



Donna Barber

Oct 2013 • Adult

Tracey's Restraining Order

My Halloween contribution!

Tracey's restraining order

By worthless fem

[Synopsis - Tracey finds herself before the Halloween Court and receives a number of unpleasant sentences!]

"Court will rise," came the announcement from the clerk of the court. "Honourable Judge Searchem presiding. Counsellor Ashley Marsh for the prosecution, Deputy Duffy acting as Head Bailiff, T Nerdly Assistant Bailiff and C Lakewood as Chief of the Grammar Police."

Everyone rose as the judge sat down. Tracey was there along with her employer Mr Chambers, his son John and two of her co-workers Lucy and Emily. She'd never been to a Halloween Court before and had no idea what would happen there!

Bailiff Duffy began proceedings.

"The court is assembled, Your Honour. I'm afraid we only seem to have one name on the list of the cases to be tried today"

"That is disappointing," said Judge Searchem. "Perhaps the police need to be more vigilant in future when it comes to tracking down offenders. Well, we can only work with what we've got. OK, let's get started. Tracey Smith, stand up!"

A stunned and frightened Tracey did as she was told.

"You're Tracey Smith?"

"Yes, Your Honour, I am," a trembling Tracey replied.

"Well, let's get on with it, shall we? Counsellor Ashley Marsh for the prosecution, are you ready to proceed with your case?"

"Yes, Your Honour," Ashley replied at once.

Tracey knew she'd probably get herself into trouble but she couldn't help herself.

"Excuse me, Your Honour, but couldn't I have a lawyer to defend myself?"

"Certainly not!" the judge snapped. "Miss Marsh, are you ready to proceed?"

"I am, Your Honor."

"But..." Tracey pleaded desperately, "surely I should at least be told what the charges against me are?"

Judge Searchem fixed her with a stern gaze.

"Young woman, you are trying my patience sorely. This is a Halloween Court and the accused woman only gets to find out what the charges against her are at the END of the trial. When she's been found guilty, that is. So just sit down and shut up so that justice can take its course and due process can be properly observed. Any more of that kind of interruption on your part will land you with a charge of contempt of court. And the penalties for THAT are VERY severe indeed!"

Tracey, cowed and nervous as hell, sat down and waited for the 'trial' to begin.

Ashley Marsh stood up and smiled flirtatiously at the judge.

"Thank You, Your Honour. Of course we cannot have female defendants wasting the time of the court by making irrelevant and disruptive statements or making frivolous requests such as wanting to know what the charges against them are. However, I will call a few witnesses to the stand before I rest my case."

"Proceed, Miss Marsh."

"To save the court's time I'll call all of them at once to the stand, Your Honour."

"Very well."

"I call Mr Chambers, John Chambers, Lucy and Emily to the stand."

Tracey stared in stunned disbelief as she saw the four of them coming into the witness box.

"I have only one question for all four of you," said Ashley. "Is Tracey Smith guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," all four of them answered in unison.

Ashley turned to the judge.

"Your Honour, the prosecution rests. Are you ready to pass sentence now?"

"Yes, I think so," smiled Judge Searchem. "Stand and face the bench, Tracey."

With one final attempt at defiance Tracey stood up and tried to assert herself.

"Your Honour, I haven't been allowed to defend myself," she protested.

"No, you haven't," the judge agreed. "But we've found by experience that it speeds up the trial a lot if we don't let the female who's been accused of a crime put forward a defence and we just go right ahead with finding her guilty."

"But..." Tracey tried one last time. "You haven't even told me what the charges against me are!"

Judge Searchem fixed Tracey with a stern gaze before turning his attention to Ashley.

"Miss Marsh, do you have any objection to letting the prisoner at the bar know the charges against her?"

"I think it would not be in the public interest for female defendants to know what they have been charged with, Your Honour. It would also set a precedent that might allow future malefactors to escape true and fair justice."

"I concur with your views, Miss Marsh. The prisoner's request is denied!"

Judge Searchem looked down at the papers on his desk with a slight grin before continuing. Tracey stared at him in horrified disbelief, realizing that she had just been found guilty of some unspecified crime or crime and hadn't been allowed to defend herself or even know WHAT she'd been charged with.

"Now we come to the best part of the proceedings," said the judge. "To begin with the prisoner will come to the table in the centre of the courtroom."

Tracey nervously made her way towards the table.

"Deputy Duffy, are you ready to begin the preparation?"

"I sure am, Your Honour," he replied, a grin slowly spreading over his face.

Turning to Tracey, he gave the command.

"Strip, girl! Take off those clothes and get butt naked for the court!"

Tracey gazed at him in horror.

"But... here? Now? In front of all these people? And the people in the public gallery?"

"You got it, girl.. Now are you gonna do like I tell you or am I gonna have to call on our fine and upstanding police force to help you get properly dressed? Properly undressed, I mean?"

Tracey knew that it was hopeless. In this kangaroo court she had no chance of anything resembling justice. Meekly but reluctantly she took off her jeans. The deputy put them in a cardboard box labelled "evidence" and then waited for her to continue her strip-tease.

Next to come off was the sweater she was wearing. It was a rather cold day in court and Tracey had worn the sweater as a protection against the cold. Now she had to take that off and it followed her jeans into the 'evidence box.'

"You're getting there, girl," said Deputy Duffy in what might have been some kind of attempt to encourage Tracey but was more probably an attempt to humiliate her. "Keep right on going!"

Tracey then took off the T-shirt she was wearing and it joined her jeans and sweater in the evidence box. Now she was standing before the court wearing only her bra, knickers and tights.

"Take them pantyhose off next," the deputy commanded.

Tracey did as she was told and they too went into the evidence box.

"Now for the fun part," the deputy sniggered. "Get that bra off so we can all take a good look at them BIG tits of yours. Why, I do declare your melons is fit to bust right out of that bra!"

Blushing, Tracey removed her bra and it too went into the evidence box.

"Now for the last part," he grinned. "Take off them pantees of yours."

Tracey almost winced with the humiliation but she took off her knickers which also found their way into the evidence box.

"That's MUCH better!" said Deputy Duffy. "Now all's we gotta do is SEARCH you! Bend over that there table and spread them legs of yours REAL wide! Let's get to see that big ass of yours and that juicy pussy so the court can make a final decision!"

Tracey was fuming as she realized how much of herself she was putting on show but she had no choice. As the deputy made his pretence of 'searching' her she heard loud laughter from the public gallery, especially from where Mr Chambers and his son were sitting and uproarious giggling from Lucy and Emily.

When he'd finally finished groping and fondling her, the deputy finally let go. Judge Searchem watched his work with evident approval.

"Well, I guess it's time to impose my sentence. Tracey Smith, you will spend the week of halloween working at the Good Time Girls Bar and being nice to all the truckers who come in and patronize that fine establishment," the judge said. "Of course you'll be dressed - well, just the way you are right now. Naked as nature intended a slut like you to be."

Tracey made one final and futile protest.

"But..."

"The court has spoken," said the judge firmly. "In view of the bad attitude you've displayed throughout this trial I'm adding to your sentence. As well as a work of community service at the truck stop I'm also issuing you with - a restraining order. Deputy Duffy, put Tracey in full restraints."

Tracey gasped as her wrists were spun behind her and she found herself naked and handcuffed. Soon her ankles were fitted iwth leg shackles and an iron collar with a padlock was fastened around her neck. To complete the ensemble another chain was fitted around her waist.

Blushing in a mixture of shame and anger, Tracey made her final mistake.

"This isn't fair!" she protested. "You've got no right to treat me like this!"

Judge Searchem looked at her and gave her a stern gaze.

"In addition to the restraining order I'm now issuing you with a gag order as well. Deputy, gag Tracey."

So Deputy Duffy walked across and fitted a ball gag into Tracey's mouth. Mr Chambers, John, Lucy and Emily stared at the scene with open delight.

Ashley Marsh was so overcome with emotion that the judge turned to her.

"Miss Marsh, come to my chambers and present me with your oral arguments about this case," he said.

"I thought you'd never ask, Your Honour," a relieved Ashley said.

As for poor Tracey, naked and helpless, all she could do was fume in utter futility from behind her gag!

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**Red Goddess -**

poor poor Tracey yet another public naked display Sweetie ya sure do put her through her paces. Awesome story. love the dialogue

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**Donna Barber** - Thanks, Goddess. Yes, she does go through a lot!

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