Pretty Pussy Workout

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Tracey snatched the item from her bosses’ hand and snapped “fine” at him before turning her back and walking to the ladies room.

She couldn’t believe it had come to this, I mean how hard should it of been to hire a model.  She had stupidly left her PA Emily to do that simple little job and now on the big day she had discovered that Emily had hired a male model!  Bearing in mind the item of clothing Tracey now held in her hand there was no way a male model would work!

She had been screaming at Emily calling her all the names under the sun when Mr. Chambers the department head had walked in and demanded to know what all the noise was about.  Trying to quickly calm her self down Tracey had explained what her idiot PA had done and was desperately trying to come up with alternative ideas when Mr. Chambers had just laughed and said, “I don’t know what all the worry is about Tracey, you can do it, you’ve certainly got the body for the job.”

She had looked at him as if he’d just said something really stupid.  “But Sir, I’m the product developer, not some airhead model,” she snorted dismissively.

She was indeed the product developer, and at the age of twenty five she knew she was shooting her career forward at a fast rate of knots within the company, and being in charge of developing the “Pretty Pussy Workout Suit” would only move things along faster.

It had been her idea to set up a demonstration of the suit under extreme workout conditions.  And it was her idea to turn the reception area of the building into a mini gym for the day so that all visitors to the building, and there would be many, could see the suit being used in a workout session and grab a brochure explaining the suits lifestyle changing attributes.  The first being the fact that no matter how hard you worked out in the suit it would absorb all your sweat before releasing it into the air in a perfumed state.  One of the slogans being, 'No matter how wet your pretty pussy gets it will always smell of roses.'

Tracey hadn’t been sure of that slogan but Mr. Chambers and a few others thought it was good so it stayed!

Today was the planned day, in less than thirty minutes the main lobby should have a beautiful young girl excising hard wearing the new suit in front of assorted visitors to the building and her stupid PA had hired a blonde muscle man bodybuilder for the job!

“Well I don’t see that you have much choice Tracey”, Mr. Chambers smiled at her.  “After all this was your idea, we’ve spent a lot of money converting reception into a gym and most of the directors want to see the suit in action before they allow production to start.  They would be very disappointed in you if it all came to nothing now.”

“God!” Tracey thought to herself, “Why did I press so hard for a working demonstration?”

For a few seconds she looked at Emily, she was standing there and Tracey was sure she had a faint smile on her lips!  For a second she almost suggested that Emily be the model, but Emily was at least thirty pounds overweight and would never get into the tiny suit.  So she found herself in the ladies room after being told to hurry up and get changed.

As she undressed she caught a glance of herself in the large mirror and thought for a twenty five year old she was in very good shape.  She did work out regularly and it showed.  Her body was lean without being too thin and even though her boobs were on the large side there was no sign of any sag! Of course just because she had a good body didn’t mean she wanted to flaunt it to all and sundry, and she knew the suit wasn’t designed for modesty.  She didn’t realise how immodest it was though until she’d strained to pull the tiny suit up her legs and over her hips and fully on.  She looked at herself in the mirror and gasped, the suit was white and looked as though someone had just poured two quarts of girl into a quart container!  It was obscenely tight and if there had been an ounce of fat on Tracey’s body the suit would of highlighted it.  Instead it only highlighted what a fantastic body she had, the shape of her breasts were outlined perfectly not to mention the bumps of her nipples being clearly visible.  Even worse in Tracey’s eyes was the fact that the suit clinged to her pussy mound displaying it prominently, even outlining the shape of her lips! The back of the suit was cut so high that most of each butt cheek was naked and she had the distinct impression that as soon as she started working out the suit would ride even higher!

As she looked at herself in the mirror she knew there was no way she could go through with it.  She wouldn’t call herself a prude, but on the other hand she wasn’t an out and out exhibitionist either and you certainly had to be one to wear this suit!

She was about to pull the suit off and face the wrath of Mr. Chambers when the door suddenly opened and Emily burst in.

“Come on, Mr. Chambers is waiting for you and he’s getting a bit angry.”

She suddenly stopped and looked at Tracey before giggling and saying, “Mind you I think he will be happier when he see’s you like that.”

Tracey was not happy that her PA was now making fun of the situation she had caused and was about to snap back at her when to her surprise Emily grabbed her arm and started leading her out of the room and into the main corridor.  Despite Tracey being fit she soon found out that she was no match for a girl of Emily’s size and before she knew it she was standing in front of Mr. Chambers feeling very embarrassed as he looked her up and down before laughing, “Very good Tracey, I knew you’d be perfect for the job.”

“Mr. Chambers I really think…” Tracey started to say and then squealed as Emily slapped her almost naked bottom hard before saying, “Come on no time for talking we’ve got to get you down to reception and working out.”

Tracey couldn’t believe that her own PA had just slapped her bottom!  She was about to say enough was enough, she was going back to the ladies to get changed and they could sort the problem out without her when all of a sudden a door opened down the other end of the corridor and two men stepped out.She recognized them as two guys who worked in accounting and suddenly the thought of getting in the elevator and out of the public corridor seemed very appealing and she almost jumped through the elevator doors when they opened!

The ride down from the thirtieth floor to the bottom seemed to take an age and took part in silence until Tracey remembered that her clothes and purse were still in the ladies rest room but Emily assured her she would put them somewhere safe.

They finally reached the ground floor and the doors opened and Tracey saw for the first time her gym area.  It was twenty feet by twenty feet just to the left of the main reception desk for the whole building so that anyone coming in would see her easily.  She winced as she saw the big gaudy banner across the front of the gym area:

'Give your Pretty Pussy a real workout'

The gym consisted of four machines, a rowing machine, a treadmill, and an exercise bike and thigh spreader.  Emily quickly explained that Tracey would have to do circuits of all four machines, 10 minutes on each with a 5-minute rest at the end of the circuit and then do another circuit and go on like that until someone from the company came down to say she could stop.

“I’m afraid I can’t stay here and watch you but the security guards over there have been told to keep an eye on you and make sure you work hard, after all the whole point of the suit is to make you sweat isn’t it.” Emily laughed.

Not for the first time that morning Tracey was sure she could quite happily kill her PA!  She looked over to the three security guards, she passed them every morning on the way in and although they always said a cheery good morning to her she did perhaps acknowledge that she wasn’t always so polite to them.  In fact she had heard one call her a snooty bitch under his breath as she’d walked past him after not replying to his greeting one day.  He too seemed to have a smile on his face now as he watched her from over near the reception desk.

“Oh there is one other thing, you may know the boys in the electronics lab have been working on some motivational devices for exercise junkies.  When they heard about this little setup they asked me if I could test out a device on the model.” Emily said.

“What is it?” Tracey snapped, and instead of getting an answer she suddenly squealed as Emily grabbed hold of her suit at the waist and quickly slid her hand up inside and slapped something small and spiky into Tracey’s skin just above her hip.

“Oow, what the hell was that!” Tracey shouted.

“Just a little chip, it monitors your heart rate, as I said it’s a motivator, once your heart rate get’s to 120 it turns itself on and if your rate drops below the 120 it gives you a little shock, just to get you moving again.”  Emily giggled, “actually as you’re the first one to test it I think the boys in the lab may have set the shock level a little high but anyway it will get you working harder.”

Tracey couldn’t believe it, she certainly didn’t want to be some guinea pig for the “boys in the lab” and she didn’t the idea of being shocked if her heart rate went down but as she started to pull the side of her suit up so she could rip the chip out Emily stopped her, “I wouldn’t take it out, it’s linked to a monitor upstairs so they can judge how well it’s working, they’ve spent a lot of money developing it and the bosses want to make sure it works.”

Tracey let the suit drop back into place in frustration, this was turning out to be a very bad day!

Within a few minutes Emily had gone and Tracey found herself standing on the treadmill pushing the button to start it up.  To her relief once it started and she got into her rhythm it seemed to take her mind off the fact that she was in the middle of what was becoming a busier and busier reception area! People were coming in every few minutes and once they caught sight of the pretty blonde wearing next to nothing they all took a few minutes out to come over and admire the view!Some even whistled or made comments and the only grain of comfort that Tracey could use was that at least quite a few were taking the brochures!

Once her ten minutes were up on the treadmill she went onto the rowing machine, which at least covered her up slightly, the next machine did not though!  As she got onto the exercise bike she realised that it did not have a saddle!  She spent the next ten minutes standing up in the peddles as she exercised and as the bike was turned sideways she was giving anyone who looked an excellent view of her almost naked bottom as she cycled, it also didn’t help that as she feared the suit quickly worked it’s way between her cheeks and became a thong!

The final machine was the worst and she was beginning to think that Emily must have picked these machines for the maximum amount of embarrassment they could cause.  The thigh spreader involved her sitting astride a bench and pulling weights attached to her ankles by opening and closing her legs. To make it even worse she was facing the front of the reception area and to get the maximum benefit of the exercise she had to open her legs wide, really wide!

She was only a few minutes into this exercise when she felt a slight humming on her hip and she guessed the chip was now turned on. She wasn’t surprised, she had built up a steady sweat now and she knew her heart rate must be high. Of course it didn’t help that she was opening and closing her legs just a few feet from a group of smiling businessmen!

To her relief she finished her ten minutes on the thigh spreader and closed her legs for the last time much to the watching groups disappointment.  As she stood up and prepared to take her well-earned rest spell she suddenly shrieked as an electric shock hit her.  It started at the top of hip bone but in less than a second traveled all around her lower body and was painful enough to make her cry out.  If that was a mild electric shock she didn’t ever want to feel a powerful one she thought to herself!

She certainly didn’t want another shock so she climbed back onto the treadmill and set it at an easy running speed and to her relief she saw the monitor on the screen flash her heart rate back up to over 120, although running on the treadmill also made Tracey wish that her breasts weren’t quite so big and bouncy!

That wasn’t the only time Tracey received an electric shock that morning, she got another six or seven and she could have sworn that each time the shock got more powerful until she was almost screaming with each shock.  She was also acutely aware that each shock seemed to be making it’s way from her hip bone down to her pubic bone each time and that the wetness she felt down there wasn’t all sweat! Her rest spells got shorter and shorter as her heart rate dropped after each session on each machine and pretty soon Tracey was one hot sweaty girl! On the plus side though the suit did seem to be keeping up with her workout! She knew she still smelled sweet.  On the minus side though all that sweat had not improved the modesty of her suit!  White to begin with, it was now almost transparent! The thigh spreader machine was now practically an arrestable offence! The one time she tried to skip that particular machine though one of the security guards came over to her and told her in no uncertain terms that she was to get straight onto the machine and “give the guys a show”!

So with the ever-present fear of getting another large electric shock she did precisely that!  She tried to blot out the leering grins and catcalls from the small groups of people that passed through reception and stopped to see the blonde beauty working herself to exhaustion, but every time she did look up she seemed to see someone she knew staring at her!  Her next door neighbour had come into the building to see his insurance broker and ended up seeing his pretty snotty neighbour spreading her legs wide and showing him all she’d got!  Her paper boy on his way to see his Doctor in the building happily whistled at her while she jogged on the treadmill, her breasts bouncing under the see through suit.  The creepy guy from the coffee shop who had asked her out on a date last week which she had rejected stood right behind her as she pedaled on the exercise bike, he was on his way to see a bank about a loan and ended up telling her to “work those buns” as he took in the view!

Finally after two hours Tracey was exhausted and near collapse, only the electric shocks spurring her on but even with them all she now wanted to do was collapse onto the floor.  To her utter relief she suddenly saw Emily approaching her and signal for her to get off the thigh spreader, although Tracey noticed she didn’t say she could get off until Tracey had opened her legs wide a few times first!

“Wow, no wonder reception has been busy all morning, that suit doesn’t hide a thing when it’s wet does it.” Emily laughed.

Tracey was to exhausted to argue and gratefully followed Emily through the small crowd of onlookers, receiving a hard slap on the bottom along the way from someone, and got into the elevator with her. As the doors shut and with Tracey leaning against the wall for support Emily looked at her and smiled, “Good workout Tracey we were all glad you didn’t really stop at all.”

“I didn’t like the electric shocks!” Tracey replied sarcastically.

“Oh yes the guys upstairs are really pleased with the way the chip worked by the way.  Actually I think the bosses were going to tell you this but I may as well give you a little warning.” She giggled.

Tracey just looked at her.

“Apparently there’s only enough company money to go ahead with one product and as it worked so well they’ve decided to go with the chip instead of the suit.”

Tracey just looked at her grinning PA, not believing her ears.

“So I just spent two hours almost killing myself for nothing?” She wailed.

“No silly,” Emily giggled again,” All the guys watched the video, we did tell you it was being videoed didn’t we? Oh well anyway they watched it and thought you’d be great as the demonstrator for the chip.  In fact I’m taking you along to the company Doctor right now so he can implant the chip properly.  I think they want to do demonstrations all over the country with you as the model showing people how it works and stuff.  They’ve even offered me your job as you will be away so long, isn’t that great.” Emily laughed.

All the exhausted Tracey could do was watch the numbers of the floors whizzing by on the elevator panel as it took her towards her new position in the company.