



Donna Barber

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The Admirable Tracey

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Part One

Tracey was not a happy bunny today. She had just been summoned to her boss' office and told that she'd be travelling with him on a yacht on the Pacific Ocean.

'We'll fly to Los Angeles and then we'll pick up our yacht and spend a couple of weeks sailing,' Mr Chambers told her. 'There'll be me, my wife, my son and my two daughters on board the craft. Oh, and you, of course,' he added. 'You'll enjoy having a nice relaxing holiday with me and my family, won't you?'

'Yes, Sir, that would be very nice,' Tracey forced herself to say.

Actually the thought of being stuck with the Chambers family for two weeks struck her as about as appealing as trying to give the kiss of life to a wounded tiger. She knew at one what sort of a 'holiday' it would be.

Apart from Mr Chambers himself there was his loathsome and snobbish wife, his repulsive son John and his two psychopathic daughters Lucy and Emily. Tracey knew that both father and son would be trying it on with her sexually and that the three women would try and make her life an utter misery.

Tracey also knew that she'd have to do all the work on the boat – cooking, cleaning, probably even having to handle the sails and steer it. Some fucking holiday this is gonna be, she thought angrily. Of course she couldn't do anything about it and in a week's time the party arrived at Los Angeles and made their way to a marina where the yacht was moored.

'Right, Tracey, take all our luggage on board,' said Mr Chambers.

Cursing silently the reluctant Tracey carried the heavy luggage on to the yacht.

As she'd expected Tracey had to do pretty much everything on the yacht. They'd been sailing on the Pacific for three days when disaster struck. Tracey was fast asleep when a storm blew up and capsized the boat. Emily was in charge at the time and she completely panicked. Her screams roused everybody and a frantic attempt to right the boat followed. It was no good, though; the yacht was smashed and the party scrambled for safety onto a nearby small island.

'Well,' said Mr Chambers, looking around glumly, 'looks like we're shipwrecked. What the hell do we do now?'

Tracey gazed forlornly about her, seeing at once that the island was God knows how many miles away from the nearest land.

'Let's drag the yacht on to the beach,' she said. 'There might be something there than can help us.'

Without much enthusiasm they followed her advice. Tracey immediately began searching the boat for things that might be useful

'I'll see if the radio works,' she said.

Going into the wrecked cabin, she tested the radio and got no response. She then tried to repair it with the tools on board but without success.

'PK, the radio's had it,' she said. 'Let's try firing off a distress flare.'

But that particular item couldn't be found. The sea must have claimed it and it lay somewhere in the vastness of the Pacific Ocean.

'OK, we've got no way of raising the alarm or letting anyone know where we are,' said Tracey. 'We've got to start creating some sort of set-up on the island till we get rescued. We'll start by building some sort of shelter.'

They all stared at her in a mixture of astonishment and nervous horror.

'How do we do that?' asked Emily.

The 18-year old girl was crying and could hardly speak. Tracey looked around at the rest of the Chambers family with a sense of total disgust and anger filling her. Not one of them had a clue what to do about the situation.

She had already salvaged anything worth saving from the yacht and was busy trying to decide on what to do next when Mr Chambers spoke to her.

'How long do you think it will be before we get rescued?'

'I've got no idea,' said Tracey, 'but until we ARE we have to make the best of things here on the island. Now we need to start off by building ourselves a shelter. Come on, let's get started!'

The Chambers family stared at her and Lucy gave her an angry glare.

'Don't fucking tell us what to do, Tracey,' she shouted angrily. 'You're just a fat bimbo and you're only here because we needed someone to do the donkey work.'

Tracey just looked at Mr Chambers, waiting for him to give her a lead. He seemed about to open his mouth and then shook his head.

'I don't know what to do,' he said finally. 'I've never been in a situation like this before.'

'Well, none of us have,' Tracey retorted. 'But we have to try and make the best of things for as long as we're here on the island. Don't worry; we're bound to get picked up soon. So come on, let's start building a shelter to protect us from the sun and wind and rain!'

Mr Chambers, for the first time since Tracey had met him, looked lost and hesitant. His son John also seemed a bit confused. It was the three women who were the most uncooperative, though.

Mrs Chambers just sat on the beach and sulked while Lucy and Emily were positively bolshie in their attitudes and behaviour.

'Do it your fucking self, Tracey, if that's what you want,' said Lucy. 'We don't take orders from you so

move your fat arse and do some work!

'Yeah, fuck off, Tracey,' said Emily. 'There's no way we're going to take any notice of a retarded slut like you!'

Tracey just looked at them with an exasperated expression on her face but said nothing. If they got picked up soon the last thing she wanted was to fall out with the family on a desert island.

'OK, I'll go and see what I can do,' she said. 'I'll let you know if I've had any luck.'

So Tracey began the task of exploring the island to see what she could find to eat, drink and help them find shelter. She was not looking forward to it and with the girls behaving in an even more rude and hostile way than usual she'd have her work cut out to control her temper.

In the distance she could hear Lucy and Emily shouting at each other while Mr Chambers and John tried to calm them down and Mrs Chambers did absolutely nothing!

Anyone who knows J M Barrie's play 'The Admirable Crichton' will know the basic set-up that this story is going to take. Basically Tracey will end up taking over the whole place and they'll have to defer to her but as nearly always happens in Tracey stories there's a sting in the tail1 © Aug 2013 adult



liz - poor Tracey!...

interesting story, indeed! 🦋

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Donna Barber - Thanks, Liz. But there'll be a while when Tracey is on top; I'm working on the next few parts of the story.

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liz - on top of whom?....lol

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