



Donna Barber

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Stuck-up Tracey

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Tracey was the supervisor of a rather unusual building company that employed about thirty people. Some worked as builders, decorators, carpenters, plumbers and electricians. Others worked in the warehouse, the office, the workshop section or the small but growing chemical area where fertilisers and other types of chemicals, solvents and unguents were developed.

What made the company unusual – the owner liked to say “special” - was that its entire staff was female. It was nothing for the girls at Chambers Construction to heft heavy pallets, go up scaffolding and erect tall buildings, dig up and renovate roads. The girls who worked for Mrs. Chambers were tough and they despised Tracey, who never got her hands dirty but stayed safely behind her desk in the office, setting up contracts, making sales, sweet-talking customers. In their eyes she was a soft, spoilt, fat and lazy bitch, and they were also well pissed off with what they saw as her arrogant attitude.

One day, following a particularly difficult and tiring job, the girls had come back to the office and been giving a right telling-off by Tracey. It was Friday afternoon and everyone was about to knock off for the weekend. Even Mrs. Chambers, the owner, had left early that day. Tracey was alone in the office with a bunch of strong, tough girls who were sick to death of what they saw as her snotty, arrogant, stuck-up attitude.

The latest dressing-down by Tracey was more than they could stand. Giving her a filthy look, Lucy just turned her back and prepared to go.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Tracey shouted. “I haven’t finished talking to you yet!”

“Oh, shut the fuck up, you lazy bitch!” said Lucy angrily. “You couldn’t last five minutes doing OUR job!”

Then something snapped inside Lucy and she turned to her co-workers.

“I dunno about you but I’ve had all I can take of this stuck-up cow. Let’s teach the bitch a lesson she’ll never forget!”

Tracey stared nervously at Lucy. She was only 5ft 2 to Lucy’s 6ft, and even though she was a full-figured girl herself, most of Tracey’s weight was fat, while Lucy’s was hard muscle.

As Lucy moved forward Tracey backed away, thinking she was going to hit her. But she was well wrong if she thought she was going to get away with something as straightforward as a good hiding.

“OK, girls,” said Lucy, “give us a pen and paper. Emily, Stacey, you go into the warehouse and get what we need.”

Then she wrote what Tracey realised was some sort of a list on a piece of paper. As Lucy handed it to Emily, the other girl laughed.

“That’s fucking great, Lucy! That’s gonna be LOADS of fun!”

Trying to regain control of the situation, Tracey shouted at them.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” she said. “Mrs. Chambers will be bearing about this if you don’t stop whatever nonsense it is you’re planning right now!”

“Oh, shut the fuck up,” said Lucy. “You ain’t in charge of us no more. From now on it’s US that’s calling the shots.”

In the meantime the rest of the girls surrounded Tracey to make sure she couldn’t escape. She did her best to fight them off but she was not only totally outnumbered but also outclassed. These were fit, strong and tough girls who thought nothing of heaving about huge weights on a daily basis. A fat little shrimp like Tracey was child’s play to them.

Emily and Stacey soon came back with a number of boxes. In spite of her growing alarm, Tracey was curious to know what on earth was inside them. She didn’t have to wait long to find out!

Tearing open one of the boxes, Lucy brandished a roll of tape in triumph. The other girls, who already knew what it was, laughed out loud.

“This,” said Lucy, a big grin on her face, “is called Supa-Tape. It’s the strongest adhesive tape in the world, Tracey. It’s super-strength, double sided and just perfect for bonding anything permanently. Or anyone,” she added meaningfully. “It’s an instant adhesive that sticks to any surface right away so you don’t have to wait for it to dry like you do with some other types of adhesive. It’s got high tack, high strength and it takes ages to deteriorate. And it’s almost completely resistant to chemicals as well because of its high adhesive coating. Which means it’s a bugger to get off – ordinary cleaning fluids won’t shift it. And the best part is that the longer you leave it on the surface the harder it sticks. After just twenty-four hours it sets solid as a rock.”

Tracey’s eyes widened in fear as she realised what Lucy was planning.

“Please,” she said, in a totally untypical humble voice, “please, Lucy, please don’t hurt me. I’m sorry if I’ve been a bitch. I really am. I promise I’ll be nice to you all in future.”

And tell Mrs. Chambers to fire you as soon as I get out of her, Tracey thought to herself.

But Lucy wasn't interested in Tracey's sudden humility. Nor were the other girls. They'd had enough of her bossiness and they were totally determined to take her down a peg or two.

"Let's tie her up," said Lucy. "Then we can all have some fun with this fucking bitch!"

They used the Supa-Tape to tie Tracey's arms and wrists tightly behind her back. Then Lucy went over to the First-Aid cupboard and picked up a roll of lint. She pinched Tracey's nose hard so that she gasped for breath and was forced to open her mouth wide in order to breathe. As soon as Tracey did that Lucy shoved the whole wad of lint right inside and signalled to Emily to come over and hold her mouth in place till she'd got it properly secured.

Poor Tracey could only stand there and wait as Lucy picked up yet another item that she knew would be used to hurt and humiliate her. The grin on Lucy's face got wider as she waved the item in Tracey's terrified face.

"This, Tracey," Lucy told her, the smile on her face getting wider by the minute, "is the strongest and most adhesive packing tape in the world. You can guess where it's going now, can't you? OK, Emily, you can take your hand away now. Wouldn't want you getting hurt, would we?"

The girls all laughed when she said that. Then Lucy picked up the packing tape and wrapped it around her mouth. She wasn't content just to do it once; she kept on wrapping it round and round Tracey's head until the whole roll had been used up!

"That's much better," said Lucy, laughing. "Now we've finally got you to shut that stupid fucking gob of yours. And that's just for starters, Tracey!"

Tracey was close to tears as she realised that Lucy had obviously got some particularly nasty kind of humiliation planned for her. She didn't know what it would be but she was sure that it would make her look a laughing stock and would probably also be extremely painful. And now she was gagged so securely she couldn't even plead for mercy anymore!

"OK, let's take this fat slag somewhere more private," said Lucy. "Let's take her down to the workshop where we can have some REAL fun with her!"

All the girls laughed at the prospect of making the arrogant Tracey suffer at their hands. They all hated her bitchy and stand-offish ways and now it was payback time/ Even though Lucy and Emily were the ringleaders, the other girls were delighted to go along with their plans.

Tracey, with the sort of courage that sometimes comes out of desperation, tried to fight off the girls who surrounded her and grabbed her. In spite of her best efforts, she was taken out of the office and moved into an annex. There they quickly dragged her over towards the winch.

"This thing, you ignorant twat," said Lucy, "is called a tirlfor or a grip-hoist. It's a winch that lifts up heavy things. Such as lumps of lard like you, Tracey. By moving a handle backwards and forwards I can move stuff weighing several tons. Even more than you weight, you fat slag! Instead of using spools to move wire or rope through it, it uses self-gripping jaws. So, Tracey, let's see how good a job it does of winching YOU up!"

Futile though it was, Tracey continued to struggle desperately. Already secured by the tape, totally outnumbered by the other girls, and far too unfit to fight them off even if she had been free, Tracey was dragged, still kicking, up to the winch. Then they lowered the hook on the grip-hoist and slipped it through the tape binding her arms. Lucy then moved the handle on the winch and Tracey found herself being lifted off the ground.

“Right, Tracey, we’ve all had about as much as we can take of your stuck-up attitudes and the bitchy way you carry on. I think you need to be taught a lesson you’ll never forget.”

Tracey’s struggles against her hoisted bondage got more frantic but were equally futile. She even tried to make noises of protest through her gag. Lucy and Emily exchanged looks and then burst out laughing.

“Why not?” said Lucy. “Go for it, Emily. Let’s strip her naked and see what the fat fucking cow looks like underneath all her designer clothes!”

Smiling happily, Emily moved to face the helpless Tracey directly. She lifted up Tracey’s dress above her head and pulled it down over her arms. Then she went behind her captive and took off her bra, throwing it casually on the floor. Finally she yanked off Tracey’s shoes, tights and knickers and left them lying on the floor before turning to Lucy.

“What do you reckon we ought to do with her clothes?” Emily asked, an evil grin on her face.

“Interesting question,” said Lucy, smiling broadly. “Gimme a minute – I’ve got two or three ideas that might work.”

Her train of thought was briefly interrupted by Tracey frantically kicking at Emily, who was still standing directly in front of her. She took a couple of whacks to her legs before losing her temper and belting Tracey hard in the stomach.

“You fucking bitch!” she said. “I’ll show you what happens to girls who think they can get hard with me!”

Then she rained down a series of hard punches on the bound Tracey before Lucy told her to stop.

“That’s enough, Emily,” she said. “We want the bitch to be conscious while we’re punishing her, don’t we?”

“Yeah, I guess so,” said Emily.

Then, at Lucy’s suggestion, Emily held Tracey’s legs while Stacey took another length of the Supa-Tape and tied it thoroughly around Tracey’s left ankle. Then she tied her right ankle to a nearby hook in the wall. Repeating the process, Stacey tied Tracey’s left ankle to another hook with the Supa-Tape. Poor Tracey was now dangling in mid-air with her legs spread wide apart. It was a thoroughly uncomfortable position for her to hold which was the whole point of course.

Then they began to ridicule the naked Tracey’s body. Emily began the mockery but the other girls quickly joined in.

“What a fat, flabby little slag you are!” said Emily “That arse could squash a fucking cabbage! And those tits of yours are more like giant marrows! No wonder you never talk about any of your boyfriends. I don’t

suppose you've got any. When was the last time you got fucked, eh? Fat, stupid, bimbo bitch!"

Tracey fought back the tears as they ridiculed her while she hung there helpless. After about ten minutes of verbal humiliation the girls decided to move on to the next stage of the punishment.

"Well," said a grinning Lucy, "let's see what other goodies we've got for you. We'll start with this little joker – it's called Rhino Glue and it's the strongest glue in the world! It's fast, strong and long-lasting. Rhino Glue is the highest bonding strength there is. It doesn't turn brown, foam up or expand and it doesn't even need to be mixed before you use it. Are you beginning to get an idea of what's going to happen to you, Tracey?"

Tracey moaned desperately through her gag but no coherent sound came out. Lucy gave her a cruel smile.

"I'm going to start putting the Rhino Glue on you now, Tracey. Emily, Stacey, you two help me. Make sure you spread it out well so that she gets a nice even coat all over her body. And don't forget to wear rubber gloves. We don't want your fingers getting all sticky, do we?"

The girls all laughed when she said that.

"On the other hand, Tracey, we want to make sure that this stuff sticks to every single part of your body!" said Lucy, laughing like a drain. "Just listen to what it says on the label – 'fast setting; sticks to any surface; stays firm; provides a permanent seal.' Doesn't that sound like a lot of fun, Tracey?"

Tracey could do nothing but moan futilely through her gag.

“And the good news is that it starts to set in less than a minute. Enjoy!”

Lucy began by putting the Rhino Glue on Tracey’s left arse cheek. She enjoyed spreading it all over until it was thoroughly covered. Then, to Tracey’s horror, she began applying the glue to the crack in Tracey’s arsehole. Lucy was busy enjoying herself when Emily stopped her.

“Wait a minute, I’ve got an idea to make it even worse for her,” she said.

“Sounds good to me!” Lucy laughed. “What did you have in mind?”

“I’ll show you,” said Lucy.

She went to the First Aid box and took out another two rolls of lint before going back to the boxes on the floor and taking out another roll of Supa-Tape.

Being double-sided, Emily wrapped it around the whole length of the first roll of lint. Then she picked it up and moved across to the terrified Tracey.

“This, bitch, is going right up your fat arse!” she told her.

Tracey's eyes widened in fear. She already knew how strong the tape was and now Emily was going to push it up her arse! God, she thought, it'll be stuck there – well, like glue.

Help! She tried to cry out but nothing but muffled sounds came through her gag. The girls just laughed when they saw her increasing desperation.

Then Emily pushed the roll of lint, coated with the double-sided strong adhesive, right up inside her arsehole. She made sure to push it in as roughly and painfully as possible and Tracey actually winced with the pain.

“OK, let's seal it in properly,” said Emily. “Lucy, put as much of the glue as possible right up her arsehole. We've got plenty of the stuff so don't be stingy! Make sure it's sealed as tight as a virgin's cunt!”

Lucy, needing no further encouragement, eagerly filled up the crack in Tracey's arse with the super-strong glue. As Lucy was making sure that her arsehole was completely sealed up the other girls got busy spreading more of the stuff all over Tracey's arse cheeks.

“Does your bum look big in this, Tracey? Too fucking right!” laughed Lucy.

They were just about to start spreading it on the front of her body when Emily walked across with the second roll of lint and the Supa-Tape. She covered the lint with the double-sided tape and then pushed it inside Tracey's cunt. Tracey's eyes widened in horror and she shook her head frantically from side to side but the girls just laughed at her. Emily made sure the taped roll of lint had gone right up inside her victim's cunt and stood back to admire her handiwork.

“OK, Lucy, let’s seal her cunt good and tight so there’s no way it can come out.”

Lucy needed no encouragement, and the roars of laughter from the other girls added a cruel chorus of mirth to Tracey’s misery. She sealed it thoroughly and Emily decided to add to the girl’s ordeal by telling her just how unpleasant things were going to be for her.

“Well, Tracey, you’ve got quite a thick bush on you, I see. Of course you’re not a natural blonde but it doesn’t really matter. This stuff is going to coat your pubes as well as your cunt so it’s going to be dead slow and, to be honest, a bit painful getting rid of it. Isn’t that fun, Tracey? And don’t you think you deserve it, you stuck-up bitch?”

Tracey pleaded with her eyes but it made no difference. The girls were determined to see the punishment through to the bitter end.

“We need more tape,” said Emily.

Picking up some more of the strong packing tape, she wound the entire roll across Tracey’s mouth.

“Now more Rhino glue,” she said. “I’ll put it over her gag and you and Stacey can make it all smooth so that it bites properly.”

Soon Tracey’s mouth was wrapped up like a Christmas parcel and also coated with masses of the

sticky glue.

“The strongest glue in the world!” laughed Lucy. “Fuck, I’m having a right laugh!”

Then they moved on to another part of her body. They worked downwards from her arse to the heels of Tracey’s feet. Bit by bit they covered every inch of her body, from her chin and neck downwards. When they’d finished gluing her back they moved on to the front of her body.

Working upwards from the soles of her feet through her legs up to her waist, Lucy gazed at Tracey’s large boobs thoughtfully.

“Hang about a minute,” she said, “I got an idea. Stacey, get us a couple of G-clamps. The heavy duty two-piece copper plated ones.”

Stacey passed them across and Lucy looked right into Tracey’s face with a cruel smile.

“How do you fancy having them fat slag tits of yours clamped, Tracey? Sound good to you, does it? I can squeeze these babies so hard they’ll crush your fucking udders!”

Tracey moved her head frantically, pleading futilely with her eyes. The other girls laughed and waited expectantly for Lucy’s next move.

To their surprise and disappointment she seemed to think better of it.

“Nah, maybe not,” she said regretfully.

She gazed thoughtfully at the heavy-duty clamps for a moment and then smiled.

“On the other hand,” she said, “I reckon those fat blubbery tits could do with a bit of – industrial jewellery! But like any good worker, I need to prepare the surface first.”

Tracey had no idea what Lucy was talking about but her eyes widened in fear as she saw the girl picking up the clamps. Then, smiling happily, she put them back down again.

To Tracey’s horror and astonishment Lucy began busily fondling, squeezing, pinching and sucking her nipples. It was humiliating and painful for her, especially with the chorus of loud laughter from the enthusiastic audience, but what made it even worse for Tracey was that this mauling and exploration of her nipples was getting her turned on! They became hard and Lucy grinned with satisfaction. When she’d managed to work them to her satisfaction she turned to her co-conspirators and pointed out Tracey’s obvious state of arousal.

“Look at that fucking whore!” she laughed. “Maybe the bitch is a dyke! She certainly seems to like me playing with her nipples, don’t she?”

More loud laughter from the girls followed. Then Lucy picked up the clamps and coated the “biting” part liberally with glue before fitting one on each of Tracey’s now thoroughly stiff nipples. She took good care to clamp them to the highest possible level of tension and saw Tracey wince with the pain as she did so.

“Yeah, don’t say we never give you nothing, Tracey!” said Lucy with a cruel laugh. “I bet you’re just fucking LOVING your new tit jewellery!”

Tracey’s eyes began to fill with tears. Her spirit was broken completely and she could only hope that her ordeal would end eventually. In the meantime Lucy picked up some more of the Rhino glue and spread it all over the clamped nipples of her victim. Tracey moaned through her gag, knowing how firmly it would set and how painful and difficult it would be to remove the sticky gunge.

Lucy was about to spread more of the glue directly on Tracey’s large breasts when she paused with the stuff still in her hand.

“Hang about a bit,” she said thoughtfully. “We can still do a better job on this piece of shit. Emily, get me the CTI.”

Emily looked at Lucy and grinned.

“Yeah, I see where you’re coming from,” she laughed. “Half a mo!”

She returned eagerly with a large amount of the stuff. Then she looked Tracey right in the face and laughed out loud.

“CTI,” she told the helpless, sobbing girl, “is the strongest sealant on the market. It’s a hybrid polymer

that doesn't have any chemicals in it so it NEVER shrinks! Isn't that a delightful thought, Tracey? It NEVER shrinks! And, of course, you can guess exactly where we're going to put it, can't you?"

"Yeah, and it's not only the strongest sealant there is but it's also the firmest adhesive," Lucy added, a huge grin on her face. "It bonds and seals just anything there is and it is superstrong!"

Tracey wept as she realised that her ordeal was about to get even worse. Lucy and Emily were just about to begin work when Stacey piped up with a suggestion of her own.

"I know we're all looking forward to Tracey's new make-up but we don't wanna put TOO much on. Just stir it a little and put just enough on for it to bond but not too much. If we do that it'll be like painting her with tar except it'll be a whole LOT stickier!"

"Great idea, Stacey!" said Lucy.

All the girls laughed at her suggestion and quickly the CTI was applied to Tracey's large breasts. She moaned helplessly through her gag at the thought of the damage this stuff could do to her. The girls then applied it to the rest of her body, using up five loads in all. The gunge was on every part of her body except her head, which of course was tightly gagged with a lint plug, adhesive tape and glue.

"What about her head?" asked Stacey.

"Yeah, might be fun trying something with the upper half of her," Emily agreed.

“Dunno what, though,” said Lucy regretfully. “Don’t wanna risk putting it on her eyes. Let’s get some more Supa-Tape. We can wind it around her head from under her chin right up to the top and then put some more Rhino glue on to keep it held in place.”

So Lucy wrapped Tracey’s head from top to bottom with the adhesive tape, winding it from her chin to the crown of her head. Then Emily applied the Rhino glue to hold it securely. .

“Cumfy, Tracey?” she asked her victim cruelly. “Enjoying yourself? Only got to say if you ain’t!”

The girls all laughed as she tormented the helpless and thoroughly gagged Tracey. By now she was so thoroughly traumatised that she didn’t even bother to moan in silent protest against her cruel treatment.

“I guess we can take that as a ‘yes,’ then,” laughed Lucy. “Now let’s decide what to do about the bitch’s clothes. I got a few ideas I wanna run past you – let us know what one you like the best, girls!”

“So what you got planned?” asked Stacey.

“Well,” said Lucy, “first off we can just put her clothes through the giant industrial shredder. That’d make a right mess of them, wouldn’t it?”

“Too fucking right!” laughed Emily. “What else you got up your sleeve?”

“We could dump them inside this tub of glue so they’d get all covered with the stuff. Or we could take them to the chem lab and either stick them in one of the acids that’d completely dissolve them or just dump them in a tub of bleach. What do you reckon, girls?”

“Hm,” said Emily thoughtfully. “I like the idea of bleaching them myself.”

“I’d prefer to stick them in a tub of glue,” said Stacey.

“Let’s have a vote,” suggested Lucy.

The girls talked about it among themselves and finally a compromise was agreed upon.

“OK, Tracey,” said a grinning Lucy, “the good news is that we ain’t gonna shred your clothes. But we WILL stick them inside the tub of glue and then, when they’re all properly gummed up, we’ll put them in bleach so as to ruin the colours. You won’t want to wear them again even if you manage to rescue them. Fun, innit, Tracey?”

Tracey’s eyes, already red from continual crying, gazed hopelessly upon the cruel face of her tormentors. She saw no chance of mercy and all she could do was wait till they finally let her get out of the horrible position she was in.

“Now let’s get a few things straight,” Lucy told her. “We’re all fed up to the back teeth with your stuck-up,

snotty-nosed, bitchy attitude. Now just in case you might be thinking about grassing us up to the Old Bill, we can be a LOT nastier than we've been today. So if I was you I'd keep your stupid bimbo head well down, keep that stupid gob of yours well shut and start thinking about whether or not you want to stay on at this job. If you do," she added, "there's gonna have to be BIG changes in your attitude. Got that, Tracey?"

Tracey nodded weakly through her tears.

"Same goes if you try and snitch on us to Mrs. Chambers," Lucy told her. "You wasn't planning on doing that, was you?"

Tracey shook her head feebly.

"Good. Well, we're gonna lock up when we've finished ruining those skanky clothes of yours. I expect the security guard will be doing the rounds in about a couple of hours. If you're lucky they might set you free. If not, well, Mrs. Chambers will be back at work on Monday."

The security guard! Tracey's heart beat with a sudden surge of hope. Lucy, as if sensing her thoughts, cruelly dashed it.

"I wouldn't hold out much hope on the security guard if I was you," she grinned. "The old one's gone off sick today and the odds are they won't be coming back. So my sister Julie is acting as our security guard. The chances are that she'll get the job permanently. You catch my drift, Tracey?"

Tracey nodded miserably,. Every avenue of escape was closed to her. She knew that there was no chance that Julie would side with her against her sister.

“And from now on you’re gonna be dead polite to us all, ain’t you?”

Tracey nodded as vigorously as she could.

“And you won’t never talk back to us nor give us no grief, will you?”

Tracey shook her head equally vigorously.

“Good,” said Lucy. “Right, let’s ruin the bitch’s clothes before we pack up.”

Tracey watched tearfully as her clothes were first dumped in a solution of strong glue and then put in a bucket of bleach. They would never be wearable again.

“OK, Tracey, well, see you on Monday, innit? Enjoy yourself!” said Lucy with a big grin.

Tracey was left alone in her misery. She WAS eventually discovered by the security guard who laughed cruelly at her predicament.

On the other hand, she did cut her down from her partly suspended position. Tracey was at least grateful for that small mercy as her arms were in agony from the suspension.

On the other hand she refused absolutely to get rid of Tracey's bonds or glue.

"Be against health and safety regulations if I done that, innit?" said Julie, not even bothering to hide the grin on her face. "Tell you what, though, girl; I COULD ask me bruv if he'd be up for coming over at short notice and getting you out of that fix what you're in. OK by you, luv?"

All Tracey could do was nod feebly. Her humiliation continued as, about twenty minute later, Julie's brother John arrived.

"Fuck me, ain't seen nothing like THAT before!" he laughed. "So how come the stupid cow's gone and got herself into a state like that?"

"It's a long story," said Julie. "I'm not sure I know the half of it myself to be honest but Lucy will fill in the gaps for us. In the meantime, suppose you'd better get this stuff off of the fat bimbo."

Tracey flushed with anger and embarrassment but was at least relieved that she was finally going to be released. It turned out not to be anywhere near as easy as she'd hoped. For starters the tape around her ankles had set rock hard and it took John quite an effort to remove it even using a Stanley knife [box knife].

Once her ankles were free she tried to stand up but found, to her horror, that it was not at all easy. It was even harder when she tried to walk. The gunge stuck to the inside of her legs just held on tight and made them keep sticking together fast if she tried to walk normally. The only way she could walk at all without getting them stuck together was if she walked with her legs wide apart. Cruelly, Julie and John both laughed at her unintended obscene display.

Her arms were still well stuck behind her back and her feet kept sticking to the ground even when she tried to move. Smiling broadly, John cut the ties on her wrists with the Stanley knife. Then he slit the tape that bound her above her elbows. Even when he did that the superstrong glue held it in place and she couldn't remove it properly even though the ties themselves had been slit.

Tracey stood there naked, her arms and legs free after a fashion, her legs forced wide apart by the impossibility of closing them without the glue making them stick together. John picked up a cloth and tried wiping her body down with that to remove the glue but it only made the stuff sticky and didn't get rid of it. And, of course, the thick superstrong sealant and the Supa-Tape were extra obstacles to get rid of.

John tried scraping it off, using first a scraper and then a chisel but only succeeded in hurting Tracey without dislodging hardly any of the gunge on her body. Then he tried rubbing her body with sandpaper but that only hurt her even more and didn't shift much of the stuff. Giving up on that idea after a few failed attempts, he tried getting rid of it with chemical solvents but the stuff the girls had put on Tracey's body was resistant to them!

"I give up," he said. "Them girls done a right good job on you, luv. You'll have to get this stuff removed at a hospital."

"No, not a hospital," said Julie, warningly. "They'd report things to the coppers and then me and me sis might get into a bit of trouble, like. I got a better idea than that. You remember that old quack lives up

the road from me? The one what got struck off?"

"Yeah, I remember him. Why, you reckon we ought to take her there?"

"Sounds good to me, John. Gotta better idea?"

"Nah, not really. Can't take the bimbo in me motor, though. I'll have to stick her in the boot and hope I don't get pulled while I'm driving her there."

So Tracey found herself bundled unceremoniously into the boot of John's car and driven off to be "treated" by a doctor who'd been struck off! Her journey was thoroughly uncomfortable with a plug of lint reinforced by tape and glue filling her mouth and sealed in so tightly she knew it would be a nightmare to remove. She also had to put up with her arse and cunt filled with lint and tape and glue. Her tits, still painful from the glue, also still sported the G-clamps on her by now thoroughly sore nipples, the clamps being too firmly glued in place for it to be safe for John to even try removing them,

Eventually he managed to remove most of the stuff but it took him a good six hours. Even then, getting it out of her cracks and off of her body was agony. As the stuff slowly and painfully came off her arse, cunt, stomach, mouth and head, Tracey wept and gasped in relief.

She went back to work on Monday morning and, as promised, said nothing to Mrs. Chambers or anyone else about what had happened. And, like you'd expect, she was nice as pie to Lucy and Emily and Stacey and all the other girls that worked as builders for the company! Even Mrs. Chambers noticed the improvement in her attitude!

This is one of a series of tribute stories I've written to the wonderful creation Tracey by the internet author Katie Smith. Tracey always ends up in trouble and this story is no exception. © Mar 2013 adult • humor • horror

**Red Goddess -**

interesting story a real cool revenge against a bitch what needs a good trashing. Laughed the whole time I was reading well done :-)

Aug 2013



Donna Barber - Thanks, Goddess. I tried to make it nasty but funny at the same time!

Aug 2013



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