**Tracey's Just Dessert**

by nicholsonguy

The gorgeous blonde stared at herself in the mirror and smiled before getting her business clothes on. Tracey Smith knew that her trim athletic body, amazing breasts, and Cover Girl model face helped her get in the door at Chambers International Advertising Agency, one of the highest profile agencies in the world. Tracey had quickly progressed up the corporate ladder somewhat due to her looks but also because of her drive and proficiency at her job as a sales manager.

Tracey tended to have more conservative presentations than most of the sales staff underneath her. She generally closed her sales and was extremely prudent with the company dollar. Tracey knew that most of her coworkers didn’t care a great deal for her and even named her “dragon lady” because of her reputation for being tight to the point of ridiculous at times when it came to cutting the costs of equipment, supplies, and the occasional banquets and employee recognitions. There was one area that Tracey allotted more spending money than normal. She did enjoy some extravagances for herself and felt justified that she was entitled to them because of her conservatism with the day to day operating expenses. Tracey used every opportunity to remind other employees of her accomplishments and cost savings even though her motivation was a selfish one.

Tracey arrived in her office and started the day by telling her assistant Brooke of all her accomplishments of the previous day. Brooke was a stunning brunette and the only person in the whole company who could hold a candle to Tracey in the looks department. While not as bosomy as Tracey, Brooke had long brown hair, a well proportioned figure, silky smooth skin and a captivating smile. Tracey didn’t care much for Brooke as she was well educated and seemed to have a personality that all the employees enjoyed. Besides that Tracey knew how efficient Brooke was and considered her a threat on her continued ascension up the corporate ladder. Brooke was bubbly but didn’t appreciate Tracey’s lack of recognition for her contributions to Tracey’s success. Many times it was Brooke who ended up spending countless hours with vendors trying to get the best deal.

Brooke smiled at Tracey as she read from a list of upcoming events that she needed to remind Tracey of. The corporate office would be sending a reporter and photographer over sometime in the next few weeks to do a cover story on Tracey as Chambers rising young star. On Friday, Tracey was scheduled to have a very important luncheon with Mr. Oh from Japan. Mr. Chambers said to spare no expense as Mr. Oh’s account was extremely lucrative and if landed would make Tracey a possible partner in the company.

After going through the complete list, Tracey decided to focus in on the upcoming luncheon with Mr. Oh. “Brooke, are you still going out with that sushi chef who I have seen on the covers of some of the local magazines?” asked Tracey. Brooke had been dating the head chef from a local Japanese restaurant that was known for its edgy and unique dining experiences. Tracey was hoping that because of Brooke’s connection with the chef, she would be able to treat Mr. Oh to a superb dining experience and have money left over to splurge one of the other upcoming events. Brooke replied that she was still dating the chef.

“I remembered overhearing a discussion once that Mr. Oh was having with Mr. Chambers about a Japanese dish he had enjoyed and I wrote it down on a note card. Hmmm, oh here it is. Do you think James would be able to prepare something by the name of “Nyotaimori?”

Coincidentally, Brooke and James had just discussed this particular dish recently. The term “Nyotaimori” means, “女体盛り female body presentation”, often referred to as “body sushi”. Nyotaimori is the practice of eating sashimi or sushi from the body of a woman, typically when she is naked.

Even though Brooke tried to question Tracey as to the appropriateness of having that kind of meal for their business luncheon, Tracey, thinking that Brooke was trying to undermine her efforts to give Mr. Oh what he enjoyed, cut Brooke off before she was able to go into detail about Nyotaimori.

“If you are positive that is what you want,” smiled Brooke obligingly, “I know James will be able to do it for you and I could get a price if you like.”

“That would be great” said Tracey. “You know Brooke, if you could get him to do it as a favor to you for a discounted price, there may be a bonus in it for you.”

Brooke acknowledged Tracey’s suggestion with a smile and said, “Just one thing before I give James a call, are you sure you want a videographer at the company awards luncheon? It seems like that is an unusual expense coming from you?”

Tracey smiled. The upcoming awards luncheon is where she had planned on using the money she was hoping to save by using Brooke’s boyfriend. She was anticipating winning the outstanding sales person of the year, but more importantly, she was hoping to win the artistry award for the employee who goes above and beyond in service to the company. That award would be rewarded with a new car. Tracey definitely wanted these events recorded on film as a reminder of her value to the company.

“I think we can afford to spend some money on recognizing our outstanding employees.” replied Tracey.

“Very well,” said Brooke. “I will contact the videographer to see what kind of deal he can give us and I will speak to James pertaining to a price for the Nyotamimori.”

While she was busy trying to tie up all the details for the luncheon with Mr. Oh and the awards banquet, she saw Mr. Chambers approaching her desk. “Great news Brooke,” exclaimed Mr. Chambers the company’s CEO and founder. “Mr. Oh, has let me know that he is very excited and impressed with our advertising campaign and he has decided to signed a multi-million dollar contract. I know Tracey has been working very hard on setting up a fantastic small intimate luncheon with Mr. Oh, but I was hoping that we could surprise her and move the employee’s award banquet to the same day if possible. That way we can share this fantastic news with the rest of the employees. There is an adjacent room that is closed off by a sliding door. I was thinking we could have all the employees seated in there and when the luncheon starts we can turn this into a surprise for Tracey. Do you think it would be possible to pull something like that together with such short notice?

Other than the luncheon, I think Tracey was planning on showing off some of our hardware so I don’t think it will be a problem.” Brooke replied. Smiling reassuringly at Mr. Chambers, she quipped, “she may be showing off even more than you think.” Mr. Chambers was amused at Brooke’s quick humor. He quickly added how much he appreciated having her around and then went on his way.

As Mr. Chambers was leaving Brooke’s desk, Tracey returned from an errand she had been doing. What was Mr. Chambers doing here?” questioned Tracey.

“Just asking for some figures is all” replied Brooke.

“I see,” said Tracey feeling a bit unappreciated. “Well that old bird has been eyeing my figures 36, 23, 34” snarled Tracey.

“You think he ogles us do you?” joked Brooke.

“No, not us-ME,” Tracey snapped at Brooke.

Realizing that once again Tracey was trying to act like the center of the universe, Brooke apologized. “Sorry Miss Smith. I should have known it was just you. By the way, I have great news. My boyfriend actually knows your client and is happy to cook for him gratis. However, he would like to be compensated for the expenses which he has made a list of and faxed over for you to look at.”

Tracey eyeballed the list and seemed quite pleased that it seemed fairly straight forward. Her happiness ceased when she spotted $2000 specified for a food presenter. Tracey felt certain that it was a misprint and inquired about it to Brooke.

When Brooke assured her it wasn’t, Tracey became very quiet and it was evident that she was in deep thought. After a few minutes, she exclaimed, “That seems like so much money for presenting food. I know I could do that job as well as anyone and that way we could keep the $2,000 as our bonus.”

“Are you sure about that?” interrupted Brooke. “Of course,” smiled Tracey. “How difficult could it be wheeling out some food to the dinner table?” Brooke’s eyes lit up as she envisioned Tracey naked except for some flowers and food covering parts of her body.

“James also sent over a couple of forms that require your signature. I believe there is a waiver for the food presenter and some other routine forms” explained Brooke.

Tracey grabbed the small pile of forms and signed them without looking at them. “There we should be all set.” That is going to be so great thought Brooke.

“More great news Miss Smith,” exclaimed Brooke, “the videographer is also willing to record and make DVDs of the company awards banquet. His only request is that he maintains rights to sell copies to anyone who wishes to purchase a DVD”. Tracey was surprised by this as it was unlikely anyone would want to purchase a DVD. Either way, she assumed that her superior negotiating ability saved the company some more money which meant a bigger bonus for her.

On Friday, Tracey arrived at the hotel restaurant an hour before her scheduled luncheon with Mr. Oh. Brooke accompanied Tracey and introduced her to the chef, her boyfriend James Simon. With the introductions out of the way, James asked if the food presenter was coming soon. Tracey smiled as she informed him that she would be presenting the food. James looked surprised and asked “are you sure? I usually work with women that are experienced in this type of presentation!” Tracey reassured James that she was up to the challenge. James was hesitant but replied, “Well I guess we have no choice.”

“Brooke, will you take Tracey to the shower please?” commanded James. When she heard that, Tracey told him that would not be necessary as she had recently bathed. James went on to explain that she needed to shower with a special fragrance free soap so that there would be no smell to block out the aroma of the food. Tracey begrudgingly nodded and said “well you’re the expert!”

Brooke, show me to the shower and then go meet Mr. Oh. Make sure to offer him a drink when he arrives” said Tracey. “You will need to step in and replace me while I am doing the presenting of the food.” Brooke led Tracey to a shower that was right outside of the kitchen and told Tracey that she would take care of her clothes. Tracey stripped out of her form fitting backless dress, unclasped her strapless bra and stepped out of her bikini cut panties and than handed them to Brooke to place outside the shower. Brooke grabbed the clothes from Tracey and said she was preparing to leave to attend to Mr. Oh. Seeing that time was tight, Brooke strongly suggested that Tracey quit dawdling and hop in the shower. Brooke then slapped Tracey hard across the ass and when Tracey was out of ear shot, Brooke said, “Boss, I am sure you will be the companies biggest ASSet tonight.” Brooke giggled as she left the kitchen.

In the shower, Tracey was enjoying the warm water as it ran down over her ample

bosom and across her nubile body. Suddenly, without any warning, the shower curtains were drawn open. There was James with some type of a tank device which he pumped once and then splattered Tracey’s very naked body with cold water.

“Holy shit, what the hell you are doing? I am taking a shower you pervert!” Tracey berated him.

“I am keenly aware princess what you are doing, but part of the deal of being a food model is being splashed with cold water as soon as you’re done with a warm shower,” James scolded her. “It makes you fresher, more acclimated to the temperature of the food and your nipples stand out so that they are easier to decorate.”

“Huh? What? ” questioned Tracey. “Decorate; are you out of your mind? I am not a serving tray”.

“Jesus, do you even know what Nyotaimori is?” James yelled frustrated by Tracey’s ignorance.

“Isn’t it some type of Japanese barbeque?” Tracey whispered. James laughed and said, “How the hell can Brooke be an assistant to an idiot like you?”

It is sushi served on the body of a naked woman. You and I both know that Mr. Oh loves this and he is going to be pissed if we do not have a food model”. “Damnit, shouted James, “if you refuse to be the food presenter then we will have to cancel this luncheon. I may as well just leave and let you sort things out with Mr. Oh”. Tracey pondered for a moment contemplating how messing up this deal might permanently tarnish her star in the company which was something she was not going to let happen. After all, she thought, the luncheon only included Mr. Oh, Mr. Chambers and Brooke and perhaps the food would cover her enough that she could maintain some modesty. Tracey informed James that she would do it as planned.

“That is good news but we need to get you ready” James said as he rolled out a big table that had a bright red silk looking table cloth on it. He patted the table and said, “Come on Tracey, time is of the essence. Let’s get you up on the table,” Tracey eyeballed the table and gingerly walked over to it trying to figure out how to climb on to it in a dignified way. Then suddenly she felt her naked ass get smacked for the second time today. The naked Tracey jumped straight up onto the table from the shock of getting spanked and her big boobs bounced up and down. Tracey put one leg up on the table, then the other and soon she was lying on top of the table. James looked over Tracey’s exposed body and took in all of her charms from her perfect skin to her giant bazooms and her very erect nipples. “Yes, I think you will do just fine as long as you follow my instructions explicitly,” said James as he ogled Tracey.

“First you are to remain motionless when you are on the table. That means no chatting with the guests, no twitching or movement of any kind.”

Tracey nodded and asked, “But what if I have to go to the restroom?”

“That is not doable. You will need to do any business you have to do right now”

“Well I best go then before you make me up,” said Tracey. James asked her if she had to go number one or number two. Tracey stammered, “number one.” James replied, “We have delayed long enough. Just go in this beaker. It is totally sanitized and designed for just such an occurrence.” James then proceeded to slide Tracey to the end of the table, placed saran wrap around all parts that didn’t need exposure and put the beaker between Tracey’s legs. She hesitated and like a middle age man with prostrate problems had trouble going. Soon the flow of urine started and continued for what was probably seconds but seemed to be a good five minutes to Tracey. “My, you were definitely well hydrated,” chuckled James as he carefully removed the beaker and took some sanitized wipes and he brushed them across Tracey.

James tied Tracey’s arms and legs in place with a rope made out of some type of green plant. Once she was bound he looked her over and said, “Hold still as I need to shave you.” Tracey’s eyes widened upon hearing this. “Um do you think that is really necessary?” She asked. “Of course, you wouldn’t want to find a stray hair in your food would you?” James replied. Tracey gulped as she knew he was correct but it certainly didn’t make the thought of Brooke’s boyfriend shaving her pussy bare any less stressful. James applied some shaving cream and was masterful with the razor as Tracey thought to herself she could not have been gentler herself. She couldn’t raise her head to see her now very bare pussy but she could feel the cool air from the vent whisk across her pussy lips.

James tilted Tracy up and placed something underneath her (smoked salmon) and then laid her down and placed a couple pieces of salmon across her sex in a triangular way which gave the appearance of a salmon v cut panties. He then placed sheets of rice paper on her and placed assorted sushi and sashimi all across her body. He also placed beautiful flowers along her including a pansy covering each nipple. Slowly, he massaged her forehead and placed a cucumber on top of each eye to help cover and relax Tracey. For her part Tracey was as still as a corpse as she hoped that no one other than Mr. Chambers and Mr. Oh would see her. Finally, James announced that she looked good enough to eat and asked for the waitress to wheel the table out to the guests.

Tracey’s heart was beating rapidly as she was thinking to herself why she didn’t pay more attention to detail before deciding to be a food model. To make matters worse, even though she was extremely embarrassed by the whole situation she was also quite aroused she could feel the wetness between her legs intensify with every heartbeat.

Tracey could not see with the cucumbers over her eyes but that was a condition that didn’t last long. The table with Tracey on it was wheeled in front of Mr. Chambers, Mr. Oh, and Brooke. Mr. Oh asked, “Will Miss Smith be joining us tonight?”

Brooke smiled at the two men and said “Tracey will not only be joining us for the luncheon she will be the serving tray.” With that said, Brooke pulled the cucumbers off of Tracey’s eyes. Tracey, astonished at seeing Brooke grin at her, stared into space trying her best to be still and act like a professional food model. As she lay quite still, she couldn’t help but hear some of the comments about her being a pretty little dish and how they never had trays like that at their houses.

Tracey smiled weakly as Brooke, Mr. Chambers and Mr. Oh pulled off item after item from her ever increasingly exposed body. Mr. Oh commented to Mr. Chambers, “This is the best salmon I have ever had as it has a type of marinade that I am not familiar with.” Brooke realizing that the marinade was really Tracey’s juices commented, “Well, I think Tracey helped James create the marinade with a personal touch.” She proceeded to pluck a generous portion of salmon from Tracey’s salmon panty and offered it to Mr. Oh.

Mr. Chambers winked at Tracey and said, “Miss Smith, I have long been a fan of your efforts to save money for the agency but this is by far your best money saving idea yet,” as he pinched her with a toothpick.

Tracey couldn’t believe how turned on she was getting and was proud of herself for being silent as she was torn between wanting to scream out of embarrassment or excitement.

The next thing she heard was Mr. Chambers saying to Brooke, “Miss English, don’t you think it is time for us to join the rest of the company at the awards banquet? Please be sure to bring Miss Smith with you as I think she just may win an award or two tonight.”

Tracey gasped as she saw Brooke get up and get behind her table. Brooke started to roll her into a big banquet room that must have held five hundred people.

Everyone from the mail clerks to the receptionists and accountants made their way over to Tracey’s table and either made a lecherous comment or snapped a picture. Tracey still maintained a modicum of modesty as a few pieces of rice paper, her pansy covered breasts and a small segment of salmon covered her.

“Ladies and gentleman, it is my distinct honor to name our rising star award winner for 2010 is Miss Tracey Smith,” Mr. Chambers announced.

Applause and wolf whistles went through the room as Brooke wheeled Tracey’s table to the podium. Brooke then went up to the microphone and said, “Miss Smith is a bit tied up at the moment,” which got guffaws from the audience, “but she does want to wave hi to everyone who may have voted for her.”

Brooke then pressed her foot down on a lever on the bottom of the table which slowly raised the table vertical. In doing so, whatever was covering Tracey had become undone by the effects of gravity. She was propped up before the assembly of employees wearing nothing but a smile. Brooke pointed to Tracey and made a few comments which Tracey wasn’t paying attention to. Then she heard Brooke say, “Tracey is a very genuine, real person,” as Brooke pinched Tracey’s large, perky and very real breasts. Tracey’s mouth opened wide in an oval shape as her nipple was tweaked. She wanted to scream when she heard Brooke say “Tracey will be back in a few minutes as she warmed us up with an entrée but is going to finish our night with a heavenly or maybe I should say devilishly sinful dessert.”

As Tracey was wheeled back into the kitchen she started to chastise Brooke and said, “Ok, I have had enough humiliation to last a lifetime. Get me off this table and get me my clothes.”

“I am afraid I cannot do that Tracey, as not only did you sign a contract, but Mr. Oh insists on not signing any documents until after dessert. If you do not wish to blow this account and your future with the company besides a lawsuit from James for breach of contract, I suggest you do as you’re told.”

Try as she might Tracey couldn’t justify a lawsuit or losing this account so she begrudgingly nodded ok. A big mischievous grin spread across Brooke’s face as James approached Tracey with his table of dessert tools.

He had Tracey stand up with her arms raised to the side as he started to spray her with a fine sticky mist of butter, honey and food dye. He then had Tracey get on a new table on her hands and knees. He proceeded to use cooking string to bind Tracey’s hands down to the table and her ankles as well. Tracey looked like an edible sexy version of a blue sphinx. James then placed a headdress on Tracey that contained skewers of marshmallows and chocolates. He placed a necklace of cupcakes around her and sprinkled mini cookies to her sticky skin. James placed two waffle cone shaped items onto Tracey’s breasts as her nipples protruded through the opening of the middle of the ice cream cone shaped devices. Finally James placed an apple in Tracey’s mouth and snapped a strap across the apple and Tracey’s head so that she looked like a combination roast pig and kinky film star. Tracey’s ass was pointed high in the air and it was obvious to anyone who looked that Tracey was definitely moist.

“Brooke, honey I need you to add the finishing touch to my masterpiece,” said James as he handed Brooke a device that Tracey couldn’t see. Brooke was behind her and Tracey could hear her giggling. Just then she felt her anus spread apart as James seemed to be putting some type of lubricant on her. “She’s all set,” James informed Brooke, who proceeds to take a larger tube stick it up Tracey’s ass further than Tracey thought it was possible to go. The tube bent up at a 45 degree angle and then took on the appearance of a menorah with 9 candles pointing out from it. Tracey then felt a rush of warmth and the smell of melting wax as the candles were lit. Tracey found herself being wheeled back into the banquet hall. As Tracey looked down she saw sheets of cake placed underneath her. Tracey began to cry when she arrived into the center of the room to a chorus of “Happy birthday Mr. Chambers.” Mr. Chambers reached underneath Tracey’s hanging breasts, which were covered with a cone shaped device covering her breasts and squeezed gently as whipped cream escaped. One by one everyone took their turn to squeeze her boobs to ice their cake. Long after the frosting was depleted, several of the male employees made it a point to get seconds on cake so they could squeeze Tracey’s tremendous tits a one more time

Mr. Chambers approached Tracey and said “Miss Smith, I really must say you have outdone yourself tonight and I think hiring the videographer was genius as I have already had 400 requests for a DVD of this evening’s festivities.”

Tracey grinned and bared it (literally) unable to speak with the apple in her mouth. She heard the dozens in the audience volunteer to help wash the dishes. When Brooke suggested to Mr. Chambers that they could have an auction as a way to select who could help to wash the serving tray that was Tracey, Mr. Chambers broke into a huge grin and said, “Excellent idea! For that I think you will get the new car as our artistry winner.” He winked at Brooke while Tracey got her just desserts.