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Wed Jun 1, 2016 15:27

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Tracey and the Beauty Shop

by Spiderman and Rick Savage

“Do you think you can get her to do it,” asked Lucy.

“Oh, no problem. That blond bimbo is so conceited and stupid, it will be child’s play getting her to sign on the dotted line,” said Emily.

“That’s great. And you can have that cameo I promised you as well. As you know, our ratings have been down whereas our competitor has become one of the highest rated reality shows on the telly. Their pranks have been much more...risque than ours. But that all changes if we can get your boss to take a “trip to the beauty salon.” Of OUR choice, of course. And I’ve got the perfect place. They’re all ready to comply with our little rouse.”

“It will be fun to see darling Tracey’s ‘coming out’ party” said Emily, laughing wickedly as she hung up.

At 5’3,” with long beautiful blonde hair and curves to die for, Tracey Smith looked like a veritable Barbie Doll. She had a thin little waist and natural tits so large, they actually looked TOO big compared to the rest of her body. Every man in the company, and most of the women as well, lusted after this Barbie Doll. The trouble was, Tracey was keenly aware of the effects her looks had on everyone and she used them to her advantage whenever possible. She teased but never delivered. But that didn’t seem to stop her from getting an executive position over the much more qualified and educated Emily. And Tracey relished in that fact. Every chance she got, she did everything she could to rub Emily’s nose in it and try making her feel inferior.

It was Friday, and Tracey arrived at the marketing office a full two hours later than her assistant, Emily. By the time Tracey waltzed in, Emily had already accomplished most of the tasks on Tracey’s agenda, WHICH was what she usually did. Rather than being appreciative, Tracey was overbearing and critical, and Emily had just about reached the breaking point. “Oh PLEASE let this dumb cow fall for it,” thought Emily.

“Emily, grab me some coffee and make sure I get two creams in it this time,” said Tracey.

“Right away, miss,” said Emily.

“Right on cue,” she thought. She knew Tracey’s first order was always to command her to go get coffee. After pouring the coffee, Em put a few drops of a mysterious substance in it, and then added the two creams.

After informing Tracey that most of her work for the week had already been done, Emily informed her boss that she did have an interesting envelope from the newest, swankiest beauty salon in all of London.

“Well don’t just stand there you dumb twit. Go and get it for me,” barked Tracey as she slurped down her coffee.

Double timing Emily quickly retrieved the envelope and casually said with a sly grin, “Maybe the shop noticed that gray hair on your head, or noticed that you’ve packed a couple of pounds on your behind.” Neither statement was true, but that didn’t stop the vane Miss Smith from wondering if she DID have a gray hair or had packed on a couple of pounds. After all, she DID fancy her desserts.

Tracey quickly opened the envelope, which was gold laced and written in calligraphy. She saw it was an invitation for a COMPLETE day of beauty from head to toe, complementary, and had been bestowed on her because Tracey had recently been named as a “rising star in junior executives under the age of 30.” The only condition was, Tracey had to allow herself to be filmed so that the shop could use the event to promote and advertise themselves.

Tracey smiled with glee and waved the invite under Emily’s nose.

Fighting back a humongous giggle, Emily looked at the invite and said, “Oh, this is WONDERFUL miss, but it says your appointment starts in about an hour. And if you’re not there, you forfeit the “day of beauty” to the next nominee. They’ve included the release forms you need to sign and fax to them. Probably just the standard waiver. But I can grab your granny glasses if you want to read the fine print.”

“Nonsense. I don’t need glasses to read,” wailed Tracey. “And all those release forms are the same. It’s just formality. Let me sign the thing, finish my coffee, and you can fax it over while I grab my things and take off.”

“Anything you say miss. I hope you have a day you will never forget” chortled Emily as she went to fax the all important release papers.

Tracey sped along in her suped up convertible and reached the salon with ten minutes to spare. By now the “mystery drops” were just beginning to have an effect and Tracey was feeling downright euphoric. Director Lucy, pretending to be the salon’s owner, greeted her at the door and said, “Welcome Miss Smith. We’ve been anxiously awaiting your arrival. Now, one of the reasons you were chosen was that as a female executive on the rise, we assume that you know the latest in health, fashion, salon and spa treatments. So many less successful women are naive and haven’t a clue, and don’t realize that the most modern beauty treatments can seem bizarre, shocking at times and they CAN cause a bit of discomfort. You’re not ignorant of the modern techniques, are you?”

Tracey was glowing with excitement but….oddly, she was feeling quite docile. Not wanting to appear unhip, she said, “Oh no. I’m quite aware of….”

Lucy cut her off, “Some of these stupid, lackey women, balk at some techniques and want to back out and leave before their total beauty transformation has been completed. So then, we won’t have any complaints from you, will we?”

“Oh….certainly not,” said Tracey, not wanting to appear stupid. A dreamyness had come over Tracey. She HEARD the words come of her mouth but...it was almost as though someone else were saying them. They even sounded a bit funny.

“Well, my lawyer tells me that we’ve received your signed release form, so the salon’s covered. We’ve invested quite a bit of money in this film crew for the day, AND there’s a reporter or two arriving in a few. If you DID back out at some point you’d be responsible for the cost of the crew, AND of course would be liable for damages to our reputation. Good. I’m glad you understand.”

Tracey looked around. Besides several customers, Tracey noticed that there were plenty of guys moving about with very expensive looking film equipment. Lawyer? Liable? For a moment she wondered if maybe she should have read that film release. But…..she felt MARVELOUS. She told herself not to worry and just enjoy all the attention, all the primping. She LOVED being the center of attention, AND they were going to be filming her. She was so excited she even noticed a glow coming from her…..clitoral region. “Oh, this is going to be SUCH fun,” thought Tracey. She heard Lucy’s voice. What was she saying?

“Ok, let’s get you into the back room where the doctor’s set up. We need to do a quick physical to make sure you’re in good enough health to undergo some of the more physically demanding treatments.”

“Wow,” thought Tracey, “How extremely professional and thorough they’re being. A doctor. A physical.” Tracey thought it a bit odd to need a physical for a day at a salon but...she didn’t want to appear ignorant of the newest techniques, so she allowed herself to be lead by the arm by someone who appeared to be another of the crew guys.

The “back room” looked pretty much like a standard manager’s office, except for the fact that the manager’s large desk had been completely cleared off, and portable, gynecological stirrups had been clamped to one end of the desk. The site of the stirrups caused Tracey’s heart to race. “THOSE wouldn’t be necessary,” she thought, or at least hoped. “With all these crew people standing around, they really can’t expect me to open my legs so my girly bits are visible.”

In an instant, a crew guy flipped a switch on one of the big standing lights and the room suddenly became as bright as an operating room. Smiling profusely, Lucy said to Tracey, “Ok, look straight into the camera and say your name, age, height, and measurements.”

“Tracey Smith, 27 years young, 5,3” 38 22 34 are my stats,” and she winked at the camera.

A nurse suddenly opened the door and she could have been Emily’s twin if not for the odd purple-colored hair and big horned rimmed glasses. The nurse grabbed Tracey’s arm, took her blood pressure and pulse and then said with a slight smirk, “Ok miss. Get naked.”

Tracey’s mouth fell open, a somewhat shocked, yet bewildered look on her face. It was that one word, “naked,” that stunned her. “I’m sorry. Not sure I heard you correctly.”

The nurse sighed and impatiently said, “Honey, get naked as the day you were born. Or are you one of those ignorant complainers?”

“Oh no, not me. I’m up to date on all the latest trends,” stammered Tracey as she slowly unbuttoned her blouse and then unzipped her skirt. As she slid her blouse off her shoulders, it felt like the entire room had gone quiet and every eye in the place was on her. Or at least….on her tits. Tracey’d worn a fairly skimpy bra to work that day, not realizing that she’d be….”on stage.” Her magnificent bosoms were literally SPILLING out of the bra. The sight of her cleavage was so amazing, it was almost humorous. Someone in the crew whistled. There were a couple of soft, “oh my god” type comments. With the bright light shining in her eyes, she had no idea how many people were squeezed into the office but it just FELT like the room was very crowded. Suddenly Tracey noticed the small red light on the big camera. She knew what that meant. The camera was rolling.

“You...have to film this part as well?”

Lucy sighed and spoke in a stern voice now, “Yes, of course, we do. We are documenting your complete beauty transformation from beginning to end. Now continue taking off those duds.”

Despite this dreamy feeling and a body tingling that had her feeling very nice, she could feel her heart pounding. Someone took her blouse from her and she unzipped her pencil skirt. As she began to slide that down, she realized that her matching panties were about as skimpy as her bra. As she handed over her skirt, Tracey found herself hoping it would be enough to be in her

underwear, that they would leave her at least those shreds of decency. But then she saw the nurse glaring at her impatiently and she knew….in a few moments…..she’d be the only one in the room naked. It was like...deja vu all over again. How was it that time and again, Tracey found herself standing in front of a room full of people, naked. And every time a misadventure had left her in that situation. Each time it just seemed more humiliating than the last. As she reached behind her to unclasp her bra, Tracey just wished the ground would open up and swallow her. And...hadn’t she had THAT feeling before.

As her bra slid off her shoulders, revealing her truly magnificent, teardrop shaped orbs, there were more gasps from the crew. At the sound of the gasps and the feeling of the cold air in the room on her now naked tits, Tracey’s face tingled. She knew that it must’ve turned crimson from the utter embarrassment. The same guy who’d taken her blouse and skirt, took her bra from her and stood there. As though she were on autopilot, without a mind of her own, Tracey slid her thumbs inside the waistband of her scanty panties. She took a deep breath and in one swift motion, she pulled her knickers to her ankles. She stood straight up, giving everyone a view of her neatly trimmed but well tufted landing strip of blonde hair. Tracey held out her hand, expecting someone to take it, help her balance while she stepped out of her panties. But everyone….was spellbound. Standing there, naked except for high heels and a pair of panties around her ankles, Tracey was a finer sight than any centerfold anyone in the room had ever seen.

Eventually, with everyone staring at her, Tracey realized that she was going to have to do this herself, so she tried lifting one foot out of her panties but it was a bit tangled and she almost fell. STILL...no one stepped forward to assist her. Tracey bent over and held the panties while she delicately lifted one foot out. She stood up quickly, as suddenly, she felt light headed, as though she might pass out. She caught herself again. Then she used her free foot to stand on the panties while she lifted the other foot out. She pressed her knees together, squatted and picked up her panties which she then handed to the guy with her clothing. As he turned and walked away, Tracey said, “Oh, please put them somewhere safe.”

In a syrupy, sweet, sarcastic voice, the Emily lookalike nurse told her, “Oh, don’t you worry Honey. We’ll take good care of your clothes. VERY good care.”

“That’s quite a nice birthday suit you’ve got there, Tracey, said Lucy. Nurse, better take her measurements just to verify she didn’t pad any statistics.” With that, the woman Tracey had come to think of as “Emily 2,” wrapped a tape measure around Tracey’s impressive chest. That’s when our bimbo realized that her nipples were as erect as the erasers on pencils. Another wave of embarrassment swept through Tracey as she realized that every man and woman in the room would take that as a sign that she was sexually aroused, when SHE knew that the only reason they were hard was because the room was SO damned cold. But then….. Tracey realized that her pussy was tingling and knew that her body had betrayed her once again. She was somehow turned on by this most humiliating situation.

Nurse Emily 2 then told Tracey to get on the exam table, indicating the desk. Tracey thought, “Some exam table. NOTHING in this room feels like a real doctor’s examination room.”

Tracey climbed up on the table, but Emily smiled and said, “Don’t get used to sitting down. I need you on all fours with your ass in the air.” Tracey did as she was told and gulped when she saw the nurse pull out a tube of lubricant and grab a thermometer. Tracey knew where this was heading. Right to her southern hemisphere, and an area that had been virginal up to now. The nurse poured a generous amount of lubricant on her gloved hand and then proceeded to lube Tracey’s asshole quite vigorously. As Nurse Emily virtually gave Tracey’s backdoor a good fingerbanging, Tracey wondered if it was really necessary to push a finger in and out of one’s asshole so many times and so vigorously just to prepare it for getting one’s temperature taken. Finally, Emily began to slowly push the large glass thermometer deep inside Tracey’s anus. Tracey gasped as Emily had pushed the instrument quite deep into her bumhole.

“We need to let you cook a while,” the nurse giggled. “Is Dr. Mike here yet?”

With that, a chunky guy with a bit of a belly, wearing scruffy jeans and a dark t-shirt stepped forward. “Oh, here, here. I’m here. Just been watching. You’ve been doing a splendid job, nurse. While we wait for the temperature to register, let’s get the breast exam out of the way. Tell you what, Nurse, this desk, er excuse me, table, is a bit wide. Why don’t you check the left one, while I check the right one. And in a flash, Emily and the “doctor” were on either side of her, pawing her gorgeous natural udders. Tracey’s arms weren’t all that long and her stunning boobs were practically touching the table.

Tracey looked up at the grin on Dr. Mike’s face and seriously wondered if he was a real doctor. He was dressed just like all the other guys in the crew, AND the way he was pawing and squeezing her boobs, it certainly didn’t feel like any breast exam she’d ever gotten. But as hard as HE was squeezing, Nurse Emily, who had to be almost half the size of this big oaf, was squeezing WAY harder. As euphoric as Tracey was feeling, this was downright painful. And occasionally Emily was wickedly pinching her hard nipple. Tracey almost squealed in pain a couple of times.

Suddenly, Emily turned to a smiling crew member and said, “Biff, come here. Take my place. You’ve got to see what these puppies feel like.”

With that, the smiling crew guy stepped forward and clutched Tracey’s left tit. Although she felt as though she had no control over what was happening, Tracey managed to say, “Wait, he’s not a doctor.”

To which Emily told her, “Oh, Biff’s in medical school. It’s ok. Lucy’s given him permission.”

Tracey thought, “What the ... does Lucy’s permission have to do with anything. This guy’s NOT a doctor yet.” She looked over to her right as Dr. Mike seemed to be squeezing her right boob a lot hard now, at which point she now saw that someone ELSE had taken Dr. Mike’s place and the new guy had a grin on his face from ear to ear. Maybe at that point Tracey just gave up. WHY did she feel so docile, and yet so dreamy, and….she knew her pussy was wet. And she KNEW that anyone standing behind her could probably see it glisten.

Tracey glanced over her shoulder and NOW saw that someone had left the door ajar, so anyone could see the lovely sight of her naked examination if they happened to be looking in. Tracey could hear giggling and some cameras click but for some reason, she made no protest. She was totally embarrassed but for some reason she couldn’t explain….she was just allowing these things to be done to her. She held her head down in shame and dared not move, afraid the thermometer might break off inside her.

After what seemed an eternity but was only 5 or 6 minutes, Nurse Emily 2, returned and quickly yanked the thermometer out of Tracey’s rear and it made a loud popping noise when she pulled it all the way out.

“Looks like your goose is cooked perfectly,” giggled the nurse. “Now stay in that position as I will go grab the bleach.”

“Bleach!!!” thought Tracey. “Whatever for.” She still was naked, ass high in the air when the nurse wiped her ass down with several tissues.

At that point, Lucy stepped forward and announced, “This is the first part of your beautification.” She then applied some acid-like liquid and said, “This may sting a bit as we need you perfectly smooth for your anal bleaching. After 20 minutes of shock and horror Tracey’s bumhole was bleached to match the rest of her.

After her bleaching Tracey was instructed to roll onto her back and put her feet in the stirrups. Obediently, like some zombie, Tracey obeyed. She slid to the edge of the table, trying to get her feet in the stirrups, but said, “I don’t think it’s going to work. I think the stirrups are too far apart.”

Emily chimed in, “Oh, don’t worry, we’ll make you fit. Just scooch your butt right to the edge of the table.” When her pretty butt cheeks reached the edge, Dr. Mike and a guy she hadn’t noticed before, stepped forward and each forced a foot into the stirrups. Tracey’s high heels slipped into the opening in the stirrups and her legs were now locked in place and spread wide for all the world to see.

Dr. Mike and Biff now both began to put on latex gloves. The problem was, both of them had hands so large, they kept tearing the gloves. Finally, Mike shrugged and said, “Well, don’t worry little lady. I washed my hands before I left the house this morning.” As he positioned himself between Tracey’s spread legs, he announced to Lucy and anyone else who happened to be listening. “Wow. Look at this. Self lubricating vagina. She’s so wet, I don’t think we’ll be needing any lube.” and with that, Mike slipped one of his meaty fingers into Tracey’s pussy. Tracey just closed her eyes, trying everything she could NOT to feel turned on. But...it wasn’t working. Mike’s fingerings felt like just that. Like nothing her doctor had ever done. At some point Mike stepped back and said to Biff, “Here, you gotta check this out. Such a dainty, snug little vagina on a girl with such HUGE boobies. For what seemed like an hour, but in reality was just 8 minutes, Dr. Mike and Biff alternated pushing their fingers in and out of Tracey. Front….and back door.

Finally, the two guys stepped back and Nurse Emily 2 stepped forward with paper towels and tissues to clean up. When she was done, she told Tracey to get off the exam table as they needed her to jog in place. Tracey was happy to oblige because her pussy was beginning to get sore from all the examining it had been going through, and it was CERTAINLY better than getting another anal bleaching.

Before Tracey began to jog in place, Dr. Mike stepped forward with a stethoscope and lifted her left tit, placing the cold scope against her rib cage. At the same time, Nurse Em, stepped forward and took her pulse. A moment later, Mike and Em stepped back and told Tracey, “Ok, begin jogging in place.” As Tracey jogged, her tremendous tits bounced up and down.

Emily 2, now sounding quite stern told her, “C’mon girl. Faster. Bring those legs up higher.” Tracey obeyed and a couple of times, her big, heavy boobs actually smacked her in the face. Besides hitting her in the face, her boobs were really beginning to hurt from all the wild thrashing about. “C’mon girl! I said FASTER. And keep those knees up”. Tracey began to fear she was in danger of giving herself 2 black eyes with her tits. After a solid 5 minutes of running in place, a breathless Tracey was permitted to stop running. Emily took her pulse. Dr. Mike lifted her tit again and listened to her heart. He said to Lucy, “She’s fine. I give her the greenlight. How’s her pulse, nurse?”

“Within range. She’s good to go.” With that, Nurse Em 2 smiled and told Tracey she had a nice bounce to her, and that her boobs would benefit greatly from the breast beautification treatment she would be getting later in the day. Tracey had no idea what a breast beautification treatment consisted of, but did not want to show her ignorance, so she did not ask.

Tracey was then handed a very thin almost transparent robe to put on and was instructed to walk through the main room of the beauty parlor, which she had walked through when she first arrived. The eyes of the other female customers gravitated to Tracey as she proudly paraded into the room, HOPING that none of these ugly women had glanced into the back room and seen her naked degradation.

Tracey thought, “That’s right, bitches. Stare at me. LOOK at what you’ll never be. Never have a body like this. And surely never be as pretty as this.” The thing was...Tracey didn’t realize just how see-thru her robe was. She had no idea that most of the women were staring….because she looked virtually nude.

Tracy was led into a side room and placed in a large, reclining chair and was given a hot towel treatment. The chair began to massage Tracey. She thought that this is more like it, as she felt she deserved to be pampered. In a few minutes, her medical exam ordeal somehow seemed like it had happened years ago. She began to put it out of her mind. WHICH was easy to do, with her body under the influence of the mysterious drops Emily had put in her coffee. The pampering only lasted about five minutes though, before a young man in a white lab coat entered and took the towels off Tracey and turned off the massage chair.

“My you are a pretty thing Tracey,” he said in a friendly manner. “But when we’re done with you, you will not believe the transformation that will occur.” Tracey smiled upon hearing that, as she felt she was already one of the hottest women in town, and now she would be the envy of every woman in London.

The man introduced himself as clinician, John Chambers, and he proceeded to roll over a cart that was full of food similar to the type you would see in a teppanyaki restaurant. He then exclaimed how using natural foods and herbs and spices, brought out the beauty of the skin unlike any man made chemicals could. That made sense to Tracey so she was not about to question his methods.

Chambers grabbed some roma tomatoes, crushed them and started rubbing tomato all over her face and said it was good for color rejuvenation. He then proceeded to sprinkle some powder on her which smelled similar to parmesan cheese. Tracey thought she must look like a human pizza and smelled like one as well. Chambers then pulled Tracey’s robe open saying, “We need to get all your skin dear,” and he then pulled it entirely off. First, grabbing some olive oil, he applied it liberally to the entire front of Tracey’s exposed body. He poured it onto her breasts, across her flat stomach, into her crotch and down her legs. Then he began to massage it into the skin. His hands moved swiftly. Her tits, her abdomen, across her pussy, all the way down her legs. He was firm, yet sensual. And he seemed to spend more time on her crotch and on her tits. It wasn’t as though he put his finger on her clit and began to tickle it, but he CERTAINLY wasn’t ignoring it either. Each time a hand or hands, traveled from her legs to her midsection, a finger or fingers passed between her pussy lips, quickly caressing her clit. Without her noticing it right away, Chambers had stopped travelling her body and was now vigorously working only on her boobs. “WOW,” thought Tracey. “He’s massaging SO deeply into my breasts that it’s REALLY beginning to hurt. I wonder if this is what they call ‘deep tissue massage?’’

Then, Chambers did something totally unexpected. He placed one hand directly on her vagina, and just started rubbing. Slowly, sensually, firmly, short strokes, just down and up, down and up. Occasionally, a finger would pass between her labia, then...they were passing between her lips with each stroke. When he had been rubbing her breasts, she knew that her nipples had again, become as hard as erasers on pencils. She knew she was getting turned on. But….if Chambers didn’t stop stroking, Tracey thought she was in great danger of having the embarrassment of orgasming in front of an entire film crew. Having an orgasm when she was simply experiencing a normal, modern skin beautification treatment. If it happened, and she DID go over the edge, she knew that everyone in the crew would think she was just a total slut.

Finally, Chambers ceased his massage. Tracey was both happy AND sad that he stopped. Happy that she wouldn’t experience the embarrassment of climaxing in front of the crew. But sad, because OMG did her body SO want to orgasm at this point.

One by one, a dozen eggs were then cracked open, drizzled onto and rubbed into Tracey’s thoroughly oiled body. She was told to close her eyes, and one egg was cracked open onto her face and rubbed in. Tracey felt shiny and slimy but that didn’t last long as she was suddenly doused by Lucy who poured a full gallon of cold milk all over her body. Tracey’s eyes were closed to keep the egg out of them so she didn’t know whose hands they were but now, 6 hands were rubbing the milk into the mix of egg and oil. A few minutes later, Nurse Emily 2 then came in and hosed her down with ice cold water. Tracey was shocked by how cold the water was. And Em 2 languished a little longer on her clit and on her nipples. After a few minutes of ice water hosing, Tracey’s flesh was now clean and covered with goosebumps.

“I’m cold,” Tracey told the nurse and Chambers. But they told her not to fret as the main room of the salon would warm her up in a hurry and they grabbed her by her wrists.

Tracey stood still in her tracks and asked, “But aren’t you going to give me some clothes? I can’t go out into the main salon naked.”

“Harrumph. I thought you knew all about salon and spa etiquette? Don’t you know that it’s a great honor to be the “only one naked” in a salon and that it’s the sign that you are the star, and deserve special treatment? It’s common knowledge. But if you prefer not to continue your treatment which is worth thousands of pounds we can stop.” Tracey who had a tough time disobeying men in authority to begin with, had now been rendered completely powerless by the strange drops that Emily had put in her coffee. They were a mild dose of ecstasy combined with a mild dose of rohypnol. The ecstasy had her body singing with pleasure and the rohypnol had her so docile, you could’ve done just about anything to her at that point.

Tracey heard herself agree to go out into the salon in the buff. Chambers smiled at Nurse Emily 2 and said, “Excellent! I am so glad you are highly intelligent Tracey.” He then patted her naked behind and led her into the salon.

Tracey, all wet from her hosing down, and very, very naked except for her elegant black high heels, was walked past several women and a couple of teenagers. One teen, who was blonde and rather busty herself, asked her mother, “Does that lady realize she’s naked? She looks kind of ‘out of it.’”

Tracey pretended not to hear the remark as she was lead into the very center of the room where there now stood a piece of furniture that somewhat resembled medieval stocks. It had a hole large enough for someone’s neck and smaller holes on either side of that hole that were about the size of wrists. On the other side of these “stocks” was an odd wooden box on the floor that appeared to have 2 holes in the top that looked about the size of someone’s ankle. Tracey was lead to the box where she saw that the top opened into two halves. She was then guided to step into the box. At that point the top two halves were lowered, and then latched, thus securing her feet in place. The top of the stocks was then raised, at which point Tracey was instructed to place her neck and wrists into the lower portion of the apparatus. “Oh my. What on earth is this for?”

“This piece of furniture secures you in place for your next treatment, ‘repeated impact buttock massage.’ It’s a technique invented by a man named Joe P and then highly utilized by my father who was a specialist in weight loss for pudgy women. Now then, if you’ll please lower your head and hands into the slots, so we can proceed…”

“Oh, but….you don’t think I’m pudgy, do you?”

Ha. Tracey was FAR from pudgy. With her oversized, stunning, natural boobs and tiny trim waist, she really DID look a bit like a human barbie doll.

“No,” said John Chambers, “But when we were leaving the other room and I patted you on your derriere, I did notice a bit more ‘soft tissue’ than is ideal. In short, your bottom could use a wee bit of firming up. Fortunately for you, the complete beauty day makeover you’re receiving today includes some ‘repeated impact buttock massage.’ This will firm up those lady buns of yours in no time.”

As Tracey lowered her head and hands into the stocks, and the top half was lowered onto her neck and wrists, securing her immediate fate, she knew that this repeated impact buttock massage sounded very familiar. Her mind in a daze, she searched her memory. Hadn’t a therapist once visited her in her flat and administered this type of massage to her once before? Gradually the images came back to her. As a younger woman, she HAD once let her weight get a bit out of control. Partly due to her love of chocolate.

Online, she’d found a “weight loss” doctor who guaranteed he could help a woman lose weight. She purchased various creams and oils that she needed to rub into her naked body. She also needed to document her actions for the doctor. When the oils didn’t work, Tracey was advised to purchase a session of this repeated impact buttock massage. As she recalled, this type of “massage” was quite painful. What had been the doctor’s name that sold her these oils and treatments? Wasn’t it also Chambers?

Tracey noticed someone walk passed and behind her carrying something that was shaped like a cricket bat, only not as thick, and it had several holes drilled in it. The word, “IMPACTOR” was printed on it in bold letters.

John, “I have to warn you Tracey, this type of therapeutic massage can cause a bit of discomfort. But it’s well worth it in the long run.” As the “impactor” made is first collision with Tracey’s cute, bubble-shaped tushie, sending shock waves throughout her entire body, the former doctor’s name flashed in her head. It had been Chambers. Dr. Rupert Chambers. This John, just HAD to be - WHACK - his son.

“Ouch! That certainly does sting a bit, doesn’t it?”

Emily 2, wearing a beautifully devious grin on her face, was standing slightly in front of Tracey, to the side, which afforded her a good view of Tracey’s facial reactions AND a view of her pretty butt cheeks jiggling from the impact of the “patented buttock impact massager.”

John asked her, “Would you be so kind as to count the impacts for me, Nurse? The proper therapy calls for 12 impacts to each buttock.”

“Why of course, Mr. Chambers. Was that 2 or 3?”

“Not sure. Tell you what. We’ll just start over. Tracey’s being such a good client, we’ll just toss in the first ones for free. Besides, a few extra will do her saggy behind a bit of good.”

Tracey was about to object, and tell them that they had already given her exactly TWO impacts, but the words “saggy behind,” really caught her off guard. Was she really looking “saggy” back there. Fact was, “saggy” was about the last word you’d think of to describe Tracey’s ass. Those pretty buns looked as though they’d been chiseled in marble.

WHACK! “One.”

WHACK! “Two.”

WHACK! “Three.”

“Wow. The treatment stings quite a lot.”

WHACK! “Four.”

WHACK! “Five.”

WHACK! “Six.”

“Ooooo.” That last one caused Tracey’s knees to buckle. Once she’d straightened her legs….

WHACK! “Seven.”

WHACK! “Eight.”

Each blow was sending waves of sensation throughout Tracey’s body.

WHACK! “Nine.”

“OWWW. ; That’s more than a bit of stinging. Do you think you could deliver the massage slightly less vigorously?”

“‘Afraid not, Tracey. The impacts must be delivered properly for you to receive the full benefit of the massage. “

WHACK! “Ten.”

WHACK! “Eleven.”

“OWWW.” Tracey twisted her neck to look up into the face of Nurse Emily 2. “Why did she have such an evil grin on her face,” Tracey wondered.

The blows alternately fell on each of Tracey’s beautiful butt cheeks, which had already taken on a nice reddish glow.

“Twelve…..Thirteen….Fourteen….Fifteen.”

Tracey was beginning to see stars and all kinds of pretty colors with each blow to her sore bottom. But an odd thing was happening. As the blow would resonate throughout her entire body, it would also resonate right in her clit. She knew it was tingling wildly, and she KNEW she must be dripping wet. Again, she hoped no one would notice. “WHY was she feeling so aroused from such pain and humiliation?” she asked herself.

“Sixteen….Seventeen.”

Tracey’s knees were now buckling with each blow. And each time, John Chambers would wait until she straightened her legs. A few times he had to say, “C’mon Tracey, straighten up. Can’t take all day with this. Unless you’d like to.”

WHACK! “Eighteen.”

Tracey was now sobbing gently, tears streaming down her face.

Emily, “Mr. Chambers, your technique is excellent. I hope that someday, I’m as good as you at repeated impact buttock massage.”

“Oh, have you done this type of work, Nurse?”

“Oh, very amateur attempts. Tried it on a girlfriend of mine at home.”

“Well here,” said Chambers, handing her the Impactor, “Why don’t you finish up for me?”

Emily’s face lit up with excitement, “Oh, Mr. Chambers, COULD I? I’d love to try it under the watchful eye as someone as skilled as yourself.” And with that, Emily took the Impactor and took a solid stance behind Tracey.

WHACK! “OWWWWWWW.” Emily’s first blow missed. It landed a few inches below Tracey’s butt, across her upper thighs. An immediate red area appeared on Tracey’s thighs.

“Whoops, I missed.”

“Yes, you need to aim better. That last blow won’t do anything to firm up her tushie. So, that one doesn’t count. Take #19 all over again.”

And with that, Emily unleashed an incredibly hard “impact on Tracey’s right butt cheek.

“OWWWWWWW.” Tracey wriggled her feet inside the wooden box that encased them. Her clitty was tingling nonstop at this point.

WHACK! “Twenty”

Concern swept through Tracey’s mind. With her clit tingling nonstop at this point, would it be possible….that she could orgasm just from this incredibly painful “massage?”

WHACK! “Twenty One.”

WHACK!

“Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

Emily looked down at her boss’s flaming red ass cheeks. OH, was she living a dream!

“Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

“Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

Tracey let out a great inner sigh. Sobbing, she could feel her excitement juices now running down the insides of her legs and REALLY hoped that Mr. Chambers or the nurse hadn’t noticed.

Emily, “I’m sorry the treatment’s over Mr. Chambers. I think I was JUST beginning to get the knack of it. Do you think I could take just two more, just for practice?”

Chambers looked down at the stream of clear fluid running down Tracey’s leg all the way to her ankle and smiled. “Oh, I suppose we could give Tracey a couple of bonus shots. Her buttocks could surely use the tightening up.”

Stunned. Disbelieving her ears, Tracey felt powerless to protest. She knew she just had to grin and bare it.

Emily unleashed all her might on her final two “practice” strokes as Tracey just placed her mind in her vibrating clit and hung in there.

As Tracey was released from the stocks, tears streaming down her face (and something else streaming down her legs) Emily noted, “Her bottom’s looking extremely red doctor. Do you think we should put something on it? Maybe some Tiger Balm or something?

Chambers couldn’t believe at how sadistic Emily’s suggestion was. Fearing that Tiger Balm on her bright red ass MIGHT just cause Tracey to crack, which would ruin everything, he opted for something less painful, but probably more humiliating.

“No, I think good old fashioned Vaseline Petroleum Jelly would be best,” and with that, he took a couple of jars off a nearby counter. “But, you and I have to get ready for the next stage of her treatment. Harry, Bob...would you give us a hand here?”

Two of the crew guys stepped forward and were each handed a jar. “Would you guys mind giving Tracey’s buttocks a good coating of Vaseline?”

The two guys looked like little kids on christmas morning who’d just been handed their presents.

They just nodded and grinned, took the lids off and each took a handful of Vaseline and began slathering it all over Tracey’s tender behind. Her bottom was in serious pain, but in a way, the gentle rubbing on of the jelly felt kind of good. Then Tracey looked directly into the eyes of one of the stodgy looking customers, who was a bit aghast at what she’d just seen. And now she watched with disgust as this slut stood in front of her, totally starkers except for her high heels while two grubby guys massaged her derriere. Tracey quickly averted her eyes to one of the teenage girls but the girl was just laughing, thinking “WHAT a stupid bimbo!”

Quickly glancing at a few other customers, she noted similar looks of disgust and smirks. Her face flushed red with embarrassment...not as red as her ass, though, Tracey just closed her eyes and held her head down while the grinning workers rubbed the goey, slippery stuff all over her ass, occasionally allowing their fingers to slip “between the cracks,” so to speak.

John Chambers returned about 10 minutes later with a large towel. “Wow. Looks like you guys used up both jars. She didn’t need THAT much but...no harm done. Here, just wipe off some of the excess so she doesn’t get it on the chair.”

With most of the Vaseline now wiped off her glowing red tuckus, Tracey was lead over and put in a reclining chair and told it was time for some breast beautification and a shave. Another cart was wheeled up next to Tracey. Nurse Em 2 then put on a huge smile and asked Tracey, “Would you like some coffee, Tracey? For a woman who’s being beautified you look a little worn out.”

“Oh yes, please, that would be nice.” Something in the nurse’s voice sounded SO oddly familiar to Tracey. As she poured the cup of coffee Emily looked at Lucy and the two exchanged smiles. This cup would get Tracey in just the right mood for her grand finale.

“Tracey, Honey, I put a couple of ice cubes in it, so you can drink it faster. Mr. Chambers needs to continue, and as you’ll be lying on your back and he’ll be working, you won’t be able to drink.” Tracey nodded and drank half the cup. As she went to hand it back to Em, the nurse said, “Are you sure? If you want any more, you better drink up because in a minute you won’t be able to.” The doe eyed Tracey just nodded, took the cup from Emily and finished it off.

Tracey was now told to lie back in the chair and close her eyes, as cucumber slices were going to be rested on her eyelids. After this was done, Tracey was told that her breasts were going to now receive a mud pack treatment and that afterwards the skin on her breasts would feel more beautiful and smooth than they’d ever felt before. Chambers now put on rubber gloves that came all the way up almost to his elbows. He dug into a bucket of a liquidy, muddy substance and began slathering it all over Tracey’s big, naked tits.

Out of earshot, Emily stuck her face right into the camera and said, “Looks like a nice mud pack. But what this silly bimbo doesn’t know is, her mudpack is half liquid clay which is normally used in mudpacks, and half, extra strength Finalgon. Those fat, sweater puppies of hers are going to REALLY start heating up in about one minute.” With that, the camera zoomed in on Chamber’s glove-covered hands, carefully coating Tracey’s mondo boobs with the goopy substance.

Lucy whispered to Emily, “What’s Finalgon?”

“Finalgon’s a super hot analgesic, kind of like Bengay or Icy Hot only MUCH hotter. I don’t know if you can legally buy it in the U.K. We had to order if from Austria. The hot sensation is incredible. It won’t damage her skin at all but in a minute, it’s going to feel like her tits are on fire.”

And right on time, Tracey began to feel the heat and REALLY squirm. As the mud began to dry, it opened her pores, and the Finalgon was able to really sink in. Tracey could not BELIEVE how much her tits were burning. She said meekly, “Oh Mr. Chambers, I think that’s enough on the mudpacks. It’s beginning to burn. I think you should rinse it off now.”

Chambers leaned in to Tracey’s ear and whispered, “Tracey, don’t say that on camera. You’ll look like such a fool. The mud on your boobs is flown in from Argentina. It costs $600 per ounce. Women pay thousands of dollars for just this ONE treatment that you are receiving for free. Now, be quiet. The mud needs to stay on for 20 minutes or you will have wasted thousands of dollars of this rare mud.”

Tracey just nodded her head silently, accepting her fate. She did NOT want to look foolish and wow, she was paying NOTHING for a treatment that the rich ladies in town were paying a fortune for. “Ok,” she told herself. “You can do it. How bad can it get.”

While Tracey squirmed and accepted the burning pain on her boobs and her nipples, she heard a buzzing sound. Chambers, “Ok, we’re going to trim you up a bit before we give you the “beauty shave.” And with that, Chambers passed the electric clippers over Tracey’s landing strip. Now that the hairs were much shorter, the shaving would be much easier.

Chambers dipped a brush into a large vat of butter and proceeded to butter Tracey’s pubes until they were a buttery glow. He noticed her quiver when the brush accidentally brushed across her clit. He looked into the camera and flashed an evil grin and made the “thumbs up” sign. The slices of cucumber resting on Tracey’s closed eyes worked as well as a blindfold so our gullible little bimbo didn’t notice Chamber’s gesture into the camera. He actually made a motion into the camera with his finger, kind of a “come closer” kind of gesture. With that, the camera zoomed in close on Tracey’s buttery pussy. Chamber’s dipped his brush into the butter again and went back to work. But this time, he languished on Tracey’s now swollen love button. Despite the heat on her tits, behind her cucumber blindfold, Tracey began to gently moan. The more Chambers slid the brush across her clit, the more she moaned. Once again, Tracey was faced with a dilemma. Let herself orgasm in front of a room full of not only the crew, but other customers OR try to hold back. When Chambers noticed her body tensing up like it was about to explode…..he took away the brush. Tracey’s body was on the edge of delirium. It needed release and it needed it badly.

“Now Tracey, I’m removing your shoes. You need to bring your feet up towards you and press the soles of your feet against each other so that your knees fall open to the side. You want to keep your legs spread as wide as possible because I’m going to be trimming you with a very sharp, straight razor and I’m sure you don’t want any of your delicate girl parts to get nicked.” Tracey obeyed her instructions and her glistening buttery pussy offered an amazing sight that was about to get better. Chambers took the straight edge and shaved Tracey’s nether regions completely bald. He then squirted a combination of lemon, lime and orange juice over the newly exposed pussy stating that this natural astringent would help prevent infection. All Tracey knew was that it burned worse than her anal bleaching.

“Ok, 7 more minutes and we rinse off the mud, Tracey. You just relax and I’ll be right back.”

“Relax?” Tracey thought to herself? “Relax when my nipples, my breasts and my pussy feels like it’s on fired?” While Tracey writhed, the camera zoomed in and explored her mud-covered boobs and her cleanly shaved and glistening pussy.

After 7 minutes were up, Emily said to Lucy, “She can’t see a clock. Let’s let her suffer a few more minutes.” Chambers and Lucy both thought this was a good idea, and with Tracey’s eyes still covered by the cucumber slices they stood on the other side of the her chair and made funny faces into the camera.

Once again, Tracey was shocked by the sensation of the ice water hosing, but this time….she was thankful. The cold water may have felt great on her burning boobs, but the reality was, it would do little to actually stop the burning sensation. It would take another hour or two for the sensation to cool down from burning, to just really hot. That’s how Finalgon worked.

Chambers, “Ok, Tracey you’re treatment is almost done. We’re going to slide your chair back so you can rest your head back over the edge of the sink, and Marla will put some lotion in your hair and give you a scalp massage followed by a shampoo. While you’re doing that, your breasts and labia are going to receive the salon’s special electro rejuvenation treatment.” Tracey just nodded meekly. “First, we’re going to replace the cucumber slices with fresh ones.” Tracey had to admit, the cool cucumbers did feel soothing, but….what is electro rejuvenation treatment?”

While Tracey leaned her head back into the sink, John affixed the sticky pads with wires attached. The wires lead from a black, box-shaped piece of equipment. One wire on each side of her pussy. One on each side of her nipples. Then the electrical current was set on low. A timer would gradually increase the flow of electricity to her nipples and pussy. Meanwhile, Marla, a big, strong, matronly Swedish woman began massaging the lotion into Tracey’s scalp. Marla was exceptionally skilled at this type of massage and Tracy finally wondered, “Is everything going to finally feel nice.”

Gradually, the electrical current pulsating through her erogenous zones began to pick up to where it was borderline uncomfortable.

Again, Tracey could not see or hear, but Emily leaned into the camera lens and said, “What our dumb bimbo doesn’t realize is the lotion that Marla is using….is depilatory cream. In a few minutes, Tracey’s head is going to be as bald as her pussy. As bald as a cue ball,” and she made a big grin.

Her second dose of Emily’s magical coffee was really beginning to hit now. She was glowing in pleasure, and yet, as docile as one could imagine. As Marla began to run the hose on Tracey’s head, the last remnants of her long, pretty blonde hair ended up in the sink.

Chambers approached and pushed a pair of earbuds into Tracey’s ears. Immediately, she could hear the familiar sound of Nurse Emily 2, talking to her. “Ok, Tracey, these earbuds are remote controlled. If you can hear me just nod your head yes.” Ever so slightly, as to not let the cucumber slices slip off her face, Tracey nodded her head. “Ok, now this final bit is both for you AND for the camera. Marla is going to replace the cucumber with a real blindfold. After that, just do as you’re directed. Do you understand?” Again, Tracey gently nodded yes. Moments later, Marla had put her blindfold in place and was helping her stand up.

“Ok, Tracey, I’m going to gradually turn up the sound of crowds cheering. So you’ll hear crowds cheering and you’ll hear the sound of my voice. Ok. Here goes. Can you hear the sounds of a crowd cheering?” Tracey nodded, yes. “Now I want you to imagine that the cheering is for you. The crowd is cheering you because you are now the most beautiful woman in London. Now, we’re going to film this final segment in the privacy of the courtyard behind the store. We want you standing there in all your glory, with the sunlight on your beautiful body, And what you’ll hear is the cheers and my voice. So just follow directions.”

With that, John Chambers began leading Tracey through the salon. They made a few turns and soon, Tracey had lost all sense of direction.

“Now Tracey, we’ve got the camera set up in the courtyard. As soon as John leads you through the door, I want you to raise both arms over your head as though you’re waving to a stadium full of people, all admiring your beauty. Before you walk through the door, Lucy’s going to put on a set of earrings that i think really compliments your new look, AND she’s going to give you a bit of lipstick. She’s also going to give you a new pair of shoes that works well with your new look.”

Lucy removed Tracey’s simple, elegant earrings and replaced them with large gold hoop earrings that must have been 3 inches in diameter. Then she helped her step into a pair of very high platform heels. Tracey could sense that the heels were steep and platform, but with her blindfold in place she couldn’t see how gaudy and super slutty the shoes were. Finally, Lucy took some very bright red lipstick and began applying it to Tracey’s lips. BUT…..Lucy was intentionally doing a very sloppy job. When she was finished, it looked like a 5-year-old had done Tracey’s lipstick.

“Ok, now Tracey, I’m going to turn up the volume on the cheering in your earbuds, and John is going to lead you out into the sunlight. Remember, when you feel the sun, stop, stand still and throw both your hands up in the air and wave to the imaginary masses.” On cue, Tracey stepped out the door, took two steps, and stopped. The sounds in her ears of crowd cheering was loud. She waved to her imaginary audience. “SMILE big, Tracey. Show that you’re proud of who you are!” Tracey smiled a super big smile. Emily’s “mixture” had worked to perfection. Tracey had literally been reduced to a pleasure zombie and she would now just do exactly as she was told.

“Now bring you hands down to your beautified boobs and rub them, squeeze them, shake them.” Tracey obeyed. “Now pinch your nipples, hard and lift your tits up by the nipples.” Tracey obeyed. “Now holding them up by the nipples, shake them.” It really hurt but….Tracey obeyed.

“Now, very carefully, because those heels are steep...very slowly, spread your legs a little at a time. A little at a time while you continue to shake those boobs byholding your nipples.” Tracey obeyed. “Now slide your hands down your body to your pussy and touch it.” Tracey obeyed. As her hands passed over her mons, she realized that she had zero pubic hair. Somehow she didn’t realize that John had shaved her completely. But….she thought it felt sexy. She’d never been shaved completely bald down there. And….she liked the way it felt.

Now Tracey, I want you to spread your pussy with both hands but leave one finger free to caress your clit, and then do it. Rub your cute little clitty. Rub it until you orgasm or at least pretend to orgasm for the camera.” Tracey knew there would be no pretending. Her body had been craving an orgasm for quite a while now. It took her almost two minutes of pulling her pussy open and rubbing her clit but then, it happened. An earth-shattering orgasm that buckled her knees and caused her to almost fall.

Emily turned to Lucy and asked, “When does the show air?”

“Tomorrow night, Channel J, at 10 P.M. Emily...our ratings are going to go through the roof. I can never thank you enough.”

Emily told her, as she looked into the monitor, looked at her boss, naked, a bald pussy, a bald head, her slut lipstick smeared on her face, “Oh, don’t worry about that Lucy. You already have. You already have.”

It was time for Emily’s finally command. “Ok now Tracey, remove the blindfold.” With that, our big-titted little slut puppie lifted the blindfold and…..froze. Confusion permeated her brain. She had been listening to her imaginary audience cheering, but….she was looking out at a massive crowd of cheering people and a t.v. camera pointed right at her. She turned around and came face to face with the FRONT door of the store. But how…… and it hit her all at once. She’d been tricked. On the other side of the glass door stood Nurse Emily and Lucy, smiling. Emily lifted the silly, purple wig off her head and took off the big glasses. Then she held up a sign for Tracey and all the world to see. It said, “DUMBEST BIMBO IN LONDON.”

Frantic for cover, Tracey grabbed the handle of the door and pulled. But the door…..was quite locked.