



Donna Barber

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Tracey under attack

Tracey breezed into work on Monday morning feeling chirpy as usual. She was wearing her Gucci shoes, her Armani dress and clutching her Louis Vuitton handbag with loads of designer bling all over her body. As she walked past the two girls who worked in reception, totally ignoring them as usual, she heard talking about her behind her back.

“That stuck-up bitch!” said Emily. “She’s so far up Mr. Chambers’ arse I’m surprised she doesn’t fall right out when he goes to the toilet!”

“Yeah, she’s a right fucking cow,” Lucy agreed. “And a fat slag and all. I don’t know how come Mr. Chambers lets her get away with treating the rest of us here like shit.”

Tracey, her back to the girls as she prepared to enter her office, gave a secret smile of triumph. She was used to being slagged off by the people who worked for her. She didn’t give a damn about it. She knew they called her a bitch, an arrogant cow, a fat slag, a slapper and a bully but she couldn’t care less about all that. .

Tracey wasn’t bothered about all the names they called her, the dirty looks they gave her when she walked by or the resentment she knew the other office workers felt. She knew that she was good at her job and that Mr. Chambers relied on her to keep the company ticking over. If the other workers couldn’t hack her competence that was their problem and not hers.

Tracey loved the power of her position as Mr. Chamber’s deputy. She was effectively running the department since her boss preferred dealing with the “social” side of the business and was quite happy to let Tracey get on with the boring side of actually running the department.

Tracey knew Mr. Chambers fancied her something rotten but she had no intention of letting him have his wicked way with her. He was at least fifty to her twenty-four years old, and was fat, losing his hair at a rate of knots and anything but young love’s dream in the looks lottery. On the other hand, she played up to his fantasies, dressing as sexily as she could because she knew she could twist him round her

little finger. She wore revealing blouses or dresses with plunging décolletage that showed off her large breasts to their best advantage. She either wore short skirts that barely covered the essentials and let him have a good look at her frilly knickers or else short dresses that had the same panoramic view of her more intimate areas. And, of course, she wore stockings and suspenders or, sometimes, by way of a change, fishnet tights. And she always wore high-heeled shoes.

Yes, I suppose I am a bit of a tease, thought Tracey. But the idea of that pile of lard is enough to put you off sex for life.

Tracey, in spite of the nasty remarks from her co-workers, was not a fat girl. She did have a big arse and a big "chest" but she was actually only a few pounds overweight if you considered that, at 5ft 2, she didn't have much spare capacity to distribute the weight. So it all tended to gather round her bum and her tits and of course with her being so unpopular the staff was always calling her fat. Behind her back, of course.

As she worked through the morning's duties Tracey felt at peace with the world. She was well pleased with herself and even when an unexpected knock came on her door about ten minutes before she was due to knock off work she didn't mind.

"Tracey?" said Mr. Chambers. "Do you mind working late tonight? I've got a big client lined up for Wednesday and I need to have a thoroughly professional presentation and pitch to give him when he arrives."

"Not a problem, sir," said Tracey, forcing out an insincere smile. "I'll take care of it for you. You know you can always rely on me."

"Yes, I do, Tracey," he said. "Here's what I want you to do."

So he passed her over the bare outline of his pitch and client details and Tracey looked through them and nodded her head.

"I'll sort it tonight and give you the finished presentation first thing in the morning, Mr. Chambers."

He said goodbye and Tracey looked at the time on her Rolex watch. It was twenty to six. The job he wanted would take her about two hours, maybe two and half hours, maximum. She'd be back home in about another half an hour which meant that she'd be able to give her boyfriend a ring and ask him to pop over.

Tracey and Rob, her boyfriend, had a rather strange relationship. Both of them were totally focused on their careers and there wasn't much in the way of tenderness or fun between them. It was pretty much a relationship of convenience. Both of them enjoyed sex but weren't much interested in the emotional side of things. A purely physical relationship suited both of them and sometimes it would be Rob and sometimes Tracey who would call up and arrange to come over for a quickie.

Rob was a junior barrister and at twenty-nine a few years older than Tracey. Even so, with their lack of interest in other people and total obsession with money and career they were kindred spirits. When Tracey gave him a bell and asked him if he was up for it later on that evening he agreed at once. They made an arrangement for around ten o'clock that night and Tracey got back to work, concentrating on making the best possible pitch and presentation for Mr. Chambers tomorrow.

She was totally focused on her work when she suddenly heard a noise in the main office area outside. Who the hell can that be? I expect it's only that moron Nigel the security guard making his rounds.

Then, to her utter amazement, all the lights in the building suddenly went out. Almost immediately the door of her office opened. Tracey got up from her chair to see what was going on when a hand reached out and grabbed her firmly around the throat.

Christ, thought Tracey, the bugger's choking me. I can't even scream with his hand round my throat!

Then the intruder pushed her hard towards the desk. Tracey tried to fight back but he was about 6 foot plus and far too strong for her. Once he'd pushed her up against the filing cabinet, he released the grip of his hands around her throat.

Gasping for air, Tracey tried to scream but the sound came out muffled as her bruised throat could hardly force the noise she wanted. Then he gave a big grin and punched her hard in the stomach. Gasping again, Tracey doubled up with pain and was winded. Irrelevantly, she noticed that all the lights had come back on again. He smiled as he saw her trying to get away from him and produced a knife, holding it a couple of inches away from her already bruised throat.

"Well, bitch, we can do this the easy way or the hard way," he said. "It's your call."

"What do you want?"

Tracey managed to force the words out even though they sounded barely above a whisper, bruised and winded as she was.

"What do I want?" he laughed. "What do you think, bimbo? I want to fuck you, of course. Now you've got two choices, right? Either you strip naked for me now or I'll cut every stitch of clothing off that fat whore's body of yours. Which is it gonna be?"

Tracey had already seen that he was strong and powerful. She looked at the knife in his hand and felt certain that he was crazy enough to use it on her. If she tried to resist him she'd get hurt and, what with him having a knife and all, she might even be killed.

"OK, I'll take my clothes off," said Tracey reluctantly.

He choreographed every phase of her enforced strip-tease, first telling her to take off her blouse. As she did so she saw him gawping at her large breasts.

"How big are your tits?" he asked her crudely.

"40D," said Tracey, embarrassed as hell.

"Hm, nice and big, just the way I like them," he laughed. "Now take that skirt of yours off."

Tracey removed her skirt and laid it down on the office table as she had already done before with her blouse. He stared at her legs and then spoke again.

"Stockings and suspenders, eh? Don't see many girls your age wearing them anymore. Still, you can take them off for me now."

Tracey took off the stockings and suspenders, seething with anger but also shivering with fear. The guy was obviously enjoying her terror and she was very worried about what might happen to her. Where the hell WAS that useless security guard when you needed him?

She was standing in front of him now wearing only her bra and knickers. She knew even that flimsy shred of dignity wouldn't last much longer. Sure enough, after looking her up and down with obvious relish, he gave her his next command.

"Now take off your bra and let me get a good look at those big tits of yours, girl."

Tracey removed her bra and put it on the table with the rest of her clothes. She felt his eyes feasting upon her large breasts and she fumed at the humiliation of it all. Even so, the foremost emotion in her mind right now was fear. She was seriously trying to work out the percentages. Was this guy just going

to be content to rape her or would he turn out to be one of those psychopathic nuts who also killed the girl?

“Great tits,” he grinned. “Now take off your knickers so I can get a proper look at your cunt and arse.”

Tracey, fighting back the tears that were beginning to form in her eyes, removed her knickers and put them on the table. She was now standing in her own office in front of the intruder completely naked.

“Spread your legs,” he commanded. “As wide apart as you can get them.”

Tracey, desperate to get her ordeal over with, did as he told her. Then, to her amazement, she saw him reach into a bag on the floor that he’d obviously brought into the office with him but that she hadn’t noticed before. Grinning, he brought out a camcorder.

“Smile for the camera, bitch!” he ordered.

Somehow the frightened and furious Tracey managed to force her mouth into the caricature of a smile. He clicked away merrily and then forced her to adopt one humiliating position after another, each pose more obscene and provocative than the one before.

Finally he finished his impersonation of a “Penthouse” photographer and put the camcorder back on the guest’s chair in the office.

“Are you going to be nice to me or am I going to have to hurt you?” he asked the by now thoroughly scared Tracey.

“I’ll – I’ll let you do what you want,” said Tracey reluctantly. “Please don’t hurt me.”

He laughed when she said that. Tracey didn’t know if he was scarier when he grinned or laughed than when he just looked all mean. Either way she knew she was terrified and only hoped that somehow she’d be able to find a way to get out of the whole mess alive.

“Call me sir,” he ordered her.

“Yes, sir,” Tracey instantly replied.

“Much better, bitch. Now I want you to beg me to fuck you.”

Oh God, thought Tracey, he wants to humiliate me to the max as well as just raping me. Why the hell did I ever agree to work late tonight? And where the hell IS that fucking security guard?

Swallowing hard, she made one last desperate attempt to try and get him to leave her with at least SOME dignity.

"Please, sir, please don't make me do this," she pleaded. "Please, just do what you want and get it over with."

"Not good enough," he laughed. "I told you to beg me to fuck you, girl. Start begging, bitch!"

By way of encouraging her he picked up the knife again. Oh God, I'm really screwed, thought Tracey. I just can't see any way out of this whole mess.

"Please, sir," she forced herself to say, "please fuck me."

"A good start, but not nearly good enough. Try harder!"

"Please, sir, please fuck me. I beg you to please fuck me."

"Are you a dirty slut?"

"Yes, sir, I'm a dirty slut."

"Are you just aching for that cunt of yours to get a good hard fucking from my big prick?"

"Yes, sir, I'm just aching for my cunt to get a good hard fucking from your big prick."

"Well, that's OK then," he grinned. "OK, let's get this show on the road."

He took off his trousers and then his underpants and moved towards her. Tracey, who'd been watching him like a hawk the whole time, knew she just had one chance of getting out of the situation. When he tried to fuck her he would be at his most vulnerable. Even though she was naked and giving away a lot of height and weight, if she timed it right she might be able to escape from this nightmare.

As he moved towards her, his erect cock looking huge, she waited for the perfect moment to move. He'd made her put her high-heeled shoes back on after he'd forced her to take everything else off. If she could only time her kick right she'd be able to disable him and maybe get away.

He moved in range and Tracey took a wild kick. The point of her shoe landed in the region of his balls and he gave a howl of pain. Seizing her opportunity, she managed to bang his head against the corner of the desk and he went down. Trying to check as best she could, she saw that he was unconscious.

All I've got to do is get out of this somehow, thought Tracey. I could try buzzing the security guard and even though I don't much fancy him seeing me like this at least he can set me free.

She walked across slowly to the desk and got dressed once more. Still shaken, breathing hard and fast, she leaned against the wall and tried to gather her thoughts. What am I going to do? I suppose I'd better call the police. After all, this total stranger just came into my office and tried to rape me. Luckily I was able to overpower him. Little old me!

Suddenly Tracey felt a surge of pride swelling inside her. Picking up the phone, she dialled 999.

"Emergency, which service do you require?"

"Police," said Tracey.

"And what exactly is the nature of your emergency?"

"A man just broke into my office and tried to rape me," Tracey explained.

"And did he rape you?"

"No, thank God. I managed to overpower him."

"Is he still there?"

"Yes, but he's unconscious. Please send someone over to take him away."

The woman on the end of the line asked her for her name, address and phone number, which Tracey gave her. She then told Tracey a patrol car would be on its way in the next few minutes.

Meanwhile Tracey tried to find the security guard. She was absolutely furious that he'd gone AWOL when there was a prowler on the premises and he'd been like the invisible man while she'd nearly been raped.

It did occur to her to try and go down to the security office and see if he was there but she felt extremely nervous about leaving her attacker on his own. He might wake up and come after her again – and this time she might even get murdered. Anyway, the police were on their way. They'd be here soon and they could take care of things.

While she was still wondering about the mystery of the missing security guard she heard the sound of a police car pulling up. Thank God, Tracey thought. At least we can get this mess sorted out now.

To her astonishment she saw four burly coppers walking up the stairs as if they were in pursuit of a terrorist suspect. They swept into her office and to her amazement she saw they were all carrying what looked like guns.

"OK, I can see the bloke," said the officer who seemed to be in charge. "You," he said, pointing his gun straight at Tracey, "put your hands up."

"What?" asked a bewildered Tracey. "But..."

"Just do it," he snapped angrily. "We're not taking any chances."

"But he tried to rape me!" Tracey exploded. "I had to defend myself. Lucky he got the worst of it, isn't it?"

"Lucky for you, maybe. Still, we've only got your word for it that he DID try to rape you. So just do what you're told and put your hands up. Keep them nice and high right above your head."

Seething, Tracey did as she was told.

"OK, stay like that while we frisk you. We want to make sure you haven't got any weapons on you."

"Do I LOOK like the sort of girl who'd be carrying a weapon?" she asked scornfully.

"You'd be surprised," said the lead copper. "Just do what you're told and you won't get hurt."

Furious, Tracey stayed perfectly still while the three male coppers made quite a performance out of "searching" her for hidden weapons. She was on the point of making a sarcastic remark when they spent quite some time in "searching" her tits and cunt but she reckoned it was better to shut up and let the perves get on with it.

"OK, sarge, she's clean," they said.

"Right, that's a relief. Now put your hands behind your back."

"What the hell?" said Tracey, becoming angry again. "Why do I have to do that?"

"I'm afraid we need to take you down to the station so you can make a full statement."

"Well, that's all right," said Tracey. "You don't have to handcuff me."

"We'd feel – happier if you were handcuffed," he told her.

"Well, I wouldn't," she said angrily.

As she started moving away she felt something that felt like a wasp sting hitting her in her right leg.

"Christ!" said Tracey, staggering in pain.

She found herself leaping about like a circus acrobat as the jolt of electricity went into her. Tracey span about every which way and her head jerked violently from the current.

"That," said the sergeant, "was a taser. Now unless you want more of the same, set at a much higher level, just put your hands behind your back and we'll take you down to the station."

A furious but thoroughly intimidated Tracey could do nothing but submit to the indignity of having her wrists handcuffed behind her back. Then two of them pulled her along and the other two pushed her forward.

"Hey, you're hurting me!" Tracey protested. "Do you have to be so rough?"

"Just keep walking," said the sergeant. "You made a bit of a mess of that man in your office."

"But he tried to rape me!" she shouted. "I was only defending myself."

"So you say," the sergeant said quietly. "We'll investigate your story of course but right now we're looking at a charge of assault."

It suddenly dawned on Tracey that she was in a worse mess than she'd realised. I'd better just keep quiet and wait to see what happens. Then it dawned on her. She could ring Rob and ask him to come

over and talk to the police.

Inside the station they finger-printed her, took some mug shots, entered her personal details in the computer system and removed all her personal possessions. She wasn't even allowed to keep her shoes on. Then two cops pushed her roughly into a cell and all she could do was wait.

Tracey had fought to be allowed her phone call but as soon as she was able to ring out she talked to Rob.

"Please come to Eastfield police station," she said. "I've been arrested for assault. I need a lawyer."

"I'm on my way," said Rob.

When he arrived about fifteen minutes later Tracey gave a huge sigh of relief. As the door to her cell was opened and her boyfriend entered she even managed a faint smile.

"Thank God it's you," said Tracey.

'So what exactly happened today, Tracey?'

So she told him exactly what had happened, how she'd been asked to work late on a presentation for her boss, and as she was busy putting the finishing touches to it this guy she'd never seen in her life broke in to the office, stripped her naked and tried to rape her. To her surprise she had managed to overpower him and knock him out. Then she called 999 and asked for the police.

"And when they came," she said indignantly, "they only seemed worried about HIM! They actually got him taken off in an ambulance and arrested ME on a charge of assault! I was handcuffed and dragged off to this place just like a common criminal."

"I see," he said, when she'd finished telling her story. "So what do you want me to do about it?"

Tracey looked at him in astonishment.

"But Rob, you're a lawyer. Get me out of this place pronto. The idea of spending a night in this filthy cell doesn't appeal to me at all."

"Well, yes, I can understand that," he said. "On the other hand, there are a couple of things you seem to have overlooked, Tracey."

She stared at him in surprise.

"What do you mean?"

"In the first place," he smiled, "I'm not a defence lawyer. I always appear for the prosecution."

"Oh," said Tracey, beginning to feel her spirits sink. "So you mean you can't help me because you only prosecute?"

"That's right," said Rob. "Of course I could recommend a good defence lawyer for you but I don't think you could afford him."

"I'm on sixty grand a year," Tracey said indignantly.

"That's about a week's money for him," said Rob.

"Oh," said Tracey. "So what do you suggest I do?"

"I'll arrange for the police to find you the duty solicitor. I've no idea how good they are but in your position any defence is better than nothing."

"What do you mean?" asked Tracey, thoroughly bewildered by now and getting more and more scared.

"I was attacked by a stranger and I only acted in self-defence."

"Well, that's your version," he said quietly. "Unfortunately there are witnesses who saw what was happening and who tell a very different story about your behaviour."

"What witnesses?" asked Tracey indignantly. "And why didn't they come to help me if they saw what was going on?"

"You'll find that out soon enough," said Rob. "In the meantime I'm going to have to leave you here. I'm sure you'll benefit from spending a night in the cell to think things over."

"But..."

"Goodbye, Tracey," said Rob.

He left the cell quickly and Tracey stared blankly at the wall. What the hell had gone wrong here? And how was she going to get it out of it?

A few minutes later to her surprise the door to her cell was opened again.

"Tracey Smith?" came the voice of a young man about her own age.

"Yes."

"I'm Matthew King, the duty solicitor. I understand you were arrested tonight on a charge of assault."

"Yes, I was," said Tracey angrily. "And it's total bullshit. Someone broke into my office and tried to rape me. I defended myself and was able to knock him out. Then I called the police and they took HIM away in an ambulance and charge ME with assault. It was self-defence, I swear to God it was. So please get me out of here. Ask the police about bail."

"I've already done that," he said. "But in view of the seriousness of the charges against you they've indicated they will oppose bail."

"So you can't get me out of here?"

"I've made an application to a magistrate for bail but he won't be able to hear your case until the morning. I'm afraid you'll have to spend the night here."

"Fuck!" said Tracey. "I'm claustrophobic. I'll go crazy if I have to spend a night in this place."

"If one night in a cell is going to have such an effect on you how much worse do you think it would be if you're sent to prison?"

Tracey stared at him in disbelief.

"Prison? But I was the one who got attacked? He'd have raped me if I hadn't defended myself. Maybe even killed me. He pulled a knife on me in the first place, you know."

"So you say, Miss Smith. But the testimony of two eye-witnesses tells a different story. They claim you invited the man into your office quite willingly and that you asked him to have sex with you. As for the knife, that's been analysed by forensics and the only prints they've been able to find upon it are your own. Now do you understand how much trouble you are in, Miss Smith?"

Gazing hopelessly at the wall in front of her, Tracey's eyes slowly filled with tears.

From a secure viewing area in one of the offices in the station, Lucy and Emily smiled in triumph.

"Thanks, Dad," Lucy said to the sergeant who had arrested Tracey. "Neat trick putting her prints on the knife and editing the film from the camera so that only the bits where she's begging him to fuck her and stuff like that is still on it."

Emily looked a bit annoyed still.

"Pity my boyfriend had to get hurt, though. You will throw the book at her, won't you, sergeant?"

"Of course I will, Emily," he smiled. "Nothing's too much trouble for my little girl Lucy!"

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TeenWolfLily1 - I hate lucy and feel sorry for Tracey, she wasn't really being a bitch to them Lucy just hates that Tracey is better then her. I mean if Tracey was really a bitch it would have shown in your story, but as i see it Tracey did nothing to deserve what lucy has done to her. in my eyes Lucy is the bitch.

in the it was a really great story i liked it a lot good job 🙌

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Donna Barber - Thanks for your kind words; maybe I ought to give you a bit of background to the Tracey stories.

In the first place I didn't create the character of Tracey (or most of the other people in the story). Tracey Smith is the creation of Katie Smith and I am one of many tribute writers who write stories inspired by her wonderful creation.

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TeenWolfLily1 - GO Tracey. i hope Tracey can a least get some pay back though that would be really nice

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Yuki Ahzula - This is a really good one. Thank you for sharing.

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