

Tracey, the butt of the joke. by Spiderman & Deine Freundin

Part one

"Tracey and Emily, come into my office now" Bellowed John Chambers, the Supervisor of the parcel post company CPS (Chamber's Parcel Service). The two

girls hurried into Mr. Chambers office and said in unison "what is it Mr. Chambers?"

Girl's you two are my most productive package deliverers and I want you to be the first to try out our two new uniform options. I guesstimated on the sizes but I think they should fit you. He handed them both silver jumpsuits that shimmered in the light and certainly brought ones attention to them.

Tracey held hers up and said "it looks tight and fairly sheer I think my green bra might show through it."

"No worries," Chambers replied, "as you can see there is a built in brassiere, which will help keep you in place Tracey. Yours will help add a bit of size to you Emily."

Emily blushed as she heard Chambers say this as she was rather small breasted and couldn't stand the fact that Tracey's large breasts often seemed to get her preferential treatment around the company. Emily often fantasized about bringing Tracey down a peg as Tracey had a killer body, gorgeous face and knew how to use her curves to her advantage in almost any situation. "Someday I will embarrass the big titted cow," thought Emily.

°°° Part two

The girls, who had never been the best of friends, reluctantly went on their route and at every stop their new uniform or specifically Tracey's new uniform, drew positive comments. Especially, if she was bending over to pick up a package. Emily felt even more ire as Tracey even received some financial tips for the packages she was delivering. "I will embarrass that cow right out of this job, if it is the last thing I do," she thought to herself.

The morning deliveries were going very efficiently. They drove to the airport to drop off several packages for the various shops and airlines there. Tracey had been drinking her usual massive amounts of diet cola and Emily knew at 10:30 Tracey would have to use the loo. One could set their clock by her morning wee. Emily told Tracey that she was going to find the nearest bathroom and that Tracey should keep unpacking and then she could go when she returned. Tracey nodded as Emily raced down the hallway and around the corner.

As Emily entered the bathroom she was surprised to run into a maintenance worker who said, "Hold on ma'am not that stall."

"Why not?" asked a startled Emily.

"We just finished painting the seat in that stall with a new type of acrylic paint and if you sat on it before it dried I am afraid you would literally be stuck on the pot, as it is extremely adhesive. Almost like a super glue on steroids." she laughed. "I was just about to put the 'Out of order' sign on the stall door when you came in. Wouldn't want your ass to be glued to the seat now then would we?"

Emily smirked and said, "Absolutely not." She smiled inside, thinking that Tracey was going to have a very embarrassing morning after all. After Emily finished her business, she took the 'Out of order sign' off the stall

that had been painted and switched it to the stall that was in order. She then called Tracey on her walkie-talkie and told her, "You best get to the bathroom in a hurry. They're going to be closing them for maintenance in a few minutes." She told Tracey that, The bathroom was just around the corner and that the shop keep could watch the packages until I get there."

Tracey jogged down the hallway bouncing her impressive breasts for all to admire. Tracey saw Emily in passing. Emily told her, "Be careful, one of the stalls is closed so be sure to use the other one." She smirked.

"Thanks." Tracey smiled, as she hurried into the bathroom. All the running and diet cola was taking its toll on her bladder. Tracey opened the stall door and anxiously unzipped her jump suit and let it fall to the floor. Then quickly slid her floral print panties down to her ankles and sat on the pot. She felt her bare butt press into the seat of the toilet and almost conform to her cheeks as she started to do her business. Tracey thought to herself that she was basically naked on the toilet and the only time she ever did that, would be just before or after a shower in the privacy of her home. Tracey giggled to herself, how foolish she must look, but couldn't help by being a bit turned on as she looked at her impressive melons and started caressing them.

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Part three

Tracey zoned out for a minute as she was having one her favorite fantasies of sex on the beach, when she suddenly snapped out of it.

She heard Emily shout, "Tracey are you almost done?"

Tracey answered, "Sorry Em. Be just a moment." She grabbed her panties and tried to stand up. She thought maybe her cheeks had gotten wedged in the toilet seat somehow because she couldn't get up. She tried again and again to no avail. Her panties and jump suit were now off her feet as she was kicking her feet in her effort to stand up. With one final effort, she accidentally kicked her jumpsuit and panties out from under the stall door and under the sinks. "Oh my goodness." Tracey thought, "I am not sure why, but I can not stand up."

Emily entered the bathroom and strategically changed the 'Out of order' sign to the stall Tracey was in. Emily smiled as she saw Tracey's jump suit and panties under the sink. She quickly grabbed them and bunched them up into a ball and deposited them into the trash bin outside of the bathroom. She then reentered and asked, "Tracey are you sick? We haven't got all day you know."

"Emily, I'm stuck in here." Tracey meekly whispered.

"What do you mean? Do you need some TP?"

"No nothing like that", Tracey replied. "I am stuck to the toilet seat. I'm not sure how or why, but I cannot get off the toilet seat."

"Oh my God Tracey. Can't you even read? You are in a stall that says 'out of order'!"

"No. That was the other stall," Tracey shouted.

"No chance you dumb cow! I'm looking at the sign on your stall door."

Tracey, close to tears, said, "What do you think has happened?"

"I imagine there must be some paint or adhesive on the toilet seat and you're glued to it." Emily said, suppressing a chuckle the best she could. "Don't worry I will go get help."

"Please hurry," Tracey whimpered.

Emily took her own sweet time. She got a snack and then called her friend at the newsroom that did quirky humorous news stories and told him to bring his camera crew to the airport. Emily then approached airport security and between laughs, explained Tracey's predicament to them.

"She what?" "And her what is glued to what?" The security crew all broke into guffaws. "I think we may need our whole crew to attend to this," as they grabbed some tools and made their way to the women's bathroom. Tracey, couldn't believe her bad fortune and was starting to hyperventilate, when she heard someone say, " Ma'am do you need help?"

Tracey mustered up as loud a voice as she could and said, "Yes, please. I seem to have my seat stuck to the seat."

The security crew laughed and said. "Well, first thing we need you to do, is open this door."

Tracey undid the lock of the stall and kicked it open. When it dawned on her, that she was stark raving naked, with the exception of her Reebok tennis shoes.

"Try to stand up ma'am." One of the workers bellowed.

Tracey could only get her self up a couple inches. "I can't get up you twit! That is why I need help!"

Another security officer told Tracey to calm down or they would just leave her here for talking to one of their staff that way. Tracey reluctantly apologized and hoped her ordeal would soon be over with.

One of the men took out a wrench and squatted down next to Tracey and said, "First thing we need to do is remove this seat from the toilet. This should allow you to stand or at least get off the toilet. The screws were loosened and soon the seat, which was attached to Tracey, came off the

toilet.

Tracey was crunched over naked and barely able to walk when she said, "Now that I am off, can you just pull this seat off my ass?"

The crew laughed and said, "Hardly. We will need to get you to the hospital. We have done about all we can here."

Tracey started screaming, when she saw that they planned on taking her naked form out into the airport hallways and drive her on the airport mini cart.

"Can you get on by yourself or do we need to carry you ma'am?"

Tracey screamed, "You can't lift or take me out there! I'm naked and have a toilet seat covering my ass!"

A large crowd started to gather around Tracey and the security crew as she kept ranting about her current state of undress. As much as they could they couldn't quiet Tracey down, so they ended up tasing her. "This should quiet her up." Two of the male workers hoisted Tracey onto the back of a trailer, and placed her on her knees with her seat covered ass pointing up in the air.

The flash bulbs and picture phones clicked hundreds of times as the gorgeous beauty with her ass attached to the toilet seat made a memorable site. Emily smiled heartily as she couldn't wait to watch this on YouTube tonight. Emily's friend, the reporter, arrived with a film crew and they couldn't believe the site of the woman with a toilet seat glued to her ass. As the national media converged, they were looking for any kind of background information on Tracey who was starting to regain consciousness.

She was being hauled, in what seemed to be a much extended route through the airport and Tracey again started to get hysterical. This only brought more attention to her ridiculous predicament. "Where are you taking me?" Tracey yelled loudly.

"To the hospital sweet cheeks" laughed one of the security crew, "and quiet down or we will have to pull that clit ring out of you to get you to shut up." Tracey turned beet red as she knew the entire airport must have had a clear view of her starfish and clit ring. Tracey bit her tongue and tried to keep quiet as she dropped her head in shame.

The ambulance ride to the hospital was very bumpy and of course Tracey's ass was prominently displayed through the back windshield of the ambulance. Arriving at the hospital, the paramedics wheeled her inside to the waiting Dr. and asked, "Have you ever seen one like this doc?"

"Well never one framed so nicely." Everyone except Tracey burst into laughter.

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Part four

Tracey snapped, hearing everyone at the hospital laugh at her predicament. She burst out screaming, "Damn it! Quit laughing and do something. I have a God damn toilet seat glued to my ass for Christ sake."

"Yeow!" Tracey screamed as someone swatted the exposed part of her behind and said " Ma'am, we need you to quiet down."

Tracey wailed, "I will not be quiet!" Suddenly she felt her hands pulled behind her back. They were soon bound with surgical tubing. Her mouth was taped shut with medical tape.

"That should keep you quiet", the Dr. said. "Hmm, before we try to remove this seat, I think we should give her a complete physical to find

out if she is physically fit to handle the operation that might be needed to get that seat off her seat. Nurse which one of the exam rooms are open?"

"None Dr." Nurse Candy replied with a smirk, "We do have some room in the lobby though. As I think she has been exposed enough today, a little more will not hurt her."

"Good point", the Dr. exclaimed. Then he informed Nurse Candy to get him a rectal thermometer and a urine beaker, as he wheeled Tracey out into the lobby area. He pushed her up against the far side of the wall and went to retrieve his stethoscope and some rubber gloves for the exam.

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Part five

Tracey could not believe her misfortune. Why did these things always seem to happen to her? She thought as tears began to roll down her cheeks. She was now in the main lobby of the ER because there were no rooms available. To top it off the doctor wanted to give her a "complete physical" out here in front of everyone in the waiting room. "How could this get any worse?", she said to herself.

"What was that dearie?", Nurse Candy asked Tracey. "Oh. That's right. You can't speak." (Hehehe) "Well, before we can take your rectal temperature, we are going to have to make sure you are all clean up inside." Tracey was not sure what that meant, until she saw the nurse had opened a Fleet Enema box. Her eyes became big as saucers. She couldn't seriously give her an enema out here in the open? Nurse Candy informed Tracey, "Damn, I forgot the K-Y lube, Guess I will have to improvise." She secured the dispenser onto the bottle and began to insert it into the

exposed pussy of the pretty patient on the gurney.

Tracey let out an audible "Gasp". Even through her taped over mouth, fellow patients in the lobby could hear what sounded like soft moans coming from the embarrassed girl. The nurse started to move the bottle in and out of her patients pussy, which quickly became aroused. The faint smell of her musky sex, was permeating through the room. Her breathing became laboured. She could feel her massive breasts rising and lowering with each breath she took. She tried to close her eyes, but she opened them when she heard people taking pictures of her.

What a sight it must have been for everyone there. A buxom blond on her knees with her head down, ass up in the air and hands tied behind her back, a toilet seat stuck on her bubble butt, a nurse masturbating her with an enema bottle. Almost everyone had a cellphone out taking pictures. Some were even taking video's. Tracey was on the verge of a orgasm, when the nurse suddenly removed the faux dildo from her now dripping wet snatch. "There. That sure made it slippery." Nurse Candy said loud enough for everyone to hear.

Tracey felt an object pressing against her puckered asshole. It slipped in with ease. Here pussy juices made sure of that. The next sensation was foreign to her. She had never had an enema before. The soapy saline solution filled her bowels. There was an unpleasant pressure that she could feel all the way to her uterus, because of her kneeling position.

As the device was removed from her rectum, the nurse said, "OK, here comes the fun part." Tracey really wasn't ready for what happened next, and neither were the many people watching. "We can't have you messing yourself or the hospital floor, so we will have to plug that little poop chute of yours." She said with a huge grin on her face.

Tracey turned her head to see what the nurse was going to do next. Her head was swinging from side to side frantically, trying to say "NO! NO!", but to no avail. Nurse Candy had in her hand a butt-plug, the size of a cola bottle. She slowly pushed the slender portion of the sex toy up

against Tracey's puckered ass hole. As it was pushed in deeper and deeper, it stretched her sphincter further then it ever was.

The nurse told Tracey, "To relax and it would enter much more easily." She did her best, and with a loud *plop* it was sucked into place.

OMG! Tracey thought. It was quite painful, but yet very pleasurable. Her pussy juices began flowing down her thighs.

"Now my dear, we need you to empty your bladder." Nurse Candy informed the sweating young woman.

"Hmmf Grrph Hmmpfr grh!" Was all Tracey could muster.

The nurse placed a bed pan under Tracey's pussy between her legs. "Don't worry dearie. If you pee'd in the position you were in at the moment, it would shoot out behind you and make such a mess. So we will extract the urine from your bladder with this catheter."

"Mmmmmgrrr!" Tracey tried to scream. She wanted to jump up off the damn gurney, but couldn't move. When the hell dd they secure her ankles to the railing?

The nurse now opened a sterile package containing a female catheter. She positioned herself behind Tracey and tried to get the instrument into her urethra. The toilet seat made it quite impossible to open her vagina wide enough to access her pee hole. Tracey thought that the nurse was going to give up. But instead she asked for some assistance. Standing not too far behind her, was a young man. He had positioned himself there to get a better view. He wished he had brought his camera, but since he didn't, he settled for the next best thing.

Nurse Candy looked at him and asked if he could give her a hand and spread the ass cheeks of this lady? "What are you in here for?" She asked him.

"Oh, I just have a slight cold, runny nose. That's all. But I'd be glad to help you." Never in his whole life had he ever been presented with such a proposition. None of his classmates were going to believe this. "Hello Tracey. Fancy seeing you here, like this." He said with a smirk.

Tracey couldn't believe this! How the hell could this professional nurse ask some geeky little nerd to pry open her pussy?

"Wait....he knows me?" Tracey shuddered. She strained to see who it was, that was about to touch her most private parts? To her horror, it was her snot nosed former paper delivery boy, Kyle. She thought he had graduated and moved away by now. She had always hated the little twerp. He always tried to steal glimpses up her skirt or down her blouse. And here he was seeing her buck naked. Tracey could feel the trembling fingers of this young man on her behind. The nurse guided his fingers to the patient's pussy lips. Informing him he had to grab onto her inner lips and pull them out and as far apart as possible.

"Oh....How nice. You two know each other. This should make you feel a lot better young lady, huh? That way it won't be so embarrassing for you. Better than letting a complete stranger handle your pussy....don't you think?" Candy had a hard time suppressing her laughter.

As his fingers took hold of her lips, he tried to pull them apart.

(Shwiiip)

"Oh, damn those lips sure are slippery." He blurted out. People within ear shot rolled with laughter. The nurse told him to try again and really get a good grip this time. He did. This time pinching them so hard, it brought tears to poor Tracey's eyes. But yet she became more and more aroused.

"What is that smell?" he asked.

"That my dear boy, is the smell of a woman's arousal!" The nurse informed the young man. Candy figured this must be his first time seeing a females pussy, let alone touching one. She was happy to help in his sex education.

With the help of Tracey's nemesis, Nurse Candy was able to get the tubing up into the selected target. Within a few seconds, urine began to flow into the bedpan. Kyle still held onto her lips. Letting go from time to time, with one hand to wipe his nose. In the process wiping Tracey's love juices under his nose and onto his lips. The smell was intoxicating. The taste was exquisite. This was better than any wet-dream he ever had. When he returned to pulling her lips apart, he noticed the little clit ring dangling. He began to flick it with his pinky fingers. Each flick caused electrical spasms throughout Tracey's body. The pressure of the anal invader, the burning of her urethra, the pain of her lips being pinched and the constant attack on her clit was just too much for her to bear.

She shuddered, moaned loudly, and started moving her hips up and down like a bucking bronco. The orgasm lasted only a minute or two, but was so intense, she became weak and fainted.

When she came to. She found herself, still in the waiting room, but now laying on her side. Her hands were still bound, but this time tied to the railing of her bed. Her mouth was still taped shut. The catheter was no longer in her and to her relief the butt plug had been removed. She looked over her shoulder to see Nurse Candy grabbing some sanitary wipes and proceeded to clean Tracey's butt hole.

"Well dearie, I must say, I have never seen that happen before. But with you in la-la land, it sure made it easy to get you all ready for the doctor. Your little friend has your shoes and socks. He said he will drop them off at your place when you get home. If you get home." (hehehe) "Oh and your co-worker, Emily, is here as well. She couldn't find your clothes. You must have left them at the airport. She did call your boss...a Mr. Chambers? So I guess he will be coming here to fill out the paperwork. Since this accident happened while you were working, the

company will take care of your expenses. So that's gotta be a load off your mind. I took all your vitals and the doctor will be here shortly to finish with your exam. I have a feeling we will be able to get you into the operating room after that. But we need to get some X-rays of your butt first. We're going to have to squirt a dye around you butt, where it is in contact with the seat. The X-ray will show us, with the help of the dye, what parts of your skin are and are not in contact with the seat."

"Hello Doctor. The patient is ready for you and here are her vitals."

Tracey saw the approaching doctor and noticed that there seemed to be more occupied seats around her bed then before. People still had their camera phones in hand. "When will this nightmare end?" Tracey's eyes began to well up with tears again.

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Part 6

"Oh my goodness", Nurse Candy exclaimed, "I have never seen anything like that." She broke into laughter pointing at Tracey's much maligned bare seat. The dye which was sprayed onto Tracey's butt, seemed to have a mind of its own as it formed concentric circles making Tracey's butt look like an archery target.

Kyle shouted, "Now that's a target I would like to hit over and over." The whole hospital broke into laughter as Tracey's eyes swelled with tears as she hoped this was all some horrible dream.

The nurse put Tracey back on her hands and knees, getting her ready for her exam. The Doctor approached the poor damsel, along with a laboratory technician in tow, pushing a examination cart.

The doctor looked at poor Tracey and said so.....I see you have been keeping everyone in stitches, here in the waiting room young lady. Usually I get a hobo bum not a literal bum to examine he chortled. The doctor fancied himself a James Bond type as he constantly had double enteritis lines and witty comments. Tracey, still a bit moist in her sugar walls and beat red from embarrassment muffled a groan as she was still gagged. The doctor said I see that your mouth is taped shut and it can be a bit painful to yank the tape off. I am sure the last thing you want is for everyone in the hospital to hear you scream, so I guess we will take your temp rectally instead. Tracey quivered as she saw a thermometer that looked like it could be used on an elephant. The Dr. grabbed some Vaseline with his ungloved hands and rubbed it in her puckered starfish making sure his thumb entered her pussy. It made Tracey quiver. She was not sure behind his reason for doing so. But she figured he had his reason, after all he was a "Doctor".

"At least I have a bulls eye to shoot for." He laughed, looking at what seemed like circles on Tracey's butt. He then pushed the thermometer inside Tracey and said, "We will just wait for you to be done cooking", as she looked like a turkey with a pop up timer. "You do look to be in good shape", as he eyed her up and down, "but we need to do a through exam before we can figure out what the best method of removing the seat from your seat is."

He then seemed to fondle Tracey's breasts for what seemed to be an eternity. He pinched her nipples, stating he was only checking for any discharge. But it was very painful for Tracey to endure. Even more painful than the humiliation. He switched between her breasts so much so, it looked as if he was milking a cow. Her breasts actually began to swell with all the manipulations. He claimed he was checking for bumps. The only bump Tracey saw, was the bump in the Doctor's pants.

"My, my, I hope you never get a chest cold. In your case it would be detrimental", snorted the doctor.

Emily laughed, "Yes, I think you are seeing her breast side." Everyone broke into laughter.

Tracey couldn't imagine how matters could get any worse, but then she saw the doctor grab some gloves and dip his hand into a large jar labeled depilatory cream. "Don't worry dear this is going to hurt you a lot more than it will me." He rubbed the cream all over Tracey's blonde landing strip. Then started to wipe it off and with it, what ever small golden pubic locks she had around her pussy. "We need to have you nice and clean down there. We might even need to remove that clit ring if it gets in the way for you upcoming x-rays.

Tracey's eyes opened wide in fear. She remembered the pain when she was pierced. Having it removed, would surely be just as painful.

Buzzzzzzzzz the doctor heard a timer go off and joked, "I think the rump roast is ready", as he pulled the thermometer out of Tracey's butt. It made a large popping sound as if a champagne bottle had just been uncorked. "Hmmm....it is as I suspected", the doctor said, as Tracey looked with trepidation. " You are one hot girl!" Nurse Candy gave the doctor a drum roll.

Tracey tried to scream, when the doctor withdrew the thermometer with such force. But couldn't because of the gag. It was becoming difficult for her to breath.

The Doctor stated, "Oh. It looks as if the orderly has arrived, ready to take you to have your picture taken."

Tracey thought to herself, "Hasn't everyone already taken enough pictures of me?"

"Oh, The X-ray room is in another building. There is construction going on inside the hallway to that part from here, so this is the fastest and

safest way to get you there."

"Hey, Bad Luck Larry!", Nurse Candy called out, "Be sure they get as many angles of her rear end as possible. We need to know just how much of her butt can be saved if we have to tear the seat off!" Candy laughed maniacally.

Tracey asked, "Hey a Larry? Why did the nurse call you "Bad Luck Larry?"

"Oh, nothing to worry about. It's more just a joke. Sometimes bad luck seems to find me and effect those around me more then myself."

Tracey did not feel good about this "fast and safe" trip to the other building. Well at least he was nice enough to cover her embarrASsement. She was on all fours with her butt high in the air. Her face was flat on the gurney. Larry had placed a sheet over her rear and tucked the rest over and under her shoulders. As they exited the building, a small, steady gust of wind was blowing the sheet like a cape of a super hero. Larry was getting quite an eyeful of her puckered starfish and pierced clit. He was concentrating on the gap of the vagina in front of his face, and didn't notice that the gurney was steering slightly to the left. SKREECH! BAMM! The gurney had fallen off the curb and onto the parking lot. Tracey was lying on her back, legs spread, boobs fully exposed.

"Son-of-bitch!" Tracey yelled, "That EF'en hurt. Oh my God, I think part of the seat ripped my flesh! I feel blood dripping from my ass! Help me Larry, Help!"

Larry looked at the vision in front of him. Never before had he seen such a lovely patient. He had plenty of naked women in his years as an orderly, but never one this hot. He circled around to see that Tracey's ass was sitting in the drainage ditch. It was full of dirty water because the drain was clogged with leaves and grass from the ground crews clippings. They were working....past tense...because when the spotted the pretty blond fall off the gurney and saw she was stark naked. Three burly

men came over to see if they could lend a hand.

Tracey knew her nightmare was about to continue. More strangers were about to see her in all her glory. Larry tried to ease Tracey's mind and insured her, she was not bleeding. But she did need to be cleaned up. He asked Tracey if it would be OK for him to go inside and get some more medical personnel to help get her cleaned up?

"No! No, please don't leave me with these strange men." With the help of the landscapers, Tracey was placed back on the gurney. Same position as before, but not until she had her breasts groped, fingers inserted into her pussy, one guy even rubbed his crotch against Tracey's face. She could feel his hard dick press against her cheek, nose, mouth and chin. She so grateful that Larry was still there, otherwise who knows what these men would have done to her or where she would have ended up. They all gladly helped to wipe her ass clean from any dirty water that may have reduced the dyes effectiveness. They did all comment about how the dye kind of looked like a "Bulls-eye" with her asshole opening at it's center. This brought great laughter to all the men around.

Larry finally got his patient to the X-ray building. He did manage to protect her dignity with the sheet again. For that she was grateful. He saw the elevator open with a few people in it. "Can you hold the elevator please? I have a patient going up." A nurse saw his approach and hit the "Hold" button. After the new arrivals squeezed themselves in, it was quite cramped. There was not much room to move around. The gurney took up most of the space, along Larry, the nurse, a teenager, another orderly with an old woman in a wheelchair, the elevator was full. The young teenager had on a cast. He saw the funny lady in the silly position and wondered what she had on under the sheet? Typical perverted teen. Just as the door was closing, he grabbed the corner of the sheet and wedged it into the closing doors. He timed it perfectly. It was locked in place between the doors and as the elevator went up, the sheet stayed in place.

Tracey shrieked, "OMG! Larry! The sheet! It's coming off! Please do

something!"

Larry tried to pull it out of the doors, but it did not budge. To every one's horror, except maybe the teen, Tracey was totally exposed in a matter of seconds. The teens eyes looked into the eyes of the frightened girl on the gurney. She had the look of a deer in the headlights.

The kid was like, "Oh holy shit! You have some big ole titties! What the fuck? You have a toilet seat stuck to your ass!" To that comment, everyone in the elevator laughed even Larry had to chuckle. Tracey, however did not laugh. She just turned her head away from every one's eyes and buried her face in the pillow on the gurney. She heard the old women breath a sigh of disdain, "Slut!"

Just before the door opened, Larry took off his white staff jacket and placed it over the seated behind and apologized profusely. The door opened he pushed his patient out the door in hopes Tracey would not feel much worse. To her unpleasant surprise, the young lad exited the elevator too, along with the nurse. All four of them worked their way down the hall to the waiting area of the X-ray room. Without the nurse or Larry noticing, the lad took out his camera phone and clicked a few pictures of the funny site in front of him. The two hospital employees gave the X-ray tech their paperwork. Luckily Larry arrived first.

Once Tracey was placed on the table, the machine began to take pictures of every position possible. She informed the tech that for some reason, it felt as if her rear was beginning to feel a little warm. The tech came over to investigate. She touched the velvet skin of Tracey's plump behind. It appeared that wherever the dye had come in contact with her skin, the x-rays seemed to have somehow heated up to a point that, permanently "tattooed" the ink onto her skin.

"Hmmm?", very interesting she commented.

"What?", Tracey asked. "What happened? Is something wrong? Please tell me! "

Mr. Chambers arrived at the hospital wishing to see Tracey. Ever the opportunist Mr. Chambers, overheard a film crew outside of the ER room squawking with the hospital staff. Chambers recognized that it was a crew from the reality show that highlights different ER rooms and the various cases they get. The hospital staff was saying they couldn't film Tracey's em_Bare_Ass_ing situation as there was no one responsible for her to sign the release.

"Uhhhhhh hummmmm", Chambers cleared his throat and introduced himself and his company as he knew this could be a gold mine of publicity for his parcel service company. "Gentleman, I am the owner of the company that Miss Smith works for. And seeing that technically, she is still on the clock, I think I can sign the release from. Provided I get Chambers Parcel Post mentioned a minimum of 6 times during your segment. The film crew was happy to agree and Chambers took his pen to the paper. "One more condition, Emily, Kyle, and I are all allowed into the operating room to watch the procedure as well." Candy laughed at hearing the second request and the documents were then signed.

Poor Tracey, mortified and praying to herself that this was just a bad dream, closed her eyes. When she opened them hoping to find herself back in her flat, she moaned as she saw Chambers, Emily, Kyle, and Candy all ogling her charms. Tracey started convulsing as she couldn't believe it but somehow she was becoming excited as well as mortified. Mr. Chambers approached the young patient and said something she could swear he had said to her some other time, "Looks like this might be your lot in life Tracey."

Emily explained how Tracey's lack of observational skills got her into this most sticky situation. Also, how Tracey had accidentally trashed the prototype new uniform. Chambers was angry at the loss of uniform, but was enjoying seeing Tracey in the flesh. He had often fantasized about seeing her in the buff. What a site it was as her breasts seemed even larger as she was on all fours like a dog with her ass in the air presenting a target not to be missed. Chambers thought to himself the only thing missing was a collar around her neck and his manhood inside her.

The Nurse walked over to the gurney and swiftly removed the sheet that had been protecting Tracey's modesty. "We won't be needing this anymore." Chambers couldn't believe what he was looking at. He had always wanted to see his employee naked, and see here did. His arteries were not the only thing that was hardening at the moment. Nurse Candy wheeled Tracey into the operating room.

The camera crew clamored for space as the doctor now began -finally- to try and remove the toilet seat from Tracey's derriere. "Scalpel", he barked as the nurse handed him one. He put it in his hand and then placed the scalpel between the toilet seat and her taunt skin. "Hmm, this will not do until we can get this seat skinnier. Grab me a skull drill." he ordered. Then when given one, began drilling the toilet seat whittling it thinner and thinner. Once he was satisfied that the seat was as skinny as it could be he again asked for the scalpel.

"Now dear, I am afraid that we are going to have to remove a bit of skin from your cheeks, but I will be sure to make it as minimal amount as I can." Tracey felt a cold blast of something against her ass and backs of her thighs as some type of liquid freeze made her legs and butt go numb. The doctor worked ever so delicately using the scalpel to remove the remainder of the toilet seat from Tracey's ass. When he was finished cutting he removed the last outline of the toilet seat from Tracey's buttocks and admired his handiwork.

"The toilet seat has been removed, I am sorry to say that the dye which makes your bottom look like a dart board, cannot be removed except by a laser and you will have to let your skin heal first before we can erase that. Who is going to be responsible for this young woman?" asked the doctor. Several wishful hands were raised but Chambers said, "She is my employee, so I will look after her."

"Excellent, then I am going to give you some bottles of salve that you are going to need to apply to her bare backside at least three times a day. She will also be in pain, so she will need these meds which will deaden the

pain, but will leave her a bit loopy and very suggestible."

Chambers feigned a moan and said, "Well, if I must I must." All the while hoping no one would see the enormous bulge developing in his pants.

The television crew were starting to depart and things seemed to be getting back to some sense of normalcy. Well at least, for everyone except Tracey, who was still bare ass naked and still very numb in the legs. "Come on Tracey, lets get you down and apply your salve, then we can see about getting you something to wear out of here." Clothes sounded like heaven to Tracey, that she wasn't even concerned about bending down and letting Chambers rub salve all around her ass. She wasn't certain but she thought he may have tried to insert a finger in her as he was rubbing in the salve. Finally after what seemed to be five minutes but was really more like ten, Chambers was finished.

"Well Tracey, I am sorry that you were the butt of the joke today but I don't think anything else can happen to you" Mr. Chambers said, sounding disappointed. "Let me see if we can find something for you to wear, why don't you come over here while I go investigate."

Tracey started to walk towards the side of the room when her still numb legs went limp and she fell forward and went down to the ground in a thud. When Kyle and Emily pulled her up they started giggling as Tracey had done it again. She emerged from the floor with two huge suction cup looking devices, used for skin therapy toning, attached to her breasts. "Honestly" Emily said, "Is there nothing that you can't get stuck on you?" She started trying to pull the devices off of Tracey's enormous breasts and then smiled with the realization that they were stuck and that Tracey's hospital stay was not quite finished. She went to track down the television crew.

Tracey wept.