Tracey's Humiliating Search

by Katie Smith

Tracey knocked on the door and on hearing no reply entered the room. She was a bit wary, she'd heard two of the other chambermaids talking about the guest in this room and apparently he was a right creepy guy who'd tried to get them into bed and wasn't very nice when he got turned down!

Tracey was glad to see at first glance that the hotel room was empty, she hadn't fancied bumping into Mr. Hyde the day before her wedding! She was 24 and had worked at the hotel for 4 years working her way up to head chambermaid, which wasn't easy. The next morning she was getting married to her childhood sweetheart John and going straight on her honeymoon for a week. Even though she hadn't been looking forward to cleaning Mr. Hyde's room she was still naturally happy at the way things were going.

The only slight blot on the landscape was the fact that John had pushed her into borrowing £3,000 from the hotel on a staff loan to pay for the honeymoon. She hadn't been keen because the hotel was very strict on loan repayments and if she lost her job she would have to pay the whole amount back immediately! If you couldn't pay it back they took you to court and all sorts of things could happen including being sent to jail! The last girl this had happened to was a girl Tracey herself had fired. She'd taken a loan out for £5,000 two months earlier and then Tracey had been told the hotel was cost cutting and they had to dismiss one chambermaid. Although the girl who'd borrowed the money had been there a while and there were girls junior to her, Tracey had never liked her and decided to fire her. Tracey admitted to herself that she disliked the girl because she was prettier than herself and attracted more attention from the male staffers. So instead of her juniors, more or less on a whim, she fired the girl.

The distraught girl couldn't pay back the money she'd borrowed and the hotel had taken her to a special debtors court and within two days she had been sent to prison. Instead of being sent for a set period of time the judge had sent her to jail until such times as the loan was repaid. Well the girl only had her mother as family and she couldn't raise the £5,000 so 15 months later the girl was still in prison with no prospect of release! The courts sent the hotel a monthly statement asking if they still wanted the girl held and Tracey was the one who signed it once a month to keep the girl in prison another month. Then one day the monthly form arrived and tired of having to fill it in again Tracey had rang the courts and asked if it was really necessary for her to fill in a form every month. "After all we're never going to let her go," she'd laughed to the girl at the other end of the phone.

"Oh in that case we can just send you the release form once a year then instead of once a month." the girl giggled.

"Even less than that if you want." Tracey laughed.

"Well we've got a 10 year or 20 year form as well." the court girl sniggered.

"20 years will be fine," Tracey laughed and the monthly forms stopped after that and the girl was literally forgotten about. At least until John had started pestering her to get a loan from the hotel and Tracey had remembered what had happened to the other girl. But he was persuasive and she'd applied for the loan and got it, it would worry her all the time until she'd paid it off though!

She started pulling the sheets off Mr. Hyde's bed and was suddenly startled by a hard slap on her bottom and she squealed and spun round to see a grinning Mr. Hyde standing there.

"Oh sorry sir I didn't realize you were here," Tracey said wishing he hadn't slapped her bottom.

"That's okay, I was in the bathroom. I'll leave you to it," he said and Tracey was relieved when he turned and went back into the bathroom closing the door behind him.

"What a creep." she thought as she rubbed her still stinging bottom and then continued to strip the bed of the sheets and put them into her washing bag.

Five minutes later Mr. Hyde reappeared while Tracey was running a duster over the dressing table and almost immediately he snapped at her, "Miss, what have you done with my money roll?"

Tracey looked at him confused, she hadn't even seen a money roll let alone touched one. As she told him that he walked right up to her and hissed, "You hotel sluts are all the same, I had a roll of £20 notes on that table and it's gone now. You've taken it haven't you?"

He looked really angry and Tracey was immediately scared and close to tears as she started to protest her innocence but she was suddenly stopped when he slapped her face with a stinging hard slap that almost knocked Tracey onto the bed.

"Stop lying bitch, you've taken my money and I'm going to make you pay for it." he shouted and as the shocked Tracey stood there, tears welling, he picked up the phone and asked the duty manager to come to his room.

Three minutes later Tracey's boss, Mr. Jones, knocked and entered the room. Mr. Jones was 55 and Tracey had always gotten on well with him. He was a pussycat really and Tracey's hopes were raised when she saw him. However, a barrage of complaints from Mr. Hyde about her immediately met him and Tracey could see he was concerned about the accusations Mr. Hyde was making. Finally when there was a break Tracey tried to say she hadn't taken any money.

"She would say that wouldn't she!" Mr. Hyde snapped, " I want her searched, then you'll see I'm right." Tracey looked at Mr. Jones alarmed, "strip the bitch and you'll find my money."

Mr. Jones looked worried himself, "I'm sure we can sort this out without going that far sir." Then turning to Tracey he said, "if you've taken the money Tracey you'd better hand it back straight away."

"But I never even saw his money." Tracey whined.

"She's got it alright," Mr. Hyde snarled, " get her stripped off and I'll prove it."

Mr. Jones looked at her and then said softly, "It may be the best way to prove your innocent Tracey."

"But I am innocent sir." Tracey sobbed.

"Well this will prove it," he said, " and you know it's part of your contract that we can strip search you if we feel it's necessary."

That was true, it wasn't always pointed out to new employees but there was a clause in the employment contract which gave the hotel the right to strip search any female employee. In practice it hardly ever happened, Tracey could only remember three girls being stripped in the last year but she knew that Mr. Jones was quite within his rights to do it to her.

"What do you say Tracey, unfortunately I think the only other choice would be to call the police and if I do that you will lose your job I'm afraid." Mr. Jones said.

A sudden dread ran through Tracey, if she lost her job the loan would be payable and they'd already spent all the money on the honeymoon, she'd end up in prison for the rest of her life! Fresh tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Oh turn off the waterworks darling." Mr. Hyde sneered, "get those clothes off and let's find my money."

"Do I have to do it in front of him." Tracey sobbed.

"Well he is needed as a witness." Mr. Jones said almost apologetically, "come on Tracey let's get started.

Tracey hesitated even though she knew there was no choice but to obey them. Just as she was about to start undressing Mr. Hyde slapped her hard across her bottom again. "Come on bitch we haven't got all day."

Through her fresh tears she saw Mr. Jones shoot Mr. Hyde a disapproving look but he didn't say anything and to avoid another slap Tracey quickly stripped. She tried to keep her modesty as much as she could and placed each item of clothing on the bed beside her as she took them off. She didn't look at the two men, she knew Mr. Hyde would be watching her every move but she hoped Mr. Jones was being more discrete. Eventually she was naked before them and standing trying to cover herself with one arm across her ample chest and the other between her legs.

"I'll give you one thing Mr. Jones, you employ some good looking pussy." Mr. Hyde laughed and Tracey was dismayed to hear Mr. Jones laugh with him. She was still refusing to look at the two men but she saw Mr. Hyde start to pick up her clothes from the bed and make a cursory search through them and then to her horror he started ripping them apart! The company uniform was only thin material and he easily ripped her blouse into small pieces and Mr. Jones nervously asked if it was necessary to do that, "What do you care, just take it out of the bitches wages." Mr. Hyde snorted as he proceeded to rip Tracey's skirt, bra and panties into as small pieces as he could.

Tracey just stood there desperately still trying to cover her nakedness and not believing that Mr. Jones was letting this happen to her.

"Well there's nothing in her clothes, lets see if she's got anything inside her." Mr. Hyde sneered before snapping at Tracey, "get your hands on your head bitch."

The despairing Tracey looked at Mr. Jones for support but he nervously looked at her and said, "Do as your told Tracey."

Wishing the ground would open up and swallow her Tracey put her hands on her head giving the two men a perfect view of her body in all it's naked glory.

"Yes she is a nice piece of ass alright." Mr. Hyde laughed and then casually stepped forward and placed his hand on Tracey's left breast and gave it a squeeze. Tracey was about to protest but thought better of it.

"Right let's check out that hot little pussy of hers." he laughed giving her breast one final squeeze before dropping his hand.

"Is that absolutely necessary." Mr. Jones asked looking a little worried.

"Of course, a roll of bank notes would fit nicely up her twat, she probably enjoyed putting it up there." Mr. Hyde laughed evilly, and then turning to Tracey he said, "Get up on the bed on all fours with your legs apart bitch."

Tracey shot a glance at Mr. Jones but he avoided her eyes before mumbling,  
"You'd better do as he says Tracey."

Felling even more wretched than before Tracey climbed onto the bed and got on all fours with her legs spread open and cried with embarrassment as the two men stood at the foot of the bed admiring the view she was giving them.

"Actually as I am her employer I think I should be the one to look up there." she heard Mr. Jones say.

She heard Mr. Hyde laugh and say, "Be my guest."

Tracey tensed, in some ways it would be even more embarrassing having her boss pushing his fingers into her rather than the horrible Mr. Hyde but she suddenly felt fingers sliding along her pussy lips trying to force their way inside. She squealed as somebody slapped her bottom hard and told her to open her legs wider and then her bosses fingers were deep inside her. She squirmed as he worked the fingers deeper and deeper into her, first two fingers and then three and finally four. Although she couldn't help it she was soon wet and her natural juices made it easier for her boss to feel around inside her pussy until finally after what seemed an age to Tracey he pulled them out and she heard him say to Mr. Hyde, "There's nothing up there."

"There must be, I'm going to see for myself." she heard Mr. Hyde snort and she buried her head in the pillows as she felt his fingers start to push between her legs. He was much rougher than Mr. Jones and almost immediately he had four big fingers buried deep inside her.

"Got a tight little cunt hasn't she" she heard Mr. Hyde laugh and she suddenly felt him sliding his thumb in along side his fingers and for the first time in her life Tracey had a whole hand inside her. Suddenly to Tracey's horror there was a knock at the door and as Tracey looked Mr. Jones went to answer it and stood with his back to Tracey trying to shield her from whoever was at the door. He said a few words to them and then came back to the bed and said to Tracey, "Apparently your boyfriend was on the phone asking what time you will be home tonight, I told him you may be a bit late."

Mr. Jones was still standing by Tracey's head and Mr. Hyde suddenly pulled his hand out of her pussy with an audible pop. Then she suddenly felt something long and thin being rubbed quickly against her wet pussy lips before he laughed, "This bitch isn't going home at all, look what I found up her pussy."

As Tracey turned her head she saw he was holding up a rolled up length of bank notes coated in her pussy juices.

"Oh no, I didn't take them." Tracey wailed and received another hard slap on her bottom from Mr. Hyde who laughed at Mr. Jones and said, "You didn't go deep enough."

"Tracey, what have you got to say." Mr. Jones said sounding a little shocked.

"I didn't put it up there sir, please believe Me," she sobbed, "he put it there while you were at the door."

"Lying bitch." Mr. Hyde snapped and this time planted a hard smack directly onto Tracey's pussy, which made her squeal loudly.

"I'm afraid I agree with Mr. Hyde here, you are a lying bitch Tracey and therefore I have no alternative but to dismiss you from your position with this hotel."

Tracey got up off the bed and started to plead with her boss but he pushed her back so she fell onto the bed and looking down at her he sneered.

"And to think we made you a supervisor, I believe you owe the hotel a lot of money Tracey, can you pay it back immediately?"

She sobbed as she shook her head,

"Well in that case you can forget about getting married tomorrow, your going to be spending the rest of your life where you belong young lady, in prison!"

Should there be a Part 2????