***Tracey's Medieval Humiliation***

*by Katie Smith*

“Come along kids, hurry up.” Tracey shouted to the surly group of kids behind her.

It was 9.25am already and they had to be at the medieval village by 10.00 and it was a good half hour drive. Tracey was taking the group of fourteen school kids on a visit to the village. She was well aware that this was not a popular school trip, the medieval village was in the middle of the nearby forest and was a full working re-enactment of what a middle ages village was like, complete with mud huts, blacksmiths, etc etc. The village had been set up ten years ago and was staffed by local historians who acted the parts of villagers. The whole place was meant to be a place kids could come to and see how it was in the old days and indeed Tracey’s school had been sending kids on trips to visit the village for some time. The kids had never seemed to enjoy the visit much though, after all once you’d seen one mud hut you’d seen them all! The village was right out in the middle of nowhere as well which meant a bumpy ride on the old school bus to get there. Just recently the teacher who’d taken the last trip there had said the place was looking run down, if a medieval village could look run down! The number of “villagers” was reduced to less than ten and the school was seriously considering making this the last school trip to the place. Tracey had drawn the short straw to take the kids and she hadn’t been happy when she’d found it she was taking class 5G, the mostly delinquent kids! All of them eighteen or nineteen years old. She was even less happy that day when she had got up to see that it was raining and cold.

As she got dressed she thought the school may well call the trip off, after all the village was some way away in the middle of a muddy forest and they had to get there with an unreliable old school bus. As she got dressed she convinced herself that it would be called off and so she dressed in her usual smart skirt and jacket. As she arrived at the school though she noticed with dismay the school bus standing beside the main entrance with a couple of kids already waiting by it. She pulled into her car parking space and quickly went inside to see the deputy head who smilingly assured her that the trip was definitely on.

“I’m surprised you didn’t wear more appropriate clothing Tracey, it’s liable to be a bit muddy down there.” He smiled, as he looked her up and down.

Tracey had never liked him much, he always appeared to be leering at her and she almost shuddered as she felt his eye’s travelling up and down her body. He quickly assured her that she had no time to go home and change though and she’d better get out to the bus and round up the kids. Tracey was more than a bit apprehensive as she walked back to the bus, of the ten boys and four girls in the group she knew most were little short of young thugs and gang members. Tracey had only been at the school for six months and in that time had managed to stay clear of the more “challenging” kids but she knew by hearing other teachers stories that they could be trouble when they wanted to be. The only one of the group she was taking today that she knew was a girl called Emily Thompson. Emily had been a good girl until she’d got a new boyfriend, Mark West, and Emily suddenly started acting like a bad girl with an attitude and Tracey had eventually no choice but to mark her down a year, something that Emily had sworn to get Tracey back for. So Tracey was not that happy to be taking this trip for a whole number of reasons!

They finally arrived at the village at 10.20 am, 20 minutes late after a few squabbles on the bus which almost made the bus driver stop and turn the bus round to go back to the school! The rain had almost stopped when they’d left the school but now in the middle of the forest it was raining steadily and as Tracey stepped off the bus onto the muddy ground she wished she had been wearing one of the coats that her pupils were wearing, or at least a decent pair of shoes rather than the heels she had on! She quickly led them to the reception building and into the dry and she explained who they were to the bored looking woman dressed up as a woman from the middle ages, complete with a long peasants dress that was alarmingly low cut to show off her large cleavage and Tracey knew the boys in her group were having a good look! The woman told Tracey in no uncertain terms that they were late and had missed the 10.00 o’clock tour so they would have to wait for a while until a guide came over to see them, they would be the last tour of the day as it was raining and they had no more groups booked in. Tracey told the kids about the delay and they all settled down as much as they could to await the tour guide. The room was not that big and Tracey felt a bit intimidated sitting amongst her pupils. Some of the boys were looking at various posters on the wall and one had apparently caught their eye and they were laughing and joking about it. For a few moments Tracey couldn’t see what they were laughing about but as they moved away she saw the poster showed a picture of a young peasant girl standing with her head and wrists in wooden stocks while young children were throwing rotten fruit at her, what really surprised Tracey was that the girl in the stocks was completely naked! Although it was only a drawing she was very clearly naked and the artist had drawn her from the side on and was not shy in showing her naked breasts hanging down as she stooped forward with her head in the stocks. No wonder the boys had been attracted to the picture Tracey thought to herself and she questioned such a picture being in a public reception room where school kids waited.

They waited another twenty minutes before a very wet man suddenly appeared dressed in medieval clothes and announced that he was their guide. He didn’t look very happy, probably because he was soaked through and thought he was going home early but now he had to show another group around. He made a quick remark about them being late and when Tracey started to try and make a weak joke about the rain holding them up he almost snapped at her, “Excuses, excuses, we always find when a school groups late it’s always because a woman teachers in charge, put a man in charge and no problem, women though there’s always a problem.” He looked at her disdainfully.

Tracey was a bit stunned by his outburst but before she could say anything he went on to explain that because they were running late, and the fact that it was raining, the village was practically empty but he would show them around some of the huts and the blacksmiths shop that was still open. Tracey could tell that the kids were as enthusiastic about the whole thing as he was as he led them outside into the rain. Luckily it was only a short walk to the first hut and all Tracey could think about as they walked there through the muddy centre of the village was thank God she lived in the 21st Century rather than the middle ages! The place was a quagmire of mud and water with several deep puddles in the centre of the village. She knew her shoes had had it by now and she also knew her stockings were plastered with mud almost up to her knees as she carried on walking to the first hut. It was quite small and with all the kids and herself and the guide in there it was quite cramped. They all listened to him giving his little talk and showing them the way the peasants cooked with little or no interest from the kids. When he asked if there were any questions nobody raised their hands, which embarrassed Tracey so she asked a simple question about whether it was always the women who did all the cooking.

“Oh yes,” he replied “ it was a pretty sexist society in those days, men were the hunters and providers and women were the homemakers and they were also subservient to the men, there were no arguments about who was the boss of the house in those days.” He laughed.

There were a few giggles from the kids and the guide continued and laughed, “They may not of been as clever as we are now days but at least they got that bit right.” then looking straight at Tracey he continued, “In those days a woman knew her place and was all the better for it.”

There were a few more giggles and Tracey once again couldn’t believe the man's totally sexist attitude but then he said it was time to go and visit the blacksmith. They set out into the rain once more and they’d only taken a dozen steps when Tracey tripped. She didn’t know what she’d caught her foot on but before she could stop herself she went flying headfirst into a large deep puddle. She was aware of peels of laughter all around her as she spluttered the muddy cold water from her mouth and sat up in the water looking all the world like a drowned rat. She almost started crying with humiliation but just managed to stop herself as the kids continued to laugh at her and to make it worse when she tried to get up she slipped on the wet mud again and splashed back down on her bottom into the water. The guide offered his hand and she saw with no surprise that he was laughing to as she took it and he hauled her out of the puddle and as she stood there soaked from top to toe, he said they’d better get to the blacksmiths to dry her off. Tracey squelched along behind him as fast as she could and it took her a few steps to realise she’d lost both her shoes in the puddle and was now walking in her stockinged feet. They all felt the heat as they entered the blacksmiths hut but Tracey welcomed it more than the others as she was starting to shiver. Once they were all inside the guide turned to Tracey and said, “Right then young lady we’d better get you out of those wet clothes or you will freeze to death.”

Tracey couldn’t argue with him about the freezing to death part, she was noticeably shivering in front of them all but surely he didn’t think she was going to take her clothes off in front of everyone! She stuttered out I’ll be okay before he said, sterner this time, “Nonsense, look at you, your shivering already, if we don’t get you dry you’ll have pneumonia by the time you leave here, now lets get these clothes off you.” As he said it he started undoing the buttons on Tracey’s wet blouse before she stopped him with a squeal, “I can’t take my clothes off in front of the kids!”

“Course you can, not all of them anyway, just your blouse and skirt, if we get them dried off we can do the rest later.” He said, “Now stand still while I undo these buttons and stop being a silly girl.”

Tracey knew it made sense to get her wet clothes off but she couldn’t allow herself to be undressed in front of her pupils could she. She knew she was the centre of attention now and she should stop him but there was something about the man's manner and voice which made her think he wouldn’t take any nonsense from a girl and anyway he’d already got the first three buttons of her blouse undone and so despite feeling totally embarrassed she made no effort this time to stop him unbuttoning her blouse totally and pulling it of her shoulders and then off her completely. She even found herself putting her hand on his shoulder as he bent down and unzipped her skirt and pulled it down so she could step out of it. She was left standing in just her bra and panties and hold up stockings and the stockings didn’t stay on for long!

“Better leave the rest on for now, don’t want the kids getting to excited.” He laughed. She saw him hand her skirt and blouse to the blacksmith and she was left standing there in just her underwear, underwear that was also wet and she knew it was not doing much to hide her charms! Everyone was staring at her and several of the boys were making jokes about her including one boy, who shouted out, "Nice tits Miss.” Which got a big laughed from the group and made Tracey feel about two feet tall! To her great relief the guide then started talking to the blacksmith and continuing with the tour and Tracey edged her way to the back of the group although she knew she was still getting lots of looks from the kids who probably couldn’t believe that their pretty teacher was now dressed in just her underwear.

To be honest she wasn’t really listening to what the blacksmith was saying, she could see her skirt and blouse had been placed over a pipe over his open forge and she hoped they would soon be dry enough to wear again, although they didn’t look to safe hanging there! She heard some laughter and she thought they were talking about slave girls and the like and then she heard some of the boys asking for a demonstration but she had no idea of what, all she could think about was getting her clothes back. There was fresh laughter and then she suddenly felt herself being pushed to the front of the group.

“Okay Missy this shouldn’t hurt as long as you stay still, now just kneel down and put your head on the anvil.”

Tracey looked at him confused, “Sorry?” she asked.

“Weren’t you listening young lady?” The blacksmith said with a sigh, “Perhaps the boys were right, you are a perfect subject for this little demonstration.” He laughed.

There were a few laughs and one of the boys shouted out, “Just do it Sir.”

Tracey was now standing in front of and anvil and she suddenly felt the guides hand on her shoulder pushing her down and she felt her knees giving out and she was knelt down.

“Good girl, now keep still.” The guide said patronisingly and she was still totally unaware of what she was kneeling for when she suddenly felt two rough hands around her neck seeming to size her up and then as the kids watched laughing she felt this time not hands but two bands of iron being pushed around her neck and clicked together at the back. As she started to panic she again felt the guides big hands on her shoulders and he said close to her ear, “Stay still, this bit could hurt if you move.”

Tracey suddenly sensed the blacksmith turning back to her and pulling her hair up and away from the back of her neck and then something hot was close to her skin, very hot! It didn’t actually touch her but it was close enough to make her tremble fearfully as she heard him say to the watching group of kids, “We just slide the pin in to connect the two pieces of the collar and she’s done.”

The heat was bad but Tracey squealed when all of a sudden freezing cold water was splashed over the back of her neck and as the kids laughed she heard the blacksmith saying, “That’s how we fit a slave collar to a girl, in medieval times she’d be well and truly stuck with that collar for the rest of her life and even now she won’t get it off without some professional help.”

A few of the kids were laughing and saying cool but Tracey was suddenly pretty mad! How dare they collar her with an iron collar, which she wouldn’t be able to get off! Not only that it was fastened quite tightly!

“I think this has gone far enough.” Tracey said as she started to get up desperate to reassert her authority in front of the kids but the guide laughed and said, “Oh we have a disrespectful slave girl here, I think she should be punished in the normal way, would you like to see how that was done in the old days.” He laughed to the group. Needless to say they all laughed and cheered as he took hold of Tracey’s arm and started pulling her out of the hut. She was trying to struggle against him but he was a good foot taller than her and much stronger and despite herself trying to get her authority back a minute earlier she now felt like a small schoolgirl being dragged to the headmasters office for punishment. The pupils were following behind and laughing as they saw their semi naked teacher being dragged through the rain and mud. She suddenly looked up and saw with horror that she was being dragged to the waiting stocks. He pushed her against the wooden pillar and opened up the top half and pushed her head into the semi circular groove followed by her wrists on either side of her head and the top half of the stocks fell down into place trapping her in the classic pose. She strained to lift the top up and escape but he must have fastened it into place and she was completely helpless in the stocks.

“Let me out.” She started to scream but instead of helping her she heard to her horror Emily giggling and saying to the guide, “Shouldn’t, she be naked Sir.”

“Good girl, you’ve been reading your history,” the guide laughed, “ let’s get her stripped off then.”

Tracey really started struggling then but she was completely helpless as she felt groping hands pulling down her panties and lifting her legs out of them followed by her bra being unclipped and pulled off her. She couldn’t believe it herself but she was now standing in the middle of the village completely naked in the town stocks! There was no way she could cover herself from her pupils staring eyes and laughter as this time she couldn’t not hold back the tears of humiliation.

“That’s bought you down a peg or two hasn’t it missy.” The guide laughed at her and he suddenly disappeared from her view and she guessed it was him who slapped her bottom hard! The kids took their lead from him and she was soon receiving many slaps on her naked and exposed behind. There were also more than a few wandering hands to other parts of her body! Apart from anything else it was also extremely cold and wet standing naked in the mud!

After what seemed like an eternity but was probably only 10 minutes the slapping and groping stopped but just as Tracey thought her torment may be over she suddenly received a big wet rotten tomato in the face. As she looked up she saw with dismay that a large basket full of rotten fruit was now standing ten feet away and the kids were eagerly queuing up waiting their turn to pelt the naked teacher! And pelt they did, Tracey’s body and face were soon covered in a revolting mess of rotten squishy fruit much to the kids delight. All Tracey could do was keep her head low and wait for the barrage to stop. It took her a minute to realise it had stopped when it did and when she raised her head she was surprised and relieved to see that everyone had gone. She caught a quick sight of the back of one of the kids disappearing into one of the huts and she was suddenly alone. In some ways being alone was worse than being the centre of the kids amusement and she guessed she was left standing naked and shivering in the rain for a good twenty minutes until finally the guide returned and as he approached her he laughed and said, “Thanks for being a good sport missy, the kids really learnt a lot from this visit.”

Tracey was too cold and exhausted to reply and he chuckled as he ran his hand down her side, “Your in a right mess though, we’ll get you cleaned up in the staff showers don’t you worry.” He opened the top of the stocks and although Tracey had wanted to stand proud once she was released she couldn’t stop herself sinking to her knees in the cold mud.

“You’ll be pleased to know I’ve just been on the phone to your school and told your headmaster how good you’ve been in helping us out on this trip and I got a few of your pupils to praise you up as well and he’s agreed that from now on you’ll accompany every group from your school.”

Tracey looked at him in despair.

“I think you’ll be spending a lot more time in these stocks from now on.” He laughed

***More mediaeval humiliation for Tracey***

By worthless fem

When I heard my boss summoning all the charity's staff together my heart sank. As usual he had a totally smug grin on his face and I sat there seething, just waiting to hear what he’d come up with in the latest of a long line of humiliating "fund raising" stunts.

"Well, gentlemen, girls," he said, "I'm sure you all realise that with the economy in the present state it's not as easy as it was to persuade people to reach into their pockets and give generously. However, I've managed to persuade some local businesses to sponsor my latest idea. And the good news is that the Mayor of Eastfield and the local media will all be attending the event."

Great, I thought. That means the old sod is going to humiliate us all in public and our faces will be splashed all over the papers and maybe even on the local TV news!

"I've talked over specific details with my wife and son and I'm putting them in charge of the main event. Lucy and Emily will also be assisting in what I'm sure, in spite of our present economic difficulties, will be one of our most successful fund-raising activities ever."

Trust those two bitches to get out of whatever bad stuff is going down, I thought angrily. I reckon both of them bimbos must be having it off with Chambers and probably his son John and all!

The shindig was planned for Saturday and all the blokes were looking forward to it. None of the girls were, except of course Lucy and Emily who’d be well out of whatever danger there was and just having fun!

On Saturday morning we all turned out in a hired minibus to go to the do in Eastfield Park. Like you can guess, yours truly was well pissed off at the whole thing, and that was before Chambers had even started any of his stupid stuff!

When we arrived at 9 o’clock in the morning I saw the stage had already been set up. I took one look at the sodding wooden contraption they’d rigged up and knew at once what was going to happen.

Oh shit, it’s even worse than last time Chambers pulled one of his strokes on us! It’s gonna be the Saturday from hell!

"Well, gentlemen, girls, as you can see we’ve decided to give today’s event a mediaeval theme," said Mr. Chambers, grinning smugly like the bastard always done. "We’ll have a range of events but they’ll all be entertaining and enjoyable for our paying guests."

Not for them as gets on the receiving end, they won’t, I thought sourly. What a diabolical liberty!

"The show will open at half past nine and close at six o’clock tonight. I’m sure our girls will be only too happy to enter into the spirit of things and entertain the crowd to help raise money for a good cause."

As if we had a fucking choice about it! I stood around fuming, even more pissed off when I saw Lucy and Emily openly grinning and looking at me like they knew I was gonna get it worse than most.

Them two bimbos is me arch enemies. I dunno what it is but right from the off we never seemed to get along. Maybe there’s something in all this reincarnation lark and maybe in some past life we was enemies and all.

Anyway, we had to go into a tent and get changed into our mediaeval costumes while the public began to turn up to take part in the "fun." I was given a short skirt, a blouse with an incredibly low décolletage on it and some ridiculously high-heeled shoes. Of course I wasn’t allowed to wear a bra underneath though I DID get to keep my knickers on!

Then I went outside, Mr. Chambers leering as he saw me kitted out in all that mediaeval gear.

"You look lovely, Tracey," he grinned. "The customers will certainly enjoy seeing you raising money for a good cause."

What could I do or say? I just smiled sweetly at him and said nothing. Then Lucy took a hold of me and, with her usual politeness, shouted at me.

"Come on, Tracey, don’t waste time! You’re holding us all up as usual. Follow me; I'll show you where to go."

I’d like to tell you where to go, mate, I thought sourly. Still, I just took it and followed the bitch for a couple of minutes walk away.

Then I saw it. I stared in total horror and disbelief at the bloody great wooden thing standing in front of me. I knew at once what it was.

"That's a fucking pillory!" I said, wishing right away I could back off and go back home.

"Yes, it is," said Mr. Chambers' loathsome son John, who’d wandered over to join us. "And you’re going to go inside it and help us raise loads of lovely dosh for the charity, aren’t you?"

I looked around the park and saw the faces of the people. There was quite a crowd by now – families, groups, individuals, all of them there to have a fun day out.

And now it looked as if yours truly was going to be a big part of their day’s entertainment!

"Roll up, gentlemen, ladies!" John shouted to the crowd that was slowly gathering around the pillory. "See Tracey get pelted in a good cause and help us raise some money for charity!"

"I'm not putting my head in that fucking thing!" I said to him quietly.

"Nothing to worry about," he said reassuringly. "All you’ve got to do is stay in there for about half an hour. Then we’ll put another girl in it."

"Yeah? And what’s gonna happen to me while I AM inside that - thing?"

"Nothing that bad," he laughed. "OK, you'll get a few wet sponges thrown in your face. Nothing to it, really. And you’ll be helping to raise money for a good cause as well so what are you making so much fuss about?"

"But I can't! I mean..."

"Yes, you can," said John, smiling and using his most reassuring voice. "For half an hour you get pelted with wet sponges. That’s not exactly the end of the world, is it?"

I looked around and saw the crowd starting to get a bit restless. Well, I suppose they’d come here for a bit of fun and maybe getting pelted round me face with a few wet sponges wouldn’t be all that bad. And I could see the way the kids in particular seemed eager for me to go inside it.

Even so, I still wasn’t happy. I stood there thinking it over and John put me right on the spot.

"Come on, Tracey, you don’t want to disappoint the public, do you? Look at the eager faces of the children – just waiting to see you go inside the pillory and take a few hits from a wet sponge. Surely you don’t want to disappoint all those kids?"

The crowd cheered his words enthusiastically and he made me feel almost guilty about saying no. What the hell, I’ll do it, I thought.

"Oh, all right," I said reluctantly. "I don’t suppose I’ve got much choice, really."

John led me towards the horrible contraption. He turned to the waiting crowd and introduced me.

"This young girl is Tracey who’s kindly volunteered to spend some time in the pillory. Remember it’s all a bit of harmless fun in a good cause. Do you all want Tracey to go into the pillory?"

"Yes!" came a unanimous and enthusiastic roar of approval from the crowd.

Then John led me to the platform. I stood on it as he opened the wooden part at the top. I swallowed nervously as I bend down and put my head on the lower part of the two-piece wooden oval pillory. It was too late to change my mind now. I was going to be stuck there until I was released.

"Now put your hands into position," said John, making me fit them in place.

Then he closed the wooden bars and I felt the two pieces of wood closing securely round the back of my neck. Instinctively I tried to rise but it was already too late. As well as snapping shut the wooden oval itself, he also locked a padlock around it, making it impossible for me to escape.

"Thanks for being such a good sport, Tracey," said John. "Don't go away, will you?"
That brought a huge laugh from the crowd, especially the eagerly watching kids. I just ignored his cheap quip.

"Now I’ve just got to leave you for a few minutes," he said. "Lucy, you don’t mind taking over while I’m gone, do you??

"Not at all, John," said a smiling Lucy.

To my horror John disappeared and Lucy, who I trusted even less than I did him, was suddenly in charge of my fate. I got even more nervous when out of the corner of my eye I saw her fellow bitch Emily coming closer.

"Cumfy, Tracey?" asked Lucy, a cruel smile on her face. "Just hang on in there!"

I scowled at her but said nothing. I wouldn’t give her the satisfaction!

"Right, Emily, get the stuff in place," said Lucy.

In a couple of minutes, to my utter horror, Emily and a few other girls brought over a number of boxes. I didn’t know what was in them but it didn’t look like sponges to me.

"You'll be pleased to hear," said Lucy, a cruel smile all over her face, "there's been a change of plan. We were going to be throwing wet sponges at Tracey but when we approached some local businesses – a grocer, a greengrocer, an ice cream parlour, a restaurant and a pub – they thought it would be better if we made the pillory experience completely realistic for the public and, of course, the girl inside the pillory. They were all happy to donate their rotten produce for a good cause."

"What the hell?" I gasped. "What do you mean, rotten produce? I thought it was just going be wet sponges I’d get chucked at me!"

"Well, you thought wrong then, didn’t you?"Lucy grinned.

Then she turned to the expectant crowd and asked them point-blank.

"Tell me, what would you rather see happen to our Tracey? Getting a few wet sponges thrown in her face or getting the full mediaeval pillory treatment – rotten food all over her face and body? Tell you what, put up your hands for the wet sponges?

To my horror only about five people stuck their hands up.

"And who wants Tracey to get the full mediaeval?"

Almost everyone’s hand went up when she asked that.

"Well, there you go, Tracey. That’s almost a unanimous vote to give you the works, isn’t it? Never mind, Tracey, don’t forget you’ll be suffering in a good cause. Now let’s see, gentlemen and ladies. What sort of lovely goodies have we got for you to use on Tracey here? We got boxes of rotten tomatoes, rotten fruit, vegetable peelings, rotten eggs. And that’s just to get you started! We’ve still got plenty more goodies on offer when the first batch of ammunition is all gone! There’s no shortage of things you can throw at her!"

I stared at the crowd from my helpless position but there was nothing at all I could do about it. Lucy had me at her mercy and mercy was the last thing on HER mind. She knew I was going to get it big time and she was going to make sure the day’s "entertainment" was as messy, unpleasant and humiliating for me as possible.

“Please,” I almost begged her. “Please don’t do this to me, Lucy.”

“Don’t be so silly, Tracey,” said Lucy, a smug grin on her face. “We’re all going to have LOTS of fun today – even if the fun WILL be at YOUR expense!”

Some of the crowd, especially the younger teenagers, started laughing and giggling when she said that.

Then Emily joined in with her own brand of “humour” to the delight of the youngsters and the audience generally.

“Of course girls put in the pillory in the good old days were generally naked,” she told the crowd. “Would you like to see Tracey hanging in the pillory naked while you pelt her with rotten fruit and stuff?”

I could hardly believe my ears. Of course I knew Emily was talking a load of bollocks like per usual but even so I was well pissed off with her.

“No they never,” I protested. “Women in the pillory might have got pelted but at least they got to keep their clothes on while it was happening!”

“Well, let’s put it to the vote, shall we?” asked a smiling Emily. “Who wants to see Tracey keep her clothes on in the pillory?”

About half a dozen hands went up. Christ, I thought, the bitch is gonna make me do it!

“And who want to see Tracey naked in the pillory?”

Almost every hand went up. Emily turned to me with a huge grin on her face.

“Well, you see what the public wants, Tracey. It’s almost a unanimous vote for you to be naked. Anyway, we don’t want the lovely costumes to get damaged, do we? We had to hire them and it’ll save on the washing and dry cleaning bills if we splodge you naked, won’t it?”

The crowd laughed again when she said that.

“Now then,” said Emily, “as a special treat for the gentlemen here we’re going to hold an auction. The highest bidder gets to strip Tracey naked!”

A bloke in his fifties, fat, balding and thoroughly unattractive asked her a question at once.

“While we’re stripping her do we get to feel her up as well?”

Emily just smiled but I really got mad when the disgusting perve said that. It was bad enough as it was without some pervert squeezing me threepenny bits and stuff. I had to try and make some sort of stand.

“Look here, I volunteered to do this for charity. I was conned into it under false pretences as it is. And if you think I’m gonna let some lech like you start feeling me up you got another think coming!”

Lucy and Emily just looked at me and laughed.

“What a selfish, ungrateful girl you are!” said Emily. “We’ve got a big crowd of people prepared to spend money for a good cause and all you can do is moan!”

“Let’s put it to a vote,” said Lucy. “Hands up all those who think that Tracey is being selfish and unreasonable by not allowing the gentlemen to feel her up while she’s being stripped!”

Almost everyone’s hands went up, of course. I just stood there and glared as I realised I was going to have to put up with whatever the two bitches wanted to do to me.

“Virtually unanimous again,” smiled Lucy. “Well, since there’s a massive majority in favour of Emily’s suggestion, we’ll go ahead with it. Who’ll start the bidding? Do I hear a penny? Who’ll pay a penny to strip Tracey naked and feel her up?”

I was almost as insulted that the cow thought I was that cheap as the fact that I was being put through this at all.

The bidding went up and in the end the bald, fat, ugly bloke “won” the right to strip me and feel me up for the princely sum of a fiver!

He came over, leering in my face, his breath reeking of God only knew what. If I could have moved out of range I would because his halitosis was like gas warfare!

Of course he took his time, making especially sure he got a good feel of my rather big boobs. Then, when he’d finally had enough, he took off my skirt and knickers before sticking his finger right up me twat. I was well mad at that, specially since the bugger didn’t even know how to do it right.

Then Emily got another brainwave.

“See if you can make Tracey come!” she suggested.

Well, fuck me, that really WAS a diabolical liberty and no mistake! I was just about to open me mouth and say something when Lucy looked at me with an even bigger grin on her smug dial than Emily’s.

“I gotta better idea,” she giggled. “See if you can fetch her to the point where she WANTS to come but don’t let her HAVE an orgasm.”

This was definitely the last straw. Even though physically I was naked and helpless in the sodding pillory, there was no way I was gonna let the bitches get away with stuff like that without at least giving them a bit of verbal first.

“Oi!” I shouted. “This isn’t fair! I agreed to stand in this pillory and have a few wet sponges chucked at me. I never agreed to stand there naked, get rotten food slung at me and be felt up by some perve!”
Lucy laughed when I said that.

“Honestly, Tracey, you’re so rude! I think you ought to apologise to the gentleman. He’s paid five pounds for the doubtful privilege of being able to strip you and feel you up so the least you can do is get in the proper spirit of things. This IS in a good cause, remember.”

I was about to talk back to her again when Emily intervened.

“I think we’ve all had quite enough of Tracey’s rudeness, don’t you, gentlemen and ladies? Shall we gag her to stop the flow of insults?”

Almost every hand went up. Only Lucy looked a bit doubtful.

“If you gag her it’ll miss some of the best bits of the gungy stuff hitting her face,” she said.

“Not if we use a ring gag,” said Emily, smiling in triumph.

Then she walked across, squeezed my nose so I had to breathe through my mouth and fitted the ring gag in place. Now my mouth was wide open and I looked like a right stupid berk standing there with it all like that.

“That’s much better,” said a grinning Emily. “Now we can let things carry on in peace. Right, let’s take a vote. Who wants to see Tracey come and who wants to see her brought to the brink but denied an orgasm?”

This time the vote was a lot closer. I was just hanging there naked in the pillory, hopping mad but totally unable to do squat about it.

By a narrow margin of about eight votes the crowd voted in favour of not letting me orgasm in public. Oh God, it’s gonna be a total humiliation for me, I thought angrily.

“Wait a minute,” said Emily, pausing in front of a box of rotten fruit. “I’ve got another idea.”

She looked through the collection of nasty gungy goo until she found one apple that was particularly rotten. It was heaving with maggots and full of holes where they’d eaten through the fruit.

“I think we should stick this juicy, maggot-ridden apple right inside that rude gob of Tracey’s, don’t you, gentlemen and ladies?” she asked.

The crowd gave their enthusiastic agreement to her latest idea. I found the nauseating thing stuck right inside me kisser and I couldn’t do a thing about it! What a lousy bitch she is!

So I had to put up with that while the perve worked away and several times brought me to the verge but wouldn’t let me come. Bastard!

“Well, that’s what you might call the dress rehearsal,” said an openly laughing Lucy. “Now for the main event. Right, it’s a pound a throw, three throws for two pounds, ten throws for a fiver. Start pelting the stupid bitch with everything you’ve got! No need to worry about running out of ammunition either – we’ve got plenty! So let’s be having you, then. Roll up and start bombarding Tracey the bimbo while she hangs naked in the pillory for your enjoyment!”
What a cow! Still, I couldn’t do a thing about it. A queue quickly formed and my first tormentor was gripping a rotten tomato in his hand.

Splat! It landed right in my face and squelched out all over it. The crowd laughed and cheered and Lucy and Emily were practically wetting themselves with laughter.

Anyway, to cut a long story short, I got splatted by an ammunition dump of rotten tomatoes, rotten fruit, rotten eggs and all sorts of veggies. Some of it landed on my body but most of it wound up in my face. And of course they was no way I could protect myself from the missiles.

Soon Lucy and Emily produced some more “goodies” and I had to put up with the crowd squeezing salad cream, salsa dip, tomato ketchup and soy sauce all over me. The bitches even squeezed mustard into my eyes and up my nose from a tube which really hurt.

After that I had tins of rice pudding, tomatoes, and baked beans poured all over my head, my face and my body. It was horrible!

Pies, spaghetti and custard followed. I was totally covered from head to foot in the gungy stuff. Then Lucy went over to an ice-cream stall and came back with two ice creams. To the delight of the crowd, she pushed one right up my arsehole and the other one up my cunt! It was freezing cold down there suddenly!

Eventually, after hours being pelted and generally abused, Mr. Chambers came back with his son John.

“Good heavens!” he said. “Lucy, Emily, what on earth has been happening? We were only supposed to be throwing wet sponges at Tracey – not goodness only knows WHAT sort of concoctions she’s had thrown at her. And she was only supposed to be in there for half an hour. And why is she naked?”

Lucy and Emily looked at each other and then at John.

“We got offered a lot of stuff by the local shops and we thought it would make it more authentic if we gave Tracey the full mediaeval treatment,” said Emily after a few seconds to think up her alibi.

“And we asked the audience how they’d prefer it too,” said Lucy. “Almost everyone wanted Tracey to get the full mediaeval.”

“And what about her clothes?”

“Well, in the first place we didn’t want to damage her costume, and also the audience wanted her naked. So we did it.”

“I see. Well, I suppose it can’t be helped now. Now the Mayor is making his way to the stall at this very moment. I’ll try and put him off just in case he sees Tracey like this… Oh, hello, Your Worship.”

The Mayor looked at me and I could just about see a sort of grin on his face.

“I see you’ve entered into the spirit of the Middle Ages, Mr. Chambers,” he said. “Well, let me pose for a photograph with this young girl.”

So the bugger, wearing all his chain and ceremonial costume, stood beside me, naked as the day as I was born, covered in goo and slime, stuck in the fucking pillory!

“Well, I think it’s very public spirited of you to volunteer to spend your time in the pillory,” said the Mayor. “On behalf of the council I’d like to thank you for your contribution.”

What could I say? Actually, with the maggoty apple in my gagged mouth, I couldn’t say nothing. He seemed to realise after a moment that I couldn’t speak and turned to Mr. Chambers.

While the two blokes were thinking it over Lucy rushed up and pushed the sodding apple right down my mouth. Well, at least I could splutter now.

“I think you need to be cleaned up,” said the Mayor. “Don’t you agree, Mr. Chambers?”

“Yes, I think you’re right,” he said, looking a bit sad.

Then Emily piped up again.

“Why don’t we make her cleaning up a mediaeval experience too? We’ve got a ducking stool and a pond – let’s take her out of the pillory and duck her in the pond!”

Of course everyone agreed to that with a lot of enthusiasm so I got put in the ducking stool and half drowned in the pond at Eastfield Park!

God, I hate the Middle Ages!