**Tracey and the Twins**By Joe P

Why Tracey had agreed to fly out to Nice with the two girls she didn't know.  They were sixteen after all.  They should have been old enough to look after themselves.  But apparently old Fatso Chambers, their  father and Tracey's boss, thought 'they couldn't be trusted' on their own.  And Tracey was getting her air fare paid after all

Mr Chambers sighed with relief.  Not for nothing were his daughters known as the terrible twins.  Goodness knows what on earth they would get up to without somebody responsible with them.  And Tracey was an associate at Chambers and Chambers.  She was responsible, wasn't she?

"They're a bit of a handful, mind," he said, after all she'd better know what she was letting herself in for.

But Tracey was enthusiastic about it.  It was a chance to suck up to Fatso and get a free trip to the south of France into the bargain!  She could handle those girls.  Once she stuck out her chest and spoke with her authoritative voice she reckoned they would do as they were told.  She might only be five foot two inches in her stockinged feet, but Tracey sticking out her chest was a force to be reckoned with.  So she thought.

"I'd love to," she said when asked, thinking about the free trip, "The girls will be no trouble.  We'll have a real fun time all girls together."

Tracey was petite and blessed with abundant blonde hair and a figure of ample proportions.  And apart from her voluminous breasts she looked so young.  When she was beside the girls who were slimmer and taller than she was and wore lots of make-up you would have thought they were keeping an eye on her!

Emily and Lucy, the terrible twins, at five foot eight tall were six inches taller than Tracey and blessed with that confidence and ease of manner which comes of always having someone to back you up.  Blessed also with that mischievous nature that comes from always having someone to plot with.

"Come on Girls.  Carry the bags.  Jump to it!"

Tracey stuck out her chest when she gave the order.  Her breasts were impressively large for such a small girl and she felt sticking them out gave her a special air of authority.

May as well start as she meant to carry on.  She saw them glance at each other and reluctantly pick them up.  She smiled to herself.  She was already exerting her authority.  The girls didn't like being bossed about.  Good.  
  
They checked the bags in and waited for the flight, and waited, and waited.

First it was one problem, then another, then the flight was cancelled.  They would be put up overnight in a hotel.

As they queued to get their hotel voucher Tracey ordered the girls to go and pick up their checked in bags that they'd need for the overnight flight.

"Come on, jump to it girls," she said, may as well start as she meant to go on.

"Yes Tracey," they answered.

They slouched off ungraciously.

"And it's 'Ma'am' to you!"

Tracey smiled.  They definitely didn't like being bossed about.   Ten minutes later they came back shaking their heads and looking serious.  Their luggage wouldn't be offloaded.  They'd have to make do with their carry-on bags.

Tracey groaned.  Her carry-on bags contained nothing but a book, and a box of paper tissues.  Poor Tracey wasn't the most organised.

As they were a 'family group' they were given a 'family' room with one double queen bed and one single bed.

"What are we going to wear to sleep in?" complained Tracey.

"Come on, jump to it girls.  You'll have to rub through our underwear," she instructed the girls, "we'll need to wear them tomorrow.".

"We've got pyjamas, Tracey" said the twins almost in unison.

"God'" thought Tracey," they're so efficient."

She was going to have to sleep naked.  And how embarrassing was that going to be!

"Come on Girls.  Jump to it!  Get your cases unpacked, and it's ma'am, not Tracey, remember," she ordered - that would put them in their place.  The girls opened their cases smirking.  On the top of Lucy's case was a plastic bag with a bulky object in it.

"What's that?" said Tracey.

"Not saying," said Lucy.

"You will say!" Tracey stuck out her chest.

"Won't!"

"We'll see about that!" the girls were hiding something.  Tracey snatched at the parcel at the same time as Lucy made a grab for it.  It split and out fell an object that looked like a large pink plastic penis with the words Big Willy stamped on it.  Tracey picked it up.  It was buzzing and vibrating.  A girls' sex toy.

Tracey looked at the girls staring defiantly back at her.

"Girls!  Wait till I tell your father about this!"

"You wouldn't!  It's just a joke.  To take back to school.  We don't use it."

Tracey could see from their faces though that they had given it a try.

"You wouldn't tell him!"

Tracey smiled.  There'd be no more 'Tracey' now.  She had them just where she wanted them.

"Oh yes I would.  If you don't do exactly as your told.  You are going to do exacty as you are told from now on.  You're going to jump to it, aren't you!"

"Yes ma'am," they both answered.

Tracey ordered pizzas for the room.  And a bottle of red wine.  She needed something to relax.  She wasn't sure if the girls should drink.  They were after all only sixteen.  But then she thought  one glass wouldn't hurt.

Maybe it wouldn't have.  Tracey never knew because Emily's first glass ended up right down Tracey's front.

Had she done it on purpose?  Poor Tracey didn't know.  Her one and only travelling dress was ruined.  She pulled it off and threw it at the girls.

"Stupid girl.  Get everything cleaned," she shouted, "I don't care how.  I can't travel in that.  I'm having a shower.  Come on, jump to it!," and with that she stormed into the bathroom.

The girls watched her flounce off, and it is difficult to flounce in nothing but your rather sexy undies.

They looked at each other.

"Ooo!" said Emily.

"Ooo, oo!," said Lucy.

This could be fun.

Tracey stood in the shower letting the hot water bounce off her naked body.  She'd given the girls the dress to wash in the sink, but red wine, what chance was there of getting that out!

She soaped herself down fuming.  She needed something to calm her down, relax her.  Then the thought struck her.  Big Willy!  She'd confiscated Big Willy.

Girl's self pleasurers always relaxed her, and my God did she need relaxing.

Checking the door was locked, she dried herself off and sitting on the toilet seat opened her legs wide and stroked her beautiful smooth cunt.  It was so nice and soothing just to stroke it, moving her fingers up the opening between her private lips and playing a bit with her pleasure spot.

She took out Big Willy and switched him on.  Perfect!  Just the right size, he fitted perfectly as she slipped him up her cunt, buzzing gently and nicely stimulating the parts that needed stimulating.

She closed her eyes.  It was so relaxing.  Gently moving Big Willy in and out of her cunt, feeling the mounting excitement as he tickled her clitoris, until at last, pelvis bucking, and she exploded in ecstasy. She enjoyed the moment.  God, she needed that!

"We've sent the dress off to be cleaned," Tracey was startled out of her reverie by the sound of a voice.

"What!" She opened her eyes wide.  Oh My God.  She'd been caught naked with the toy up her cunt pleasuring herself.  How long had they been there.  Exactly how much had they seen!  How had they got in?

"Sorry to interrupt when you're erm... enjoying yourself, but we opened the door from the outside.  It's easy to do.  You just turn it with a coin," said Lucy.

"Please don't stop on our account," said Emily, "we just thought we'd let you know the housekeeper's just taken your dress to be cleaned."

"What," shrieked Tracey, forgetting for the moment even to extract the plaything, "you've sent off my dress.  When does it come back?  It's a 24 hour service.  I'll be travelling in my knickers if I don't get it back."

"Oh dear," said Emily, "we sent your bra and knickers off as well.  You did say to get everything cleaned!"

Tracey shrieked.  The plane left at seven in the morning.  No time to buy anything.  She had to get her clothes back.  Whipping out the comforter and not even stopping to pick out a towel she rushed out of the bathroom, out of the room and into the corridor.  She could just see the housekeeper with the clothes disappearing towards the elevator and she ran off after her oblivious of the fact that she was stark naked.

Only when she reached the elevator and it had long gone did she stop to think.  She'd been a fool.  She'd panicked.  What with being caught in delicio delicto with Big Willy up her cunt and everything.  The thought of being watched playing with Big Willy sent her into spasms of embarrassment.  She looked down at her impressive bosoms.  Her blush had spread all the way down and covered her big bare boobies.  Big bare boobies!  It suddenly struck home to her.  She had rushed into the corridor totally starkers.  Panic set in again and she rushed back to the room and banged on the door.

"Girls girls!" she shrieked, "Let me in. I've got nothing on."

Giggles from inside the door.

"Girls!  Stop laughing and let me in.  Jump to it!"

More giggles.

Tracey raised her hand to hammer again, but then decided that was not quite the best idea.  It would attract attention, and for the next five minutes she alternately threatened and cajoled, but all to no avail; it slowly dawned on her.  They weren't going to let her back in!

She was alerted to the sound of voices coming along the corridor.  She had to hide.  Quickly she scampered off to the fire escape stairs.  She could hide there and decide what to do.

Back in the room the girls had collapsed in laughter.  Emily picked up her phone and picked up Big Willy.  They collapsed in laughter again.  Should they play with Big Willy.  No - they had Tracey to play with now.  And, she didn't know it yet, but she was going to provide them with endless amusement.

Tracey stood on the fire escape stairs with her chest stuck out.  That usually gave her confidence, but she was far from confident now.  It was clear the girls weren't going to let her back in.  The little tykes!  She'd give them what for when she got in.  And Tracey knew how to give people what for. She'd make them jump to it and no mistake.   Their father would get to hear of this and they'd be in real trouble.  Then she thought perhaps not.  Unfortunate details about how she came to be locked out in the altogether might emerge.  Details including a description of Big Willy and what she'd been doing with him.  Better just stick to delivering what for.  They'd be jumping to it with a vengeance from now on!

What was she to do now?  There seemed only one option.  She would have to go down to the front desk and get another key.  Should she go now and get it over with, or wait until later when it would be quiet.  She knew there was only one answer to that.  She had to get it over with.  She crept down the fire escape stairs to the door that led into the lobby.  She stood in front of the door, hands on hips, breathing deeply.  She was going to have to open that door march across to the front desk, explain that she'd been locked out and ask for a key.  She had to give herself confidence.  She was going to need it.  She counted up to ten.  On the count of ten she would do it.

"Eight, nine.... Ten!"

She pushed open the door and strode out.  Immediately a hush fell on the place.  Poor Tracey felt every eye on her.  Her hard fought for confidence melted away like snow off a dyke.  She felt her face burning, she felt the blush  spread down her front, she felt her mouth go as dry as if it was filled with blotting paper; her heart pounded, her face burned scarlet and her nerve broke.  She had been determined not to do it.  She had been determined to march nonchalantly to the desk, as if nothing were the matter, brimming with confidence.  Instead she found herself vainly trying to hide her cunt with one hand and her nipples with the other as she scampered across the lobby to the desk.

"Quick, quick," she shrieked, "I've got nothing on."

Anybody who hadn't so far noticed that there was a big bosomed and completely nude girl in the lobby certainly did now.  The naked figure crouched beside the front desk, amply proportioned bare bottom quivering in rather a fetching fashion until the receptionist emerged from the back office and and she was able to ask for a key.

If Tracey hadn't known the meaning of the term naked humiliation before.  She certainly knew it now.

It took five minutes to get a new key card made out and all the time she could only stand there cringing in that ridiculous knock-kneed hand over cunt stance.  Finally she grabbed the key and scampered off to the loud amusement of all present.

 She trudged back up the fire stairs thinking out in full detail the tirade of what for she was going to give the twins.

She burst in through the door in order to surprise them and stood with chest thrust out ready to launch forth..  Her words died on her lips.  In front of her the twins had hooked up a camera phone to the television and were showing a video on the screen.

The girl on the screen was naked, facing the camera with her legs wide apart displaying her cunt.   She was working herself with some enthusiasm using what looked like a very nice pleasure toy.  Her eyes were closed and her face grew ever more excited as she worked herself up into an ecstatic climax.  Loud grunts and groans came from her mouth as she bucked and her pelvic muscles contracted.  Tracey stared in disbelief.  The girl in the picture was her!

"Nice vid," said Emily, "it's amazing what a good quality you get with these phones.  Daddy will love it."

"No, no!" Shrieked Tracey, "You can't."

"Can't we though," said Lucy.

"You wouldn't."

"Of course not," said Emily.  Tracey heaved a sigh of relief, "provided you stop bossing us about"

"Of course," said Tracey staring at the screen where the looping video showed a close up of Tracey's smoothly shaved vagina where the beneficial effects of Big Willy were being supplemented by the manual stimulation of an engorged clitoris.

"Of course," she said, terrified of what the girls would do with the video. "Of course I won't boss you about."

"Indeed you won't.  We'll boss you about instead."

"What!"

"You can start by washing our undies through for tomorrow girl."

"Of course," said Tracey.  All she could think of was getting the wretched video off the screen.  She knew she should have exerted her authority.  She had plenty of authority normally, but her total nudity and her recent humiliating experience had deflated her completely

"Of course, ma'am," corrected Emily

"What!".

"Of course ma'am!  Come on jump to it!"

Tracey looked at the video and all resistance crumbled.

"Yes ma'am," she mumbled.

"Louder!" Said Lucy, "we can't hear you!"

"Yes ma'am," said Tracey.

"Louder, and jump to it girl," said Emily.

"Yes ma'am," naked and humiliated Tracey responded quickly.  
  
The girls undies had been thrown on the floor and they had changed into their pyjamas.

Tracey bent down to pick them up., and as she did so one of the girls gave her a sharp slap on the bare backside.

"Come on little girl, jump to it," they were six inches taller than Tracey after all, "or you'll feel a slipper on your bottom."

Tracey jumped to it.

"Can I put something on," she wailed " er... ma'am"

"You know, I don't think you have anything to put on, girl."

"What am I going to do., ma'am"

"Oh, we have something very special for you for tomorrow."

"What?"

"What ma'am!"

"Ma'am, ma'am.  You stupid girls.  What am I going to wear," Tracey's exasperation broke through her fragile control.  Too late she looked up again at the video where her face was once more contorting in ecstasy.

She stopped and stared at the screen.

"Oh dear," said Emily,

"Oh dear," said Lucy.

"I don't think she jumped to it,"

"She did not!"

"Somebody's going to get a rather pink bottom."

"Somebody certainly is."

"You wouldn't," wailed Tracey, and suddenly recollecting herself, "you wouldn't ma'am"

."Oh yes we would!"

Climactic grunts came from the screen as Lucy turned the sound up, and Tracey knew she was beaten,.

"Kneel on the bed girl, bottom in the air, come on, jump to it!"

"Yes ma'am," Tracey hesitatingly complied, looking round anxiously as each girl armed herself with a slipper.

"Left cheek," said Lucy.

"Right cheek," said Emily.

"You know why you're going to be spanked."

"Yes ma'am."

"You've been a naughty girl.'

"Yes ma'am"

"Say it."

"I've been a naughty girl and I deserve to be spanked ma'am"

"In that case we'd better spank you then.  How should we spank you girl?"

Tracey realised what she meant.

"Hard ma'am."

"Ask to be spanked hard girl!"

Tracey bit her lip.  She had to go along with it.  She had no option.

"Please spank me hard on my bare bottom ma'am."  
  
"Ow!  Ow!"

Tracey felt the cheeks of her bottom burning as she was spanked and spanked.  But what could she do?  They had the video and she had no clothes on.

"Ow!  Ow!"

And as the bright red cheeks of her bare bottom stung more and more with each successive spank she realized with a horrible certainty that from now on she was going to have to jump to it.

***Tracey and the Twins Part 2***

Tracey lay on the bed and rubbed her bottom.  It was a bit tender, but she hadn't been spanked too hard.  The girls had just done it to humiliate her; to show her who was boss.  Tracey knew that, and there was nothing she could do about it.  She shivered slightly.  The girls had made her sleep in the nude on top of the bed.  She wasn't even allowed to get cover from the bedclothes.

A spirit of rebellion surged in her.  Sleep on top of the bedclothes indeed!  They were only girls.  She could stand up to them.  She snuggled down under the bedclothes.  That was better.  It was nice and warm.

Eventually she dropped off to sleep.

SMACK!

She was woken up by a loud slap on her bare backside.  The covers had been whipped off her and she was once more naked on the bed.

"Jump to it girl!" Emily was out of bed and standing there in her pyjamas.  "Get our breakfasts ordered!"

Tracey was on her feet, hands on her hips ready to launch into a tirade, when suddenly she realised where she was, realised she was still naked and realised she had a tender bottom.

Her face crumpled into resignation.  She rubbed her sore bottom again.  She didn’t want another spanking.

"Yes ma'am," she said.

"Well jump to it then,”

"Yes ma'am," and Tracey ran off to phone room service while Lucy started running the bath.

"Come on get breakfast ordered," instructed Emily, "Fried eggs, sausages, bacon, mushrooms.  And some cornflakes for yourself while you're at it.  Come on girl.  Jump to it."

Tracey jumped to it, as more and more orders were given to her.  Her ample pink bottom wobbled, and her bare boobies bounced while she ran round the room, ironing the underwear, folding the girl’s things and getting them ready for packing.  They had her.  They had the video and they would send it to Fatso, her boss, if she didn't do exactly as she was told.  She was their servant, their naked girl, and it was her role to jump to it.

A knock at the door and a call of "Room Service" announced to them that breakfast had arrived.

"Well, go and answer the door girl!" ordered Emily.

"Please ma'am.  I've got nothing on ma'am," Tracey cringed at the thought of having to answer the door in the nude.

"So?"

"Nothing ma'am," memories of a spanked bottom quelled further complaint.

And creeping to the door Tracey opened it slightly and peered nervously round.

The waiter stood there with the tray.

"Er...  I've got nothing on," whimpered Tracey.

"Do you want me to bring the tray in or not lady," said the waiter.

"Oh don't mind her, "a voice called from the back, "she's just a little girl."

The waiter shook his head in an exasperated manner, pushing his way into the room.

Tracey adopted her little naked girl pose, knees together hands covering her cunt.

The waiter looked at her and shook his head.

"Kids!" He said and disappeared.

"Get the breakfast set girl," pronounced Lucy, "we've run a bath for you."

She winked conspiratorially at Emily.

Tracey laid out the little table and crept into the bathroom.

"In you go," said Emily, pushing her backwards over the edge of the bath.

Tracey fell back into the bath and screeched aloud.  The water was icy cold.

“That’s your punishment for disobedience and sleeping under the bedclothes.  A nice cold bath,” and the girls made her lie under the freezing water so that her nipples went rock hard.

“You stay there till we've finished breakfast, girl” ordered Emily, “that will teach you to show a little respect for you betters.”

"Yes ma'am!"

Tracey could only lie there getting colder and colder until the girls had finished their breakfast.  There was nothing she could do about it.  They had the whip hand, and they were going to use it.  Any further attempt by her at rebellion would be met with a further punishment.

By the time she was let out she was covered in goose bumps and shivering.

“Jump to it girl, get our bags packed or we’ll miss our flight.”

“Yes ma’am,” said Tracey and she ran into the room and hastily finished the packing.

“This what you’re to wear,” said Lucy.

She was holding up a small cotton tee-shirt with a little fluffy bunny on it and a leather belt with a big buckle.

“Belt round your waist first, then the tee shirt,” said Lucy.

Tracey looked at the proffered garment in horror.  It was a little girl’s tee shirt.  It would be hardly long enough to cover her bare pink bottom.

She opened her mouth the protest, but what could she do.  She was cold and she was naked and she could be sure of a further punishment if she objected.  She put the tee-shirt on – at least she had some cover at last – and picked up the bags.

They set off back to the airport departures lounge.  Tracey had to try and hold down the tee shirt while carrying the bags.  It wasn't easy.

“Jump to it girl,” ordered Emily, “we haven’t got all day.”

Tracey had to let go of her hem and run to catch up.  They queued up to go through security and Tracey crept nervously through the metal detection arch.  The alarm bell went off, and Tracey realised finally why the girls had made her wear the belt.  They must have known that that belt always set the alarm off.

The security woman motioned her to stop and be patted down.

“Arms in the air young lady,” she instructed.

Tracey went bright red and her mouth opened in horror.  If she put her arms above her head it would pull the tee shirt up and expose – well she wasn't quite sure what would be exposed.

“Hurry up,” said the guard.  “You’re holding everybody up.”

“Jump to it girl, “ said Lucy.

Tracey put her hands up.  Her face went bright red; she could feel cold air on the cheeks of her still slightly pink bottom, what was worse she could feel cold air on her smoothly shaved vagina.  That couldn't be exposed!  Surely people couldn't see her little slit.  Not in the middle of a crowded airport!  She looked round.  All the airport seemed to be staring at her.

“What’s that you’re wearing?” the guard had felt the belt.

“A belt ma’am,” it was becoming second nature to say ma’am.

“Belts have to be removed.  Go back, take the belt off, put in through the machine and come back through.”

Poor Tracey.  How on earth was she going to remove the belt without showing everything again.  She crept back through trying to tell from the faces of the now rather long queue waiting to come through how much they’d seen.  From their grins it seemed as if it might have been quite  a lot.

“Jump to it girl!” Lucy’s voice called out to her.  “We haven’t got long.

“Oh my God,” thought Tracey.  There was nothing for it.  She hitched up her tee shirt, took the belt off as fast as she could and scampered back through.

Whatever else did the girls have in store for her?

When they got on the plane they were at the back of the economy cabin occupying the three seats on the right hand side.

“Put the bags up in the overhead locker girl.  Jump to it!” Emily had settled into the window seat.

“Yes ma’am,” too late Tracey realised that this meant lifting her arms above her head again.  She felt the familiar cold breeze on her bottom and looked round alarmed at the passengers in the centre row.  They were looking at her open mouthed.  Red faced she sat down in the middle seat, hemmed in between the twins.  It was going to be a long journey.

“Put your tray down,” said Emily, when they were airborne.

Tracey did as she was told.  She felt two hands grab the hem of her tee shirt and pull it up so that she was naked below the waist.

“Legs apart,” whispered Lucy.

Tracey knew what was coming.  Hidden by the tray she felt a hand gently flutter down her tummy and come to rest between her legs.  It was a naughty little hand.  It tickled a little bit, then it gently worked its way between Tracey’s smooth bare vaginal lips until it found her little clitoris.  Well, not so little now, with her vagina bared, Tracey’s little clitoris had become nicely engorged and very sensitive to the touch.  She squirmed with pleasure as the little fingers played with it.  Oh no! the girls were going to give her an orgasm on the plane.  Tracey looked round alarmed, unable to stop herself squirming and letting out little grunts.  People were looking at her.  She tried to control herself but it was so hard.  The little fingers probed and toyed with her clitoris and she squirmed and squirmed.

Then it stopped.

“Enough fun for now,” said Emily, we have to save some for later.

After the meal, when much to her mortification Tracey had not been allowed to pull her tee shirt down and had had to try and hide her semi-nakedness with her hands, the girls turned their attention back to her.  The little hand explored, and Tracey started to squirm again.

Lucy leant over to her and whispered in her ear.

“Take it off.”

“What!”

“Have you forgotten how to address us girl!”

“Sorry ma’am.  Take off what ma’am?”

“Your tee shirt of course girl!”

“But I can’t take it off ma’am.”

“Jump to it girl, take it off.”

“But I can’t ma’am, I’ll be naked.”

“That, girl, is the point!”

Tracey looked round, she opened her mouth to protest again but saw that that would only result in another punishment.  She looked nervously across the isle.  The man in the next seat was fast asleep, his head lolling on his chest, his wife was deeply immersed in the movie.  She made up her mind and in one swift movement the tee shirt was off.

She couldn't believe it.  There she was in the back row of an aeroplane exposed stark naked for all to see; only partly hidden by her tray her legs were open, her vagina was bare and a little hand was playing with her clitoris.  It was terrifying and at the same time so exciting, her nipples were rock hard, her clit was engorged and her cunt was soaking.

She was naked in an aeroplane and she was being brought off.  She tried desperately to stifle the noise.  Fortunately everybody about was either asleep or had their headphones on.

“Oh, oh oooooh!” she felt her orgasm coming.  A naked orgasm.  A naked orgasm in public.  She couldn't help bucking and squirming in her seat as she came.  Then it was on her.  She gave into it completely as the waves passed over her and her orifices contracted rhythmically in pleasure.

Terrified she opened her eyes.  Surely the whole plane must be looking at her, but no, as she sat there damp with sweat and soaking between the legs, her little clit still swollen and tender from the treatment it had received, she looked round.  It might have been a good movie, but the passengers had missed the best show on the plane.

**Tracey and the twins 3**

Only when she was half way through the front lobby did Tracey stop to consider that by putting the towel to cover her head rather than her rude bits meant that the said rude bits were on display to what appeared to be half the guests in the hotel.  In addition, seeing that she could only peek through a narrow gap in the towel, she was navigating only with great difficulty.  She considered.  If she moved the towel to conceal the rude bits then everybody would recognize her.  If on the other head she left the towel where it was, there was at least a sporting chance that her boobies, her bottom and her cunt were not instantly recognizable.  Indeed provided that she kept her legs reasonably together her cunt would be relatively inconspicuous, and since she kept her vaginal lips smooth shaved her hair coloring would not be immediately apparent.

So it was that she arrived back at the room having provided a good deal of entertainment but unhindered by recognition.  The twins opened the door in response to her incessant hammering.

"Jump to it girl," said Lucy, "You’re supposed to be serving us not out enjoying yourself."

The infamous picture was up on the laptop screen as a constant reminder.

"Yes ma'am," said Tracey, immediately cowed by sight of the picture.

"Hands and knees girl," said Emily

Tracey just stared.  What did they want now!

"Now girl."

"Yes ma'am," said Tracey, adopting the subservient position without question

Emily removed her slipper and gave her a hard smack on the left cheek of her bare bottom.

"Ow!" Tracey yelped instinctively

"What do you get if you are disobedient, girl?"

"Punished ma'am"

Tracey felt the other cheek of her bottom stinging as the second spank landed.

"What do you say girl?"

"Thank you ma'am,"

Spank!

"Thank you ma'am!"

Spank!

"Thank you ma'am!"

And as the spanks continued, the cheeks of Tracey's face glowed as pink as the cheeks of her smacked bottom, but what could she do?

The evening passed slowly as Tracey waited on the girls in their room.  Only when she had tidied up and put all their clothes away was she allowed to sleep - in the nude - on the bed.  She didn’t dare do otherwise.  Her bottom was bright pink and stinging, and she didn’t want it to be spanked any more.

She was woken once more by a slap on the bottom.

“Jump to it girl!  Order breakfast.  Bacon, eggs, sausage, porridge.  Jump to it!”

“Yes ma’am,” Tracey was up in a flash and phoning down the room service order as the girls lounged in their pyjamas.  Again she had to suffer the indignity of answering the door naked.  She stood beside the table as the girls looked at the porridge oats.

“I don’t want this porridge,” said Lucy.

“Nor me,” said Emily.

“What shall we do with them?”

“Better pour them over something,” said Emily, looking at Tracey

“Good idea,” said Lucy, “You pull her hair.”

And Tracey found her hair pulled so that her face went back and Lucy’s oats were poured all over her hair and down her face dripping in a horrible sticky mess over her shoulders and running down her boobies.

“On the floor with her,” said Emily, and Tracey was pushed back and held by her shoulders as Emily’s porridge was poured unceremoniously between her legs, worked between her labia and up into her vagina.

She shrieked and struggled, but it was no good.  The more she struggled the more the girls laughed. They were bigger than her and they were too strong for her.  The porridge followed by the treacle and the marmalade and the butter until Tracey was covered from head to foot in sticky gooey mess.  She stood up, naked and gunged, porridge dripping off her nose, maple syrup running down between her legs.

“Just look at you, Girl” said Lucy, “you’re a disgrace.  Jump to it!  Get yourself cleaned up at once.  Then clean the floor!”

Tracey went into the bathroom and cleaned herself up as best she could, then came back into the bedroom and tried to mop up the goo on the floor.

The girls were still in their pyjamas.

"Jump to it girl, “said Lucy “Run our bath and put the clothes away," and the girls started to undress as Tracey went to run the bath first and then scampered round the room tidying up after them.

Then she went into the bathroom to make sure the bath was run, the temperature was right and it was scented with bath oil as instructed.  When she came out the girls were in bathrobes.

"Your bath is ready ma'ams," announced Tracey, "who is going first ma'am"

"Oh we both go in together," announced the twins in unison simultaneously dropping their bathrobes and standing there naked, as if posing for Tracey.

Tracey stood there open mouthed.  She was no aficionado of the naked female form, but these two were drop dead gorgeous.

Each had perfect C sized breasts, round, plump and capped with a perfect pink nipple; their curves were voluptuous, their bottoms pert and perfectly rounded, each bearing a small and perfect tattoo of a flower.  Finally, try as she would, not to peek Tracey's eyes were ineluctably drawn to their vaginas, each pink and each trimmed so that a small patch of pubic hair, trimmed to a heart shape and dyed jet black, drew the eye straight to the clitoris.

"Stop gawping girl," said Lucy, "have you never seen a cunt before?"

"No ma'am, I mean yes ma'am, I mean...  Oh dear!" Tracey was lost for words!  That was a word she would never use!  And somehow it was oh so sexy when Lucy said it!

The two girls marched past and the question of who got in first was quickly settled.  They both got in together.

"Come on girl!" ordered Emily, "Jump to it!  Scrub our backs!"

Tracey gulped, "Yes ma'am"

"Come on girl!  Soap our titties."

Tracey gulped twice, "Yes ma'am."

She rubbed each perfect tittie in turn, massaging, squeezing, fondling each perfect little pink nipple until she was quite wet between the legs.

"Tums and bums girl!" Said Lucy.

Tracey gulped even longer than before.  She was going to get a feel of those gorgeous bottoms.  As she soaped and patted each one her clit, swollen and engorged, started to throb with pleasure and moisture crept down her leg.

"And our legs," said Emily, "and our cunts."

"That's right, girl.  Jump to it girl.  Soap our cunts!" said Lucy.  They had seen the effect of the word on poor Tracey and were determined to embarrass her further.

At the mention of the word again poor Tracey thought she would have an orgasm on the spot.  Her little clit had become so sensitive that one touch would have sent her into ecstasies.

She soaped the parts in question, rubbing each one gently with her fingers.  She could feel her vaginal muscles starting to twitch with excitement.

The girls stepped out the bath.

"Jump to it girl, towel us down."

Tracey needed no second bidding.  The twins were dried and powdered, from head to 'c' word, and retired giggling to the bedroom while the 'girl' cleaned out the bath.

Tracey crept naked back into the bedroom.  The giggling had been ominous.  What did they have in mind for her?

It wasn't long before she found out.

Lucy had a hold of Big Willy!  And Big Willy looked ready for action.

"Over the bed, girl," said Emily in a voice of authority.

And Tracey bent over the bed while Emily tied her in place.  One wrist to the right hand bedpost and one to the left.

The cords were pulled tight.

“Open your legs girl.  Show us your cunt!”

Tracey did as she was told.  She was held immobile, naked, bottom in the air, legs wide apart, vagina exposed.  The girls had prepared her for sex.  And she knew it!

“Don’t you want to be fucked girl!”

Now she knew now what the bath had been about.  The girls had wanted her pliant, had wanted her moist, had wanted her ready to be fucked.

She knew it and she wanted it.  She wanted to be fucked.  She wanted to be fucked by these girls so much!

"Yes ma'am.  Please ma'am.  Fuck me ma'am.  Please.  I want to be fucked ma’am," it was another word Tracey never used, but she wanted it so much she did now.

"Where do you want to be fucked?"

"Up my cunt Ma'am," poor Tracey was getting desperate, "Please fuck me up the cunt Ma'am.  Please!"

She felt a warm naked body grasp hold of her and two hands take hold of her titties and squeeze them; she felt the tip of big Willy press up against her private opening parted as it was to allow for easy entry.  Tied down and helpless she gasped as the vibrating member moved into her vagina, then pushed right up, all the way up, then slowly and rhythmically started to do her.  Her engorged and palpitating clit rubbed tantalizingly against the bedclothes.  She was being done by an eighteen year old girl who had spent two days stripping, spanking and humiliating her; she was being done as she’d never been done before and she was loving it.

And as Big Willy went in and out hitting G’s spot every time Tracey started to orgasm.  Her back arching, her body becoming bathed in perspiration, great shouts of ecstasy coming from her mouth as her vagina and her orifice contracted rhythmically.  Lucy withdrew Big Willy to watch.  She loved to watch the contractions.  Loved to see Tracey's rear orifice as it spasmed with each contraction.

Emily took over and Big Willy was back in and Tracey was shouting and groaning again as another huge orgasm hit her. Her vagina was sore.  Her clit was exquisitely tender and still the orgasms came, one after the other until she lay at last exhausted on the bed.

“Well done girl!” said Lucy, “you can get dressed now.  We’ve got a plane to catch”