

# Tight Security

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Ritchie followed the girl out of the store, admiring the round and inviting denim-encased bum cheeks as he did so. The jeans containing the delicacies were, he recognized, as being from the new range of designer casual clothing currently on sale in the store. Walking briskly on black, stiletto heels, she passed through the automatic doors. In each hand was a glossy carrier bag, one of which was emblazoned with the store's name - PARKS & MANSER. The other carried the name of another well-known shop - HARROPS.

Ritchie, the chief security man, believed that the bum-hugging jeans had been obtained on a previous visit - without the use of either cash or plastic! He could not vouch as to whether or not the contents of the HARROPS bag had been legitimately purchased, but he knew that what was in the PARKS & MANSER bag had certainly not been paid for!

'Excuse me, miss.' He tapped the girl on the shoulder of her white, silky, button-up top. 'Can you show me a receipt for the contents of this bag?'. He stabbed at the green plastic with a finger.

By now, the girl had turned around to face him. She was attractive in an unrefined way, with blonde hair which, although cut short, was long enough to be fashionably flicked up at the ends.

'Yes. of course!' Her tone was confident and her stare was challenging. Ritchie was unmoved by her stance. He had now moved so that the girl was unable to flee past him. Her only way of escape lay in dashing back into the store, where his colleagues were positioning themselves. The girl thrust out her bosom. That particular part of her seemed to be as shapely as the rear. She delved into the big, bright green bag. Patiently, Ritchie watched on. 'That's funny,' she sniffed eventually. 'I must have dropped them.'

'In that case, miss . . .'. The young security man began his well-used routine inviting her to accompany him to the security office,

It was, however, not to the security centre that Ritchie took her to. He ushered her into a small room in the deserted boiler section of the underused basement. The only furnishings were a small table and an upright chair.

'What's your name?' he asked her.

There was a little hesitation before she sullenly answered 'Julia,' adding cheekily, 'And I don't answer to 'Jules.''

Ritchie took the carrier bag from her and emptied out the contents. It was not a big haul by any means, but the trendy designer gear still amounted to quite a bit. He explained thoroughly the sales procedures which proved that the garments had not been paid for.

'Okay. Turn me in,' the girl shrugged her shoulders. She seemed quite unperturbed that she had been caught. 'I'll only get a caution.'

'You may get sent down this time. How many cautions have you had?' Ritchie sat down in the chair. 'However, I was about to offer you a way out of your predicament,' He arched his eyebrows and smiled at her.

'Oh. Were you now?' Julia put her hands on her hips, cocked her head and narrowed her blue eyes. 'I'll bet I can guess what's involved.' She moved to sit on the table, swung her legs and looked Ritchie up and down. The shoplifter was clearly enjoying being in charge of the situation. 'I like a man in uniform!'

Julia then extended a leg and twirled the pointed toe of her stiletto around Ritchie's crotch.

'You agree, then?' he asked her. Julia smiled and silently nodded. 'You'd better get your kit off,' he told her.

Without a word, Julia made to take off her shoes, but Ritchie held up a hand. 'I'd like you to keep them on,' he said to her.

'Yeah,' she nodded, looking around the sparsely-furnished room. 'It will have to be a

table ender, won't it?'

'It certainly will,' agreed Ritchie, brightly.

Julia slid off the table. 'I'll just drop my jeans. Okay?'

'It certainly isn't okay!' snapped the security man. 'I want everything off!'

'You like your money's worth, don't you?' Julia sniffed, unfastening a button at the top of her low-slung jeans. She then pushed down the zipper and lowered the jeans, revealing nicely-sculpted thighs.

In order to remove her jeans altogether, she eased herself back onto the table top and eventually removed the garment altogether, leaving it on the tabletop. Her lower legs were invitingly slim, yet curvy.

Julia then crossed her arms and tugged her top over her head as she stood up once again. Ritchie's eyes focused firstly upon her white, skimpy, mini briefs, which seemed to be all lace, rather than anything else. They, too, had been supplied, courtesy of PARKS & MANSER. There was, clearly, a shaven mound beneath.

Whilst Julia extricated her head from the top and shook her hair back into place, Ritchie's eyes moved to her upper half. Very nice it was, too, with a matching lacy bra revealing some decent cleavage.

'I notice your kit is all from this store,' sniffed Ritchie.

Julia nodded. 'The shoes aren't,' she chuckled. 'They're from HARROPS!'

The security man was now aware of his quickening pulse as the shoplifter he had apprehended began the process of baring her breasts. She reached behind her back to undo the bra catch. A split second later, the cups were falling away from their contents and the thin straps were being slid down her arms.

'Nice tits!' remarked the man, leaning forward to get a close-up view of those self-same, up-top assets. It was a correct assessment. Julia's breasts were a good, size, youthfully firm, well worthy of a good grope, and topped with delicate-looking nipples perched prettily on their ends. Lower

down, her belly was flat, with a nicely-dimpled, un-pierced navel. There were so far, no signs of any unsightly tattoos. That pleased Ritchie on both counts.

Julia inserted her thumbs between her flesh and the strap-like sides of her briefs. With one flick, they had parted company from her and were dropping to her stilettos. Her mons was barren and the line of her sex was revealed. Julia showed no embarrassment whatsoever. She bent down, picked up the scrap of material, which joined the rest of her clothes.

'What about your clobber?' she sneered, hands on her hips. 'Are you shy or something? C'mon. Let the dog see the rabbit!'

Ritchie got to his feet, lifted up his tunic to give him access to the waist of his uniform trousers. He then unbuckled the thick, wide, leather belt and slipped it through the loops.

'Fold yourself over the table top!' he ordered, coiling the belt a few times around his fist.

Realization quickly dawned upon Julia as to the security man's intentions. 'Oh no!' she croaked, holding up a hand. 'You're not having a go at my arse with that thing!'

'We came to an agreement,' stated Ritchie firmly. 'You said yourself that you could guess what was involved. You also made a comment about a table ender!'

'I thought you were going to fuck me!' snapped the naked girl, angrily reaching for her discarded clothing. Ritchie, however, was too quick for her and his free hand scooped up all the apparel.

'Give me my clothes back!' Julia demanded.

'They aren't your clothes,' Ritchie told her. 'They were stolen from this very store.' He pointed to her feet. 'The shoes aren't ours, though.'

Julia suddenly gave up. Her shoulders slumped. 'You've got me over a barrel.' she sighed.

'No, only over a table,' smiled Ritchie.

The girl didn't seem to appreciate the quip. 'You're a bastard!' she hissed, a sullen look despoiling her attractive features.

Ritchie was unmoved. He took her by the arm and positioned her to his liking, so that her breasts were squashed against the table top, with her hands gripping the far edge. She would need something to hold onto!

Her stilettos gave her the elevation to ensure that her bottom was nicely up-poked for the punishment about to be inflicted upon it. That particular part of her was deep-clefted and lushly curved. Ritchie smiled to himself. Those lovely cheeks would soon be dancing to the tune of the lash!

'How long is this going to go on for?' enquired Julia in a nervous-sounding voice. 'I'll know when to stop,' was Ritchie's response.

The girl's legs were quite close up together, not for any reasons of modesty on her behalf. The security man slipped one hand between her warm-fleshed thighs to widen them. Julia planted her feet astride, blatantly revealing her glinting pussy.

'Having a good look, are you?' scoffed Julia.

'Might as well,' admitted Ritchie, doing just that.

He then teased her backside with the belt for a few moments before judging where to stand. He could make any necessary adjustments as he went along.

Julia turned her head to see Ritchie raise his right arm, so that the belt was trailing over his shoulder. There was some alarm in her eyes. Clearly, nothing like this had ever happened to her before. She quickly turned her head again, her whole body tensing in apprehension.

Relishing what he was about to do, Ritchie moved his body and swung the strip of hide down onto the target.

Whoosh! Slap!

'Oomph!' responded Julia, tasting stinging leather for the first ever time in her life. Her behind waggled a little.

It had, however, been a totally satisfactory swipe as far as the security man was concerned. The belt had reached too far around the buttock furthest from him, so that both cheeks had not borne the full brunt of the blow equally. He made an adjustment to his position to correct the situation.

Whoosh! Splat!

'Woohhh!' complained Julia as the leather applied scorching heat across the crown of her up thrust buttocks.

Ritchie nodded and pursed his lips in approval. That slash had been delivered exactly as he had wanted. No more adjustments would be necessary. The girl's cheeks swung in a more agitated fashion.

With barely a pause, Ritchie swung in his makeshift implement of choice and it slashed a line of flame across the defenseless summits.

'Ooph!' wailed Julia.

The nude girl's bottom heaved and wriggled as the hide-inflicted pain began to intensify. The magnolia-skinned cheeks were now undergoing a slight colour change to indicate where the belt had struck home.

'I hope you're enjoying this.' Julia was now panting just a little.

'Nice of you to ask,' Ritchie responded with a smile unseen by her. 'Whoop!'

The speedily-delivered slash swathed its path of anguish across the proffered globes again. Julia's hips gyrated under the impact and her head shot up.

Ritchie was enjoying every slash of the fire-laden strap. Apart from the enjoyment that shoplifters such as Julia provided, statistics proved that his unorthodox retribution was having an effect for the better as regards pilfering in PARKS & MANSER.

As he prepared to administer another stroke to the still-moving nates, Ritchie surveyed the target. It was colouring up nicely, but there was still a long way to go before he would be slotting the belt back through the loops of his trousers.

Wharoosh! Slapp! 'Yeeeeeagghhh!'

Another shriek was emitted as the hard-hitting leather curled around the smitten globes. It clung to the flesh before falling away with seeming reluctance.

There was a furious contorting of Julia's helpless nates. One leg kicked up sharply in reaction.

Ritchie observed the moving moons with satisfaction. The girl was being punished in a proper manner for her thieving activities and what was happening to her might just persuade her to stop those activities once and for all. It was time to strike again.

He again lashed the ever-reddening semi-spheres with the full force of his scything arm.. The leather fairly crackled over the girl's rear, producing a loud shriek and a continued writhing of her colourfully emblazoned posterior. Julia was now gripping the edge of the table as though her life depended upon it.

Ritchie then speeded up the relentless, punishing assault upon the shoplifter's derriere. There was only the briefest of pauses between each slash. Julia's cries were near continual. With each application of flame to her beleaguered buttocks, the lower part of her body went wild.

She began lewdly thrusting against the edge of the table as though she was indulging in a frenetic sexual act. With the anguish still unassuaged, her scarlet-skinned behind performed gyrations which were totally obscene.

Eventually, Ritchie slowed down and he informed the tearful penitent that he was nearly finished with her. The nods of her blonde head were of deep gratitude.

The security man caused the stout strip of strong hide to fly and sing a couple more times, with a generous pause in between, before he began to put his trousers belt back to its proper purpose.

That done and with the girl still panting and moaning across the table top, Ritchie ran a hand over the scarlet globes he had punished so well. He thought he had a right to do that. If Julia had been expecting a straying finger, she was disappointed.

'You can get up and get your kit back on,' he told her. 'I'll let you keep it.'

There was no 'Thank you' to Ritchie for his generosity. Julia, with a great many 'Ooohhs' and 'Aaahhhs' got up and sullenly snatched at her clothes. Her efforts in dressing involved a lot of breast bouncing, which greatly amused the security man. He noticed she did not sit down on the table top.

'I'll escort you off the premises,' he told her, when she was ready. Julia refused the offer of his handkerchief to dab her wet and red eyes.

Outside PARKS & MANSER, he steered her in the direction of the big store on the other side of the street.

'Hey! What are you doing?' Julia demanded.

'I'm taking you to HARROPS', he replied. 'You haven't paid for those shoes, have you? Their security boss deals with female shoplifters in exactly the same way as I do!'