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Tracey's Prison Visit Parts 2-10

Tracey's Prison Visit

Part 2

by worthless fem

While Tracey passed a miserable time in abject fear Mr Chambers was attacked by pangs of conscience. He'd agreed to book Tracey in as an inmate as a practical joke to please Lisa Shelby whose mother was a friend of his wife's but he could see at once that Mr Gray had no idea it WAS a dummy admission.

And he was already wishing he hadn't allowed himself to be persuaded into going along with Lisa's prank. Especially since there was no way he knew of to remove the barcode from an inmate once she'd been admitted!

He'd sort it out, he decided, when he met Mr Gray again for lunch. Unfortunately he got an urgent summons from the local head of the prison authority demanding his immediate presence at a conference in London which was scheduled to last all weekend so he wouldn't be back at the prison before Monday. Well, I suppose Tracey will be able to survive the weekend, he thought. And it might do her good having a spell in prison; she had struck him as being rather stuck-up when he met her.

Leaving the prison with a note for Mr Gray to take charge in his absence Mr Chambers vanished into the distance and with him went Tracey's last hope of freedom.

Meanwhile Tracey was pushed roughly into a cell with a huge black woman. She must have been nearly six feet tall and weighed around 200 pounds. Tracey almost gasped as she realised she'd be sharing a cell with her.

'Got a new cellmate for you, Bessie,' said the grinning guard. 'A nice young blonde white girl. Don't say

we never give you anything!"

The woman looked at Tracey with an openly predatory gaze. Tracey tried to control the fear and revulsion she felt which had nothing to do with the colour of the woman's skin!

'What's your name, new bitch?' the woman asked.

'Tracey,' she answered hesitantly. 'Tracey Jones.'

'Well, all right! You gonna be nice to me, girl, or am I gonna have to teach you some good ol' fashioned manners?'

'No, of course not,' Tracey answered hastily. 'Of course I'll be nice to you. Why wouldn't I be?'

'Not everyone is at first,' Bessie laughed. 'But they soon learns how to be properly respectful to me!'

'I'm sure they do.'

Bessie gazed at Tracey thoughtfully.

'You like me, Tracey?'

Tracey forced herself to lie as she gazed at the mountain of fat in front of her.

'Yes, of course.'

'You think I'm beautiful, Tracey?'

'Yes, I do,' she lied hastily.

Bessie smiled and lit up a cigarette, watching Tracey as she blew smoke rings out of her mouth.

'You wanna kiss me, Tracey?'

Oh God, how can I get out of this situation? I'm trapped in prison with a fat lesbian psycho and I've got no idea how I'm going to get out of here or how long I'll be locked up for! Tracey's mind was racing with fear and confusion and she knew that she was in even greater danger from the other prisoners than she was with the guards.

'Yes, if you'd like that,' she said, after a moment's pause.

'OK then, kiss away, bitch!'

Tracey forced herself to pretend a passion that she was anything but feeling. Survival was the name of the game and if she had to put up with lesbian sex from this fat ugly woman she'd do it.

After a few minutes of kissing the woman pushed her away and looked her over again.

'You got nice tits,' she told her. 'I could have a lot of fun with them. You like that, Tracey?'

Tracey forced herself to control her revulsion and lie once again.

'Yes, I'd like that very much,' she said.

'OK!' Bessie laughed. 'Hey, maybe you and me will get along just fine, white bitch. So let's get a few ground rules in place. When you address me, ho, you always call me ma'am. Got that?'

'Yes, ma'am,' Tracey answered instantly.

'You my property now, bitch. Understand?'

'Yes, ma'am, I understand. I'm your property.'

'So who do them big tits of yours belong to?'

'You, ma'am,' Tracey forced herself to say.

'And that fat arse of yours?'

'You, ma'am.'

'And that juicy cunt?'

'You, ma'am.'

'And that sweet mouth and eager tongue of yours?'

'You, ma'am.'

Bessie laughed.

'Well, all right, then! You gonna be a good little piece of property for your mistress, ho?'

'Yes, ma'am,' Tracey answered, controlling her ever increasing desire to burst into tears.

So Bessie sucked her tits, made Tracey suck hers, kissed her, made her lick her cunt and groped and fondled and squeezed her tits. Tracey felt utterly violated but she was helpless.

In her bunk bed that night Tracey silently cried herself to sleep.

Part 3

Morning came and the guards woke the women as they lay in their cells. Tracey had passed a restless night and looked terrible as she roused herself and stood up waiting for instructions.

'OK, bitches, time for your morning shower!' a grinning male guard said. 'Move those fat lazy arses and head for the shower block!'

Tracey and Bessie went out of their cell door and off towards the showers. She was appalled but not surprised to see that they were communal showers with no doors or cubicles or privacy screens and a group of male guards stood outside watching the women shower.

Tracey gasped in shock as the water hit her. Of course the inmates were only allowed cold showers and the powerful jets hit her and chilled her to the bone.

When they'd finished the women towelled themselves dry and were led off into the prison yard, still naked. Tracey recognised Mr Gray the Deputy Governor who was standing on a platform and obviously about to address the inmates.

'OK, bitches,' he said. 'Now you've all had your showers it's time to assign you to your work duties. We've got a new inmate who only joined us yesterday so for her benefit I'll go through the drill.'

He looked at his watch before continuing.

'It's 6.28 in the morning,' he said. 'The day's work begins in two minutes. Local employers contract out a lot of work to us because we can offer them cheap labour. Inside the prison the main duties are cooking, cleaning and laundry but outside there's a much wider range of work you have to do. We've got heavy construction, working on local farms, working down the sewers or in the coal mines. The rest of you all know your work gangs so report to your guards for transport. Tracey Jones, you've yet to be assigned a work group.'

He gazed at her quickly and made his decision.

'I think we'll start you off on farm work. Come with me, Jones. I'll get you properly equipped for the day's duties.'

Tracey followed him as the rest of the prisoners joined their various groups. Alone with Mr Gray at last, she made a desperate attempt to extricate herself from the situation.

'Please, sir,' she said, 'there's been a terrible mistake. I'm not really a prisoner here; I'm a teacher from the local school who was taking a group of pupils on a prison visit yesterday. Ask Mr Chambers if you don't believe me. Or ask my headmaster. They'll confirm my story, sir.'

Mr Gray only laughed.

'Yesterday when you tried that trick the kids said they'd never seen you before. And it's Saturday morning and the school won't reopen till Monday. And Mr Chambers has been called away on a conference and won't be back till Monday morning either. So even if you WERE telling the truth, Jones, which I don't believe for a moment, there's no way we could check out your bullshit story before Monday. In the meantime there's work to be done - and plenty of it! You will join six other bitches working on a local farmer's land. You start work at seven in the morning and finish at seven this evening. In the meantime we'll get you properly fitted out.'

Tracey stood there meekly as her wrists were placed in front of her and handcuffs snapped shut into place. Her ankles were shackled and then a metal collar fitted around her neck. As a final touch her mouth was fitted with a ring gag.

'This way, Jones, you can eat and drink but you can't waste time talking to the other bitches.'

Tracey glared at him silently but knew she could do nothing about it. She was led off to a transit van and driven away to begin her 12-hour shift of hard labour on the farm. In the van her eyes filled with tears as she anticipated her ordeal.

Part 4

While Tracey was preparing to begin her 12-hour shift on the farm the three kids whose machinations had landed her in prison to begin with were eagerly discussing the situation.

Lisa, Sammy and Tommy were enjoying a drink at a local pub. It was eleven o'clock on Saturday morning and they were still in a state of shocked awe at what they'd achieved.

'We did it!' Lisa laughed. 'We got the bitch banged up in prison good and proper!'

'I knew you were planning something,' said Sammy. 'I could tell by the way you were behaving. But I didn't think you'd be able to pull a stunt like that. How did you manage it?'

'Well,' Lisa smiled triumphantly, 'some of it was planned and some of it was just good luck. Mr Chambers' wife is a friend of my Mum's so I asked him to do me a favour. I explained we wanted to play a practical joke on our teacher and I told him what a bitch she was and so he agreed to go along with it. He arranged that there would be one pass short for the party when they visited; he agreed to put a fake criminal record into the database; and he agreed to admit her as an inmate for the evening but he was going to put her in isolation and keep her away from the other inmates. All that was planned but of course we then had a stroke of luck when he got called away and that Mr Gray took over. I saw a chance and took it and because the idiot didn't bother to check first he punched in her data into the REAL inmate database, barcoded her and put her right in the prison population.'

She and Tommy laughed out loud but Sammy looked more nervous.

'But what happens now?' he asked. 'I mean, even if she stays locked up till Monday they'll have to release her then, won't they? And we'll all be for the high jump when she comes out!'

'Why do you think they'll release her?' Lisa asked with an evil grin on her face. 'Look at it logically, Sammy. Do you think the prison will want to admit they locked up an innocent woman by mistake? Mr Chambers would probably be demoted, Mr Gray will probably lose his job and they might even end up in prison themselves. So even when he comes back on Monday he'll realise that it's better to bluff his way out of it and just let the Jones bitch rot in prison. She's NEVER going to come out of that place alive!'

Lisa giggled at the thought and Tommy laughed heartily. Sammy still didn't seem convinced by what she'd said, though.

'Supposing the other three kids that were with us say something?' he asked. 'And won't the head wonder what's happened to his teacher?'

'You worry too much, Sammy,' Lisa told him. 'In the first place the kids will keep their mouths shut if they know what's good for them. I can make that girl's life a total misery and Tommy can do the same to the other two boys. As for the head, well, fuck him. He's just going to have to accept our story.'

'Which is?'

'That she got separated from us when we arrived but the staff took us round the place anyway. We haven't got a clue where she's got to. If we stick to that no one can catch us out and the head will just have to hire another teacher. And Mr Gray and Mr Chambers will go along with our story because otherwise their heads will be on the chopping block. It's just about the perfect frame-up!'

Sammy still wasn't sure.

'But surely the head's at least going to call up the prison on Monday and ask if they know what's happened to her?'

'Maybe,' said Lisa, 'but don't forget all her ID was shredded and so officially she doesn't exist. So there won't be any record of Tracey Jones, teacher - just Tracey Jones, prisoner.'

'Let's hope you're right,' an increasingly dubious Sammy answered.

'Well, fuck it, let's enjoy the fun while we can!' said Lisa. 'In the meantime let's see if we can make the Jones bitch's life even more miserable!'

'What did you have in mind?' Tommy asked curiously.

'I'll ring up the prison and talk to that nice Mr Gray!' she laughed.

Lisa picked up her mobile and after a couple of minutes was put through to the Deputy Governor.

'Hi, Mr Gray,' she said. 'This is Lisa Shelby. I was the teacher in charge of a group from Middletown High that visited your prison yesterday. You were kind enough to let us watch a new inmate being processed. Tracey Jones, I think her name was. I was wondering what happened to her? Oh, she's working on a farm. Would it be possible for me and two of my students to watch her at work? I know it's

a little irregular but it would be VERY educational. Thank you so much, Mr Gray. I really appreciate all your time and trouble.'

After she rang off Lisa turned to Tommy and Sammy with a big grin on her face.

'That's all arranged,' she said triumphantly. 'The bitch is working on a local farm and Gray's going to let us watch Jones working! We'll take the bus and then it's a fifteen-minute walk to the farm. All we have to do is tell the farmer that Gray's given us the OK to watch and we can all have a right fucking laugh at her expense!'

When the three conspirators arrived at the farm it was half past twelve. Poor Tracey had been working without a break for five and a half hours already and she was utterly exhausted. Sweat was pouring off her from the unaccustomed exertion and she felt on the point of collapse but knew that she didn't dare to sink to the ground in exhaustion. After about the first hour of work she'd tried that and the supervising guard had dragged her up by her hair and given her a dozen strokes of the cane on her bare arse.

Just when she thought things couldn't get any worse for her she saw her three tormentors approaching.

'Well, well,' Lisa laughed. 'Nice to see you doing a PROPER day's work at last!'

The gagged Tracey could only glare back at her problem pupil.

'You enjoying your new life?' Lisa mocked her teacher. 'We certainly are!'

Tracey fumed behind her gag but carried on working. The three kids tried to distract her by making various insulting comments but Tracey was only focused on survival.

At one o'clock the guard turned to Tracey.

'OK, Jones, time for lunch.'

With considerable relief Tracey put down her fork and waited for the guard to take her to lunch.

'Can we watch her eat?' Lisa asked.

'Sure, why not?' the guard grinned.

He went quickly to Tracey's handcuffs and removed them. For a brief moment she imagined she'd have her hands free to eat but that hope died as her wrists were simply pushed behind her back and the handcuffs snapped into place once more.

'How's she going to eat with her hands cuffed behind her back?' Lisa asked curiously.

'Watch ad learn!' the guard laughed.

The three pupils watched in fascination as Tracey was led to an area of decking and pushed onto the ground.

'She gets a three-course lunch,' the guard explained. 'The first course is just about to arrive!'

The farmer's daughter brought over a bowl and placed it on the decking near Tracey's face. She gave her a disapproving scowl as she put it down.

'Eat, bitch, and then get back to work!' she shouted.

The guard moved Tracey a couple of inches closer to the bowl. Lisa had already noticed something else.

'Isn't that a dog bowl?' she asked.

'Yes, it is. Quite appropriate for a prison bitch, isn't it?'

They all laughed at that and Tracey looked appealingly at the guard. She obviously had no idea how she was supposed to eat her food.

'OK, Jones, I'm going to take your gag out now,' he told her. 'But if I hear one word out of you it goes right back in again and you miss out on lunch. Got that?'

Tracey nodded miserably. Even though she was desperate to rant and rave at the three kids she was exhausted and hungry and it wasn't worth the effort of mouthing off. She gasped down lungfuls of air as her gag was removed but said nothing.

'Right, bitch, kneel up close and suck the food into your gob,' he told her.

'What is it?' Lisa asked curiously.

'Cold porridge.'

'No milk or sugar?'

'Of course not. Well, eat up, Jones!'

A sudden thought struck Lisa.

'Can I help?'

'Sure, why not?'

Lisa immediately approached Tracey and pushed her face right into the dog bowl of cold porridge. She and her two companions in crime laughed and even the guard laughed.

Tracey spluttered as she raised her head from the dog bowl with congealed cold porridge decorating her face. She was on the point of exploding but realised it was better to let herself be humiliated and at least get to eat this disgusting muck rather than go hungry. Reluctantly she lowered her face to the bowl and began eating.

When she'd finished the porridge the guard called over the farmer's daughter for the main course. She giggled as she saw Tracey's face and then returned with another dog bowl.

'What's in this one?' Lisa asked.

'Rotten vegetables, cold baked beans and dog food,' the farm girl told her.

All of them laughed happily at the thought of Tracey's disgusting 'lunch.' Once again Lisa pushed Tracey's face into the food and everyone laughed as she raised her head from the dog bowl with another faceful of food.

In spite of her anger, humiliation and disgust at the food Tracey forced herself to eat. In the meantime the kids introduced themselves to the farmer's daughter.

'I'm Julie,' she told them. 'Just out of interest, like, how come the three of you are here?'

'It's a long story,' said Lisa. 'Tell you what, once Tracey here has finished her delicious grub why don't

the four of us go for a walk and I'll put you in the picture?'

'Don't mind if I do,' said Julie. 'Well, I'd best bring the dessert course. Before you ask it's cold rice pudding!'

Once again Tracey's face was pushed into the bowl of food and once again she came up spluttering but finished her meal.

'Well,' said Julie, 'seeing as how your face is all messed up we'd better clean you down some!'

She walked across to a nearby pump and put some water into a bucket. It was icy cold when it hit Tracey's face as she threw it against her but at least it cleared off the gunge. Spluttering again, Tracey was gagged once more as the guard removed her handcuffs and refastened them with her hands in front of her once more.

'Come on, Jones,' said the guard. 'Back to work and no slacking! It's twenty past one now and you've still got over five and a half hours to go!'

Behind her gag Tracey fumed silently.

Part 5

Julie and the three kids wandered off for a private chat.

'So what's the story on the Tracey bitch?' she asked curiously. 'I could see by the way you acted you really had it in for her. And how come three kids like you got to visit the farm anyway? Other than family it's only guards and prisoners allowed in here.'

'Well,' said Lisa, after a momentary hesitation, 'if I let you in on a little secret can you keep your mouth shut about it?'

'Sure I can,' an intrigued Julie answered. 'So spill!'

Lisa told her how Tracey was a teacher at their school, how horrible she was and how she was always picking on her and she'd only just finished a week of detention thanks to her. When she'd taken them to the prison Lisa had seen a chance to get revenge on her bitch teacher. She explained about the mix-up over the number of visitor passes, the phoney inmate details, how Mr Chambers had been called away at a fortunate moment and Mr Gray had pressed the button to enter Tracey's

fictitious 'record' into the prison inmate database. When Tracey tried to protest that she was a teacher the kids denied all knowledge of her and she was processed into the prison.

'And today,' said Lisa, 'I rang up Mr Gray and asked if I could watch Tracey working - so here we all are!'

Julie laughed at the story and then she gazed at them thoughtfully.

'It's a real laugh,' she said, 'but of course the truth is going to come out on Monday. For a start the governor of the prison will be back and even though he might be willing to wear a weekend joke after that he'll have to release her.'

Lisa's face fell.

'You think? Couldn't we try and - persuade him - to just - well, treat her like a real prisoner?'

'Even if he was willing to risk his career for that there's other problems. She works at a school - the headmaster is bound to start asking questions if she doesn't turn up for work and if the governor lies to him he'll REALLY be in trouble. That would be a direct fraud as well as false imprisonment so he wouldn't risk getting banged up himself.'

Lisa thought for a moment.

'There were only six kids went on the visit. The three of us have already agreed we'll say she disappeared and we'll terrorise the other three into keeping quiet. If I can persuade Mr Chambers to lie to the head we'll be home and dry.'

Julie shook her head vigorously.

'No, Lisa, it won't work. Even though you destroyed her ID on the prison database the school will still have her on record and can track her through her national insurance number, her bank details, the electoral register, council tax, that sort of thing. And she must have family somewhere - parents, a brother or sister, friends. Sooner or later someone will come looking for her and track her down. And then you three are going to be in deep shit. And so are Gray and Chambers. So it's not gonna work, Lisa. It was a fun idea but you're gonna have to let her go.'

Lisa sighed at the prospect of Tracey's release. She'd been so looking forward to the thought of Tracey locked up for the rest of her life and now the vision was slipping away from her.

'Oh well, it was fun while it lasted,' she said.

Sammy had been remarkably quiet throughout the conversation but suddenly he spoke up.

'There's something else you should know,' he said. 'Well, two things actually. One is that Tracey had a hundred grand life policy that Chambers made Lisa the beneficiary of if she dies. The other is that he entered Tracey on to the database as a child killer.'

Julie went pale when she heard that.

'Christ, that was a stupid fucking thing to do! You know how cons feel about nonces - especially kiddy killers. Do the other inmates know?'

'I don't think so yet,' Lisa answered. 'But if they do find out and kill her I'll be a hundred grand to the good!'

Only Lisa laughed when she said that. Sammy looked sick and scared and even Tommy looked uncomfortable. Julie gazed at Lisa with a look of positive disgust on her face.

'I think I want the three of you off my land,' she said firmly. 'I need time to think things over. Scarper before I call the coppers and have you arrested for trespassing!'

The three of them left in a thoroughly subdued frame of mind.

'What do you think she'll do?' Tommy asked.

'I don't know,' Lisa said quietly. 'But I do know the three of us are in a heap of trouble now.'

Part 6

An exhausted Tracey was working away on the land when Julie approached her. She spoke quietly to the guard and he nodded.

Julie then led her away from the field and into a barn where she shut the door behind her.

'OK,' she said. 'I'm Julie. This is my parents' farm and I just found out the truth about why you're here.'

Realising Tracey couldn't answer she removed the ring gag from her mouth.

'Lisa seemed to think it was funny but it's gone beyond a joke. If I'd known who you was, Tracey, I'd have done something about it sooner.'

She gazed at the woman thoughtfully.

'On Monday I reckon you would have been freed anyway but seeing as they put them fake details about you being a kiddy killer you might not last that long inside. So just listen to me and do exactly what I say. The first thing is to get them handcuffs and shackles off of you. After that I'll bring you some clothes.'

She looked carefully at the naked Tracey.

'Reckon you'd be about the same size as my 15-year old sister,' she said. 'Once you're dressed I'll give you the keys to my car and you can escape. I'm guessing the keys to your home are back in prison.'

Tracey nodded miserably.

'No worries; you can stop with a friend of mine in town till we get this mess sorted. Here's her name and address. Just tell her Julie Barton sent you and that I'll call her to fill her in on the details.'

Tracey's eyes filled with tears.

'Thank you so much, Julie. I won't forget what you've done for me today - not ever!'

'Ah, you're all right, Tracey. When that Lisa told me what she'd done at first I thought it was a bit of a laugh locking up the teacher for a couple of days in prison. But when I realised they'd put you down as a kiddy killer I knew I had to act. The cons would have killed you for sure if they'd heard that. So what you do is this. You drive out of the farm in my car, go to my friend Mandy and lie low till Monday morning. Then you turn up at school as if nothing's happened. On Monday morning I'll ring Mr Chambers, explain the situation to him and he'll be jumping through fucking hoops to make it up to you!'

'Thank you, Julie,' Tracey sobbed in gratitude. 'Whatever you want from me I'll do. I can't thank you enough - you may literally have saved my life.'

Julie got the cuffs and shackles and neck collar off and then went to her sister's room. Though they were tight on Tracey her sister's clothes weren't a bad fit and would at least let her pass muster and make her escape into Middletown. For the first time since Mr Chambers had left her in the prison Tracey felt hope rising within her.

Part 7

Tracey followed Julie to the car and felt an immense sense of relief as she unlocked it.

'There you go, Tracey.'

'Thanks for everything, Julie. I won't forget this.'

She started up the car and drove out of the farm with a cheery goodbye wave. At last she felt a lightening of her spirits and once she was back in Middletown she felt tremendously relieved.

It took her about ten minutes to find Mandy's place and explain the situation to her. She was very sympathetic and only made one suggestion at the end.

'Just a thought,' she said. 'It might be an idea to park Julie's car somewhere else. I'll drive it if you give me the keys.'

'You could park it in my place,' Tracey suggested.

'No, terrible idea, first place they'd look. I know, what about that Lisa's place? Do you know where her parents live?'

Tracey did and gave her the address. Mandy took the keys and drove off. Half an hour later she returned.

'Sorry I was late,' she smiled. 'Just missed the bus. Would you like something to eat now?'

The memory of the disgusting 'lunch' she'd had came flooding back in vivid technicolour.

'God, I'm starving,' Tracey admitted.

After she'd eaten Mandy dialled Julie on her mobile.

'We're all set,' she told her. 'You got a plan?'

Julie answered in the affirmative and rang off. It was time for her to put the plan she'd slowly formulated after her conversation with Tracey into action.

The first step was to approach the prison guard who as usual was lazing about swigging beer.

'Officer, you know that new girl? The one started here today? I can't find her anywhere. Maybe she's escaped.'

The guard was suddenly alert.

'Christ, that's all we need! I'd better take a look.'

Of course he rushed about the farm frantically but Tracey was nowhere to be seen.

'I'm gonna to cop it from Gray,' he said sourly. 'And that Chambers bloke is even worse. What I can't work out is how the hell she COULD have escaped. I mean, she wasn't just naked; she was cuffed and shackled as well. What is she, Houdini?'

'I reckon she must have had help,' Julie said quickly. 'You remember those three youngsters that was with her?'

'Yeah, I remember.'

'Well, they're gone too. Bit of a coincidence, I'd say.'

'Yeah, you're probably right. I'd better call the prison.'

Meanwhile Julie had carefully moved the equipment she'd used to free Tracey out of the barn and to a spot near where she'd been working. She also rang the police to report that her car had been stolen by an escaped convict who she thought had three accomplices. She gave an excellent description of Lisa, Tommy and Sammy and smiled when she'd put the phone down.

'That ought to cause a bit of a stir!' she said.

The police soon tracked down Julie's 'stolen' car parked right outside the Shelby residence. They knocked on the door and arrested an indignant Lisa.

'Lisa Shelby, you are charged with auto theft and assisting the escape of a convicted prisoner.'

Lisa was in a state of shock when she heard the charges. What on earth was he talking about?

Later they brought in Tommy and Sammy as well and all three of them were stunned by what had happened.

Mr Gray was yelling and shouting at anyone within earshot. He couldn't believe his newest prisoner had escaped. When he heard the news from the police about the three youngsters who'd been arrested he sat down in a state of nervous paralysis.

My God, what have I done? It was me who let them go over to the farm! Chambers will hang my balls out to dry after this fiasco.

With a heavy heart he rang Mr Chambers on his mobile. He was going to have to tell him some VERY bad news.

Of course the kids didn't say anything down at the station and all three were eventually released on bail but were totally baffled by what had happened.

'Tracey must have escaped somehow,' said Lisa. 'But how? I don't see how it was possible.'

'Me neither,' said Sammy. 'But I do know we're all in big trouble now.'

Mr Chambers almost dropped his phone when Mr Gray told him the news.

'Do we know which prisoner escaped?'

'The newest inmate, Tracey Jones.'

'Oh God,' said Mr Chambers. 'I'll call you back. I need to think.'

What he was thinking about was a plan to save himself. He quickly looked at the various positive slants he could put on things. It hadn't been him who'd barcoded Tracey, punched her details into the prison system or put her to work on the farm. And if he hadn't been called away to this damn conference he WOULD have told Gray that it was just a practical joke to oblige a friend's daughter.

On the other hand he could have rung Gray and told him all that; he could have asked for Tracey to be put into isolation; and he could have basically made certain that Gray knew it WAS just a joke.

Now it seemed as if Lisa Shelby had been arrested for stealing a car and helping Tracey to escape. It didn't make sense to him but his concern was that Lisa could point the trail back to him and he might end up in serious trouble.

Mandy and Tracey got on really well and Tracey confided in her new friend about her disastrous but now long since dissolved marriage.

'I was at uni,' said Tracey, 'and I met this guy called Steve Jones. At 18 I thought he was cute but he turned out to be a total prat. Couldn't stop sharing his dick with other girls! We got married but it only lasted six months and I divorced him for adultery. Maybe it's time to put the past behind me and go back to my maiden name. Goodbye, Tracey Jones; hello, Tracey Smith!'

Part 8

Monday morning found Tracey the calmest person in Middletown High. By now the head knew all about the prison fiasco but Tracey swore him to secrecy. Instead she was calm and even jovial as she took her first class of the day.

Lisa, Tommy, Sammy and the other three kids who'd been on the prison visit froze in their chairs when they saw Tracey enter the classroom. My God, we're really for it now, they thought.

'Good morning, class,' said Tracey with a cheerful smile. 'Isn't it a beautiful sunny day outside?'

Tracey's manner completely unnerved the kids. They'd expected anger, accusations, even being hauled off before the head but - nothing happened. It was an ordinary lesson like any other.

When lunchtime came the three ringleaders conferred together anxiously.

'I don't get it,' said Sammy. 'What's with her?'

'Me neither,' Tommy agreed. 'I thought she'd be coming in with all guns blazing.'

'I don't like it at all,' said Lisa. 'The bitch must be planning something really special by way of a punishment for us.'

They waited in trepidation for the afternoon lesson.

At 2 p.m. sharp Tracey breezed into the classroom and her students sat there waiting for the lesson to begin.

'Today,' she said, 'I had planned to shw you a film about crime and punishment in Britain. But I'm pleased to say we can do better than that. I've got some special guests who will actually bring justice alive before your very eyes. We're going to have a real live trial in the classroom.'

Lisa and Tommy and Sammy gazed at each other with a growing sense of unease.

'Now normally we'd just have a pretend trial with volunteers getting 'virtual' punishment. Recent events have given us the rare chance to see how justice deal with three REAL criminals. Lisa, Tommy, Sammy, stand up!'

The three of them gazed at each other ashen-faced. They knew the game was up and they were in big trouble. The only thing they didn't know was what Tracey was up to.

Tracey smiled at the class.

'I'm very pleased to welcome our main guest. He's the father of my good friend Mandy Morris and he's a local magistrate. Please welcome Mr Morris.'

The door opened and the man came in. Tracey pointed him to her chair and he sat down.

'I'm the prosecutor in this case,' said Tracey. 'Lisa Shelby, Tommy Burns and Sammy David are all facing a number of serious charges. If you're found guilty Mr Morris has full authority to issue legally binding sentences. Your Worship, shall I begin by reading the indictment against the defendants?'

Mr Morris nodded sternly.

'To begin with, you, Lisa Shelby, are charged with impersonating a teacher. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?'

Lisa thought quickly and then decided she'd only get a slap on the wrist for admitting to that.

'Guilty,' she answered.

'Do you also admit to assaulting me on Saturday?'

Lisa hesitated.

'I didn't assault you,' she said finally.

'Really? So you deny pushing my face into a bowl of cold porridge? And then repeating the process with the rest of my - meal?'

'No, I admit doing that,' Lisa sighed.

'Do you admit gaining unauthorised access to private property by falsely representing yourself as a teacher?'

'Guilty.'

Tracey paused for effect before continuing. She was slowly building an overwhelming case against her tormentor and she was determined to extract the maximum drama from the situation.

'The next charges apply to all three of you. Do you admit stealing a car and helping a prisoner to escape?'

The class gasped at this fresh accusation.

'Not guilty,' Lisa said firmly.

'Not guilty,' Tommy and Sammy answered.

Tracey smiled confidently. She was about to get to the two BIG charges.

'Do you the three of you admit that you came on the prison visit on Friday with the intention of getting an innocent person falsely imprisoned?'

Lisa glared at Tracey and said nothing. Tommy was about to open his mouth and then shut it quickly. As she'd expected Sammy was the one to break under pressure.

'Guilty,' he said. 'I'm really sorry, Mrs. Jones. We only meant it as a practical joke but somehow things just got out of hand.'

Tracey looked at him and for the first time there was an angry tone in her voice.

'A practical joke? So you thought it would be funny to have me locked up in prison, did you?'

Sammy lowered his eyes to the floor, ashamed as well as scared.

'I'm sorry,' he said. 'It seemed funny at the time but I can see now how stupid and wrong it was.'

Tracey looked at the magistrate.

'I'd like to reserve the right to recall this defendant, Your Worship. In the meantime I'd like to cross-examine Tommy Burns.'

'Proceed, Mrs Jones,' said Mr Morris.

'Tommy, do you agree with Sammy's version of events on Friday?'

Tommy gazed at her for a moment, still trying to make up his mind what to do. In the end he gave an evasive answer.

'How do you mean?'

'Well, do you admit that the three of you planned to have me falsely imprisoned?'

'Oh, that. Well, not exactly, no.'

'Not exactly? Would you care to explain, Tommy?'

He looked helplessly at Lisa and Sammy and then at Tracey before finally answering.

'It was only meant as a joke,' he said. 'We never thought it would actually happen.'

'I see,' said Tracey. 'Perhaps you'd like tell me exactly what your plan for me was. I'm all ears!'

Tommy looked down at the floor as he began to grasp exactly how much trouble he was in.

'Well,' he said finally, 'we thought we'd get a dummy record of you on the prison database and get you locked up by mistake. We thought you'd spend maybe an evening in prison and then you'd be released the next day. Well, that's what we thought was going to happen, anyway.'

Tracey was remarkably calm as she gazed at him.

'So that was your plan,' she said quietly. 'But something went wrong, didn't it?'

'Yes, it did,' Tommy mumbled, almost afraid to meet her eyes.

Tracey looked at Mr Morris and prepared to move in for the kill.

'Your Worship, I'd like to reserve the right to recall this defendant but in the meantime I'd like to cross-examine Lisa Shelby.'

'Permission granted,' Mr Morris said.

Part 9

Lisa Shelby stood facing Tracey with a sense of increasing uneasiness. She knew she was in big trouble and she only hoped she could talk her way out of it somehow.

Tracey smiled broadly as she began her cross-examination.

'Lisa, do you admit you went to the prison planning to have me admitted as an inmate?'

'Yes.'

There was no point in trying to deny it, Lisa thought. Everyone knew that was true.

'And do you agree that when Mr Chambers left that he knew I was your teacher?'

'Yes.'

'And do you agree that Mr Gray did NOT know I was your teacher?'

'Yes.'

'And do you agree that you told Mr Gray to press the button that entered my details on to the inmate database and meant that I was registered as a REAL prisoner?'

'Yes.'

'And do you admit that you made no attempt to explain the true situation to him?'

'Yes.'

'And that even when you knew I was about to be given an indelible barcode marking me as a prison inmate for the rest of my life you made no attempt to tell him he was making a mistake?'

'Yes.'

Tracey looked at Lisa coldly. She needed to focus her anger rather than go off on a rant.

'Is it true that when I told Mr Gray I WAS your teacher you immediately said you'd never seen me before?'

'Yes.'

'Even though you knew that was a lie?'

'Yes.'

'Even though you knew it meant I'd be admitted to the prison as an inmate when I was completely innocent of any crime?'

'Yes.'

Tracey gazed at Lisa and prepared to move in for the kill.

'Why did you want me to be locked up in prison?'

'It was a joke. You'd put me on a week's detention and I thought I'd get back at you by playing a

practical joke and sending you to prison.'

'I see. So you thought that life imprisonment was a fair - revenge - for a week's detention?'

'Well, I was angry with you and I suppose I wasn't thinking straight. But no, it was a bit over the top maybe.'

'A bit over the top,' Tracey repeated. 'I see. And once you'd realised I WAS a prisoner and that I HAD been sent there to spend the rest of my life in prison how did that make you feel?'

Lisa hesitated because although she still wasn't sure where Tracey was going with this she sensed that it was a question designed to trip her up.

'Not sure what you mean,' she answered, trying to buy herself some time.

'I'd have thought it was a simple enough question, Lisa. Did you feel guilty? Sad? Sympathetic? Remorseful? Happy?'

Lisa gasped as she took in the implications of the question. She stared at Tracey and then at Mr Morris and opened and shut her mouth quickly.

'We have other witnesses prepared to testify about your reaction at the time,' Tracey said quietly. 'In fact I believe there may even be CCTV footage available so there's no point in lying, Lisa. How did you feel when you saw me barcoded, entered as an inmate and led away to the cells?'

Lisa realised she had no choice. Even though her answer would land her deeper in trouble she had to admit the truth. Basically I'm fucked, she thought.

'OK, I was happy,' she said, defiance returning to her voice as she sensed she had nothing to lose. 'I felt really GOOD about seeing a stuck-up bitch like you banged up in prison.'

'I see,' said Tracey. 'Well, at least you've been honest about your feelings. Of course it was obvious what they were when you and Tommy high-fived each other when you saw me being led away to the cells. But I'd like to probe your - plan? practical joke? - a bit deeper. Obviously you wanted to see me locked up - you've admitted that so there's no dispute on that score. But what exactly did you HOPE - or maybe even EXPECT - to happen after that?'

'Not sure I understand what you mean,' Lisa said evasively.

'Well, was the plan for me to spend an unpleasant night in the cells and then be released next morning with an apology from the prison authorities? Did you hope I'd maybe be locked up for the weekend? Or were you hoping I'd GENUINELY spend the rest of my life in prison?'

Lisa hesitated before answering.

'I wasn't really sure what would happen. I knew you'd spend at least a night locked up and I thought that maybe if I was lucky it could have turned into a whole weekend. But of course..' she took a deep breath before continuing, 'I'd have LOVED it if you really HAD been banged up for the rest of your life.'

Tracey nodded and continued. She still wasn't ready to deliver the fatal thrust yet.

'OK, I appreciate your honesty. You hoped I'd really be locked up in prison for life. But did you really think you could get away with it? Didn't it occur to you that Mr Chambers would come back on Monday, for example?'

'Yes, I thought about that but I thought I'd be able to persuad him to make your stay - permanent.'

Tracey laughed.

'This is Britain, not North Korea; we might have tougher laws on crime than we used to but you still can't just make people disappear into limbo. What on earth made you think he'd agree to your plan to - lock me inside for ever?'

Lisa looked at Tracey defiantly. She knew se was in trouble and her cocky rebellious side was reasserting itself.

'Well, I thought he'd be so embarrassed about admitting you to prison by mistake that he'd make it official to cover up what he'd done.'

'So you were hoping you could persuade a prison governor to commit fraud to cover up my false imprisonment?'

'Yes. That's what I hoped would happen.'

Tracey paused for a moment. She was about to deliver the killer blow and wanted it to have the maximum possible impact when she did.

'OK, let's recap briefly. You admit that you went to prison hoping to get me locked up at least overnight and hopefully longer. You admit that you hoped you could persuade the prison governor to lie and commit fraud so I'd be locked up in prison for ever. Now when my fake record was being entered on the database and Mr Chambers asked what crime I should be charged with do you remember what you said to him?'

'Yes, I remember.'

'And what fictitious crime DID you tell him to charge me with?'

Lisa couldn't meet Tracey's eyes when she asked her that question.

'I... I told him to put you down as ... a child killer.'

Tracey waited for the effect of that admission on the other pupils. All except the other conspirators looked shocked and disgusted by what she'd said.

'A child killer,' Tracey repeated the words quietly. 'And you've already admitted that you not only HOPED I'd be genuinely locked up for the rest of my life but you planned to persuade the governor to commit fraud to make it happen. And a child killer? Have you any idea what happens to child killers in prison, Lisa? Did you really want to see me beaten up by the other women? Did it ever cross your mind that they might even KILL me? Or is that what you were HOPING would happen to me? Is that what you actually INTENDED to happen to me?'

The colour drained from Lisa's face as she realised the seriousness of the accusation against her. Tracey was basically suggesting that the whole plan had been a premeditated conspiracy to murder her.

'But why would I do that? What's my motive?'

Tracey gave her a cold smile.

'Oh, you had plenty of motive, Lisa. I can think of at least three reasons why you'd want me dead!'

Lisa stared at her and waited for the inevitable to follow.

Part 10

Tracey paused for effect before beginning her assessment of Lisa's motives for wanting her dead.

'As I said, there were three main reasons why Lisa Shelby would have plotted to have me killed. The first is obvious; revenge. In her twisted mind the week's detention I gave her was enough justification for having me locked up in prison on bogus charges.'

Tracey paused again.

'OK, there was malice aforethought but she could easily have put me down for a lesser crime. Why didn't she say I was a drug dealer, a prostitute, a shoplifter? Why did she have to put me inside for murder? Because she knew I'd never be let out. And why child murder? Because she knew there was a fair chance the inmates would kill me. So revenge and opportunity came together and she cheerfully committed her crime. she KNEW that as a child killer the chances that I'd be murdered by another inmate were high. And yet she chose to call me that. She acted with malice aforethought and this was a clear case of premeditated murder.'

Lisa went pale when Tracey said that. She gazed helplessly around the room but no one wanted to look at her. The disgust among the other pupils was palpable.

'Revenge was one motive that led her to commit her crime. The second motive - if you can call it that - was a desire to impress the other kids. She knew they'd think it was cool that she'd managed to get their teacher locked up in prison. Which I expect they probably DID think.'

Tracey paused again, preparing to deliver the killer blow.

'But unlike you the others hadn't been making plans to have me killed. They thought it would be a laugh if I was locked up for a few days but that's as far as their malice went.'

Tracey looked directly into Lisa's eyes when she asked her next question.

'Do you remember when Mr Chambers was entering my details in the dummy database?'

'Yes,' she almost whispered, knowing what was coming next.

'And do you remember in particular a life insurance policy I had?'

'Yes.'

'And do you remember what Mr Chambers did with the policy?'

'Yes.'

'What did he do exactly?'

'He.. he made me... the beneficiary of it.'

Tracey smiled.

'I see. So in the event of my death you would have received the pay out from my policy?'

'Yes.'

'How much money would you have received in the event of my death?'

'A hundred thousand.'

There was an audible gasp of breath from the pupils at that statement. Tracey gave her a cold stare before twisting the knife one final time.

'That is the third reason you wanted me dead,' she said quietly. 'What's more, I've got a witness who's prepared to testify that you boasted about the fact that if I was murdered by the inmates you'd be rolling in the money. You actually admitted that you couldn't care less if I was murdered. And only only can the witness confirm that but I believe that even Tommy and Sammy will if I ask them. Do you deny saying that, Lisa?'

'No,' she almost whispered. 'Yes, I said it. But it was just bravado. I didn't really mean it. It was just a joke that got out of hand. And...'

She trailed off into confusion. Tracey turned to the magistrate.

'The prosecution rests, Your Worship.'

'Thank you, Mrs Jones,' said Mr Morris.

He gazed at the three defendants long and hard. It was obvious he was having trouble deciding on his sentencing.

'This is an unusual case in many respects,' he said finally. 'It is clear that all three defendants are guilty of most of the charges against them. On the matter of car theft and assisting the escape of a felon the charges are dismissed. On the counts of false imprisonment and deliberate fraud I find all three of them guilty. On the charge of assault against Mrs Jones by Lisa Shelby I find the defendant guilty. On the charge of conspiracy to commit murder I also find her guilty.'

He paused for a moment and Lisa gazed down at the floor, wondering what would happen to her next.

'As I said, this is an unusual case and so I shall take the unusual step of allowing the victim of these crimes to give her recommendations for a suitable punishment for these offenders. Mrs Jones, what do you feel is an appropriate punishment for them?'

'Thank you, Your Worship,' said Tracey. 'Sammy is weak and easily led and I think he'll watch his step in future. A month's community service for him sounds about right to me.'

'And Tommy Burns?'

'He's a nasty bit of work but he's totally dominated by Lisa so I think three month's community service.'

'And Lisa Shelby?'

Tracey smiled when he asked that question.

'Well, ideally I'd like to give her life but I think six months in prison should cure her bad attitude.'

'Six months!' Lisa exploded. 'You were only locked up for a day!'

'No thanks to you,' Tracey retorted. 'And if you'd had your way I might be dead by now. So I'd say six months was letting you off quite lightly.'

Mr Morris gazed at the three defendants.

'I hope I never see any of you again,' he said. 'In the matter of sentencing I concur with Mrs Jones. Lisa Shelby was the prime mover in this conspiracy and she showed a wanton and reckless disregard for the life of her teacher. Nor has she shown the slightest remorse for her actions in spite of the fact that they could have had fatal consequences. Because of these factors I am sending you to spend the next six months in the same

prison where you falsely imprisoned Mrs Jones. You will also work on the same farm that Mrs Jones did. Now I call upon the officer of the law to restrain Miss Shelby and lead her away to begin her sentence.'

A policeman walked over and smartly handcuffed Lisa's wrists behind her back.

As she was led away Lisa suddenly saw Tracey come right up to her and smile in her face.

'Enjoy your detention, Lisa,' Tracey said.

This is a sequel to Katie Smith's story 'Tracey's Prison Visit' which you can find on her yahoo group or on her website. For copyright reasons I'm only posting my sequel to her story. © Oct 2013 adult • fantasy • horror



Red Goddess -

Donna the turn about in this sequel is precious. Seems Tracey did get some revenge this time. A delightful twist Thanks for sharing this one :-)

Nov 2013



Donna Barber - Thanks, Goddess. Katie doesn't really approve but every now and then I like to see Tracey get to win!

Nov 2013



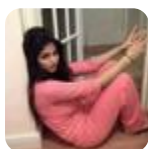
Red Goddess - keeps it fun I do understand the concept poor Tracey ;-)

Nov 2013



Donna Barber - Thanks!

Nov 2013



liz - dramatic....very interesting to read...like it sooo 

Oct 2013



Donna Barber - Thanks, Liz

Nov 2013



liz - 

Nov 2013