



Donna Barber

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Tracey and the muggers

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Tracey was out walking on late Friday night because her doctor reckoned she ought to lose a bit of weight. What with her being all of 5ft 2 she just didn't have the height or body shape to distribute all her weight evenly so it all tended to sort of bunch itself up around her bum, her boobs and her tummy.

"Diet and exercise, Miss Smith, that's what you need!" the doctor told her.

Yeah, right, thought Tracey. They always say that to me but nothing I try ever seems to work. Maybe I'll go for a bit of a wander downtown this evening, see if that shifts a few pounds.

Eastfield weren't exactly no high crime zone but, like any place, it had its share of lowlife. It was just Tracey's luck to be out walking just shy of the high street when up popped a right bunch of likely lads.

"Hello, darling, where you been all me life?" asked the leader of the eight-strong crew of tearaways.

Tracey tried to ignore him and just keep right on walking but that only made him get his wild up.

"Oi, princess, don't you go getting into no strop with me!" he said. "Ain't you never been told it's rude not to answer when some geezer's talking to you?"

Tracey began to get nervous now. She didn't want to make things worse so she tried hard to be polite.

"Sorry, I was miles away," she said./ "I didn't mean to be rude."

"I should hope not," says he. "It'd be a diabolical liberty if you done that, wouldn't it? Specially when I was being all friendly, like."

"Yes, I'm very sorry," said Tracey. "I apologise for being rude. I didn't mean to be."

Our of the corner of her eyes she was clocking the street and save bang at the off weren't no one around to help her out if it come to a barney. Shit, thought Tracey, I'm in dead shtook now!

"Got a fag, luv?"

"Sorry, I don't smoke."

"Well, how about giving me the price of a smoke, then?"

Tracey was dead scared now. The blokes was obviously planning to mug her and there weren't naff all she could do about the circs. Basically, she was fucked.

She made one last attempt to talk her way out of trouble. Even she didn't reckon much to it, mind.

"I haven't got much money on me," she said.

"How much you got?"

"About a fiver."

He looked at her in disgust.

"A fiver, is it? All you got on you's a bleeding jacks? Sod this for a game of soldiers!"

He turned nasty then, motioning to the gang to surround her. Tracey froze in fear, not knowing what was going to happen to her next.

"Right, hand over your bag. We're going to do a little stock take."

Tracey handed it over and they went through it but she hadn't been telling porkies. She had five pounds and eighty-four pence inside it. The gang leader looked at her with total disgust in his eyes.

"We ain't never gonna get rich out of you, are we? Well, fuck it, you'll have to find another way to pay us."

An evil gleam come into his eyes when he said that. Looking her up and down, he gave her a big grin,

"You might be a right shortarse but you're a well fit bird for all that," he said. "Get your kit off!"

Tracey's eyes widened in shock and fear.

"No, please," she begged. "You've got my money, please just let me go."

"We'll let you go if you're nice to us. And first off we want to see what you got. I like the look of you and I wanna see everything. Get your fucking clothes off NOW!"

Tears fell from her eyes as she realised she had no choice. Reluctantly she took off the coat she'd worn to protect her from the cold wind. She was shivering a bit even with just THAT off.

"And the rest," he said cruelly.

Tracey looked around helplessly but couldn't see any signs of mercy on their faces. Her jacket come off next and she waited for the next humiliating command.

"Now take off your shoes and jeans."

Reluctantly she did what she was told. Now she was standing before them dead scared and shivering with the cold. There was goose pimples on her legs already and pretty soon she knew they'd be spreading out all over her body.

"Now your pullover."

Tracey took off the thick sweater that was helping to keep her warm. Only my blouse and bra and knickers left, she thought sadly.

"Take off your blouse now."

Tracey forced herself to take it off. She was now standing in front of them wearing nothing but her bra and knickers. And the cold air was freezing her big arse off something rotten!

"Right, you can take your bra off now. Let's good a PROPER look at them big tits of yours."

Going all red with embarrassment and being we3l narked and all, Tracey done what he said. Now she was showing off her bristols to the whole crew.

"OK, almost there," said the gang leader with a cruel laugh. "Get your knickers off!"

Tracey made one last try to keep some dignity.

"Please don't make me do this," she begged. "Please just let me go. Haven't you done enough already?"

He looked at her and just give another of his sick laughs.

"You heard," he said. "Get them off now!"

Tears was running all down her boat and she knew there was nothing she could do to stop them. She took off her knickers and just stood there in front of them, all helpless like.

"Nice view," he said with an evil grin. "But it could be better. Spread your legs wide so's we can get a proper look at that juicy cunt of yours!"

Still crying her eyes out, Tracey done what he said. She wasn't sure how far they'd go but she was well scared.

She stood there like a weeping statue while the eight blokes took it in turns to feel her up. Tracey felt dirty and humiliated and the constant laughter and comments from the toerags made her feel even worse.

After about fifteen minutes they got bored with their caper and Tracey was hoping things wouldn't get worse for her. She wouldn't put it past any of them to decide to gang rape her. Instead, to her relief, they turned back to her handbag.

"You got a credit card and a debit card in here," he says. "Give us the pin numbers so we can draw out some cash."

Tracey gave him the numbers, making a mental note to cancel the cards at the bank immediately. He sent one of the blokes off and they come back with four hundred nicker of her money.

"OK, that's a lot better now," he said. "We'll hang on to your cards and we'll also take your moby for safe keeping. Anything else interesting in there – oh yeah, we'll take your driving licence and all. Always handy things to have!"

Tracey, still weeping, wondered what they'd do next. To her surprise the gang leader motioned to his main sidekick.

"Go to the offie and get us some tinnies," he said. "We're gonna have a bit of a party!"

In a few minutes he returned with sixteen cans of beer and Tracey, still terrified, waited for the next development.

"Well, luv," says the leader, "I reckon you oughta be a bit more friendly and polite with us, like. So's here's what's gonna happen. You're gonna suck us all off, right?"

Tracey stared at him in horror.

"But..."

"No fucking buts about it!" he laughed. "You're gonna take every one of our big pricks in that stupid stuck-up gob of yours and suck us all of. By the way, we expect you to swallow and all so don't even THINK about trying to spit out our spunk!"

Tracey's tears were in such full flow by now you might have reckoned she was some sort of waterfall. Helplessly she gazed around and saw nothing but coldness on the faces of the blokes.

They took it in turns and she forced herself to swallow it all. When all the blokes had come inside her mouth they cracked open the tinnies and made her drink. Tracey, who normally drunk wine or spirits rather than beer, forced herself to swallow the Special Brew they forced down her. She'd been made to drink three whole cans before, to her relief, she heard the sound of a police siren in the distance.

"Quick, let's scarper!" said the leader.

They raced away, taking her clothes, credit and debit cards and driver's licence with them. Tracey, naked and drunk, was left standing naked in the street with no obvious means of escape.

Then the police car drew up. She staggered towards it, nearly falling over three times as she made her way in its direction.

"Thank goodness," said Tracey. "I'm so glad to see you. I've..."

Then two burly coppers got out of the Panda car.

“Save it, luv,” said the taller one. “You’re nicked! Drunk and disorderly and indecent exposure – we got you bang to rights!”

“But...” Tracey started to say.

“Get in the car,” said the cop.

As he put his hand on her arm Tracey, already reeling, fell towards him and pushed him over. He got back up to his feet and punched her hard in the stomach, winding her.

“And we can add a charge of resisting arrest and all,” he said. “Put them handcuffs on her, Jim!”

So poor Tracey found herself naked and handcuffed and pushed inside a police car to be taken to the station to be arrested and charged!

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**Red Goddess -**

poor Tracey got another pickle to survive. Ya sure have some interesting ways of tormenting her

Nov 2013



Donna Barber - Yes, I try to find as many variations on the theme as I can!

Nov 2013



dembo - Very good story, well writen, great detail, keep writing such great stories and thanks for entering my contest.

Oct 2013



Donna Barber - Thanks for your kind words; glad you enjoyed my story!

Nov 2013



Donna Barber - Thanks for your kind words!

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