

CLOTHESLINE BY JACK WILLIAMS



First Edition

Clothesline

By: Jack Williams

Published By: Jack Williams Writing

www.jack-williams-writing.weebly.com

Email Author: jw6517238@gmail.com

This is a Work of Fiction

Android App – JWW Books

Heath was in the bushes. He was hiding. He had to make sure no one seen him. Or else. Or else he would get caught. And he definitely didn't want that. It would be such an embarrassment. So degrading. And he hated being degraded. He hated it so much. Heath was on a very important mission. Like a spy. A very important secret mission. No one knew he was. No one at all knew. It was his secret. His special secret. At home he had his special stash. His plunder. His trophies. His gold. His Panties.

Heath's very important secret special mission was to nab panties.

And tonight he had located a very important cache of panties. All different colors. Green. Black. White. They were cotton, lace, and satin.

He loved panties. They turned him on so much. And today he had found an amazing stash of them. They were all hanging out on a clothesline. It ran the length of a woman's backyard. They were all lined up. They were just waiting for the taking.

Then he would take them back to his lair. His apartment. He had a huge stash there. Hundreds. He had accumulated them over the years. He had them safely tucked away from prying eyes. They were hidden well. No one would ever find out about his fetish. No one. It was his secret. His alone.

He was almost ready to make his move. All the lights were out in the house that he was scoping.

They planned on leaving their washing out on the line til morning. It will be quite the surprise when they wake up to find all of their panties are missing. By then Heath would be safely back at his hideout. Then he would be doing something very special. Sniffing the panties. He loved the smell. That was why he had to get them used. Otherwise he would just buy them in the store. That would be much easier. Obviously.

He liked the rush of stealing them though. It gave him a particular rush. An adrenaline rush.

He was almost ready. It was summer time in the small town that he lived in. Everyone was asleep. It was the middle of the night. That is when he usually did his work. It was safer than in the daytime. His heart was racing. The adrenaline was pumping. The thrill of the risk of being caught.

It was time. Time to make his move. He went out of the bushes and hopped the fence. He had brought a backpack to carry home his prizes. The fence squeaked as he mounted it. It was about five feet high. He landed in the yard. He was close now. The line was near. It was dark. It was night. He tiptoed across the yard towards the line. He reached his goal. His mission. The panties. There was like twenty pairs. It was gold. Pure gold.

He unclipped the bobby pins one by one. As he did he bundled up the panties in a big pile on the ground. He had finished nearly a dozen when it happened. A light in the house turned on. He froze. He didn't know what to do. He didn't want to give up his plunder. Then the outside light

came on. A woman then shouted out the window.

“Hey. You're being videotaped you know!”

Heath didn't know what to do. Fear had him paralyzed. He was caught. It fucking sucked. It fucking sucked a lot. He dropped the underwear he was holding. Then he bolted. He leaped over the fence. He did it fast too. He landed and kept on going. His heart was racing. He was caught. This was horrible. It was so embarrassing. He really felt stupid. And he lost all the panties. They were all left behind in a heap back on the lawn. He kept on running. It was about half an hour to his apartment. His hideout. He jogged the whole way. He had to get off the streets before the cops showed up. He definitely didn't want to be arrested. Not at all.

Eventually he reached home. He went right inside and hid out. He was in a panic. He didn't know what to do. He was videotaped. That sucked. He could be caught. He didn't know what to do. What

could he do. He drank back some cola. It was good. It was ice cold. He sat there in a panic in his apartment. What about the videotape? Videotape. That was fucked. They must have known he was coming. He got up and paced. Then he felt like blocking things out so he went to bed. He curled up in the fetal position and started shaking. He was afraid. Very afraid. Afraid of being caught. He fell asleep.

Then he was awoken. There was a knock at the door. He got up and went to check. They continued knocking. Then they called in.

“Police. Open up.”

“The police. That was fucked.” he thought.

He didn't want to open the door. So he didn't. They only continued knocking.

“Police. Open up.” they called.

He had no choice. They were not going to go away. So he opened the door. He figured he would just say that he didn't do

anything. Hopefully it would work. He opened the door. There was two uniformed police officers standing there. It was early morning.

“Are you Heath Murray?” they asked.

He thought about lying. It would probably do no good.

“Yes.” he said.

“You're under arrest. We have to take you to the station. Okay.” said one of the policemen.

“What am I under arrest for?” asked Heath.

“Stealing women's undergarments.” said the policeman.

“Well I didn't do that. You have the wrong guy.” said Heath.

“No we don't. You were followed here.” said the policeman.

“No you got the wrong guy. You're mistaken.” said Heath.

“No we're not. You match the guy out of the video.” said the policeman.

“The video?” said Heath.

“Yeah the video of you raiding someone's

washing line. You can claim your innocent if you want.” said the policeman.

“Yeah tell it to the judge.” said the other policeman.

They grabbed Heath and laid the handcuffs on him. He couldn't do anything he was trapped. They took him out to the squad car and loaded him in. There he was in the backseat of a police car caught. He was caught. The policemen got in and started up the car.

“You'll have a chance to post bail when we process you at the station. Okay.” said the policeman.

.....

He was kept in a jail cell. It was drab. Concrete bed. Concrete walls. Bars. Steel toilet. Steel sink. Soon it would be time to post bail. Only Heath had no one to bail him out. He was all alone. The police had a good laugh at him when he was booked. He stole women's undergarments. It was funny. He knew what he was going to say when they brought him into court. Not

guilty. He was going to deny everything. He didn't take any panties. As for the video he would just say it was not him. Just deny it. Pure and simple. It was that easy.

He had been in the cell for a couple of hours. Soon they would come to get him to apply for bail. It would be by videolink they had explained. He wouldn't actually have to go to the courthouse.

He was pacing. He was anxious. Very anxious. He wanted out. He couldn't believe he was caught. It had never happened before. He had always got away with it. Always. He had never imagined that he would be caught.

The time arrived. A female police officer showed up at his cell to take him to the videolink room. There he would appear in the courtroom on a TV set.

“Time to post bail. Do you have anyone that can come bail you out.” she asked.

“No I don't.” he said.

“Well if you can't then we'll have to ship

you off to prison. You'll be held there until trial. Okay.”

“Okay.” he said.

She opened the cell and he stepped out. She grabbed him by the arm and escorted him to the videolink room. They went into a small room. It was like an office. There were no chairs. Inside the room was a TV with a video camera on top.

“Stand in front.” said the police officer.

So he did. There was even a painted line in the floor showing him where to stand. He stood and waited. On the screen he could see the courtroom. He could see the judge. He could see everything. Even what he looked like. It was all displayed on a split screen. He didn't look that crazy.

Then someone spoke. It was the court clerk.

“The court calls Heath Murray. The charge is theft. It was committed on August Fifteenth 2014.”

“I didn't even steal anything.” thought Heath.

It was bullshit. They had no evidence he figured. Just the video. And that he was followed to his apartment.

“Heath Murray.” said the clerk.

“Yes.” said Heath.

“Do you want to post bail Mr. Murray?” asked the judge.

He was an older man. Probably about fifty. He did not seem mean.

“No I do not.” said Heath.

“Have you got a lawyer Mr. Murray?” asked the judge.

“No I do not.” said Heath.

“Well you'll have to get one. You'll be asked to enter a plea the next time you return to court. The date will be September first. As I understand you have been arrested for stealing women's underwear. Do you like to steal women's panties Mr. Murray?” said the judge.

The court laughed.

“I didn't do anything.” said Heath.

“Well we'll decide that at your trial. Mr. Murray will be remanded until then. You do understand that you'll have to stay in a prison until then.”

“Yes I understand.” said Heath.

He wondered what that would be like. He was afraid. He wanted to go home. Only he couldn't. He was trapped.

“Fuck!” he thought.

“Well then we will see you on September first Mr. Murray.” said the judge.

.....

The ride to the prison was uneventful. Heath was handcuffed and shackled. They drove into a garage at the prison and unloaded the prisoners. Heath was one of them.

“What is going to happen here?” thought Heath.

They herded him into the prison. They then took his shoes and took him to a room to be stripped. He gave them his clothes and they gave him an orange jumpsuit. He put it on. He felt like a fruit. He felt stupid. Then they took him to a prison range. His shoes were like slippers. Then they left him with a couple of dozen inmates. They were all wearing orange. He didn't say hello to any of them. Instead he kind of hid to one side of the range.

A couple of hours passed. Then a guard came into the range. She pointed at Heath.

Then she said. "He's in for stealing women's panties. Aren't you panty thief?"
"Okay." said one inmate.

Then she left. The inmate came up to Heath.

"What did you do with the panties?" he asked.

"I didn't take any panties." said Heath.

"Innocent huh. I'm innocent too." said the inmate.

He was mean looking. He was a lot bigger than Heath.

He walked right up to Heath. His body was now pressed right up to Heath's. Their faces were nearly touching. Heath tried to back away but the wall impeded him.

"I said what did you do with the panties?" asked the inmate.

"Nothing." said Heath nervously.

"Let's get him!" shouted the inmate.

Then the mean looking one shoved Heath. Heath wanted to run but couldn't. Then came the blows. The mean looking inmate began a violent assault on Heath. He landed punch after punch. Then Heath fell to the floor and tried to curl up in a ball. Then all two dozen inmates joined in. They stomped Heath for about twenty minutes. That's when the guards arrived. They ushered the inmates into their cells. Then they tried to get Heath up. Only they couldn't. Heath was unconscious.

THE END



JWW Books

<http://www.jack-williams-writing.weebly.com>

jw6517238@gmail.com