



Donna Barber

Nov 2013 • Adult

Tracey in trouble

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I wasn't planning on what happened to me on Saturday, honest! Things just - well, got a bit out of hand, I suppose.

Not that I hadn't had a few warning signs before disaster hit. That day it had been all over the news that a major demo was going down in London.

So what does little old muggins do? Go up to town for a day, that's what,

Even so, who'd have thought a spot of retail therapy (which is what I'd had planned) would all go arse upwards and I'd find myself being arrested for a breach of the peace? I reckon it was a diabolical liberty and I blame that Lucy and her boyfriend John Chambers for landing me right in it like they done.

What a palaver! The three of us decided we'd go up the start and clock the big fuck-off drums and all that. Well, that ain't exactly how it turned out. Thanks to them two clowns I wound up getting busted, frisked, strip searched and wearing nothing but a pair of darbies!

So maybe I should just stop doing me Mona Lisa bit and just give you the straight griffin. We wound up in the big smoke and of course we couldn't but help see the demo going on. There was a bunch of anti-globalisers and they was well set on busting inside some of the banks. Not that I knew that, then, mind you.

So Lucy gets us to get up a bit closer, like.

Next thing I knew the three of us is right in the thick of it all. Then the Old Bill decides things is getting a bit out of order so they decide they're going to sort it. Next off we're all being kettled in the side turnings and before you can say, here, mister, can you show us the way to John Lewis, the filth is backing us into tight corners.

I looked around and what do you know, Lucy and her bloke John had only gone and done a runner. Blimey, I wished I could have given the place the belt and all but no matter how much I tried my bats stayed right where they was. Fuck me, where have them couple of tossers got to? Fine mates they are, leaving little old me caught up in this right carry on without no sort of hurry-up to get me out of it.

By now I was being pushed back by the coppers in front of me and pushed forward by the demmers behind me. I was well pissed off and there didn't seem to be nothing I could do about the circs which was dead annoying!

Next off the cops brought out the water cannon and started hosing us all down. I was hit with jets of water and it didn't half hurt! More to the point, it didn't do my nice smart clobber no favours neither. I was soaked through and me gear looked all hangdog and in a right two and eight to be honest.

Next off they're wading right in among the crowd, swinging their batons and throwing punches like there was no tomorrow. I took a hefty one right in the breadbasket and then wound up seeing stars when a big copper whacked me right on the bonce with his bleeding baton!

I went down and out for the count like I'd just gone ten rounds with David Haye or something and next thing I knew I'd been picked up like a limp rag doll and carted off into the Black Maria by the gavers. I was handcuffed and dragged off to the cop shop where my already less than supreme day was about to get a whole lot worse than what it already were!

Once they brung me into the police station it all went downhill from there onwards. They whipped the

cuffs off of me but only so's they could get me dabs. Once I'd been fingerprinted I was backed up against a wall so they could measure me height and then I had to stand on some scales to check me weight. Being a bit of a big girl (well, short but big if you know what I mean) I was a bit embarrassed at THAT reading!

"OK, your turn now," says the copper in charge. "Let's take down a few details, shall we?"

So I gave him me name and address, date of birth, job and (scarily) next of kin. He entered it all down on the computer and then give me a funny sort of look.

"OK, go with the sergeant and he'll take you to interview room number four. We'll take it from there."

I weren't happy but so far I reckoned I didn't have too much to worry about. After all, I hadn't done nothing, had I? And I was sure that the cops would have CCTV cameras and that in place so's they could see all I'd done was just been in the wrong place at the wrong time.

In the interview room a sergeant who looked about 40 and a woman cop who looked like she couldn't be more than VERY early twenties at most took charge of me.

"OK, interview commencing at 17.35, Saturday," said the sergeant, speaking into his machine.

"Sergeant Jackson and PC Williams attending. Your name is Tracey Smith?"

"Yeah, that's right."

"And what were you doing today?"

"Well, me and two mates come up to London to do a spot of shopping. At least that were the theory. It didn't work out like that, though. Next thing I know we was caught up in the demo."

"Where are your two friends now?"

"No clue. They done a runner when the trouble started."

"But you didn't?"

"Well, I tried but I couldn't get out. I got blocked in every which way I looked. Then I got some copper come up to me, punched me in the gut and whacked me on the head with his truncheon. I went out sparko and next off I got bundled into one of your meat wagons. And that's how come I wound up in this place."

"What are the names of your two friends?"

"Lucy Watson and John Chambers."

“And you say you don’t know where they are now?”

“No, no clue. Wish I did – they’d tell you how it was.”

The sergeant looked at the lady copper. She give me a right nasty look and I didn’t fancy the way she was clocking me one little bit.

“We’ve got better things to do with our time than waste it picking up people like you who just want to cause trouble,” she said. “All these anti-globalisation protests cost a fortune to police. And quite a few of our officers have been injured today as well. The three of you obviously came to London with the sole intention of causing trouble and I’m going to see to it that you get sent to prison for what you did today.”

“Here, hold on a minute,” I said. “I never come to London looking for no sort of trouble nor I didn’t do nothing neither. Don’t come all heavy on me because I ain’t got nothing to answer for.”

"You might as well admit it," said the lady cop. "The sooner you confess the sooner we can bring you to court and get back to dealing with more important crimes."

"I ain't gonna admit to nothing what I never done," I said. "You're just trying it on and you got nothing on me."

The policewoman looked at the sergeant and he nodded. Switching off the tape recorder, he spoke to me.

"Look, Tracey, we've got eyewitness accounts plus the testimony of the police officer who arrested you. Now we can do this the easy way or the hard way. If you make a full confession we'll give you a caution and bind you over to keep the peace for a year. If you don't confess we'll have to send you for trial and then you'll be looking at a custodial sentence."

"But I never done nothing!" I protested. "I dunno who them eyewitnesses you're talking about are but they got it all wrong. As for your copper, well, he's obviously telling porkies, ain't he? What about CCTV and stuff like that? That'd shown I never done nothing wrong, wouldn't it?"

"I think she needs some time to cool off and think things over, don't you, sarge?" asked the lady cop.

"Yes, I think you may be right. I'm sorry, Tracey, but you've refused to co-operate with us and we've got no alternative. Back into the reception area, please."

So I went with the two of them, never reckoning nothing much to it. I knew as how I hadn't done nothing so I wasn't too fussed. That was a BIG mistake on my part.

As soon as I got out into the main reception area it all started. The bitch copper turns to me and gives me an evil look.

"You've still got time to own up," she says.

"Nothing to own up to," I told her.

"Your funeral, then."

In a few minutes the whole place filled up. I saw a load of coppers natch but to my amazement I also saw a whole bunch of teenage school kids – most of them young boys and all of them looking like they was only about 12 or 13 years old.

"This is a school visit," said the bitch cop. "We're delighted to be able to show the pupils how we

process a prisoner. This is Tracey Smith who's been arrested for violent affray in the demonstration. She's already been fingerprinted and had her height and weight checked out and her personal details entered into the police computer. Now we're going to show you how we carry out a strip search – including a full body cavity search.”

Suddenly I could see the way this was headed and I didn't like it one little bit.

“Oi, you can't do that!” I said angrily. “I know me rights and stripping me off in front of a bunch of kids is a diabolical liberty!”

“Just do what you're told, Smith,” said the bitch cop. “Otherwise it'll be much worse for you. Would you prefer us to remove your clothes by force or are you going to do it voluntarily?”

I just glared at the cow but there weren't nothing I could do about it. She had me right over a bleeding beer barrel and I just had to start stripping off for the obviously eager audience of adolescent kids and leering coppers.

They'd already taken me coat and shoes from me when I arrived and later on I'd had to give them me jacket and all so it was just down to the clobber I still had on.

“Take off your pullover,” said the bitch. “Then put it on the table over there.”

I pulled it off and put it on the table like she said.

"Now your jeans," she told me.

I took them off and put them on the table. It was only gonna get worse but I had no choice.

"Now take off your tights," she says.

I pulled them off and of course the schoolboys in particular was enjoying having a good gander at me scotch pegs.

"Now take off your blouse," she told me.

"Look, this ain't right," I protested. "You ought to be doing stuff like this in private – not in front of a bunch of gawping school kids!"

"Smith, if you'd like us to help you take off your clothes I'm sure that could be arranged. Perhaps some of the school party would volunteer to assist you in taking them off."

I give the bitch a right dirty look when she said that.

"No, you're all right, I'll do it," I said.

No matter how pissed off I was with her there was no way I was going to let the kids strip me naked. I took off me blouse and was now standing in full view of them all wearing nothing but me bra and knickers. Course, even that didn't last long.

"Now take off your bra, Smith," said the bitch copper.

"Yeah, go on, show us your tits!" came an excited cry from one of the schoolboys.

"Show your tits! Show us your tits!" come the chorus from the rest of the school party.

What could I do? I took off me bra and put it on the table with the rest of me gear. Since I was giving everyone a good view of me bristols I put my arms up to try and cover them. The bitch cop just grinned at me.

"We're not finished yet, Smith," she said all cruel like. "Now take off your knickers."

"Get them off! Get them off!" the school party howled in obviously quite fucking ecstatic anticipation of me being starkers in front of them all.

I took off me knickers and put them down on the table. I tried covering up me vitals with me arm and hand but the cow copper weren't having none of that neither.

"Put your arms down by your sides," she told me. "How can we carry out a strip search when you're

attempting to obstruct our investigations?”

I nearly give her some verbal but I held me peace. No sense in getting even more humiliated than what I already was.

“Now spread your legs,” she said. “As wide apart as they’ll go. We need to carry out a full body search to include a cavity search and a general search of all possible areas where you might be concealing contraband.”

Now I was stood there spreading out me charms to an audience of about twenty coppers and forty school kids. What a fucking nightmare me trip up to the smoke was turning out to be!

“I’m going to begin searching Smith now,” said the bitch. “You can begin by opening up your mouth so I can see if you’ve hidden anything away up there.”

“Do me a favour,” I said. “Only thing I got inside that’s me teeth and me tongue!”

“Well, if you haven’t got anything to hide then you’ve got nothing to worry about, have you? Just open that smart gob of yours NOW, Smith!”

Totally pissed off with her, I opened up. She started off by grabbing a pair of rubber gloves from a box of tricks beside her and then rummaging around with her hands and fingers.

It wasn’t all that pleasant but then again stuff like that never is. Then she picked up a torch and shone it inside me mouth, looking at me teeth and gums. She made me lift up me tongue so she could look

underneath that and all. Finally the bitch had finished with that side of things and I could close me mouth again.

“No sign of any contraband up there,” she said. “However, I strongly recommend that you pay a visit to the dentist as soon as possible!”

Fuck you, I thought, but held me peace. I knew things was only gonna get a whole lot worse and I didn’t want to give the cow the satisfaction of making it obvious she’d humiliated me.

“Now spread your arms as wide apart as possible,” she told me. “I’m now going to check under your armpits for contraband.”

I knew she was only doing all this stuff to humiliate me and I was well negged off by her caper but there weren’t naff all I could do about it. I just spread out me arms and let the bitch “search” me under me arms.

Even when I was just stood there in me bra and knickers some of the kids had been busy snapping pix on their mobies. Since I’d been stark naked the amount of amateur photography had gone up mega and I reckoned there was going to be clips of me posted up all over YouTube before too long.

When she’d finished with me armpits she started right out on me tits. This time I felt I did have to put in a bit of a protest.

“Look, I can’t exactly hide nothing up there, can I?” I said.

“You’d be amazed how creative some girls can be,” the copper said right back at me with a big sick grin

on her ugly mug. “Why, we’re always finding items of contraband on their tits!”

Fuck me, she’d actually said “tits” in front of all them young kids. She could have at least said breasts or even boobs or knockers or something like that but no, she said “tits.” What sort of an example is that to set young kids?

She then basically groped me and felt me up under the pathetic pretence of “searching” me melons for contraband! The bitch actually had the nerve to SQUEEZE them – pretty hard at that! – before she stopped her “search.”

I knew what was coming next and sure enough I was right. It started off when she just looked at me and nodded.

“OK, I couldn’t find any contraband on your tits, Smith. You can put your arms down at your sides now while we continue the search.”

Then the evil bitch turned right to the school party – who had a bleeding teacher in his forties with them and all! – and gives them a big grin.

“Where do you think I’m going to search Smith next, gentlemen and ladies?”

“Search her cunt!” came the cry. “Search her cunt to see if she’s got anything hidden up inside it!”

“That’s right,” the cow smiled, all innocent like. “I’ll be searching Smith’s cunt next. It’s amazing how

many bitches try to hide stuff up their cunts!"

Christ, she's calling it a cunt in front of all them kids! Not vagina, or pussy, or fanny, or even snatch or twat – my cunt! And, of course, I knew this was going to be the most embarrassing and humiliating part so far!

So the evil bitch got her gloved hands ready right in front of my thick bush.

"If you come up close you can see she isn't a natural blonde," the lousy twat told them.

Of course they all crowded round to get a better look.

"Sometimes when you get a girl with a big hairy bush like this she can hide all kinds of stuff inside it," said the copper. "So I'm going to start by running my fingers through it and carrying out a manual search for contraband."

The bitch made the "search" as invasive and humiliating as she possibly could and doing it right in front of a bunch of 12 and 13 year old kids made it even worse.

"Right, now I've examined her bush I'm going to give a good hard look at what she might be hiding away inside her cunt," she said.

I just stood there while the sick psycho perv got to work on me lovebox with her fingers and deliberately tried to get me worked up by spending a fair bit of time on my clit area. Somehow I controlled myself but

even so I couldn't stop from getting a bit wet.

"Now turn around, Smith," she said. "I'm going to search your arse to see if you've got any contraband hidden up there."

Arse, she says; not bottom, or rump, or rear end, or bottie, or bum, or nothing like that, just comes right out and calls it me arse. Well, fuck her, I thought. I ain't gonna let this evil cow get the better of me.

So she got her gloved hands working away on me arse, just groping and even squeezing me cheeks before she slips her finger up me arsehole and starts poking and prodding around in there. It weren't just humiliating, it was also a bit painful the way she done it, anyhow.

When she'd finally drawn a blank on all areas I really reckoned even this evil bitch was going to let me go at last and get dressed again. Shows how much I knew!

When the bitch copper had finished humiliating me with her so-called "strip search" she turns to the teacher and the kids with a big grin on her smug fucking face.

"Right, gentlemen and ladies, perhaps you'd like me to show you some of the other aspects of police work. Who wants to see Smith handcuffed?"

Of course every one of the kids' hands shot straight up and even though I said a quick do you mind it didn't do me no good. She whisked me wrists behind me back and had the handcuffs slipped on as fast as possible.

"Now turn around, Smith, and show our visitors how securely your hands have been cuffed behind your

back.”

Not having much choice, I done what she said. Huge grins and loud cheers from the school kids followed.

“That’s so cool!” said a particularly obnoxious looking 13-year old boy. “Is there anything else like that you can show us?”

“Yes, of course,” the bitch smiled. “We have a whole range of restraint devices that we can use on suspects. I’d be happy to show you some of them – and of course Smith here will be the ideal subject to demonstrate them on for you.”

“Oi, hang about a bit, don’t I get a say in all this!” I protested.

“Certainly not,” she laughed. “In fact, I think it would be an ideal time for me to demonstrate the variety of gags we use on subjects.”

Before I had a chance to say another word she pinched my nose with one hand and punched me in the stomach with her other fist. I doubled up and gasped for breath and she immediately fitted me open mouth with a gag.

“This,” said the bitch, “is a ball gag. We use it to persuade uppity bitches like Smith here to shut the fuck up if they know what’s good for them. As you can see, it’s a ball fastened to a harness that holds the ball in place. The ball part of the gag can either be held in place between her teeth or, as in this model,

behind her teeth, in the middle of her gob.”

Cheeky blighter, I thought angrily; she could at least have called it my mouth instead of me gob. She’s fucking enjoying every minute of making me all humiliated!

“Of course, a ball gag won’t keep the bitch entirely quiet. As long as she can breathe she’ll be able to make some sort of sound. What she WON’T be able to do is say anything intelligible!”

The school kids laughed and giggled when she said that. I tried to say something in protest but only muffled sounds like “oomph” and such come out when I made the effort. I was well pissed off and I knew that she’d obviously got some more gear in her box of tricks that she was planning to use on little old me!

“Of course we have more severe forms of gag that we sometimes have to use to silence bitches,” said the cow. “During the course of your visit I’ll demonstrate them all on Smith for you if you’d like that.”

If they’d like that? The cries of enthusiasm from the kids was deafening and of COURSE they wanted to see her use the whole bleeding lot on me.

“There are three types of attachment we use with a ball gag to keep it secured firmly in place while it’s in the bitch’s gob,” she said. “All have their advantages and disadvantages. Shall I show you all of them?”

As if the kids needed any encouragement! Of course they all shouted “yes” in a huge chorus and I had to put up with some more rough treatment from the psycho cop.

“The ball gag that Smith is modelling for us at present is attached to her gob by a strap harness. We insert a thin leather strap through the centre of the ball itself, bringing the two ends of the strap together behind her head and securing them with a buckle, cord or padlock. I will show you how all three work. At present Smith’s gag is held in place by a buckle. However, I can adjust the tension on the settings of the strap harness. Would you like me to make it tighter than it is right now?”

Would they fuck! Of course they would, and did! The cow smiled at them with that smug grin of hers yet again.

“Shall we set it to the maximum possible degree of tightness?”

As if they’d want anything else! After an enthusiastic chorus of “yes” from the kids, the cop tightened it up so much it hurt quite a bit.

“As you can see it’s now much tighter and Smith will find it somewhat painful. Still, it’s all in a good cause, isn’t it? Although if any of you are worried about hurting Smith I can loosen it again.”

As if! The kids shouted “no!” so loud it practically deafened me. With an even bigger grin on her face, the bitch set to work on me again. Just to rub it in even more, she used psychological humiliation as well.

“You’re quite sure you’re not worried about hurting her or causing her pain and discomfort in any way?” she asked them.

"We don't give a shit!" shouted the most thuggish of the schoolboys. "The more you hurt her the better we'll like it!"

"Well, that's all right then," she smiled. "Just wanted to make sure you didn't have any concerns about her. Well, you've seen the basic ball gag with a strap harness in action. I'm now going to demonstrate a different version of the same device. Smith, I'm going to ungag you now."

Thank Christ for that! Not that it done me much good. As soon as she took out the gag and I started to try and complain the bitch hit me hard in the stomach again, winding me and making it so I couldn't say a dicky bird.

"Now we'll replace the gag in her gob with one that has a cord harness rather than a simple strap. As Smith is about to find out, this is a LOT more painful."

As soon as she fastened the gag in place I could feel straight away that the cord strap was chafing badly. It hurt much worse than the other one and I hoped she wasn't planning on keeping me in for TOO long.

"As well as being more uncomfortable for the slut, the cord harness also makes it much more difficult for her to make any sounds. She can still mumble and moan a bit but far less so than with a basic ball gag with a simple strap. Don't you agree, Smith?"

The kids burst out laughing and giggling because of course I couldn't say nothing even if I'd wanted to.

“Now we’ll remove this gag and replace it with one that’s held in place by a padlock.”

Well, funnily enough, that didn’t hurt anywhere near as much as the cord gag had. I felt almost as if I could put up with wearing that one for a while but the cord gag had been practically killing me.

“Now this is a harness gag,” said the bitch. “It’s still a ball gag with a strap harness but it also has other straps as part of the mechanism that will make the gag a LOT more restrictive for her and it’s the next best thing to whole head restraint. As well as the two straps that go over the top of Smith’s head, there’s also another one going under her chin. Here, I’ll show you.”

By now I’d worked out there wasn’t any point in fighting or even complaining. I just let her take off the other gag and fit me out with the harness gag. She was right about how much more restrictive it was; I could hardly move a muscle in my whole head. Christ, I hope she won’t keep me in THIS one too long!

“For an even MORE restrictive way of silencing the bitch, we can combine a harness strap with a hard panel attachment,” she said. “That uses a leather strap and a plastic panel that goes in front of the gag instead of through the ball. It pushes the gag much deeper inside her gob and, as I’m about to show you, it will shut Smith up completely! She won’t even be able to moan or make unintelligible noises as she has been up to now.”

Cheers for that, I thought. Then she fitted me with the panel attachment to the harness gag and I found out pronto she was dead right. I couldn’t make a bleeding sound when she’d locked that one to me!

“Now it’s only fair to warn you that the leather strap will rub against the corners of Smith’s gob, which

will not only hurt her but will eventually lead to bleeding and blistering. Are any of you concerned about that?"

"We don't give a shit!" shouted the thuggish 13-year old leader of the school kids. "The more it hurts her the better we like it!"

Mercifully the sergeant gave the bitch cop a bit of a look then and she looked all sad but she nodded just the same.

"Well, now that I've run through the safety procedures for you," she said quickly, "it's only fair to warn you that I'm NOT going to keep her in this device any longer. I'm removing your gag now, Smith."

Well, thank Christ for small mercies, I thought. What I didn't know was about to happen next which of course the cow who'd been doing me over something rotten knew only too well!

"Now that I've removed Smith's gag, you will see an interesting side effect of this method of oral restraint."

She was dead right and all. As soon as the gag came out I gasped for air and tried to shut my mouth but I suddenly found it hurt like hell when I tried to do that! I had to just stand there, my mouth wide open and gawping like a bleeding fish!

"I'll now demonstrate some more of our restraint devices on Smith," she said. "I DO hope you're all enjoying your visit to the police station today!"

Two things - I don't know if you'll like this story or not, Goddess; and the bit I posted is as far as I've got with it. At some stage I'll finish it off but right now I'll have to post it as it is! © Nov 2013 adult • horror • fantasy • humor

**Red Goddess -**

thanks love for treating us to some of Tracey's fun times

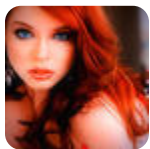
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**Donna Barber -** Thanks, Minnie; I'm not sure Tracey finds them fun! 🍷

Dec 2013

**Red Goddess -** me either just not very erotic maybe sometime Tracey can have a real date fun time

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**sexytiffanycd -** I enjoyed it, thanks for sharing 😊

Nov 2013

**Donna Barber -** Thanks, Tiffany!

Dec 2013

**B.R. Brown -** WOW!!! what a nightmare!!! the story was very descriptive and vivid.

Nov 2013

**Donna Barber -** Thanks, Bonnie!

Dec 2013

**Damon D.Ross -** Nice

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**Donna Barber -** Thanks, Damon!

Nov 2013

**Damon D.Ross -** Ur very welcome

Nov 2013

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