



Donna Barber

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Tracey the Snow Girl

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1)

'What we need,' said Mr Chambers, 'is a really impressive display item to attract customers into our store.'

'Yes, sir,' said Tracey, his young secretary. 'Was there anything in particular you had in mind?'

'I'm still working on it,' he said. 'Perhaps you could ask John and Lucy and Emily to join me for a brainstorming session.'

'Yes, of course, sir. Shall I go and get them now?'

Mr Chambers looked at her and considered his answer.

'Might as well. Christmas isn't that far away now. And you know how important that time of year is for our sales graph, don't you, Tracey?'

'Yes, sir,' said Tracey. 'I'll ask them to come into your office now.'

She went out and spoke to the three of them and explained that Mr Chambers wanted to see them to discuss ideas about a display item to be the store's focus over the time leading up to Christmas. All three of them went in unwillingly but with the recession they knew they had to keep on their toes and try to come up with some really original ideas.

Tracey was dismissed while the managing director of the store kicked around ideas with his sales managers. She didn't much like any of them. John was always making remarks about her and Emily and Lucy just treated her as if she was stupid. Anyway she had to put up with the nonsense because with

the economy in such bad shape she was lucky to have her job as Mr Chambers' secretary.

About half an hour passed and all three of them came out looking glum-faced.

'Is the Christmas display sorted out yet?' Tracey asked, a slight tone of sarcasm in her voice.

'Not yet,' said Emily angrily. 'It will be, though. I'm fresh out of inspiratioin right now. Let's go to the pub and see if we'll come up with anything after a drink.'

So the three of them left the store and walked across to the local pub, They sat hunched gloomily over their drinks discussing the problem.

'What have the other stores in Eastfield got that we haven't?' asked Lucy.

'Lower prices?' suggested John with a grin.

'Aside from that, you pillock. What gimmicks have they got for this year that we're missing out on?'

'Nothing out of the ordinary,' said John. 'Only the usual. I reckon if we COULD come up with a gimmick it'd turn our sales around. Otherwise all our arses could be on the line.'

Even alcohol didn't fuel their inspiration and they returned to work and began trawling the internet in search of ideas.

It was on a site called 'Bizarre Graphics and Stories' that Emily suddenly got her big idea. Excitedly she called over John and Lucy to look at the site she'd found. The pair of them laughed and then asked the same question - what about it?

'It's a great idea,' said Lucy, 'but how could we make it work?'

'Read the story,' Emily told her.

All three of them studied it carefully and then John made the obvious comment.

'Who could we get to do something like that?'

'Tracey, of course,' Emily answered quietly.

After all three of them had laughed at the thought of Tracey in that position John once again put a damper on things.

'I know Tracey's a bit naive but even she isn't stupid enough to volunteer for something like that.'

'Who said anything about volunteering?' Emily laughed. 'There are four ways it could be done. One is to get her to do it voluntarily and thick as she is I don't think even she would go for that. We could try and con her into doing it; that wouldn't be easy but it might be worth a try. We could make her do it by force - dangerous but not impossible; or we could try and persuade old man Chambers it's a good idea.'

2)

After quite a bit of heated discussion Lucy decided that it would be impossible to make it work without involving Mr Chambers in their plan.

Leaving the other two Lucy went and knocked on the door of Mr Chambers' office and went inside.

'I've got an absolutely brilliant idea for the Christmas display but it's a bit - unorthodox. Can I show you?'

Mr Chambers nodded and Lucy turned to the computer on his desk.

'I'll show you something I got off the internet. It will be an absolute magnet for the crowds and bring in thousands in extra sales. And because we're going to have a white Christmas it will be practically perfect. There's loads of snow so there's no chance the weather would spoil things for us.'

She brought up the images on his machine and he stared at them in fascination.

'What an unusual idea,' he said. 'But it's just a fantasy, surely? You couldn't possibly make it work with a real live human being.'

'Let me show you how you could make it work,' said Lucy.

After she'd explained the mechanics to him Mr Chambers seemed very attracted to the idea.

'Yes, I can see how it works now. But what girl would be stupid enough to volunteer for a stunt like that?'

'I thought Tracey would be the ideal choice,' Lucy answered, trying to stop herself from grinning.

Mr Chambers gave her a long look. He considered her words carefully and then to Lucy's surprise he

nodded.

'Yes, I think you're right,' he said. 'I can just see Tracey filling the role admirably.'

'The only problem is how we get her to agree to it.'

Mr Chambers nodded thoughtfully.

'I know her contract's pretty elastic about what we can order her to do but I think this is certainly beyond what we could get away with holding her to,' he said. '

'We had a few ideas,' Lucy told him, 'but I'm not sure how you'd feel about them.'

'Try me.'

'Well, we thought of maybe kidnapping her and forcing her to do it; of drugging her; or trying to con her into doing it. But they've all got problems.'

'Yes, they have,' Mr Chambers agreed. 'You can forget about the kidnap plan; that would just get us in trouble with the law and we don't want that. Drugs - mmn, we'd have to be careful. But the idea of - persuading her to volunteer. That appeals to me considerably and I think I may have an idea how we could make it work. Leave it with me and I'll get back to you..'

Lucy left and told the others the news. Basically he agreed with the plan and was going to work on a way of conning Tracey into going for it, she told them. The three of them high fived one another in expectant delight!

3)

Not long after Lucy had left Mr Chambers called John into his office. He explained what he wanted him to do and the younger man laughed out loud at the idea.

'You really think we can get away with that?'

'Yes, I think so,' said Mr Chambers.

'OK, I'll set it up.'

For the next couple of days John got particularly fresh with Tracey. He made endless sexist comments

about her tits and arse, he put his hand on her shoulder as often as possible and he even patted her arse a few times as she was walking by. When he grabbed her tits about half way through the second day of this treatment Tracey had enough. She stormed off into Mr Chambers' office in a fit of anger.

'I've had just about enough of John,' she said. 'He's always treated me in a sexist way but today he really went too far. I'm making a formal complaint about sexual harassment by him.'

Mr Chambers looked up from his desk and smiled.

'Well, if you really must then you can fill in the form and enter a complaint against him. But before we start going through any kind of formal disciplinary proceedings perhaps you'd like to tell me your side of the story.'

Tracey recounted the catalogue of sexual harassment over the previous two days and added that he had been engaging in similar activities in a less blatant way for months now.

'I see,' said Mr Chambers finally. 'Well, were there any witnesses to this - alleged behaviour?'

Tracey thought quickly about that one. Most of the time he'd been careful to harass her out of sight of anyone else but three times he'd done it in front of witnesses.

'Yes, sir, there were,' she said. 'On one occasion he was seen by Barry from accounts touching my - my bottom, sir. On another one he was seen by Jim and Susan actually - spanking my bottom, sir. And Emily and Lucy both saw him touching - my - my breasts, sir.'

'I see,' said Mr Chambers. 'Well, perhaps we'd better invite them in to hear if they're willing to corroborate your story. I wonder if we've got any CCTV evidence to back it up as well?'

Tracey wasn't keen on the idea but knew that she had no choice. She had no doubt that Jim would lie through his teeth because he was a sexist pig who had tried it on with her himself in the past and got nowhere. She would also not be surprised if Emily and Lucy denied her story because the dislike between her and the two girls was so intense that she could easily imagine them backing up John rather than her. Barry was more difficult to predict - he'd always been nice to her but on the other hand he and John were close friends so he might well deny her story just to protect his friend. Susan was her best bet - they'd always got on well and she remembered seeing the girl's eyes widen when she saw John spanking her bum so maybe her testimony would be enough to back up her story and get John at least a reprimand.

All her witnesses were summoned to the store manager's office to give their version of events. Barry was the first to be called in and he not only denied Tracey's claim that John had touched her bottom but added that he had seen HER rubbing her bottom up against John in what he thought was a thoroughly provocative manner. When Tracey tried to protest about that blatant lie Mr Chambers told her to be quiet.

'You've had your say, Tracey. Now I'm questioning the witnesses. Do you have anything else to add, Barry?'

He shook his head and Jim was the next to enter the office. He said more or less the same as Barry and Tracey was growing less confident as the 'investigation' continued.

Then Mr Chambers sent for Lucy and Emily. Tracey was beginning to feel less and less confident as the proceedings continued. The two girls entered the office with broad smirks on their faces and Tracey knew that they intended to support John's version of events rather than her own.

'All right, ladies,' said Mr Chambers. 'Tracey here has made a complaint of sexual harassment against John. She claims in particular that he touched her tits in an inappropriate manner. Is that true?'

Tracey blushed with a mixture of anger and embarrassment as he referred to her breasts as 'tits' rather than breasts or even boobs but she knew there was no point in objecting. Things were going badly enough for her as it was.

Lucy smiled and began to recite her catalogue of lies.

'Well, it's true he touched them but there was nothing inappropriate about what he did,' she said firmly.

'Would you care to explain what you mean?'

'Well, he was leaning over her as she was bending forward and then he fell forward. Naturally he needed to grab on to something to steady his fall and Tracey's big tits were the nearest thing to - to hand!'

Tracey glared at her indignantly and was about to respond angrily when a cold glance from Mr Chambers cowed her into an uneasy silence.

'So the fact that John ended up with Tracey's tits in his hands was purely accidental?' Mr Chambers asked her.

'Maybe,' said Lucy. 'I'm not sure to be honest. The way it looked to me was as if Tracey had done it - well, to be honest, it looked as if she'd done it deliberately. Wouldn't surprise me - she's been trying to get that John to fuck her for months now but of course he's too much of a gentleman to fall for her tricks.'

Tracey exploded with anger when Lucy said that.

'You lying fucking bitch!' she yelled. 'In the first place I haven't been trying to get John to fuck me and if anything I've been trying to fight him off for months. And anyway, how on earth do you think I managed to organise it so that he accidentally grabbed hold of my breasts?'

Lucy grinned happily, thoroughly enjoying her role in the present situation.

'I saw you stick out your shoes and trip him up. He was bound to fall forward when you did that and of course your big tits were the nearest handholds he could find to steady himself on!'

'You fucking liar!' Tracey shouted. 'You've always had it in for me, Lucy. I don't know why but you always have and now you're lying through your teeth to try and drop me in it. I...'

'That's quite enough, Tracey,' said Mr Chambers firmly. 'You will be quiet until I ask you to speak. Is that understood?'

'Yes, sir,' a furious Tracey answered. 'Sorry, sir.'

'That's better. Do you have anything to add, Lucy?'

'Not really, sir.'

'Good. Well, Emily, perhaps you would give me your version of events.'

If anything Emily was an even more hostile 'witness' than Lucy. She claimed to have witnessed all three of the examples that Tracey had claimed as being sexual harassment and gave an entirely different account of them from Tracey.

She claimed that she'd seen John pat Tracey on the arse a few times but added that it was ALWAYS when Tracey had 'asked him to touch her arse.' The same was true of the spanking where she claimed that Tracey had said to John 'come on, spank my fat arse, you know I fucking LOVE it!' She also

confirmed Lucy's claim that Tracey had deliberately tripped John up so that he would grab her tits and added that when he DID that Tracey had said 'ooh, I fucking LOVE it when you grab hold of my big tits!'

'Well,' said Mr Chambers, 'so far every single witness has given an entirely different version of events from the one you've told me. I suppose it's just possible that Susan might have a different take on things. You can go now, girls, but send her in to the office straight away.'

Susan entered the office looking extremely nervous. She'd always liked Tracey and she knew that what was happening was unfair but on the other hand she'd been nobbled earlier by Emily and Lucy and John. Basically they'd told her that if she corroborated Tracey's story they'd see to it she got fired but if she backed them up they'd see to it she got the vacant promotion in the department. Susan felt bad about betraying a girl she liked but times were tough and the extra money would come in very handy especially with Christmas on the way.

'Well, Susan,' said Mr Chambers, 'perhaps you'd like to answer a few questions. Is it true that you saw John spanking Tracey's arse?'

Again Tracey was angry that he'd called it her arse rather than bottom or even bum but she said nothing.

'Yes, sir, I did, sir,' Susan almost mumbled.

'I see. And how did Tracey react when he did that?'

Susan couldn't meet Tracey's eyes or even Mr Chambers' as she gave her answer.

'She... she said... she said, 'thanks very much. I fucking LOVE having my fat arse spanked.' That's what she said, sir.'

'I see,' said Mr Chambers. 'Well, let's take a brief look at the CCTV footage if there is any. Susan, ask Emily to bring it into the office.'

Emily had already secured the CCTV footage and carefully doctored it so that not only did it show no sign of any bad behaviour on John's part but it also put Tracey's own behaviour in the worst possible light. As the film was shown to her and her boss Tracey knew that the evidence had been tampered with but that there was nothing at all she could do about it.

'Well, Tracey,' said Mr Chambers, 'it seems that every single witness contradicts your story. In addition

to that the CCTV footage supports John's claims and even supports the claim that you deliberately threw yourself at him in what I can only describe as a sexually provocative manner. Now I'm going to call John into the office to discuss the situation with me. Tracey, you will remain; Emily, you can go.'

John came in with a smug grin on his face and Mr Chambers looked at him carefully.

'I take it you know that Tracey here has made a formal complaint of sexual harassment against you,' he began.

'Yes, I know that.'

'I've taken witness statements and every one of them give an entirely different version of events from the one Tracey gave me. The CCTV footage also disproves her claim. In fact Emily, Lucy and Susan have all claimed that in reality it was a case of Tracey sexually harassing YOU. Is that true, John?'

'I'm afraid it is, sir,' John gave an apologetic smile. 'But of course I didn't like to report it because it might make me look a bit silly, sir.'

'Not at all,' said Mr Chambers. 'We take any complaint of that nature extremely seriously. So do you wish to file a formal complaint against Tracey for sexually harassing you?'

John looked at Tracey and shook his head.

'I'd rather not do that if we can avoid it,' he said.

'Well, I have to say I'm not happy about your decision, John. Tracey has told a malicious lie and she needs to face some kind of formal discipline. But if you don't make a formal complaint against her I'll have no alternative but to fire her for dishonesty.'

Tracey exploded with anger.

'He sexually harassed ME and NOT the other way round!' she screamed. 'And yet I'M going to be the one who gets fired?'

'Shut up, Tracey, if you know what's good for you,' said Mr Chambers quietly. 'I'm seriously considering what course of action to take. John, if you put in a formal complaint against Tracey I'll discipline her but if you don't I'll be forced to fire her. Which is it to be?'

John stared at Tracey and then at the boss for a moment, pretending to be genuinely uncertain about his course of action before he finally came up with his brainwave.

'There is a third possibility,' he said.

'What's that?'

'She could volunteer to be our Christmas Snow Girl.'

'Ah yes, that idea you and Emily and Lucy ran by me this morning. Yes, I suppose if Tracey was willing to do that then I'd be prepared to overlook her disgraceful behaviour. Would you be willing to volunteer to be our Snow Girl, Tracey?'

Tracey swallowed hard and gave a cautious answer.

'Would you mind telling me what exactly I'd have to do for that, please, sir?'

'Certainly,' Mr Chambers smiled. 'I'll turn on the Power Point presentation so you can see for yourself.'

Tracey's eyes filled with horror as she gazed on the whole 'conception' of the 'Snow Girl' from start to finish. She was almost speechless when the film finished.

'So, Tracey, are you willing to volunteer to be our Christmas Snow Girl?'

Her heart was icy with horror but with the state of the economy right now she daredn't run the risk of being fired. Small droplets of tears formed in her eyes as she stared down at the floor hopelessly, knowing she was beaten.

'Yes, sir, I'll volunteer to be your Snow Girl, sir.'

A sense of impending horror filled her heart as she realised exactly what her new role entailed but she was trapped and when Mr Chambers pushed a 'consent form' across the desk to her and handed her a pen for her to sign the contract she knew there was no turning back.

'Good,' said Mr Chambers, smiling happily. 'Well, that seems to have resolved the situation in an entirely satisfactory manner. John, will you ask Emily and Lucy to join you and prepare Tracey for her new role as our Snow Girl?'

'It will be a pleasure,' John grinned.

Tracey could only relive again in her mind the dark horror of the scene she'd watched on the Power Point presentation and her heart turned to ice as the cold grue of terror seized it.

4)

As Lucy and Emily joined John and Mr Chambers in his office Tracey knew that the whole thing had been a set-up and that she'd been tricked into this situation. The trouble was that she could do nothing about it. And, as she soon found out, her ordeal was about to get even worse.

'Right,' said Emily, 'it's time we started preparing Tracey for her new role as the Snow Girl.'

'Indeed,' Mr Chambers replied. 'How would you like us to begin?'

'In the first place,' said an openly grinning Emily, 'you need to get naked. Take your clothes off, Tracey!'

'But...' Tracey protested, 'even in the presentation the girl wasn't naked. She was...'

'Yes, we know all about that, Tracey,' Emily interrupted. 'But before she got into her role she had to take off her ordinary clothes. So start stripping for us!'

Tracey turned to Mr Chambers with a pleading look in her eyes.

'Do I absolutely have to, sir?'

'Yes, you do, you stupid girl. Just get on with it for goodness sake - we need to see you naked so start taking off those clothes of yours NOW!'

Tracey gazed forlornly at the floor, realising that resistance was useless. She was wearing platform shoes (she was very self-conscious about her lack of height), jeans, a sweater, tights, a T-shirt and of course bra and knickers underneath. Slowly and reluctantly she took off her shoes and placed them on the floor.

Next to be removed was her sweater. At the moment the full horror of what was about to happen hadn't quite sunk in and she still had a faint hope that maybe they wouldn't make her go - well, all the way and do a full strip.

After her sweater came off Tracey paused for a moment but an irritable gesture by Mr Chambers told her to continue. She took off her jeans and stood there hopefully but of course to no avail.

'Carry on,' said Mr Chambers. 'We haven't got all day!'

Tracey removed her tights next and then, after an impatient wave of the hand by Mr Chambers, her T-shirt. She was now standing before the four of them dressed in only her bra and knickers and she had the nasty feeling that she wouldn't be wearing them for much longer!

As she stood before them in just her underwear she pleaded to be allowed to keep her bra and knickers on.

'Certainly not!' Mr Chambers shouted at her. 'Take them off NOW, girl!'

Tracey blushed but knew she had no choice. Reluctantly she removed her bra and put it on the floor.

'And your knickers!' Mr Chambers told her sternly.

Tracey went an even deeper shade of scarlet as she took off her knickers and put them on the floor. In a last desperate but vain attempt to preserve some sort of modesty she used her hands and arms to try and cover her breasts and vagina but was brought up sharply by a rebuke from her boss.

'Put your hands by your side, Tracey,' Mr Chambers commanded. 'And spread your legs - as wide apart as you can!'

'Yes, that's right, Tracey; we all want to get a good look at your big tits and your juicy cunt!' John laughed.

Tracey glared at him angrily but knew that protests would do her no good. She did as she was told with a bad grace as John made openly sexist remarks about her now naked body and Emily and Lucy laughed out loud. Mr Chambers made not the slightest attempt to stop any of them and was clearly enjoying the situation much to Tracey's fury.

'Well,' he said, 'what's the next part of the project?'

'The next part,' said Emily with a sly smile, 'is the film project.'

Tracey stared at her in horrified disbelief.

'Film? What film?'

'Oh, didn't you know?' said Emily with an evil grin. 'We're making a promo film of the whole Snow Girl concept from start to finish. This is just the start!'

Tracey gazed at Mr Chambers in stunned shock.

'But I didn't agree to THAT, sir!' she protested.

'I think you'll find you did, Tracey,' he said, a slight smile on his face. 'Read the small print on the volunteer form you signed.'

Tracey didn't bother; she knew that it was bound to be there. Seething but powerless she glanced at her tormentors who were about to make her ordeal even worse than it was already!

'Yes, you did, Tracey,' an openly grinning Emily told her. 'And what's more when we've made this film we're going to enter it for competitions and post it up all over the internet. It'll go viral!'

Tracey could only glare impotently at her enemy. There was no point in even saying anything. Then Lucy upped the ante in the 'humiliate Tracey' stakes.

'Of course there's some more good news for you, Tracey,' she giggled. 'The promo film is being shot by the film club at the local sixth-form college. You'll be filmed by a bunch of 16-18 year olds - all of them looking at your big tits and fat arse and getting it all on film!'

Tracey was mortified and angry beyond belief. John then made the situation even worse by saying cheerfully:

'Never mind, Tracey, it's probably the only time you'll get to be a movie star!'

Tracey bit back the angry retort on her lips and was trying to resign herself to the forthcoming ordeal. Then, just when she thought things couldn't get much worse for her, Susan knocked at the door of Mr Chambers' office. Her eyes widened when she saw Tracey naked and with her legs spread wide apart but she kept her composure.

'Sir, the film club are here now. Where shall I ask them to set up?'

Mr Chambers looked at John and Emily and Lucy. For a moment there was silence and then Lucy answered triumphantly.

'Let's shoot the first scene in the central area of the administrative block.'

Tracey gasped as she knew that meant she would be visible to quite a few of her co-workers as well as the film crew and the staff who'd already seen her exposed charms.

'That's an excellent idea, Lucy,' Mr Chambers smiled. 'Right, ask the film crew to set up there, Susan.'

Susan left and told the students where to set up their gear. Tracey gazed down at the floor, utterly forlorn and seeing no escape from further humiliation.

'Come on, girl, get moving!' said Mr Chambers. 'We don't want you to keep the film crew waiting, do we?'

Tracey was rooted to the spot, totally frozen in shock. She was too stunned to be able to react to the latest piece of bad news.

Emily, openly laughing, encouraged her to move out into the public area of the administrative block.

'Come on, Tracey, don't keep your adoring public waiting! Move that fat lazy arse of yours!'

Tracey didn't bother to answer but slowly made her way towards the door of the office. She was dreading the next part of her ordeal.

5)

Tracey exited the office, helped on her way by a few slaps to her bum by John and Emily. She emerged on to the corridor and walked out into the main central area of the administrative block. Various members of staff stared in amazement as they watched her walking out there naked and when she reached the central area she saw a group of a dozen youngsters with cameras and other pieces of equipment standing there waiting.

There were six boys and six girls all between 16 and 18 years old. They stared at Tracey in surprise and then the girls started laughing or giggling and the boys started cheering and making obscene remarks about her naked body. Tracey blushed again and the first faint stirrings of teardrops began to form in her eyes.

'This is Tracey,' Mr Chambers announced. 'She's going to be our Christmas Snow Girl. Right, ladies and gentlemen of the Eastfield Sixth-Form College Film Club, I'd like to welcome you to our store. And we'd like you to shoot a promotional video for our store featuring our Snow Girl Tracey from start to finish of her transformation from ordinary girl into our Snow Girl!'

'Oh, and by the way, just in case you were wondering, Tracey didn't turn up to work like she is now!' John added. 'She - changed out of her clothes in the office and gave us a strip-tease for the benefit of the film. It's all recorded on a hidden camera so we'll put it at the beginning of the promo with the soundtrack of 'The Stripper' to go with it!'

Tracey glared at him angrily but could do nothing. The whole situation was totally hopeless for her.

'So let's liaise with the film crew about how we want to shoot this movie,' said John. 'Me and Emily and Lucy will be the three directors but of course we want to make sure that all of you young people get your say in the film and give us as much input as you want. Right, first of all we've got Tracey standing here naked. What do you want to happen next?'

'Tell her to spread her legs so we can get a good look at her cunt!' shouted a 16 year old boy.

Tracey's face flushed with a mixture of embarrassment and anger but the three conspirators all laughed happily at the idea.

'Yes, that's an excellent suggestion,' Emily giggled. 'Come on, Tracey, spread your legs. Wide apart so that we can all see everything you've got!'

Somehow Tracey managed to control herself and did as she was told. She was mortified as all but two of the youngsters - the main cameraman and the continuity girl - came right up close and personal and examined her naked body in close and (in Tracey's opinion at least) insulting detail.

'Can we feel her up?' one of the boys asked.

At this point Tracey really did lose her temper. She was already furious and this latest comment was the last straw. Angrily she closed her legs and shouted at the boy.

'How dare you?' she asked angrily. 'I'm not some piece of fruit in the market you can pick up and touch to see if you want to buy it or not.'

Mr Chambers gazed at her sternly.

'Tracey, have you forgotten the contract you signed in my office?'

'It didn't say anything about letting kids touch me up!'

'It said that you voluntarily gave your consent to (I quote) 'comply with all requirements deemed necessary for the optimum fulfilment of the task in question' and to (I quote again) 'waive absolutely any rights to object to or to refuse whatever may be considered a reasonable requirement to ask of me on the part of my employer or his representative.' So you see, Tracey, you DID give your consent to that. And I might remind you that contracts are enforceable at law so you would be liable to arrest. With the other matter that I've managed to persuade John not to pursue you would be facing two criminal charges and would spend some months in prison. So do you still wish to object to the young gentleman's request?'

Tracey was seething but she knew when she was beating.

'No, sir,' she answered through gritted teeth. 'I withdraw my objection to his suggestion, sir.'

'Good,' said Mr Chambers. 'So are you going to apologise to the young gentleman for your rudeness?'

Tracey was almost glowing with anger but she knew she had to humiliate herself. Forcing herself to say the hateful words, she turned to the 16-year old boy and spoke quickly.

'I'm very sorry I was rude to you, sir. Please forgive me.'

The boy laughed.

'Apology accepted. So let's make it absolutely clear - would you LIKE me to feel you up, Tracey?'

Tracey blushed and almost choked inside with rage but she knew she had no choice.

'Yes, please, sir,' she almost mumbled.

'Very much?'

'Yes, please, sir, very much.'

'Would you fucking LOVE it if I felt you up?'

'Yes, please, sir, I'd fucking LOVE it if you felt me up.'

Emily was watching the scene with fascination and also taking in every aspect of the dialogue. She decided that it would be a good idea to humiliate Tracey even further.

'Well, why not let all the film crew do the same?' she asked, an evil grin on her face. 'I'm sure Tracey wouldn't mind that in the least. Would you, Tracey?'

Tracey was almost at the end of her tether but she forced herself to control the volcano of anger that was welling up inside her and desperate to explode.

'No, of course not,' she said through gritted teeth. 'I wouldn't mind that in the least.'

'In fact,' Lucy added with an almost hysterical giggle, 'I think you'd fucking LOVE that. Wouldn't you, Tracey?'

'Yes, I'd fucking LOVE that,' Tracey forced herself to say the hateful words.

'So are you going to ask the ladies and gentlemen politely if they'd mind feeling you up because you'd fucking LOVE it if they did?'

Tracey was on the verge of tears by now but she forced herself to do as she was told. She knew that the whole thing was just a deliberate exercise in humiliating her but she had no choice.

'Please, ladies and gentlemen, would you mind feeling me up because I'd fucking LOVE it if you did,' she almost whispered out the words.

Tracey then had to submit to having her breasts, vagina and bottom groped and fondled and even to having her bum spanked by some of the kids which was making her angrier all the time. Even then her ordeal wasn't over as Lucy turned to her with a huge grin on her face and added to her humiliation.

'Aren't you going to thank the ladies and gentlemen for doing what you wanted them to do, Tracey?' she asked cruelly.

Tracey bit her lip and somehow forced herself to say the degrading words.

'Thank you for feeling me up, ladies and gentlemen. I fucking LOVED you doing that to me.'

'Good,' Lucy smiled. 'Well, I guess it's time to put on your costume. A few preliminary precautions first, though.'

John and Emily and Lucy all looked at each other and grinned. Lucy spoke next.

'One of the problems with the outfit is of course that - well, we don't want to run the risk of the costume getting - well, dirty while Tracey's inside it. So we've taken steps to prevent it from getting damaged. Emily, would you do the honours for the first part of Tracey's precautionary costume?'

'It will be a pleasure,' Emily laughed.

She walked across to a large box that contained the 'costume' and various other accessories. Picking up a large black butt plug she showed it to the fascinated audience.

'This,' she announced, 'is a butt plug. As its name implies it's going to go right up Tracey's arse so she won't mess her costume while she's inside it. We wouldn't want to have to clean up her shit, would we?'

Tracey glared impotently at her tormentors and the laughter from the youngsters and her three co-workers was infuriating. Even Mr Chambers was openly smiling at her ordeal.

'Well, Tracey, would you like me to put this butt plug right up inside your fat arse?'

Tracey was a volcano of rage inside but outwardly she managed to control herself.

'Yes, please,' she said reluctantly. 'Please put the butt plug right up inside my fat arse.'

Emily then added to the degradation and horror of the situation.

'Of course this isn't a standard butt plug; this one has nice spikes all over the outside so it will hurt more when it goes in and when it comes out.'

Everyone in the room except Tracey laughed out loud when they heard that.

'Still, you know what they say; no pain, no gain. Let's put it up inside her arse now.'

The sensation of discomfort was bad enough but Emily had been right; it DID hurt her as it entered her

anal passage. She felt utterly violated and hated the thought that she was putting on a freak show for a bunch of kids and her fellow workers.

'That's the first part of the precautions,' smiled Emily. 'Lucy, perhaps you'd like to take over for part two.'

Poor Tracey groaned inwardly and wondered how much worse her ordeal could possibly get. She was soon to find out!

6)

'Now we've got Tracey fitted with a butt plug up her arse,' said Lucy cheerfully, 'it's time to fit her up with another part of her protective costume. This is a dildo and like the butt plug we've chosen to fit a model with spikes all along it so that it will hurt her as it goes right up inside her cunt and of course when it finally comes out as well. So let's see, Tracey. Would you like me to put this spiked dildo right up inside that well-used cunt of yours?'

Tracey could only glare at her tormentor in helpless fury.

'Tes, please,' she almost growled through gritted teeth. 'Please put the spiked dildo right up inside my cunt.'

The pain was almost as bad as when the butt plug had gone up her back passage but everyone else seemed delighted with the results and only Tracey was unhappy and of course nobody other than her cared about that!

'Now it's time to put some Christmas decoration on those big tits of yours,' Lucy grinned. 'I've got a set of nipple clamps which we'll fit on but of course only if Tracey wants me to do that. Wuld you like me to fit the nipple clamps on those fat tits of yours, Tracey?'

Grimacing, Tracey forced herself to say the hateful words.

'Yes, please. Please put the nipple clamps on those fat tits of mine.'

Lucy smiled happily as she fitted the clamps on first one and then the other nipple. When she tugged on them hard to make sure they were tightly in place Tracey gave a howl of anguish which made her appreciative audience burst out laughing.

'Well, as you can see the clamps on her tits also have a chain attached and a hook at the end that you

can fasten other things on to. We've decided that to increase the festive effect we're going to add some bells which we'll hang from the metal chain. Sort of 'jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,' I think.'

Tracey could only fume in silent anger as Lucy attached the bells to the chain on her nipple clamps and deliberately made them swing so that the jingling sound could be made.

'Right, that's me done,' she laughed. 'John, I know you're going to fit the main part of the interior of the costume but first Emily is going to fit the final part of Tracey's underclothes. Have you got the nappies handy?'

Emily smirked openly as she produced a nappy [diaper] and fitted it around Tracey's most intimate areas.

'There,' she said, 'that means that any kind of unfortunate leakage will only spill on to the nappy and we won't have to worry about it staining the costume!'

Tracey was livid but also felt utterly humiliated. She hadn't worn a nappy since she was a baby and yet here she was having one fitted to her as if she was a tiny infant all over again!

'Now it's time for the undergarments to go on,' said Emily. 'John, do the honours please.'

John laughed openly as he picked up a figure-hugging one-piece rubber suit and told Tracey to put it on.

'You'll find it's amazingly warm inside,' he said. 'You won't feel cold at all once you've put this on. Go ahead, Tracey; put it on.'

Tracey reluctantly stepped into the rubber suit. She put her feet inside first and gradually the garment covered her whole body. Now her nakedness was completely covered up except for the area around her breasts and genitals where the garment had - presumably deliberately - left wide holes that meant that her breasts, vagina and bottom were still on display to her audience.

'Excellent fit, Tracey!' John told her mockingly. 'Now as you can see Tracey's tits, cunt and arse are still on display which is part of the intention. However we also need to be practical and with the cold weather we've got now we need to protect them without hiding them. Which is where these transparent plastic covers come in. We'll fit them over her tits and arse and cunt so they'll still be visible but she won't catch cold.'

Tracey fumed as he fitted the degrading plastic patches over her rubber suit. They were then glued into place but she saw to her horror that each patch also contained a small outlet so that the nipple clamps and bells could poke through at the top and the dildo and butt plug from the rear.

'Nearly done now,' said a smiling John. 'Just one last final touch before we get Tracey ready.'

He moved across to her and squeezed her nose with his hands. Instinctively she gasped to breathe air through her mouth and he fitted a ring gag in place to silence her. Over the top of her gag he fitted her head with a rubber hood with holes for her eyes and nose and mouth but which otherwise completely encased her head in a rubber prison.

'Perfect!' he announced. 'Now all we need to do is take Tracey outside and begin to put her on display!'

'Like she is now, you mean?' one of the boys from the film club asked.

'No, not like that,' John laughed. 'Wait and see - great art takes time!'

7)

Tracey was pushed outside with quite a few hands 'helping' her on her way with gropes, pats and even swots on her helpless body. She found herself standing outside the store at last with a huge carpet of snow all around her.

'OK, let's start digging up some snow,' John explained. 'Tracey is going to be our Snow Girl. She'll be completely covered up in snow!'

The whole crowd of them started digging and then moulding the snow all around Tracey's encased body. She could only groan silently as she was forced to submit to the ordeal of becoming a living 'snow girl.' When they'd finished at last nothing of her was visible any more beneath the covering of snow except for the eyes, nose and mouth that peeped forlornly out of the snow mask that surrounded her head. On top of the snow they placed a large top hat and in her gaping mouth they put a pipe.

'There's one final feature to the Snow Girl that I haven't told you yet,' Emily announced proudly. 'You know the song 'Frosty the Snowman?'

Everyone agreed that they had.

'Well, we've written a new version; same tune but different words. It's called 'Tracey the Snow Girl' and

we've set it up so that it plays constantly while she's - well, on show, you might say. We've programmed it so that we can turn it on or off whenever we want to but I think we'll definitely need to keep it on the whole time till the Christmas rush ends, don't you?'

An enthusiastic chorus of agreement followed.

'Well, let's start the song, shall we?'

Tracey could not speak or move but she could certainly hear the humiliating words and tune!

Tracey The Snow Girl

Tracey the Snow Girl was a jolly happy girl,
With a corncob pipe and a button nose
And two eyes made that shone like pearls.
Tracey the Snow Girl is a fairy tale, they say,
She was made of snow but the children know
How she came to life one day.

O, Tracey the Snow Girl
Was alive as she could be,
And the children stand around and laugh
At silly old Tracey.

Thumpetty thump thump,
Thumpety thump thump,
Look at Tracey go.
Thumpetty thump thump,
Thumpety thump thump,
In spite of her clothes of snow.

Underneath her rubber suit, her bondage equipment and the cloak of snow that shielded her from the world outside, Tracey wept silently.

A long queue of shoppers began to form. After they had gazed at Tracey in amazement they made their way into the store.

'We should have bumper sales this Christmas!' exclaimed Mr Chambers with a satisfied grin on his face.

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