



Donna Barber
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More mediaeval humiliation for Tracey

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(Inspired by and a sort of sequel to Katie Smith's brilliant "Tracey's medieval humiliation.")

When I heard my boss summoning all the charity's staff together my heart sank. As usual he had a totally smug grin on his face and I sat there seething, just waiting to hear what he'd come up with in the latest of a long line of humiliating "fund raising" stunts.

"Well, gentlemen, girls," he said, "I'm sure you all realise that with the economy in the present state it's not as easy as it was to persuade people to reach into their pockets and give generously. However, I've managed to persuade some local businesses to sponsor my latest idea. And the good news is that the Mayor of Eastfield and the local media will all be attending the event."

Great, I thought. That means the old sod is going to humiliate us all in public and our faces will be splashed all over the papers and maybe even on the local TV news!

"I've talked over specific details with my wife and son and I'm putting them in charge of the main event. Lucy and Emily will also be assisting in what I'm sure, in spite of our present economic difficulties, will be one of our most successful fund-raising activities ever."

Trust those two bitches to get out of whatever bad stuff is going down, I thought angrily. I reckon both of them bimbos must be having it off with Chambers and probably his son John and all!

The shindig was planned for Saturday and all the blokes were looking forward to it. None of the girls were, except of course Lucy and Emily who'd be well out of whatever danger there was and just having fun!

On Saturday morning we all turned out in a hired minibus to go to the do in Eastfield Park. Like you can guess, yours truly was well pissed off at the whole thing, and that was before Chambers had even started any of his stupid stuff!

When we arrived at 9 o'clock in the morning I saw the stage had already been set up. I took one look at the sodding wooden contraption they'd rigged up and knew at once what was going to happen.

Oh shit, it's even worse than last time Chambers pulled one of his strokes on us! It's gonna be the Saturday from hell!

"Well, gentlemen, girls, as you can see we've decided to give today's event a mediaeval theme," said Mr. Chambers, grinning smugly like the bastard always done. "We'll have a range of events but they'll all be entertaining and enjoyable for our paying guests."

Not for them as gets on the receiving end, they won't, I thought sourly. What a diabolical liberty!

"The show will open at half past nine and close at six o'clock tonight. I'm sure our girls will be only too happy to enter into the spirit of things and entertain the crowd to help raise money for a good cause."

As if we had a fucking choice about it! I stood around fuming, even more pissed off when I saw Lucy and Emily openly grinning and looking at me like they knew I was gonna get it worse than most.

Them two bimbos is me arch enemies. I dunno what it is but right from the off we never seemed to get along. Maybe there's something in all this reincarnation lark and maybe in some past life we was enemies and all.

Anyway, we had to go into a tent and get changed into our mediaeval costumes while the public began to turn up to take part in the "fun." I was given a short skirt, a blouse with an incredibly low décolletage on it and some ridiculously high-heeled shoes. Of course I wasn't allowed to wear a bra underneath though I DID get to keep my knickers on!

Then I went outside, Mr. Chambers leering as he saw me kitted out in all that mediaeval gear.

"You look lovely, Tracey," he grinned. "The customers will certainly enjoy seeing you raising money for a good cause."

What could I do or say? I just smiled sweetly at him and said nothing. Then Lucy took a hold of me and, with her usual politeness, shouted at me.

"Come on, Tracey, don't waste time! You're holding us all up as usual. Follow me; I'll show you where to go."

I'd like to tell you where to go, mate, I thought sourly. Still, I just took it and followed the bitch for a couple of minutes walk away.

Then I saw it. I stared in total horror and disbelief at the bloody great wooden thing standing in front of me. I knew at once what it was.

"That's a fucking pillory!" I said, wishing right away I could back off and go back home.

"Yes, it is," said Mr. Chambers' loathsome son John, who'd wandered over to join us. "And you're going to go inside it and help us raise loads of lovely dosh for the charity, aren't you?"

I looked around the park and saw the faces of the people. There was quite a crowd by now – families, groups, individuals, all of them there to have a fun day out.

And now it looked as if yours truly was going to be a big part of their day's entertainment!

"Roll up, gentlemen, ladies!" John shouted to the crowd that was slowly gathering around the pillory. "See Tracey get pelted in a good cause and help us raise some money for charity!"

"I'm not putting my head in that fucking thing!" I said to him quietly.

"Nothing to worry about," he said reassuringly. "All you've got to do is stay in there for about half an hour. Then we'll put another girl in it."

"Yeah? And what's gonna happen to me while I AM inside that - thing?"

"Nothing that bad," he laughed. "OK, you'll get a few wet sponges thrown in your face. Nothing to it, really. And you'll be helping to raise money for a good cause as well so what are you making so much fuss about?"

"But I can't! I mean..."

"Yes, you can," said John, smiling and using his most reassuring voice. "For half an hour you get pelted with wet sponges. That's not exactly the end of the world, is it?"

I looked around and saw the crowd starting to get a bit restless. Well, I suppose they'd come here for a bit of fun and maybe getting pelted round me face with a few wet sponges wouldn't be all that bad. And I could see the way the kids in particular seemed eager for me to go inside it.

Even so, I still wasn't happy. I stood there thinking it over and John put me right on the spot.

"Come on, Tracey, you don't want to disappoint the public, do you? Look at the eager faces of the children – just waiting to see you go inside the pillory and take a few hits from a wet sponge. Surely you don't want to disappoint all those kids?"

The crowd cheered his words enthusiastically and he made me feel almost guilty about saying no. What the hell, I'll do it, I thought.

"Oh, all right," I said reluctantly. "I don't suppose I've got much choice, really."

John led me towards the horrible contraption. He turned to the waiting crowd and introduced me.

"This young girl is Tracey who's kindly volunteered to spend some time in the pillory. Remember it's all a bit of harmless fun in a good cause. Do you all want Tracey to go into the pillory?"

"Yes!" came a unanimous and enthusiastic roar of approval from the crowd.

Then John led me to the platform. I stood on it as he opened the wooden part at the top. I swallowed nervously as I bend down and put my head on the lower part of the two-piece wooden oval pillory. It was too late to change my mind now. I was going to be stuck there until I was released.

"Now put your hands into position," said John, making me fit them in place.

Then he closed the wooden bars and I felt the two pieces of wood closing securely round the back of my neck. Instinctively I tried to rise but it was already too late. As well as snapping shut the wooden oval itself, he also locked a padlock around it, making it impossible for me to escape.

"Thanks for being such a good sport, Tracey," said John. "Don't go away, will you?"

That brought a huge laugh from the crowd, especially the eagerly watching kids. I just ignored his cheap quip.

"Now I've just got to leave you for a few minutes," he said. "Lucy, you don't mind taking over while I'm gone, do you?"

"Not at all, John," said a smiling Lucy.

To my horror John disappeared and Lucy, who I trusted even less than I did him, was suddenly in charge of my fate. I got even more nervous when out of the corner of my eye I saw her fellow bitch Emily coming closer.

"Cumfy, Tracey?" asked Lucy, a cruel smile on her face. "Just hang on in there!"

I scowled at her but said nothing. I wouldn't give her the satisfaction!

"Right, Emily, get the stuff in place," said Lucy.

In a couple of minutes, to my utter horror, Emily and a few other girls brought over a number of boxes. I didn't know what was in them but it didn't look like sponges to me.

"You'll be pleased to hear," said Lucy, a cruel smile all over her face, "there's been a change of plan. We were going to be throwing wet sponges at Tracey but when we approached some local businesses – a grocer, a greengrocer, an ice cream parlour, a restaurant and a pub – they thought it would be better if we made the pillory experience completely realistic for the public and, of course, the girl inside the pillory. They were all happy to donate their rotten produce for a good cause."

"What the hell?" I gasped. "What do you mean, rotten produce? I thought it was just going to be wet sponges I'd get chucked at me!"

"Well, you thought wrong then, didn't you?" Lucy grinned.

Then she turned to the expectant crowd and asked them point-blank.

"Tell me, what would you rather see happen to our Tracey? Getting a few wet sponges thrown in her face or getting the full mediaeval pillory treatment – rotten food all over her face and body? Tell you what, put up your hands for the wet sponges?"

To my horror only about five people stuck their hands up.

"And who wants Tracey to get the full mediaeval?"

Almost everyone's hand went up when she asked that.

"Well, there you go, Tracey. That's almost a unanimous vote to give you the works, isn't it? Never mind, Tracey, don't forget you'll be suffering in a good cause. Now let's see, gentlemen and ladies. What sort of lovely goodies have we got for you to use on Tracey here? We got boxes of rotten tomatoes, rotten fruit, vegetable peelings, rotten eggs. And that's just to get you started! We've still got plenty more goodies on offer when the first batch of ammunition is all gone! There's no shortage of things you can throw at her!"

I stared at the crowd from my helpless position but there was nothing at all I could do about it. Lucy had me at her mercy and mercy was the last thing on HER mind. She knew I was going to get it big time and she was going to make sure the day's "entertainment" was as messy, unpleasant and humiliating for me as possible.

"Please," I almost begged her. "Please don't do this to me, Lucy."

"Don't be so silly, Tracey," said Lucy, a smug grin on her face. "We're all going to have LOTS of fun today – even if the fun WILL be at YOUR expense!"

Some of the crowd, especially the younger teenagers, started laughing and giggling when she said that.

Then Emily joined in with her own brand of "humour" to the delight of the youngsters and the audience generally.

"Of course girls put in the pillory in the good old days were generally naked," she told the crowd. "Would you like to see Tracey hanging in the pillory naked while you pelt her with rotten fruit and stuff?"

I could hardly believe my ears. Of course I knew Emily was talking a load of bollocks like per usual but even so I was well pissed off with her.

"No they never," I protested. "Women in the pillory might have got pelted but at least they got to keep their clothes on while it was happening!"

"Well, let's put it to the vote, shall we?" asked a smiling Emily. "Who wants to see Tracey keep her clothes on in the pillory?"

About half a dozen hands went up. Christ, I thought, the bitch is gonna make me do it!

"And who want to see Tracey naked in the pillory?"

Almost every hand went up. Emily turned to me with a huge grin on her face.

"Well, you see what the public wants, Tracey. It's almost a unanimous vote for you to be naked. Anyway, we don't want the lovely costumes to get damaged, do we? We had to hire them and it'll save on the washing and dry cleaning bills if we splodge you naked, won't it?"

The crowd laughed again when she said that.

"Now then," said Emily, "as a special treat for the gentlemen here we're going to hold an auction. The highest bidder gets to strip Tracey naked!"

A bloke in his fifties, fat, balding and thoroughly unattractive asked her a question at once.

"While we're stripping her do we get to feel her up as well?"

Emily just smiled but I really got mad when the disgusting perve said that. It was bad enough as it was without some pervert squeezing me threepenny bits and stuff. I had to try and make some sort of stand.

"Look here, I volunteered to do this for charity. I was conned into it under false pretences as it is. And if you think I'm gonna let some lech like you start feeling me up you got another think coming!"

Lucy and Emily just looked at me and laughed.

"What a selfish, ungrateful girl you are!" said Emily. "We've got a big crowd of people prepared to spend money for a good cause and all you can do is moan!"

"Let's put it to a vote," said Lucy. "Hands up all those who think that Tracey is being selfish and unreasonable by not allowing the gentlemen to feel her up while she's being stripped!"

Almost everyone's hands went up, of course. I just stood there and glared as I realised I was going to have to put up with whatever the two bitches wanted to do to me.

"Virtually unanimous again," smiled Lucy. "Well, since there's a massive majority in favour of Emily's suggestion, we'll go ahead with it. Who'll start the bidding? Do I hear a penny? Who'll pay a penny to strip Tracey naked and feel her up?"

I was almost as insulted that the cow thought I was that cheap as the fact that I was being put through this at all.

The bidding went up and in the end the bald, fat, ugly bloke "won" the right to strip me and feel me up for the princely sum of a fiver!

He came over, leering in my face, his breath reeking of God only knew what. If I could have moved out of range I would because his halitosis was like gas warfare!

Of course he took his time, making especially sure he got a good feel of my rather big boobs. Then, when he'd finally had enough, he took off my skirt and knickers before sticking his finger right up me twat. I was well mad at that, specially since the bugger didn't even know how to do it right.

Then Emily got another brainwave.

"See if you can make Tracey come!" she suggested.

Well, fuck me, that really WAS a diabolical liberty and no mistake! I was just about to open me mouth and say something when Lucy looked at me with an even bigger grin on her smug dial than Emily's.

"I gotta better idea," she giggled. "See if you can fetch her to the point where she WANTS to come but don't let her HAVE an orgasm."

This was definitely the last straw. Even though physically I was naked and helpless in the sodding pillory, there was no way I was gonna let the bitches get away with stuff like that without at least giving them a bit of verbal first.

"Oi!" I shouted. "This isn't fair! I agreed to stand in this pillory and have a few wet sponges chucked at me. I never agreed to stand there naked,

get rotten food slung at me and be felt up by some perve!"

Lucy laughed when I said that.

"Honestly, Tracey, you're so rude! I think you ought to apologise to the gentleman. He's paid five pounds for the doubtful privilege of being able to strip you and feel you up so the least you can do is get in the proper spirit of things. This IS in a good cause, remember."

I was about to talk back to her again when Emily intervened.

"I think we've all had quite enough of Tracey's rudeness, don't you, gentlemen and ladies? Shall we gag her to stop the flow of insults?"

Almost every hand went up. Only Lucy looked a bit doubtful.

"If you gag her it'll miss some of the best bits of the gungy stuff hitting her face," she said.

"Not if we use a ring gag," said Emily, smiling in triumph.

Then she walked across, squeezed my nose so I had to breathe through my mouth and fitted the ring gag in place. Now my mouth was wide open and I looked like a right stupid berk standing there with it all like that.

"That's much better," said a grinning Emily. "Now we can let things carry on in peace. Right, let's take a vote. Who wants to see Tracey come and who wants to see her brought to the brink but denied an orgasm?"

This time the vote was a lot closer. I was just hanging there naked in the pillory, hopping mad but totally unable to do squat about it.

By a narrow margin of about eight votes the crowd voted in favour of not letting me orgasm in public. Oh God, it's gonna be a total humiliation for me, I thought angrily.

"Wait a minute," said Emily, pausing in front of a box of rotten fruit. "I've got another idea."

She looked through the collection of nasty gungy goo until she found one apple that was particularly rotten. It was heaving with maggots and full of holes where they'd eaten through the fruit.

"I think we should stick this juicy, maggot-ridden apple right inside that rude gob of Tracey's, don't you, gentlemen and ladies?" she asked.

The crowd gave their enthusiastic agreement to her latest idea. I found the nauseating thing stuck right inside me kisser and I couldn't do a thing about it! What a lousy bitch she is!

So I had to put up with that while the perve worked away and several times brought me to the verge but wouldn't let me come. Bastard!

"Well, that's what you might call the dress rehearsal," said an openly laughing Lucy. "Now for the main event. Right, it's a pound a throw, three throws for two pounds, ten throws for a fiver. Start pelting the stupid bitch with everything you've got! No need to worry about running out of ammunition either – we've got plenty! So let's be having you, then. Roll up and start bombarding Tracey the bimbo while she hangs naked in the pillory for your enjoyment!"

What a cow! Still, I couldn't do a thing about it. A queue quickly formed and my first tormentor was gripping a rotten tomato in his hand.

Splat! It landed right in my face and squelched out all over it. The crowd laughed and cheered and Lucy and Emily were practically wetting themselves with laughter.

Anyway, to cut a long story short, I got splatted by an ammunition dump of rotten tomatoes, rotten fruit, rotten eggs and all sorts of veggies. Some of it landed on my body but most of it wound up in my face. And of course they was no way I could protect myself from the missiles.

Soon Lucy and Emily produced some more "goodies" and I had to put up with the crowd squeezing salad cream, salsa dip, tomato ketchup and soy sauce all over me. The bitches even squeezed mustard into my eyes and up my nose from a tube which really hurt.

After that I had tins of rice pudding, tomatoes, and baked beans poured all over my head, my face and my body. It was horrible!

Pies, spaghetti and custard followed. I was totally covered from head to foot in the gungy stuff. Then Lucy went over to an ice-cream stall and came back with two ice creams. To the delight of the crowd, she pushed one right up my arsehole and the other one up my cunt! It was freezing cold down there suddenly!

Eventually, after hours being pelted and generally abused, Mr. Chambers came back with his son John.

"Good heavens!" he said. "Lucy, Emily, what on earth has been happening? We were only supposed to be throwing wet sponges at Tracey – not goodness only knows WHAT sort of concoctions she's had thrown at her. And she was only supposed to be in there for half an hour. And why is she naked?"

Lucy and Emily looked at each other and then at John.

"We got offered a lot of stuff by the local shops and we thought it would make it more authentic if we gave Tracey the full mediaeval treatment," said Emily after a few seconds to think up her alibi.

"And we asked the audience how they'd prefer it too," said Lucy. "Almost everyone wanted Tracey to get the full mediaeval."

"And what about her clothes?"

"Well, in the first place we didn't want to damage her costume, and also the audience wanted her naked. So we did it."

"I see. Well, I suppose it can't be helped now. Now the Mayor is making his way to the stall at this very moment. I'll try and put him off just in case he sees Tracey like this... Oh, hello, Your Worship."

The Mayor looked at me and I could just about see a sort of grin on his face.

"I see you've entered into the spirit of the Middle Ages, Mr. Chambers," he said. "Well, let me pose for a photograph with this young girl."

So the bugger, wearing all his chain and ceremonial costume, stood beside me, naked as the day as I was born, covered in goo and slime, stuck in the fucking pillory!

"Well, I think it's very public spirited of you to volunteer to spend your time in the pillory," said the Mayor. "On behalf of the council I'd like to thank you for your contribution."

What could I say? Actually, with the maggoty apple in my gagged mouth, I couldn't say nothing. He seemed to realise after a moment that I couldn't speak and turned to Mr. Chambers.

While the two blokes were thinking it over Lucy rushed up and pushed the sodding apple right down my mouth. Well, at least I could splutter now.

"I think you need to be cleaned up," said the Mayor. "Don't you agree, Mr. Chambers?"

"Yes, I think you're right," he said, looking a bit sad.

Then Emily piped up again.

"Why don't we make her cleaning up a mediaeval experience too? We've got a ducking stool and a pond – let's take her out of the pillory and duck her in the pond!"

Of course everyone agreed to that with a lot of enthusiasm so I got put in the ducking stool and half drowned in the pond at Eastfield Park!

God, I hate the Middle Ages!



Red Goddess -

Again another pickle for our sweet Tracy Thanks sweetie for the fun adventures

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Donna Barber - Thanks, Goddess. This is quite light-hearted compared with some of my stories!

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