**Brianna Takes a Risk Down Under**

by[LuckyDave1066](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5057919&page=submissions)©

Brianna and her husband had an unfamiliar problem; not really a problem, more of a series of options. She had told Andy that the really big unexpected check she received from her employer was a profit-sharing thing, a result of Moment Media Solutions having had a very successful year. She was relieved that he accepted her explanation, allowing her to keep the truth about their windfall a secret. She wasn't ashamed about what she'd done, technically her work was part of producing print ads for a client, but as a model rather than her usual role of graphic designer. She wasn't sure how Andy might react to even a somewhat cleaned up description of her short-lived modeling career so she kept it a secret.  
  
They agreed to pay off their credit card debt and close out a small student loan balance of Andy's. A couple thousand dollars went to some new kitchen appliances, replacing the dated and creaky refrigerator and stove which came with the house they'd bought a couple of years ago. After a hefty deposit into their short term savings to augment their emergency cash reserves they still had a few thousand dollars to play with.  
  
Brianna favored getting some new living room furniture, but Andy didn't think they needed to replace what they already had, and proposed taking a vacation, "A REAL adventure, not our usual short trip, something we've never been able to do on our budget."  
  
"Do you have someplace in mind?" she asked, "I'd kind of like to go to South America, some places in Brazil and maybe see Machu Picchu."  
  
"I was thinking about Australia, I've wanted to visit there for as long as I can remember," he replied quickly.  
  
Brianna couldn't think of any good reason she could give Andy for NOT wanting to visit Australia; she remembered him mentioning wanting to take a trip there several times in the past as a someday if we can ever afford it type of thing. The actual reason she had for not wanting to go there, the one she didn't feel like sharing with Andy, was the possibility of him picking up a magazine and seeing his wife wearing some flimsy lingerie. Or even less. She tried to quickly do the math in her head on how long it had been since her photoshoot, how long it would have taken to produce the ads, and how long they would be likely to run before some newer ads took their place.  
  
Brianna felt reasonably sure the ads she was featured in were not still being run, and thought, "we're bound to have better things to do on a once in a lifetime vacation than read magazines!" Having more or less convinced herself that her secret would be safe, she went along with Andy's request. "Australia it is, then!" she said. The three months it took for them to find a time when they could each take a couple of weeks off and make all their travel arrangements gave Brianna even more confidence that any celebrity she might have had in Australia would have dimmed by the time she and Andy took their trip.  
  
After the 20-hour marathon of connecting flights and layovers needed to reach Sydney, Brianna and Andy spent most of their first day in Australia napping and enjoying room service. By the second day, they were ready to see some sights and set out to visit some of the standard attractions, including a hike up to the top of the Sydney harbour bridge and a tour of the Sydney Opera House. The late summer weather was a pleasant change from the chilly weather they'd left behind at home, so after some more sightseeing, they agreed to spend some time the next day at some local beach.  
  
Tuesday, the third day of their week in and around Sydney found them relaxing on Bondi beach. After the ambitious itinerary of the previous day the lazy day of sunbathing, short dips to cool off and just generally chilling out felt great. Andy was quick to notice a fair number of topless women and asked Brianna, "do you feel like evening out your tan? I'll be happy to help with your sunscreen!"  
  
"I've been giving it some thought, but I'm pretty sure I can manage any extra sunscreen application myself. Sorry. Actually, I've been holding off because I wasn't sure if you'd be okay with the extra exposure."  
  
"If we were at our local beach and likely to run into someone we know it would be different, but I'm pretty sure we'll never see anyone on this beach again. Besides, I always enjoy.."  
  
"Me getting my boobs out?" Brianna interrupted, grinning.  
  
"Well, yes, that goes without saying, but what I was ABOUT to say was I always enjoy being seen with the hottest woman on the beach."  
  
"You talked me into it, look out, blindingly pale skin about to appear!" said Brianna as she unhooked the clasp between her breasts and pulled her top off. She enjoyed the feeling of the sun and a slight breeze replacing the slightly tight swimwear and settled back into their routine of sunbathing and swimming, now wearing only her bikini bottoms. She laughed at Andy's inability to stop grinning whenever he looked her way.  
  
An hour or so into her top-free existence she decided to test Andy's casual reaction to other people checking out her breasts, offering to pick him up a beer from a stand at the edge of the beach; to her surprise, he just thanked her and placed his order. Now she had to follow through and see how she felt about close contact with the viewing public; she felt a little tingle as she approached the stand and the small cluster of people around it. After a few minutes waiting in line she was greeted by the bartender, "G' day, what can I get you?"  
  
"I need two cans of Fosters, and oh, you have food too?"  
  
"Yup, best burgers on the beach, can I make you one?"  
  
Despite it meaning she would need to hang around wearing half a bikini in this fairly busy spot for several minutes, or maybe because of that, she immediately answered, "Yes, please!" and paid for the order. Leaning back against the side of the shack while she waited, she tried to look casual as other customers came to the window to place their orders. Looking casual wasn't easy for Brianna as she looked around and counted roughly forty people close enough to her to have a good view of her topless body, but she resisted the urge to cross her arms over her chest.  
  
The look one college-age guy was giving her gave her a shiver; unlike many other people close by, he didn't at least pretend to take her appearance in his stride but continued looking directly at her. She was a little flattered but more flustered by the attention and was relieved when her order was ready.  
  
When she made it back to Andy he was surprised to see the burger and asked why she didn't get him one as well.  
  
"Sorry, I guess being half-naked and baking in the sun is making me forgetful, do you want me to go back and get you one?" Brianna asked; she wasn't sure why she volunteered and was surprised when he said yes! She strolled back to the shack; seeing the same young guy who had been checking her out still hanging around there she wondered if she ought to head back to get her top back on, or maybe just her cover-up. She figured she could tolerate being ogled for a few minutes and stepped up to place her order. After paying she took up her previous position gazing out at the beach, doing her best to ignore her fan.  
  
Ignoring him somehow began to seem rude after he approached her, saying," I'm really sorry to disturb you, but I was wondering if I could get your autograph? My mates will never believe I actually met this year's Holliman's calendar model if I don't get proof!" Brianna noticed the bartender handing the young man a calendar and a pen.  
  
"My son has a better eye for these things, but I can't believe I didn't make the connection when you came up to order, I've had the calendar hanging on the wall here all season, the bartender said. "How about the burger and a couple more beers on the house in exchange for that autograph?"  
  
A little stunned but also flattered, Brianna took the pen and calendar, flipping through it quickly before signing. She was relieved to see that none of the photos showed her completely naked. Though several months showed her topless, that didn't seem too bad considering she was currently showing just as much to anyone who happened to be at the beach today!  
  
She signed the photo for the month of August, showing her on a subway car full of onlookers just as she was dropping the silk pajama top she had been wearing off her shoulders; her breasts were exposed but her pussy wasn't. Brianna remembered vividly the moment and how just seconds later she'd been completely nude. She couldn't quite believe her ears when she heard herself ask, "Are you sure the autograph will convince them, wouldn't a selfie be better?"  
  
"Oh, lord yes! Would you?" the young man said excitedly.  
  
"Sure, but I'm going to cover up a bit" she replied, partially covering her breasts with her hands. The older man took out his phone and snapped a few photos of his son grinning from ear to ear next to Brianna. After accepting the younger man's repeated thanks she headed back to Andy with his burger and the extra beers.  
  
"What was all that about at the shack?" Andy asked, "Were they giving you any trouble? I was just about to see if you needed any help when you started back."  
  
"No trouble, really. They thought I was some local celebrity and wanted my, or rather HER autograph."  
  
"Who did they think you were?"  
  
Trying to answer as truthfully as possible while being as vague as possible, Brianna answered, "Apparently a model for an Australian clothing company. They had a calendar featuring photos of her."  
  
"How did you convince them they were wrong?"  
  
"I gave up trying and gave them their autograph!" she replied with a chuckle, "It seemed kinder to let them think they'd met this woman than argue about it, and it got us some free beer!"  
  
"Maybe if we want another beach day we should find somewhere a bit less busy," Andy suggested.  
  
"Yeah, probably," Brianna replied, though now that it was over she realized that she was a little bit excited by being recognized, even if she was topless. Or was being recognized while half undressed responsible for the buzz she was feeling?  
  
Seeing the weather forecast for Thursday looked a little too cool for another beach excursion, Andy and Brianna decided to have a beach day on Wednesday and do their sightseeing the next day or two after. Andy talked to the hotel concierge to get some ideas for less crowded beaches in the area and he and Brianna gathered up some supplies and bought a small cooler to hold a picnic lunch and some drinks; Andy said the place the concierge recommended had no concession stands, so they had to bring anything they'd need with them.  
  
Brianna was dubious when they got lost a couple of times and took over an hour to find their way to their destination, but perked up when they finally reached the beach. Cobbler's beach was far smaller than Bondi and definitely less convenient to get to, but it was prettier and seemed to be far less crowded; there couldn't have been more than a half dozen other people sharing the beach with them. They hiked down to the sand carrying their gear and staked out a spot well removed from the path to the parking area to avoid being on the main path of traffic in case the beach got crowded later.  
  
"I have to admit, this is pretty nice," Brianna said as she started applying sunscreen, "though I had my doubts when you made those wrong turns."  
  
"I may have made the wrong turns, but I'm going to blame my navigator!" Andy said with a smile. "I think the concierge's tip was pretty good; you shouldn't have to worry about running into your fans while topless here!"  
  
"Nope!" Brianna replied as she untied her top and dropped it into her tote bag.  
  
For the next hour or two, they had a large section of beach to themselves; after a short swim, Brianna lay down and had a nap, one of her favorite ways to spend time at a beach but often not possible with all the noise a crowded beach generates. She woke to the sound of Andy gently suggesting she reapply sunscreen, pointing out that some areas currently baking in the sun were not accustomed to getting so many rays.  
  
"Can you take care of it? I just want to enjoy my nap," she mumbled, still on her back, half asleep.  
  
Andy didn't need to be asked twice; he coated every bit of his wife's exposed skin, making sure to rub the sunscreen in thoroughly; other than a couple of sighs Brianna seemed to sleep right through the process. An hour or so later she woke up and they had a light lunch. She noticed that a few more people had arrived, though the beach could hardly be called crowded.  
  
"Looks like we have more people to share the beach with," she said, looking around, "That group to our left wasn't here when I closed my eyes, and over to our right we've got, oh my, we have naked people!"  
  
"Yeah, I noticed that," Andy replied, "the concierge mentioned people often do without suits at this place."  
  
So THAT'S why you wanted to come here," Brianna whispered, "you were looking to see more skin!"  
  
"Honestly, no, it just sounded like a nice quiet place, which it has turned out to be. That being said, if you want to see what going nude feels like I certainly won't object."  
  
Brianna was more than a little curious about how it would feel, expecting that in this setting it would be way less stressful than the brief moments of nudity during her photoshoot. Knowing he was expecting her to flatly rule out going nude gave her the last bit of motivation needed to change the unlikely to the inevitable. She stood up and tried to ignore her racing pulse as she hooked both thumbs into the waistband of her bikini's bottoms; not allowing herself any time to change her mind, she slid the suit down past her knees and let it drop to her ankles before picking them up with her right foot and reuniting them with her top already in the tote.  
  
Still standing in front of her stunned husband, she looked around for a minute to see if any of their fellow sun-worshipers were paying attention to the newest member of their club. She was relieved but also a bit disappointed to see they weren't. She asked Andy, "Can you pass me the sunscreen?" He thought she'd given him all the surprises imaginable, but when she had finished slathering sunscreen on her newly vulnerable areas and handed him back the bottle she gave him one more, turning her back to him and pointing to her ass while saying," I can't see if I've got it all rubbed in, can you finish any spots I missed?"  
  
After a full afternoon of casually hanging around naked, Brianna suggested they look for a restaurant on their way back to the hotel. Andy was eager to get back to their room and help her get undressed one more time, but they both agreed that an early dinner someplace catering to the beach crowd was a good idea. With some help from Google maps, they found a seafood restaurant with tables on a deck outside looking out over the water. The reviews made it sound like it was informal enough for their current state; Andy was wearing his swim trunks and a t-shirt and Brianna had put on her cover-up.  
  
They were seated at a table close to the edge of the deck, with Brianna claiming the side of the table facing the ocean and Andy sitting opposite her. "I wasn't paying attention as I was packing up our stuff, did you get your suit back on?" he asked after their waitress took their order.  
  
"Um, no. I thought the cover-up would be enough to, you know, cover me up. It's pretty much opaque."  
  
"Yeah, it does the job, I guess, but it's pretty breezy out here..."  
  
"Hoping for strong wind, are you?" she replied with a smile. "I think as long as the tie stays tied you're going to be out of luck. But you never know."  
  
The restaurant filled up soon after they arrived, and both Brianna and Andy agreed the ambiance lived up to its good reviews. Though the outdoor tables all were eventually taken they still almost felt like they had the place to themselves, as their table was set out noticeably closer to the edge of the deck than the others. Andy couldn't help glancing at the bow tying the two sides of Brianna's wrap together, as if wishing could make it unravel. When he looked at it after their server took their drink order the loops of the knot seemed very slightly smaller; "Wishful thinking..." he thought. After their drinks arrived and orders were taken he checked again, and again thought the loops had shrunk slightly. He expected a similar change after their meal was served, but was disappointed to see no change.  
  
Once Brianna was sure Andy had caught on to her gradual unraveling of the tie on her cover-up she paused, confusing him. She was enjoying this game too much to make it easy for him. After a lengthy pause, she tugged at both strings when he was trying to flag down their server to get some more water, shrinking the loops to way less than half of their original size. He eyed her suspiciously, but she kept her poker face in place, not letting on that she had noticed his suspicion.  
  
She made her boldest move, stretching across the table for the ketchup, unraveling one loop entirely. The other loop gave in to her subtle shift to hand the ketchup back to him, leaving the two ties loosely draped against each other, sliding further apart with every gesture she made as they made conversation.  
  
By now Andy was pretty sure his wife was playing a game with him, but he hadn't been able to catch her at it and was having a hard time figuring out what would constitute winning or losing; if he called her out, would that mean he'd won? Maybe, but it also would mean the end of the game, and he was interested in seeing where this game might head if he stayed silent.  
  
For what seemed like a very long time, Brianna didn't see any opportunity to check exactly how close the ties of her cover-up had come to losing contact with each other. When a busboy dropped a handful of dishes she took advantage of Andy's distraction to see just how vulnerable she might be to a random gust of wind. Very vulnerable, as it happened; the ties were completely separated, nothing but inertia was keeping the front of her cover-up closed! She thought he must have noticed, that he had to see she was one random gust away from flashing him and at possibly a few of their fellow diners; was he going to say anything? Did she want him to?  
  
They were both trying to decide what to do when the choice was made for them; out of nowhere a powerful gust of wind washed over the deck, scattering napkins, paper placemats and knocking over some empty wine glasses. In the commotion only a handful of Brianna's fellow diners noticed both sides of her cover-up flap open as the garment peeled back over her bare shoulders. A lucky few caught a glimpse of her uncovered breasts in the five or six seconds the gust lasted. Blushing deeply as she pulled the cover-up back together, Brianna mumbled, "How did that happen?"  
  
"No idea," Andy replied, but if it had to happen I'm glad not to have missed it!"  
  
She tried not to let on, but Brianna was at least as pleased to have made it possible.  
  
Andy drove back to their hotel as fast as he could in the unfamiliar setting; by the time they reached the elevator to their 16th-floor room they had their hands all over each other. Brianna was still wearing her cover-up by the time they made it to their room, but she was well along the way to not wearing it before Andy opened the door. They made love for hours before taking a break for some room service ice cream around midnight. Brianna didn't bother getting dressed but covered up with a sheet when the dessert was wheeled in. Fortified by their pints of salted caramel for Brianna and cookies and cream for Andy, they returned to their screwing, licking and sucking until exhaustion finally took hold of them around 3 AM.  
  
Brianna woke up around 11:30 to the sound of Andy having a shower. She reached for her phone and noticed a full email inbox. The first dozen were obvious junk, but one seemed to be from her office; she was a bit annoyed to have work following her on her vacation, but then noticed that it was from Maureen Symonde. She had had almost no contact with Maureen since her modeling gig, which wasn't really surprising considering their respective places in the office hierarchy. Seeing Maureen's name on an email sent at what had to be a fairly late hour back home got Brianna's attention; she opened it and read:

Brianna:  
  
I'm not sure what you've been up to but I've just had an email from Roger Holliman, which he followed right away with a couple of texts and then a phone call when I didn't reply right immediately. He says you've been seen out and about in Sydney; he saw a story about you in a local newspaper this morning, including a photo of you with a fan. Which he sent me a link to. Good move covering your boobs, BTW, and where exactly were your clothes? Never mind that right now. Roger pestered me for your cell number, wants to talk with you since you're right in his back yard.  
  
He made it sound like there might be some new business for us, so don't just ignore him. We'll not count your time dealing with him against your vacation time.  
  
I couldn't refuse to give him some form of contact info, so I gave him your email address. Good luck, he can be pretty demanding. Don't call me until 8:00 AM our time; I'll call you sometime later today, it's 2:30 in the damned morning here right now.  
  
The next email was from Roger Holliman himself! It read:  
  
Brianna -  
  
We're all excited to see you're visiting our neighborhood, and would love to have a visit and chat. Please do call me on my mobile, number below. Sorry to intrude on your holiday, but please call today if at all possible!  
  
Roger D. Holliman  
  
"Crap!" Brianna said to herself, "Really, just craptastic on so many levels! My picture in the paper wearing half a bathing suit? Roger Holliman sort of stalking me? Maureen expecting me to represent the firm somehow during my vacation?" She hadn't noticed the sound of the shower end, so she was surprised when Andy popped out of the bathroom wearing a hotel bathrobe. She hoped he hadn't heard her talking to herself.  
  
"Something wrong?' Andy asked, "you look upset."  
  
"No big deal, just a little annoying. I've been asked to have a phone call and possibly meet with one of our clients."  
  
"During our vacation? Seems unfair, can't someone back home call them?"  
  
"Yes, but I worked on their account before and I'm right here near their headquarters, it sort of makes sense. I'll call and see if they insist on a meeting. If they do, you get to go do some sightseeing or just ogle babes on the beach!"  
  
"Nah, the sights on the beach couldn't possibly be as good as they were yesterday! You do what you need to do, I'll find something to do with myself."  
  
Andy got dressed and headed downstairs to get something to eat. Brianna called Roger and introduced herself; he was polite but weirdly enthusiastic; "Good Morning, Brianna! How wonderful to see you're visiting our fair city! Thanks for calling so promptly!"  
  
"My pleasure," Brianna lied, "When Maureen told me you wanted to hear from me I couldn't refuse, though I'm not sure what I can help you with, I'm not even close to her level within our company."  
  
"Brianna, dear, the fact is you are in a unique position to do me, really all of us here at Holliman's, a favor. Just a stroke of luck that you happen to be visiting now, all the more so with your photo popping up in the papers."  
  
"That wasn't my idea," she interrupted, "I thought the kid in the picture just wanted to show his friends that he'd met me. I really had no idea I'd be recognized so long after my photos were used in your ads."  
  
"Even so, good luck for us, it never hurts to get some free publicity, especially showing one of our most popular models at the beach; we're just about to launch a new line of swim and beachwear. I literally could not buy publicity like that!"  
  
Against her better judgment, Brianna asked, "You mentioned me doing you a favor; Maureen would kill me if I didn't see what you need, within reason. How can I help?"  
  
"Glad you asked, dear. I told you about our new product line, but I don't believe I mentioned the launch event; we're having a beachwear fashion show at Bondi beach, tomorrow afternoon. Ever since your photo hit the newsstands we've been getting scads of calls and emails asking if you're going to be in the show modeling our new line. I'd like very much to be able to say that you will be."  
  
"Oh. I, um, I don't know about that. I've never done that sort of modeling and doubt I could project that haughty, confident look that kind of model needs; I'd probably fall off of the runway if I tried to do that catwalk style of walking."  
  
" I was sure you were the right girl for last season's lingerie ads and I was right, I'm sure now that you'd be brilliant in our swimwear show. I'll make it worth your while; how does $10,000 US for 5 trips up and down the runway sound?"  
  
Momentarily silenced by Roger's offer, Brianna was tempted to say yes, but instead said, "I need some time to think about it; I wasn't exactly expecting any of this."  
  
"Right, then. Call me back soon, and say yes!"  
  
After ending her call with Roger, Brianna considered the pros and cons of taking him up on his offer.  
  
Cons:  
  
Could be highly embarrassing, I have zero experience in live modeling.  
  
Photos might make their way to friends, family, and co-workers  
  
Lots and lots of people watching.  
  
Pros:  
  
Money!  
  
Maureen would like to stay on Roger's good side.  
  
I might, maybe, have some fun.  
  
Lots and lots of people watching.  
  
Andy was the wild card; she couldn't decide if she thought he'd be for or against her doing it. "He could freak out about seeing me strutting my stuff in such a public setting," she thought, "or he might actually get a kick out of seeing me dressed that way up in front of a crowd."  
  
She was still trying to make up her mind when Andy came back to their room carrying a handful of newspapers and magazines. "Check this out, Hon, you're famous! Or at least you look like someone famous," he said. He'd found three different newspapers with her photo in them, two of which had her on the front page! She shuddered when she saw that what she had thought was a magazine was actually a copy of the same calendar she had signed a couple of days ago.  
  
He flipped the calendar open to one of the topless photos and placed it next to the newspaper photo, saying, "You definitely have a strong resemblance to this woman, no doubt!" Brianna was in a daze, hardly believing her husband was comparing two different photos of herself and still didn't see that both topless women were the same person. Her.  
  
She decided to let him go on believing she was the model's doppelganger, at least for a while. All through their lunch and afternoon of sightseeing, she was preoccupied with the decision. Eventually Andy spoke up, saying, "I can see you're worried about work. Go ahead and have your meeting or whatever, I could go have a round of golf, the hotel has a connection with a pretty interesting course overlooking the harbour, so I'll be fine. You go make some money, I'll go spend some of it."  
  
"Oh, if he only knew!" Brianna thought about his encouraging her to go make some money, "But maybe he doesn't need to; we'll be leaving Sydney in a couple more days, so maybe I can do it without needing to tell Andy exactly what kind of work I'll be doing!" When she was changing to go out to dinner, Andy visited the concierge to get more details about a golf outing; she took advantage of his absence to call Roger back. She told him she couldn't talk long, but was happy to help out with his fashion show.  
  
"Thanks, it should be a fun event, all the more now you've signed on!" Roger said, "Show is right on the beach in front of the Bondi pavilion, you'll see a large tent and a runway. Show starts at 2:00 PM, need you to be there for fitting, hair, and makeup no later than 1:00. Looking forward to finally meeting you!"  
  
Brianna realized she had a serious case of butterflies as she ended the call; until 2 minutes ago she could have declined Roger's offer, but backing out now, after saying she was in, might tick Roger off and he might take it out on her company. She was committed now!  
  
As she and Andy had a leisurely dinner and a bottle of wine Brianna began to relax as she thought about her plans for the following afternoon. "It's just swimwear, maybe a little skimpy but surely not as outrageous as the lingerie I was photographed in. It might be kind of fun," she thought, though the butterflies never completely went away. She told Andy she'd be leaving for her meeting around noon and he arranged for his golf outing to dovetail with her schedule.  
  
Brianna slept late the next morning and she and Andy had a light breakfast in their room; she saw him off before getting dressed. She put on a skirt and button-down blouse, about the closest thing she'd brought on the trip to a proper work outfit; she expected to meet Andy after the show and wanted to look like she could have been meeting with a client. She brought along a bra, stockings, and panties to look office-ready later on, remembering to not wear anything too tight before the show to avoid having marks where elastic dug in. She enjoyed the mild thrill of walking through the hotel lobby looking fairly respectable but knowing she wasn't wearing a thing under her two visible pieces of clothing. Without a bra, her breasts jiggled enough to let even moderately observant onlookers know part of her secret.  
  
A short Uber ride brought Brianna to the edge of the park adjacent to Bondi beach, a short stroll away from the site of the show. She found the spot easily; a large tent towards the city side of the beach with Holliman logos plastered all over it and a runway extending around 60 feet towards the water was pretty hard to miss. She reached the tent earlier than the time Roger had specified, arriving before 12:30.  
  
The space inside the tent was well lit but much darker than the sunny beach, making it hard for her to see much at first. When her eyes adjusted to the lighting she saw a dozen or so stunning young women in various states of undress all staring at her, possibly trying to decide if the new arrival was one of their group or some Holliman staff member.  
  
After an awkward pause, a pair of late middle-aged women emerged from the cluster of models and approached Brianna. One of them held out her hand and introduced herself, "Hello, Brianna, we've been looking forward to working with you; I'm Bev and this is Marie, we'll be taking care of you today."  
  
"Hi, pleased to meet you both," said Brianna as she shook hands with the pair. "I'm really new at this, what do we do first?  
  
The two experienced stylists launched into a crash course, a sort of Fashion Show 101. They showed Brianna how to walk, turn gracefully, pause, how to hold her head, what to do with her hands, and a dozen other tips she had never considered before that moment. As her tutorial was wrapping up, fairly loud dance music started up outside the tent, with a DJ periodically urging passersby to stay for the show. The music made it hard to hear the instructions Bev was giving her, but it did give Brianna some practice walking in time to the music.  
  
Once they were satisfied with their pupil's progress they ushered her to the dressing area, Marie telling her, "Everything off, Luv, time to see what we have to work with!" Brianna blushed but didn't hesitate, depositing her two pieces of clothing in her tote bag.  
  
"Yes, you'll do nicely!" whispered Bev, "Lots of these girls look better with full outfits, but you've got a good bathing suit body." Bev began working on Brianna's hair, mostly applying hairspray and teasing it to add volume. Meanwhile, Marie was busily doing Brianna's makeup, way more of it than she'd ever wear in her normal life but about what Brianna was expecting. What surprised her was the amount and variety of makeup products Marie applied to assorted areas of her body; tan lines, veins and a couple of small scars all disappeared. Once Marie was satisfied she'd dealt with Brianna's imperfections she applied something which gave her whole body a lustrous glow.  
  
Brianna asked if the treatment of some of the areas Marie was tending to really needed the attention since she'd be wearing swimsuits; Bev chuckled and said, "Well, some of these suits can be unforgiving; better to overdo the makeup coverage than risk some untreated area being seen and ruining the effect."  
  
With less than 10 minutes left before the start of the show, the music playing got louder, with periodic announcements of how many minutes were left before the show would begin. Marie held out a small bin with Brianna's name written on it, explaining that all her outfits were prepped and ready to go in bins stacked up at her dressing area, all in the correct order. All she needed to do was let Marie and Bev help her into and out of each one, they would do all the adjustments, buttoning and tying. Bev pointed out a tall athletic model with short black hair; "That's Marina, Lithuanian girl I think. You'll be on following her every time out. Just set out from the tent as she heads back from the end of the runway and follow her example."  
  
With less than two minutes before the show was supposed to start, Brianna was beginning to wonder when the hell Bev or Marie were going to get around to dressing her. "Glowing skin or not, I'm definitely not going out there like this!" she thought as she eyed her naked reflection in a full-length mirror.  
  
Seeing her nervousness, Bev said, "No worries, you're the last girl out and the first outfit is pretty easy." She pulled a pretty conservative dark blue one-piece suit and matching wrap style cover-up from a bin and held the suit out for Brianna to step into. While Bev straightened and smoothed out the suit Marie got the wrap on Brianna and tied the front strings. Brianna couldn't help but be impressed; it couldn't have taken her assistants more than 45 seconds to take her from naked to neatly put together.  
  
She watched Marina step out from the tent in an outfit similar to hers and make her way to the far end of the runway; as she was about to step out of the tent herself Brianna heard the DJ ask the crowd, "Please give our next lovely model a big Bondi beach welcome, this year's Holliman's calendar girl, Brianna!" The sharp increase in cheering from the audience was more proof that her ads and calendar had made quite an impression here!  
  
Brianna almost stumbled as she stepped up to the runway just as she heard her name announced, her real name! She realized she'd never asked to be called by a stage name; "Oh, well, nothing to be done about it now!" she thought as she tried to concentrate on her pace and keep track of what Marina was doing, all while smiling at the crowd. She didn't see it happen, but as Marina was heading back from the end of the runway Brianna noticed she wasn't wearing her cover-up anymore but had slung it over her left shoulder. She untied her own cover-up as she approached the end of the runway and took it off as she executed a cautious spin, then headed back to the tent carrying the cover-up just like Marina had. As stressed out as she was, her smile never failed her; if anything it grew wider as she heard a loud cheer from the crowd as she took off her cover-up.  
  
Between the DJ's unexpected use of her real name, the noise the crowd was making and just the fact she was parading around in front of what she thought must be nearly a thousand spectators, Brianna's pulse seemed to almost be keeping time with the beat of the music. She had worn less, sometimes way less on both of her previous beach excursions during this trip, but even in a very conservative outfit she was finding being the center of attention up on a stage with hundreds of people making a deafening noise was more intense than either of those days at the beach had been. Once she made it back inside the tent she saw Bev and Marie waiting for her; Bev handed her a flute of champagne to celebrate surviving her first round trip on the runway.  
  
Brianna meant to heed Bev's advice to sip her champagne slowly, but as wound up as her first time on the runway had made her she gulped most of it down before even making it back to her dressing area. "That was amazing!" she shouted to her assistants, "That crowd, being on the stage, I've never felt anything like it before!"  
  
" I know what you mean, I can still remember my first show," Bev said as she began peeling Brianna's suit off.  
  
Brianna looked more closely at Bev than she had before and realized that her trainer was a former model; the tips and skills Bev had been passing on came from her own time doing what Brianna was doing now. Marie did some touch-ups on Brianna's body makeup where getting into and out of the first suit had disturbed her previous work, nodding to Bev to let her know when it was time to get their protege into her next outfit. Brianna was too distracted to get a good look at the new outfit until it was in place on her.  
  
She looked in the mirror and was relieved to see herself wearing a fairly tame red bikini, not nearly as conservative as her previous outfit but not extremely revealing as two-piece suits go. Bev held her cover-up out and Brianna slipped her arms into the semi-sheer garment. It occurred to her that her new suit was not much different from the two bikinis she'd worn the last couple of days, but unlike those suits, this one would NOT be coming off, not even partly, until she was back in the tent. Even the fleeting thought of appearing in front of today's crowd wearing as little as she had during her last couple of beach excursions made her shudder.  
  
Brianna peeked out of the tent to watch the other models make their round trips while the DJ described this round of suits. She marveled at how quickly this experience was passing by; it seemed like it had only been a couple of minutes since her last time on the runway when she saw Marina step up and out to make her second round trip. Brianna followed her onto the runway just in time to see Marina slowly slip one arm at a time out of her cover-up. Before the two models crossed paths the DJ called the crowd's attention to Brianna's latest appearance, eliciting a noticeable uptick in the already loud cheering. Brianna imitated Marina's sensuous removal of her cover-up and headed back towards the tent, drinking in the applause and catcalls as she went. She began to wish the runway was longer!  
  
Brianna somewhat reluctantly stepped down from the runway into the tent and went straight to her dressing area. Not immediately seeing Bev and Marie in the bustling dressing zone, she realized she was actually eager for her next turn on the runway. She began to get nervous when the first model in the lineup was already on the runway before her assistants appeared, each holding a champagne flute. "Just wanted to get a glass before they shut down the bar," Bev explained, "We still have plenty of time to get you prepped." Brianna was a little bit annoyed that they hadn't brought her a glass as well, but realized it was probably a bad idea to indulge too freely until she was closer to the end of her shift.  
  
Brianna's next outfit continued the trend of ever greater exposure; as other models took turns on the runway in similarly skimpy outfits, Bev separated Briana from her previous bikini and eased her into another two-piece outfit. The new, much smaller bikini consisted of a thong bottom with a tiny triangle of fabric in front and a top far smaller than any she'd ever worn in public or even imagined wearing, really just two triangles with continuous thin cords around her back and up over her neck. Marie adjusted the top's triangles to cover Brianna's nipples and a small area around them and tied the loose ends of the cords into a neat bow between her breasts while Bev arranged the thong to cover what it could.  
  
Her cover-up was the least effective she'd been given yet, a fairly tight pattern red fishnet top. "I guess we're leaving the Girl Next Door look behind," Brianna thought to herself, smiling as she checked her appearance in a mirror on her way to the steps up to the runway. She barely made it to the start of the runway in time to see Marina lose her cover-up and start back to the tent.

As totally impractical for swimming as it was, Brianna knew the only possible reason to wear this suit was to show off and tease; she decided to put her new outfit to work at it's intended purpose. The moment she reached the end of the runway she followed Marina's lead, shrugging the cover-up off and carrying it in her right hand. To the delight of her audience, she improvised having her left hand play at untying the one knot holding her top together as she strolled back towards the tent. She tugged lightly at each end just to tease the crowd.  
  
She surprised herself at least as much as her audience by somehow actually succeeding in undoing the knot while still several steps short of reaching the shelter of the tent, just as she was doing a little twirl to give the audience a look at her outfit from all angles. She might have still been able to hang on to the loosened cords, but with only a few feet left to travel before reaching the curtained entrance to the tent, she didn't even try, blushing as her essentially topless end to this tour of the runway was met with raucous cheers erupting as she took her last few steps and disappeared into the tent.  
  
Brianna needed a moment to calm down after the brief flash of her boobs she'd given at least part of the audience. Her pulse was still racing when Bev and Marie began to get her ready for the next appearance on the runway. Peering into the bin with her name on it being presented to her by Marie, Brianna was shocked to see what her next outfit consisted of.  
  
She was pretty sure the only thing holding the patch of yellow fabric, no bigger than her palm, in place at the front of the G-string was some variation on dental floss, pretty much invisible from any more than four feet away. The top was, well actually, the top wasn't. As in nonexistent. Assuming she was expected to take her cover-up off at the far end of the runway as she had been doing she'd be topless for her entire return trip to the tent! The cover-up was once again fishnet, but made of a slightly looser weave and slightly thinner mesh; it provided a fair amount of coverage, but Brianna was pretty sure if things lined up wrong, or maybe lined up right, her nipples would be easy enough to see even before she shed the cover-up.  
  
Studying herself in the mirror once her assistants had finished getting her dressed gave her a chill. "Does this even count as being dressed?" she mumbled to herself. She heard the DJ making some comment about all parts of Holliman's two-piece suits being available individually, for those who don't need the top!  
  
She knew she shouldn't let herself be seen out on the stage this way, but the sound of the audience roaring a greeting to the similarly dressed Marina drew Brianna towards the opening. Looking on from the edge of the curtain at the start of the runway, Brianna was intrigued by a change from the previous pattern; instead of slinging her cover-up over shoulder as she had with every previous outfit, Marina waved the gauzy garment at arms length for a few seconds as cheering built up, then tossed it into the crowd! After a few more seconds of posing she began her strut back towards the tent, looking way more comfortable wearing just a tiny G-string than Brianna was feeling at the moment despite wearing, well, not a whole lot, but way more than Marina!  
  
Despite her misgivings, Brianna inexplicably found herself stepping out of the dim tent onto the sunny runway, shuddering as she stepped into view of the several hundred howling members of the audience.  
  
As the two women were about to pass each other, Marina stepped into Brianna's path, stopping her in her tracks. Before Brianna had a chance to react, Marina draped her arms around Brianna's neck, leaned in and planted a long, slow kiss on her surprised fellow model. It wasn't the deepest kiss Brianna had ever experienced, but it landed solidly on her lips and lingered long enough to send the crowd into a frenzy. Brianna had never doubted her sexual orientation, she was sure she wasn't a lesbian, but given the situation, including the steady roar of the crowd and her own imminent near-nudity, the kiss sent shock waves through her, causing her to momentarily forget to continue her trip to the end of the runway.  
  
After a few dazed moments following the kiss, Briana continued to the end of the runway, stretching out the removal of her cover-up. She wasn't sure herself whether she was slowing her strip to delay seriously exposing herself, or possibly to better tease the onlookers, or if she was just trying to prolong her time at the end of the runway basking in the applause. "Probably all of the above," she thought.  
  
When she finally did get it off, she threw the fishnet garment as far as she could into the crowd before strutting back up the runway. She took her time and enjoyed her trip back to the tent, putting a little extra shake of her pretty much naked ass in each step, and shivering a few times as she thought about how little fabric now separated her from being completely naked in front of a LOT of people; she was a little sad there was nobody following after her to ambush with a kiss the way Marina had waylaid her, thinking almost anyone would do right about now.  
  
Seeing Roger grinning from ear to ear just outside the dressing area brought her partway back to reality, "Did I do good?" she asked, oddly oblivious to being practically naked a couple of feet from one of her firm's clients! She knew he had to be pretty pleased with the reaction the crowd had been having to the show.  
  
"Good on ya, you've been great so far, and you're almost done!"  
  
"I thought I was done! You mean that last trip wasn't the end, with that thing Marina did and all..." Brianna said in a shaky voice, "I'm not sure I can take much more of this!"  
  
"That wasn't planned; Marina's a bit of a free spirit, she probably just felt like kissing you. Her and a thousand or so spectators! Just one more lap and you're home free. You've got this crowd eating out of your hand, and to be frank, you look like you're having fun yourself."  
  
Brianna didn't admit it to Roger, but she knew he was right; she was really getting aroused by being nearly nude outdoors in the middle of the day while having a huge crowd watching her every move. She headed back to the dressing area to get ready for the last act of the show, partly dreading whatever outfit was waiting for her but deep down hoping for something even wilder than she'd already worn.  
  
As Marie touched up her body makeup Brianna accepted a fresh glass of champagne from Bev, who was starting another one herself. She was a little surprised that Bev wasn't more focused on getting her dressed for her final appearance and when about half of the other models had already lined up to do their runs. She finally asked, "Shouldn't you be getting me dressed? There's not much time left!"  
  
"Won't take long, trust me," Bev said between sips. "But you should probably finish your glass or put it down so we can get you dressed." She held out the last bin at Brianna's dressing area to show her the final outfit.  
  
Brianna assumed there had been some kind of mistake; the cover-up in the bin was beautiful, a mid-thigh length, long-sleeved crocheted gold lame with a fairly open weave but some denser areas where a suit normally would be. It was a lovely garment; the problem was it was the only item in the bin. She realized what wasn't in the bin was no mistake, that outrageous as might be, it was the logical conclusion to the series of outfits she had worn up to this point. The DJ's introduction during the first model's trip down the runway verified her conclusion; "Even if you choose to skip the suit entirely, one of our fine line of cover-ups can make your trip to the beach more practical!"  
  
"I, I...I'm not sure I can do this..." Brianna stammered, "At least not if I have to take the cover-up off!"  
  
"Nobody is going chase you down on the runway and force you to take it off, it's all up to you when you're out there," said Bev, moving behind Brianna and holding the sparkling garment out for her to slide her arms into. Brianna gulped down the last of her champagne and meekly let Bev finish wrapping the ties around her waist and tying them in a bow just above her navel.  
  
Brianna took a look at her reflection and decided that whoever planned the sequence of outfits knew what they were doing; she thought even without knowing what wasn't present underneath the cover-up most people would agree this was her sexiest outfit yet. "It would be a shame to not let the crowd have a look at it too," she thought. She might not have been fully conscious of it, but her desire for one more dose of attention from the crowd, and the energy she felt while hearing their cheering was at least as big a factor in her decision to finish what she'd started.  
  
Brianna took a deep breath and lined up behind Marina, who turned back to look at her; after looking her over from head to toe she smiled. "Nice." was all she said before stepping onto the runway.  
  
Either the model before Marina had finished quickly or Marina had started later than she was supposed to have done; whatever the reason, Brianna hadn't actually seen any of the other models on the runway during this round, so Marina's example was all she had to go on. It seemed to Brianna that Marina was moving more slowly than usual; "Maybe she's having doubts about taking off her cover-up, too!" Brianna thought hopefully. Once Marina made it to the end of the runway she began to tease the crowd by pulling the ties on her cover-up.  
  
Seeing Marina's shoulders become uncovered, Brianna muttered to nobody in particular, "Ohhh shit! She's going to do it!" Seeing Marina finally finish removing her cover-up and turn back towards the tent, Brianna took her first wobbly step out from behind the curtain for what she was already promising herself would be her last time ever working a runway.  
  
With her cover-up still in place and Marina strutting naked back towards the tent, Brianna thought the odds were pretty good the audience wouldn't notice her shaking as she drew nearer to the end of the runway. As she and Marina came close to passing by each other Brianna stepped in front of Marina, who held up her hands as if to tell Brianna to back off, shouting over the music, "After last time they told me to leave you alone!"  
  
"But nobody told ME to leave YOU alone!" Brianna shouted back before leaning in to kiss Marina. Their second kiss lasted longer and went deeper, bringing on a thunderous wave of cheering. Eventually, the DJ broke in with some cheesy comment and Marina broke away, winking at Brianna before resuming her stroll back to the tent.  
  
As she approached the end of the runway Brianna decided on a compromise between chickening out and going completely nude; she'd already been topless during her last couple of round trips on the runway, so she decided to give her audience, and herself, that much. The gleaming cover-up was loose enough and stretchy enough to allow her to open it far enough to pull it back over her left shoulder and down her arm halfway to her elbow, revealing her left breast. Her left arm was now somewhat pinned down, but to the delight of her fans, she eventually was able to repeat the process on her right side, exposing her right breast and most of her back.  
  
With both sides of her cover-up dropped to her elbows she was easily able to slide her forearms out of the dangling sleeves. She looked down at her exposed breasts and up slightly to the crowd. "So many people, but I did it," she thought to herself, pausing to make a slow turn to let the entire crowd see her naked above her waist. "All done now."  
  
"Or am I?" she thought, "I was actually more exposed than this during my last turn." She absentmindedly reached for the loose ends of the bow at her waist, "besides, nobody here really knows me, and I'll never be in a position like this again." She thought while she might regret going any further, she would probably regret not doing so even more.  
  
She could hear a few voices clearly over the roaring crowd;  
  
"Don't stop!"  
  
"Do it!"  
  
"Please!"  
  
Knowing that everyone in sight wanted the same thing she now did, Brianna pulled firmly on both strings; with the bow undone her cover-up quickly slid off her smooth glistening body. She clasped her hands behind her head and made one more slow turn before slowly strolling back up the runway, smiling and waving to the howling crowd as she made her way back to the tent.  
  
Stepping back behind the curtain, Brianna ended the public portion of the show as the DJ thanked the audience for coming by and urged them to look for Holliman's swimwear line at their favorite store; inside the tent a rowdy after-party had already begun. Someone handed her a glass of champagne; hugs were being exchanged all around and the models compared notes on which outfits they liked or didn't.  
  
Away now from the charged atmosphere of the runway, when Roger Holliman clinched her in a bear hug Brianna suddenly felt as naked as she was. She was relieved when Bev pulled her aside and offered to remove her makeup. She watched in a mirror as what she thought of as her real self slowly emerged; she began to wonder if the modest woman who was now reappearing was her true self, or was she really the shameless model seen on the runway a few minutes ago?  
  
Brianna got her street clothes back on, this time including bra, panties, and stockings, completing the return to her normal look. She thanked Bev and Marie for all their help and slipped out of the party. Roger stopped her as she was leaving, handing her a check for $10,000 dollars as promised. An hour after her final runway appearance she was still in a daze as she waited for her Uber to show up. The ringing of her phone brought her back to reality. It was Andy calling; she thought he must be calling from the golf course. She was surprised when he told her he'd never even gotten on the course, there had been a mixup about his tee time.  
  
"Oh, how frustrating," she said, "where are you now?"  
  
"A bistro a couple of blocks from Bondi beach named Bondi Hardware. Are you done meeting your client? I'll buy you a drink if you're free, or maybe a late lunch."  
  
Though stunned to hear Andy was no more than a five-minute walk from where she was standing, Brianna managed to stick to her story, "Uh, yeah, we just finished a short while ago; I can meet you there soon, I have a ride on the way."  
  
"Great! See you in a few minutes!"  
  
Brianna's thoughts were a jumble as she climbed into the back seat of her Uber; what was Andy doing near Bondi beach? How long had he been in the vicinity? Had he been anywhere near her show? What if he actually saw...she began to get a little bit dizzy thinking about the possibilities. She asked the driver to go a little bit out of his way to make it seem like she'd been further away when Andy called her.  
  
Andy was sitting at a table on the sidewalk when Brianna arrived. He explained the golf course mix-up as she gave a waiter her drink order.  
  
"So what have you been doing since your plan to go golfing fell through?" she asked, unsure whether she wanted to know.  
  
"I decided to have a look around this neighborhood to see if there was anyplace promising for dinner tonight. I took photos of menus at several possibilities for you to have a look at. After I'd done my scouting for a dinner spot I wandered over to the park overlooking Bondi beach, thinking I might find a shady bench to hang out on for a while."  
  
"And did you?" she asked, hoping he couldn't see how nervous she was becoming.  
  
"Yeah, but that wasn't the best part. I had only been there a few minutes when I heard some loud music coming from the beach. I got curious and walked over to see what was going on, just in time to see a fashion show, nothing but swimsuits and beach clothes."  
  
"Did, um, did you stay and watch? What did you see?" Brianna asked, her pulse racing.  
  
"Did I stay and watch? You heard me say there were swimsuit models, right?" Andy laughed, "It was way too crowded to get very close, but I saw plenty. The outfits ranged from pretty modest to pretty much nothing. That model who looks like you was there, but at that distance I couldn't see her face as well as in her photos. The DJ mentioned her name but the crowd noise made it hard to hear; I think he called her Anna."  
  
Realizing Andy hadn't made the connection between the brazen model at the show and the woman sitting across from him, she began to relax, asking, "And did you like what you saw?"  
  
"Blushing a little, Andy admitted, "I did. I know it's not the kind of thing you'd do, but I have to admit seeing someone who could be your twin strutting around in the nude, on stage, in front of a huge crowd was pretty hot; it was almost like I was seeing you up there!"