be some kind of an exhibitionist Bert, here lets have a gander.”

Fred leant forward to get a view of my pussy, but I closed my legs quick. Then

the van lurched round a corner so I had to open them again or I’d go flying

off the bench and into Bert’s lap. It was a bumpy ride and my pussy was

feeling every vibration, even my boobs were bouncing causing my nipples to rub

against the inside of my dress.

Bert and Fred were laughing their heads off. I wish I could have seen their

faces but they still had their masks on. Then Bert started to rub the barrel

of his shot gun up the inside of my leg.

“Please don’t do that.” I pleaded.

“Ho Ho she’s going to like this.” He laughed totally ignoring me and carrying

on rubbing the barrel of the shotgun higher up my leg and onto my thigh.

Suddenly Tom leapt into action. “Leave her alone you swine’s.” He made a grab

for the weapon, but Bert was too quick and caught Tom a cracking blow to the

side of the head with the butt of the shotgun. He was out cold.

“Tom, Tom!” I remember shouting out, but Fred just pushed me back down onto

the bench.

“Just sit there lady and stay quiet, keep your hands on your head and everything will be OK.”

“Yeah and keep them legs open.” Bert commanded and they both laughed like mad men.

Bert then proceeded to rub his shotgun up and down my leg again reaching

higher and higher with every stroke. Tears were running down my cheeks, but he

didn’t stop. Then the tip of the shotgun was almost touching my outer lips and

my pussy was quivering with anticipation. I felt so humiliated and ashamed yet

I didn’t dare move an inch. My nipples were as hard as rocks and sticking

through the material of my dress a good centimetre or two and it didn’t go unnoticed.

“Let’s have a look at those titties lady.” Fred reached over and yanked the

top of my dress right down snapping the delicate strap around my neck. My

dress fell right down to my waist revealing my pert B cups with pink nipples

sticking straight out like little bullets.

“Cor! Look at them beauties.” He said cupping each boob in his hands. He

squeezed them rather tightly and I yelped, then he started to roll my nipples

between finger and thumb which sent pulses of electricity down to my abdomen.

I still didn’t dare move and all this time Bert was still rubbing the barrel

of his shot gun up and down my thighs. Then right up against my outer lips,

touching them and parting them with the tip of the barrel. He then proceeded

to rub between my lips and up towards my now swollen clit. My hips wanted to

buck but I held tight.

Circling my clit a few times he then suddenly thrust the barrel right into my

now wet vagina.

I tried not to scream, but let out a loud yelp; I was breathing fast now and

began to pant. He moved the barrel of the shot gun in and out, in and out. My

god he was ...ing me with the damn thing; and all the time Fred was still

squeezing and fondling my boobs. I was so disgusted yet so turned on, I could

feel an orgasm building, oh my, I was going to cum, but suddenly the van

screeched to a stop. We had reached the airfield.

“Everyone out.” Ordered Geoff.

Well Bert and Fred were very disappointed. So was my pussy, but I was also

very relieved that this horrible situation had now ended. Yet my nightmare

wasn’t quite over yet.

PART FOUR

I was pulled from the van, my dress still hanging round my waist my boobs

bouncing slightly as Bert led me over the tarmac. There were bright lights

everywhere, spot lights, flashing blue lights from police cars, white flashes

from photographer’s flash bulbs. The whole of the countries police force must

have been there along with most of the worlds press.

My dress being a very loose fit, it soon began to slide down my waist and

hips. I still had my hands on my head so couldn’t do anything about it. As I

was ushered towards the waiting helicopter, my dress slipped further and

further until it was down round my knees and then my ankles.

At that point I couldn’t walk properly and promptly tripped up landing flat on

my face. That’s when all hell let loose.

Some coppers where shouting “Keep down, keep down!” Gun shots where firing,

whizzing over my head. I heard angry shouts, and then it all went quiet.

Next a Policeman was at my side helping me to my feet. “Are you alright miss?”

I looked around. The three bank robbers lay on the floor some distance away,

blood was pooling around them on the tarmac.

The Policeman started to lead me away and I didn’t notice at first, but I’d

stepped right out of my dress. He didn’t have anything to cover me with and I

think I was too dazed to really notice. He led me towards a waiting ambulance.

We had to walk past the waiting media and paparazzi to get there. Then it

struck me. My God! I was totally naked in front of the worlds press and all

these policemen. I was going to be on the front page of every newspaper

totally naked. I bolted for that ambulance as fast as I could, leaving that

Policeman rather startled I think.

I jumped in and pulled the door closed behind me. I was really panicking about

the whole world seeing me naked. My face was flushed bright red with

embarrassment, my boobs ached and my pussy was on fire. I had to rub it for

some relief and then some more and before I knew it I was frigging myself so

fast and so hard a came again and again and again.

I must have passed out then, because I woke up in hospital with a policeman

sat at my bedside. Well after a while they said I could go home, but to come

down to the police station tomorrow to make a statement. I phoned Stacey to

bring me some clothes and here I am at home safe and sound.

Not sure I’ll put all that business in the van down in my statement. Think I

might just keep that to myself, along with that last bit in the ambulance too.

THE END

THE BANK RAID AFTERMATH

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PART ONE

It’s now two days after the bank raid and I would have thought things would be

getting back to normal, but if anything life has been just as crazy. I’m

writing all this down again just to prove to myself that I’m not going mad.

Well it was a bit of an ordeal at the police station, having to make that

statement and reliving everything was very embarrassing. I was quite hot and

bothered by the end, if you know what I mean.

The three robbers are dead, they died at the airfield, so there’ll be no trial

or anything and I didn’t dare tell them what happened to me in the van or

afterwards in the ambulance. I did have to explain how I ended up naked

however. They must have thought I was a little crazy for wearing such a short

dress with no underwear. I just told them that the strap must have snapped

whilst been manhandled out of the van and that it was just too hot to be

wearing underwear etc, they seemed to buy it.

Tom is OK. They kept him in hospital over night just to be sure, but he’s

right as rain now.

He went to the police station with me to make his own statement. Fortunately I

was able to speak to him first so that he wouldn’t tell them anything I didn’t

want him to. He thinks I’m very brave, bless him. We went for a drink

afterwards and that’s when I found out I’d become rather famous.

Just outside the café there is a newsstand and on the front of nearly every

paper was me! Totally naked! NAKED GIRL FLEES ARMED ROBBERS one said. SHE LOST

MORE THAN HER DEPOSIT said another. I buried my head in my hands when I saw

them, totally embarrassed yet oddly excited too. Tom told me not to worry and

that I had a great body and that I should be proud. Nice words but it wasn’t

him making the headlines. He then said that no one would probably recognise me

with my clothes on anyway. Trying to make light humour out of the situation I

guess. Think he must have been a little embarrassed too having seen my pussy

so up close like that. Anyway we seemed to get on really well and so arranged

to have dinner that night. I found out he didn’t have a girlfriend after all,

so I think my luck must be improving.

Stacey has been brilliant. She’s running the betting shop single handed whilst

Tom and I recover from our ordeal. She fetched me some clothes to the hospital

and then drove me home. She’s been a real friend.

I don’t know where she gets her energy from. She came right round here after

work yesterday to help me get ready for dinner with Tom. Just as well she did,

because I was all for going in as many clothes as I could get on. In the end

she persuaded me to wear a nice skirt and jacket with a white blouse and I

made definitely sure to wear some underwear. I had it in my mind to never be

without ever again!

“You’ve got to try and be as normal as you ever were.” She told me. “Just do

things the way you would have done before.”

Hmm, well I might have gone without before, but not just now, I needed to get

my confidence back.

Tom picked me up at eight and we had a lovely meal. It was so easy to chat to

him. I wondered why we’d never done this before. Probably something to do with

him being my boss and thinking he was spoken for. Anyway, by the end of the

meal and several bottles of wine later we were both getting a little tipsy and

talk soon got round to the previous day’s events.

“I should have known Stacey was right when she said you had no underwear on.”

Tom laughed.

“Really, I seem to recall you said you didn’t have any on too.” I laughed back.

“Yes, a great come back line I thought. But it was certainly a site to behold

in the bank.” He told me. “You have a beautiful body. I only wish it had been

in better circumstances and I could have enjoyed it more.”

I blushed but felt rather pleased at the same time.

“Stacey told me you and her dare each other sometimes, just like that morning in the shop.”

“She did, did she?” Fancy telling Tom that. “Not sure she should be telling you that. I’ll have to have words with her.”

“Don’t be cross with her. It sounds like fun. I was kind of hoping that you

might like to do a little dare for me.”

“A dare?” I was a little surprised and if it hadn’t been for the alcohol, a

little concerned. “Just what did you have in mind?” I asked.

“Well…” He paused for a moment. “I thought you might like to go to the ladies

room and erm take off your bra and bring it back here.” He quickly finished,

then added, “There are very few people in here and it might help to bring some

confidence back.”

“I bet Stacey put you up to this. She’s not here is she? Hiding somewhere?” I

looked round, but there were only us two and another couple sitting several

tables away. The waiter had disappeared into the back somewhere.

“No not at all!” He laughed.

Well I thought about it for a while. The alcohol and the wicked side of my

nature wanted to do it, but after the bank robbery I wasn’t so sure I could.

“OK I’m going to the ladies room now anyway.” I told him. “I need to pee and

I’ll think about it, but I can’t promise I’ll do it.”

“Look it’s OK if you really don’t want too.” He assured me. “I’ll still be

here for you whatever.”

PART TWO

The ladies room was quite small, just one stall, a sink and a mirror. After

peeing I looked at myself in the mirror. Took off my jacket and looked again.

My blouse was a little sheer, you could see my white bra underneath and so if

I took it off, you’d be able to see my nipples. However with the jacket back

on, no one would be any the wiser. So I decided to go for it.

I undid my blouse and slipped it off, as I went to unhook my bra I noticed my

hands were trembling a little, but the alcohol had given me a boost of

courage, so off it came. I looked in the mirror again, my bare boobs starring

back at me. Not bad I thought to myself cupping them and giving a light

squeeze. I put my blouse back on and did up the buttons then had another look

in the mirror. Yes you could see my nipples through the thin material, but you

would have to be up fairly close in order to do so. Just thinking about this

and knowing Tom was waiting for me out in the restaurant began to make my

nipples harden. Maybe I could enjoy this after all. Then I had a wicked

thought and a big smile came onto my face. I undid the blouse again and took

it off. I folded it up as small as I could and then put it into my handbag

along with the bra. I then put on just my jacket and did it up. You could see

a little cleavage at the top, but you’d never know I didn’t have a bra on

underneath. I then set off back to our table grinning to myself ear to ear.

The restaurant was still quiet, just us and that other couple who seemed very

engrossed in their own conversation and didn’t even notice me walking by. I

sat down and saw that Tom had a big smile on his face, nearly as large as the

one on mine.

“Did you loose something?” He asked, clearly noticing my cleavage and lack of blouse.

“Well you did ask me to remove something did you not?” I replied naughtily.

“Yes, but I think you removed the wrong item.”

I opened my handbag and took out the bra I’d just taken off. I handed it to

him still rolled up so he wouldn’t instantly see what it was. As soon as I let

go it unfurled open jumping out off his open hand and falling across his dinner plate.

Just then the waiter arrived to take our order for coffee. I think we both

went bright red, but he acted like he didn’t see it lying there.

“Wow!” Said Tom; as soon as the waiter left, you actually did it.” He scooped

up my bra and quickly stuffed it into his pocket. “I’d love to know just what

you do have on under there.”

“I just bet you would.” I grinned. “Well let’s see, you’ve already seen my

pussy up close, but I don’t think you got to see my boobies did you? So being

as you’ve been so good to me…”

I undid the buttons on my jacket as I said that, then gripped a lapel in each

hand and pulled open revealing my naked B cup breasts in all their glory,

nipples fully extended and rock hard.

“Wow!” Exclaimed Tom; his jaw dropping open. “They are bloody beautiful.”

We sat like that for a good minute or two whilst he took in the view, but then

the waiter came back with our coffees, so I quickly closed my jacket and held

it closed until he had left again.

I didn’t bother doing up the buttons, but let it hang over my boobs loose as

we drank our coffee. Occasionally Tom got a flash of nipple as I moved

position or raised my coffee cup.

After a while Tom asked if I’d be up for another little dare.

“You know Brenda; it’d be great if you’d show me that sweet pussy of yours

again. It was so beautiful the other day I’d just love to see it again. How

about you remove your panties and flash me under the table? Would you dare do that?”

Well in this current mood I was up for almost anything. I think there must

have been more alcohol in that coffee!

“Hmm.” I pondered. “Well I can’t keep nipping to the ladies room, it’ll look

odd. Let me try something.”

I tried hitching my skirt up under the table, but it was just a bit too long

and awkward to do in this position. I looked round to make sure no one could

see, then undid my skirt at the back and pulled down the zip. Then raising

myself slightly, I pulled the skirt down off my ass; I then sat again and let

the skirt drop down my legs to the floor. God knows what I would have done had

the waiter come back. I raised myself up again and got a hold of my panties

and pulled them down. I don’t think Tom could see too much yet because of the

table in-between us. I let my panties drop to my feet and then kicked them off.

“OK Tom, if you look under the table now, you might get a good view.”

He didn’t need telling twice. He ducked under and I opened up my legs as wide

as I could. I was really turned on and he’d be able to see I was really moist.

I kept looking round to make sure no one was looking; then I put both hands

down to my pussy and pulled open my labia as far as it would stretch. I

couldn’t see Tom, but knew he was getting the best view of my pussy he’s ever

seen. I even flicked my clit a couple of times with my finger, which sent

shivers of pleasure all through my body.

There was a bump under the table and an “Ouch!” from Tom. He’d banged his

head, trying to get a closer look. So I decided that had better be it for now

and closed my legs. When he came out and sat up on his chair, he got another

surprise. I’d let my jacket slip off and so was sitting there totally naked laughing at him.

“Jesus! I can’t believe you’re doing this. You are so cool, this is fantastic.”

I was really enjoying teasing him and all thoughts of the bank robbery had left my mind.

“I think it’s time we got out of here, don’t you?” I said.

“Sure, I’ll just get the bill.”

I pulled on my jacket again and this time did up the buttons, then I retrieved

my skirt from the floor and pulled it back on in a half sitting half standing

position. I looked for my panties, but they had mysteriously disappeared.

Tom came back after paying the bill and we left for home. I didn’t mention my

panties but could guess where they had gone to.

He dropped me off and I invited him in for a nightcap, but he had to decline

due to the fact he had an early start in the morning. He had to catch up on

some work at the betting shop and give Stacey some time off for all the extra

work she had been doing. We kissed for the first time, long and lingering. But

then he really had to go. He must have some strong will power that one.

Instead we agreed to meet the following night for dinner again. This meant I

had to take Mr Rabbit to bed instead!

PART THREE

Stacey came round this morning. She was in a very bright and giddy mood and

was bursting to tell me something. She’d brought a couple of newspapers with

her; The Sun for one.

But first she wanted to know how it had gone the night before with Tom and me.

So I told her every little detail and admonished her jokingly for having told

Tom about our little dares.

“See, I told you to just be your old self.” She said.

“Yes, well it was a lot of fun.” I agreed.

“Are you seeing him again?”

“Yes tonight.”

“Woo Eee!!!” She squealed with delight.

After a moment or two of giddiness and self congratulations she showed me ‘The

Sun’ newspaper and the real reason why she’d come round so early.

“Look at this Brenda; they’ve started a campaign to find out who the naked

girl was at Berwick airfield. They want to do an interview and picture spread.

Isn’t it great! You’re going to be really famous.”

I took the newspaper from her with some trepidation. “But I don’t want to be

famous.” I told her. “Not for being naked anyway.” There was a picture of me

too, running from the van. Thankfully this one was a little blurry.

“But they want to pay you £10,000 pounds for an exclusive.” Continued Stacey.

“It’ll be really great. I bet you’d enjoy it. Think of all that money.

“I don’t want the whole world seeing me naked again Stacey! It was too

embarrassing the first time. This, this would be on purpose, I couldn’t do it.”

“£10,000 pounds.” She repeated.

“I know, but I’d be too scared and everyone would definitely know it was me.”

“£10.000 pounds.” She repeated again. “Brenda you have a fantastic body, you

could be a supermodel. This could get you noticed big time.”

“Getting noticed is what I’m afraid off.”

“It’d all be over with within a couple of hours. Quick interview, quick click

of the camera and ‘bob’s your uncle’, £10,000 pounds in the bank.”

“It’s a nice thought Stacey, but no, I don’t think so.”

“That’s a pity.” Stacey said pouting and looking rather sad. “They’re coming here to pick you up in 10 minutes.”

“WHAT!!!”

“Sorry, I thought you’d be up for it. I’m really sorry Brenda, I phoned them first thing. Thought it would be great.”

“Oh my god Stacey, what have you done?”

Just then there was a knock on the door. “It’s them!” Exclaimed Stacey. “Go

get changed, I’ll let them in.”

Well I couldn’t believe what was happening. How could she do this to me, she’s

supposed to be my best friend. I ran into the bedroom, more to hide than to

get changed. A few moments later Stacey peaked round the door.

“They’re here. Please say you’ll do it Brenda. OK, so it’ll be a little embarrassing at first, but you’ll enjoy it really. I know you will.” She had that devilish glint in her eyes and I knew she was probably right. But it was still scary.

“Ok I’ll do it.” I decided. “But there’s one condition.

“What? Anything?”

“You have to pose in the pictures with me.”

“What Naked?”

“Yep.” Ha that got her. Now who looked shocked?

“Err, but it’s you they want, not me. That would be silly.”

“Well if you do it, I’ll give you half the money. It’ll be far easier if we

both do it. I won’t feel as embarrassed.”

“Well…” She pondered. “If you’re sure. I suppose I could.”

Suddenly feeling brave, I grabbed hold of Stacey’s hand before she could

change her mind and pulled her out of my bedroom to great the reporter. I was

surprised to see it was a woman and the photographer with her was a woman too.

Perhaps this wasn’t so bad after all.

PART FOUR

They drove us to the airfield where I’d flashed the world only a few days ago.

We did the interview in the car to save time and they were more than happy to have Stacey in the pictures too. Despite her protest. They said it would be a great angle for the storey. The two betting shop girls from Berwick. Yeah they liked that.

So we arrived at the airfield and were quite relieved to see it looked

deserted. No paparazzi here today. It was another lovely hot day so being

naked out here should be OK.

The photographer decided where she wanted us to pose and so it was time for us

to undress. I slipped off the knee length summer dress I was wearing and as I

wasn’t wearing underwear today, that was it. I stood there totally naked in

the open air, my nipples instantly standing to attention.

Stacey was still nervous, but slowly removed her clothes. Her T-shirt first,

revealing those large D cup breasts with her large nipples and dark brown

areola. Then off came the shorts she had on. This time revealing that she too

had no underwear on and that she was quite aroused. Her shaven outer lips

swollen and a rather large clit sticking right out.

Seeing her like that got me rather turned on too. I just hoped it didn’t show

as much as it was with her. Anyway, we did several poses then it was decided

to do some more over by a small hanger. We walked there naked across the

runway and I have to admit it felt rather good. It made a difference that only

us four girls where there.

We posed some more and started really getting into it. We even did a few

rather risqué ones like pushing our boobs up together and pretending to kiss.

It was a right laugh. Then the photographer said she’d gotten some real good

pictures and that we were finished. Suddenly we heard a large clap of

applause. About five blokes had come out of the hanger; they must have been

working in there and seen most of our shoot.

We nearly jumped out of our skins when we saw them. Stacey screamed and we

both bolted for the car. Unfortunately it was way over the other side of the

runway. We must have looked a right pair streaking across the tarmac.

Especially Stacey with her large breasts bouncing all the way. The workers

where shouting, whistling and cheering all the time. Some had camera phones

and where taking pictures. I guess we really made their day. Worse still, when

we got to the car, it was locked. Then we also realised that we’d left our

clothes behind where we did the first few pictures. The Sun’s reporter and

photographer took their time getting to the car too, both of them laughing

their arses off whilst we danced around in panic trying to cover our private

bits and trying to hide behind the car.

“Oh my god what a rush.” Said Stacey later, once we’d gotten into the car.

“That was unbelievable.”

I had to agree and at that point it wasn’t over, because we still had no

clothes. They had to drive us home totally naked. You’d have though they’d

have something in the car for us to cover ourselves with, but they said not. I

think they thought it very amusing and seemed to drive very slowly through

town. Loads of people must have seen us.

By the time we did get home my pussy was practically dripping with juice.

Stacey looked totally flushed and about to burst too.

It’s a good job I’d left my handbag in the car; otherwise I’d have no keys and

would have been locked out. What would we have done then? There were more wolf

whistles and cheering as we left the car and made our way inside. Some

teenagers where playing football in the street and another neighbour was

working on his car. I’d never be ale to look him in the face again.

Finally we got in and Stacey bolted for the bathroom. I collapsed on the sofa,

my hand reaching between my legs without thinking. I could hear some moaning

coming from the bathroom. Wonder what she was doing in there? My orgasm built

fast and hard my whole body going into spasm as I rocked on the sofa.

When Stacey finally came out of the bathroom she looked totally spent and

collapsed onto the sofa next to me. We both burst out laughing uncontrollably.

We must have stayed like that for nearly an hour. Too exhausted to move.

Finally I was able to get up and found Stacey some clothes to borrow. Once

she’d gone home I phoned Tom to confirm we were still on for dinner tonight. I

told him there was a slight change of plan though. I was cooking and he was to

come over here. There was no way he was going to escape tonight.

THE END