**The Camera loves Brianna!**

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

Brianna was surprised to see an email from Maureen Symonde in her inbox, one clearly addressed to her alone, not some company-wide directive. Maureen was several levels above Brianna on the food chain at Moment Media Solutions, in charge of all print media advertising accounts. Maureen was Brianna's boss's boss's boss's boss; up until that moment she wouldn't have bet Maureen even knew who she was. Whatever the reason for the summons to Maureen's office, Brianna wasted no time in making her way there, hoping to make a good impression.  
  
Maureen's greeting was formal, almost cold; Brianna wondered if she was in some trouble or if this was just Maureen's normal tone. Maureen wasted no time telling Brianna she had been selected to work on an ad campaign for an Australian company, Holliman Intimates.  
  
"What does Holliman sell," asked Brianna, "the name sounds like it might be a lingerie company."  
  
"You're right; their main focus is on lingerie, the racy kind, not stuff for everyday wear." Maureen replied.  
  
"I'm happy to help out; what do you need from me first, mockups of ads? Has any ad copy been started for me to work into sketches?"  
  
"Actually," said Maureen, "This isn't a request for you to do graphic design on this campaign; assigning you to do that would have been done through the usual channels. The plan is for you to model their new line of merchandise in photos for ads to run in several magazines published in Australia and New Zealand."  
  
"Model? Me? LINGERIE? Is this some kind of joke?" asked Brianna, "I've never worked as a model at all!"  
  
"I assure you, this isn't the kind of thing I joke about. Our expectation is that you'll step up to help the firm satisfy our client's wishes. Of course, you'll be paid at a level appropriate for a high profile account like this one; your fee for a few photo sessions will be a fair amount more than your current yearly income."  
  
"The pay isn't relevant, I'm just not interested in appearing practically naked in some magazine!" replied Brianna, her voice rising.  
  
Looking grim, Maureen continued: "The problem we have is that Holliman's CEO, Roger Holliman saw a collection of photos of you during a visit to our office last week. Our IT security department head had left prints of several photos and screen captures from a video on my desk just before Roger came in to meet with me and Roger was quite taken with what he saw. He insisted that we use the woman in the photos for his ad campaign and wasn't interested in any substitutes."  
  
"What photos of me could he have seen?" asked Brianna. She was absolutely certain she had wiped the memory card she had used to make nude photos here in the office for her husband and had also been thorough in deleting all traces of them and the emails she had sent Andy with the nudes from her computer.  
  
Maureen actually seemed fairly sympathetic as she broke the news to Brianna about the automatic backup over the company's wi-fi network of all photos and videos taken with the company's cameras. The system was set up to copy any new files to a server immediately after they were recorded on the camera's memory card. She handed Brianna a large envelope with the photos Holliman had seen, featuring the full set of photos of a nude but masked Brianna and a few screen captures taken after she had removed the mask!  
  
"So there it is, Brianna." said Maureen, "You can do a few days of modeling for publications which are only circulated halfway around the world and collect a pretty substantial fee before going back to your regular work here, or you can find yourself a new employer; if you don't help us with this you shouldn't expect any kind of reference. If you're concerned about your image here at our office, we can justify doing the shoots away from here and use freelancers instead of our in-house facilities and staff. I'll be supervising this project personally, but I can be the only person in the firm who knows about your new assignment."  
  
Brianna was practically speechless; only moments ago she thought she had landed the most important assignment of her career. She asked Maureen for some time to think about the assignment, overcoming her instinct to just refuse and start hunting for a new job.  
  
"Sure, think it over if you need to, just let me know what you decide by tomorrow morning." said Maureen.  
  
Brianna spent half her day looking up Holliman online to get a sense of what sort of image they had, and what their products were like. There really wasn't a lot to go on, at least that she could find. What she did see seemed fairly tasteful. Maureen's description of their wares had Brianna expecting the worst, but what she found online was fairly elegant; she still felt a little chill seeing some of the more revealing items but thought even they were something she might wear for Andy's enjoyment. Being photographed for public consumption wearing them, that was a whole other story; just thinking about it gave her a more intense chill.  
  
By quitting time Brianna had made up her mind to go ahead with Maureen's demand; she liked her job and didn't relish looking for a new one with a cloud over her abrupt departure from her current one. She thought she probably should talk it over with Andy, but since he had shared some of the nudes she sent him with his friends, even though accidentally, he wasn't in a position to object. Since these photos were only to be published about as far away on the planet as possible she thought he might not object too much anyway, especially given the big payday involved.  
  
Maureen was pleased the next morning when Brianna told her she would take the modeling assignment, telling her: "We should be able to make all the arrangements in a few days; plan on being out of the office next Wednesday and Thursday."  
  
Brianna was surprised at how fast this was happening, but thought it was probably just as well to get it over with sooner than later. A long wait and more time to think through what she was expected to do would thoroughly fray her nerves. She was having second and third thoughts every few hours as it was; now that she was committed she just wanted it to be done. She decided to keep Andy in the dark about her new gig for now, thinking it would be easier to get his forgiveness after the fact than his approval before, especially with a big fat check to ease the shock.  
  
Wednesday morning Brianna drove to the studio Maureen had rented for the week. She parked her car and sat there a while, thinking briefly about calling Maureen with some excuse for bailing out. She reminded herself that nobody here but Maureen knew who she was and the only people to see the photos would be on the far side of the earth. All that and a little curiosity about what modeling this way would feel like got her out of the car and into the studio. Maureen greeted her at the door.  
  
"She's probably been watching me since I drove up." thought Brianna.  
  
Maureen introduced her to the crew, which was larger than she'd anticipated.  
  
Photographer Dana, Stylist Ruth, Makeup artist Pam, Wardrobe manager Alice; all seemed to be perfectly nice, just more people than Brianna had expected to see her practically undressed.  
  
Ruth and Pam hustled Brianna off to a small room at the back of the studio and had her take a seat while they got their tools out to give her hair, face and nails a thorough makeover. Before they got started Alice joined them, saying: "Hold up a moment. Brianna, dear, did you follow the instructions we sent you about how to dress today?"  
  
Brianna answered: "Just my t-shirt and shorts, no bra, no panties, no belts, jewelry or anything to leave a mark on me, right?"  
  
"Good girl!" said Alice, "Go to work, ladies, I'll be back with your first outfit once they're done with you."  
  
"Actually, a button down shirt would have been better," said Ruth, "getting your shirt off after we've done your hair and makeup might mess up our work; time to take off the shirt, dear."  
  
She was a bit unnerved at being told to get half naked by this stranger, but Brianna pulled the shirt over her head and set it on her lap, thinking how different this experience was from anything she'd ever done.  
  
After 20 minutes of styling and makeup work, Brianna was starting to enjoy being tended to from head to toe. Getting a look at herself in a full-length mirror, she could hardly recognize herself. It was clearly her in the mirror, but a more exotic version than anyone had ever seen. She began for the first time to see herself as the kind of woman who someone would pay top dollar to model lingerie.  
  
Knowing Alice would be bringing her first outfit soon, Brianna stood up, unbuttoned her shorts and let them drop to the floor. She was a little embarrassed by having gotten completely naked without waiting to be asked, but the embarrassment was brief as she saw that her alter ego in the mirror definitely looked better nude than wearing a pair of cargo shorts.  
  
Alice returned with her first outfit, a fairly conservative bra and panty set, black and lacy. Dana asked her to climb up on a brass bed filled with fluffy sheets and pillows. She took photos from every angle imaginable, coaching Brianna the entire time on how to arrange herself on the bed and how to go through a variety of facial expressions; sultry, shy, innocent, lusty, satisfied, and many other shades.  
  
Just when Brianna thought they were done with this outfit, Dana asked her, "Now unhook the bra and drop the straps down to your elbows; we need the bra to still be mostly in place but look like you're about to take it off."  
  
Brianna did as asked.  
  
After several shots like that Dana said, "Now kneel on the bed with your back to me, take the bra off and drape it over your shoulder; look back at the camera and give it a look of pure lust."  
  
Brianna took a deep breath and after some hesitation again did as she was instructed. Dana took a couple dozen more shots, moving around to several points around the bed, including some directly in front of Brianna!  
  
"Should I cover up my boobs? Can you use shots with them exposed like this in an ad?" asked Brianna; she was practically shaking seeing Dana continue shooting her naked breasts, but made no move to cover up.  
  
"Actually, the magazines these ads will run in allow quite a bit of nudity, I'll only shoot something we can use. Now, one last pose before we're done with this outfit. Please sit on the bed facing me with your legs bent and knees raised to cover your boobs. Keep the bra over your shoulder and slide your panties down your legs, just past your knees. Don't worry, your pussy will be hidden by your legs, but the impression this position gives is that you're moments away from being fucked."  
  
Brianna shuddered as she complied with this newest, most explicit request. She could hardly believe she was now modeling lingerie which she was barely in contact with; to say she was wearing it was an exaggeration, she felt more like a backdrop for displaying the product on.  
  
After several more shots of the essentially nude Brianna, Dana told everyone to take a 15-minute break before starting with the next outfit. Brianna thought 15 minutes wasn't going to be enough to let her pulse settle down, never mind being ready to go on posing. Alice handed her a robe to wear until she got into the next outfit.  
  
Brianna sat in the dressing room wondering, "If that was a conservative set, what's next?" She was partly dreading finding out but also beginning to remember some of the items she'd found photos of online and imagined how she'd look wearing them. Or maybe partly wearing them.  
  
It seemed like the break was over in way less than the 15 minutes Dana had promised, but Alice assured Brianna that it was really time to get started with her next outfit. She handed Brianna a set consisting of a mostly sheer red bra with no shoulder straps and matching tap pants. The only parts of the bra not completely sheer were the straps and small lace inserts at the cups to conceal the wearer's nipples. The pants were no more modest, being sheer everywhere except for a narrow band of lace at the waistband and a tiny lace panel at the crotch.  
  
Brianna took a deep breath as she took her robe off and stepped into the pants. She put on the bra, carefully arranging it to line up the lace over her nipples; she looked in the mirror and had to admit she liked what she saw. The outfit was certainly more revealing than her first one but she thought it was somehow more refined looking. She shuddered briefly as she thought how Dana would likely have her posing with this set.  
  
The second session started much like the first one, with Briana assuming several positions on the bed as Dana prowled around her looking for the best angles to shoot from. Dana seemed pleased with the results, but wasn't really satisfied, eventually telling Brianna she wanted to try something different. Brianna was certain this was the end of whatever modesty her current outfit was providing, but nodded and waited to hear what Dana had in mind.  
  
"This outfit is so elegant and simple I think we need a contrasting setting, not the cushy bed as a backdrop." Dana said, "Let's try some shots with you up against that rough brick wall over there."  
  
Dana had Brianna lean back against the wall for a few shots, then had her turn to face the wall while standing a couple of feet away from it, leaning her arms against it. While looking back at the lens. This pose stretched the sheer pants snugly against her ass; Dana was pretty pleased with the new setting and new poses. She told Brianna to sit on a concrete ledge at the base of the wall with her feet straight in front of her and her arms raised above her and leaning back against the wall as if she was held in place by some invisible shackles. The new position caused her chest to stick out prominently; Brianna guessed she must look pretty hot in this pose.  
  
"You look great like that, so sexy!" said Dana, "Now let's try some just like that but with your bra hanging from one of your hands."  
  
Brianna gave a moment's thought to objecting to her naked boobs being more the subject than the lingerie, but went along; by now she was feeling pretty sexy and looked forward to seeing the results on a monitor during the next break. She unhooked the bra and resumed her previous pose this time topless and dangling the bra from her fingers. She wondered if the crew noticed how her nipples were stiffening.  
  
After a few minutes shooting Brianna topless in various poses, Dana pronounced herself satisfied with what they had done with this outfit. Brianna felt an unexpected pang of regret that she hadn't been told to take off the tap pants too; she was shocked to realize she actually wanted to be completely nude! Wanting to be seen naked was one thing, being able to admit it was another thing entirely; she couldn't bring herself to suggest it.  
  
Maureen unwittingly helped her get her wish, asking Dana if some shots with Brianna holding her entire outfit in her hands might be a good idea. Excited to be told to strip completely but still feeling some shame, Brianna trembled as she slid the pants off her hips and let them drop to her feet. Dana took a couple dozen more shots of Brianna holding the lingerie in various positions, a few with her holding the pants in front of her pussy and several more where nothing was hidden. Brianna's favorite pose had her standing with her hands on her hips and looking straight at the camera with one tiny garment in each hand.  
  
Breaking for lunch, everyone complimented Brianna on how she had done so far. Dana told her they already had more good shots than some shoots she had done with experienced models in a full day.  
  
Brianna asked, "How many more outfits will we be doing today?"  
  
She was a little disappointed to be told they were only going to do one more session. She smiled when Maureen reminded them all that they still had more to do the next day.  
  
The outfit presented to Brianna after lunch would have shocked her just a few hours earlier; the set consisted of a white camisole and panties, conservative in their cut but about as transparent as fabric could be. She was pretty sure the fabric was more sheer than any stockings she owned, and neither garment had even a hint of lace or anything else to obstruct a clear and complete view of whoever was bold enough to wear them.  
  
Brianna put on the flimsy garments and asked Dana and Maureen, "What do you think?" turning around to give them a good look before answering.  
  
"Luscious!" said Dana.  
  
"Stunning!" said Maureen, "But...as sheer as this outfit is I think your pubic hair is a distraction. What would you say to letting Ruth remove it?"  
  
"Um, how exactly?" Brianna asked. "I'm not interested in waxing!"  
  
Ruth took her aside and told her about a cream she used which she promised would leave her: "Completely smooth in less than 10 minutes. Honestly, we're talking baby's butt smooth, and I've never had a complaint about irritation."  
  
Brianna was doubtful but took the bottle Ruth handed her and retreated to the bathroom. Testing the cream on a small area, she was happy to find it worked just as Ruth promised; she applied it liberally, emerging twenty minutes later completely pube free.  
  
"Yet another surprise in a day full of them." she thought. She noticed Ruth, Pam, and Alice, apparently all done for the day, packing up their supplies in the back of the studio and getting ready to leave.  
  
Dana took Brianna through many of the same poses as they had done in her previous outfits, but added a new twist; she spritzed Brianna's outfit liberally with water every few minutes. The already sheer fabric seemed to disappear entirely wherever it was in contact with her body!  
  
Sensing her model had become more relaxed and open to suggestions, Dana had her experiment with caressing her breasts and ass through the thin fabric, continuing to shoot the whole time. Reclining on the bed, Brianna took these suggestions and ran with them, moving on to squeezing her breasts and pulling on her nipples without the slight barrier of the camisole by raising it's bottom edge completely above her breasts.  
  
"Go with it, Brianna," Dana said, "It's okay if you want to take your top off. You can touch yourself anywhere, it's alright."  
  
This was all the encouragement Brianna needed by this point; she pulled the camisole off and rolled her nipples between her thumb and index finger, eventually lifting each breast in turn to lick and suck on the nipples.  
  
"Anything you feel like doing is okay." whispered Dana, "You look beautiful right now. If you want to show yourself, feel yourself, go for it. I'd love to see you come!"  
  
Maureen stood perfectly still, afraid making a sound would break this spell, amazed by what she was seeing. Brianna had closed her eyes and had tugged her panties down around her knees, revealing her smooth pussy. She circled her clit with her thumb before rubbing it directly, then plunged two fingers deep into her pussy and frigged herself. After a couple of minutes, she moaned and arched her back, losing herself in an amazing orgasm. As the last waves rolled through her she opened her eyes; seeing Maureen staring and Dana still taking photos, she shrieked and ran off to the changing area.  
  
Brianna quickly dressed and was about to leave when Dana stopped her, asking her to at least review the day's photos on an Ipad she was carrying. Though mortified by the exhibition she had just put on, Brianna was curious about how she had looked in her various outfits; she sat down and quickly cycled through the several hundred photos, occasionally pausing to study one more carefully. While she would never want anyone she knew other than Andy to see a single one of them, she couldn't help being proud of how she looked in many of them.  
  
When Brianna got to the last few photos Dana told her: "If you insist we can delete the more explicit ones, but I hope you don't ask me to; I'm feeling a little guilty about egging you on the way I did but I think you're really beautiful in them, sexy as hell."

Calming down after seeing the photos, Brianna asked: "Can I sleep on it tonight, assuming I can actually get to sleep? I wasn't expecting today to be as crazy as it's turned out, but have to admit I like a lot of the photos."  
  
"Sure thing, let me know tomorrow...you will still be here tomorrow, right?'"  
  
"I guess so, but I hope it turns out to be a little less intense than today!" said Brianna as she left.  
  
Maureen caught up with her as she was leaving, thanking her: "You really stepped up today; I know it wasn't easy for you. I appreciate your willingness to go outside of your comfort zone. God knows I couldn't do what you did today, couldn't have even when I was your age and definitely not now that I'm on the wrong side of Fifty."  
  
Brianna looked Maureen in the eye and told her: "Yesterday I'd have thought I couldn't do much of what I did today either, but I guess in the right situation anything can happen. I never would have taken this assignment if you hadn't forced me to, but it's been an amazing experience; I've gotten in touch with parts of my psyche I never had a clue existed."  
  
"But the photos you took of yourself that impressed Roger Holliman so much, they seem fairly similar, no?" asked Maureen.  
  
"Whole different thing." said Brianna, "They were intended to only be seen by my husband and nobody was present to see me creating them. Having this whole crew watching me and knowing at least a few of these photos will be seen by tens of thousands of people, I can't even begin to explain how that feels. By the way, as for your age, I can only hope to hold up as well as you when I reach it. You could be the model for a new line at Holliman for a more experienced demographic who've risen in their careers and can afford to treat themselves to some luxurious lingerie!"  
  
Maureen laughed at the suggestion, but Brianna thought it seemed like a nervous laugh.  
  
Reaching home at close to her usual time, Brianna told Andy she was feeling drained from a hard day at work, skipped dinner and got to bed early, dropping off to sleep much earlier than she expected given the agitation she was experiencing.  
  
Thursday morning Brianna arrived at the studio and was greeted by Maureen and Dana. She was surprised by what she didn't see; the elaborate lighting setup, laptop, and cases of camera equipment were missing; even the bed was gone.  
  
"Did I miss something?" she asked, "I thought we had more shooting to do today."  
  
"We definitely do." said Dana, "We're going to shoot at a different location today. Everyone else is already at our van outside, we'll fill you in on the way. Why don't you get out of your street clothes and get into a robe for the trip to our location, that way Ruth and Pam can do your makeup and hair on the way."  
  
Once underway, Maureen explained today's concept. "The slogan Holliman seems to have settled on for their ad campaign is "Stand out from the Crowd!" so today we'll be shooting you in a few different outfits in an actual subway car while surrounded by other commuters."  
  
Brianna sputtered trying to verbalize all the ways this was a bad idea; too much risk of being seen by someone who knows her, being undressed in public, the likelihood of being arrested, the chance of flashing children, and several other reasons this just wasn't possible.  
  
Dana went through her list of objections one by one and explained why they weren't really an issue; most of Brianna's concerns were overcome by the fact that Maureen had rented a subway car, complete with a couple of transit authority staffers to drive and keep the general public from boarding the car. The odds of meeting an acquaintance were low given how Maureen arranged for the fake commuters; she'd found a convention in town with visitors from all over the country and offered $250 each for a couple hours of their time. Even after turning away a few with local addresses, she had no problem signing up 30 men and women to act the part of commuters.  
  
Brianna still was pretty nervous about being seen in such skimpy outfits by so many people, but with her main objections overcome she agreed to the plan. The crew all climbed into the van and set off for the Forrester Street subway station. Brianna cringed when she heard about their destination since she often used this station herself. In the 40 minutes it took to get to the station Ruth and Pam prepped her hair and makeup, no easy feat in a van moving through stop and go city traffic.  
  
Alice provided Brianna with a long raincoat once the van was parked near the entrance to the station, offering her the choice of having it replace the robe or wearing it over the robe.  
  
"Let's see, stay covered up or get naked in a van full of windows next to a crowded sidewalk; I think I'll keep the robe on for now!"  
  
Maureen called one of the transit employees she'd hired; he met the crew as they reached the platform and guided them to the rented subway car.  
  
"Are we going to do this shoot right next to the platform?" asked Brianna nervously, "That seems a little too public."  
  
"Relax," said Maureen, "once we're aboard the car will start rolling; I had hoped we could just be parked on a siding somewhere out of sight but was told that wouldn't be possible for safety reasons. We've been promised a slot right behind express trains to and from the airport, so we shouldn't even need to slow down at any stations for 30 minutes or so at a time. That should give us enough privacy, and Dana thinks a couple of round trips ought to take long enough to get the photos we need today."  
  
Satisfied that she wouldn't be exposing herself to people waiting on the platform at a dozen different stations, Brianna stepped aboard their private car, though it didn't feel very private at all with more than two dozen people already seated in it. Most of the understandably curious fake commuters turned to have a look at Maureen, Brianna and Dana's crew as they entered.  
  
Maureen welcomed them and thanked them for participating, before giving them basic instructions on what they were to do during the shoot. The instructions were pretty simple, they just needed to act like they normally would on a subway commute; read their books and newspapers, stare at their phones, nod off for a quick nap, whatever they typically would do.  
  
She continued, "The only challenge for you all will be ignoring our model, acting as if she wasn't there until we tell you to do otherwise. When we give you the word, you can take notice of her and act accordingly; I'll let you know when to treat her as Visible or Invisible. One last thing, please stay seated at all times to keep from interfering with the model's movements or the photographer's."  
  
Less than 15 minutes after they arrived at the station, what the crew was calling the Holliman Lingerie Express began to roll. Brianna realized for the first time there was no separate area for her to change clothes; Maureen had the crew all huddle together holding up a sheet Dana had packed to give her as much privacy as possible. Alice handed Brianna the day's first outfit, a shiny satin bra and panty set, fairly conservative compared with most of what she'd worn the day before.  
  
Brianna was especially happy to have something not too revealing to start with when Dana asked her to make a slow trip up the length of the car and back, pausing to pose in several spots. She posed holding onto one of the hanging straps, leaning on a seat, standing at the door, looking up at the ads above the windows and several other variations on the theme of being a commuter who just happened to be only wearing lingerie and heels.  
  
With all her fellow commuters ignoring her Brianna began to be more comfortable strolling around the car full of people; she couldn't forget she wasn't really invisible, but it did almost feel that way.  
  
Until Maureen called out: "Visible! You can see her now."  
  
Dana told Brianna: "Repeat all the poses you just did, ignoring the others as if THEY weren't there."  
  
Suddenly Brianna's private fantasy of being invisible was swept away by dozens of people gawking at her, losing all interest in whatever they had been reading or viewing in favor of staring at the barely dressed sexy young woman wandering up and down the car. She had enjoyed her invisibility but had to admit this was much closer to how people would really act if she ever did this in real life. She wondered if anyone had ever done something like this in real life, and whether she could bring herself to.  
  
Dana called Brianna back to the crew after she'd made a couple trips back and forth, telling her: "I'd like to get a few shots with you wandering around looking like you're going to take off your bra, not necessarily getting it off but getting it unhooked and off your arms."  
  
Brianna quivered as she asked: "I don't have to take it completely off?"  
  
"Not if it's too much for you, and if you do you can cover up with your hands and arms."  
  
"Okay, I guess. Doing this in front of so many people watching is...scary."  
  
"Invisible!" Maureen shouted as Brianna walked to the middle of the car.  
  
Trying to look as casual as if she were at home changing after work, Brianna studied the route map above the door, popping loose the hooks of her bra with one hand while hanging onto a pole with the other. She paused to let Dana get a shot of the loose straps, then moved on to slipping her arms free of the shoulder straps. She had to let go of the pole briefly to get the straps off her arms while still holding the cups in place, but managed to keep her balance. She made a tour of the car posing in several spots, all the while keeping the bra covering her breasts.  
  
"Visible" shouted Maureen.  
  
Brianna made one more lap around the car, this time being watched eagerly by her fellow commuters; she knew they must be wondering if she was going to show even more skin. She was wondering the same thing herself, rapidly cycling between embarrassment at her current state and a growing urge to just let the bra go! Just as she was deciding she wanted to see how it would feel to be topless in front of the crowd Dana called her back to change outfits.  
  
Brianna hadn't even noticed the car had stopped; they had reached the airport but were well short of the platform so the only possible spectators outside were a few men working on the tracks. She asked Alice what she would be wearing on the trip back to town. What she received pleased and scared her in about equal measure; A pair of cheek-baring boy shorts, not as blatant as a thong but not too far off. The front panel was a pink lace with a very sheer back half in the same color; the bra matched the look of the shorts and was just as skimpy, looking to Brianna like it might be meant for a woman considerably less well endowed than she was. Alice insisted it was the correct size, with plenty of stretch in the fabric.  
  
After Alice helped her squeeze into the new outfit Brianna made a tour of all the same spots and poses as she had in the previous outfit. When Dana called her over to discuss how to proceed now that they'd covered the basic poses, she was surprised at not being told to experiment with the bra; instead, she was asked to concentrate on showing off her mostly uncovered butt. Brianna did as she was asked, going through several poses featuring her ass, including a couple with the shorts pulled even higher in back, nearly getting into thong territory.  
  
By the time she and Dana had done all the butt centered photos, the car had almost returned to their starting point. As much as Brianna was interested in maybe, possibly getting out of her bra, doing so during the train's slow trip back through the station didn't seem like a good idea at all. She resigned herself to waiting for another opportunity to be seen wearing even less than she was right now, amazed that this had become a goal for her! She retreated behind the sheet to prepare for the next run out to the airport.  
  
Alice handed her the next outfit, a black mesh bustier with a few strategically placed pink floral lace panels. The panties matched, with pink ribbon ties at the sides instead of elastic. She put the new outfit on, finishing just as the train began its return trip.  
  
"Invisible!" shouted Maureen.  
  
"Awwww..." responded one of the passengers, drawing a chuckle from Brianna as she strolled up and down the length of the car for Dana's first round of shots. Brianna noticed how much lighter the new outfit was than the previous one. Despite technically covering much more of her, the mesh and lace let a lot more air flow through; she noticed for the first time a few locations where fans were blowing the cold air from the AC directly on her as she walked by and wondered if any of the commuters could see the effect the freezing air was having on her nipples.  
  
"Of course not," she thought as she quietly chuckled, "I'm invisible! No one can see me!"  
  
"Visible!" yelled Maureen, intruding on Brianna's latest bit of fantasy.  
  
After another round trip up and down the car with Brianna and her new outfit being studied carefully by her fellow commuters, Dana called her over to discuss what to do next:"I'm not sure what else we can try with the bustier opening in the front, maybe you could partially unhook it? It might be interesting if you played around with the ties on the panties, what do you think?"  
  
"Interesting is one word for it, I suppose. Petrifying is probably closer to reality, but I'll see what I can do." Brianna said in a shaky voice, adding, "If you want me to be more daring, staying in Invisible mode might help."  
  
"Invisible!" shouted Maureen, smiling.  
  
Brianna moved to the middle of the car, thinking that at least in this spot whatever she dared to reveal would only be in sight of half the commuters. "Then again, I'm invisible now, so it really doesn't matter what I wear. Or what I don't!" she told herself as she turned to face Dana's position. She began to undo the hooks on the bustier, starting at the top and slowly working her way to its bottom just above the panties. Holding it in place as she undid the last hook, she opened the front enough to show a lot of her chest, stopping just short of revealing her nipples.  
  
Feeling her pulse rising Brianna shifted the loose garment to hang sideways over the front of her body, holding it now with one hand just above her breasts. She turned slowly, showing Dana her naked back and barely covered ass. Noticing that as far as she could tell from her vantage point the bottom edge of the dangling bustier completely concealed the front of her panties, she decided to keep her striptease going, reminding herself: "It doesn't matter now, I'm Invisible!"  
  
With her free hand, she tugged at the tie holding the right side of her panties together, looking down as the front and back fell apart. She took a deep breath and did the same on her left side, ending up holding the panties at her side by one of the ties. Now completely nude but holding the bustier loosely in front of her, Brianna strolled to the far end of the car, more or less daring the commuters to acknowledge her presence. She realized that with one garment in each hand she had no way to put either one back on without flashing either her breasts or her pussy! She looked back to the crew at the other end of the car, made eye contact with Maureen and nodded.  
  
"Visible!" said Maureen, a little shakily.  
  
Brianna strolled around the car, twirling slowly around a few times allowing her fellow commuters to see, and Dana to photograph, both her more or less covered front and her completely naked body from behind and either side.  
  
Maureen noticed Brianna starting to lower the bustier, already revealing a lot of her breasts, not quite to her nipples but clearly getting close!  
  
Maureen called out: "Brianna, sweetie, are you sure about this?"  
  
Brianna blushed as deeply as she would have had she actually gone through with dropping the bustier instead of being interrupted by Maureen's question. She pulled it tight to her chest and slowly walked back to the crew at the end of the car; she stepped behind the sheet, flushed and breathing heavily.  
  
Maureen sat down next to Brianna, telling her: "If you really want to get naked in front of everyone on this train, you're welcome to do so during our last trip back into town. I don't have a problem with it, I think I even kind of understand it having seen the look on your face a minute ago. I just wanted you to be sure before you let go of the bustier; so far today the only truly outrageous thing you did was letting the crowd have a look at your ass, but it looked like you were about to go way further. I'll set out an outfit for your last set with plenty of options, okay? As long as Dana can get the required photos, what you do with it is entirely your choice."  
  
'Sure..." said Brianna softly, "and thanks. You're right, I was really close to dropping the bustier entirely a minute ago! I honestly don't know what I'll do next, I just keep surprising myself. Do you have anything less racy for the next trip?" she asked, "I think I need to calm down a little, or maybe a lot; I'm not sure if I trust myself if you put me into another sexy outfit."  
  
"Sexy is what Holliman does and what they want from us." Maureen reminded her. "That said, I think we have something less obviously bold you can wear. This will be the last leg of our trip, so you're almost done."  
  
"Thanks for being understanding; with a pause to settle myself down and something a little more modest to model I'm sure I can get through this."  
  
Maureen talked with Alice a couple of minutes; the wardrobe manager checked her inventory and presented Brianna with exactly what she wanted. Brianna practically cried she was so happy to have Alice hand her a beautiful loose, flowing silk pajama set, with a long top, long pants, long sleeves, and buttons right up to the collar. Besides the pajamas, the ensemble included a lacy nude colored bra and thong set. She put it all on and began to relax as she stepped out from behind the sheet for her final photo session.  
  
"Visible!" Maureen shouted.  
  
As the car left the airport behind Dana coached Brianna through all the familiar poses and locations available in their rolling studio. Brianna enjoyed the feel of the fine silk fabric on her skin as she posed, even enjoying the effect the combination of the bra's lacy fabric and the AC had on her nipples, which made the top sexy in a slightly less subtle way. The admiring looks from the thirty commuters in their Visible mode added to her enjoyment and encouraged her to be bolder.  
  
Dana called Brianna over after getting a good number of shots to ask her: "I know you don't want to get too explicit, but do you think we could take a few either with some buttons undone to show the bra and thong, or maybe do without the pants? The jacket seems long enough to keep you well covered."  
  
Brianna had actually already been considering undoing a couple of buttons, thinking it would be sexier but still be pretty modest, so she nodded in agreement and walked towards the middle of the car. Looking back towards Dana she began to unfasten buttons, stopping after undoing the top three, leaving five more still securely in place. She pulled the jacket's lapels to the sides, but realized that with the top still more buttoned than not she couldn't open the front enough to really show off the bra. She decided to forget the buttons for now and try something else; she pointed at her pants while looking at Dana, who nodded.  
  
Brianna untied the drawstring and began to slide the pants down; despite having a thong on instead of full panties Brianna practically couldn't feel the pants slide down over her ass, the fabric almost felt like it wasn't there; she only knew for sure how far down they'd traveled when she could see a bit of her thigh between the hem of her jacket and the waistband of the pants. She let the pants drop to her feet and stepped out of them, carefully crouching down to pick them up and draping them over a nearby empty seat. She checked her reflection in the glass door and decided that though she was now showing a lot of leg, the jacket was more than long enough to keep her well covered everywhere it mattered below the waist. She moved to do several poses without the pants, which she left behind as she worked her way back to her crew.

Dana and Maureen complimented her on her current look.  
  
Maureen pointed out they were still almost fifteen minutes away from their destination, saying: "Do you need a break or do you want to take a few more in this series?"  
  
Brianna knew Dana had shot about all that she could possibly want of her current look, so what Maureen was really asking was whether she was willing to show some more skin; she surprised herself as she decided she was, within reason. While not feeling like getting as naked as she had in her bustier set, she thought the combination of a bra, a thong and a silk pajama top with five buttons still fastened might offer some interesting options.  
  
"Let's take a few more!" she said, "Invisible for now, please."  
  
Maureen called out "Invisible!" as Brianna walked towards the far end of the car.  
  
Once at the far end, Brianna turned and popped the fourth button, trying again to open the jacket; it still wouldn't stay open enough to see much cleavage, so Brianna moved on to the fifth, leaving only the bottom three in place. The jacket gaped open a bit better but not the way Brianna imagined it should.  
  
"The hell with the buttons!" she said, quickly undoing the last three and opening the front of the jacket wide to give Dana a chance to get some shots of her bra and thong.  
  
"Dana, get your shots of the undies now before I do something crazy like taking them off too!" she thought to herself. A little shocked that this idea was getting a foothold in her mind, she continued thinking about her options. She thought of losing the jacket, but realized keeping it offered more possibilities; not least among its advantages was the fact that it seemed to be long enough to make her thong completely unnecessary. She refastened the bottom two buttons and checked her reflection to confirm this was enough to hide the thong. Or, she thought, "Is it enough to conceal the place a thong used to be?"  
  
It was.  
  
"Like it was meant to be." Brianna thought as she reached up under the bottom of her jacket, found the thong, sliding it down over her ass to let it drop to the floor of the car. Seeing what had been one of her three remaining pieces of clothing at her feet sent a shiver through her, but it was a welcome sensation. Having done away with one unneeded garment, she now realized that her bra was no more essential to her modesty than the thong had been. She refastened a couple more buttons to allow for a discreet removal of the bra; luckily or perhaps thoughtfully on Maureen's part, the bra's shoulder straps were very stretchy and the jacket's sleeves quite loose, making slipping the straps down over her hands fairly easy once she had pinched the hooks on the back strap open through the back of the jacket.  
  
As Brianna pulled the bra loose and out the front of her jacket another jolt ran through her, accompanied by some significant shivering. She told herself that she really hadn't committed to any particular course of action, was still well covered and could remain so as long as she chose to be. The shivering subsided but flared up again when she thought about how exposed she might yet choose to be!  
  
"I'll just show a little more cleavage, no big deal..." she told herself as she somewhat shakily popped open buttons number 5 and 6. "There. Just two to go," she thought.  
  
"Wait, what? No...well...maybe, but really, no!" she told herself before trying to focus on posing to let Dana get some good shots of her breasts almost, but not quite, in full view through the large opening in the front of the pajama top.  
  
Checking her reflection in the door she decided the bottom button alone would be enough to keep her pussy hidden, but still was a little nervous about unfastening the seventh button. Not nervous enough to stop herself from doing it; just nervous enough to get a substantial thrill as she slipped the button through its hole.  
  
With just the last button keeping her jacket from opening completely, Brianna began to get nervous in a big way. She realized she had talked herself into being one button away from being completely nude in a subway car full of strangers; the awareness that she truly wanted to do this scared her more than actually doing it was likely to do. She told herself one final lie, that she could just undo the last button but still hold the jacket closed. Knowing that the only thing now keeping her from complete exposure was her ability to control her own shaking hands was a rush like she'd never felt...she reached for the button and freed it from the buttonhole.  
  
The thrill was as overwhelming as she expected, but she still wanted more; she was about to open the jacket wide when she stopped and made eye contact with Maureen. Brianna nodded her head up and down, Maureen shook hers side to side, refusing the request; Brianna nodded again, holding up her hands as if praying. Maureen gave in, calling out: "Visible!"  
  
As 30 heads swiveled to watch, Brianna opened the jacket, sliding its shoulders off her own and letting it slip completely off. Seeing her reflection in the glass door one more time, this time completely naked, and realizing everyone in the car was now seeing her this way sent the largest jolt yet through her from head to toe; she moaned and grabbed a railing for support as the latest surge was quickly followed by several more. She realized, much too late to do anything but ride it out, that she was having a very public orgasm!  
  
Her legs buckling, she gripped the rail for support as her orgasm slowly ebbed. Maureen and Dana rushed from the end of the car and helped Brianna to the space behind the sheet. Less than a minute later the car came to a stop, this time at the Forrester Street platform; Maureen left the shelter to pay the commuters as the transit workers escorted them from the car and kept anyone else from getting on.  
  
Dana helped Brianna get the raincoat on and the crew all got off the subway car and headed up to the street. Dana and the rest of the crew headed back to the studio in the van, but Maureen got a cab for her and Brianna to return in.  
  
A few minutes into the cab ride, Brianna finally spoke: "I can't believe I did that, it's like I was watching some other woman stripping naked in front of everyone. I never would have believed I could be capable of ..." her voice trailed off.  
  
Maureen said: "You were amazing, sexy, daring. Maybe too brave for your own good, it's true, and more than a little bit out of control, but no real harm done, right? Nobody was harmed, and none of those people in the car know who you are or will ever see you again. There's something to be said for being out of control occasionally."  
  
"As shocked as I am at my behavior, I can't actually say I regret any of it!" said Brianna, "It was the most intense experience I've ever had and I'm sure it'll stick with me a long, long time."  
  
"I could tell you really wanted to go all the way at the end, that's why I gave in and called Visible that last time; I hope it was the right thing."  
  
"It was, definitely," said Brianna, "Though I probably would have said it myself if you hadn't; by then it was really more of a need than a want. Thank you!"  
  
"By the way," said Maureen, "I'm not sure if I told you, but since it can't be sold, you get to keep everything you wore for the shoot."  
  
"I'm sure Andy will appreciate that!" said Brianna, smiling, "But my last outfit, I kind of left all of that scattered around."  
  
"You were pretty much out of it at the time, but I saw Alice collecting it as we took you back to the enclosure behind the sheet." Maureen laughed.  
  
"Good," replied Brianna, "that outfit was definitely my favorite!"