Tracey's Bikini Car Wash

By Katie Smith

It was Friday afternoon and Tracey sat in her office looking at the schedule again. Well she called it her office although she was sure there were bigger broom cupboards in the hospital! There was room for one desk and two chairs and a filing cabinet and she was supposed to run the staffing schedules for the entire nursing staff from here. Despite the size of her tiny office though Tracey was pleased with her station in life. At the age of twenty-four she was the youngest nursing staff administrator in the entire south and maybe even the country! She was in charge of the daily work rotas for two hundred and fifty nurses and she enjoyed the power and responsibility the position brought.

Of course she’d had to fight her way to get where she was now and she’d stepped on a few people to get there. That didn’t bother Tracey though, after all if she could step all over them then they deserved to be stepped on! She knew she had enemies in the hospital but who cared, if her career progression carried on at the same rate it had recently she wouldn’t be at the hospital and it’s tiny little office for much longer.

There was one thorn in her side at the moment. Her boss, Mr. Chambers, had come up with the idea of a bikini car wash a few months ago. The idea was to raise funds for a new ward being built at the hospital and he had suggested that every Saturday and Sunday four nurses would offer to wash visitors cars for a small cost, which would go to the hospital fund. This had started two months earlier and had been fairly casual to start with. It had been Tracey’s job to organise volunteers to wash the cars and it had been fairly easy for the first few weeks. Then however someone had had the bright idea of getting the girls to wear bikinis while they washed the cars. To be fair the summer was just starting and the weather hotting up so it wasn’t a bad idea, and of course nobody was going to complain about the sight of four young nurses wearing bikinis washing cars! That was ten weeks ago and it was certainly true the amount of people paying to have their cars washed had certainly increased since the girls started wearing bikinis. It still wasn’t enough for Mr. Chambers though!

At a meeting with him five weeks ago he had come up with a new idea, as the girls washed the cars they would hand out raffle tickets to the driver and at the end of every day a draw would be made and whoever had the winning ticket would be able to choose one of the girls as his own personal slave for a day. The idea wasn’t meant to be as sordid as it sounds, Mr. Chambers idea of a slave for the day would involve the girl carrying out menial tasks for her new owner, such as cleaning and fetching. Nothing to overtly sexual of course although it was decided that the girl/slave would wear her bikini during her day of slavery. Tracey found the whole idea pretty demeaning and was glad she wouldn’t be taking part although it was her job to keep producing the volunteer nurses. To her surprise this didn’t turn out to be a problem, if anything it was now easier to get the two teams of four girls for the two days and Tracey was beginning to wonder if the hospital made sure they only employed girls with a submissive nature to be nurses! Then it all changed four weeks ago when one of the men who won a nurse as his slave took the term literally and forced his attentions on her quite vigorously! Of course Mr. Chambers first instinct had not been concern for the girl but how to keep the whole thing quite and away from the press who had been showing an interest in the story recently, after all publishing pictures of four bikini glad teenage nurses washing cars was always going to increase circulation! The poor girl was quickly transferred to another hospital as far away as possible and it looked like the hospital had got away with it. Mr. Chambers was not going to take second chances though and it was decided that from then on the girls being raffled off should sign a proper contract absolving the hospital of any responsibility should anything happen during their time of slavery.

Tracey had been at the meeting when the contract was drawn up, along with Mr. Chambers, two lawyers whose names she couldn’t remember and her new assistant Emily who had an annoying habit of giggling a lot! Although Tracey had outwardly gone along with the contract and the terms and conditions enclosed inwardly she was quite shocked that what they had drawn up could be legal. To her eyes it was a full-blown slave contract giving whoever won the girl all rights over her, including the right to use her body in whichever way he saw fit! The two lawyers there had assured Mr. Chambers that the contract was legally binding and that as soon as the girl signed it she would be bound by it and would have no comeback at all against the hospital whatever happened to her. One of the lawyers had even laughed and said maybe they should get all the nurses to sign it anyway just in case they got picked, that made Emily giggle!

When Tracey left that meeting her first thought was how the hell was she going to get any of the nurses to sign it. The answer was easy; don’t tell them what was in it! Next Saturdays batch of nurses were just given the signs to form with no explanation and they all signed without reading it. The same wasn’t true though of the men who won the girls, they did read the contracts; they were given a copy when they won the girl. The first week nothing happened but for the last three weeks each girl that was won had some horror story to tell when she returned to work, usually involving doing sexual favours for the man who won her, sometimes for his friends as well! Once the full extent of the contract had been explained to the girl two out of the three had dropped their complaints, the third one was not so willing and was also transferred out the next day!

Of course news started to spread, the male population started to pick up on stories that if you won a nurse in the raffle she really was your slave for twenty-four hours and you could do what you liked with her. The nurses also picked up on it and the number of volunteers dropped like a stone! Mr. Chambers wasn’t to be put off though; apart from anything else the number of people willing to pay to have their car washed and the chance to win a nurse for the day had trebled!

All these thoughts were going through Tracey’s head as she sat at her desk looking at the list of three names for Sunday’s car wash. Three names, not four! Despite huge posters in the nurse’s homes and Emily being sent out to try and recruit volunteers they’d only had seven volunteers, Saturday was sorted but they only had three girls for Sunday. Putting her faith in Emily had obviously been a mistake Tracey thought. The girl was becoming a real air head who’s constant giggling was driving Tracey up the wall and one of the reason’s she’d sent her out looking for volunteers was to at least get her away from her for a while. She certainly wasn’t expecting great results from her although she needed them. Tracey had already telephoned Mr. Chambers and told him they only had three girls for Sunday and he’d made it perfectly plain to her that he expected four girls to be there on the day, record numbers of cars were expected to be washed that day!

Finally at four fifty that afternoon Emily returned with a big smile on her face.

“Problem fixed,” she beamed at Tracey, “Got a first year student nurse to volunteer, pretty little thing, the guys will love her.”

Tracey could of kissed Emily, but she didn’t. She quickly took down the details Emily gave her and feeling totally relieved packed up and went home for the night. She couldn’t make the next days carat and raffle but she knew she had to be there for Sundays, Mr. Chambers insisted she made at least one of the days, he often was there for both but Tracey knew that was because he liked looking at the girls in their bikinis! So bright and early on Sunday morning Tracey found herself standing in her office ready to go out and see the girls start work. It was a boiling hot day and almost in deference to the girls who would be washing the cars Tracey had slipped on a pair of short denim shorts and a bikini top. She looked at herself in the mirror on the back of her office door and thought to herself she’d better buy a new bikini soon, the top she was wearing was struggling to keep her large breasts under cover!

She was almost knocked off her feet when the door suddenly opened and Emily ran into the room.

“Thank God you’re here there’s a problem.” She blurted out.

Tracey just glared at her, angry that the door had almost hit her.

“I tried ringing you yesterday, the stupid girl that I arranged for Sunday got her days mixed up and she came yesterday.”

“So, you sent her home and told her to come back today didn’t you?” Tracey snapped.

“She couldn’t make it today and nor could any of the other girls here yesterday so we had five girls yesterday and we’ve only got three today.” Emily whined at her.

Tracey’s mind was in a whirl, could they get away with only three girls today?

“I’ve seen Mr. Chambers outside and he’s said we must have four girls out there or they’ll be trouble.” Emily said as if reading her mind.

“But it’s Sunday, where are we going to find another girl on a Sunday.” Tracey snapped.

“That’s what I said but he seemed pretty angry and said that was your problem.” Emily said looking apologetic.

Oh God Tracey thought, she certainly didn’t want to be in trouble with Mr. Chambers, it wasn’t going to look good on her career record, she’d seen some of the appraisal comments he’d made on other staff members records and it wasn’t pretty, she’d be surprised if they ever got another job!

“You could do it.” Emily said quietly.

Tracey thought she’d misheard her to start with, “Me, have you lost your mind, I’m an hospital administrator not some bimbo who washes cars in her bikini.” Tracey shouted at her worried looking assistant.

“But you look good in a bikini,” Emily replied quickly,” and it won’t be for long, while your washing the cars I’ll be trying to find someone to replace you, you’ll probably be doing it for no longer than an hour.”

Even though Tracey knew the idea was stupid, she certainly wasn’t the type to parade around in a skimpy bikini she knew that she did look good in one and it would get her out of a jam if she did it. As Emily said it would only be an hour which mean’t she’d be finished and ready to go home by lunchtime.

“If I do this you’d better make sure you find another girl to replace me pretty dam quick.” She said sternly to her assistant.

“Don’t worry I’ll get straight onto it, I’ve already got some numbers to ring.” Emily smiled.

“Okay then let’s get this over with, where are the other girls?”

“By the North wall, all ready to start.”

Tracey shrugged and quickly unzipped her shorts and stepped out of them leaving her standing there in just her tiny white bikini.

“You’d better look after these and my keys and ID are on the desk.” Tracey said slightly embarrassed at standing in front of her assistant half naked, but as she started to walk towards the door Emily stopped her and said, “You’d better sign one of these as well before you go.”

Tracey looked at her and saw that she was holding up one of the slave contracts!

“I’m not signing that.” Tracey said shocked that she would even ask her to.

“Well I’m sorry but you must or else Mr. Chambers won’t let you wash the cars, you know the rules, each girl has to sign one.”

“Yes but I’m only going to be out there an hour, I’m not even going to be in the raffle.”

“Doesn’t matter, if you don’t sign you can’t take part and Mr. Chambers will be mad there’s only three girls.” Emily said and Tracey was sure there was a slight smile on her lips!

She knew she was beaten though and snatched the form out of Emily’s hand before quickly signing the form and leaving it on the desk in front of her.

“Good girl, now let’s get you over to the others.” Emily smiled and although Tracey noticed her sudden change of attitude she let Emily take her arm and lead her out of the building into the sunlight.

“Make sure you shred that contract as soon as the replacement girl shows up.” Tracey snapped as she was led out of the room and only got a nod of the head as an acknowledgement.

It did feel weird being led down the corridor by her assistant wearing just a tiny bikini but somehow the fact that she was almost naked stopped Tracey from complaining about Emily’s grip on her arm as she led her along. They went through the double doors at the end of the corridor into the bright sunlight and walked down a small path on the way to the car park. There were now people around and Tracey did feel extremely embarrassed being seen like that, if she’d been wearing the bikini down the beach she would of thought it was a bit revealing but outside in the hospital grounds it was even more so. The only good thing was that out of the dozen or so people they passed on the path Tracey didn’t recognise any of them, which hopefully meant they didn’t recognise her either! She was just another half naked bimbo to them and not the hospital administrator. They passed one man and his teenage son, who made no secret of the fact that they were staring at her body and as they passed Tracey heard the son laugh and say, “Bet you wouldn’t mind winning that one dad.”

Tracey shuddered inside but realised she’d probably have to put up with comments like that for the hour she was going to be on display.

They finally reached the end of the path and turned the corner and Tracey saw Mr. Chambers standing with the other three girls who were going to be working with Tracey. They were all young blondes with skimpy bikinis and for a second Tracey was a bit intimated by their youth and gorgeous bodies but then she realised that although she was a few years older her body was in just a good a shape and her bikini was just as skimpy!

“Ah Emily, see told you she’d do it.” Mr. Chambers laughed as they approached and Tracey looked daggers at her assistant. It had all obviously been a set up between the two of them to make her get out here and she was going to say something but decided against it, it was only going to be for an hour until Emily found a replacement and she was going to give Emily a piece of her mind on Monday morning that was for sure!

Tracey went to stand with the other girls while Mr. Chambers started to give them a little pep talk about how they were doing this for the good of the hospital etc etc and then he stunned Tracey by saying, “As it’s such a nice hot day and as a little treat for the paying customers today I’ve decided that you should all work topless today, so hand over your bikini tops please girls.”

Tracey looked at him in shock as he held his hand out towards the four girls and she saw two of the girls giggle and immediately undo their tops and hand them to him exposing their large naked breasts. The third girl was slightly more hesitant but after only a second or two joined the other two by handing her top to the grinning Mr. Chambers.

“Come on Tracey, your not shy are you.” He grinned at her.

She seriously thought about just walking off and leaving his sordid little games behind but she knew she’d probably be leaving her job behind as well so promising her self she’d get even with him one day soon she gritted her teeth and pulled off her bikini top and handed it to him. She’d never even taken her top off down the beach before although other girls did and it felt totally surreal to be standing there topless with three other topless girls in front of her boss and her assistant!

“Good girl, “ he said in a really patronising way while staring at her naked breasts,” now follow me and we’ll get you all started.”

All four topless girls walked behind Mr. Chambers and Emily to a corner of the car park where Tracey saw with a shudder there were already a dozen cars lined up waiting to be washed with their owners either sitting or standing beside the cars. As the topless girls approached there were a lot of whistles and catcalls and Tracey just wished that no one she knew would be there! Within a few minutes the girls were hard at work washing the cars with buckets of soapy water that were already there. The water in the buckets was ice cold and the other girls weren’t to worried about splashing it about and pretty soon Tracey’s nipples were standing up proud, as were the other girls. She tried to put the dirty comments and stares and whistles from the men sitting in the cars out of her mind but she noticed that the other girls seemed to love it and they were doing things like squashing their bare breasts against the windows right in front of the watching men inside the cars!

The whole thing was totally demeaning to Tracey; the other girls were obviously brainless bimbos who enjoyed flaunting their nakedness at the cheering men whereas Tracey just tried to clean the girls as quickly as possible the other girls were putting on a show for the men, washing the cars came second!

Tracey did not have a watch on and after washing the tenth car she started to wonder how long it would be before she was replaced. Emily had disappeared after watching them for five minutes and she assumed she’d gone off to find another girl but that had been a while ago. Tracey guessed it was taking at least five minutes to wash each car with all four girls working on it although they didn’t only work, most of the time they were showing off! Tracey looked up at one stage and saw two of the girls covered in soap suds gyrating together in a sexy dance, their naked breasts squashed together while two men sitting inside the car watched and cheered them on!

After fifteen cars Tracey was sure Emily should have been back by then but there was no sign of her, and to make it worse there was no sign of Mr. Chambers either. She realised that she couldn’t just stop and go off and try and find them, her office was half a mile away through busy hospital grounds and even busier corridors and all she had on was a soapy pair of bikini bottoms! Feeling even more determined to make people pay for this she carried on washing cars!

The twenty fifth car was driven by her neighbour! She didn’t even notice him to start with and it wasn’t until she heard him call her name that she realised who it was. Tracey’s heart sank as she saw Mr. Green smiling at her. She’d always thought of him as a creepy little man and now she was standing in front of him completely topless.

“Nice to see you Tracey.” He smiled looking her up and down making her cringe with embarrassment but all she could do was smile sweetly and carry on washing his car for him even though she knew his eyes never left her mostly naked body. The rest of the day passed in a blur for Tracey, she was seen by one more person she knew, late in the afternoon a car pulled up driven by her old school teacher, a man who always had a reputation for chasing after the girls in his charge and he again was delighted to see Tracey displaying her wares so blatantly.

For the last hour two of the girls decided that as they were half naked they may as well go the whole way and giggling they peeled off their bikini bottoms and threw them away and proceeded to wash the last dozen cars completely naked.

Finally Mr. Chambers reappeared and with a few slaps on bottoms and “well dones” the car wash was declared closed and Tracey and the other girls were walked to a marquee that had been set up for the raffle. Finally Tracey managed to work her way close to Mr. Chambers and somewhat wearily she asked if she could leave now.

“Don’t be silly Tracey,” he smiled at her,” your entered in the slave raffle same as the other girls.”

“But I was only meant to be helping out.” Tracey spluttered.

“Well you signed a contract so you’re up for it the same as the other girls.” Mr. Chambers laughed before walking off towards the stage.

Tracey was close to tears for the next twenty minutes while the tent filled with excited men and all four girls were paraded on the small stage. Tracey and the other girl with her bikini bottoms on had been told to remove them and so all four girls were naked as they stood and awaited the result of the raffle and Tracey was not in the least surprised when her name was announced as the girl to be won and only slightly surprised when the winner was announced as her neighbour Mr. Green!

Five minutes later she found herself standing naked beside his car as he opened the trunk and told her to get inside. Tracey thought about arguing but saw that he was holding her slave contract in his hand! She climbed into the dirty trunk naked and laid down as best she could and suddenly saw Emily approach the car and with an evil smile at Tracey she turned to Mr. Green and Tracey heard her say, “Just a slight problem with her contract Sir, the box which confirms how long she will be your slave has not been completed.”

The trunk was suddenly shut and Tracey was plunged into darkness but she could still here the two of them clearly, “Normally it’s twenty four hours but as it’s our mistake I can’t see any problem with you entering whatever length of time you see fit.” Emily giggled, “ After all we have enough bimbos like her here already, we won’t miss one.”

She heard Mr. Green laugh and Emily offer him her pen and Tracey could even here the scratching sound of the pen as he completed the form on top of the trunk and then she heard Emily giggle again and say, “Good choice Sir,that should give you enough time to really have some fun with her.”

A Minute later the engine started and Tracey began her bumpy ride home in the trunk of her neighbour’s car wondering how just how long a time he had entered on the form!