



**Worthless Fem
Tracey in a riot**

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By Worthless Fem

Intro - the August riots in Britain have been nagging away at me for a while to write a story about them. Hope it's OK!

Tracey was going home from work, a bit later than usual to be honest. It was around eight o'clock in the evening because she'd had to stay late at the office to finish working on the new presentation for her boss. As she walked along her normal route to get home she saw to her surprise that there were hundreds of people on the streets and also a large contingent of police confronting them. To her horror Tracey saw that some of the local shop windows had been smashed and looted and gangs of feral youths were trying to fight off the police as they tried to add to their collection of stolen goods.

Trying to keep well clear of the commotion, Tracey decided to cut through a side turning rather than follow the main road as she usually did. That turned out to be a *big* mistake. Although most of the rioters were taking up the pavements and the main road, the cops trying to hold them back, the outer fringes of them were also coming out of the side streets to join in the fun.

Before she realised what was happening about a dozen youths had grabbed Tracey and pulled her down to the ground. At only 5ft 2 inches tall, a bit on the fat side and not much good at defending herself anyway, she stood no chance against her determined attackers. As she lay on the ground, struggling feebly against the weight of numbers, they began ripping off her clothes.

"Help!" she shouted desperately.

It probably wouldn't have been heard above the noise of the riot going on around her, but they quickly silenced her by grabbing her knickers and pushing them inside her mouth. Then they noticed her handbag and systematically went through it. Her mobile phone was taken, all the cash and credit cards, jewellery and ID were taken out of the bag. The rest of the handbag's contents like lipstick were emptied out on the ground.

Then they removed the rest of her clothes. Tracey was lying on the ground naked as the day she was born. They were just about to add to her misery when a passing patrol car arrived at the scene. The rioters scattered and she found herself on the ground, naked except for the knickers in her mouth. As she removed them and put them back on she realised she was alone and almost totally starkers. Fortunately the rest of her clothes were lying strewn about on the ground so she managed to gather them up and put them back on again. Picking up her handbag, she noticed that everything had gone from it, even the keys to her house. God, it's going to be a pain getting back home, she thought angrily.

Fuming, Tracey walked out of the side street for a few yards when she came to a shop just on the corner of the main

room. Its window had been smashed and a lot of goods already looted from it.

Tracey knew the shop well. It sold designer clothes and she often bought stuff from it. Her own handbag and all the clothes she'd had stolen but fortunately got back came from it. Even the knickers she was wearing came from the shop.

As she stood for a moment outside the shop window, staring in shock and disbelief at what had just happened to her, another police van drew up and four police officers leapt out of it.

"You're under arrest!" they shouted.

Tracey stared at them in disbelief and horror.

"But why? What have I done?" she asked forlornly.

"Don't argue with us," said the copper in charge. "Handcuff her. You're coming down to the station and we're arresting you on suspicion of rioting and looting!"

Tracey submitted meekly to being cuffed even though her blood was boiling inside at the unfairness of it. They bundled her into the van along with another dozen or so people and drove her off to the station.

Sergeant Alan Jackson looked up wearily from the desk.

"Another lot of rioters?" he asked.

"Yeah, that's right, sarge."

"OK, take them down to holding cells and we'll deal with them later."

Tracey was bundled unceremoniously into a cell. They took her empty handbag away from her and she just waited till the time came for her to be processed.

After about half an hour she was brought up to the front desk again.

"OK, name?" the sergeant asked.

"Tracey Smith."

"Age?"

"28."

"Address?"

Tracey gave them her address.

"Do you work or are you another one of these lowlife types living on benefits?"

"Of course I work!" said Tracey indignantly. "I've worked ever since I left school!"

"Well, what's your job?"

For a moment Tracey hesitated. She knew that it wouldn't go down well with her employers that she'd been arrested for rioting and looting even though it was obviously a mistake.

"Chambers Associates," she said. "I'm a legal executive clerk."

The sergeant looked at her with interest.

"Chambers, eh? I go golfing with Malcolm Chambers. And I know his son John a bit too. Well, it makes a change from the rest of the scum we've arrested today."

Tracey said nothing, but inside she was worried about how her latest escapade would go down with her employers. She knew that Mr. Chambers, like his son John, found her attractive. Both father and son regularly made sexist remarks and had been known to try it on with her. They were both barristers, while his wife Emily and daughter Lucy were solicitors. The two women disliked Tracey a lot and always tried to put her down. Lucy had openly called Tracey a brainless bimbo and the mother frequently referred to her as a slut. And now she'd have to rely on that bunch to get her out of the mess she found herself in!

“Well, I'll give Malcolm Chambers a ring and see what he says,” the sergeant told her.

Tracey stood there mutely, hoping that her ordeal would not last too long. The sergeant dialled the number but only got the voice mail.

“Hm, not there,” he said. “Do you have John Chambers' mobile number?”

“Yes,” said Tracey reluctantly.

He dialled that and John answered.

“Hello, John, it's Sergeant Alan Jackson at Eastfield nick. Like you'd guess we're pretty busy right now. Got a load of people arrested in the riots. One of them reckons she works for you. Tracey Smith, her name is. You know her?”

On the other side of the phone John laughed out loud.

“Yes, Alan, I know her. Where is she now?”

“Standing right in front of me at the desk.”

“I see. Is she handcuffed?”

“Of course.”

“Good!” John laughed. “OK, I'll be right over. I'll bring my sister Lucy along as well. See you soon!”

In about ten minutes John and Lucy arrived at the police station. Tracey was still standing at the front desk, looking forlorn and thoroughly fed-up. She also still had her wrists handcuffed behind her back.

“Well, hello, Alan,” said John. “I don't think you know my sister Emily. She's a solicitor so we'll both be involved in the process.”

He turned and looked at Tracey with a broad smile on his face.

“Well, Tracey, just can't seem to keep out of trouble, can you? What's she done this time, Alan?”

The sergeant smiled at the young barrister.

“These four officers were out on riot duty and saw her loitering in front of a shop window that had been smashed. Quite a bit of the gear inside it had been looted and we picked up young Tracey here on suspicion of looting and rioting.”

“I see. Well, Tracey, what's your excuse?” asked John.

“It wasn't like that at all!” Tracey protested. “I was walking home from work and I got attacked by a gang of rioters. They stripped me naked and robbed me. They took everything from my handbag, even my front-door keys. Then the police arrived and they scattered. I managed to get dressed again, walked a few yards to the shop and was just standing outside the window trying to recover from the shock and wondering how I was going to get in my own home when another police van arrived and arrested me. And that's the whole story!”

“Well, you've got to admit it sounds a bit fishy, Tracey,” said an openly grinning John. “Have you charged her yet?”

“Not yet,” the sergeant admitted. “We thought we'd wait till you arrived.”

“Appreciate it, Alan,” said John. “Well, let's see. What was the shop she was arrested in front of?”

“High End Design in Eastfield High Street,” said the copper.

“Hm,” said Lucy thoughtfully, gazing at Tracey. “If I'm not very much mistaken, that handbag comes from that store.”

“Well, of course it does,” said Tracey indignantly. “I bought it from the shop two days ago.”

“Got a receipt for it?” the sergeant intervened.

“I might have one at home,” said Tracey uncertainly.

“So you've got NO proof that you didn't steal it?” he persisted.

“Well, not on me, no,” she admitted reluctantly/

“And that's not all,” Lucy chipped in. “Those shoes and that dress also come from that shop.”

“Well, I bought them two days ago as well,” said Tracey quietly.

“And of course you haven't got a receipt for them either,” Alan enquired.

“Well, no, not on me. I might have one at home, though.”

“So let's look at the facts,” said the sergeant. “You're in possession of a handbag and clothes for which you can't produce a receipt and which are sold by a shop that's been looted and which you were found standing outside of. Are you getting the overall picture, Tracey?”

“Yes,” said Tracey, fighting back a strong desire to cry.

“And have you got any idea how that set of facts is going to look in court?”

“I think so,” she admitted.

“Well, in normal circumstances you'd get a fine and probation for shoplifting,” the sergeant told her. “But because of the riots we've been told that the courts will hand down deterrent sentences. You'll be looking at a minimum stretch of six months in prison. And that's if you plead guilty! If you try to contest the facts and get convicted it'll be a year

to eighteen months inside. Fancy a spell in the big house, Tracey?”

“No,” Tracey almost whispered. “But I'm innocent! Surely you can see that? John, Lucy, you KNOW me. Can't you get me out of this mess?”

Lucy was about to chip in when John turned to her and winked. She shut up instantly and let him do the talking.

“OK, Tracey, I'll see what I can do. Take her back to her cell and I'll try to negotiate with the sergeant here,” said John.

So Tracey was led back to her holding cell while John and Lucy chatted to the sergeant about her fate.

“OK, Alan,” John came straight to the point, “let's have some fun. You and I both know you haven't got enough evidence to make the charges stick in court and actually I DO remember her wearing those clothes and carrying that handbag today in work – though if push came to shove of course I'd swear differently!”

“So what did you have in mind?”

The sergeant, John and Lucy sat down and chatted among themselves. They hatched their evil plan and there was loud laughter in the police station at the thought of what poor Tracey was about to undergo next.

“OK, bring the bitch back out front,” said the sergeant. “Let's get her ready for processing!”

Tracey was brought out to the front office once more and stood before them meekly, hoping that somehow the two lawyers had managed to get her out of the mess she was in.

“Well, Tracey,” said Alan, “like I told you, you're facing some very serious charges and if your case comes to court you'll be looking at between a year and eighteen months in prison. To say nothing of the effect it will have on your work record when you ARE released. Do you understand what I've just said?”

“Yes,” said a desperate Tracey.

“Now we haven't yet made up our minds whether or not to charge you,” he added. “John and Lucy here have been putting in a good word for you and I'm thinking over the situation. Of course we don't want to add to prison overcrowding if we can deal with these things some other way.”

Tracey stayed silent, not sure exactly what he meant.

“In the meantime, though, we've got to go through the formalities,” said Alan. “Take the cuffs off her.”

Tracey was relieved to find that at last some circulation returned to her aching wrists. However, the next part of her processing was NOT so pleasurable.

“Fingerprint her,” said the sergeant.

Tracey had her fingerprints taken and then stood before him waiting for the next phase of her “processing.” She had no idea what would happen to her next.

“Now then,” said Alan, a smile on his face, “since there's a strong chance you might be in possession of stolen clothes, we're going to have to strip search you. Do you understand?” Tracey blushed with embarrassment but nodded.

“Good,” he said, the grin on his face getting broader. “Well, let's get on with it, shall we? Start stripping, Tracey!” Tracey stared at him in horrified disbelief.

“What, here? Now?”

“Yes, Tracey, here and now. Get those clothes off!”

“But... but I mean... shouldn't I be stripped by a policewoman?”

“Well, normally you would be, but as it happens with the riots and looting going on we haven't got any to spare. Don't worry, though; Lucy here has agreed to stand in for one of our female officers. Isn't that kind of her?”

Tracey fumed, guessing that Lucy was just LOVING her humiliation. There just didn't seem any way out of it, though. The idea of prison terrified her.

“Come on, Tracey,” said Lucy, in her most irritating voice. “Get your clothes off so we can all go back home again.”

Fuming, Tracey looked at her but knew that she'd get no mercy at her hands.

“Take off your shoes first,” Lucy commanded.

Tracey took them off and Lucy looked at them quickly.

“Definitely from the shop,” she said. “Better hold on to them until we're sure.”

The sergeant put them in a cardboard box, smiling broadly.

“OK, let's have those tights off next,” said Lucy cruelly,

Sure enough, they were also from the shop and found their way into the cardboard “evidence box” on the floor.

“Now the dress,” said Lucy, smiling as widely as the six men in the room.

Tracey fumed but took off the dress. Like all the clothes she was wearing, it had come from the shop and it soon joined her shoes and tights in the “evidence box.”

Now she was standing in front of her audience dressed in only her bra and knickers. And she knew that flimsy degree of protection wouldn't last much longer!

“Well, take your bra off now, Tracey,” said Lucy, almost giggling. “Show the gentlemen those big flabby tits of yours!”

For a moment Tracey was tempted to refuse or at least object to the way Lucy was talking to her. Then she remembered about the threat of eighteen months in prison

and decided to go along with it even though she was furious and utterly humiliated.

Tracey took off her bra which yet again was placed in the cardboard box. She tried to cover up her breasts with her arms but Lucy was relentless.

“Put your arms down at your side at once!” she said sternly. “How on earth can you expect to be strip-searched if you're trying to conceal any part of your body?”

Almost tempted to punch her employer, Tracey controlled herself and did what she was told.

“That's better,” said a grinning Lucy, as the bra joined the rest of Tracey's clothes in the cardboard box. “Now let's get to the final part of the processing, shall we? Take off your knickers and we'll see if they're stolen or not!”

Tracey went red again with a mixture of anger and shame. She took off the knickers and they too found their way into the “evidence box.” Standing there naked and utterly humiliated, she waited for her next orders.

“OK, that's much better,” said Lucy.

She walked across to the sergeant and whispered in his ear. With a broad grin on his face, he nodded.

“OK, Tracey, now put your hands behind your back,” Lucy ordered her.

Tracey reluctantly did as she was told. Then the sergeant came across quickly and handcuffed her wrists once again.

“Much better!” Lucy laughed cruelly.

“Excuse me please,” said Tracey, in a last desperate attempt to hang on to some sort of dignity, “but do I really have to be handcuffed like this?”

“Yes,” came the quick answer from the sergeant. “Start searching her, Lucy. This one needs the full cavity search, I reckon!”

The next thing Tracey knew Lucy was standing right in front of her with an evil grin on her face. She was tempted to mouth off at her boss but she was already in enough trouble as it was and if the price of her freedom was a little bit of humiliation it was probably worth paying.

Tracey said nothing and just let the men fit her ankles with the leg irons.

“Much better,” said a smiling Lucy. “Now spread your legs, Tracey. I'm sure you've done that hundreds of times for men so it shouldn't be too difficult even for you!”

She bit back the nasty comment she felt like making and just spread her legs.

“Wider,” Lucy ordered her, “as far apart as you can make them go.”

Fuming, Tracey spread her legs as wide as she could possibly make them go.

“Not bad,” Lucy smiled. “OK, let's start the full body cavity search now!”

Tracey looked at her with a face that was halfway between angry and sad. How much more of this was she going to have to take?

Lucy, a huge grin on her face, made the whole process of “searching” her naked body into an elaborate farce that was just an excuse to humiliate Tracey. The poor girl just stood there and took it, biting back all sorts of nasty things she wanted to say.

Finally she got bored and turned to the openly laughing coppers.

“Bad news, I'm afraid,” said Lucy. “She's not hiding anything on her. I suppose it's time to move on to the next stage of the – alternative punishment.”

“Yes, I think so,” said the sergeant with a huge grin. “Who wants to go first? John?”

“Yes, that would be nice,” John Chambers smiled.

So the nude Tracey found herself put over her boss' knee and giving a good hard spanking. When he'd finally had enough it was Lucy's turn. Then the sergeant and finally the four arresting officers all had a go.

By the time they'd finished Tracey couldn't stop herself from sobbing and even screaming in pain. Her arse felt like it was on fire and she knew it would be painful for her to sit down for quite a while.

“OK, Tracey,” said the sergeant, making no attempt to hide his smile. “I think you've done the right thing in taking the alternative punishment rather than risking your chances in court.”

Tracey could hardly speak but she made an effort to force out a few words in a last desperate attempt to salvage some dignity.

“Can I go home now?” she asked pleadingly.

“Yes, we'll let you off with a caution this time,” Alan smiled.

“Can you take off my handcuffs, please?”

Her handcuffs were removed and Tracey rubbed her sore arse vigorously while the appreciative audience all laughed at her.

“Can I have my clothes back, please?” Tracey asked.

“Oh no, we'll need to hold them until you can produce a receipt from the shop to prove that you ARE the owner rather than just a thief,” said the sergeant.

“But... how am I going to get home? I mean, when I'm naked, and I haven't even got my own front-door key?”

John and Lucy looked at each other and smiled wickedly.

“We'll take you back home, Tracey,” said John. “Don't worry about your keys – I'll organise a locksmith to come and change your lock.”

“OK, Tracey, get in the car,” said Lucy, spanking her arse hard as she said it.

“Ow!” said Tracey, but she moved along just the same.

Tracey was forced to walk naked along the front of the building and on to the High Street to where their car was parked three roads away. She got a lot of stares and quite a few sex-related comments as she walked by!

Finally they got to the car and John drove her back home. The three of them stood outside the terraced house and Tracey looked at them helplessly.

“Well, best go inside then,” John told her.

“But I can't!” Tracey protested. “I haven't got my keys.”

“Oh, yes, I remember you saying,” he smiled. “Well, don't worry. I'll call in a locksmith and get him to come round and sort things out.”

So Tracey found herself standing naked outside her own front door while John called in a locksmith.

When he arrived he was certainly surprised to see a naked girl but he smiled and got on with the job. John had a quiet word with him before he started working and he slipped him an extra set of keys to Tracey's house. He'd already got a spare set of handcuffs from the sergeant at the police station so, all unknown to Tracey, he was already planning ahead for an uncomfortable future for her!