**The Little Bakery**

Aroobachew

The alarm sounded, 3am Sunday morning, a soft mumbling groan emanated from beneath the pink bed sheets and a slender arm reached out gently, the hand flapping around in the air trying to find the repetitive noise that had rudely awoken her.  
  
The hand grabbed at the round ball shaped alarm and in one swift move flung it across the room hitting the far wall silencing its cries. Ten minutes later the alarm cried out again and two arms reached out from the covers pulling them down to her waist. The strawberry blonde teenager stretched out, pushing her arms out wide, a thin smile appearing on her lips.  
“First day.” she muttered quietly to herself and slid out of bed, her feet slipping straight into a pair of neatly positioned slippers.  
  
Standing up she reached round and pulled her pink boy shorts out from her small round bottom and shuffled around the big double bed with her eyes still closed. Wiping the sleep from her eyes she walked down the corridor of the old Tudor house complete with warped floor boards towards the bathroom and shut the door.

Precisely twenty minutes later Amie emerged from the bathroom refreshed and clean. Wrapped tightly in a little bath towel, she looked at the clock on the wall. 15 minutes to get ready and out the door. Amie dropped the towel and stopped briefly to watch herself in the full length mirror. She stood hands on hips staring at her own reflection, her eyes scanned down from her neck and shoulders to her perfectly round 34b chest. She loved her breasts, her hands slipped underneath and softly pushed them up then let them fall again smiling to herself. With her hands on her waist she slowly turned round and looked over her shoulder at her round bottom. She frowned and sighed. She had always wanted a small bottom like all the other girls not this full round thing that followed her around sticking out, but it fitted her body perfectly.  
  
She looked at the digital clock, 3:30am, sighed and walked over to the chest of draws where she kept her underwear neatly placed in rows, separated into sections by colour and style. Amie opened the chest of draws and peered inside the top draw............ NOTHING!! There was no underwear at all, no thongs no bras no panties. Nothing. Just an empty draw. She opened up the other draws checking frantically for anything. “Where are they?” A hint of desperation in her voice now.  
Suddenly it dawned on her and clutching the towel tightly to her chest she raced downstairs. Rascal the white and black collie cross looked up nonchalantly as Amie stepped over him ignoring his whimpers and wagging tail and headed straight for the cellar, her towel flapping open behind.  
  
A slight tug at her chest stopped her abruptly in her tracks. She looked down and saw her towel had separated, exposing her whole lower body. Looking round behind her and seeing Rascal with the end of the towel in his mouth, his tail wagging quickly, she whispered, “Rascal let go. NOW!!”. He paid no attention to her and lowered his front legs arching his back downwards his front paws in a wide stance ready to pull. “I can’t play now, really please let go, there’s a good dog.” she whispered as loudly as she dared.  
  
With lightning quick reflexes Rascal whipped the towel off completely and before she could react scrapped it into a ball, raised his lips as if smiling back at her and promptly plonked himself down right on top of it! She immediately covered herself, one hand between the thighs the other across her breasts. She gave up the towel. There was no point wasting time on it as Rascal was not going to give it up without a struggle and that would wake the rest of the house.  
  
Amie opened the door to the cellar. When her bare feet connected with the cold stone steps, she shivered. Amie had always hated the cellar and its cold stone floors, the nooks and crannies. She always felt like she was being watched by something or someone. She tried to laugh off her fears as being silly. She was 18 now, not a little girl anymore. She breathed deeply and strode down the steps, turned the corner and flicked on the little light switch. The light blinked a few times then came on and she stepped lightly across the floors to the washing machine.  
  
A note rested on top “Amie, I had a slight problem with the washing machine. It keeps cutting out during cycles. Dad will look at it in the morning. Love Mum P.s If you’re short of underwear then maybe next time you won’t leave it so long to wash your things!!” Amie stared at the note in disbelief, shook her head and screwed it up launching it across the cellar in disgust, more at herself than anyone else. How could she have been so stupid?  
  
Making her way back upstairs she opened up the draws again hoping to find something she had missed. Nestled at the back of the draw was her pink string bikini. Grabbing it she slid the bottoms up her toned thighs shaking her head. Could she get away with this? This would surely show up under her white outfit, wouldn’t it? There was no time to think about it now. “It will have to do.” she said to herself.  
She slipped on her jeans, t-shirt and a hooded top and took off down the stairs and left the house into the cold night air and its eerily quiet darkness.  
  
The Mini Cooper sped along the narrow roads twisting and turning before hitting the ring road that surrounds the town. A few minutes later Amie turned into the multi storey carpark that joined onto the big shopping center.  
  
Dan Harding leaned up against the wall opposite the entrance waiting. From there he had a good view of anyone arriving. He looked at his watch. 3:53am. She should be here soon. He hoped she would see the funny side of what the others had planned. Not many had the stomach or bottle to “run the shop” these days.  
  
He watched as a young girl approached the entrance, then stopped, then looked around puzzled. “This must be her.” he thought and stepped from his hiding place.  
“Hi, are you the new girl?” he said extending his hand out towards her.  
“Yes. Hi... I’m Amie, Amie Knoode.” She almost cringed everytime she had to say that and it always brought a smile to people’s faces.  
  
“Hi Amie. I’m Dan. I’ll be showing you the ropes today. Lets go inside and sort you out some whites.” Amie followed Dan through the large double door, “This door leads on to the back of the bakery.” Dan smiled, “Just further along here you have our store room and changing rooms.” Dan took Amie down towards the changing rooms and through the small door at the end where he flicked on a light.  
The room was just a series of different lockers on either side of the room; at the back was a door marked toilet.  
  
“The right hand side lockers are where our new whites are put each week. Every baker gets a locker with their whites in.” Dan showed Amie a small key, then opened a locker at the bottom. Pulling out one pair of trousers and top he handed them over.  
  
Amie held out the trousers in front of her and carefully looked them over inspecting every square foot of fabric.  
“Problems?” asked Dan, quickly noticing the troubled look on Amie’s face.  
  
“N...n..no.” Amie stuck her arm down the trouser leg.  
  
“Don’t worry.” Dan laughed, “Only bright underwear shows up.” Dan walked out the door shouting back at Amie, “I’ll wait for you out here.” Then shut the door behind him.  
Amie sarcastically whispered the phrase “Only bright underwear shows up.” before shaking her head and sighing just a single word “Great!”.  
  
She slipped off her trainers and unbuttoned her jeans, then slid them off carefully folding them up and placing them in the empty locker in front of her. She tried the trousers on. They were a little long in the leg but with a few turn-ups she could work with them. But they were also big in the waist, about two sizes too big, and slipped down to her hip bones without her holding them up.  
  
Amie put the rest of her things in the locker and slipped the top over head. It was a simple t-shirt with a collar and a button at the top. It was massive and came down to mid-thigh on her. She laughed. ‘At least if my trousers fall down no one will see anything.’ she thought.  
  
“DANNNNNNNN!?” Amie called out sticking her head round the door.  
“What is it?” he asked taking a look at her. “Ok, so it’s a little big then.” he smiled. “Not to worry.” he winked before rummaging in a box near the wall and pulling out a length of string.  
Dan fed the string through two belt loops and pulled them tight and tied a knot.  
  
“Better?”

Amie followed Dan back down the corridor. She could hear music playing from the room ahead and recognised the track from her dad’s CD collection. Dan pointed out the machinery, deck ovens, revent ovens, roll plant and finally the bread plant which was being worked by a tall balding man Dan introduced as Steve, who turned and held out one of his large hands,  
  
“Hi I’m Steve.”  
  
“Amie.” and shook his hand, “It’s the Charlatans, patrol chemical brothers remix right?”  
  
There was a look of pleasant surprise on Steve’s face.  
“Yes it is. I thought you kids had no taste in music these days?” he smiled.  
  
“My dad is a fan and played their stuff to me all the time.”  
  
Steve turned to Dan, “I like her!”.  
  
The door that leads to the shop floor swung open and Amie turned to see a girl walk through. She had dark curly hair that hung down to her neck, her face was slightly pale and she looked like she had come straight in from partying, her eyes were brown and she was about the same height as her but she had a confident strut that made her look taller to Amie somehow.  
  
She walked straight up to Amie and put her arms round her waist pulling her closer and smacked a kiss on her lips. The kiss caught her off guard and it was a few seconds before she pulled away, surprised and embarrassed she was about to ask who the hell this girl thought she was, when everyone started laughing.  
  
“This is Emily,” Dan said, “and the guy lurking round the ovens is Scott.”  
  
Emily turned to where Scott was standing, “That’s twenty you owe me now boy.” pointing a finger accusingly at him while grinning. “MOUSE!” she shouted out loudly and a little skinny girl with glasses and straight brown hair stuck her head round the door. She smiled and did a little wave before scurrying back to the shop front.  
  
Emily headed towards the door to the shop but stopped short of opening it and turned towards Amie. “Nice panties by the way.” she smiled. All Amie could do was blush trying not to draw attention to her brightly coloured underwear.  
  
For the next few hours Amie stood watching Dan as he worked on the roll plant. Pieces of dough were rolling along a conveyer belt and dropping onto another one underneath that one and Dan was picking up six at a time and placing them onto some neatly stacked trays. There seemed to be a rhythm to the way he worked like he was working in time with the music. It looked easy and she was keen to try it herself.  
“Can I try?”  
“Sure if you think you’re ready.” Dan winked.  
They swapped round and the machine started up again except this time the dough seemed to be going much faster than before and Amie struggled to keep up as the dough fell off the end of the conveyer belt into a catch tray, which was slowly building up with pieces of dough she had missed. She was becoming flustered and Dan pressed a button and the belt slowed down.  
  
“Not so easy is it?”  
  
“How do you do it?” she asked almost pleading.  
  
“Practice. With time you’ll get better but try to get in a rhythm 1-2-3-4........1-2-3-4.” Dan picked up the dough showing Amie and she copied him mouthing silently 1-2-3-4.  
Slowly she began to find it easier and Dan felt confident enough to leave her alone for a bit.  
Dan pushed the door open and stepped through to the shop front. There were three counters set out like a horse shoe. Emily and Louise, better known as Mouse, were busy filling shelves with bread and rolls.  
  
“Is everything set?” Dan asked.  
  
“Yeah, we should be ready to go. Are you sure she’s ready for this though? She looks like a runner to me.” Emily said leaning against the counter.  
“If she’s as stubborn as her sister says she is, I think we will have a winner.”  
  
Emily smiled, “You care to make a bet on that? I’ve already taken Scott’s money this morning.”  
Dan smiled, “On one condition...”  
  
7:40AM  
Amie was busy helping Mouse filling the shelves who in turn was telling her about how last night Emily had practically stripped this guy naked on the dance floor who thought a quick feel of Emily’s bottom was just what she was after. Amie laughed at the way her arms flailed about describing every last detail of this jerk’s ordeal.  
  
Her attention was so focused on the story she failed to notice the small army of bodies sneaking through the door behind her.  
It was too late to do anything as she was hoisted up in the air and over counter and out to the middle of the shop.  
  
“What’s going on?” she shrieked.  
  
“You may or may not know that here at the Little Bakery we have a tine honoured tradition that dates back to the 40s. It all started just before June 6th 1944 when Alice Broadbottom, in an effort to raise the spirits of our sea bound troops ran the length of the high street clad only in her under garments. Over the years it has changed slightly but we have kept this tradition alive and in the spirit of that pioneer you will now run the length of the shop in YOUR underwear.......... and only underwear!!” Dan said this while pacing back and forth in front of Amie like a General addressing his troops.  
  
“WHATTTT???” screamed Amie, “M...M..My U..Underwear?”  
  
Emily walked up behind Amie and her hands slipped round her waist, her body pressing up against Amie’s back, her warm breathe tickled on Amie’s slender neck, lips practically caressing the words into her ear, she whispered so quietly that only Amie heard them, “I do hope for your sake that you’re wearing proper underwear and not a bright pink string bikini under these baggy pants because........” Emily paused for a fraction of a second drawing it out, “if you are, that would be unfortunate, as it’s underwear only.”  
  
Those last two words were like a catalyst and Amie suddenly felt weak at the knees and would have crumbled to the floor had Emily not been holding her up.  
Amie’s face dropped, her eyes darted left and right looking for an escape route or a sympathetic face, but all she found was stony glares and sly smiles.  
  
“Prepare the initiate!” Smiles appeared on faces as they closed in on her, their arms raised poised to strike.  
Like a wave crashing up the shore she was suddenly swept up and carried out of the shop, hushed giggles and muffled voices coursed the air around her, eyes tight shut, stomach racing she heard the lift doors close behind her and for the briefest of moments all was quiet. The lift door pinged and as if someone had hit the play button the giggling and whispering started again.  
  
The moving had stopped and she felt her trainers slide off her feet. She could feel Emily’s and Mouse’s fingers as they slipped inside her socks and in unison they were gone. The hands worked their way up her calves, over her thighs and she felt the string on her trousers loosen between Emily’s fingers. Mouse’s hands undid the button on her trousers and both girls grabbed a side each and slowly pulled them down. Amie looked up and watched as those wonderful trousers, those beautiful blue and white gingham trousers slid down her legs inch by inch exposing more and more of her white firm thighs.  
Steve held her right side and Dan the left, their hands under her bikini clad bottom. She was now sitting upright in their arms. Emily held one trouser leg, Mouse the other. Scott stood between them slightly behind. Amie looked around and noticed she was now on the second floor of the shopping centre. A few metres away was the edge of the second floor. Overlooking the floor below was a black railing stretched all the way along like the designers had tried to make the inside look like a Victorian high street.  
  
Amie watched as her trousers sailed over the railing onto the floor below, her face burned red as she realised Scott had a clear view between her legs and the only thing protecting her modesty was a thin strip of pink material. She hoped everything was still in place, that the material was not betraying her. She tried to push the thoughts that every line, bump and curve of her mound was probably clearly visible under that slender pink material, but her mind began to tease and taunt her, the same phrase echoed in her head as if being sung by laughing dancing children,  
  
“YOUR GOING TO END UP NAKED, YOU’RE GOING TO END UP NAKED, NAKED, NAKED, AMIE’S GOING TO END UP NAKED...”  
  
Her shirt was being slowly pulled up over her stomach which tensed revealing her flat toned abs. One side of her bikini bottoms had slipped down over her hip bones.  
  
Her arms were being pushed back inside the sleeves. The hands that were stripping her were careful and delicately soft making sure she was not hurt. The bottom of the shirt slid over her face and vanished and she felt herself being lowered, her feet touching the ground again. Her five co-workers spread out slowly forming a semi circle around their victim, pushing her back against the black railings of the mezzanine floor she was on.  
  
Steve, Scott and Dan stepped back slowly turning towards the lift. They stepped inside, “She is all yours Em.” Dan shot her a look that said ‘you know what’s expected’ before disappearing from view leaving Amie all alone with Emily and Mouse.  
  
“Ok. This is how it’s going to work. You are going to wait here until you hear my voice tell you to go. Then you’re going to make your way along this floor all the way along to the lift at the other entrance, where you will get in and take the lift down to the ground floor and back to the shop below.” Emily was staring straight at Amie.  
  
“What!!! Dressed like this are you crazy! People will see me, I’ll be nearly naked.......”  
  
Amie blinked and in an instant the two girls had closed the gap between them and were now inches away from her.  
  
“Don’t worry, you won’t be nearly naked.” said Mouse from one side.  
  
“You’ll be NAKED!” said Emily from the other. It seemed to Amie that she was being attacked by two octopuses by the amount of hands she was blocking. She felt the ties on her neck fall down forward and with one arm she quickly caught it, clutching it to her chest before it exposed her breasts.  
  
“STOP IT NOW.......Don’t you dare. Dan said underwear only!” swatting Mouse’s hand away from the tie on the side as she said this.  
  
“But you already have realised, haven’t you,” both girls said in unison, ” that what you’re wearing is NOT UNDERWEAR, IS IT?”  
  
“But I am wearing them as underwear!!!!!”  
  
“Sorry that’s a technicality. Rules are rules.” Emily had a sideways glance at Mouse.  
And both girls grabbed one side of the bikini bottoms, each pulling at the same time and the bottoms fell away. Amie attempted to grab them back but Emily was too quick and pulled them away from her grasp. Realising she was bottomless Amie dropped into crouching position exposing her back to Mouse who undid the final string on Amie’s back. Amie did not fight anymore as her top was pulled away from her.  
  
“Oh god.....oh god.......oh god.....”  
  
The two girls pulled Amie up into a standing position, one arm across her chest the other between her legs. Her breathing was fast and she was beginning to hyperventilate.  
  
“Just breathe in and out slowly.”  
  
“That’s easy for you to say. You’re not NAKED!” Amie screamed, the shock at her predicament had now turned to anger.  
  
“You can’t force me to do this.” Amie said.  
  
“No, your right we can’t.”  
  
This caught Amie off guard and she looked at Emily inquisitively.  
  
“Yes of course you don’t have to do it. You can go home right now if you want to.”  
  
“I can?” Amie thought this was her way out, an escape route, but her face dropped when she heard Emily’s next few words.  
  
“But of course we will keep anything still left in the bakery and send it to you in a few days.” Emily was almost laughing. She loved saying that giving Amie a glimmer of hope then taking it away.  
  
“But my clothes and car keys are still in there.” Her face was bright red. There was no choice, she would either do this task and run through the shopping centre naked or walking the few miles back to her house naked which would almost definitely expose her to more than a few people.  
  
“Oh, we’re not that cruel. You can have your car keys back but your clothes stay here.”  
  
“Drive home naked? I..I..can’t do that, people will see, our neighbours get up early on Sundays.”  
“It’s your choice. You can do this task and maybe find out about yourself or you can drive home and forget today ever happened.”  
  
Amie looked down at her bare feet and sighed. When she looked back up Emily was pressing the button to call the lift.  
  
“Hands on the railings sweetie.” Emily called out.  
Amie did as commanded and reluctantly grabbed the railing with both hands all the time looking around to catch anyone watching her.  
  
“Amie.” Emily called out and she looked back over her shoulder and saw the flash of a camera go off. The two girls laughed and the lift doors closed leaving her naked and alone.  
Emily felt the lift doors close behind her, “I hope your right about her, Mouse. I don’t want to have made that bet only to find out she’s not the one we are looking for.”  
  
Mouse could hear the nerves in Emily’s voice. “Don’t worry. She’s the one. Before you know it she’ll be one of us.” Mouse reached out and held Emily’s hand. Her confidence eased Emily’s fears and together they whispered the words  
  
“One of us.”

**A LITTLE WHILE EARLIER**

“On one condition.” Dan smiled back at Emily. He knew what she was like. She had a habit of going a little too far and her past actions with initiates had caused one or two problems.  
“I don’t want a repeat of the Clare incident again.” Dan said sternly staring at Emily as she smiled remembering.  
  
Clare “Tubbs” Taylor was a girl of the larger persuasion that Emily and Mouse had prepared just like Amie. Except Emily had forgotten to tell her about the security guard wandering the shopping centre.  
Clare got such a shock that she ran into a size up’s window and got a concussion which caused her to fall back on top of the infinitely smaller Eric Shone, the centres aging security manager.  
It took four men to lift her off him and Eric had had a problem with The Little Bakery ever since. The headline in the local paper had been plastered all over the centre the following week, “NAKED GIRL FLATTENS 5FT ERIC SHONE”.  
  
“Ok what is this condition you want to add in?”  
  
“If you lose and she does come back, then whatever she comes back in is what you will be spending the rest of your shift wearing.” Dan knew he was in a win-win situation as he knew what she was like. Emily was sure to leave Amie naked up there. Which meant if he won he would have two naked girls serving the customers, because everybody knew that Mouse would never let Emily do it alone. And if he lost then trouble would be avoided.  
Emily thought hard for a few moments. She had not expected Dan to bring this in.  
  
“Ok. We have a deal then.”  
  
7:50am  
  
  
Amie stood clutching the railings. The few seconds it took the lift to descend seemed like hours. Her whole mind was screaming “RUN RUN RUN” so why was she still standing there like a naked statue? Why did she just grab the railings as soon as that bloody girl said so? But there was one big question that danced about in her head. Why was she getting aroused? Was she a freak or something? She must be sick to be getting aroused from something so humiliating!  
  
She breathed in, trying to calm herself, to find a quiet spot in her head from all the feelings and thoughts that were crashing around up there. The voice that she was dreading hearing broke her momentary peace.  
  
“Hey knoodey girl. It’s time and you better hurry up and get a move on. The centre opens the shutters in ten minutes and those customers will come flooding in.” The smile emanating from Emily’s full lips made it evident that she was loving this, ”Oh and one more little thing I forgot to tell you. Watch out for the security guard. He has a little problem with naked girls running about his centre.”  
  
“That is great! Thank you for telling me. Anything else you may have ‘forgotten’ to tell me?” an agitated Amie fired back down.  
  
“Nope........just good luck.” Emily gave Amie a big cheesy grin and the thumbs up before disappearing from view. Only Mouse was left standing there looking up.  
  
“She thinks you have no chance, that you’re going to run and leave us. But I know you can do it.”  
  
Mouse’s words were genuine. She tried to show Amie she had confidence in her, “We both did it so can you.” Her tiny fist punched the air as she said it. Then she too was gone.  
  
Left alone with her thoughts Amie fought back the urge to run. She would show her! She could do this! Pumping herself up like boxer before a big fight. ‘Come on, Amie. Just one foot in front of the other,.It’s just a few minutes nudity.’ she told herself. She plied her hands from the railings, it was like they were stuck fast, turned and faced the door marked stairs.  
  
Salvation lay beyond that door, down the stairs and into the relative safety of her little car. She wanted out to go home, to run away. Emily was right she was a runner, she didn’t have it in.  
So it came as a bit of a surprise when she walked off in the opposite direction. She reached the edge of the window to the first shop. Instincts had taken over and one hand gripped tightly between her legs the other like a vice stuck fast to her chest.  
  
Cautiously peering inside, noticing no one was in there, she skipped past quickly. Her pulse was racing, her stomach dancing turning over and over as she did the same for the next few shops.  
About half way down the row of shops she was walking past another shop window when something inside moved and she jumped sideways panicking. She looked around not knowing which way to run only daring to look over her shoulder with one eye squinting at her watcher.  
  
She laughed and breathed a sigh of relief. It was a full length mirror,.The only person watching her was herself. Looking at the naked reflection in the mirror, the pale skin, wisps of strawberry blonde hair had fallen from her pony tail and hung over her face. Her cheeks were pink, she was bent slightly at the knees, and her breasts were trying their best to escape her grasp. She could feel her nipples pressing into her arm.  
  
The realisation hit her, rising slowly up her body.....She was enjoying this, she was actually getting off on this. The further she got away from the shop, from the safety of her car the more aroused she was getting. Shaking her head she forced herself to snap out of it.  
  
Moving on past more shops she was becoming less and less cautious, her feet moving faster and faster. She reached the point where the shops took off at a ninety degree angle. She had made it a quarter of the way without getting caught. Amie passed the escalator that transported customers between floors. The excitement that she might actually do this evaporated as stopped in her tracks.  
The old clock at the end of this floor, that hung over the other entrance ticked slowly round. It had run for nearly 200 years on and off and was once the town clock that stood in the centre of town. The one thing everybody said about it was how accurate it was. The clock stared back at her as if cruelly laughing..........7:58am!!!  
  
It had taken her eight minutes to move 100 yards and now she was in real danger of being exposed to the town. She tried to ignore the dampness between her legs but she could smell her arousal. If she was not careful......she.....would....no.....not here!! Not now!!  
  
Amie ran forward, her panic was reaching fever pitch. She had to get a hold of it, try to think clearly. The hand between her legs left its position of protection and now helped Amie steady herself as she sprinted towards the lift at the end. The arm covering her breasts was now being used to stop them from bouncing around too much.  
  
The silver reflective surface of the lift appeared closer and closer. The shock of seeing the doors opening stopped her dead. Eric stepped out from the lift slowly, like someone had hit slow motion. They faced each other like a spaghetti western standoff. Eric’s hands hovered around his waist like a gunfighter. Amie’s eye’s caught sight of what his right hand was reaching for........handcuffs.  
They sprung into action, both gunfighters running towards each other. Eric pulled the handcuffs from his waist and slapped one around his right wrist, the other end placed in his right hand ready slap round Amie’s wrist.  
  
The gap closed rapidly and Eric reached out. Like a skilful footballer Amie dropped her shoulder and fainted left, Eric dived to the left and Amie spun round to the right. Poor Eric hit the ground and slid along the floor towards the railing; he instinctively reached out with both hands and grabbed the railings to stop himself hitting them.  
  
Amie turned back quickly to check he was ok. Eric despite his age was still nimble and was already back on his feet, but he was not chasing her. Instead he stood still with his back to her as the handcuff in his right hand had locked around the railing. And he was padding himself down looking for the key.  
  
Without stopping Amie dived into the lift and hit the button to descend. She almost collapsed against the back wall. The level of excitement, that almost getting caught had caused, had shaken her and she was doing her best to contain a full orgasm from exploding out.  
  
Emily and Mouse watched from the doorway of the shop. Both of them tense and nervous waiting patiently to see if Amie would return.  
  
“Where is she? She’s been far too long. Look it’s been 10 minutes already.” Emily said. Mouse watched her. She knew the signs. She knew well enough that Emily only ever got nervous when someone she liked was involved and smiled to herself.  
  
“Well!” Emily looked down at Mouse, “She isn’t coming back is she?”  
  
“I wouldn’t be so sure about that.” Mouse said nudging Emily. Both girls turned and watched as Amie appeared round the corner 100 yards away from them, tearing towards them like a sprinter in full flight. Both their eyebrows rose at the sight.  
  
Their joyful moment was broken as Steve put an arm round each of their shoulders.  
“Look at that! She’s coming back.” There was pride in his voice as he said it. ”You do know what this means though, don’t you?” Both girls looked at each other with wide eyed realisation as Dan who had emerged from the shop threw an apron at each of them.  
  
“Here’s your new uniform ladies.” They looked at each other and gulped. ”You had better get those on. A bet is a bet and you lost fair and square.” Dan said enjoying his victory.  
  
Amie had reached the shop and darted inside, now covering herself up again, her face red and gasping for air. ”Quick, where’s my clothes. The customers will be in soon.” Amie shouted at anyone who would listen.  
  
“Whatever are you talking about? It’s only 8am, it’s Sunday. The centre does not open for another two hours yet!!” Dan said smiling back at her. Amie’s mouth dropped and she turned to where Emily was standing with a look of sympathy on her face, but with hint of a smile.  
  
“Don’t feel stupid. Everyone forgets that.” Emily said looking at Mouse.  
  
“Yeah, everyone does. I did.” Mouse smiled back.  
  
The two girls looked at each other and mouthed the words silently.  
“One of us.”