Trouble at Pretty Pussy

by Katie Smith

Tracey was in a bad mood.  The shopping mall had been extremely busy and as she was here by default rather than on her own shopping trip, the crowds just made everything worse.

Finally she saw the garish entrance to the “Pretty Pussy” shop.

“What a name for a shop!” she thought to herself.  A year ago nobody had heard of Pretty Pussy, but within ten months they had opened up a whole chain of stores selling women’s clothes. Well, women was perhaps the wrong word, they mainly catered for teenage girls and nearly all their clothes were what Tracey would call “trashy”.  Micro minis and the like.  They also sold underwear, which was what Tracey had in the bag she was carrying.  She couldn’t believe it when she’d opened the perfectly wrapped present from her boyfriend on Christmas day.  The fact that it was a bright red matching bra and panty set, with the knickers in fact being a tiny thong, was bad enough.  But it also had a large label attached to the bra, with the words: "I’m sure you’ll look like a pretty pussy in this."

To make matters even worse she opened the present in front of her parents, with John, her boyfriend, sitting there with a wide grin on his face seemingly oblivious to her embarrassment.  Inside she was angry as hell, even though she was only twenty-four this underwear looked much too young for her. She’d never worn thongs before and she certainly didn’t own any bright red underwear, and then to make the whole thing even worse, John obviously had no idea of her size!  Ever since she had been thirteen Tracey had been a generously proportioned girl, her bra size was 34E and the bra John had bought her was a tiny 34B!  When he did manage to persuade her to try it on later that night, she could hardly do the bra up at the back.  When she finally managed it, she couldn’t believe how huge her breasts looked, squashed up into the tiny bra until they were so overflowing it looked like the bra would break under the strain.  Of course John had loved the look, but Tracey hated it and she would of just thrown the hateful thing into her underwear drawer, never to see the light of day again, but John kept on about how he wanted to see her in the underwear as much as possible.  And he also let slip how much it cost, an amount that shocked Tracey, how could something so tacky cost so much money!  So in the end the only thing she could do, she surmised, was to go to Pretty Pussy and exchange the underwear for a set in her correct size.

The shop was as busy as the mall, mostly young girls, but with a few men dotted around the place, including some guys by themselves, who Tracey thought looked a bit shady.  Tracey thought she looked at least five or six years older compared to the other girls in the shop and she was way overdressed!  She had an important meeting with her boss straight after her lunch hour and was dressed in a very smart business suit.  She looked again at the men in the shop and saw that they mainly seemed to be hanging around the centre aisle of the shop and as Tracey walked by she suddenly saw why.  The changing cubicles were in this area, a line of four wooden cubicles with a curtain across the front to protect your modesty.  Well that was the plan anyway!  As soon as she approached the cubicles Tracey could see that the curtains were much to narrow and only seemed to cover about half the width of the front of the cubicle.  Anyone in the cubicle was hardly protected at all from anyone walking by, or even worse from anyone just idly standing outside!  As she approached she saw that three of the cubicles were occupied by teenage girls trying on clothes, all young and pretty, and all in various states of undress, certainly giving the men standing just a few feet outside a free show!  As she walked by the cubicle she saw a young blonde girl take off her bra before hanging it up on a hook behind her and the men watching gave an appreciated sigh as they saw the girls naked breasts.  Tracey was quite shocked by the girls apparent lack of concern.  She must of known that the men could see her, to all extents and purposes she may as well of been standing topless in the middle of the shop!

Tracey hurried by and finally found the sales desk but sighed when she saw the long queue.  She had popped out in her lunch hour and she knew her boss would not be happy if she came back late!  It also didn’t help Tracey’s frame of mind to see that almost every other girl in the queue was a teenager wearing the sort of clothes that Pretty Pussy sold, making Tracey feel out of place in her smart business suit!

After what seemed like an interminable amount of time Tracey got to the head of queue and smiled at the youngish looking man behind the till, “Hello, my boyfriend bought me this underwear set for Christmas but it’s the wrong size, can I change it for another set.”

The boy, Tracey hesitated to call him a man, looked at her with a stupid grin on his face and said, “Sorry but we don’t exchange goods unless they are faulty.”

From the tone of his voice Tracey felt like she had been dismissed already but she hadn’t raised herself to her junior management position by being dismissed by shop workers who weren’t even old enough to shave!

“Excuse me,” she said again, “ I do need these changed they are completely unsuitable and I either want a replacement set in the correct size or a refund.”

The young lad looked at her again and Tracey could of sworn he was about to tell her to get lost when his eyes suddenly lighted upon her generous chest and after a few seconds of blatant staring suddenly smiled and said, “Have you got the receipt?”

“Of course I have.” Tracey snapped and handed it to him. He gave it a cursory glance and put it down before looking back up at her.

“So they are just the wrong size?”

“Yes”, Tracey blushed slightly, “ the knickers are fine but the bra is too small.”

“Well I should be able to help you out there, “ he smiled at her for the first time, “why don’t you come with me and we’ll sort you out.”

She saw him put the 'position closed' sign up and heard some sighs from the people in the queue behind her as the young man walked from behind the till and took Tracey’s arm and started leading her towards the changing cubicles.

Realising where they were heading Tracey suddenly stopped and said, “Excuse me, I don’t have to try them on, I know they are too small.”

“Don’t be a silly girl,” he said grinning, “ You need to try them on again, just for a minute or two so I can make sure they don’t fit and then I can get you a set in the correct size.”

Being called a silly girl by a shop assistant several years younger than herself did nothing for her good temper but just as she was about to snap at him he suddenly tightened his grip on her arm and started leading her towards the changing cubicles again.

“Now look , I’m not sure about this,” Tracey moaned, it was supposed  to come out as an authoritive statement but even Tracey thought it came out as a meek sounding wail and before she knew it she found herself stood in front of a curtained cubicle.

“Right then Miss, if you pop in there and put the underwear on and then let me know when you are ready I will have a look.”

This is crazy thought Tracey, I don’t want him to “have a look” at all!  For a second she seriously though about just running for the shop exit and not looking back, but she was a junior manager and why should she let this spotty little twerp ruin her day, and apart from anything else it was only underwear, it wasn’t like he was going to see her naked was it!  Looking at her watch she saw that she really had no time to be hesitating at all, she could not afford to be late for her appointment by even five minutes and so sighing she walked into the tiny cubicle and pulled the curtain shut behind her.  Well she tried to pull it shut but even with her best efforts it was fairly hopeless as a modesty curtain, there was a good six inch gap on either side and she could plainly see people walking past, so she knew they could see in if they looked! The only small favour was the fact that the shop guy was standing with his back to the curtain, almost as if he was protecting it and so taking a deep breath Tracey started to undress.  There were no hooks in the cubicle and so she quickly, but as neatly as she could, folded her clothes and laid them on a small fold up chair.  She steadfastly refused to look out of the cubicle as she certainly did not want to see anyone else staring back at her as she undressed!  Of course having to put on underwear meant that she had to take “everything “ off and before she knew it she was unclipping her bra and putting it on the chair and then pulled her knickers down and off before placing them on top of the neat pile of clothes. It suddenly hit her that she should of planned this better as she started to rummage in her pack for the “Pretty Pussy” underwear as she was now completely naked and no doubt giving anyone outside a good view of her charms.  Quickly as she could she pulled up the red knickers and then also as quickly as she could she put on the red bra, this took a lot more time than the knickers as it was so stupidly small for her and she had to take a deep breath and then exhale to enable herself to do up the clips at the back.  Finally she was ready and feeling very embarrassed she turned and looked out of the curtain only to see the shop lad grinning back at her.  How long had he been watching like that!

“Well well, “ he grinned stepping into the cubicle,” aren’t you a pretty one, mind you I can see what you mean, it is a bit tight around here isn’t it.” he laughed and suddenly reached forward and casually ran his hands over Tracey’s tightly encased breasts.

Tracey’s immediate reaction was to slap him but she held back, telling herself that he was only doing his job but that was made harder to believe when he laughed and said, “Right then lets get this bra off and measure those tits of yours, then I can get you a new one.”

Tracey just stood there dumbstruck, no way was she going to let him see her topless and certainly no way was she going to let him measure her “tits!”  She was about to say so when he suddenly put his hands on her shoulders and said, “Come on princess I haven’t got all day,” he said as he span her round so that her back was to him, “and I bet your boyfriend can’t wait for you to get home either can he.”He laughed evilly and at the same time slapped Tracey hard on her bottom.

Tracey yelped as the slap landed, she couldn’t believe that he was talking to her like he would one of the teenage bimbos that usually bought clothes here, although dressed like she was now that’s probably exactly what he thought she was, some bimbo he could have a bit of fun with.  She suddenly felt his fingers touching the clips at the back of her bra and knew that this had gone far enough, she wasn’t about to let him take her bra off for Gods sake!

“Please no, can’t you just measure me over my bra?” Tracey said, hating the way that the sentence had come out more like a plea from a helpless little girl rather than a confident young business woman.

She yelped again as a second slap landed on her barely covered bottom, “Don’t be a silly girl, I’ve got to get the measurements right or else you could bring the new bra back and try and get a refund again.”  The lad laughed and Tracey blushed crimson as she felt the pressure on her encased breasts release as he unclipped the bra and in one quick movement pulled it down off her shoulders and off her completely.  He put his hands on her shoulders again and spun her round so that she was facing him again and she instinctively raised her arms up to cover her naked chest.

“Hands down please.” he said with a hint of sternness in his voice,” I can’t measure you very well with your arms like that can I.” he grinned.

She reluctantly lowered her arms to her sides so that she was standing there in just her knickers making no effort to hide her large naked breasts from the mans gaze.  Tracey had to admit to herself she was hideously embarrassed but even worse in her eyes, she was also turned on.  The fact that this little creep had got her standing topless in front of him was a miracle, and the fact that he had done it with a couple of slaps on her bottom to gee her along had done strange things to Tracey, she was glad that her knickers were a deep red, she would certainly not like to be wearing white ones at that moment!

“Oh yes, told you you were a pretty one,” the lad grinned, “ Does your boyfriend share you with his mates?”

Tracey shook her head shocked at the very suggestion.

“Well I certainly would, I share all my pussy and your certainly too nice a pussy not to share around.” he laughed.

All Tracey could do was blush again, as she wondered why being referred to as just some pussy that could be shared around was so awfully exciting!

“Okay babe, just stay there, I’m going to get a tape measure and then we can sort you out.”  He smiled and stepped outside the cubicle but immediately turned around and smiled at her, "actually better have those knickers off you as well, get you a nice new pair with your new bra."

"Oh sorry" Tracey said without thinking and it was only when she had pulled her knickers down around her knees that she wondered what the hell she was apologising for and why was she handing her knickers to the guy!  With a wink he disappeared with her underwear leaving her standing  in the cubicle completely naked and not exactly covered from prying eyes either! She corrected that by standing directly behind the curtain so that it covered her whole body but she still felt totally exposed being naked in the shop even if nobody could see her at that moment.

She looked at her watch, she literally had to leave the shop in the next five minutes if she wanted to get back to work on time and that didn’t look likely.  Her clothes were still sitting on the chair beside her along with her purse but she patiently waited for the shop guy to come back.

The curtain suddenly twitched behind her and she turned expecting to see the man with the tape measure only to be shocked to see a teenage girl come into the cubicle.  To be fair the young girl seemed shocked as well, especially on seeing that Tracey was naked, but to Tracey's surprise the young girl seemed to take charge of the situation and snapped at her, "I thought this was empty, what are you doing here."

"I'm waiting for someone." Tracey answered in a much lower tone, the last thing she wanted to do was draw attention to the cubicle!

"Well I want to try something on and all the other cubicles are being used so you'll have to get out."

"You must be joking, I'm naked,"  Tracey started to squeal but suddenly realised to her horror that she was now standing on the outside of the curtain and in full view of at least fifty people walking by.  Panicking she heard people starting to snigger and laugh and then to her absolute relief the curtain of the cubicle next to the one she had been in opened and a girl stepped out. Tracey dived inside and the closed the curtain behind her, her chest heaving with embarrassment.  Her relief was only temporary though as she realised she was now separated from her clothes, and of course still naked.

Cursing herself for being so weak and stupid she stood there wondering what to do next, she had to get her clothes back and get back to work as quickly as possible but she couldn't face making another naked trip outside her cubicle back to the one she had just come from, what if someone she knew saw her!

Nervously she peeked out of the curtain and quickly pulled her head back not believing what she had just seen. Walking towards her cubicle in a determined manner was a security guard.  That would of been bad enough but she had instantly recognised the heavy set man in the ill fitting uniform as her neighbour Mr Chambers.  She vaguely remembered him telling her that he had recently got a new job but she had no idea he worked here!

She cowered behind the curtain as he approached and hoped upon hope that it was not her he was coming to see.  Being seen naked by a cheeky shop lad was embarrassing enough, even if there had been a slight twinge of sexual excitement about it as well, being seen naked by her creepy old neighbour was something else entirely!

Her hopes came to nothing though as she heard him stop outside her cubicle and say, “Is there anyone in there?”

For a second Tracey thought about not answering and hoping he would go away but she knew instantly that wouldn’t work and so wishing that the ground would open up and swallow her she took hold of the curtain and slowly slid it back to reveal her head to the startled Mr Chambers who recognised her instantly.

“Tracey what are you doing here” he asked surprised.

“Hi Bob, I seem to be in a spot of bother here at the moment.” Tracey replied with a hugely insincere smile on her face.

“I hope your not naked in there Tracey,” he laughed, “I’ve had a report of a naked girl being seen on the shop floor and I’ve come to sort it out.”

Again Tracey wondered for a second if she could get away with lying but once again realised it was futile, apart from anything else at least he could get her clothes back for her she reasoned.

“Yes I’m sorry Bob it was me, I was waiting for one of the shop guys and I had to change cubicles, I’m sorry if I’ve caused any trouble but if you could just get me my clothes back from the other cubicle I can get dressed and leave.”

Mr Chambers just stood there looking at her and Tracey could swear that he was trying to look through the thin curtain that hid her nakedness from him.

“I’m sorry Tracey it’s not as simple as that, I’ve had an official complaint about female nudity in a public place and I have to arrest you and take you up to the security office for questioning.”

Oh God Tracey thought, the old coot means it.

“No need for that Bob,” she smiled her sweetest smile at him, “surely if you give me my clothes back I can go and we can forget the whole thing, they’re only just over there.” she said pointing to the next cubicle and in doing so she revealed a large portion of naked hip to her staring neighbour.

“Sorry Tracey but I have to obey the rules of the job and one thing we won’t stand for here at “Pretty Pussy” is any sort of lewd behaviour.” he said smugly and to Tracey’s horror he pulled back the curtain and stepped into the cubicle with her.

Tracey immediately squealed and tried to cover her naked body with her arms. As he stood there for a second or two seemingly stunned by the sight of her nudity until he roughly grabbed her right arm and before Tracey realised what he was doing he had snapped a cuff onto her wrist and then span her around and quickly cuffed her left wrist as well, leaving her completely helpless.

Spinning her round again to face him, and this time with no way of covering herself from his gaze all Tracey could do was stand there while he said, “I’m really sorry about this Tracey but it shouldn’t take long and then we can get you home again.” Just as Tracey had thought it couldn’t get any more embarrassing or humiliating he pushed her forward and out into the busy shop.

As she knew it would be with the kind of luck she’d been having the security office was right at the back of the shop and all she could do was keep her head lowered in embarrassment as she was led naked and cuffed through the surprised but amused shoppers.  She could sense that her neighbour was enjoying her embarrassment, he certainly wasn’t walking her very quickly through the shop, in fact quite the opposite, at one stage he even stopped to give directions to a shopper, making Tracey stand beside him like a naked lapdog!

To her immense relief Tracey saw the sign indicating the security office only a few feet away, at least she would be away from the masses she thought, even if she would still be naked in front of Mr Chambers.She suddenly squealed as a hard slap landed on her bare bottom.

“Ah there you are, see you’ve got yourself into a spot of bother.”  The salesman laughed and then before she could say anything, he turned to Mr Chambers, “ I was dealing with the lady Bob, but as I told her earlier I don’t mind sharing.”

Tracey knew she was going to be very late for her meeting as they led her into the security office!