**Tracey’s baby-sitting nightmare**

by worthless fem

**Part 01**

Tracey made her way reluctantly across town to her sister Suzanne’s place. She and her husband Robert were going away for a week and had asked – well, to Tracey it had felt more like they’d ordered her – to babysit the unruly brood of brats that Suzanne had whelped since she’d been married.

It’s so unfair, Tracey thought. I was planning to go on holiday but instead I’ve had to waste a whole week off work looking after this evil bunch of brats. And she remembered not just the lots of minor nastiness they’d inflicted on her but the memory of the disastrous day on the beach six months ago was still fresh in her mind. (See ‘Life’s a Beach’ for details of that story).

She parked up the car and got out, reluctantly forcing herself to go to the front door. Tracey was wearing a skirt, high-heeled shoes, a blouse, a sweater and of course tights, bra and knickers. She’d also taken the precaution of bringing quite a few changes of clothes with her as she knew that the bratty kids loved to play tricks on her that generally ruined whatever she was wearing at the time.

As she rang the front door bell – it really annoyed her that Robert and Suzanne hadn’t given her a key to their house – she waited nervously for it to open. Sure enough, it was the foul-mouthed and consistently rude 15-year old Emily who answered it.

‘Oh, it’s you, Tracey,’ she said unenthusiastically. ‘I suppose I’d better let you come in. How long are we stuck with you under our roof?’

‘A week,’ Tracey told her.

‘I remember now. It’s eight days actually. Can’t even get that right, can you? What a fucking bimbo you are! Well, you’d better come in and you can make us all some lunch while we sit down and decide how we’re going to pass the time while we’re lumbered with you.’

Tracey was furious but she had eight days and being an incurable optimist she hoped that by around the second day she might be able to lick the appalling brats into some kind of shape. Naturally Emily and her siblings had completely different plans for her.

‘Your bimbo aunt Tracey is here,’ Emily announced. ‘We’re stuck with her for the next eight days.’

‘Oh, I don’t know,’ laughed Lucy. ‘It might be fun having that fat fucking bitch all to ourselves.’

Tracey scowled and turned to Emily.

‘Are you or one of the other kids going to at least carry in my luggage?’

‘No,’ said Emily bluntly. ‘Carry your own fucking bags! You could do with losing a bit of weight and the exercise will do you good. That’s if anything can do YOU any good, of course.’

Tracey fumed but brought in her heavy suitcase from the car as well as the backpack she’d also packed.

‘Well, like I said, Tracey, we’re hungry so go and make us all some lunch,’ said Emily.

‘Why don’t you do it yourself?’ the unwilling babysitter retorted. ‘If you’re not willing to do a simple thing like carrying in my case why the hell should I cook you lunch? I’ve only just got inside the door and already you’re behaving appallingly!’

‘Oh, fuck you, Tracey!’ said Emily. ‘I’ll send out for a takeaway and pay for it on Suzanne’s card. Your cooking is probably the next thing to eating shit anyway!’

Tracey controlled an increasingly strong desire to explode and picked up her suitcase and backpack.

‘I’ll go and take these upstairs,’ she said.

‘OK. You’re sleeping in the attic room by the way.’

‘What? I ought to be in your parents’ room while I’m here!’

‘No chance, Tracey. That room is locked and I’ve got the key to it. You go in the fucking attic and that’s final.’

Tracey fumed as she climbed the stairs with her luggage and came to the top of the landing. She went up the extra flight of stairs, struggling with her heavy baggage, and arrived at the door of the small room.

‘It’s locked!’ she said angrily.

‘So it is,’ Emily laughed. ‘I suppose I’d better go and open it then. We all have keys to our own rooms and I’ve got the keys to all the rooms!’

‘You’d better let me have my key, then,’ said Tracey with a bad grace.

‘Sure, I’ll give it to you when I’ve unlocked it.’

The girl was infuriating and utterly obnoxious. Tracey didn’t know how she’d get through eight days with these monsters but she tried to control herself. Emily unlocked the door and pushed it open.

‘There you go, Tracey; your little box room in the attic! Cozy, isn’t it?’

Tracey fumed and went inside. There was a tiny single bed, a small wardrobe, a chair, a dressing table and nothing else. You could hardly move inside the room but it was going to have to be her home for the next eight days.

Tracey dumped her stuff on the floor and then walked back down the stairs again. She locked the room with the key Emily had given her and made her way to the kitchen.

‘Now what have we got for lunch?’ she asked, trying to calm down.

‘Not a lot,’ Emily grinned. ‘We tend to eat out mostly or get takeaways. I think there’s some bread and cheese and a few tins of stuff and there may be something in the freezer. Of course there’s nothing stopping you going out and doing some shopping, Tracey.’

Tracey examined the meagre provisions and gritted her teeth. She didn’t fancy any of it and she reluctantly decided to go out shopping.

‘OK, I’ll go down the shops,’ she said. ‘Anyone want to come with me?’

There was a brief and whispered conversation between the kids and finally Emily answered.

‘I suppose we’d better go to make sure you get the right sort of food,’ she said insultingly. ‘We can’t trust you to get anything right when you’re not properly supervised, Tracey.’

Tracey bristled in anger at the insult but controlled herself. She was stuck with these brats for eight days and it wasn’t worth losing her temper this early. The brats got into the car, Emily sitting in the front passenger seat next to Tracey, and with nervous anticipation Tracey started the car and drove off.

The shopping mall was about a twenty minute drive from where the family lived and Tracey had to endure a lot of sarcastic comments about how bad a driver she was and how much better their own parents were. Eventually they arrived and Tracey led her unruly menagerie into the store.

‘Try to behave yourselves,’ she said in a desperate attempt to impose some sort of discipline.

They completely ignored her as she began her shopping journey at the food counter. Emily spoke briefly to her siblings as they deliberately lagged a few faces behind.

‘Let’s get the bitch,’ she said. ‘Wouldn’t it be fucking great if we could humiliate her right in the middle of a big shopping centre?’

Her brothers and sisters enthusiastically agreed with the idea. The 14-year old Lucy gazed around the store thoughtfully to see if there was anything obvious they could try. The younger Stacey, John, Walter and Edward tended to take their cue from the two elder girls and knew they would come up with something suitably nasty to surprise Tracey with.

Then Emily came up with a really bright idea.

‘Hey, let’s get her into the big DIY store round the corner,’ she said. ‘I know the store manager and I’m sure he’d be happy to go along with my idea.’

‘What is it?’ asked Lucy eagerly.

‘Wait and see,’ Emily grinned.

So the reluctant Tracey was coaxed into visiting the DIY store and while the other kids kept her busy Emily wandered off and asked to speak to the manager. Mr Chambers met her and was immediately enthusiastic about the ideas she put forward.

Once the plan had been arranged Emily returned led them across to a selection of items. She picked up a glue gun and began fiddling with it to Tracey’s irritation.

A quick nod to Lucy got her sister to distract Tracey for a few vital moments while Emily got the gun ready. She aimed it at Tracey’s skirt and fired. The oblivious Tracey didn’t realise that Emily had fired the glue gun at such an angle that the hem of Tracey’s skirt was now securely fastened to the metal beam of an aluminium shelving unit. Tracey tried to turn around and get a better look at what had happened and she suddenly realised she was held fast to the girder by her skirt.

‘Oh shit,’ said Emily in mock remorse. ‘I must have fired the glue gun by accident. Looks like you’re well and truly stuck to that pillar, Tracey. Stupid fucking cunt!’

John, who was studying science at school, then began to tell Tracey about the effects of the glue gun.

‘What it is, Tracey, is that this glue gun fires hot metal adhesive. It takes a few seconds to turn solid and once it does – well, basically anything it sticks to stays stuck. So basically now that it’s stuck your skirt to the girder you’re fucked, Tracey.’

She glared at him angrily.

‘Don’t give me a science lesson!’ she said. ‘Just tell me how to get rid of the stuff!’

‘No real way in the position you’re in except getting rid of that skirt,’ he smiled. ‘If you like I can cut it off for you.’

Tracey fumed and wondered what the hell she should do. On the one hand she had to move away from the position she was in but if he was telling the truth then the only way of escape was through public humiliation.

‘Get the store manager!’ she shouted at the kids. ‘Now!’

Emily smiled happily.

‘I’ll go and find him,’ she said. ‘I’m sure he’ll know what to do, Tracey.’

In a couple of minutes Emily returned with the store manager Mr Chambers. Even though John had been assuring Tracey that the glue was stuck fast and that there was no way she could get herself free she still tried desperately to detach her skirt from the metal shelf.

‘What seems to be the problem?’ asked Mr Chambers, a beaming smile on his face.

‘My skirt is stuck to this – this metal thing,’ said Tracey. ‘I’ve been trying to get it free but nothing happens.’

‘How did that happen?’

‘That idiot,’ said Tracey, glaring at Emily, ‘fired a glue gun at me and stuck my skirt to it.’

‘Huh!’ said Emily. ‘You’re the one whose skirt is stuck and you think I’M the fucking idiot!’

‘Let’s see what we can do,’ said Mr Chambers. ‘I’m afraid this adhesive is extremely strong and there’s only one way we’ll be able to remove it.’

‘What’s that?’ asked a resigned Tracey.

‘We’ll have to cut your skirt off because it will take days to detach the material from the shelving unit.’

‘Cut my skirt off!’ Tracey protested. ‘But I’ve got nothing else to wear – over my legs. I’ll have to walk around showing my knickers!’

‘If you like I could call the fire brigade and ask them to release you,’ he said. ‘It might take them half an hour or so to get here and even then they’d still have to cut away your skirt. I could do it for you in a couple of minutes.’

‘But what about my skirt? It’ll be ruined!’

‘Yes, I’m afraid it will. And I’ll have to charge you for wasting a perfectly good glue gun as well.’

‘Well, perhaps the store should pay for a new skirt for me,’ Tracey retorted.

‘If it had been our fault then of course we would,’ Mr Chambers replied. ‘But as the – accident – was the result of carelessness on your part we’re not liable.’

‘On my part? How do you work that out?’

‘You are supposedly the responsible adult in the party and if you’d been better at supervising the children then the glue gun wouldn’t have been fired. Now do you want me to call out the fire brigade or will you let me cut off your skirt and free you?’

Tracey gave Emily a venomous look.

‘I suppose I’ve got no choice,’ she said reluctantly. ‘OK, cut my skirt off.’

Mr Chambers went to another aisle and returned with a pair of scissors. To the delight of the children he cut away Tracey’s skirt and left the glued portion attached to the shelving unit. She was now standing in the store dressed in her sweater, tights and knickers.

‘I don’t suppose you sell clothes here,’ she said hopefully.

‘We have things like overalls and workmen’s clothes if you’d like to buy one of them.’

‘Maybe I’d better. I can’t walk around dressed like this! Can I try them on?’

‘I’m afraid not. We don’t have a fitting room. But I’m sure you know what size you are.’

‘But I can’t just wander over to the aisle and pick one out,’ she protested. ‘I’m making enough of a spectacle as it is!’

‘I’ll get you something suitable,’ Mr Chambers reassured her. ‘How tall are you?’

‘5ft 2,’ Tracey answered.

‘Leg and hip measurements?’

She reluctantly gave him the information. A couple of minutes later he returned with an overall and a pair of jeans.

‘Which would you prefer?’

‘The jeans, I think. OK, can I put them on now?’

‘Not until you’ve paid for them,’ he told her.

‘And where’s the cash point?’

‘On the other side of the store, I’m afraid.’

Tracey gasped in horror.

‘You mean – I’d have to walk through the store showing my knickers?’

‘I’m afraid so,’ he told her, controlling an irresistible desire to laugh.

‘You’ll pay for this, Emily,’ Tracey said angrily. ‘I’ll get my own back for this nasty trick.’

‘In your dreams, bimbo!’ Emily laughed. ‘You couldn’t get the better of a fried egg! Best move that fat arse of yours over to the cash point so you can buy the jeans and put them on.’

Tracey glared at her and made a mental note to be alert at all times around the loathsome brats that were supposedly in her charge. Unfortunately she’d been so preoccupied with the discussions with Mr Chambers that she’d taken her eye off the other children and Lucy, at a sign from Emily, had attached a hook fastened to a coil to the back of her knickers while Stacey, also following Emily’s sign, attached another hook to the front. As Tracey prepared to move away and go to the cash point to buy the jeans and glue gun she was oblivious to the further humiliation that was imminently awaiting her.

The moment she began to move both hooks pulled her knickers in two different directions. Under the strain they gave way and were pulled apart and ripped into two pieces that fell to the floor of the store.

Tracey screamed as she realised she was suddenly knickerless as well as skirtless. She knew at once that Lucy and Stacey were responsible and if looks could kill triple infanticide would have been done at that moment!

‘You evil bitches!’ she yelled. ‘Now look what you’ve done!’

The kids just laughed at her openly.

‘Stupid bimbo twat!’ said Emily. ‘Look at you, Tracey, showing off that fat arse of yours and even your cunt! You’re a completely shameless fucking slut!’

Mr Chambers gazed at the unexpected view so suddenly revealed to him and managed just in time to control himself.

‘That’s ... most unfortunate,’ he said, suppressing a violent desire to burst out laughing.

Tracey glared at him.

‘Unfortunate! It’s downright malice! I know you two bitches did that to me and I DEMAND that the store lets me put some clothes on IMMEDIATELY!’

Mr Chambers gave her a smile that he tried to make as reassuring as possible rather than show his irresistible desire to laugh.

‘I’m afraid that’s just not possible,’ he said quietly. ‘We are not a clothes store and we can’t supply you with – replacement undergarments. You’ll just have to walk to the checkout as – well, as you are – dressed now.’

Tracey was ready to explode. She had become so completely focused on the latest fiasco of finding herself knickerless that she forgot to watch the unruly children. Emily and Lucy each got hold of a container of acetone which as they knew well was an excellent solvent.

As Tracey continued her futile argument with Mr Chambers the two girls sprayed it on her sweater, front and back. In a short time her sweater began to dissolve before her very eyes and Tracey stared in horror to find herself now reduced to bra, tights and shoes.

This time she really lost her temper.

‘What the fuck have you evil bitches done now?’ she screamed. ‘You’ve done something to my fucking sweater, haven’t you?’

‘Who, me?’ Emily asked with an innocent smile on her face. ‘And how could we do that when you’re over there and I’m over here?’

‘I don’t know but I know it was you, you bitch! I’ll get you for this when this – this – fiasco is finally over!’

But Tracey’s problems were about to get worse. As she ranted at Emily and Lucy she failed to keep her eyes on Stacey who took advantage to strategically attach another hook to the back of her bra. The moment Tracey moved forward the hook would rip her bra open and she would be left with her breasts as exposed as the rest of her body.

‘Shall we get this over?’ asked Mr Chambers, well aware of what Stacey had done. ‘Follow me to the cash point and then you can put some clothes on.’

Tracey, still glaring at Emily, began to move. Sure enough, as she did so the hook parted the clasp on her bra and it fell away from her body.

Tracey screamed as she realised her breasts were also now fully exposed. She knew it wasn’t Emily or Lucy this time so she turned behind her and saw an openly grinning Stacey.

‘You fucking bitch!’ she shouted. ‘I’m going to make your life a total misery for the rest of my time staying with you!’

Emily laughed out loud.

‘What a total fucking slut!’ she said. ‘You really are a complete whore, aren’t you, Tracey, showing off your tits and arse and cunt like that?’

‘I’ll kill you!’ Tracey screamed, rushing headlong at the 15-year old girl with mucho malice aforethought.

At that point Mr Chambers gave a non-verbal signal to the security guard for the store. He came up instantly and grabbed Tracey around the waist as she was about to launch into Emily.

‘Now, now,’ he said, ‘we can’t have you attacking customers. Especially young children. I’m going to have to arrest you for assault.’

Quickly he snapped his handcuffs shut around Tracey’s wrists which were fastened behind her back.

‘What the hell do you think you’re doing?’ she shouted at him.

But before she could continue her protest he’d pinched her nose and then fastened a ball-gag in place inside her mouth!

The luckless Tracey was then frog-marched naked through the entire store in full view of a large number of customers. Her clothes and dignity both gone, she was led into the security office by the longest possible route so that as many people as possible got a chance to get a good look at her.

When I finally get out of this, Tracey swore to herself silently, I’m going to KILL those evil brats!

**Part Two**

Mr Chambers, the security guard and the delighted children all led Tracey into the security guard’s office. Before releasing her gag the store manager turned to the guard.

‘You’d better search her bag,’ he said. ‘She’s already caused so much chaos I wouldn’t be at all surprised if she’d stolen something as well.’

Tracey glared impotently at him from behind her gag while the security guard went through her handbag.

‘Actually,’ Emily suggested, ‘maybe you ought to do a full body cavity search in case she’s hiding something else.’

Tracey glared at her angrily and tried to protest but only sounds like ‘mmph’ and ‘ooomph’ came out from behind her gag. Mr Chambers smiled and the security guard prepared to start what he thought would be the enjoyable task of ‘searching’ Tracey for stolen goods when her nemesis Emily intervened.

‘I don’t think it would be appropriate for him to do that,’ she said. ‘It should be a female who carries out the search. I’d be happy to undertake that for you!’

Tracey scowled from behind her gag. I bet you fucking would, she thought. But perhaps it was marginally less humiliating for her niece to conduct an invasive body search than a male security guard. Anyway, Mr Chambers nodded.

‘Yes, I suppose you’re right,’ he said. ‘Very well, search her.’

Emily proceeded to ‘search’ her aunt and took good care to make her ‘search’ as invasive and humiliating as possible.

‘I didn’t find anything,’ she said, ‘so at least the fucking bitch hasn’t stolen anything

‘I suppose we should be grateful for small mercies,’ said Mr Chambers. ‘Even so, she did try to assault you. Perhaps it’s time I called in the police.’

To Tracey’s surprise Emily shook her head vigorously.

‘No, I don’t want the scandal all over the place. My parents are away for eight days and my aunt is supposed to be looking after us though as you can see it’s more a case of us looking after her. She’s a total airhead bimbo and I don’t want my parents to get involved in any kind of scandal.’

‘Maybe so, but something has to be done,’ the store manager said firmly.

‘I don’t want to press charges,’ said Emily firmly. ‘I’d prefer to deal with her disgraceful behaviour in an – unofficial way, I think.’

Mr Chambers gave her a curious look.

‘What did you have in mind exactly?’

‘I think she should sign a full confession admitting she came in here to vandalise the store and that she also deliberately exposed herself naked because she’s a dirty fucking slut. You can keep that document and if she acts up again in future then you can go to the police and have her arrested.’

‘Do you think she’ll agree to sign something like that?’

‘She will if she knows what’s good for her,’ said Emily.

She turned to her aunt and grinned happily.

‘So what are you going to do, Tracey? Sign a full confession admitting you’re guilty of deliberate vandalism, indecent exposure and attempted assault or would you rather I let the manager call the police and have you arrested?’

Tracey glared at her niece through her gag. It was so unfair, she thought, but being naked, handcuffed and gagged it was difficult for her to imagine the police taking her seriously and it was a certainty that the kids would all ‘testify’ against her.

‘If I take this gag out,’ said Emily, ‘will you sign the confession?’

Tracey was furious but she knew she had no choice. Reluctantly, she nodded her head.

‘Good,’ said Mr Chambers. ‘Well, perhaps it is better if we deal with this matter in a less – official manner.’

Emily and Tracey’s other nieces and nephews grinned at her happily. Tracey spluttered in relief as the gag was removed from her mouth and she gazed around helplessly.

‘Maybe just making her sign a confession isn’t enough of a punishment,’ said Lucy eagerly. ‘Maybe we should give her something a bit more severe than that.’

‘What did you have in mind?’ Emily asked.

‘Well, we could always take her to the local Slave Processing Centre and get her checked in as a slave,’ she giggled.

Tracey shivered in fear at that prospect. She could easily imagine the kids being cruel enough to do that to her.

‘Please,’ she said, suddenly humble, ‘please don’t do that. Just get it over with, please.’

To her surprise Emily came to her rescue.

‘We can’t do that to Tracey,’ she said firmly. ‘Signing a full confession is quite enough in the way of punishment for her this time. And of course we’ll also have to deal with the bitch’s appalling behaviour when we get home. Lay down a few house rules and so on. But for the time being that’s enough. We’ve got eight days to make her learn the error of her ways and improve her behaviour and attitude.’

Tracey gazed forlornly at her niece when she heard that.

‘Please,’ she said quietly, ‘what are you going to do to me?’

‘That’s for us to know and you to find out, Tracey,’ said Emily, a cruel smile playing over her face. ‘Unless of course you’d prefer we called the police – or even took up Lucy on her suggestion?’

‘No, no, I’ll do whatever you want me to,’ a desperate Tracey answered.

‘Good,’ Emily grinned. ‘Well, here’s the confession for you to sign. Go ahead, Tracey.’

Tracey swallowed hard but was helpless. She picked up the pen and signed the bogus confession stating that ‘I, Tracey Smith, came into this store with the whole intention of vandalising it and exposing myself in an indecent fashion. When challenged I attempted to assault my niece Emily. I am guilty on all counts. Signed, Tracey Smith.’

‘What happens now?’ she asked timidly.

‘We ought to get you some clothes to replace the ones you vandalised,’ Emily laughed. ‘I’ll go over to a clothes store and buy some. I’ll take your credit card.’

‘But that’s not right – I mean, you don’t even know my pin number.’

‘Ah, that’s the beauty of contactless,’ Emily smiled. ‘I’ll go off and see what I can pick out for you in the way of clothes.’

Then she was gone and John and Lucy took charge of their aunt. The kids made sure to take full advantage of Tracey’s naked and handcuffed state by snapping away with a series of pictures on their phones. Tracey was angry and mortified but there was nothing she could do to stop them.

Meanwhile Emily had wandered off into another store in the shopping precinct. She went to one that catered for teenage girls and smiled gleefully at the prospect of forcing her aunt to wear the costumes she was going to pick out for her. Emily picked out a thong instead of knickers, a microskirt that was so short it barely covered the essentials, a push-up bra that was two sizes too small for Tracey’s ample frontage, a top that not only exposed plenty of Tracey’s midriff but also displayed an extremely low cut décolletage. Satisfied with the effect Emily paid for the clothes with Tracey’s contactless card and returned to the store in triumph.

Tracey gazed at the clothes her niece had brought back with horror.

‘I can’t wear those!’ she protested. ‘I’ll look like – like a...’

‘Like a slut?’ Emily suggested cruelly. ‘But then as you’ve already made a signed confession admitting that you came in this store with the deliberate intention of exposing yourself in an indecent manner maybe it’s appropriate. You behaved like a slut; why shouldn’t you dress like one?’

Tracey was about to protest when Emily glanced meaningfully at the confession. Cowed by the implied threat to involve the police, she shut up and began putting the clothes on.

Of course she had to dress in full view of her nieces and nephews, the store manager and the security guard but at least she had some kind of covering.

Glancing in the mirror Tracey was horrified at her new appearance.

‘Oh my God!’ she exclaimed. ‘I hope I don’t meet anyone who knows me when I’m dressed – like this!’

Emily and Mr Chambers then reminded her that she still had to pay for the jeans and also the cost of the ‘vandalism’ she was liable for. Gritting her teeth, Tracey paid up and then thought for a moment about putting on the jeans.

‘No you don’t,’ Emily told her. ‘Those stay in the bag until we get home. Don’t argue or I might decide to press charges.’

Tracey fumed but could do nothing. Emily then shepherded her out of the store.

‘You have eight days under our roof,’ she said quietly. ‘In case you haven’t quite worked out yet what exactly that involves, I’ll spell it out so that even an airheaded bimbo like you can get the picture. Under our roof means under OUR rules; WE are in charge of you and every aspect of your life. We give the orders and we set the house rules and you FOLLOW them and you OBEY our commands. When we get back home I’ll give you a contract to sign and you will abide by every clause we put in it. Of course, I’d you’d prefer to explain yourself to the police – with the store manager, the security guard and all of us as witnesses against you – then you can do that. But I think even a bimbo like you knows that’s not a good idea. Am I right or are you going to dig yourself in even deeper?’

Tracey stared at Emily in horror.

‘You’re a 15-year old girl,’ she said. ‘I’m a 24-year old woman. It’s not right that you should be ordering me about. Your parents expected ME to take charge of YOU while they’re away and not the other way around.’

‘Well, they obviously underestimated your stupidity, Tracey. We won’t make that mistake. So what’s it going to be; are you going to play by OUR rules for the next eight days or do we have to ring our parents and tell them you’ve been arrested and locked up?’

Tracey stared at her niece in horror. She could easily imagine Emily doing that to her and of course she knew her sister Suzanne would inevitably take Emily’s side and goodness only knew what else might go wrong for her especially with her husband Robert being a lawyer.

She had no choice; the horrible bratty kids had her at their mercy. For the next eight days her life would be an utter misery.

God only knows what those bastards have got planned for me, Tracey thought miserably.

**Part Three**

Emily bossed Tracey about as she forced her to buy other things in the shopping precinct. When she was finally satisfied she told her to take them back to the car. Naturally none of the kids helped her with the shopping!

Once inside the car Emily sat in the front passenger seat and waited till they had driven off.

‘Just take us home,’ she ordered. ‘We’ll have a full discussion when we get back. In the meantime just shut the fuck up – I don’t want to hear a single word out of you till then.’

Tracey fumed but held her peace. The last thing she wanted was to have an accident because she was all wound up with the kids.

Somehow she made it back there and fumbled in her purse for the front door key.

‘I can’t find my keys,’ she gasped. ‘Maybe I left them in that – store.’

‘No, you didn’t leave them, Tracey,’ a grinning Emily told her. ‘While you were temporarily under arrest I took the precaution of removing them from your bag. From now on you’re not allowed to have your own key – not to the front or back door, not to your room. Oh, and by the way you’d better hand over your car keys as well. Can’t take a chance with you – maybe you’ll do something stupid like trying to drive off!’

Tracey fumed but handed over her car keys. She waited for Emily to open the front door and then was ushered inside. She struggled with the shopping but she knew she’d get no help at all from the bratty kids. Eventually all the bags were indoors and then Emily sat down and ordered Tracey to listen to the new ‘house rules’ that she’d be required to ‘obey.’

‘In the first place,’ the 15-year old girl told her with a big grin, ‘I’ve already told you that you’re forbidden to have any keys. The door to your bedroom will be locked and unlocked by me or one of us and only then will you be allowed to enter or leave. You will obey each order we give you and you will not argue or complain. You’ll wear what we tell you to wear and nothing else. You’ll eat what we tell you to eat. And you’ll be put on a fitness regime while you’re under our roof – you need to lose some of that flab!’

Tracey gazed at her in horror.

‘But...’ she began.

‘No buts,’ Emily told her. ‘Your butt is big enough as it is! From now on you’ll do exactly as you’re told if you know what’s good for you. Now for the next house rule – you will be put on a strict diet. You will do all the cooking, cleaning, housework and gardening. You will be forbidden to have access to a phone – I’ve already taken the precaution of taking the mobile out of your handbag, to watch television or use the internet or any kind of computer. While you’re under our roof you will do everything we tell you. Otherwise,’ she grinned, ‘I’ll not only call the police and have you arrested for vandalism, indecent exposure and assault – and with your signed confession you don’t stand a chance of talking your way out of that – and I’ll also send the photos of you in the store all over the internet where I expect they’ll go viral. So what are you going to do, Tracey? Are you going to follow our house rules or are you going to take your chances with the police and the internet?’

Tracey stared at her niece in shocked horror.

‘I can’t believe... I can’t believe you’re trying to make me do this. What’s wrong with you, Emily? What have I ever done to deserve this... treatment – at your hands?’

Emily laughed.

‘You just ARE, Tracey. You’re weak and fat and stupid and so you deserve to be treated like shit. If you don’t like it be my guest and I’ll call the police. Then I’ll post the photos of you in the store all over the web. Your call, bimbo!’

Tracey gazed at her niece in disbelief. She was very tempted to call her bluff but she’d seen enough of her nieces and nephews to know that they were spoilt, bullying brats and that the chances of her being believed were remote.

‘All right,’ she said reluctantly. ‘I don’t seem to have much choice.’

‘No, you haven’t,’ Emily smiled. ‘You have no choice at all. But I’ll make you a promise in return for your good behaviour. If you behave during the next eight days in a way that we all feel is acceptable I’ll delete the photos and none of this will get back to my parents. I’m sure you realise that Suzanne and Robert will always take our side against yours, Tracey.’

Tracey had to admit that she was certainly right about that. Her sister had always despised her and never shown her any kind of sympathy over the years and she undoubtedly would believe whatever distorted version of events her brats gave.

‘Good,’ said Emily, recognising Tracey’s silence as assent. ‘Now you can go and make us all a nice meal. Here is a menu – we bought all the ingredients today. So move that fat lazy arse of yours and start cooking, bimbo!’

Tracey fought back the tears as she reluctantly made her way towards the kitchen. God only knows what else these evil kids have got planned for me, she thought sadly.

**Part Four**

Tracey cooked the kids their meals and brought them out from the kitchen into the dining room. She placed them on the table and of course got not a word of thanks from them for cooking and serving the meals. When they’d finished she cleaned away the plates and the cutlery and headed off towards the kitchen. Emily followed her in close attendance and as Tracey moved towards the dishwasher she stopped her instantly.

‘You’re not allowed to use that,’ she said sharply. ‘You wash and dry up by hand.’

Tracey fumed but said nothing. Instead she washed up the dirty dishes and utensils and dried them with a tea towel before turning to her niece.

‘Can I have something to eat now?’

‘What’s the magic word, Tracey?’

‘Please can I have something to eat?’ she said through gritted teeth.

Emily laughed.

‘Yes, you can eat but not just yet. Before you get to eat we’re beginning your fitness regime and it’s better to eat after that than before it. So follow me into the living room and we’ll get you started. We’re really going to put you through your paces while you’re here, Tracey!’

Tracey moved reluctantly into the living room where an expectant audience of juniors was waiting eagerly for her arrival.

‘Right,’ said Emily, ‘let’s get you ready. Take off your shoes, Tracey.’

Tracey took them off.

‘Now take everything else off – your skirt, bra, thong and top,’ she commanded.

‘Do I have to?’ Tracey protested.

‘Yes, you do,’ said Emily firmly. ‘You will always perform your physical training exercises completely naked. Now strip!’

Tracey blushed as she removed her skirt, her top, her bra and finally her thong. The kids all stared at her nakedness with big grins on their faces.

‘Right, we’ll begin by seeing you doing some running on the spot, Tracey,’ Emily told her. ‘Let’s see those fat flabby tits of yours jiggling and bouncing up and down as you take the first steps towards making that grossly overweight body of yours fitter.’

Tracey fumed but she didn’t dare disobey her niece or any of the other brats. Instead she began running on the spot and within a minute was being urged to run ‘faster! Faster! Put more effort into it, you lazy fucking cunt!’

Tracey huffed and puffed and gasped with the unaccustomed effort. Her breathing came harder and faster in rapid panting and her legs and arms ached as she pushed her body to a point it had never known before. The kids laughed and jeered at her large breasts bouncing up and down as she moved. It seemed like hours before they finally relented but actually it was only fifteen minutes. An exhausted Tracey collapsed on the floor, hoping it was over at least for the time being.

‘Get up, Tracey,’ Emily commanded her. ‘That was only the beginning of your physical training. Now squat on the floor and do press-ups for us.’

Tracey groaned at the prospect. Even at school she had never been any good at that kind of thing and had always tired rapidly. But she knew her tormentors would show no mercy and she reluctantly squatted down and began doing press-ups for them.

‘Look at that fat arse of hers!’ Lucy laughed. ‘Look at the way her arse cheeks wobble when she tries to do press-ups!’

‘Gives us all a good view of her cunt too,’ John chipped in, a huge grin on his face.

Tracey was utterly humiliated as well as exhausted but they forced her to keep going for what was another fifteen minutes though once again to the unfit Tracey it felt like hours.

When she crawled rather than rose to her feet Emily smiled right into her face.

‘Now it’s time for some skipping,’ she said happily. ‘Here’s a skipping rope; keep skipping till you get permission to stop.’

Tracey’s arms and legs ached as she forced herself to skip and skip and skip until at last her ordeal was over. Ribald comments about her large breasts, fat belly and fat bottom peppered the skipping session but by now she was past caring and only wanted the chance to rest and recover.

‘Nearly done,’ Emily grinned. ‘Just one more exercise for the time being. Stand at attention, Tracey.’

Tracey did as she was told and wondered what would happen to her next.

‘Now move your arms and legs wide apart in rhythm,’ she told her. ‘In, out, shake it all about!’

Tracey groaned as she realised she would not only be enduring physical pain and tiredness but would also be displaying her cunt fully to her audience as well as her tits. As with the three previous sessions it went on for fifteen minutes but seemed like a lifetime to her.

‘OK, that’s enough for now,’ said Emily. ‘Great to see you’re dripping with good honest sweat – I don’t suppose you’ve done anything physical for years! Now we’ll take you up to the bathroom where you’ll have a shower to wash away the sweat and grime from that fat flabby body of yours.’

She led Tracey up to the bathroom, the other kids following eagerly.

Tracey stood under the shower and the rest of the kids stood there watching and waiting. Emily turned on the shower and Tracey wailed with the sudden shock.

‘The water’s cold!’ she moaned.

‘Well, of course it is, bimbo!’ Emily laughed. ‘We’re not going to waste hot water on a dozy twat like you, Tracey! Wash yourself clean and then you can dry yourself.’

Tracey forced herself to endure the freezing water and then to towel herself dry in front of her openly laughing audience.

‘Right,’ said Emily, ‘you can put your thong back on now.’

Tracey felt furious that she wasn’t being allowed to wear more clothes but by now she was beginning to feel utterly helpless. All she could do was survive the eight days and hope that nothing too bad happened to her.

Emily led Tracey to the kitchen, her aunt wearing only her thong. She was then handed a lettuce and told to cut it up. After she’d done that she was handed two small tomatoes and told to put them on her plate with the lettuce. A slice of dry crispbread was also handed to her along with a glass of water.

‘There you go, Tracey,’ Emily smiled. ‘Eat your meal.’

Tracey stared at her niece in horror.

‘Is that all you expect me to eat?’

‘For now, yes,’ Emily laughed. ‘We’ll monitor your diet on a daily basis as well as your fitness regime and the attitude adjustment programme we’ve drawn up for you. Of course if you don’t want to eat it then you can always just go hungry.’

Furious but cowed, Tracey ate the minute salad resentfully and washed it down with a glass of water. The kids had all had a proper meal and weren’t hungry at all while poor Tracey was ravenous after her salad.

‘Right,’ said Emily. ‘I’ve already given you a brief outline of the house rules. Since I spoke to you earlier we’ve drawn up a more detailed list as well as a code of conduct for you. In addition we’ve drawn up a contract that you need to sign which commits you to carrying out all those things on pain of punishment. At the end of each day before we send you to bed you’ll receive a daily assessment from us all and depending on how well or badly you perform you’ll either be punished or rewarded. Today is Saturday and our parents aren’t coming back till Sunday evening next week so we’ve got plenty of time to educate you properly, Tracey. Now if you’ll just sign the list of house rules, the code of conduct and the contract of employment we can all get on with other things.’

Tracey picked up the six sheets of typed paper that Emily handed to her. She began reading them and her eyes widened with each new detail she took in. Her nephews and nieces found her obvious horror highly amusing.

The ‘house rules’ forbade her to have any keys, to the home, her bedroom door or even the keys to her own car. They also forbade her to have any access to a phone, the internet or a computer. They instructed her to obey every order she was given without argument, wear what she was told and eat what she was told to eat. She was ordered to follow a ‘fitness regime’ and a ‘strict diet’ while she was living there. She was also made to promise to do all the work around the home – the cooking, cleaning, gardening and housework. She was even ordered to attend to the every wish of her nieces and nephews and never to contradict them or refuse to obey their commands. In addition she was forbidden to watch TV, listen to the radio or music, read a book, magazine or newspaper.

Bad as all these things were, somehow the ‘code of conduct’ was even more degrading. In it Tracey was instructed never to speak unless she was first spoken to by one of the kids and if she needed to ask anything she had to put her hand up ‘like the spoilt, naughty brat you are,’ as the ‘code of conduct’ insultingly put it. She was required always to say ‘please’ and ‘thank you’ and always to be ‘respectful, polite and obedient at all times to the ladies and gentlemen of the house. From now on she would address each girl as ‘ma’am’ and each boy as ‘sir’ and if speaking collectively say ‘ladies and gentlemen.’ Even if she wanted to go to the toilet she had to ask permission by putting up her hand.

Under the terms of her ‘contract of employment’ Tracey would begin her day when she was let out of her bedroom by getting up and preparing breakfast for the kids which she would serve to them in their bedrooms. She would then be required to wash and dry up, make the beds, dust the house from top to bottom, vacuum the carpets and clean the floors and all the surfaces. Only after she had done all those things would she be allowed to have breakfast herself.

When those chores had been done and she’d finished her breakfast she would be required to perform her ‘morning physical fitness exercises’ before doing the gardening and any DIY work that needed to be done around the house. After that she was required to prepare lunch for the kids, wash and dry up and only then allowed to have her own lunch. She would then have to perform her ‘afternoon physical fitness exercises’ after which if the kids wanted her to she had to go shopping and buy them what they told her to get. Then it was time for her to make them afternoon tea and wash and dry up by hand afterwards. Tracey of course was not allowed to have afternoon tea herself or any kind of in-between meal snack.

After that it was her ‘duty’ to wash and iron the kids’ clothes, to stack them neatly away and to prepare the evening meal. She’d cook it, serve them, wash and dry up and then it was time for her ‘evening physical fitness exercises.’ Only after she’d carried them out and had a cold shower would she be allowed to eat her evening meal.

Then the kids would call her into the living room for her ‘daily assessment.’ Each of them would ‘evaluate’ her ‘performance’ and ‘attitude’ and each one would give her a ‘rating’ with the combined total being added up and then her ‘assessment’ given. Tracey was told that there were seven possible ‘grades’ she could achieve; appalling, poor, bad, mediocre, satisfactory, good and excellent.

Somehow Tracey doubted that she’d ever be able to get an excellent rating or even a good one. Even satisfactory might be difficult with the loathsome brats who were in charge of her. Depending on her ‘rating’ a ‘reward’ or ‘punishment’ would then be decided on between the kids. She was pretty sure that she would be highly unlikely to get ‘rewarded’ while she was in their power and virtually certain to be constantly ‘punished!’

After her daily assessment she’d be either rewarded or punished and then sent to bed to wait for her bedroom door to be unlocked the following morning.

At the end of her ‘eight-day temporary contract of employment’ she would then receive an ‘overall assessment of her performance and attitude’ following which she would either be ‘rewarded’ – no chance of that, thought Tracey ruefully – or ‘punished.’ The collective voice of the kids would decide which and what type of ‘reward’ or ‘punishment’ they felt was ‘appropriate’ in her case.

This is a fucking nightmare, Tracey thought angrily. I feel like a character in a Kafka novel who’s wandered into a world where nothing makes sense and nothing is how it should be.

For a moment she glared at the papers in front of her and then stared hard at Emily. The girl was openly grinning at her aunt and daring her to refuse to sign.

‘Well?’ her niece asked. ‘Are you going to sign, Tracey? Or would you rather I called the police and posted those photos all over the internet?’

Tracey swallowed hard and bit back the angry retort on her lips.

‘I’ll sign,’ she said reluctantly.

‘Good,’ Emily grinned. ‘I knew even a retard like you would see sense in the end. After all, we hold all the cards. Don’t we, Tracey?’

‘Yes, you do,’ Tracey admitted.

‘Well, get on with it then! Sign the fucking contract, bimbo!’

Tracey signed the contract and then tried one parting attempt to call her bluff.

‘You know this isn’t legally binding, Emily,’ she said quietly. ‘There’s no way this would stand up in a court of law.’

Emily laughed.

‘That’s all you know, Tracey! My dad’s a fucking lawyer; I know how to draw up a legally binding contract. Believe me, the document you’ve just signed has the full force of law. And don’t you know the laws have changed radically over the last few years? I’ve got full power over you now and I intend to use it without mercy. And by the way don’t you DARE call me Emily while you’re under our roof. You call me ma’am at all times; got that, shithead?’

Tracey gasped in horror as the full implications of what she’d just signed sunk in. She really was totally trapped in the power of these evil kids and there was no way out for her now, not even legally.

‘Yes, ma’am,’ she answered quietly, beginning to reflect on the full horror of her new life.

**Part Five**

After she’d signed the contract Emily told her to clean all the kids’ shoes. Tracey glared at her but prepared to get out the brush and polish before she was firmly stopped by a deadly glance from her niece.

‘Where the fuck do you think you’re going, bimbo?’

‘To get the shoe polish and brush, ma’am.’

‘Laters, retard. You only clean our shoes with polish and brush AFTER you’ve cleaned them to our satisfaction with your tongue and mouth!’

Tracey gazed at her in horror.

‘You mean...’

‘Yes, I mean I expect you to clean our shoes that way first and only then can you get the polish and brush. Now are you going to obey orders or are you looking to get your first punishment?’

‘No, ma’am, of course I’ll obey you,’ Tracey said quickly.

Quickly all the kids sat down in their comfy chairs and Tracey had to kneel before them in turn. She began with Emily and started licking and sucking her shoes with her mouth and tongue to the accompaniment of loud laughter from the other kids. Tracey felt disgusted physically and emotionally but she’d reached the point of no return some time ago. As she worked away on Emily’s shoes with her mouth and tongue the others eagerly took photographs.

Eventually all of the kids’ shoes had been ‘cleaned’ and then Tracey was required to get the polish and brush to ‘finish off’ the job. With a real sense of relief she scrubbed away and was finally allowed to call it a day.

‘Put the brush and polish away,’ Emily ordered her.

Tracey quickly obeyed before returning to await further humiliation.

‘Right, bimbo,’ a grinning Emily told her, ‘now you can wash our clothes and then when they come out of the tumble dryer you can iron them. When you’ve finished doing that you can start preparing our evening meal. Got that, retard?’

‘Yes, ma’am,’ a thoroughly miserable Tracey answered. ‘Thank you, ma’am.’

She gathered together the kids’ clothes and bunged them in the washing machine, thinking that she ought to be grateful that at least they hadn’t forced her to wash them by hand. Uncertain how she should react next she found Emily and forced herself to put up her hand like a schoolgirl.

‘Yes, Tracey?’ Emily said, a bored expression on her face. ‘Do you wish to say something?’

‘Yes, please, ma’am,’ Tracey answered. ‘I’ve put the clothes in the washing machine and I was wondering what you wanted me to do before they finish their cycle.’

‘It’s six o’clock in the evening; you can make a start on preparing our evening meal. Here is the menu we expect you to cook. Then when you’ve prepared the meal the washing should be about ready to iron. After you’ve finished that the meal should be ready to serve to us. Think you can manage to do all that, Tracey?’ she asked insultingly.

‘Yes, ma’am,’ Tracey replied weakly, fighting back a mounting resentment within her.

She prepared the evening meal, ironed the now clean clothes, served the kids their food, washed and dried up and then returned to the living room to await further orders. Emily smiled at her and then told her that tomorrow she would be ‘catering for a large function.’

Tracey looked at her niece in surprise.

‘What function is that, ma’am?’

‘We’re having a number of our friends over tomorrow at around 3 p.m. You will cater for them all and you will also help us provide entertainment for them all. Do you think you can manage to do that, bimbo?’

‘Yes, ma’am,’ Tracey answered, ignoring the deliberate insult. ‘Shall I get more shopping in for the party?’

‘Of course, you fucking retard!’ said Emily cruelly. ‘I’ll come with you to make sure you get exactly what we all need.’

‘OK, ma’am. Thank you, ma’am.’

Emily gave her a bored expression.

‘OK, just do one more set of physical exercises. As it’s your first night I’m only ordering you to do fifteen minutes running on the spot. Isn’t that kind of me, Tracey?’

‘Yes, ma’am, it’s very kind of you,’ Tracey forced herself to say. ‘Thank you, ma’am.’

She sweated and ached as she ran on the spot for fifteen minutes with the usual ribald comments about her large breasts bouncing and jiggling as she did so. Then she was ordered to take a shower after which she was allowed to eat her meagre salad.

‘Right, that’s it for today, Tracey,’ Emily told her naked aunt. ‘You can fuck off now and go to bed for the night. I’ll lock you safely in your room so you don’t have any accidents.’

‘Thank you, ma’am,’ a furious Tracey forced herself to say.

Her niece led her up the stairs and into the small box room before locking her in for the night. Once she was finally alone at last, Tracey wept silently at the humiliation of her position.

**Part Six**

In the morning Emily unlocked Tracey’s room and ordered her out. She did the housework, cooking, cleaning and gardening before she was given her car keys and told to drive the kids off to the shops. There Emily handed her a list of items for the party.

Once they were back she began preparing the food and finally it was all ready. Nervously Tracey waited for the arrival of the ‘guests.’

Emily had at least allowed her to wear the full ‘outfit’ she’d purchased for her at the teenage clothes store yesterday. She was hardly decent but at least Tracey actually had a bra, knickers, a short skirt and a short top on as well as the high-heeled shoes on her feet. Tracey had been very nervous that the kids might have forced her to appear before the other party ‘guests’ naked or at best in just bra and knickers. At least she’d let her keep some dignity, Tracey thought. Once she was ‘dressed’ Emily gave her some final instructions.

‘You will address all my guests as ladies and gentlemen and if you speak to them individually as sir or ma’am. Have you got that, Tracey?’

‘Yes, ma’am,’ Tracey answered, thoroughly dejected.

Soon the first bunch of kids arrived. There were five of them all looking around 13 to 15 years old and they gazed at Tracey with interest. Three were boys and two girls.

‘Is this the big-titted bimbo slut you told us was staying with you?’ one of the girls asked.

‘Yes, it is,’ Emily smiled.

‘What a fat fucking slag she is!’ the other girl laughed. ‘Is it true she’s your aunt?’

‘Yes, it’s true.’

‘Wow, that’s so fucking cool, Emily; fancy being able to turn your aunt into your own personal slave!’

Emily grinned.

‘Yes, we all think so; of course if she wasn’t such a total retard she’d never have let all this happen to her. She’s ours now and we can do anything we want to her. She’s even signed a contract admitting that we’re in charge of her till Sunday evening!’

‘Amazing! What’s her name?’

‘Tracey.’

The other girl laughed.

‘Yeah, Tracey sounds like a bimbo name all right. What you got planned for this evening?’

‘Oh, loads of things. There’s plenty of food and drink which Tracey here has prepared and cooked earlier and which she’ll serve to you whenever you want some.’

‘And the fun?’

‘It will be on going. Just enjoy yourself and watch Tracey here getting totally humiliated by all of us!’

The other girl turned directly to Tracey for the first time since her arrival.

‘Hey, bimbo, how big are those fat flabby tits of yours?’

Tracey blushed scarlet at the question and was furious at the girl’s deliberate rudeness but she knew she had no choice but to go along with her humiliation.

‘38D, ma’am,’ she replied.

Another dozen or so kids then began to arrive. Tracey took their coats and hung them up and she waited nervously for the ‘fun’ to begin. Emily deliberately prolonged the suspense and at first it was just Tracey serving the kids with food and drink.

Then the music began. Emily put on a CD and the kids started dancing. She then gave Tracey a cold gaze and decided to begin proceedings.

‘OK, here’s the first event of our fun-filled evening,’ she told them. ‘Tracey will now go round the room and kiss every member of the opposite sex.’

Tracey gazed at her niece in horror. She began to open her mouth and then remembered that under the ‘house rules’ she could only put her hand up like a naughty schoolkid if she wanted to ask anything.

Reluctantly she raised her hand and a grinning Emily guessed what was coming next.

‘Didn’t you understand my instructions, bimbo?’

‘Yes, ma’am, I understood them – but... do I really HAVE to do that, ma’am?’

‘Yes, you do, you stupid bitch. And by the way, when I say ‘kiss,’ Tracey, I DON’T mean a gentle peck on the cheek; I want full-on, passionate kissing like they were a boyfriend. Got that, bimbo?’

‘Yes, ma’am,’ Tracey answered miserably.

‘Think you can manage to do that, retard?’

‘Yes, ma’am,’ Tracey said, blushing furiously.

‘Well, let’s see you in action, dumbo!’

Tracey forced herself to move around the room where the delighted boys were treated to the spectacle of an attractive and full-figured woman in her twenties approaching them and kissing them passionately on the lips. Every one of the boys took advantage of the opportunity to grope Tracey’s large breasts at the same time. Even her two nephews John and Edward took part in the kissing and grope-fest, to Tracey’s deep shame.

Her face was the colour of beetroot by the time she’d finished. God knows what else that bitch has dreamed up for me at this ‘party,’ Tracey thought angrily.

‘OK, now repeat the process with the ladies,’ Emily ordered her cruelly.

Tracey knew that protesting would be pointless. With even less enthusiasm than before she made her way around the room while the girls kissed her lips and groped her breasts and cunt to their heart’s content.

‘Right, now it’s confession time,’ Emily told her. ‘Tell us all about your first kiss. Who was it with, what was it like, did you enjoy it?’

Tracey’s face went a deep magenta at that question. It had been embarrassing, unpleasant and unwanted and she’d hated every minute of it. For a moment she thought about either making a stand and refusing to answer or telling some acceptable version of what had happened. The look on Emily’s face showed her that somehow, goodness only knows how, she’d found out the truth and it would be pointless lying and would probably only result in further humiliation.

‘I was eleven years old,’ she began. ‘It was at school and there was this boy in my class who came up to me one day in the playground and grabbed me and kissed me. I tried to pull away but he was too strong for me. He held me there and kissed me for a good two minutes. And I hated every minute of it!’

The kids all laughed when she said that.

‘Even in those days you were too weak and stupid to look after yourself,’ Emily said cruelly. ‘No change there, then!’

Tracey gazed down at the floor feeling helpless and ashamed. What the hell was this bunch of kids planning for her? How much worse could the day get?

She was soon to find out!

**Part Seven**

‘Right, Tracey,’ said Emily, deciding to move on the process of humiliating her aunt. ‘Now let’s play another game. It’s called ‘truth or dare’ and I’ll ask you a question and you can either tell the truth or you have to carry out a dare that I’ll give you. So let’s begin. How many cocks have you sucked, Tracey?’

Tracey blushed with embarrassment at the question and the kids laughed heartily at her reaction. She wasn’t keen on humiliating herself verbally but she was pretty sure that any ‘dare’ her niece had worked out might be even worse. Tracey also had a nasty feeling that Emily might well have done some digging and have a pretty good idea of the true answer so lying wouldn’t be likely to dig her out of the hole she was in either.

‘What’s the dare, ma’am?’ she asked.

‘The dare is that you take off three items of clothing,’ Emily smiled. ‘I get to choose which three you remove.’

Oh God, thought Tracey, what am I wearing? A skimpy top, short skirt, high heeled shoes and a bra and knickers; that’s all. If I take off say my shoes, skirt and top I’ll be standing before these monsters in just my underwear. And knowing Emily even that won’t last long.

‘I’ll answer your question, ma’am,’ she said reluctantly. ‘I’ve sucked about a dozen cocks, ma’am.’

‘About a dozen? So not exactly a dozen?’

‘I’m not entirely sure, ma’am, but I think it was about a dozen.’

‘So it might have been more?’

‘Yes, ma’am, it might have been more.’

‘A lot more?’

‘No, not a lot more, ma’am. Maybe a couple more – I can’t remember the exact amount.’

Emily laughed.

‘You really are a total fucking slut, aren’t you, Tracey? You can’t even remember how many cocks you’ve had up that stupid gob of yours, can you?’

‘No, ma’am, not the exact number.’

‘What a dirty little whore you are!’ Emily said. ‘Can’t even remember!’

All the kids laughed as Tracey blushed a deeper shade of scarlet embarrassment.

‘Right, let’s try something different now,’ Emily said, a big grin on her face. ‘You have to carry out a task for us and if you fail to do it to our satisfaction you’ll have to pay a forfeit. So let’s see – how shall we begin? I know, stand on your head, Tracey.’

Tracey gasped at the prospect. She had never been able to do headstands at school or much else in the PE field to be honest and she also knew that by even trying she would be exposing her cleft that at present was only flimsily protected by the thong that passed as her knickers.

‘I’ll... I’ll try, ma’am,’ she said desperately.

As she got down on to her hands and knees in preparation to attempt the headstand she was brought to a juddering halt as a hard kick landed firmly on her backside. First one and then a whole series of kicks to her arse followed and only the fact that she knew that any kind of resistance or even protest would have been hopeless and probably made things even worse for her kept her from trying to stand up and yell at the kids.

When the kicking finished at last a bruised and mortified Tracey tried to do a headstand. She floundered helplessly in the air like an upturned bicycle and even though the kids all got a good look at her thong she couldn’t manage to do the headstand.

‘Oh dear,’ Emily said, a wicked grin on her face. ‘You couldn’t manage to carry out that order, could you, bimbo?’

‘No, ma’am, I’m afraid not,’ a crestfallen Tracey answered.

‘In that case,’ she told her, ‘it’s time for you to perform your first forfeit of the evening. Take off the thong covering your cunt and then spread your legs wide apart so we can all get a good look at it.’

Tracey gazed at her forlornly.

‘Must I, ma’am?’ she pleaded.

‘Yes, you must, bimbo,’ Emily laughed cruelly.

Tracey felt utterly ashamed and humiliated as she removed the thong and then spread her legs wide so that the kids could have a good look at her now completely unprotected cunt. They all gathered round and made obscene and insulting comments about it. Tracey blushed furiously but was utterly helpless and no longer bothered even to protest. The brats had her in their power and she could expect no mercy at their hands.

‘Right,’ said Emily, ‘keep your legs spread wide apart while I go and get something.’

By now Tracey was increasingly nervous about what might happen to her. This was only the second day of her ‘babysitting’ and God only knew what else these monsters had planned for the remaining six! She kept her legs spread while the kids jeered and some of the boys even dared to move up and touch her cunt with their hands and fingers. A withering glance from Lucy told her that if she even TRIED to protest about their intrusive fondling of her body she’d be in for even worse so she kept silent.

Emily returned from the kitchen with a basket. Tracey could not see what was inside but she knew that it would add to her already extreme humiliation and possibly also bring her pain as well.

‘Well, Tracey,’ she said, a cruel smile on her face, ‘I’ve decided to give you something to eat. Isn’t that kind of me, slut?’

‘Yes, ma’am, that’s very kind of you,’ Tracey forced herself to answer.

‘This is a frankfurter which I’ve taken the trouble of boiling in a saucepan so it’s nice and hot. Pick it up, Tracey!’

Tracey picked it up with her fingers and promptly dropped it on the floor.

‘Ow!’ she squealed. ‘It’s hot!’

Everyone laughed at that.

‘Well, of course it’s hot, retard! I’ve just boiled the fucking thing specially for you!’

Tracey looked forlornly at the floor. Emily was merciless as she pointed towards it.

‘Pick it up, bimbo!’ she ordered.

Tracey reluctantly picked it up and felt the hot sausage scalding her fingers.

‘Now put it up your cunt. Right up, Tracey, as far as you can make it go.’

Tracey stared at her in horror.

‘But,,,’

‘No ‘buts,’ Tracey. Do what you’re fucking well TOLD, moron!’

Tracey controlled the tears that were threatening to form behind her eyes and picked up the frankfurter. Reluctantly she pushed it up inside her cunt to loud laughter from the company.

‘Fucking amazing!’ John said. ‘That’s so cool, Emily!’

‘Cool in one sense but hot as fuck for bimbo Tracey here!’ Emily laughed.

They made her keep it inside her cunt for another three minutes or so till it had cooled down. Then, to Tracey’s relief, Emily released her.

‘Take it out, twat,’ she ordered.

Tracey’s relief was short-lived as Emily then gave her a cruel command.

‘Now eat it, fuckface!’

Tracey stared at her in horror.

‘But.. but it’s been...’

‘Up your dirty stinking cunt? Yes, we know that, shithead. You’re going to taste all your own cunt juices as well as the frankfurter when you eat it!’

A mortified Tracey forced herself to eat the disgusting thing and somehow managed to control her gag reflex.

When she’d finished Emily smiled happily to see her aunt’s humiliation.

‘Did you enjoy that, cunt?’ she asked cruelly.

‘No, ma’am,’ Tracey almost whispered.

‘Wrong answer,’ said Emily, smacking Tracey hard on her large round arse cheeks. ‘I’ll ask you again. Did you enjoy that?’

‘Yes, thank you, ma’am,’ Tracey forced herself to reply.

‘Good. From now on every time you give the wrong answer to a question you’ll get punished. Do you think that’s fair, Tracey?’

If looks could kill Tracey would have murdered Emily hundreds of times over by now. But she was helpless and at the mercy of the loathsome kids. All she could do was play along and wait for her torment to be over in about seven days time.

‘Yes, ma’am, that’s absolutely fair.’

‘So glad you agree,’ Emily smiled. ‘Right, let’s have a little quiz. Remember – every time you give a wrong answer you’ll be punished. Got that, bimbo?’

‘Yes, ma’am,’ a thoroughly miserable Tracey answered with a mounting sense of desperation

**Part Eight**

Emily began Tracey’s ‘quiz’ with a typically insulting question.

‘So let’s see – are you a fat fucking lump of lard, Tracey?’

Tracey blushed with embarrassment but knew she had to play along.

‘Yes, ma’am, I’m a fat fucking lump of lard.’

‘Do you have fat floppy tits?’

‘Yes, ma’am, I have fat floppy tits.’

‘Do you have a fat arse?’

‘Yes, ma’am, I have a fat arse.’

‘Are you a bimbo?’

Tracey hesitated for a moment, her spirit of defiance not yet entirely crushed.

‘Yes, ma’am, I’m a bimbo,’ she answered reluctantly.

‘Are you retarded?’

Tracey almost lost her temper at that point but forced herself to play along and humiliate herself in front of the kids.

‘Yes, ma’am, I am retarded.’

‘Would you say you were a totally stupid fucking cunt?’

‘Yes, ma’am, I’m a totally stupid fucking cunt.’

Emily looked disappointed.

‘Well, the questions are obviously so easy that even you can answer them, Tracey. Let’s try and make it a bit harder for you. We know already you can’t remember how many cocks you’ve sucked so let’s see if you do better on other areas. How many men have fucked you up the cunt?’

Tracey blushed bright scarlet at that question.

‘Please, ma’am, please don’t make me answer these questions,’ she begged.

‘Nonsense!’ Emily laughed. ‘You’ll do what you’re fucking told! So how many men have fucked you up the cunt? Or can’t you remember that either?’

Tracey lowered her eyes to the floor. She was embarrassed and utterly cowed by her niece and she just had no idea how much more of this she could take before breaking down completely.

‘Sixteen, ma’am.’

‘Sixteen? Are you sure about that? Not seventeen, eighteen?’

‘No, ma’am, definitely exactly sixteen.’

The kids all looked at Tracey and laughed.

‘What a fucking slut you are, Tracey! Aren’t you?’

‘Yes, ma’am,’ Tracey answered miserably.

‘What are you, cunt?’

‘I’m a fucking slut, ma’am.’

‘A total fucking slut?’

‘Yes, ma’am, I’m a total fucking slut.’

‘And do you believe that you should be punished for being a total fucking slut?’

Tracey stared at her niece with a desperate look in her eyes.

‘Please, ma’am,’ she said quietly. ‘Please don’t hurt me any more. I’ve done everything you’ve told me to do and I can’t take much more of this.’

Emily slapped her aunt round the face.

‘Don’t you EVER talk back to me, you fucking retard!’ she shouted. ‘And what did I tell you about putting up your hand first if you want to speak?’

Tracey gazed forlornly at the floor. She was utterly broken now and had no answer to the terrible situation she found herself in.

‘So are you going to apologise to me, twatface?’ Emily demanded cruelly.

‘Yes, ma’am,’ said Tracey meekly. ‘I’m sorry I talked back to you and I’m sorry I didn’t put my hand up first to ask you for permission to speak.’

‘Good. So now that’s three things you deserve to be punished for – being a fucking slut, talking back to your superiors and speaking without permission. Isn’t it, bimbo?’

‘Yes, ma’am, I deserve to be punished for all three of those things, ma’am.’

‘Well, let’s see how capable of thinking our bimbo cunt is,’ Emily grinned. ‘Which of those three things would you say is the most serious offence, Tracey?’

Tracey gazed at her in a mixture of bafflement and helplessness.

‘I’m not sure, ma’am,’ she said. ‘Which do you think is the most serious offence, ma’am?’

‘I ask the questions, moron! You just try and answer them! Got that, retard?’

‘Yes, ma’am. I’m very sorry, ma’am.’

‘So try and use that single brain cell stuck up your fat arse and try and give me an answer!’

Tracey tried desperately to think what answer would be most likely to appease her niece. She finally made up her mind.

‘I think the worst offence was when I talked back to you, ma’am,’ she said quietly.

‘And what about the other two – which is worse? Being a total fucking slut or speaking without permission?’

‘I suppose speaking without permission, ma’am,’ she answered.

‘But you do agree that you thoroughly deserve to be punished for all three offences?’

‘Yes, ma’am,’ Tracey answered, on the verge of tears at last.

‘Good,’ Emily smiled. ‘Well, let’s have a vote. On the charge of being a total fucking slut there are three possible penalties open to us. I’ll let you vote on them all and the one with most votes will be the punishment Tracey gets. So here are the three options. 1 – Tracey gets spanked by us all on that fat arse of hers; six swots from each one of us which adds up to – let’s see, there are seventeen guests and five of us so that’s a total of 132 spanks on her fat arse; 2 – Tracey has to masturbate herself to orgasm in front of each one of us; 3 – Tracey has to go into the garden naked and stand in the pillory we’ve recently had built by that nice carpenter neighbour of ours and we all get to throw nasty gooey stuff at her. So let’s take a vote, shall we? All those in favour of spanking that fat lazy arse of hers raise your hands?’

Tracey stared in horror at the choice of evils that awaited her. On the first vote six of the kids – four boys, two girls – put up their hands.

‘OK, who wants to see Tracey masturbate herself to orgasm in front of us?’

Five kids put up their hands, four of them boys and one girl.

‘And who wants to see Tracey naked in the pillory getting a good gunging?’

Eleven kids put up their hands including every one of her nieces and nephews.

‘OK, by majority vote the punishment for Tracey’s sluttishness will be that she gets to spend some quality time in the pillory getting gunged. Right, Tracey, strip naked for us! Then the fun can begin!’

Tracey gazed helplessly at her niece and saw not the slightest trace of pity in her face. All she saw on the faces of every one of the kids was cruelty and an obvious desire to see her not just naked but utterly humiliated.

In a last desperate attempt to retain some dignity Tracey put up her hand. Emily knew what was coming and her face wore a big grin of expectation.

‘Well, what is it, retard?’ she asked cruelly. ‘What is it you want to ask me?’

‘Please, ma’am, please, please don’t make me do this. Please, ma’am, leave me SOME dignity.’

Emily gazed right into Tracey’s eyes and laughed out loud.

‘Dignity?’ she said. ‘For YOU? When you’ve already admitted that you’re just a retarded bimbo slut? And that’s exactly what you are, isn’t it, Tracey? A retarded bimbo slut?’

Tracey’s eyes filled with tears. She knew it was hopeless and that her ordeal at the hands of these kids would be utterly horrific. And she still had six more days to go!

‘Yes, ma’am, I am,’ she almost whispered.

‘You’re what, Tracey? Say it out loud so we can all hear you!’

‘I’m ... I’m a retarded bimbo slut, ma’am.’

All the kids laughed heartily hearing the adult woman being forced to humiliate herself in front of them like this.

‘Yes, you are, Tracey,’ said Emily cruelly. ‘And retarded bimbo sluts don’t deserve any kind of dignity. So the answer is no, cunt! Strip naked and get ready for a good long session in the lovely pillory in our garden. twatface! Unless of course you’d rather some of the gentlemen here helped you out of those clothes?’

Tracey swallowed hard. This time she knew she had to answer but of course it would only mean yet more humiliation for her.

‘No, ma’am, I’ll strip,’ she said quietly.

As Tracey began taking off her clothes Emily cruelly twisted the knife of her humiliation even further.

‘Are you looking forward to being naked in front of all us ladies and gentlemen, Tracey?’

Tracey felt mortified but she already knew that a ‘wrong’ answer would only mean further ‘punishment’ for her.

‘Yes, ma’am, I’m looking forward to it.’

The kids laughed and giggled as she was forced to humiliate herself in front of them.

‘Are you looking forward to showing us that fat arse of yours and those fat floppy tits and that juicy cunt of yours, bimbo?’

‘Yes, ma’am, I’m looking forward to it,’ Tracey forced herself to say.

‘Looking forward to WHAT?’ Emily asked cruelly.

Tracey reluctantly supplied the missing words.

‘I’m looking forward to showing my fat arse and fat floppy tits and juicy cunt, ma’am.’

The kids all laughed when she said that.

‘Just like the dirty fucking slut you are!’ Emily said cruelly. ‘That’s what you are, isn’t it, Tracey – a dirty fucking slut?’

‘Yes, ma’am,’ a tearful Tracey answered. ‘I’m a dirty fucking slut, ma’am.’

More laughter followed from the kids.

‘And dirty fucking sluts have to be punished, Don’t they, bimbo?’

Tracey gazed forlornly at the floor when she answered quietly.

‘Yes, ma’am, dirty fucking sluts have to be punished, ma’am.’

Emily smiled cruelly.

‘So since you’re a dirty fucking slut, YOU have to be punished. Don’t you, Tracey?’

Tracey knew it was hopeless.

‘Yes, ma’am, since I’m a dirty fucking slut I have to be punished for that, ma’am,’ she forced herself to say.

By now she was completely naked and though she’d closed her legs and was trying to cover her breasts with her arms she was well aware of the gazes at her now nude body.

‘So glad you agree, Tracey,’ Emily laughed. ‘Right, take your arms away – in fact, throw them wide apart so you can give everyone a good look at those flabby tits of yours!’

Tracey blushed but did as she was told. Her large breasts were now fully exposed to the crowd and the boys immediately came up as close as possible to get a good look.

One of them came right up to Tracey and started fondling and groping her breasts. For a moment she was about to pull away or at least say something but a stern look from Emily made her keep quiet. She endured the groping for a good five minutes from the boys before finally Emily got bored and called them off.

‘OK, Tracey, you’ve had enough fun for now,’ she said cruelly. ‘Follow me, bimbo; we’ll take you out into the garden and get you all cumfy for your session in the pillory. Isn’t it kind of me to get you to volunteer to provide the entertainment for my party, Tracey?’

Tracey’s tears were in full flood by now. Somehow she managed to whisper out an answer.

‘Yes, ma’am, it’s very kind of you to ask me to provide the entertainment for your party, ma’am.’

She was led out by an eager group of still groping hands to await her doom!

**Part Nine**

Tracey was still not quite completely broken and for a few futile seconds she tried to struggle as she was led outside into the garden by a forest of eager kids. Even if it had been one against one Tracey wouldn’t have stood much chance but with over twenty kids she was easily restrained and soon found herself standing in the garden. A grinning Emily pointed to the huge wooden contraption that sat there.

‘Told you a carpenter friend had rigged this up for us!’ she laughed happily. ‘I’m going to enjoy this part of the evening very much, Tracey.’

She was dragged across to the pillory and bent over before her neck and wrists were securely fastened inside the top part of the device. It wasn’t quite a standard pillory which would at least have protected most of her body from assault though left her face cruelly exposed. This device had been constructed so that it was in two sections with her head and neck in the top part and then a gap deliberately left between the upper and lower sections of the device.

Her feet were then fitted into position on the lower board with her legs forced wide apart into ankle blocks, giving the ‘audience’ a perfect view of her exposed cunt. As a result of the design not only her face but her body was also easily available for target practice.

They reinforced Tracey’s state which was already one of helpless immobility by adding padlocks to the device. Poor Tracey could hardly move a muscle now!

‘Fucking great!’ exclaimed an enthusiastic Emily. ‘You cumfy in there, Tracey?’

The young girl deliberately mocked her aunt cruelly and Tracey was almost at the end of her tether. She was so angry that she would have tried to escape if she’d been able to. But as she was totally restrained as well as naked she knew resistance was useless. She also knew from earlier that evening that a ‘wrong’ answer meant that Emily would subject her to even worse levels of ‘punishment’ so she knew she had no choice but to humiliate herself yet again.

‘Yes, thank you, ma’am.’

The kids all laughed when she said that. Emily cruelly continued to humiliate her aunt.

‘Lovely and cumfy? So cumfy in there you want to spend quite a while inside the pillory?’

Tracey forced herself to give the ‘right’ answer to that ‘question.’

‘Yes, thank you, ma’am, lovely and cumfy. So cumfy I want to spend quite a while inside the pillory, ma’am.’

The kids laughed even louder when she said that.

‘OK, well, since you’re enjoying it in there so much we’ll let you stay for a long time! In the meantime we need to get the goodies all lined up ready for use. We’ve got quite a few different types of ammunition you can use. Here are some gloves you can use. We couldn’t possibly let our guests get their hands messy, could we?’

More laughter followed that announcement. In a couple of minutes the kids, directed by Emily, had gone to the cellar and the garden shed and picked up a number of boxes and buckets of stuff that was about to be used on the luckless Tracey.

Tracey hung helplessly in the pillory, dreading the forthcoming ordeal. She had no idea why her nieces and nephews were so cruel towards her but she was rapidly going off the idea of having any children of her own.

The pelting began fairly innocuously with a tub containing potato peelings and some cabbage and lettuce leaves. They didn’t hurt much but they did hit her in the face and also trickle down over her neck and shoulders. The kids took up a variety of positions, some favouring close up for greater accuracy and others further back for speed and power as the missiles hit her. Tracey spluttered a bit but if it didn’t get any worse she felt confident that she could survive it.

Of course she ought to have known better than to be so optimistic. The second bucket was much more unpleasant containing rotten vegetables, rotten fruit, rotten tomatoes, eggs, gravy and some mayonnaise. The concoction was disgusting and it hit her in the face and also on the body to loud cheers and laughter. It slowly trickled down via her tits to her stomach and the kids roared with laughter as they saw her humiliation.

Her nieces and nephews came up close and deliberately spread the disgusting concoction all across her body, particularly the mayonnaise and gravy. The other kids laughed and cheered at Tracey’s plight.

‘Right,’ Emily told the spectators, wiping her gloved hands on Tracey’s nude body, ‘before we get to bucket number three let’s have a slighter more traditional pelting.’

She produced a plate of custard pies and the kids eagerly began hurling them at Tracey. The pies landed in her hair, on her face, and some on her shoulders and even on her tits. The ones that landed on her tits were quickly grabbed by the kids, squashed firmly and rubbed into her tit flesh.

After that Emily produced a large tub of vegetable oil – catering size – and opened it with a big grin on her face.

‘This is going to be emptied all over you, bimbo!’ she laughed.

Tracey could only moan slightly at the expectation of a very messy and slippery coating of oil on her naked body. From head to toe she found herself covered with vegetable oil. Not content with pouring it over her body, Emily cruelly rubbed it into Tracey’s long blonde hair with her gloved hands.

‘Now let’s empty bucket number three over Tracey,’ a grinning Emily told the kids.

The third bucket contained a large quantity of custard which was poured over Tracey’s nude body from head to toe, being deliberately rubbed into her hair to mingle with the vegetable oil and increasing her humiliation.

‘Now for some fun with tubes and bottles,’ Emily said. ‘We’ll start off with these large tubes of brown sauce. Squirt it all over the bitch and don’t hold back!’

The luckless Tracey found brown sauce squirted all over her face, in her hair and over her body with the boys taking particular care to squirt it over her breasts and up her vagina and arsehole. It was utterly humiliating and then became painful as well when Emily squirted the brown sauce in Tracey’s ears and eyes.

After the tubes were exhausted and the kids laughed happily at Tracey’s discomfort Emily turned to a new angle of attack.

‘Let’s use these tubes of tomato ketchup just like we did with the brown sauce,’ she grinned.

An eager group of kids squirted Tracey with the ketchup, overlaying the effects of the brown sauce with a new red coloured sauce. She had passed into a state of semi-detachment now, aware only that she had to endure her torment until the kids finally got bored or ran out of ammunition. Till then all she could do was hang where she was while they bombarded her with muck.

Emily gazed in satisfaction at her handiwork. The once pretty Tracey had been reduced to an invisible mess covered with slime and all kinds of other unpleasant substances.

‘Now for the final bucket,’ said Emily.

Tracey was just about conscious enough to hear that comment and a sense of relief washed over her as she thought that her ordeal would soon be coming to an end at last.

The final bucket contained yoghurt, long since past its sell by date. The stench from the bucket was overpowering but Emily and the kids didn’t mind. Instead they just picked up the contents and threw them all over the helpless Tracey.

Emily, characteristically, scooped up a large amount of the yoghurt and poured it directly over her head. It had now turned into a slimy and sticky liquid and it was absolutely foul. She then used her gloves to rub it carefully into Tracey’s hair and face.

John approached and smeared her tits and cunt and arse thoroughly with the yoghurt before spreading some more on her face and finally emptying the rest of his bowl over Tracey’s head.

‘OK, time for the next stage in the fun,’ Emily laughed. ‘Get the barrel, John.’

John then dragged a large barrel over to the area of the pillory.

‘This,’ a grinning Emily said, ‘is pigswill. We’ve asked our friend the farmer if he could spare some for our party and he was happy to help us. Right, everyone, let’s empty the barrel of pigswill right over the twat!’

Eager hands lifted up the barrel and poured the disgusting pigswill all over Tracey, covering her from head to toe in the slimy substance. Everyone cheered and laughed at her discomfort.

‘OK, this is a large can of paint,’ said Emily. ‘Here goes, bimbo!’

With that she emptied the contents of the can all over Tracey, beginning with her hair and then letting it cover the whole of her nude body. Hoots of laughter and applause followed but Emily was nowhere near finished yet.

‘OK, here’s a large tub of black treacle,’ Emily told the kids. ‘Let’s see to it that every inch of her body gets covered with the stuff. Here are some paint brushes to help you spread it in evenly.’

Emily began by brushing the treacle into Tracey’s blonde hair. The kids all enjoyed brushing the muck on her body and every inch of her was eventually covered from head to toe in treacle. The boys particularly enjoyed spreading it on her tits and up her cunt and arsehole.

Finally they were all done. Every inch of Tracey’s body had been covered with the treacle on top of all the other concoctions that were sitting there.

Emily and the kids looked at the helpless Tracey in the pillory and laughed happily.

‘Some final touches, I think,’ said Emily cruelly.

With that she picked up a cucumber and pushed it hard right up inside Tracey’s cunt. The young woman gasped but could do nothing about it. Emily then picked up a carrot and pushed it hard right up Tracey’s arsehole. She then picked up a large packet of oatmeal and waved it in the air.

‘Let’s decorate the bimbo!’ she grinned. ‘Almost like tar and feathers!’

Tracey had to submit to the onslaught of oatmeal flakes being poured into her face, spread on her face, her tits, her cunt and arse and over her whole body. She was utterly humiliated and could only hope that her ordeal would soon be over.

As a final supreme touch Emily pinched Tracey’s nose to force her to open her mouth and then pushed an apple inside it. Her aunt was now effectively gagged.

‘You’ll be pleased to hear,’ she told the cheering kids, ‘that the apple I’ve just shoved up the bimbo’s gob is riddled with maggots. Enjoy, Tracey!’

After the laughter died down she spoke almost regretfully.

‘Well, let’s get back to the rest of the party. We’ll leave Tracey in the pillory overnight, shall we?’

Her suggestion was greeted by the kids with an enthusiastic ‘yes!’

‘You can all stay here overnight so we can carry on having more fun with Tracey tomorrow. I’m sure she’ll be happy to continue entertaining my guests!’

Tracey, naked, covered in slime, trapped in her pillory, could only weep silently and pray for the arrival of morning even though she knew that would bring no improvement in her treatment.

Oh fuck, why is life always so unfair to me, she thought bitterly.

**Part Ten**

Emily and the other kids partied on until the small hours when they went to bed. Tracey was left, naked, restrained in the pillory, covered with slime and with a maggoty apple in her mouth and a cucumber up her cunt and a carrot up her arse. She found it almost impossible to sleep.

In the morning Emily and the kids cruelly arrived and jeered her. Emily looked at her aunt with a huge grin on her face.

‘You really are a dirty fucking slut, aren’t you, Tracey? Just look at the state of you – all covered in filth and stinking like fuck! What on earth do you expect my guests to think of you?’

Tracey could say nothing but moaned faintly as the kids all laughed at her. The episode in the pillory had totally broken her and she had no powers of resistance left.

Emily moved across and took out the cucumber from her aunt’s cunt and the carrot from her arse. She placed them carefully on the ground before finally removing the maggoty apple from Tracey’s mouth.

‘Were you cumfy last night, Tracey?’ Emily mocked her. ‘Did you enjoy the entertainment?’

‘Yes, thank you, ma’am,’ she managed to force out.

‘Lovely and cumfy?’

‘Yes, thank you, ma’am; lovely and cumfy.’

‘And did you enjoy the entertainment?’

‘Yes, thank you, ma’am; I enjoyed it.’

‘But you made a bit of a mess last night, didn’t you? Are you sorry about that?’

Tracey was past any semblance of protest or resentment. Meekly she gave her niece the humiliating answer she wanted to hear.

‘Yes, ma’am, I’m very sorry I made such a mess last night.’

‘Well, you’d better clear it up then, hadn’t you? John, take her down and we’ll begin the clean up process.’

To her enormous relief John released Tracey from the pillory and pointed to her to stand on the concrete path.

‘Right, let’s start cleaning this bitch up,’ said Emily. ‘John, turn on the hose.’

The garden hose was then turned on and directed full on at Tracey’s naked body. The jets of water stung her as they thudded into her body and it was particularly painful when they were aimed at her tits and cunt. Tracey endured it all and after about fifteen minutes of this ordeal most of the dirt had been removed from her body.

‘Hm, a good start,’ Emily grinned. ‘Let’s give her the second level of cleaning.’

Buckets of ice cold water were then produced and thrown vigorously over Tracey’s body. The cold water made her gasp and shiver but the kids just laughed at her discomfort.

‘OK, now for phase three,’ Emily said. ‘Get the yard broom and scrubbing brush.’

The kids then rubbed Tracey’s nude body vigorously with the broom and brush and it hurt like hell as they scraped away at her. Finally Emily was nearly satisfied with her handiwork.

‘Right, that’s you almost decent, Tracey,’ she laughed. ‘Now for the final stage of your clean-up. We’ll put you through the carwash.’

Even the thoroughly cowed Tracey seemed to stir at that suggestion. She looked as if she was about to speak when Emily pointed to John and Lucy and Stacey and got them to come across and join her.

‘Let’s get Tracey strapped into the hanging harness,’ Emily said.

Her siblings eagerly took hold of their aunt and dragged her across to another platform in the garden. Her feet were placed on the platform and her arms were quickly strapped into the attached hanging harness.

‘Right,’ Emily laughed, ‘now we can start the device. We’ll begin with the wetting station.’

Tracey found herself dangling in a fixed position while after John had pressed a button the conveyor belt began to move her from station to station. The wetting station drenched her from head to toe in water and removed a bit more of the remaining gunge.

‘Now for the soapy spray station,’ Emily laughed.

Tracey found soapy spray being blown all over her naked body and it was most uncomfortable and degrading. The audience loved it of course!

‘Now the rinsing station,’ said Emily, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

Tracey now had the accumulation of suds rinsed off her and yet more grime was removed.

‘Now for the final stage,’ Emily told her, ‘the blow dry station.’

Tracey felt powerful currents of hot air blowing across her body to dry her. It was fierce and uncomfortable but at least she was finally clean. Her nieces and nephews looked at their now clean aunt and laughed.

‘Enjoy the car wash, Tracey?’ Emily asked her cruelly.

A thoroughly shaken Tracey somehow managed to answer her.

‘Yes, thank you, ma’am.’

‘Good. Well, go and make us all breakfast while we decide what we want you to do next.’

‘Yes, ma’am. Thank you, ma’am,’ a bewildered and subdued Tracey answered.

She headed off to the kitchen to see what she could find in the way of food to give the guests at Emily’s party.

**Part Eleven**

Now that Tracey was completely broken somehow her continuing humiliation had less appeal for Emily and most of her siblings.

‘I know the plan was to turn her into a brainless bimbo,’ Stacey said. ‘Even though she was already half-way there we certainly pushed her further along the way. But now she’s more or less a total zombie it’s not so much fun as it was.’

‘Yes, I feel that,’ said Emily. ‘Maybe we need to build the bitch back up again so we can knock her right down.’

‘I quite like her like she is,’ Lucy said. ‘Maybe we should keep it up and then on her last day we can take her down to the Slave Processing Centre and get her registered.’

‘I agree with Emily and Stacey,’ said John. ‘It’s not so much fun as it was when she was still fighting us.’

‘How would you build her up again anyway?’ Stacey asked. ‘I think last night totally freaked her out and she’s just fucked-up completely.’

‘We’ll have to ease off a bit,’ said Emily. ‘Let’s start by giving her some clothes to wear.’

On that issue Emily found herself in a minority of one. John, Edward, Lucy and Stacey were adamant that Tracey should remain naked at least for the duration of the weekend. Reluctantly Emily went along with the majority decision.

‘Naked it is then,’ she said. ‘Any ideas as to how we should treat her for the rest of the day? After the pillory and the cleaning up afterwards it’s pretty much a bit hard to think of stuff that won’t seem like an anti-climax!’

‘We ought to put her into restraints,’ Lucy suggested. ‘Handcuffs, shackles, that sort of thing.’

‘A collar around her neck too,’ said John.

‘Yeah, a dog collar with a leash so we can lead the bimbo about!’ Stacey laughed.

‘Well, how do you suggest we get them? We haven’t got cuffs or shackles and we haven’t got a dog so we can’t even fit her with a collar and leash!’ Emily pointed out.

‘I guess we’ll have to take her shopping,’ said Lucy. ‘I know it means letting her wear a few clothes but we’ll take them off of her when she gets back.’

‘OK, I’ll get her to drive us to the mall,’ said Emily.

She went indoors and summoned Tracey over.

‘Get dressed,’ she commanded. ‘We’re taking you out shopping. Do you understand what I’ve just said, bimbo?’

‘Yes, ma’am,’ Tracey answered in a quiet, monotonous voice.

She put on the high-heeled shoes, ridiculously short skirt, short see-through white blouse and followed her new boss. Of course she wasn’t allowed to wear a bra or knickers so Tracey felt very exposed and humiliated by her slutty outfit but that was exactly how the kids wanted her to feel.

Tracey got into the car when Emily handed her the keys and the kids got in with her. Then she started up the engine and drove off.

‘We’re going to the shopping mall, Tracey,’ Emily told her. ‘We’ll be buying some things on your credit card. Do you have anything to say about that?’

‘Thank you, ma’am,’ Tracey said in her flat quiet voice.

When they reached the car park Tracey parked the car, handed Emily the keys and followed the kids into the mall. They began in a pet shop where Emily picked out a dog collar and lead and handed them to Tracey.

‘Put the collar on, bitch,’ she ordered.

Tracey stared at her for a moment but did as she was told. Once the collar was securely in place around her neck Emily tightened it a bit and then clipped the leash on to it.

‘Walk on all fours for us, Tracey,’ Emily commanded.

Tracey did as she was told, attracting a few strange looks from the handful of customers who were in the store.

‘Perfect!’ Emily announced. ‘Right, take it off now. We’ll buy them.’

She took the collar and leash and was about to proceed to the checkout when Lucy pointed to a dog bowl with a double dip, one for food and one for water.

‘Let’s get that as well,’ she said. ‘Make the bitch eat and drink out of the bowl.’

Her idea was enthusiastically approved by the other kids and then Emily walked to the till and paid for the three items with Tracey’s contactless credit card.

Once they were wrapped up Emily handed them to Tracey to carry.

‘Let’s go,’ she said, ‘a few more items to buy yet.’

Their next stop was a hardware store where Emily identified a box of clothes pegs, some rope, large hooks, a roll of duct tape, a length of barbed wire and a large roll of cling film as suitable purchases. Once again she went to the till and bought them with Tracey’s credit card.

‘The next bit is going to be a bit tough,’ said Emily. ‘Right, Tracey, take these things in the car and drive.’

Meekly Tracey did as she was told and they left the shopping precinct to go into a shop on the outskirts of town.

‘Right, get out, bimbo,’ Emily told Tracey. ‘This is the tricky bit. Only me and John could pass for being over 18 – the rest of you will have to stay in the car.’

‘Where are you going?’ Lucy asked curiously.

‘To a sex shop,’ Emily grinned. ‘That’s where we’ll get Tracey to buy the rest of the goodies.’

Tracey, even in her docile state, reacted slightly to that announcement. She didn’t actually say anything but she looked alarmed and her obvious fear only made the kids laugh.

‘Right, bimbo, follow me,’ Emily ordered her. ‘Move that fat arse of yours!’

Tracey followed her eldest niece and nephew into a small parade of shops. Above the door of one was a sign reading ‘licensed adult shop.’ Emily nodded her approval and opened the door.

The shop was not very busy and there seemed to be two members of staff – a man in his early thirties and a woman in her early twenties.

‘Hi there,’ Emily began. ‘I’d like to buy some stuff.’

The man looked at her and then John and finally Tracey.

‘How old are you?’

‘I’m 19 and he’s 18,’ she lied smoothly.

‘OK, what do you want to buy?’

‘Some handcuffs, leg shackles, waist cincher, a tit press, nipple clamps, butt plug, dildo, ring gag, ball gag, prick gag, blindfold, hood, a posture collar for starters,’ Emily told him.

‘I see,’ the man said. ‘And how are you planning – to use them?’

‘We’re going to use them on her,’ Emily grinned, pointing to Tracey. ‘She’s our slave girl.’

He looked at Tracey and asked her a direct question.

‘Is that true?’

For a brief moment a spark of rebellion and spirit lingered in Tracey’s eyes but then faded. She had been broken by the pillory and ‘clean up’ and the thought of what might happen to her if she went against the wishes of the kids terrified her.

‘Yes, that’s right, sir,’ she answered in a flat, dead monotone. ‘I’m their slave girl.’

The young girl staff member looked at Tracey with interest.

‘Nice tits,’ she said. ‘I can see why you want to have fun with them!’

‘Too fucking right!’ Emily laughed.

‘Well, the restraint devices are great but why stop there?’ she said. ‘Why not also get some toys for discipline?’

‘What did you have in mind?’ Emily asked eagerly.

‘Well, what about a chastity belt so you’re in total control of your slave’s cunt and she can’t even masturbate without your permission? A cane and a whip and a cattle prod to discipline her? Or a straightjacket to keep her in severe restraint? Some alligator clips and an electrical unit so that you can connect one end of the clips to the unit and the other end to her tits or clit and then pass electrical shocks through them? A ring gag with spikes fitted round the ring part and also jutting out so the spikes dig into her tongue and the roof of her mouth? Benwa balls that you can stick up her cunt so every time she walks they move about inside? ’

Emily and John looked at each other and smiled.

‘Yes, I like the sound of all those,’ said Emily. ‘We’ll take them. Oh, by the way, do you have a fitting room where my slave can try them on?’

‘Yes, we do,’ the girl smiled. ‘Follow me.’

The girl led them off to a fitting room where, at Emily’s command, Tracey stripped naked.

‘Yes, those big tits of hers are ideal to have fun with,’ the girl laughed. ‘OK, let’s start with the handcuffs. I recommend the triple locking set which also has a heavy padlock attached as an extra security measure and which as well as the key also has a combination so that it isn’t possible to unlock it with just the key – you’d need to unlock the combination first before you could unlock it with the key. Does that idea appeal to you?’

‘Fuck, yes!’ Emily answered enthusiastically. ‘Show me how it works.’

So she pushed Tracey’s wrists behind her back, snapped the handcuffs shut and then made a triple turn to keep them in place. She then closed the padlock on the length of chain between the cuffs and then entered a series of digits on the combination panel. After that she used the key to double lock the padlock.

‘Nice and secure,’ she grinned. ‘If you buy this I’ll give you the combination though of course you can change it to your own settings.’

‘Great!’

‘Now spread your legs, slave, while I fasten the shackles on your legs for your owners.’

Tracey groaned slightly but did as she was told. Soon the feel of cold metal on her ankles told her she was secured by her feet as well as her hands.

‘Would you like to buy a spreader bar as well to keep her cunt spread nice and wide for you?’ the girl asked.

‘Yes, why not? Fit it for us,’ Emily told her.

The girl clipped the metal bar into the sockets on the leg chains and then clipped it into place. Now Tracey was forced to display herself obscenely for her audience of four.

‘Let’s do the waist cincher next,’ the girl suggested. ‘I’m assuming you want your slave to be in maximum restraint and discomfort so I’ll recommend this particular model. It comes with metal spikes that dig into her waist flesh to make her feel cold and clammy as well as digging painfully into her skin.’

‘Fucking great!’ Emily laughed.

‘It can be tightened to three possible settings – tight, medium and loose. I’m assume you want me to fit your slave with the tightest possible setting?’

‘Of course,’ Emily grinned.

Tracey winced as the belt bit into her waist flesh and the spikes dug painfully into her.

‘Now for the butt plug,’ the girl smiled. ‘I suggest you buy three different types and begin with the small one to get your slave used to the feel of it up her arse. Then when she’s trained you can go on to the bigger one which is more or less the same size as an erect prick. The most severe one is like that but can also be locked with a key so she can’t force it out of her which she can with the small butt plug. It also has metal spikes fitted from top to bottom and along every side of it so that when it’s up her arse it’s really fucking painful for her – especially when it comes out because it will rip her arse flesh!’

‘Fucking amazing!’ Emily laughed. ‘OK, shove it up her arse.’

The girl pushed the small butt plug up Tracey’s arse and it felt uncomfortable but not as yet actually painful.

‘Now let’s fit the dildo up her cunt,’ the girl smiled. ‘Again we’ve got more than one model – the basic one and a metal dildo that, like the butt plug, can be locked into place up her cunt. Like the advanced butt plug, it also comes with metal spikes to rip her cunt flesh. I’d recommend starting with the basic one and then moving on to the more – advanced – model when you’ve trained her properly.’

Emily watched in fascination as the girl pushed the intruding dildo up Tracey’s cunt. She grinned as she saw her aunt beginning to moan slightly as it buried its length inside her.

‘Filthy fucking slut, aren’t you, Tracey?’ she asked cruelly. ‘I bet you fucking love that dildo up that dirty cunt of yours, don’t you?’

Tracey gazed at her niece beseechingly but saw no pity there. Terrified of the consequences of saying anything out of place, she gave the answer she knew her niece wanted.

‘Yes, ma’am, I fucking love that dildo up my dirty cunt, ma’am.’

‘Just like the fucking whore you are, right?’

‘Yes, ma’am, just like the fucking whore I am, ma’am,’ Tracey answered quietly.

‘Now let’s fit her with her chastity belt, shall we? We’ll lock it into place over her butt plug and cunt dildo,’ said the shop girl.

The chastity belt was fitted and locked into place and poor Tracey was feeling utterly humiliated not least by the fact that she became uncomfortably aware that her cunt was getting wet.

‘Now for the posture collar,’ the girl said. ‘I assume you want the most severe model to go round her neck.’

‘Of course,’ Emily answered.

‘Well, this one, like the waist cincher, has metal spikes that dig into her neck as well as a padlock to hold it in place with a numerical combination that’s set first and then secured again by locking it with a key. I’ll just fit it for you.’

Poor Tracey felt the uncomfortable sensation of a metal collar being fastened much too tightly around her neck, the spikes digging into her neck flesh and the padlock being first set with the combination and then locked into place.

One by one the various items were tried out on the luckless Tracey. By the time they’d finished she was sobbing and weeping openly and Emily decided it might be a smart move to take her out of the shop in case the staff started to feel sorry for her.

‘We’ll take the lot,’ she announced. ‘Get dressed again, Tracey.’

Tracey got dressed but she knew what was coming when she got back to her sister’s place and the idea filled her with increasing terror. Five more days of captivity at the mercy of these evil brats!

And Tracey knew only too well that ‘mercy’ was not a word in their vocabulary!

**Part Twelve**

Tracey drove her nieces and nephews back to their parent’s house, parked her car, handed over the keys to Emily and followed them back indoors.

‘OK,’ Emily announced, ‘let’s have some more fun. To begin with, Tracey, strip naked!’

Tracey’s eyes were dead by now and she obeyed the instruction to strip in a mechanical, robotic way. When she was naked Emily turned to the bags and pulled out a large box of clothes pegs.

‘Right,’ she said, ‘let’s play a new game – pin the clothes pegs on the naked bimbo! Tracey here has kindly volunteered to let us put them on her. Haven’t you, cunt?’

‘Yes, ma’am, I have,’ Tracey answered in that flat, dead, monotonous voice that by now was the only tone she seemed able to muster.

Emily tipped the clothes pegs on to the floor and began proceedings by clipping two of the pegs on each of Tracey’s nipples and a third on her clit. Tracey yelped, particularly when the peg went on her clit, but otherwise did not protest. She was too broken and too scared of what else might happen to her to resist or even complain.

Before long the clothes pegs adorned every available inch of Tracey’s nude body – her cunt lips, her arse cheeks, the soft flesh of her belly, her inner thighs, her ears, her face, even her mouth and tongue. From head to toe she was soon covered in clothes pegs. The pain was excruciating but of course that only added to the pleasure of the evil kids.

'Enjoying yourself, Tracey?' Emily asked cruelly. 'Is it cumfy for you having all those clothes pegs on your naked sluttish body?'

Tracey, wincing in pain, lowered her gaze to the floor. Somehow she found the strength to say the words she knew her cruel niece wanted to hear.

'Yes, thank you, ma'am, I'm enjoying myself very much. And it's lovely and cumfy having the clothes pegs on my naked sluttish body.'

Everyone laughed when she said that.

'You stupid fucking cunt!' Emily laughed. 'That's what you are, isn't it, Tracey - a stupid fucking bimbo cunt?'

'Yes, ma'am,' Tracey mumbled. 'I'm just a stupid fucking bimbo cunt.'

'And stupid fucking bimbo cunts have to be punished, don't they?'

'Yes, ma'am, stupid fucking bimbo cunts have to be punished.'

'So you agree that you deserve to be punished?'

'Yes, ma'am, I agree that I deserve to be punished.'

Emily gave her a cruel smile.

'Well, let's see. Perhaps we should take a vote. There are lots of fun ways we could punish you - we could cane you, whip you, or we could give you electric shocks. Who wants to see Tracey caned?'

Around twelve hands went up.

'Whipped?'

About ten hands went up.

'Given electric shocks?'

About eight hands went up.

'Well, that's settled then,' a grinning Emily answered. 'You are going to be caned, Tracey. Do you agree that it's a fair and just punishment and no more than you deserve?'

Tracey blanced at the prospect but knew she couldn't refuse without something even worse happening to her. With a tremble in her voice she slowly answered.

'Yes,ma'am, it's a fair and just punishment and no more than I deserve, ma'am.'

Emily gave her an odious smile.

'So glad you agree, Tracey. Well, I suppose we need to consider the practical difficulties. At the moment every part of her body is completely covered with clothes pegs. If we try and cane her while she's wearing them it won't be easy for the cane to find its mark. So the bad news is that the clothes pegs have to come off. The good news,' she grinned happily, 'is that it will hurt even more when they come off than when she's got them on!'

Loud laughter and cheers greeted that announcement.

'Well, let's pull the pegs off Tracey,' said Emily. 'Slowly, one at a time, to maximise the pain she'll feel.'

Tracey winced in pain as one by one the pegs were removed from her body. When it was finally over she felt a wave of pain washing over her but the kids laughed and cheered.

'Right,' said Emily. 'Would you like to be caned now, Tracey?'

For a moment the agony she had undergone stirred a flicker of rebellion in Tracey's heart. But the flame that had briefly flickered died as she realised the hopelessness of her situation. Reluctantly she said the words she knew her niece wanted her to say.

'Yes, please, ma'am,' Tracey said quietly.

'Yes please what, bimbo cunt?'

'Yes, please, ma'am. Please cane me.'

'Gently or hard?'

Oh God, Tracey thought, these kids are monsters. Is there no level of pain and degradation they won't put me through? Gritting her teeth, she forced herself to answer.

'Please cane me hard, ma'am,' she almost whispered.'

**Part Thirteen:**

Tracey was forced to bend over a chair while Emily produced a cane and showed it to the appreciative audience.

'This,' she said triumphantly, 'is what we're now going to use to punish our bimbo slut. Now as Tracey has just agreed that she deserves to be caned and has even asked to be caned hard rather than gently it seems a shame not to do what she wants us to do to her. As an additional part of her punishment she will count each stroke and thank me after each one. Got that, bimbo?'

'Yes, ma'am,' Tracey groaned in response.

'Good,' Emily grinned. 'I think we'll begin by getting Tracey to kiss the cane. You'd like to kiss the cane, wouldn't you, bimbo?'

Tracey could only squirm in anguish at the prospect of yet more humiliation.

'Yes please, ma'am,' she meekly answered.

Emily smiled cruelly as she picked up the cane and held it up against Tracey's lips.

'Kiss the cane, slut,' she grinned. 'Kiss it like you're kissing a man's prick when he's got a real hard on!'

Tracey blanched but prepared herself for the distasteful task. She gave her best effort to lick and kiss the cane with a semblance of enthusiasm and enjoyment while the kids all laughed at her abject humiliation.

'What a total fucking slut!' Emily laughed. 'Well, let the fun begin!'

She made a practice 'swish' through the air before landing her first stroke hard on Tracey's arse cheeks.

'Ow!' Tracey yelped.

Emily gave her a cool smile.

'You didn't count the strokes, Tracey. Or thank me for caning you. That means we'll have to start again - that first one was just a practice stroke and doesn't count.'

Tracey felt tears begin to fill her eyes but she knew her situation was hopeless.

'I'm very sorry, ma'am,' she answered weakly. 'I'll do better in future.'

'You'd better, cunt,' Emily said cruelly.

This time when the first (actually second stroke) landed Tracey was more prepared - if not for the pain at least for the reaction she knew was expected of her.

'Ouch! One. Thank you, ma'am,' she said.

Stroke followed stroke and by the time Emily had delivered the thirteenth slash of the cane on her arse Tracey was sobbing her eyes out and howling in pain. The appreciative audience of kids laughed and cheered and insulted the helpless adult woman as she was bent over the chair, her backside stinging from the painful blows.

'Fourteen. Thank you, ma'am,' Tracey somehow managed to force out. 'Fifteen. Thank you, ma'am. Sixteen. Thank you, ma'am.'

By now she was in agony and could hardly speak the hateful and humiliating words. Her juvenile tormentors only laughed and cheered at her continuing suffering.

Tracey took (and somehow managed to count and thank Emily for) twenty-four hard strokes before the last one finally came down upon her.

'Twenty-five. Thank you, ma'am,' a sobbing and almost incoherent Tracey managed to say.

'I think that's enough for now,' Emily said. 'My arm is getting tired from swotting that fat arse of yours. OK, I'll take off your cuffs and shackles for the moment and you can sit down.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' a grateful Tracey answered.

As usual she had no idea of the plans her niece had in store for her! When she sat down on the chair her already sore arse reacted immediately and she leapt up.

'Ouch!' she gasped.

'Did I give you permission to get up, Tracey?' Emily asked her sternly.

'No, ma'am,' Tracey answered quietly.

'Then fucking sit down again, you stupid fucking cunt!'

'But ma'am...'

'What, bimbo? Are you complaining about the fact there are loads of drawing pins on the chair? So fucking what! Remember - this is MY fucking party and YOU'RE just here to provide the entertainment - you ARE the entertainment, in fact. So just sit down and let all those lovely pins sink nicely into that fat arse of yours, you stupid cunt!'

'Yes, ma'am,' Tracey said, her voice trembling.

She forced herself to sit back down in the chair while the kids laughed and jeered at her. The pins of course dug deeply into her arse and Emily made sure her ordeal was worse by sitting on top of her aunt and adding to her discomfort. As she bounced up and down happily Tracey squealed in pain while the other kids fell about laughing.

'She really is a total fucking moron!' Emily said. 'Isn't that right, Tracey?'

'Yes, ma'am, I really am a total fucking moron, ma'am,' Tracey answered miserably.

'And wasn't it kind of me to let you sit down after I'd caned your fat arse?'

'Yes, ma'am, it was very kind of you, ma'am.'

'And was it lovely and cumfy for you having all those nice drawing pins stuck right up that fat arse of yours?'

Tracey swallowed hard but forced herself to answer.

'Yes, thank you, ma'am. It was lovely and cumfy having all those nice drawing pins stuck right up my fat arse, ma'am.'

All the kids laughed out loud at Tracey's humiliation.

'So glad you enjoyed yourself, cunt!' Emily giggled. 'You can get up now, bimbo.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' Tracey answered.

Her abused arse felt on fire but she didn't dare to try to remove the pins that by now were firmly embedded in it or even to rub it to try and ease the pain a little.

**Part Fourteen:**

'Right,' said Emily. 'I think the gentlemen may have been feeling slightly left out so we'll put that right. Tracey, stand up and spread your legs wide apart. I'm sure you want the gentlemen to get a good look at that dirty cunt of yours, don't you, slut?'

Tracey blinked in horror and embarrassment but she could do nothing.

'Yes, ma'am, I do want that.'

Emily twisted the knife cruelly.

'So tell us all what you want, bimbo. Loud and clear.'

Tracey fought back tears as she forced herself to say yet more humiliating words.

'Please, ma'am, I'd like to let the gentlemen get a good look at my dirty cunt, ma'am.'

Emily smiled and the other kids laughed when Tracey said that.

'Well, spread your legs wide apart like the fucking whore you are, Tracey.'

Tracey, still tethering on the edge of tears, forced herself to do as she was told.

'Good,' said Emily. 'Right, hands behind your back, retard. I'm going to handcuff you again.'

Tracey meekly put her hands behind her back while her niece handcuffed her wrists. She then had to submit to having shackles fastened to her ankles.

'What do you say, twatface?' Emily prompted.

'Thank you, ma'am,' Tracey answered, her voice trembling in shame and fear.

'Now I'm sure the gentlemen would like to feel you up, Tracey. And I'm equally sure you want them to feel you up. Isn't that right, whore?'

Tracey's tears trickled slowly out of her eyes as she forced herself to answer.

'Yes, please, ma'am.'

'Would you fucking love the gentlemen to feel you up, slut?'

'Yes, please, ma'am. I'd fucking love the gentlemen to feel me up.'

'In that case I give you permission to take the pins out of that fat arse of yours. We don't want the gentlemen to risk hurting themselves on them, do we?'

'No, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am.'

Well, at least the pins were finally out. Then a forest of male hands, even including those of her nephews, soon roamed all over her. They groped, grabbed, fondled, squeezed, sucked, licked and even bit her large tits; they groped and squeezed her arse (as well as giving it quite a few hard swots); and their fingers explored her cunt in a totally invasive fashion. The boys loved it and the girls enjoyed watching Tracey's humiliation. Everyone laughed aloud at her enforced degradation.

'Well, Tracey, don't you have something to say?' Emily asked cruelly when the boys had finally finished.

Sobbing, Tracey forced herself to say the hateful words of self-abnegation.

'Yes, ma'am. Thank you, gentlemen, for feeling me up. I fucking loved every second of it!'

Everyone laughed at that, Emily loudest of all.

'Of course you did, you fucking whore! Now let's see how good you are at cocksucking. I'm sure a total slut like you would like nothing better than to suck every one of the gentlemen's pricks, wouldn't you, bimbo?'

Tracey gasped in horror and for the first time in ages a little spirit seemed to return to her.

'Please, please, don't make me do this. Please, have mercy on me. This isn't right!'

Emily laughed.

'We decide what's right, twatface. You don't get a say in things any more. Now you can either volunter to suck every one of the gentlemen's pricks or I'll whip your tits and cunt. Or maybe give you some electric shocks. So what do you say, fuckpig?'

Tracey stared at her niece in abject terror. She was now confronted with a choice of evils - to be orally raped or to be whipped and/or electrically tortured. And she already knew how much the cane had hurt her - and that was on the relatively resilient flesh of her arse. The idea of having her tits and cunt whipped was horrific.

'Sorry, ma'am,' she forced herself to say. 'I apologise for being rude and disrespectful towards you and the gentlemen. I would fucking love to suck every one of the gentlemen's pricks, ma'am.'

'Good,' Emily smiled. 'Oh, and by the way, don't even THINK about spitting out that delicious spunk that's going down your stupid fucking gob. It's rude to do that and I expect you to swallow every single drop. And to clean up the gentlemen's cocks when they've finished using you.'

Tracey gasped in shock and horror but resistance was unthinkable.

'Yes, ma'am,' she said meekly. 'I wouldn't dream of being so rude to the gentlemen. Thank you, ma'am.'

Then she was made to kneel down on the floor as, one by one, the boys, cruelly using her back as a foot-rest, produced their cocks for her to suck. Tracey's eyes filled with tears as she forced herself to undergo yet more public humiliation.

The boys were not at all gentle with her, pulling her hair or ears and forcing her face against their cocks brutally. She felt utterly violated and the loud giggles from the girls and cheers and laughter from the boys added to her humiliation.

Her mouth was filled with the taste of spunk and somehow she forced herself to swallow every drop and then clean up the boys' cocks after they'd finished shooting their load. Even her own nephews joined in the 'fun' and Tracey felt unclean in every sense of the word - mentally and emotionally as well as physically.

When they'd finished at last, to the accompaniment of loud cheers, giggles and laughter, they told Tracey to stand up.

'Well, bimbo, have you anything you'd like to say to the gentlemen?' Emily asked her cruelly.

'Yes, ma'am,' a sobbing Tracey almost mumbled. 'Thank you, gentlemen, for allowing me the enormous honour of being allowed to suck your pricks and swallow your spunk.'

'What a total fucking slut!' Emily laughed. 'That's what you are, Tracey, isn't it - a slut, a whore, a cunt?'

'Yes, ma'am,' Tracey answered through her tears. 'I'm just a slut, a whore, a cunt and that's all I am, ma'am.'

'Good to hear you being honest about yourself for a change!' Emily grinned. 'Well, let's see. I've done some digging since we heard your confession and you'll be pleased to hear that I've managed to track down the first boy who kissed you. I've told him where you are and the state you're in and asked him if he'd like to do more than just kiss you. So I told him that you were a depraved fucking slut just gagging for it and asked if he'd be interested in fucking you in front of us all. And I'm pleased to say he agreed. Isn't that kind of me, retard? The boy who first kissed you is going to fuck you and we'll all get to see it!'

Tracey stared at Emily in horror.

'Ma'am?' she asked desperately. 'Is that really what you want me to do?'

Emily laughed.

'Well, bimbo, the way it is round here is that you, as a total slut, can't get enough of a man's cock up inside you. You want it, Tracey, don't you? You want him to fuck you and for all of us to watch, don't you, cuntface?'

Tracey's tears tumbled out again as she realised what she was about to be made to do next.

'Yes, ma'am, I want him to fuck me and for all of you to watch me, ma'am,' she answered forlornly.

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