**The Misfortunes of Ms Lucy Lastic**

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*The amusing tale of a girl who has the unfortunate habit of losing her clothes in public...*

Business was brisk at the DoNut store.

In fact Mr Benito had never witnessed such demand. There was a motley queue of men standing patiently in line, fidgeting, shuffling their feet, before moving eagerly forward to the counter to make their purchase. He scratched his balding head in a perplexed kind of way. Why the sudden rush for the pink DoNut with sprinkles? Of course, it was good for business. But why this sudden surge for the confectionary item that was placed there on the very bottom shelf?

He glanced across the counter. Lucy was serving. A likeable enough temp, smiling and curvaceous in a mature friendly way. She'd mentioned something about her ambitions to make it in ShowBiz, and she was working a booking as Marvo the Magician's assistant at the local Theatre during the evening, and needed a fill-in day-job to make ends meet. A convenient arrangement for both parties. She was wearing the short white uniform coat with the DoNut logo. Yes, he remembered now. Earlier in the day she'd been back in the bake-kitchen and somehow managed to spill a jug of Maple Syrup down herself, drenching her day clothes. Hence she's now wearing just the uniform coat.

It piqued his curiosity. He moved in closer in order to witness proceedings from a better vantage point. A young student-kid with a shock of dark greasy hair was shuffling up to the counter, his hands thrust deep into his sweat-pant pockets. Lucy smiled at him. He mumbled and pointed, shoved his coins across the counter-top. Then he inhaled sharply in anticipation as Lucy turns to retrieve his purchase from the very bottom shelf behind her.

She bends over from the waist. As she bends over the short white uniform coat rides up her thighs inch by inch. Mr Benito found himself gawping with the same hungry fascination as the greasy student-kid as she reaches further down. No panties. The two perfectly curved apricot-round cheeks of her smooth bare bottom are now protruding there beneath the lower hem of the abbreviated garment, and as she reaches into the warm cabinet to retrieve the pink DoNut with sprinkles... Oh God!... between her parted legs, the puckered little kiss-hole of her anus, and further, the smile of her puffy vulva lips with only the sparsest sprinkle of blonde pubic hair to demurely veil that inviting vaginal opening. Mr Benito and the student-kid both stare transfixed in the same shared breathless pause, drinking in that stolen furtive glimpse of such unintended erotic display. He feels his heart pounding up against his ribcage, his hands clammy with lust.

Time slows, falters and stands still for as long as the moment endures. Until she stands, smiling, completely unaware of the effect of what she's just done. She places the DoNut in the tray and hands it over. The kid, his face suffused with befuddled aftershock, mumbles thanks, takes the confectionary and walks away. The awkward movement of his legs in the sweat-pants would seem to indicate he's experiencing some genital-stiffness problems.

Mr Benito watches the next male customer shuffle into place. An older balding gentleman wearing owl-eyed spectacles. His voice is unnaturally high-pitched as he stammers out his order. But Lucy just smiles her beaming smile... Maybe he should intervene? Surely it would be only right to warn his employee what was happening each and every time she bends over? Showing the world her most intimate carnal secrets in such an innocent way? It's unfair to exploit the poor girl in this way. He holds his breath. Watches. Waits for the moment of maximum reveal. Word has got around. It's good for business. See the queue of impatient voyeuristic men standing in line waiting to make a purchase! Perhaps he will tell her once this customer has gone, or the next...? Maybe. Or maybe not. Why unnecessarily draw it to her attention, causing only embarrassment? Better to opt for discretion.

Business continues brisk for the rest of the day. Even when supplies of pink DoNuts with sprinkles runs out and has to be replenished with a fresh batch from the bake-kitchen he ensures that they're placed at the back of the very bottom shelf, in order to ensure their unique element of attraction. Mr Benito rubs his hands together with glee, profits have been very good, in fact they've soared. He feels a sense of warm satisfaction that his DoNuts are bringing such pleasure to the local male population.

He felt that a mild celebration was in order. Why not catch the show at the theatre? He'd not been to see a show for ages, and he was mildly intrigued to see how his day-job waitress functioned as a magician's assistant. So after closing the shop he had a quick microwaved pizza meal, and strolled down the high street to the theatre. It had seen better days. It was shoddy, in need of a make-over. The red carpets are threadbare. The aged ex-military commissionaire is unshaven and smells unpleasantly of nicotine. There are faded posters announcing dubious future attractions, Bingo and Quiz-Nite. But once seated inside the stalls the lights go down and the theatrical magic takes over. Although the Variety Show leaves something to be desired. The dancers are poorly choreographed. There's an antique comedy duo, recycling a familiar routine they'd used on TV some years earlier. And a crooner of light romantic ballads.

Then the moment he'd been waiting for. The curtains go back. Marvo the Magician in glitter-jacket, and yes... it was Lucy in a sequinned two-piece costume up there with him in the spotlight, posing and making flourishing sleight-of-hand gestures both distracting and directing audience attention around the tricks he's performing. Pulling flowers and coloured streamers from his tuxedo sleeves. Then the big climax. What Marvo announces as the Hans Moretti Sword Box illusion, derived from mythic Hindu mysticism. He unveils a tall coffin-shaped cabinet with a front-opening. Lucy poses, and steps inside it. He closes the door on her and produces four razor-sharp swords. He flexes the blades, then allows a front-row audience member to check that the swords are real. The audience-member confirms that they are. Then he moves to the side of the box where there are four slots ready.

Inside the box, there's a soft spongy felt section that Lucy can press herself back into, part of the illusion. They've rehearsed it. But now there's a kind of stiffness in the felt as she forces herself back. As though it has lost some of its absorbency overnight. It's an old trick, an old box purchased at knock-down price from an old retired illusionist. Perhaps the felt should have been better-maintained? She forces herself as far back as she can and waits.

Marvo inserts the first sword into the slot at head height. It passes scarily close to her nose before it fits into the answering slot on the other side of the box, to protrude so the audience can see its full penetration. She breathes a sigh of uncomfortable relief. The second sword enters at chest-height, she gasps as it neatly slices through her bra-strap, severs it, rips it away leaving her large breasts quivering free, as it completes its thrust into the opposite slot. She inhales as the third sword barely misses the softness of her stomach. Then the final sword slips in at waist-height. She stifles a cry as the sword-edge slits her sequinned panties to shreds and rips the tattered remnants away, leaving her naked but for her high heels, as it continues into the slot at the other side.

There's a deathly silence in the flea-pit theatre as Marvo withdraws the swords one by one. She bites her lip nervously, knowing what's coming next. Once the final sword is gone, Marvo makes a dramatic gesture with his arm... and flings the cabinet-door open. She stands there coyly nude. There's a moment of shocked silence. She steps nervously out of the box, her breasts bob and shimmy prettily, her large nipples stand out in the chill of the stage-air, her stomach smoothly undulates down into the soft fuzz of pubic hair in her groin. The little pussy-mouth opening clearly framed and defined. A shocked silence. Then a thunderous roar of applause as the males in the audience stand and cheer, while the women either laugh or make disapproving noises at their men.

Marvo takes his bow as Lucy attempts vainly to cover herself, although her hands are inadequately small to conceal anything to the audience gaze. At last Marvo seems to become aware of exactly why the illusion is being so enthusiastically well-received. He removes his magician's cloak and swirls it around her shoulders. They stand side-by-side to accept the applause, then turn to leave the stage. As she moves into the wings the cloak slips aside, gifting the audience one last glimpse of the generous curves of her bare bottom.

Mr Benito can barely believe what he's just witnessed. Again he finds himself rubbing his hands with glee. Lucy obviously has a talent for losing her clothes in public. A useful ability. Tomorrow is another day. And there are plenty more pink DoNuts with sprinkles to sell.

Ms Lucy is proving to be an asset.