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Tracey the movie star

It was Saturday morning in Westfield and for Tracey Smith that meant only one thing – a leisurely day of retail therap[y. She loved to check out the town's large shopping mall and buyuy herself clothes, make-up, perfume, jewellery and various accessories. Shopping made a pleasant change from the stress of her job with the advertising agency, where she had to endure the lecherous attentions of her boss Mr Chambers and his son John as well as trying to knock the two trainees, Lucy and Emily, into some kind of shape.

She'd turned up at the mall that morning and was trying on shoes in a department store when Lucy and Emily came in. Her heart sank as she saw they'd recognised her and were coming over to talk to her.

'Hello, girls,' said Tracey.

'Hi, Tracey,' said the girls.

Tracey nodded at them pleasantly enough as she regretfully put back the pair of Gucci shoes she'd just tried on. They were way out of her price range.

'Tell you what,' said Lucy, 'we'd really appreciate it if you could help us out,'

'What do you want from me?' Tracey asked.

She didn't like the sound of Lucy's question at all.

'Well, thing is,' said Emily, 'Mr Chambers has asked us to do a promo film for the firm, like. Only we're a bit short of ideas, if you know what I mean.'

Tracey felt like losing her temper but controlled herself.

'Couldn't this wait till Monday?'

'Well, I suppose so,' said Lucy. 'But Mr Chambers wants the promo film, like, done on location, innit? So we thought of maybe starting off the shot in the mall.'

Tracey continued to control her rising irritation with some difficulty.

'Who's the client?' she asked. 'And what's the brief?'

'Well, that's the thing,' said Emily. 'The client is the local women's prison. And the brief is showing a girl's progress from arrest to incarceration and what's she likely to find once she's inside the joint.'

'I see,' said Tracey. 'But why can't it wait till Monday?'

'Well, I mean it COULD,' said Lucy. 'But just as we was leaving work yesterday John come up to us and suggested it might be a good idea to shoot the first part of the promo in the mall on Saturday, like.'

'Right,' said Tracey. 'He didn't mention it to me yesterday.'

'No, it was just sort of a last minute thing,' Emily said. 'One of them brilliant ideas that just popped into his head.'

Tracey cursed inwardly as she realised her Saturday was going to be ruined by her employer.

'Well, where are the cameras and microphones? Or even the camcorder?' she asked.

'Oh, John's bringing all that stuff along,' said Lucy. 'Soon as you give us the OK I'll call him on me moby.'

Tracey reluctantly prepared herself for a spoilt Saturday.

'OK, call him and tell him it's all systems go.'

So Lucy phoned John and he arrived five minutes later. Smiling at the three girls, he produced a camcorder.

'Good of you to help us out, Tracey,' he said. 'This is a big contract for us. The prison service has said if this pilot works they'll franchise us nationwide for a women's prison promotional ad.'

'Great,' said Tracey, pretending to give a damn. 'So what happens next?'

'Well, we shoot the action here to begin with and then follow it through right up to the early stages of incarceration,' John told her.

'And what sort of –action – are we talking about?'

'A fake arrest, transport, processing, magistrate's sentencing in prison and then a quick snapshot of prison life.'

'But how are you going to do that?'

John looked at the three girls for a moment before speaking.

'Well, we WERE going to use a model or actress to play the arrested girl but we couldn't get anyone at such short notice. So what I was wondering is if you'd be willing to volunteer to do the woman in the promo film.'

Tracey stared at him in shock.

'You mean – you want ME to be arrested, sentenced and sent to prison?'

John laughed.

'Take it easy, Tracey. It's only a promotional movie. You won't REALLY be a prisoner. And it would be a big help to me. It'll help your career with the firm enormously. And I'll pay you double time as well. Please, Tracey, help me out here.'

She hesitated briefly and then nodded.

'OK, John, I'll do it. How do you want me to play it?'

'Well, just act like if you really WERE a criminal. Play it in character. Don't let on that it's only a promo movie.'

'OK,' said Tracey. 'What am I supposed to have done anyway?'

Lucy spoke up then.

'What about shoplifting? We're in a shopping mall, innit?'

'That's a good idea, Lucy,' said John.

'Yeah, that pair of Gucci shoes you was trying on earlier,' said Emily. 'You could just slip them into your bag and slip out of the store and then the bleeper goes and you get arrested.'

Tracey looked troubled at that suggestion.

'But wouldn't that mean I really HAD stolen something? In which case I really WOULD be in trouble.'

John laughed when she said that.

'No worries, Tracey. I'll just go and find the store manager and get it sorted.'

He disappeared for a few minutes and then returned with the manager.

'I've told him the score, Tracey, so you've got nothing to worry about. Let's start rolling in – what, two minutes time?'

'OK,' said Tracey, nervous but reassured by the appearance of the manager.

At a nod from Lucy the action began. Tracey slipped the Gucci shoes into her bag and walked out of the store. The moment she did so the alarm sounded and a store security guard rushed after her. John had already started the camcorder to record the live action.

'Just a minute, miss,' said the guard. 'Step back inside the store. You just triggered our alarm system and I need to check your bag.'

Tracey went back into the store reluctantly and waited for developments.

'Come into our security office at the back of the store,' the guard ordered.

Tracey did as she was told, followed all the way into the room by John, Lucy and Emily. She wondered if the guard knew it was only a promo film. Probably, she thought, because he hadn't objected to the other three tagging along with a camcorder rolling.

'Right,' he said, 'open up your bag.'

Reluctantly Tracey opened it for him.

'Empty everything out on to the table.'

Tracey emptied the contents of her bag on to the table.

'Hm,' said the guard, picking up the Gucci shoes. 'You got a receipt for these?'

'I'm afraid not,' said Tracey. 'I must have put the shoes in my bag by mistake.'

'The times I've heard that!' he said angrily 'OK, let's go through the rest of your stuff. Blimey, you like this shop, don't you? Loads of gear there from our store. And no receipts for any of them, I reckon.'

'No, I'm afraid not,' said Tracey, looking suitably shamefaced. 'But all the rest of the stuff's OK. I bought it before so of course any receipts are at home.'

'A likely story!' said the guard. 'I reckon you're a professional shoplifter myself. And this time you've been caught red handed!'

Tracey was about to reply when she froze in astonishment instead, her mouth gaping wide in horror and disbelief.

'Yes, you're right,' said Lucy. 'I saw her putting some of that stuff in her bag myself.'

'So did I,' Emily chipped in. 'She's quite the little thief, isn't she?'

Tracey was about to protest when she saw John, still holding the camcorder, give her a warning shake of the head so she checked the angry retort on her lips.

'Well, that settles it,' said the guard. 'We've got two witnesses saying they SAW you stealing from this store. I'm going to have to call the police.'

'Do we really have to get them involved?' asked Tracey.

She was still in character and assumed the whole thing was just a big act on everyone's part so she played along.

'We certainly do,' said the guard. 'We ALWAYS prosecute shoplifters in this store.'

Tracey was so focused on the guard and camera that she hadn't noticed Lucy and Emily whispering to each other. Suddenly Emily spoke up.

'That necklace she's got on – that comes from your store too. And I saw her nick it and put it round her neck bold as brass.'

Again Tracey said nothing because she thought it was all part of the promo film.

'Well, take it off and put it on the table,' said the guard.

Reluctantly Tracey took off her necklace and laid it on the table with the rest of her stuff.

'I reckon you ought to search her as well as her bag,' said Lucy.

'What, you mean you think she might be hiding stuff in her clothes?' asked the guard.

'Yes, I'm sure I saw her slip a couple of things inside,' said Emily. 'Can't take any chances with thieves, can we?'

The guard looked at Tracey with obvious lust in his eyes but was also clearly nervous.

'I'm not really supposed to do that with girls,' he said. 'But our lady security guard is away on holiday so I don't really know what I can do about it. Hang on a minute, I'll give the manager a bell.'

He spoke quickly to the manager and then turned to Tracey.

'OK, girl, the manager's coming on down to sort things out. He'll know what's the best thing to do.'

Tracey was angry now as well as nervous but John smiled at her and raised a finger to his lips. She understood that this was just part of the act for the promo film and that she had to keep quiet and not cause any trouble.

The manager appeared quickly and looked at Tracey before looking at the rest of the party.

'Well, it's unfortunate that we don't have our female security guard on duty but of course we could

improvise, I suppose. What about you two girls? Would you be willing to stand in for our normal lady guard?’

Lucy and Emily grinned and immediately agreed to his suggestion. Tracey fumed but there was nothing she could do about it. After all, if she flared up now it would mean reshooting a lot of the promo film.

‘OK, ladies, search her,’ said the manager.

So first Lucy and then Emily frisked her, patting her down with their hands in a deliberately intimate and even obscene way. Tracey was furious but she controlled her temper. Then the two girls finished and looked quickly at the manager.

‘I think we need to do a full strip search,’ said Lucy. ‘Get her to take everything off so we can do a thorough examination.’

Tracey nearly blew it then, opening her mouth and beginning to move towards her two tormentors before a warning finger to the lips from John silenced her again.

The girls thoroughly enjoyed making their boss at work strip naked. They forced her to do it in as slow and humiliating a way as possible. Eventually she was down to her bra and knickers and the rest of her clothes lay on the table with the contents of her bag.

Lucy approached Tracey and groped and fondled her boobs and was just about to lose self-control and hit the girl when she saw her ‘fish’ a piece of jewellery out of her bra.

‘But,..’ Tracey protested..

‘No buts,’ said the manager. ‘Try her knickers next.’

Emily advanced upon Tracey then and ‘produced’ another couple of items of jewellery after an even more invasive search of her cunt and arse. Tracey flushed with anger and shame but she knew that she could do nothing about it.

‘Might as well go the whole hog,’ said Lucy. ‘Take your bra and knickers off!’

Tracey glared at her angrily. She was just about to answer when John caught her eye and gave another shake of the head. Reluctantly, she took them off and they joined her other clothes and the rest of her stuff on the table.

Lucy and Emily then made an insulting pretence of 'searching' her naked body while John's camcorder rolled relentlessly and the manager and guard looked on appreciatively.

'There's a small police station in the precinct,' said the manager. 'We'll take her there. What's her name, anyway? Oh yes,' he said, picking up her drivers' license, 'Tracey Smith. Well, Tracey, you're going to be arrested and transferred to the Westfield Prison for Women where you'll be brought before the prison's resident magistrate for trial and sentencing.'

He turned to the security guard.

'Bert, handcuff our little thief with her wrists behind her back. And put the shackles on her legs as well so she can't make a run for it.'

Tracey protested at that.

'Can't I at least put my clothes back on first?'

'I'm afraid not,' said the manager. 'I recognise all of them as coming from our store so you've obviously stolen them as well. Now just be quiet and we'll take you to the police station.'

'But...'

The manager turned to the guard again.

'Bert, this thief is annoying me with her mouthiness. Gag her!'

Tracey opened her mouth to protest and Bert swiftly popped a ball gag inside it. Now all she could do was make futile moaning sounds from behind her gag!

They frog-marched the naked, restrained and gagged Tracey right through the busiest parts of the mall, John's camcorder recording every second of her ordeal. By the time she'd crossed the car park and been deposited in the police station she must have been visible in all her naked glory to around six hundred people!

Once they arrived at the police station the still gagged Tracey was forced to stand there waiting while the manager filed charges of theft against her. The desk sergeant entered the details in his computer and then called for the prison transfer van to take Tracey to Westfield Prison for Women. The manager,

John, Lucy and Emily all accompanied Tracey on her journey once the van arrived and she found herself in the prison reception area.

'OK,' said the prison guard, 'we'll book her in and hold her on remand. You're in luck, girl,' he smiled at Tracey, 'the magistrate is about to come back on duty so we can get your case dealt with really quick.'

Tracey was hopping mad by now but the gag in her mouth stopped her being able to say anything. She could only hope that after she'd seen the magistrate her ordeal would finally be over. In a few minutes a man in his middle fifties arrived and stared at her with obvious interest.

'Who's the new bitch?' he asked.

'Tracey Smith, shoplifter,' said the guard.

'Well, let's set up the courtroom in here, shall we?'

He sat down behind a table and then called on the 'prosecution witnesses' to testify. The manager, Lucy and Emily all gave their 'account' of how Tracey had stolen lots of goods from the store and the magistrate nodded when they'd finished.

'OK, take the prisoner's gag out,' he ordered.

Tracey was relieved to be able to speak at last though at first she just gasped rather than spoke.

'Right, you've heard the evidence against you,' he said. 'What do you have to say for yourself?'

Tracey was about to deny all charges when John gave a vigorous shake of his head.

'It was a mistake, sir,' she said. 'I put the shoes in my bag by mistake.'

'And what about the jewellery that was found inside your bra and knickers? How do you account for that? Did they just fly in there of their own accord?'

Tracey hesitated, wanting to tell the truth but another finger to his lips from John made her change her mind.

'I don't know, sir,' she said lamely. 'Perhaps they might have fallen in by accident.'

God, that sounds so STUPID, thought Tracey angrily! The magistrate gave her a cold glance and was clearly not at all impressed with her answer.

'We have had a serious problem with shoplifting in Westfield recently,' he declared. 'You are clearly a serial thief and your lack of remorse at your actions leaves me with no alternative but to sentence you to three months in prison.'

'Three months?' Tracey gasped. 'But I didn't DO anything! I'm innocent! Look, John, Lucy, Emily, this has gone far enough. Tell him the truth!'

The magistrate turned to John and the two girls.

'Have you any idea what she is talking about?' he asked quietly.

'None at all,' said John, smiling blandly. 'I never saw her before in my life.'

'Me neither,' said Lucy.

'Nor me,' Emily added quickly.

'No!' yelled Tracey. 'This is a set-up! We're making a promotional film and...'

The magistrate turned to the prison guard in attendance.

'Gag this bitch!' he ordered.

As soon as Tracey was securely gagged once more he turned to her and addressed her in the most severe tones.

'Tracey Smith, you have already been sentenced to three months in prison for theft. In view of your disgraceful outburst I am now giving you an additional three months for contempt of court. You will NOT be eligible for parole during your sentence and the three sentences will NOT be concurrent but served consecutively. I have also decided to make your six month sentence include an additional component of hard labour. Six months hard labour, Smith; that's what you'll serve in here!'

Behind her gag Tracey could only weep. Lucy and Emily high-fived each other and John gave them a huge grin.

The three of them approached the helpless prisoner and whispered to her softly.

'See you in six months' time, Tracey,' said John.

'Enjoy your holiday!' Lucy laughed cruelly.

'Visiting hours are once a week so we'll come and look in on you!' said Emily, giggling.

Poor Tracey could only stare in horror as she realised how she'd been set up hook line and sinker and fallen for the scam!

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- I really like the way this is written!

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