



Donna Barber

Nov 2013 • Adult

Merry Christmas Tracey!

Merry Christmas Tracey

Tracey was sighing with relief as the holiday season approached at last. Soon the students would be packing up for Christmas and she was looking forward to spending some quality time alone. For two whole weeks she could forget about marking essays and exam papers and dealing with often difficult students. Once term was over she could just relax and let things all hang out.

Then it finally got to the last day of term. Tracey went out to the shops at lunchtime and treated herself to a bit of retail therapy. She bought herself some new make-up and lipstick and perfume and even went into a couple of clothes shops looking at some outfits that she wouldn't have dared wear around her rather conservative uni campus. Oh, if only I had the nerve to wear really sexy clothes like that!

Tracey sighed and was about to walk out of the store and have lunch before returning to work when she was approached by a sales clerk.

To Tracey's embarrassment he was a good-looking man in his twenties, only a year or two older than Tracey at 23.

"May I help you, ma'am?" he asked quietly.

Tracey stared at him, almost tongue--tied with shock and overcome with a sudden coyness.

"I... I was just looking," she stammered. "I thought I might buy something that my boyfriend would like to see me wearing but I'm not really sure what he'd like. Or what would look good on me," she added quickly.

"I see," said the young man, smiling at her. "Perhaps I could make some suggestions if you wouldn't mind?"

Tracey was getting more nervous by the minute. Apart from anything else, she found herself very attracted to the young salesman.

"No, that would be fine," she said, more flustered than ever.

So the salesman, whose name was Neil, talked Tracey into buying a skirt that was so short it barely covered the essentials, a blouse that was thin and see-through and showed off her décolletage to best advantage, and even persuaded her to buy a saucy bra and knickers to go with the outfit. By the time she left the store Tracey had agreed to go out with Neil later that evening.

She could hardly wait for the last day of term to end. The university curriculum seemed to be dragging more than usual. All Tracey could think of was that she was going out on a date with a gorgeous young man later that evening.

And she certainly intended to wear her new outfit to impress him!

He took her out for a meal at a local restaurant and the two of them laughed happily as he put her completely at ease. For once Tracey didn't mind him staring at her obviously because after all she'd bought the sexy outfit to impress men, hadn't she?

At the end of the meal he drove her back home. He'd behaved like a perfect gentleman all evening and Tracey felt that she ought to ask him in for a coffee but she was genuinely shy. Neil made no objection or put any sort of pressure on her and simply said goodbye.

"Thank you for a wonderful evening, Tracey," said Neil. "Maybe we could do it again some time soon."

"Yes, that would be nice, Neil. Thank you very much for everything."

She walked up the stairs to her modest first-floor apartment and opened the door. As soon as she went inside she almost froze in horror. Two of her students were already in her flat. Lucy and Emily, who were problem cases at the best of times and who were now cramping her style big-time!

"Oh," she said, staring at them in astonishment. "How did you get in?"

"Easy," laughed Lucy. "We got the uni porter to let us in. Told him we were planning to surprise you with

a very special Christmas present.”

“Well, you've certainly surprised me,” said Tracey. “What exactly is the present?”

“Shall we show her, Emily?” Lucy giggled.

“Why not?”

Before Tracey had time to gather her thoughts she found the two taller and stronger girls rushing straight at her and overpowering her. Blimey, if only I'd asked Neil in for a coffee he'd have easily dealt with these two troublemakers!

Tracey soon found out that the girls' “present” was stripping her naked, handcuffing her wrists behind her back and gagging her with a ball gag! Not only that, but they fitted a set of nipple clamps to her tits and shoved a dildo up her cunt!

I'll kill you two bitches when I get free, thought Tracey angrily. But right now there was no way she could get the better of them and all she could do was fume helplessly and in total silence.

The girls then took out a small cane and began swishing it through the air. Tracey almost gasped in horror through her gag as she realised they planned to use it on her bare arse!

“Merry Christmas, Miss Smith!” Lucy laughed as she held the cane up in full view of Tracey's face.

“Yeah, Merry Christmas, Miss Smith!” Emily joined in.

“Mmmph! Oomph!” Tracey moaned angrily through her gag but all the noise she tried to make was completely futile.

Then a miracle happened. To her utter amazement, after only three swots of the cane on her bare backside, the door of her flat opened. Neil stood there and gazed in astonishment at Tracey's predicament.

“Tracey!” he said reproachfully. “I didn't realise THIS was the sort of sex you liked!”

“Oh, it is,” said Lucy, thinking quickly. “She's been our lesbian slave for the last year now.”

"I see," said Neil. "Is that true, Tracey?"

Although the gagged university lecturer was quite unable to speak, she WAS able to move her head. She immediately shook it vigorously and Neil got the message.

"I don't think Tracey agrees with you, girls," he said quietly. "If you release her I might decide not to call the police and have you arrested for assault."

Lucy and Emily stared at each other. They thought for a moment about trying to make a run for it or even trying to fight off the man who stood there looking at them disapprovingly. Then they just nodded and released their lecturer from her enforced bondage and silence.

"You bitches, what did you do that for?" asked Tracey indignantly.

"Sorry, Miss Smith, couldn't resist it," Lucy admitted. "We've always fantasized about having you as our lesbian sex slave and when we got the chance we just couldn't resist it. Please don't call in the police. And please don't report us to uni."

Tracey thought for a moment and realised that it wouldn't do any good to get the police involved. It would make her look ridiculous for a start and it wouldn't go down well with the authorities at uni either.

"OK, girls, just go," she said angrily. "But don't you EVER try and pull a stunt like that again!"

"We won't, Miss Smith," said Emily, looking down at the floor as it dawned on her how much trouble the two girls COULD have got themselves into.

"And leave that gear behind when you go," said Neil sternly. "We'll consider it your Christmas present to your lecturer."

Shamefaced, the girls left and Neil closed the door after them.

"Well, believe it or not, Tracey, I couldn't get you out of my mind," he said. "I decided I just HAD to come up and see you and talk things over."

"I'm very glad you did," Tracey admitted. "I'd offer you a coffee but in the circumstances I feel that maybe something a bit stronger might be in order. Do you like whiskey?"

"Yes, it's my favourite drink," said Neil.

"Mine too," Tracey smiled. "Well, I'll pour us both two glasses. How do you take it?"

"Neat, please."

"Me too," Tracey smiled again.

Neil looked at the naked woman in front of him and laughed out loud.

"I hope you don't mind me admiring the view," he grinned.

"Not at all," Tracey smiled back. "Do you ...like what you see?" she asked coyly.

"I like it very much," he told her. "You're even more beautiful without your clothes on than with them!"

Tracey giggled nervously. She wasn't used to being paid compliments by men and she really liked Neil.

He walked towards the bondage equipment that lay on the floor and gazed at it thoughtfully.

"Hm," he said. "I could see you didn't enjoy being handcuffed and gagged by those girls. Have you ever done bondage before?"

"No," Tracey admitted, blushing at the very thought.

"Well, I don't think the girls were exactly the best introduction to it," he smiled. "But how did you feel

when you were naked and handcuffed and gagged?"

Tracey flushed even redder with embarrassment.

"Strange," she said, giving as neutral an answer as she could.

How could she tell him that in spite of the intrusion into her home and the violation of her body she'd actually been slightly turned on by the assault upon her?

"No need to be embarrassed," Neil smiled. "Lots of couples enjoy bondage when they get to do it properly. Are you up for giving it a try?"

Tracey hesitated and then threw caution to the winds.

"Neil, I think if YOU were to put me in bondage I WOULDN'T object at all. In fact, I think I'd probably enjoy it very much!"

Neil laughed.

"I thought so," he said. "Well, let's finish our drinks and then I'll see how the touch of a man who knows what he's doing compares with the clumsy attempts of teenage girls."

As Tracey meekly submitted to being handcuffed and gagged once more she saw the tall figure of Neil standing over her and smiling.

"Merry Christmas, Tracey!" he said.

"Mmmmm..." was Tracey's only answer!

And then of course he fucked her!

© Nov 2013 adult • romance • fiction • fantasy



B.R. Brown - i enjoyed the story quite well myself. i could see and feel the scene as it unfolded. It was easy to visualize. Well done 😊

Nov 2013



Hellgirl.fire16 - I enjoyed reading this story. The part where the teenage girls go into Tracey's house seemed awkwardly placed into the story. Maybe if you added in a better transition, the teenage girl's would fit into the story. Also, don't be afraid to tell how Tracey and Neil had sex, it takes some time describing the scene, but you don't have to write all of it in one sitting. Take your time in writing the scene. Good job on the story.

Nov 2013



cassandra King - good read i enjoyed it

Nov 2013



[Privacy and cookie settings](#)

Managed by Google. Complies with IAB TCF. CMP ID: 300