**LMC**

by[**BobbieKayeCutie**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4887237&page=submissions)©

**LMC Ch. 01: The Lingerie Show**

*Some years ago, an excellent writer of adult fiction, writing under the pseudonym "Little Joe," created several characters inspired by myself and several lovely ladies we both knew. One character was based on me, Bobbie Kaye, and was nicknamed Cutie, or Little Miss Cutie. Little Joe posted a number of these wonderful stories, in which Bobbie Kaye and her friend Gretchen worked at a hotel in Great Britain, supervised by "Little" Joe. The stories were quite lighthearted, and the characters invariably ended up naked and very embarrassed. He later added Kristy, based on my own sister, and Emily, based on a dear friend from Australia.  
  
So I wrote my first "Little Miss Cutie" story, this one, based on these same characters, Bobbie Kaye, Gretchen, Kristy, Emily, and Little Joe, set about five years after the originals. This story makes reference to a number of events from Little Joe's stories, but it also works as a standalone story. It's not necessary to be familiar with his stories to enjoy this one, or its sequels.  
  
As I've said in some of my other stories, when I write, you'll find it is 95% story, and 5% sex. I don't necessarily enjoy stories that focus too much on detailed description of sexual encounters. As in real life, sex is only a small part of who we are, and that is reflected in the stories I write. I hope you enjoy this embarrassing little tale!*  
  
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**The Lingerie Show - A Little Miss Cutie story**  
By Bobbie Kaye (Cutie)  
  
Bobbie Kaye couldn't believe this was happening. Here she was, dressed in the skimpiest of skimpy silk panties, a silky half-cup bra, stockings, three inch heels, and nothing else. And she was about to parade down the runway in this decadent outfit, in front of her potential new clients, several hotel employees, even Tommy, the chubby twenty-two year old kid she'd hired as her personal assistant. She'd long suspected he had a crush on her, too. This was all just so very embarrassing. She could feel the heat rising in her cheeks. But she knew she had no choice. It was this, or lose her job. So she pulled the curtain aside, and stepped out on the runway. At least she wouldn't be alone!  
  
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Bobbie Kaye was nervous. Her tremendous success as a sales rep for Leggy Lingerie, Inc., had led to her promotion to regional sales manager, a substantial pay increase, a budget for a personal assistant, and a new load of responsibilities. She was now charged with organizing shows, securing venues, hiring models, and inviting retail and wholesale buyers and distributors to attend the event. This, in addition to supervising several sales reps.  
  
Her first show, two months ago in San Francisco, had been a smashing success. The Leggy Lingerie Website had received so many hits that day and the next, that the site had crashed. Sales were through the roof! Bobbie Kaye, who was still known as Cutie to her friends, was suddenly the company's golden girl.  
  
Setting up the Los Angeles show had gone along as planned. Bobbie Kaye had rented a large conference room at the posh Beverly Center Hotel, in ritzy Beverly Hills. She'd hired four young, beautiful female lingerie models through an agency; she'd also hired a gorgeous hunk of a male model through the same agency, for Leggy Lingerie was about to introduce a line of "mangerie," sexy underwear for macho men. More than three dozen potential new buyers were going to be in attendance, and things were looking very promising. But that gnawing sense that something was going to happen just wouldn't leave her alone.  
  
When she arrived at the hotel, however, several days before the show was scheduled, she was in for the surprise of her life. She had made all the arrangements with the hotel's assistant manager Henry, but when she arrived, the general manager made it a point to greet her personally. Bobbie Kaye's heart skipped a beat, and her legs turned to jelly. She blinked twice. It couldn't be - but it was! The gorgeous apparition that confronted her was none other than Gretchen Thomson, her longtime friend and onetime lover!  
  
Gretchen had seen the name Bobbie Kaye Spencer in the hotel bookings, and knew who it had to be. Bobbie Kaye was an unusual enough name, but with her last name, she had no doubt who it had to be. "Hi Cutie," Gretchen said, giving a very surprised Bobbie Kaye a warm hug, and a kiss on the lips that lasted just a little too long to seem proper.  
  
Bobbie Kaye had always been a girl who loved men. She'd never considered other women as sexual beings. Never, that is, until she'd met her Beauty, which she always called Gretchen. Her Beauty was exactly that, a woman of unsurpassed loveliness, and Bobbie Kaye had found herself seduced into a surprisingly wonderful love affair. She'd never been with a girl before, nor since, but she still had wonderful memories of loving her beautiful Gretchen.  
  
"Beauty?" she whispered in stunned surprise. "Is it really you?" They'd split up nearly five years ago, but it had been very amicable. Cutie still loved Gretchen, but her job had taken her from L.A. to New York, and then all over the country. They'd both felt it better to be able to see other people, rather than trying to maintain an improbable relationship over impossible distances. The phone calls and emails had gradually decreased, as the months turned into years. But when Bobbie Kaye threw her arms around her Beauty, all the old feelings came rushing back.  
  
"It's really me, Cutie," said Beauty, a tear leaking from her own eye. "It's really me. And I've missed you so much! You still owe me an email!"  
  
"No, it was your turn, remember?" answered Cutie.  
  
"It doesn't matter, anyway. I just know you're going to put on a show that's going to rock, and it'll be great for your business, and for my hotel, too!"  
  
After dinner in the hotel's five star restaurant, Bobbie Kaye looked into her Beauty's eyes, and her heart melted as it had always done in the old days. Beauty saw that look and, taking her by the hand, led Cutie back to her own luxury suite. Laughing and giggling together, naked in the shower, they reminisced about their misadventures in England a few years back.  
  
Cutie rubbed her nipples, her beautiful blueberry nipples that Beauty remembered from all those years back, up against those of her lost love, and felt once more the pressure of that long lost kitty-cat against her own. They talked about Joe, their manager back in England, whom they'd both worked so hard to embarrass. As Beauty patted Cutie's adorable little bubble bottom, they talked about Bobbie Kaye's flirty little sister Kristy. And as they lay naked in each other's arms, they talked about Bobbie Kaye's new job, and Gretchen's job as hotel manager.  
  
"Lingerie show. A lingerie show!" giggled Gretchen. "My Little Miss Cutie is running a lingerie show!"  
  
"What's so funny about that?" said Cutie. "I'm perfectly capable of running a lingerie show!"  
  
"A lingerie show run by a girl whose idea of sexy underwear is a pair of Hello Kitty panties? Oh dear, it sounds like a recipe for disaster to me!"  
  
"My shows are perfect!" protested Bobbie Kaye. "Nothing ever goes wrong!"  
  
"Well, just save me a seat by the runway," said Gretchen, "this I have to see!"  
  
Bobbie Kaye pouted a little, and promised she'd save the best seat for her Beauty.  
  
Gretchen looked at Cutie's pout. She loved it when Cutie pouted like that. Gretchen was going to give Cutie all of her attention while they were together.  
  
The hotel only had one other major event that weekend, a wrap party for the cast and crew of a movie that had just completed filming, so Gretchen reckoned she was going to have plenty of time to spare. Little did she imagine the embarrassing difficulties they were all about to encounter.  
  
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Joe was dreading the upcoming lingerie show. All those beautiful women dressed in next to nothing, smiling enticingly at him! Lingerie models always seemed to smile at Joe, as if to say 'You can look, but you can never touch!' It was always so embarrassing, and Joe could feel his face turning red at just the thought of it.  
  
But Joe knew he was lucky to have the job. He was personal assistant to Emily Talbot, a buyer for the Pickwick Department Store chain. Pickwick, based in London, had stores throughout Europe and Australia, and was looking to begin opening stores here in the States.  
  
Emily, a strikingly beautiful Aussie, had been a team leader for Bootiful Bowwows, a dogs' cosmetics company, prior to taking her position with Pickwick. Her last assignment with Bootiful Bowwows had been a team building weekend at the Sandy Bay Resort in Northern England. The weekend had ended up in chaos, with most of the resort's amenity executives ending up running around in the nude!  
  
She'd taken pity on the resort's chief amenity executive, Joe, whom she'd found tied naked to a tree, covered with green paint fired from paintball guns. Later, when she learned he'd lost his job following the debacle, she'd offered him a position as her personal assistant. He then went with her to Pickwick, and had now been her loyal employee for five years.  
  
And Joe admired his boss greatly. Despite her good looks, with her long blond hair, slender body, and voluptuous figure, she never talked down to him, and never tried to embarrass him. Emily did realize that lingerie shows were difficult for him, but she needed him by her side to take detailed notes about each of the outfits. Joe hated that part especially, but he had a good thing going, and always did his best.  
  
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Kristy was relieved. She loved acting, but she'd never imagined how much hard work was really involved. Workdays often lasted upwards of twelve hours, and while she wasn't always on the set, she did always have to be available. She couldn't remove her makeup, not even her costume. It took two hours in the morning to get her face and hair fixed just right, and another half hour to suit her up in her armor. Even if she had a chance for a quick nap, the armor made it impossible to get comfortable.  
  
But filming was over at last! "Gladiator Princess" was in the can. The wrap party was coming up that weekend, and she knew they'd secured a conference room at the Beverly Center Hotel! All the stars, including Kristy, although she was not one of the big stars, had been booked for several nights at the luxury hotel. Kristy was billed fifth in the film, her biggest role to date. And she was so looking forward to relaxing in the spa, swimming in the hotel's Olympic sized pool, and mostly to catching up on her sleep.  
  
Kristy was Bobbie Kaye's little sister, but they hadn't seen each other in nearly five years. Not since those events in England. Kristy loved her older sister, and they kept in contact by email and phone, but they hadn't talked much since Cutie took her new job. And Kristy, also known as Hottie, due to her physical attributes, had been busy herself for several months, working on the film.  
  
Kristy had a very relaxed attitude towards life. There was little that could rile her, and she got along well with everybody. Physically, she was the polar opposite of her sister Bobbie Kaye. While Cutie was petite, fair skinned, and blond, Kristy was solidly built, without an ounce of fat. She was several inches taller than her sister, well tanned, with jet black, shoulder length hair. And she was well endowed in the boobie department, unlike Cutie, who was as petite on top as she was everyplace else.  
  
Kristy had no idea that Gretchen was managing the hotel she'd be staying at, nor that Bobbie Kaye was going to be putting on a show there. She also had no idea that her former boss Joe was going to be in attendance, as well. Everybody involved was in for a few surprises!  
  
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It was Friday evening, the night before the big event, and Bobbie Kaye was nervously inspecting every inch of the room that was to be used for the show. It had to be perfect, she was determined. She had to surpass even her first show in San Francisco. She'd set a high bar for herself, and she was determined to outperform herself. She wanted the company's Website to crash again! She would be happy with nothing less than perfection!  
  
Gretchen was examining some of the lingerie that would be on show tomorrow. She held a little camisole against herself and looked in the mirror. "What do you think, Cutie? Would I look good in this?"  
  
Bobbie Kaye gazed admiringly at her Beauty. "Oh, Baby, you'd look so gorgeous in that! That, and nothing else! Then I'd have easy access to your kitty-cat!"  
  
Now a fully grown woman, thirty years old, Bobbie Kaye still referred to her most private place as her kitty-cat. Cutie never used vulgar words, she didn't even like to use anatomically correct terms. She always spoke in gentle euphemisms, especially when referring to her pert little boobies or her still-bare kitty-cat. Gretchen had encouraged Bobbie Kaye to shave herself bare several years ago, and to this day, she kept her kitty-cat nice and smooth. And Gretchen had been so happy to see that, their first night together in this beautiful hotel.  
  
Everything was perfect, Bobbie Kaye decided. The runway was in place, several dozen comfortable chairs were spaced nicely along both sides, curtains had been put up to create a private area for the models to change in, the lighting was up. Every little detail was just right. But something was still bothering Cutie. Something was wrong. She couldn't put her finger on it. But for some reason, she had a bad feeling.  
  
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Joe had been given Saturday morning off. The big show was that afternoon at four o'clock, but all the preparations necessary on his part had been completed. So he was enjoying his favorite hobby, wildlife photography. Or he was attempting to enjoy it, but as you might expect, there was precious little wildlife to be found in the vicinity of a posh hotel in the middle of the greater Los Angeles metropolitan area!  
  
But Joe had found a few species of birds he'd never photographed before, and he was enjoying himself greatly. He'd actually observed an American red-nosed shrike, a cousin of his most elusive quarry, the great crested shrike. He'd been following the small avian creature as it had flitted to and fro about the hotel grounds. The bird had finally alighted upon a small hedge located just outside a first floor window.  
  
It seemed the red-nosed shrike was happy to pose for Joe, as it turned this way and that, while Joe happily clicked away with his high quality digital camera. Joe was elated, but he was so focused on his subject, that he failed to notice what was plainly visible through the window just above the little creature.  
  
The four beautiful models, in various stages of undress, were initially oblivious to the man standing outside the dressing room window, snapping shot after shot. They'd considered closing the window before changing, but the sun was shining brightly, filling the room with warmth and light. Tracey, the tallest, most glamorous, most well endowed, and definitely the most naked of the models, walked over to the window.  
  
Joe suddenly became aware of a vision in the viewfinder of his long-lensed camera. There was a naked girl standing at the window, just behind the red-nosed shrike! He couldn't help himself. His gaze was drawn magnetically toward those voluptuous breasts. He suddenly lost interest in the red-nosed shrike, and gained interest in the big-breasted model.  
  
Tracey's attention was suddenly attracted to a flash of light. She gasped - it was the sun glinting on a camera lens! She looked more closely - it was another peeping tom! She lifted the phone and dialed the number for hotel security.  
  
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"You can't quit! The show's due to start in just a few hours!" exclaimed Bobbie Kaye. The models had been promised tight security, following a similar incident at an entirely different event. "What am I going to do? I have a show to put on!"  
  
"That's not our problem," exclaimed Tracey, the self proclaimed spokesperson for the five models. "We were promised that this wouldn't happen again. There's a clause in our contract guaranteeing that we will be protected from such incursions into our privacy. We're out of here, and if you read the contract, we still get paid in full!"  
  
Cutie's protests were in vain. All five models, including the bronzed, blonde Greek God figure of Luke, the male model, were gone. She had a lingerie show to put on in about three hours, and she had no models. She was ruined! Her promising new career was about to go up in a puff of smoke! In desperation, she called every modeling agency within a hundred miles, but on such short notice, nobody was available.  
  
"What am I going to do, Beauty?" she sniffled. Everything had been going so well.  
  
"I don't know, Cutie. But I do know this. Security has the peeping tom in custody, and I'm going to go see him right now. You want to join me? At least you can give him a piece of your mind."  
  
"Is he a guest here?" Bobbie Kaye asked. "If he is, he must have money. I'm going to sue him for everything he's got!"  
  
When Gretchen led Bobbie Kaye into the security office, they both found their jaws almost on the floor. The peeping tom, the man who had single handedly destroyed Cutie's new career, was none other than their former manager, Little Joe! Had Beauty not been there to hold her back, Cutie might have actually done Joe physical harm. As it was, they could only shake their heads in amazement.  
  
Joe was dumbfounded to see his former employees, both of whom were also his former bosses at one time, staring at him. Little Miss Cutie's face was red with rage. "It was an American red nosed-shrike," he muttered. He could think of nothing else to say. "Cousin of the great crested shrike." He kept quiet about the other interesting view in the viewfinder.  
  
"What on earth are you doing here, Little Joe?" asked Gretchen.  
  
Joe hated that nickname. He knew he wasn't little, not in the pants department. He was very much average. And these wretched girls knew that, too. They'd seen him naked often enough, back in England. Bobbie Kaye had actually measured him with a ruler! But he was in no position to complain.  
  
"I work for the Pickwick Department Store chain. My boss is a buyer, and we're here to attend the show this afternoon." Joe rarely sounded so coherent, but he knew he was in big trouble.  
  
"There's not going to be a show!" snapped Cutie. "And I'm not going to have a job, either." Tears were leaking from her eyes, and Joe really felt bad for her.  
  
"Joe, those models you were spying on," explained Gretchen," they were Cutie's models, and they've all quit. Thanks to you, you peeping tom."  
  
"What models?" asked Joe, trying to look innocent. "I'm no bloody peeping tom! I was taking photos of that red-nosed shrike."  
  
"All right then," said Bobbie Kaye, "let's see what's on that camera!" Sheepishly, Joe handed it over. Bobbie Kaye looked at the pictures. A plainly naked Tracey was clearly visible. "That's it!" exclaimed Bobbie Kaye. "I'm suing you, and I'm suing Pickwick and I'm..." she broke down sobbing.  
  
There was a knock on the door. Gretchen opened the door to admit a stunning woman with long blond hair, sharply dressed in a Liz Claiborne suit. "What's going on with my employee?" she asked politely. "I just received a message that he'd been detained by security."  
  
"I'm suing you, too!" sobbed Cutie.  
  
"Wait a minute, Cutie," said Gretchen. "I'm getting an idea. I'm not thrilled with it, but it might just work."  
  
"What is it, Beauty?" sniffled Bobbie Kaye.  
  
"You just lost four attractive women, and one macho man. Sitting in this room right now are three attractive women...and Joe."  
  
Cutie perked up. "I see where you're going with this," she smiled.  
  
Gretchen turned to Joe's boss. "What's your name, Miss?"  
  
"I'm Emily," she replied cautiously.  
  
"You're very beautiful, you know that?" Emily blushed, offering a shy smiled. "Have you ever worked as a model before?" She shook her head. "Emily, you have just embarked upon a new career!"

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"No way! Not a chance! I'm not modeling underwear! Those days are behind me," protested Kristy. "I've even got a no-nudity clause in my contract! I'm not letting a bunch of strangers ogle me, never again!"  
  
"Come on, Kristy," reasoned Gretchen. "This is for your sister!" When she'd glanced at the guest register, Gretchen had been surprised to see Kristine Spencer registered as a guest with the big wrap party. She knew she had the answer to Bobbie Kaye's dilemma. She just had to convince Kristy.  
  
"You want me to parade up and down in just a bra and panties, while everybody's staring at me, taking pictures, videos even? I'm a big Hollywood actress now, not a lingerie model!"  
  
"Listen, Hottie," pleaded Gretchen, "Bobbie Kaye's career will be over if this show doesn't succeed. She's your only sister. You have to help!"  
  
"Whatever," conceded Kristy. "You're right. I can't let my big sis down. But I'm not happy about it!"  
  
"Don't worry, Hottie. What could possibly go wrong?"  
  
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Bobbie Kaye couldn't believe this was happening. Here she was, dressed in the skimpiest of skimpy silk panties, a silky half-cup bra, stockings, three inch heels, and nothing else. And she was about to parade down the runway in this decadent outfit, in front of her potential new clients, several hotel employees, even Tommy, the chubby twenty-two year old kid she'd hired as her personal assistant. She'd long suspected he had a crush on her, too. This was all just so very embarrassing. She could feel the heat rising in her cheeks. But she knew she had no choice. It was this, or lose her job. So she pulled the curtain aside, and stepped out on the runway. At least she wouldn't be alone!  
  
Gretchen was no less embarrassed than her Cutie. She had established herself as a top notch hotel manager, and here she was about to let several of her employees see her wearing next to nothing. And Kristy, well known among the three as the one who would openly bounce her generous boobies in front of pretty much anybody, was quite unaccustomed to feeling so shy.  
  
Joe was probably more nervous than any of them. Here he was, wearing tiny silk briefs that couldn't begin to camouflage his excitement at seeing these four lovely women so scantily clad. Especially his kindly boss!  
  
And Emily was the most timid of them all! How had she let herself be roped into this? Oh, the threatened lawsuit, and the possible jail time for her assistant. She liked Joe. He was the best assistant she'd ever had. But she wondered whether he was worth the humiliation! To fortify her courage, she had purchased a small bottle of vodka, and had poured the contents into a plastic designer water bottle. She hated the taste of straight vodka, never mind the burning sensation, but she knew she couldn't go through with this any other way. And she didn't want the others to know she was drinking.  
  
Gretchen, the unspoken leader of the group, had volunteered to go first, but Bobbie Kaye insisted that she lead the way. It was her show, after all. Taking a deep breath, Cutie stepped out before the waiting crowd.  
  
"First off, we have our petite model Kimberley, modeling a lovely pair of silk panties," her assistant Tommy announced from the podium, speaking into the microphone clipped to his lapel. If you don't know why he called Bobbie Kaye 'Kimberley,' dear reader, then you haven't read the earlier Little Miss Cutie stories! "These powder blue panties are quite suggestive," Tommy continued, staring at his boss, drawing a deep breath. "They are just right for that perfect date with that perfect man. The matching brassiere is rather revealing, and might be worn with a see-through top. This exquisite set is quite sensual, but very classy." Mild applause arose from the appreciative guests.  
  
Gretchen came out next, trying to hold her head just right, while rotating her hips provocatively with each step. The appreciative stares and polite applause quickly helped her overcome her feelings of embarrassment. But then she saw her assistant manager Henry, carefully observing her every move, and her face turned as red as the satin panties she was modeling.  
  
"Leggy Lingerie," continued Tommy, as Joe stumbled through the curtain, following a sharp slap on the butt from Bobbie Kaye, "is pleased to introduce our new line of 'mangerie,' sexy undergarments designed especially for macho men." Joe tried to walk like Cutie had shown him, but his legs just wouldn't do what he told them to do. Polite laughter came from several of the guests, and Joe's face had never felt so red in his life.  
  
Kristy followed Joe, and she remembered how she'd never before in her life been shy. But she'd snuck a couple of swallows from Emily's water bottle, and while she'd been surprised to taste the vodka, she was by now feeling far more relaxed. So when she saw the approving stares from the audience, she quickly lost her newfound inhibitions. Without a second thought, she proceeded to bounce her ample boobies within her lacy demi-cup bra. She caught several admiring smiles from different parts of the audience, and suddenly found herself growing aroused.  
  
Emily, dressed in pink silk panties and a matching camisole, which left little of her curvy figure to the imagination, took one last shot from her water bottle, blinked her eyes, and stepped through the curtain. Her face felt hot, and her heart was pounding. But the instant she set foot on the runway, the vodka began to kick in. She heard the applause, saw the smiling faces, saw dozens of eyes focused on her, and, like Kristy, she could feel herself beginning to get wet down below.  
  
It was Bobbie Kaye's turn again. The four models she had hired had covered a range of bra sizes, from A-cup through D-cup, and she and the others were a perfect match. She was wearing the A-cup bras, Gretchen the B, Emily the C, and her sister Kristy the D. So at least there had been no problem deciding who would model what.  
  
"This next set," Tommy continued, "accentuates the petite figure quite nicely. The push up bra will enhance the figure of any woman lacking the natural endowment most men find attractive." Cutie's ears burned at that line. Any man who didn't love her little boobies just as they were, well, she wasn't about to try to fool anybody. Her boobies were perfect, just the way they were! But she had a job to do, so she bit her lip and ignored the perceived insult.  
  
Gretchen, trying to ignore the presence of her assistant manager, smiled as she strode the runway, clad in the sexy but virginal white bra and panty set she was modeling. She really didn't mind what she was doing. It's not like she was naked or anything!  
  
Once again, Cutie almost had to push Joe through the curtain. He was wearing little more than a g-string, and his obvious excitement was still quite visible to all in attendance. He was mortified because he'd had to strip naked in front of the girls, just to put the little thing on. There was only one changing area for all the models, and the girls had made Joe turn his back while they got changed, but told him he was silly to mind if they watched him.  
  
He couldn't have been any more embarrassed now, had he been totally naked. It was just too much to bear! But he didn't want to think about the possibility of going to jail, especially for something he hadn't done. Sure, his camera had shown that he'd taken pictures of the naked models through the window, but the American red-nosed shrike was there too, right in plain sight!  
  
Kristy was up again, and this time she strode forward like the familiar Hottie they all knew and loved. Dressed in a beige camisole and matching panties, she strutted down the runway, hips gyrating, fully enjoying the appreciative stares she was getting. Giving her boobies a little bounce, she smiled broadly. She'd forgotten how much she'd enjoyed showing off!  
  
Emily, after taking another generous sip of liquid fortification, began her second trip down the runway. She felt light-headed from the alcohol, and she was really enjoying the attention! She couldn't understand why she'd always been so shy! Everybody was clapping, and everybody was smiling at her! If this made them happy, she'd really give them a show!  
  
She raised her arms above her head and waved at the audience, unexpectedly suffering the ultimate nightmare of all runway models - a complete boobie slip! Both of her generous breasts had popped out and, grope as best she could through her alcohol induced haze, she couldn't get them back in.  
  
She looked around, red in the face. What was she to do? A sudden thought occurred to her. Make out like it was part of the show! Reaching behind her back, she unsnapped the sexy bra, and slipped it over her arms. "Leggy Lingerie is giving away free samples!" she slurred, and tossed her bra into the audience! Gasps of shock were accompanied by increased applause. She shook her boobies, and the audience went wild!  
  
Afterwards, she could never explain why she did what she did next. The best she would come up with was that it seemed to her like it was what was expected of her. It just seemed the right thing to do. And when she did it, it was to change everything - forever.  
  
Smiling broadly at the audience, she hooked her thumbs in the top of her panties, pulled them down, slipped them off, and tossed them in the opposite direction! Naked as the day she was born, Emily had never felt so free, so sexy, or so turned on in her entire life!  
  
Kristy peeked through the curtain to find out what the ruckus was. Her eyes opened wide as she saw Emily parading about the stage, her nipples erect, her neatly trimmed natural blond kitty-cat and full, round bottom on display for all to see!  
  
"Sis, you've got to see this," she said over her shoulder, as she walked down the runway, still wearing the same panties and camisole she'd been out here in a few minutes before. She walked up to Emily, who seemed oblivious to the commotion surrounding her. Hottie turned back toward the curtain, raising both arms in some undecipherable signal to her sister. Emily had the camisole up and over Kristy's arms before she had a chance to react.  
  
The mild applause from the audience by now had morphed into brazen hoot and howls. Every member of the audience, male and female alike, seemed to be enjoying the modern day burlesque show. As Hottie instinctively brought her arms down to cover her large, bouncy breasts, Emily was already tugging her panties down to her ankles. Kristy's thin black landing strip came into view, and the hoots and howls grew louder still!  
  
Gretchen was still clad in the virginal white dainties she'd just been modeling as she ran onto the stage, knowing that it was up to her to save the day, as usual. She was met by a surprisingly unsettled Kristy, shouting heatedly at her. "This is your fault, Gretchen! You convinced me to do this to help my sister, and look what's happened to me now! I'm a big Hollywood actress, you know!" Still, Hottie could barely suppress a smile.  
  
Kristy had taken two steps toward Gretchen, leaving her panties on the floor, forgetting to cover herself as she vented her frustrations. But Beauty had already turned to Emily, her hands planted firmly on her hips, as if expecting her traditional gesture of authority to have some effect on the out of control, and quite tipsy, blond bombshell. She was not accustomed to being ignored when she had her hands on her hips.  
  
By now, Kristy could only think about payback. Despite the fact that she was actually enjoying herself, Hottie knew what she had to do. She came up behind the distracted Gretchen and, before she could react, Beauty found her own panties down around her ankles. Her smoothly shaved kitty-cat was on display for everyone, including her assistant manager Henry, to admire.  
  
But all Gretchen could think to do was to try to restore order. This was her hotel! She had to do something! Her beautiful hotel's reputation could suffer, if this got any further out of control. Trying to come up with something, she scarcely noticed Hottie unfastening her bra. She absentmindedly remove her hands from her hips while Kristy slid the bra down, revealing Beauty's perfectly proportioned breasts, tossing the bra into the audience. More free Leggy Lingerie samples!  
  
Bobbie Kaye could not believe her eyes! Her sister, her lover, and that blond from Pickwick were all as naked as could be! Her samples were strewn throughout the audience, and the audience itself, respectable buyers from myriad high class stores, were cheering and stomping their feet like college students at a strip club. Men and women both! Cutie knew her career as a regional manager with Leggy Lingerie was finished, but she thought she might be able to keep from being blackballed throughout the entire fashion industry! But what could she do?  
  
She had been in the middle of changing outfits when everything began to unravel, and was still as naked as a red-nosed shrike. But Cutie wasn't about to join the others in their brazen displays. She grabbed a silk Leggy Lingerie robe and slipped it on, then headed down the runway. Amidst the commotion, however, no one was paying any attention to her. Bobbie Kaye was well respected, but her petite stature hardly made her an imposing figure, as she tried to restore order.  
  
She ran back through the curtain, and returned carrying a small stepladder. At least the added height, she hoped, would help her catch the girls' attention. Gretchen and Kristy were yelling at each other again, while Emily was still parading about, smiling at the audience, and playing with her nipples! The normally staid audience seemed as out of control as the three models, and Cutie just knew her career was over!  
  
Bobbie Kaye quickly climbed the three steps, and began to shout out her models' names. "Gretchen! Kristy! Emily! Stop it!" But no one was paying any attention to her. She had to make them listen! She started to stomp her foot, right there on the top step. When she thought about it later, she realized it was a bad idea to stomp your foot while standing atop a stepladder. But now, it was too late!  
  
With all her weight on one side of the top step, the ladder began to lean in that direction. Cutie panicked then, and the stepladder tumbled over. Her foot slipped between the steps, and once she'd come to rest on the floor, she found herself flat on the floor, her legs spread wide, one foot free, the other caught between two of the steps. Worse yet, the robe had come open as she fell, and had landed in a bunch beneath her.  
  
Cutie finally had everyone's attention, but at that moment, she wished she didn't! Flat on her back, she was wildly kicking her free leg, trying to free herself from her embarrassing position. Every bit of her private treasures, from her pert little boobies, to her bare kitty-cat, were on wanton display for all to admire. Even her most secret of secrets, the Hello Kitty tattoo which adorned her most private place, could be seen by all. The little kitten was waving cheerfully at everybody, including Bobbie Kaye's assistant Tommy!  
  
Emily had gathered every piece of Leggy Lingerie that had been scattered around the stage, and was throwing them into the audience. Even while Bobbie Kaye was still tangled up in the stepladder, Emily had somehow worked the silk robe off of her, tossing it to the waiting crowd.  
  
Cutie just lay there on her back, kicking her free leg, until Gretchen managed to extricate her. As soon as she was on her feet, she herded the others back through the curtain, into the dressing area. Once there, Bobbie Kaye just collapsed into inconsolable tears.  
  
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Joe was still standing with his back to the girls in the changing area. He hadn't been given permission to turn around yet. The girls looked at him, then looked at each other. He was still wearing the skimpy piece of mangerie, which closely resembled a piece of string, and nothing else. Suddenly Cutie knew, with extraordinary certainty, what he was going to be tied up with, what he was going to be tied up to, and what he was going to be tied up by.  
  
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Bobbie Kaye was snuggled up with Gretchen in her private suite. She was devastated. Everything was ruined, her show, her job, her future, all of it was gone. Gone! Everything she'd worked so hard for all these years. She held her Beauty a little more tightly. She had no more tears to shed. Her eyes were dry, but her spirits had never been so low.  
  
"A recipe for disaster," Beauty reminded her, then wished she hadn't said it. Her Cutie was already so depressed, and she didn't want to make it any worse. There was only one good thing that might have come of the whole disaster. In Gretchen's other bedroom, Kristy was cuddled up with her new lover...Emily!  
  
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Emily Talbot had never been with another girl in her life. She's always loved men, and men had always loved her. But back in the dressing room, still quite inebriated from the vodka, her eyes had met Kristy's, and neither would break the gaze. Emily walked slowly over to where Hottie was standing and, without a moment's hesitation, threw her arms around the beautiful brunette's neck, and planted a wet one right on Kristy's surprised, but welcoming, mouth.  
  
A few hours later, over a sullen dinner the four women were sharing, Emily had broken down in tears. The vodka had worn off, and she felt she'd embarrassed herself even further by kissing Hottie. Kristy quickly reassured her that it was quite all right, and suggested they go someplace private to talk about it. Gretchen had already offered Kristy the second bedroom in her luxury suite, and that's where Kristy introduced Emily to the joys of girl-girl love.  
  
In fact, Emily was so enjoying her new experience, and Kristy was having such fun teaching her new lover, that the sounds of pleasure were keeping Cutie and Beauty, cuddled together in the next room, awake. Gretchen padded over to Kristy's room, knocking politely on the door. When Hottie stuck her head out, Beauty asked if the two of them could possibly keep it down just a little. She and Cutie were exhausted, and needed to get some sleep.  
  
"Well, Beauty," responded Hottie, "I guess you and Cutie will just have to keep your fingers in your ears!"  
  
With that, Kristy returned to her bed, and to her new lover, whom she'd nicknamed "Sweetie." Suddenly, a loud wailing noise could be heard in the distance. "Was that a red-nosed shrike?" asked Kristy.  
  
"Oh my God!" said Emily. "Did anyone think to untie Little Joe?"  
  
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Bobbie Kaye and Gretchen were both still asleep, when Cutie's cell phone rang early the next morning. The incessant laughter and the ongoing moans of ecstasy from the other bedroom had kept them both up half the night. Cutie almost fell out of bed as she tried to dig her phone out of her purse.  
  
"Bobbie Kaye Spencer. Yes. What? It did? You're kidding! No. You mean... Oh. I see. Okay. Yes. Thanks for letting me know." Cutie buried her face in the pillow.  
  
"Bad news, Cutie?" Gretchen asked sympathetically.  
  
"Yeah. That was Leggy Lingerie's vice president of sales."  
  
"What did he say?"  
  
Cutie sniffled, and wiped away some tears. "He said the Leggy Lingerie Website crashed again last night. Three times."  
  
"What else?"  
  
Cutie was crying now. "Sales are up three hundred percent over expectations."  
  
"What's wrong with that?"  
  
"We've signed on twenty-seven new distributors since yesterday afternoon," she sobbed.  
  
"So what's the problem, Cutie?"  
  
"And they just gave me a very generous bonus, too."  
  
"Then why on earth are you crying?"  
  
"The president of Leggy Lingerie is so impressed with the results of my show, he wants me to organize the national show in Manhattan, in six months."  
  
"Cutie, that sounds wonderful!"  
  
Bobbie Kaye continued to cry. "Every regional sales manager, every sales rep, and every executive from the entire company is going to be in attendance. They all want to meet me!"

"Cutie, it sounds like your show was an amazing success! Why are you so upset?"  
  
Cutie's eyes met her Beauty's. "Because they want me to recreate yesterday's show in New York, not leaving out a single detail!"  
  
"You mean..."  
  
"I'm going to have to be the lead model, and the entire company's going to see me naked!"