Tracey's Airport Misadventure

By Katie Smith

Tracey ushered the throng of excited kids through the main door of the airport and she admitted to herself that she was also quite excited. This school trip had been planned for the last eight months, before Tracey even joined the school and it was only when the teacher originally planned to take the kids had been taken ill last week that Tracey had been drafted in as a late replacement. The two week skiing trip to the Rockies was going to be like a dream come true to Tracey, at the age of twenty four she’d never even been abroad before and the fact that it was with another teacher and twelve school kids did nothing to dampen her excitement. Well that wasn’t strictly true, the other teacher was Mr. Chambers, who in her eyes, and a lot of the kids as well, was a bit of a dirty old man. No matter though, Tracey was in charge of the six girls and he was in charge of the boys so hopefully she wouldn’t have too much interaction with him!

Once inside the airport Tracey tried to pretend that the huge main terminal full of noise and people and annoying announcements didn’t faze her. Most of the kids she was with were already seasoned travellers and although they were looking at Tracey for guidance in reality they knew a lot more about airport procedure than she did! Luckily Mr. Chambers took charge and led the group over to the check in desk and they patiently joined the queue of people already there. The kids were all chatting to each other and Tracey noticed that Mr. Chambers was already flirting with some of the girls who to their credit weren’t playing along. Tracey hoped he wasn’t going to be a pain in the ass all holiday!

Finally they reached the head of the queue and Mr. Chambers stepped forward to check them in and some of the kids started handing over their luggage to be put on the plane. Tracey wasn’t close enough to hear what Mr. Chambers was saying but after a few minutes she could sense something was wrong and a few minutes later he stepped back from the desk and took her arm and led her a few feet to the side, under the watchful gaze of the kids.

“There’s been a bit of a cock up Tracey.” He said grimacing. “Because Miss Wilson dropped out last week the stupid school cancelled her ticket and nobody bothered to tell the airline that you were replacing her.”

Tracey looked at him dumbfounded, “So I can’t go?”

“Well they’re trying to sort something out, but it’s worse than that, if you can’t go the whole party can’t go, school rules say there has to be two teachers on the trip.” He said angrily.

Tracey was mortified, it wasn’t her fault but she felt terrible that the whole trip might be cancelled because she couldn’t get on the plane. She looked at the large clock on the wall opposite. It was 6.25 am, nobody would be at the school for hours, they would have to try and sort it out themselves and Tracey found herself meekly following Mr. Chambers back to the check in desk. The kids had sensed something was wrong and were looking at them accusingly and Tracey heard one of the girl’s half whisper, “I bet it’s that bitches fault.”

Tracey just turned her back on them and listened to the conversation Mr. Chambers was having with the check in girl. “I’m sorry sir but the plane is fully booked, there are no empty seats.” She said apologetically.

“But there must be someway you can get her on board, I can’t tell these twelve kids they can’t go just because you can’t fit one little girl on the plane.”

Tracey was indeed little, at only five feet two inches tall she’d always known she was short but she certainly had everything in proportion, apart maybe from her breasts which although she was a C cup, on her small frame they looked at least a cup size bigger and almost to big for her, not that many people seemed to complain about that! She was a bit put out though when she heard Mr. Chambers call her “one little girl!”

“I’m sorry sir, the only thing we can do is check the rest of the party in and then wait and see if there’s a no-show for a spare seat.”

Mr. Chambers looked at me and shrugged his shoulders as if to say let’s do that and so I found myself at the back of the group as they all checked in. Mr. Chambers hadn’t told the kids anything and so once they were all finished they all stood about excitedly chatting which made me feel even more miserable. Half an hour later and they were starting to wonder why we were still standing near the check in area when all of a sudden me and Mr. Chambers were called over to the desk again.

“I’m sorry sir but there are no cancellations, there are no spare seats at all, we can’t get the young lady aboard.”

Tracey was close to tears by now, it was bad enough that she would miss the trip but making the others miss it to would be almost unbearable!

“Are you sure there’s no other way?” Mr. Chambers asked dejectedly.

The girl was starting to shake her head when the girl sitting beside her who had been listening suddenly said to her colleague, “How about we send her as livestock.”

The first girl blushed slightly and looked at her friend but Mr. Chambers asked what that meant.

“Well we have had a few cases recently where girls have been flown as livestock, it’s cheaper that way and some people prefer it that way.” The girl said still blushing slightly.

“So you could get her on the plane though if you did that?” Mr. Chambers said excitedly.

“Oh yes no problem.” She smiled, “We’ve sent about a dozen girls that way in the last month alone.”

Tracey was standing there not sure what she was listening to, livestock, what did that mean?

“Well do that then,” Mr. Chambers said clapping his hands as if he’d solved a major problem by himself.

“You do understand sir that the young lady will have to be flown in the hold of the plane along with any other livestock we may be carrying, it won’t be very comfortable for her, in fact it will be most uncomfortable.”

“Well that’s no a problem is it?” Mr. Chambers asked.

“Well no, as I said we have done it before and indeed it’s starting to become more popular but just so you know the facts she will be put in a wooden crate and put in the hold for the entire length of the trip.”

“Look if it means she can still come I don’t care if you drag her behind the plane on a rope, just do it okay.” Mr. Chambers snapped at the slightly startled girl.

Tracey was standing there in a slight state of shock, had she heard it right, she was going to be put in a crate like an animal? She started to say to Mr. Chambers that perhaps this was not such a good idea after all but he raised his hand to silence her and whispered in her ear, “Come on Tracey, it will only be a few hours of discomfort and then you can have a great holiday with the rest of us.”

Even though she still couldn’t believe what she was agreeing to she found herself nodding her head and then watching passively as Mr. Chambers signed the form the check in girl gave him reclassifying Tracey as livestock.

“If you leave her here sir one of the ground crew will be along in a second to sort her out.” The girl smiled sweetly.

Luckily none of the kids had heard what was going on but they looked a bit puzzled as Mr. Chambers led them all away from Tracey until she was standing by herself. It was only a for a minute though till a rather rough looking man in a pair of dirty overalls approached the desk and Tracey saw the check in girl point at her and the man laughed and came over.

“Okay Miss into the hold for you today is it, your owner didn’t want to pay full fare then.”

Tracey was about to say something back to him but she was shocked into silence when the man suddenly produced a small leather collar from his pocket and quickly fastened it round her neck locking it into place. He then fastened a leather leash to the collar and started leading her through the crowded terminal building. The whole manoeuvre had only taken ten seconds and Tracey suddenly found herself being led like a dog in public! She couldn’t believe it but when she tried to stand her ground and start to argue that he couldn’t treat her this way she suddenly discovered that leash was in fact a choke chain and as he gave it a sudden pull it tightened round her neck hard enough to make her yelp with pain. A lot of people were starting to notice the pretty girl being led through their midst and so she thought to herself she’d just walk quickly behind him to wherever they were going just to get it over with and hopefully out of the public eye!

Luckily it didn’t take long before they went through a doorway and down a short corridor and into a much larger room and Tracey could only shudder as she saw that one half of the room was converted into dog kennels with six feet long and three feet high wire cages stacked up on top of each other. The man stopped her in the middle of the room and snapped at her, “Right come on we haven’t got a lot of time for you my lovely, get those clothes off now and I’ll put you in a cage for a little while till we get your crate ready, shouldn’t be for to long.”

Tracey just looked at him stupefied; there was no way she was going to take her clothes off in front of him, was he mad! She yelped again as the choke chain was pulled suddenly making her fall to her knees.

“Come on princess, start stripping.” He barked at her.

“I can’t do that!” she managed to blurt out before once again the chain was used to good effect, more painful this time leaving Tracey almost unable to speak.

“In case you haven’t realised little lady your now classified as livestock, that means you’re an animal, now when was the last time you saw an animal being transported wearing a full set of clothes! Now you get those clothes off your back in 30 seconds flat or we don’t put you on the plane and I doubt your owner will be to pleased about that!” he snarled at her, his face inches from hers.

She wanted to shout at him to go fuck himself but she could hardly speak at all, the chain still tight against her throat, also she knew that if she didn’t get put on the plane they were back to square one with the whole party being cancelled so knowing she had no choice but to do as she was told she stood up and started undressing. The man had given her thirty seconds; she did it in twenty-nine! Just wishing the ground would open up and swallow her whole she found herself standing in the middle of the room three feet in front of the man stark naked! She couldn’t believe she was in this position but to her relief instead of the man staring at her nakedness and perhaps taking advantage he acted as if he saw naked girls like this every day and he scooped her clothes off the floor and placed them on the side with her purse and turning back to her said, “Good girl, now scoot that little ass of yours into that cage, you won’t be in there for long.”

He pointed to one of the wire cages and having gone this far Tracey couldn’t see the point in complaining now so she bent down and managed to crawl into the cage backwards so that she was facing out into the room and could see the man close the cage door and fasten it with a small padlock inches from her face locking her securely inside like a naughty dog.

“Good pussy,” he said laughing, “just wait there while I go and get your crate ready and sort out the paperwork.”

Tracey watched as he walked off leaving her alone in the room and in her cage. It wasn’t tall enough to stand up in and all she could do was crouch down on all fours and wait for him to return. She knew she was being carried as livestock but she had had no idea that this was what it entailed, waiting naked in a cage!

Minutes went by and suddenly the door to her left opened and in walked the man followed by another man and Tracey was horrified to see it was Mr. Chambers!

“Here you go sir, here’s her stuff, I think her passports in there, you’d better not lose that or she’d be in big trouble what with her current classification.” He laughed.

Tracey saw Mr. Chambers smile and take the small bundle of her clothes and purse from the man and then, as she feared he would he approached the cage and looked down at her.

“You look good in a cage Tracey, perhaps that’s your natural place in life.” He laughed and then with a final look he left.

“Okay, my pretty pussy, let’s have you out of there, your crate awaits.” The man said bending down and opening the cage door before pulling Tracey out by her chain. As soon as she got to her feet he led her to the far end of the room and round a corner where Tracey saw a wooden packing case on the floor. It wasn’t much bigger than the wire cage had been, longer than it was higher and she knew she wouldn’t be able to stand up in it. There were wooden slats all around it so she could look out, or people look in! Worse than seeing the crate standing there was the fact that standing next to it was a pimply boy who couldn’t of been more than eighteen years old and was looking at the naked and leashed Tracey as if she’d just fallen off a Christmas tree.

“She’s a beauty eh George.” He laughed at the man leading Tracey and all she could do was blush with embarrassment.

“She’s that alright but we haven’t got time to have a little play I’m afraid, she’s got to be on the plane in ten minutes so let’s get her crated up.”

Tracey was led to the crate and with a hand on her head she was pushed to the ground so that she was again on all fours and again she crawled backwards into the crate so that she was facing the open end. All she could do was kneel there as she watched the wooden slatted front be nailed into place so that she was totally locked into the crate. She felt even more surreal now as she could see the two men moving around outside through the slats and she could see that the younger man was writing something on the front of the crate.

“Christ your writings bad, “ the older man laughed, “what does that say?”

“Denver.” The younger man said defensively.

“Looks more like Dubai to me.” The older man laughed, “ better be careful there’s a plane going to Dubai roughly the same time as the Denver one, don’t want to send her to the middle east like that.” He laughed, mind you those Arabs wouldn’t complain if they got her in a crate.

All Tracey could do was think the same! There was some straw in the crate and she settled back onto it waiting for the next move and she didn’t have to wait to long before she heard a loud engine noise and startled she looked through one of the slats and saw a large fork lift truck approaching and she nervously watched it approach the crate and then slide its forks under it and she shook slightly as the crate was lifted into the air. She watched as the crate with her inside was then carried out of the building onto the sunny tarmac of the airport. The crate seemed to be bouncing up and down a lot and by the time it stopped Tracey was totally disoriented and all she could see when she looked out of a slat was another load of crates similar to hers standing on the tarmac awaiting boarding. The forklift driver shouted out to a man in the distance, “Hey Jack, got some more livestock for you, got to get it on board quick.”

“Where’s it going?” Tracey heard the man shout back.

“No idea, it’s written on the front and all I know is the plane goes in a few minutes.”

Tracey could hear the man swearing as he approached her crate and then look inside, “Oh more pussy eh, those guys sure like their white pussy.” He laughed as he shouted out to another man, “Come on Jo, help me get this crate on to that Dubai jet, they’d probably be mad if they didn’t get this one on time!”

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