



Donna Barber

Dec 2013 • Adult

The yoke is on Tracey

I still don't quite understand exactly how things ended up going wrong so quickly – and so badly. My name is Tracey Smith and I work for the local tourist board to promote the area. One of my many jobs is to organise events and of course I have to spend a lot of time thinking up new ways to attract customers to our somewhat rural part of the world.

My boss, Mr. Chambers, was always popping in and out of my office with various suggestions. Most of them were silly and some of them struck me as downright disgusting. Still, he was my boss, and it was a job, and so I just smiled sweetly and tried my best to ignore them.

This time, however, it was different. He was far more persistent than usual and I didn't like that one bit. What was the old goat up to?

"I think it would be a good idea to have a themed weekend in Eastfield Park," he said. "Don't you agree, Tracey?"

"What kind of theme did you have in mind, sir?" I asked him warily.

“A pastoral one, I think. Nymphs and shepherds, milkmaids and serving wenches, that type of thing.”

I had a pretty good idea of the type of costume he'd expect the serving wenches and probably the rest of us girls to be wearing but I held my peace. No point in arguing with the so and so; he always won. With the state of the economy employers had the whip hand over workers and I felt grateful even to have a job in the current climate. Especially one that most of the time was quite fun – though whenever Mr. Chambers got one of his stupid “ideas” or “promotional launches” my heart sank because it always seemed to wind up with something going dead wrong.

Usually for yours truly!

Anyway, Saturday morning came round at last and we got in the minibus and arrived at Eastfield Park. Whatever devious plans he had in mind I was about to find out.

“OK, girls,” said Mr. Chambers, his usual smug insufferable grin on his face. “I’ve explained that we’ll be having a pastoral theme weekend. Now there are a dozen of you altogether so I’ll assign you all to different jobs. Lucy, Emily, you’ll be our nymphs. Tracey, I want you to be our milkmaid. The rest of you will be serving wenches. Go into the tents and change into your new costumes.”

I wasn't totally sure what a milkmaid costume would look like but I had a feeling it wouldn't mean as much “exposure” of my flesh as if I was one of the serving wenches. Anyway, we made our way into the tent and all got changed.

My “milkmaid” costume wasn't too bad by the standards of some of the stunts the bastard had pulled in the past. I wore a green bonnet with a white edge around it, a green dress with white frills at top and bottom, which as usual was disgustingly short and barely covered my private parts, white stockings and

clogs on my feet. I felt like a right prize kitted out in all that gear but what could I do? As usual, the old perve had forbidden us girls to wear bras or knickers so it might get a bit draughty what with the unreliable old English summer.

When I came out Mr. Chambers looked at me with a big grin on his face.

“You look very nice in that costume, Tracey. It really suits you!”

Well, I didn’t reckon so but what could I do? He was the boss and he could fire me on the spot for nothing if he felt like it. I just forced out a sweet smile and nodded.

“Only one more thing and then you’re fully kitted out and ready to go,” he said.

I didn’t like the sound of “one more thing.” What’s more, it pretty soon turned out I was right to be worried.

“Now all milkmaids have to carry two pails of milk,” he said, smiling like he’d just said something smart or at least funny.

I just stood there waiting to hear the punch line.

“And how did they carry those pails in the old days? Well, basically when a pail is full of milk it’s rather heavy, so you can’t really carry it about in your hands unless you’re built like the Incredible Hulk. So, of course, they had to use a device to help them carry the weight.”

I was liking the sound of the whole business less and less as he went on talking.

“So they used a wooden device known as a yoke,” he said, the grin on his face making the Cheshire Cat in Alice look like a miserable frown. “And that’s what we’re going to put on you now, Tracey.”

What could I say? I knew there was no point in arguing the toss with the old bastard. I’d only lose and, besides, at least being a milkmaid meant I’d get to keep my clothes on which weren’t often the case when Chambers pulled one of his stunts.

OK, I was displaying a lot of cleavage and it was pretty draughty round my nether regions but otherwise my get-up wasn’t too bad. Trouble is, it was about to get a whole lot worse!

So Mr. Chambers fitted the wooden yoke around my neck. It seemed quite big and it was certainly heavy. I felt a bit uneasy when I realised that there was also a metal strap with hinges that fitted round my neck and then got even more nervous when he snapped it shut with a strong metal padlock.

“There, that’s much better,” said a smiling Mr. Chambers. “That’s the yoke properly in place around your neck. Now all we have to do is set up the rest of the device and you’ll be ready to start work.”

To my horror I noticed that as well as metal hooks from the ends of the yoke, presumably to carry the pails of milk, there were also chains with round metal brackets at the end of the yoke. I knew at once what was going to happen next.

Sure enough, that lowlife Chambers took a lot of pleasure in telling everyone watching my already unpleasant experience getting even worse.

“So what we need to do now,” he grinned, “is fit these brackets round your wrists. That will help to support the weight of the pails of milk you’ll be carrying.”

Then Mr. Chambers fastened the brackets round my wrists, snapping them shut and making them even more secure with padlocks. Now I could hardly move, and he soon made that situation a lot worse. He fitted two more metal bands around my ankles, connected with a length of heavy chain. Like everything else they were also fastened even more securely with sodding padlocks!

As a final touch he pinched my nose and as I opened my mouth to gasp for breath he pushed a ball gag right inside it, securing it behind my head with leather straps and yet another padlock. Now I couldn’t even speak and even if I’d wanted to complain about what was going on I couldn’t have done it.

Mr. Chambers stood there and grinned, seeing me the way I was. He made one final check that all my bondage gear was tight enough and then he looked right into my face, smirking smugly.

“Now don’t forget, Tracey,” he said cruelly, “if you’re feeling a bit uncomfortable at any time just let us know. You’ve only got to say!”

Everyone just laughed and giggled when he said that. Bastard, I thought, but of course when I tried to protest all that came out of my gagged mouth was a sort of muffled “mmm” sound.

“Enjoying yourself, Tracey?” asked my arch-enemy Lucy.

“Mmm!” I grunted in protest through my gag.

“Yes, I thought you were,” she giggled.

Then came my final humiliation. With a grin on his smug fucking face the size of the Grand Canyon, Mr. Chambers turned to the crowd and made the last finishing touches to his evil plan.

"It's a nice warm day this morning," he said. "I think our milkmaid can carry out her duties entirely in the buff. You'd like us to take that hot costume off you and be completely naked in front of all of us, wouldn't you, Tracey?"

"Mmm! Mmm!" I tried to give as forceful a no as I could.

"Yes, I thought you'd like that. Well, fortunately the milkmaid's dress I've given you is easy to remove. I'll just unzip you at the back and then we'll slip it off over your legs."

"Mmm! Mmm!" I tried to complain.

"So glad you agree, Tracey," he smiled.

Then the next thing I knew I was naked, except for the stockings on my legs and the clogs on my feet. He then went and put the stupid bonnet back on top of my head.

"There, you look practically perfect, Tracey," he said. "All we need to do now is fill up those pails and get you to start work. Because we're a bit short of milk we've improvised and your pails will be full of heavy rocks. You'll carry them up and down that big hill you can see in front of you. Enjoy, Tracey!"

As Lucy and Emily eagerly tipped the heavy rocks into the two pails that hung from the yoke round my neck, all I could do was moan helplessly through my gag!

Another one of my tribute stories to Katie Smith's wonderful creation Tracey © Dec 2013 adult • horror • humor • fantasy



blazerman - MMM...don't stop there...

Mar 2016



Red Goddess -

well hells bells poor poor Tracey gets it again Seems her lot to the brim. Thanks for the entry

Dec 2013



Zaid - Title / intro is: I like how you draw us into the story.

Something to work on is: You characters are very well written you immediately being to like Tracey and develop a hatred for both the boss and Lucy. Would really have loved to see that milkmaid costume. Lulz Stay blessed.

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