**Corporate Model**

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I would like to thank my friend Georgia Alice for her help with picking the clothes for the main character.

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The phone was ringing again. Eh... shouldn't all the phone calls be over now that the contract was finally signed? Oh, it was the boss. I might have been working on a position of power, but I was not the top dog yet. But at the age of thirty one I still considered that a success; I pick up the phone.

- Hello, Bill.

- Hi, Nicole. Please, come to my office when you have a moment to spare.

- Your voice sounds serious and not serious at the same time, it doesn't fit the politeness of the request. Should I worry?

- Not at all, but you described the whole matter well. I don't want to talk about it on the phone though.

- Sure. I'll be there right away.

I went without delay. There was always some work to do, but after scoring big with a large important contract I had no incentive to perform minor tasks.

Natalie, Bill's secretary told me to just go into his office. He was not sitting by his desk, but in the armchair by the coffee table for guests. He gestured for me to join him and take the spot on the couch. At the same time he ogled my legs, his pretence of not doing so was as always terrible. I did a much better job at pretending not to notice his stare. We made a good team in that regard; Bill was a mild pervert and I pushed the limits of the office dress code with my mini skirts always a bit too short, my heels too tall and the cleavages too deep, sometimes I also wore fishnet stockings instead of sheer ones. If you have it flaunt it, right?

I sat down opposite Bill and crossed my long legs, he finally looked onto my face. I have been glancing towards his desk and only then turned my head to meet his gaze.

- What is it, Bill?

- The big fish that we caught onto the hook... it has a hook of its own. A blunt and sophisticated one, but I'm confident it's a hook nevertheless.

- A beautiful metaphor - I replied sarcastically.

He ignored my remark and continued:

- You've made a huge impression on our new partners. They admire your competence, intelligence and... good looks.

- Bill, did you invite me here to recite poetical metaphors and tell me compliments?

- Would that be so bad?

- Quite the opposite, I love compliments just like any other woman. Please continue.

- You know that among other things they also do advertising campaigns and one of their main clients is a fashion designer. They've made a polite request, one that has nothing to do with the contract and assured as that refusal won't impede our future cooperation...

- Which means that's a very serious matter and under any circumstance we shouldn't refuse.

- Exactly.

- What is it and why are you smiling?

- They asked for you to personally model some of the latest products of that fashion designer.

- Oh, come on Bill! You went all the way to make such a lame joke.

- I'm serious, read the e-mail - he handed me a printout.

It turned out he was being completely serious; our latest partner, a company as big as ours wanted me, a middle manager, to work as a fashion model for a single photo shoot which would take a whole work day. Someone must have been clearly more impressed with my good looks than intelligence and competence. And they were not exactly wrong, as far as appearance went I had certain qualifications for a model. At 175 centimetres I was reasonably tall, I was fit, my body a bit more toned than that of an average Victoria's Secret model, my C-cup breasts were firm and proportionate, I was as proud of my long blonde hair as I was of my slender but strong legs. So yes, I could easily understand how someone would imagine me as a fashion model. But actually asking for it? That sounded rather unprofessional. On the other hand I would be fooling myself, if I claimed that I did not enjoy being looked at; after all I wore the short skirts for a reason.

Bill interrupted my pondering:

- A competent employee of mine once told me that we couldn't refuse such a request under any circumstances.

- I liked you more when you were paying me compliments.

- You'd make professional model envious if you decided to switch to that career path.

- That sounds better, but I'm sensing a trap.

- More an opportunity. You'd also get a day off and they were suggesting this Friday. They will obviously pay you for the photo shoot but more importantly I will owe you a favor.

- Now that's the hard currency.

I was not being sarcastic this time, in any large organisation favors are a really serious matter, especially if it is your boss who owes you. In addition to that the whole prospect of being a model for one day was becoming more and more attractive to me. I was perfectly aware of my good looks and I enjoyed being looked at and admired. I was no exhibitionist who would flash her panties or worse a bare pussy in public, but I liked revealing a bit more skin than was common.

- I'll do it.

- Perfect! I knew you were up for the task.

As I left the office Bill's gaze followed my booty which was covered in a tight skirt. I would be lying if I said I was not excited. Not only it would be a totally new experience for me and I loved challenges, it would also feed my inner minor exhibitionist. I simply could not wait until Friday (it was just Monday), but for completely different reasons than people usually do.

Because of the excitement I was feeling more daring than usual. On Tuesday I wore a black skirt of my usual short length but this one had a minor slit on the side revealing more flesh of my firm thighs and even giving a glimpse of the tops of my sheer stockings. On Wednesday I kept the skirt and changed the blouse, the new one was light purple but made of thinner fabric and only slightly see through. On Thursday I added fishnet stockings to the whole set. There might have been some who would call my look slutty, but apparently they kept their comments to themselves. Throughout the week I received a lot more glimpses and many compliments, some even coming from women.

Each day Bill asked me to come to his office supposedly to talk about the implementation of the new contract, but we never said anything meaningful. It was obvious that he appreciated the changes in my outfit and wanted to feed his inner pervert. I feigned obliviousness to his gazes and let him ogle my entire body as we talked.

Friday eventually came and with butterflies in my stomach I drove to the appointed place. Model's life is not easy, I was supposed to show up at six thirty and obviously I was on the dot. I was dressed in a casual but still sexy little black dress. I knew not to waste much time on doing makeup and hair, since the visagiste would take care of that.

The whole facility was just waking up to life, the guard let me in and soon I was welcomed by the photographer who introduced himself as James. He looked... uniquely to say the least. He was rather handsome but his style was not exactly what I sought for in men. He was athletic but not ripped and of mediocre height, only slightly shorter than me in my ten centimetre heels. That was fine, just like his face - masculine but not too roughly chiseled and clean shaven. His auburn hair was cut in a weird version of those fashionable fancy male styles; to me it looked just silly. So did his clothes; he wore something between a buttoned up blouse and a T-shirt, it was tight and revealed his toned muscles, but in my opinion tight clothes were for women. His pants were ball squeezers, almost like leggings but with pockets, they showed that James did not skip the leg day; there was also a visible bulge in their front, apparently the photographer was blessed in that regard and liked to show off. To complete his silly look he wore colourful sneakers that could have been a hit in the 90s.

But he was polite, even charming, had a firm handshake and decisive masculine motions. I had never had more ambivalent feelings about a man before, at least at first sight.

The visagiste was also a man, his name was Alex and he was clearly homosexual, with the stereotypical mannerism and voice; feminine jeans and T-shirt completed the image. He was relatively handsome although a bit too androgynous for my taste, he was about the same height as James and also fit, but not nearly as athletic; he obviously focused more on cardio than weights.

Alex did his job on my face and hair professionally and efficiently, then I was presented my first outfit - a beautiful claret gown. It was ankle long but had a high slit in the front at the right side which exposed my entire leg even as I stood motionless. The gown had a high collar and long sleeves, it clung tightly to my body in the front, but was entirely backless with the collar being the only piece of fabric above the waist. it made me feel even more exposed than some of the deep cleavages that I often wore.

Underneath I had just a claret thong, since a bra does not fit with a backless dress. My breasts might have been bigger than those of an average model, but they were still firm. Nevertheless Alex had some padding glued to my chest for an even better effect . It was different than an actual bra but not uncomfortable. the whole outfit was completed by a pair of magnificent patent heels. They were black strappy sandals on a thirteen centimetre stiletto heels, the straps were thick and ornamented with a fancy pattern. The moment I saw them I knew I had to buy a pair.

The set had been meticulously prepared earlier by James, not only he was carrying a camera (the "main" one), but there were also few fixed ones, video cameras among them.

It was my very first time modelling, so I had to learn everything from the scratch. But it was not a live catwalk and I had always been a quick learner in all other fields, so this time all went smoothly as well.

If a dress reveals a leg and the back, it is natural that all poses emphasize those body parts. I loved showing off my legs, but I was afraid that my back could be too broad and toned for the job. Fortunately James thought otherwise; he not only instructed but also complimented me the entire time. He ensured me that he loved my muscles and that I had a perfect figure for modelling. Between his professionalism and charm he seemed to be a really nice guy, I quickly forgot about my initial judgment of his style.

Obviously my legs and back got a lot of the camera attention, but they were not the only ones. I quickly became aware of my nipples which were clearly pointing out through the thin fabric. I had no doubts that they would be visible on the photos, that realization somehow turned me on, only slightly but enough to make the nipples stiffen and thus become even more prominent.

Eventually we were done with the posing in that dress and came the time for a different one. This was black, also long with an equally high slit but revealing the left leg. The dress had a lot more material on the back, it compensated for that by being sleeveless and having an extremely deep cleavage. My breasts were covered basically with two straps of fabric that narrowed towards the top, they barely managed to cover the glued pads. My belly button was mere centimeters from being exposed. Once again I was dressed in a glamorous gown that made me feel naked... and I loved it! I kept the same heels but had to take them off for a moment in order to put on a pair of sheer black stockings; they were hold ups and a glimpse off the top on my left left could be seen even without me striking a pose.

But poses I did strike and showed off even more skin. The dress lied perfectly and not a single malfunction occurred, but while my nipples remained covered they were still erect and the rest of my breasts got thoroughly photographed. My inner exhibitionist was cheering; it had even more reasons to cheer since many poses included showing off my left leg and it got revealed in its entirety along with the whole stocking top. For some reason exposing the tops of my stockings, even just a glimpse, had always turned me on more than simply flashing my bare skin. There was something unique in that detail which might have been designed to be hidden but occasionally flashed in a teasing manner.

James kept mixing the instructions with compliments and I was beginning to feel more and more natural with each passing minute. I know that a model's job is not a bed of roses, but at that particular moment I was having so much FUN. Not to mention that it was exciting as well, after all people were going to look at those photo and since they asked specifically for me to model the clothes, they will not be admiring only the dresses. My inner narcissist was being fed plentifully. Especially since James was being generous with compliments, he praised my toned shoulders and arms too. It felt so rewarding to know that someone appreciated all the sweat and hard work.

He never mentioned my erect nipples, but I was confident that his camera was paying attention to that detail as well.

That gown eventually run its course too, but another one was already waiting in the queue. It was completely different from the previous two, it covered my entire body with fabric, but at the same time I felt even more exposed. The gown was white and tight, it had a collar and long sleeves; the entire back was made of see through material in the colour of the skin and so was the triangle in the front that exposed my cleavage. The rest was composed entirely of intricate lacy patterns which were denser in the "strategic" regions. From the level of a mini skirt down the gown was still white and patterned but at the same time virtually transparent. Underneath I wore only a tiny white G-string. The heels were in the same style as the previous pair only golden white; my legs were bare this time. I absolutely loved that outfit, but at the same time it made me feel more than naked. Well... maybe that was why I loved it so much...

The dress had no single point of focus so I needed to be thoroughly photographed from all angles. I struck all kinds of sexy poses, pushing out various parts of my body. It made me feel aware of my firm booty, now tightly encase in a thin fabric. All the posing and exposure combined with James' compliments made me feel excited but in a different way - I was getting slightly aroused; it had begun earlier but now hit a higher gear. It was still nothing serious or uncontrollable, but I became more aware of the G-string cutting into my flesh and of the photographer's bulge for that matter.

Eventually the white gown received enough attention too and came the time for a change of style - I was to pose in sports outfits. It was obviously less glamorous but I knew from personal experience (and wardrobe) that it did not have to be less sexy, simply hot in a different way.

The workout clothes were pretty basic although the colours were not as common as those spotted in actual gyms. I put on a pair of white yoga pants with a tiny g-string in the same colour underneath, a pink sports bra and sneakers in the same colour; the padding was taken off. Alex tied my hair into a simple but pretty braid and changed my makeup to a natural one, but with my lips painted pink. I looked like a sport version of a Barbie doll, I was confident that I would attract the gazes of all the guys at any actual gym.

James continued to be generous and genuine with his compliments, but the photoshoot became slightly different; I was now posing while supposedly performing various exercises. As I had been changing my clothes and getting my hair and makeup done, the photographer prepared the set; there was now a bench, a mattress, light weights and few other authentic gym items. The poses and the motions of the exercises were genuine (at that I did not need to be instructed), but James made sure to pick mostly those that would highlight my curves in the tight outfit. There was a lot of pushing out my booty and my chest; we also made use of my flexibility and I struck several more difficult poses like the splits in various combinations. The naughtiest of them all was probably when I had my shoulders on the ground, my buttocks up in the air, my knees on the sides of my heads, my arms and shins parallel on the ground; as James shot me from all possible angles I could feel my arousal growing further.

This entire photoshoot was unorthodox to put it lightly, awkward to be honest, but I could not deny that I loved it. I had no idea what they planned to do with the photos, but I did not care as long as I received a copy as well.

The next outfit was also sporty... kind of. It was somewhat less... authentic, but even hotter than the previous one; judge for yourself. I put on sheer tan pantyhose and a navy blue thong leotard, on my feet I wore ten centimetre heels, they were not nearly as beautiful as the earlier ones but still sexy and not trashy.

My hair got let down but made somewhat kept in place by a headband. If you remember the video for that silly song where one guy dances/exercises with a bunch of sexy chicks, I looked like that main female character.

The photoshoot itself looked similar but had gotten undeniably more erotic in nature. The poses, even if some remained unchanged, felt sexier thanks to the clothes; I was feeling once again exposed and that brought my arousal to yet a higher level. I was happily bending over and spreading my legs in lewd poses that were supposed to resemble exercises. I noticed that James, while still maintaining his professional facade, has succumbed to my female charms; the bulge in his tight pants had gotten larger and his face was slightly more red.

This time we shot several more sexy poses and made full use of my flexibility. If my doctor saw these photos he would most likely not require me to strip in order to diagnose my muscles and sinews.

That was not the end of the photoshoot though, the next stage were swimsuits; there were two of them - one piece and two piece.

The two piece was a fancy bikini with the top covered in patterns and the cups connected by several straps tied on a central ring, the bottom was made entirely of straps with just the crotch and the central back parts being full to cover the "most strategic" regions; the bottom straps were jointed on the side by a clasp. The whole swimsuit was golden white. I was glad to be once again not wearing something plain. I had the same heels as with the "sports" outfit.

We once again shot several sexy poses, but the level of eroticism was significantly toned down. It did not mean that my arousal had diminished, it only stopped growing. From what I could spot the same thing applied to James'.

I fell in love with the one piece swimsuit at the first glance. It looked kind of like a lingerie item rather than something one would wear to a beach. It was all white, the middle part was made of lace and had an intricate pattern, the cups also had a delicate lacing on the edges, the sides were cut out to expose more skin. Sunbathing in it would create truly original tan lines.

We basically repeated the routine that we did with the bikini; it was sexy but relatively modest, at least as modest as a swimsuit could be. That meant that my arousal remained at its relatively high level and never got the chance to fully diminish.

Only when we were done with the swimsuit I noticed how late it had already gotten. I have not eaten since breakfast and only drunk water during the breaks, but food somehow never came to my mind.

- We're behind the schedule, but it's my fault not yours - explained James - you are a wonderful model and an amazing student, but I decided to make more photos and videos in each outfit. Unfortunately we have to finish for today and there's still all the lingerie left. I know the deal was for only one day of shooting but I got a proposal for you. Tomorrow I have a day off and I could make sure this studio is available. I noticed how your eyes gleamed when you saw the first pair of heels. I'll give them to you if you agree for another photo shoot. What do you say?

Lingerie! How could I say "no" to lingerie?! I would have agreed to it without any additional prize. But since there was a bargain on the table I replied:

- Throw in this swimsuit and we have a deal.

- Done. See you tomorrow.

James had other obligations to fulfil so he had to leave instantly, his walk was slightly awkward because of the additional tightness in his pants. My own arousal was still there, but now the hunger also came to the fore. As Alex removed my makeup we chatted and it turned out that his work was over and he could join me for the dinner. I took a quick shower, put on my black dress and we left.

We had a pleasurable meal and got to know each other better; he was friendly and moderately talkative. Alex was also a flattering person, but his compliments were different than James', it might have had something to do with the fact that he was not getting an erection upon seeing me in sexy clothes.

As I returned home the excitement still lingered inside of me. I had no serious plans for the day, but I had to fight the impatience for the tomorrow's photoshoot. I chose to go to the gym, it could not only kill the time, but also cool down some of the arousal. The next day was going to be wonderful, I was absolutely confident of that!