**Tracey's "Pretty Pussy"**

By Katie Smith

Tracey looked up as the shop door opened and groaned inwardly as Mr. Green walked in followed by his teenage daughter Sarah.

Tracey knew Sarah’s name because she’d been in the shop almost every day since Tracey had taken over as manager 4 weeks ago trying on and buying clothes. Tracey couldn’t say she liked the girl, she seemed a bit insolent to Tracey and she also should not of been buying the clothes that she did. To say the girl was fat would have been an understatement and the skimpy, or even worse, clingy and tight clothes she bought only made her look worse!

The shop was called “Pretty Pussy” and it really only catered for slim young girls that could look good in short skirts and tight tops and not much else. Most of Tracey’s clientele were teenage girls with model type bodies that they didn’t mind showing off and the clothes in Tracey’s shop were designed to do just that! So inwardly Tracey always cringed when Sarah walked in and bought something that only emphasized her fat body. On the other hand though she did spend a lot of money in the shop, her dad's money Tracey found out one day when she was chatting to her, and so she hid her inward feelings and quite happily took the money and promised Sarah her white flabby thighs looked great in the new micro mini skirt she’d just bought!

Tracey had only met Mr. Green once and that was in the street outside the shop as Tracey was closing up for the day. He didn’t have much to say but he was pretty forceful when he told Tracey that she wasn’t allowed to let Sarah waste any more money in her shop on totally unsuitable clothing. Tracey had tried to argue that what Sarah spent her money on was her choice and received a right earful from him in return stating that it was his money his daughter was spending and Tracey, more than a bit intimidated by the man spent the rest of the discussion thoroughly cowed in his presence.

Then three days later Sarah had walked into the shop as if nothing had happened and explained she wanted a special party dress to wear to attract a boy she had her eye on.

“God help the boy!” Tracey thought as she tried to explain to Sarah what her dad had said but as soon as Sarah said she had £250 to spend on the dress the temptation was to much and before long the money was in the till and Sarah was leaving the shop with the new dress in a bag.

And now here they both were and from the look on Mr. Green's face he was not a happy man! On top of all of that and to make matters ten times worse, standing behind the counter with Tracey was Mr. Chambers, “Pretty Pussy’s” area manager doing his first review of Tracey since she took over the shop! Tracey had never liked Mr. Chambers, he’d always seemed very sly to her and she didn’t like the way he looked at her, as if he was undressing her with his eyes. The company was rife with rumours about the sort of things he got up to with the shop staff and customers. Apparently in three of the shops he’d set up hidden cameras in the changing rooms and then he and other male employees would watch the videos of girls changing at their leisure. Quite often the girls changing would strip naked to try on bikinis or underwear and all the time they were being videotaped. Apparently he’d been caught out a couple of years ago when a girl changing found a camera in the room but because Mr. Chambers boss had also watched some of the videos himself in the past no action was taken and the whole thing hushed up. The hidden cameras were just rumours, although strong ones, but Tracey had also seen the way Mr. Chambers treated the female staff. For a start he called them all his pretty pussies, which a lot of the younger girls found embarrassing. He liked having a little feel whenever he could as well and not a single girl working in one of the shops had escaped Mr. Chambers hands, sometimes it was just a pat on the bottom, other times it was a pinch or a slap. He had a thing for large breasts so if you were a big girl you could guarantee that his hands would soon be giving your boobs a quick squeeze. He also wasn’t adverse to lifting a girls skirt from behind to see if she was wearing a thong. Tracey had seen all this first hand and had received her fair share of touching and groping, especially as she was a big breasted girl, but like all the other girls she kept quite and although she didn’t like it she tolerated it, after all he was the boss.

Tracey cursed her luck that this should happen though just as the Green’s came storming in and he certainly didn’t waste anytime as he walked straight up to Tracey and almost shouted at her, “I thought I’d made myself clear that you were not to sell my daughter any more clothes young lady, or are you just a stupid bimbo like you look.”

That stung Tracey but to her surprise she heard Mr. Chambers snigger behind her before stepping up and asking what the problem was. While Tracey stood silent Mr. Green explained what had happened, how he’d told Tracey not to sell any more clothes to his daughter and then he pulled the dress out of the bag he was carrying and told Mr. Chambers how Tracey had sold it to Sarah only days later. Now Tracey knew that as well having a reputation as a dirty old pervert Mr. Chambers also was known for grabbing every sale and therefore she was surprised to hear him start to have a go at her for selling the dress. As well as that he also started telling her that it was a totally unsuitable dress for Sarah to wear.

Sarah had been standing behind her dad looking almost as frightened as Tracey but she suddenly piped up. “I told her I wanted a sensible dress but she insisted that skimpy one was much better.”

That’s not the way Tracey remembered it, Sarah had wanted to buy a dress that showed as much bare flesh as possible to attract this boy! “That’s not true, you wanted a sexy dress.” Tracey blurted out.

“Are you calling my daughter a slut?” Mr. Green suddenly shouted back at her, his face glowing a dangerous red. For a second Tracey though he was going to slap her but thankfully he just glowered at her and she looked at Mr. Chambers for support but he just smiled at her before saying.

“I’m sure she didn’t mean that Mr. Green, after all Tracey wears that type of dress all the time and she’s no slut are you Tracey?”

Tracey nodded her head vehemently and when Mr. Green asked her if she liked the dress she’d sold his daughter she nodded again.

“There’s nothing slutty about that dress is there Tracey, I’m sure you’d put it on for us now and not worry about it wouldn’t you?”

Tracey nodded again, determined to stand up to this angry man and it wasn’t until Mr. Chambers handed her the dress and told her to go and put it on that she realised what she’d agreed to.

“Oh but I can’t do that Mr. Chambers.” She said blushing.

“Why not?” he asked a little sternly.

Tracey was stuck, she almost blurted out that she wouldn’t be seen dead in a skimpy dress like that normally and that it was much to revealing for her, even sluttish! She managed to stop herself in time but as she took the dress from her boss the only thing she could think of to say was that it wasn’t her size.

“Well it was much to small for my daughter so it’s probably just right for you, now go and put it on and we’ll see if it makes you look like a slut or not.” Mr. Green bellowed at her.

Bowing her head Tracey started off towards the changing cubicle wondering how she’d got herself into this mess. The trouble was she knew the dress was quite sluttish but that was what Sarah had wanted and so that’s what Tracey had sold her. Okay perhaps it had been a size or to two small for Sarah’s fat body but it wasn’t designed for girls Sarah’s size!

Tracey quickly closed the cubicle curtain and stripped off her smart trousers and top and briefly looked at herself in the full-length mirror .She looked pretty good standing there in just her bra and tiny thong. At the age of twenty three she had a fit toned body and not to mention a nice pair of 34c boobs that her bra only just contained! She pulled the silky dress over her head and let it slide down her body until it was hanging right and looked again in the mirror. The dress was indeed sexy! It was short, very short, covering her bottom by mere inches; it was also very clingy and low cut. The top half was held up by two spaghetti shoulder straps and the front plunged low! Tracey saw straight away that it was a dress not designed to be worn with a bra. Indeed as she looked at herself in the mirror the bra she was wearing was extremely visible and with a deep breath she decided that she had no choice but to take it off. Quickly doing so she once again appraised herself. If she had been dressing for a boyfriend she would of liked what she saw, and so would he! The dress clung to her body like a second skin, it was a good job she was wearing a thong or the outline of her panties would be easily visible! What was easily visible was the outline of her nipples poking against the cool silky material, no to mention a large portion of bare breast! It was the kind of dress that if she felt a little horny she might wear out clubbing with a boyfriend to please him. I was certainly not the kind of dress she would wear in front of her boss and an irate customer. Not in normal circumstances anyway. She had to now try and persuade them that this was not a slutty dress even though she now knew for sure it was!

Taking a deep breath she pulled the curtain back and stepped out into the shop, and feeling like a shy little schoolgirl again and with her head slightly bowed she walked back to the two men and Sarah. For a few seconds neither man said anything but she knew they were looking at her that’s for sure and then finally, “Well I must say that looks very nice on you Tracey.” She heard Mr. Chambers say with a small laugh and he turned to Mr. Green and smiled, “ It’s a bit revealing perhaps but nothing to slutty about it.”

Mr. Green just stared at her and Tracey felt more than a little self-conscious, as she stood there dressed as she was.

“And you’d wear a dress like that out young lady?” he said quietly.

“Of course.” She half whispered.

“Well that just confirms what a slut you are then.” He suddenly shouted at Tracey, almost making her jump. “ Look at it, it’s obscenely short, we can almost see your panties, providing you have any on.”

And to Tracey’s surprise and shock he suddenly reached forward and lifted the hem of her dress up to her waist revealing her long legs and tiny thong. She squealed but could not get the big man to relinquish his firm grip on her dress as he held it up high exposing her to her boss and Sarah. Even worse was to come as he span her round revealing her naked bottom to them and she heard Mr. Chambers laugh and then squealed in pain as a hard slap landed squarely on her naked butt.

“Let me go.” She shouted and to her relief and initial surprise he did just that. He released her dress and she quickly pulled it back down to cover her self just in time to hear him say, “See the little slut doesn’t even wear proper panties, and she certainly doesn’t wear a bra.”

And Tracey squealed again as his hand shot out and this time went for the neckline of the dress. He grabbed hold of it and this time Tracey squealed for a different reason as the dress was pulled down and before she could stop them both breasts popped free and were revealed in full.

“The slut doesn’t even wear a bra.” Mr. Green shouted and then to Tracey’s absolute horror the thin shoulder straps snapped and the dress fell down around her waist and she was standing there completely topless in front of them. Mr. Green just laughed and shoved her away so that she was standing against the wall facing them.

Tracey couldn’t believe it had come to this and as she tried to cover her large breasts with her hands while also trying to pull the front of the dress back up she heard the two men talking to each other. She couldn’t pick out each word but she heard Mr. Chambers saying, “well perhaps she is a slut,” and Mr. Green replying, “I’m surprised you hire girls like her, I know what I’d do to sluts like that.”

Tracey was suddenly aware that Sarah was approaching her and she heard her saying, “Aw, sorry Tracey, you know what my dad’s like, let me help you with that dress.”

Tracey was extremely pleased with the offer of help, she needed all the help she could get! So she smiled at the grinning Sarah and then seconds later shrieked in horror as Sarah took hold of the flimsy dress and in one fast movement ripped the entire dress off of Tracey.

Both men laughed as Sarah held up the torn dress as a trophy and backed away from the near to tears Tracey who was now standing against the wall wearing just her thong looking for all the world like a frightened dear caught in the headlamps of an approaching car.

“Good move Sarah.” Her dad said to her whereas Mr. Chambers kept quite, too stunned by the sight of his pretty manager almost naked in front of him to say anything.

Tracey hated her self for it but she couldn’t stop tears of embarrassment rolling down her face as she stood there desperately trying to hunch over to protect her modesty as best she could, but she was fighting a losing battle as she saw through her tears Sarah approaching her again, a grinning Sarah!

“Shall I dad?” Tracey heard her laugh.

“Sure, she’s a slut anyway.”

For a second Tracey didn’t understand what was going to happen but then she saw Sarah reach out towards her hips and then she felt a tugging and just as she realised what she was doing her thong was torn off her completely and Tracey was naked.

Again Sarah held the thong up as a trophy as Tracey burst into tears and the two men laughed at the naked girl.

“Once a slut always a slut.” Mr. Green laughed before turning to Mr. Green and saying, “I trust now that you know what she is you won’t continue to employ her as a manager here.”

Tracey could hardly believe what she was hearing as she continued to cry in front of them, “No I think your right and I’m glad you helped in exposing the little slut for what she really is.” Mr. Chambers laughed.

The two men shook hands and with a final triumphant sneer from Sarah her and her dad both left the shop.

Sniveling back the tears Tracey cringed as Mr. Chambers approached her and she tried to cover her nakedness as much as possible but from the way he was looking at her she knew it wasn’t enough.

“Well, well Tracey, I think we will have to deduct the cost of that dress from your wages this week and after that I think we should find a new position for you within the company, I’ve got a few interesting ones in mind.” He smiled at her