**The Photographic Studio Competition**

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Stella had won a contest run by her local Photography Studio, that promised her to ' a modelling photo shoot with 80% off '.

When she arrived to claim her prize, she was stunned to learn that the 80% didn't refer to the price. '80% off ' referred to Stella's clothing.

The contest entry form was a legally binding contract, and there was no way out for her. She would have to model for three hours in various costumes and state of undress, helping to promote the Photography Studio. She was mortified.

The Manager of the studio, who was also the photographer grinned as he led a shocked looking Stella towards the front of the store where an area was laid out with white backdrop, a light and camera. Stella was just pleased that a heavy-duty net curtain was in the shop full length window which was going to protect her embarrassment.

The first few images were going to be portraits, the Manager had said "for your file". That wasn't too bad, she thought, perhaps the Manager was starting to feel sorry for her? But what did he mean "her file?".

She smiled meekly at the camera. The camera shutter pressed and the lights flashed -- which was ironic, the Manager thought, as his reluctant model would be doing the same very shortly.

Stella had chosen what to wear with great care. Eventually after hours of trying on most of her dresses, she had decided that a red summer dress with white polka dots was best choice. It had a "V" neck that gathered at the meeting point of the "V". This meant that the dress tightened to show her shapely top half curves before the material straightened and flowed down to just below the knee. The style also meant that Stella's slightly tanned toned legs were shown off.

Whilst proud of her body shape, Stella was not in the habit of revealing too much and was certainly no exhibitionist. She believed it was important as a 'professional businesswoman' to dress to a decent standard and whilst some other women flirted and wore suggestive clothing at times to attract the senior bosses' attention, she certainly did not, much to the disappointment of the male executives. She would gain promotions for her work not her looks. Indeed, she looked down on those women that wore revealing clothes and was often labelling them as ungodly, sluts and even harlots.

She had thought that the length of the dress she had chosen somewhat daring but wanted to look her best for the Prize shoot she had won. It was apparent from the Managers smile, however, that she would be showing much more.

She hesitated as she was asked to remove her dress but after waving the Competition entry form which bore her signature to the terms and conditions, she began slowly to lift the hem upwards.

As she brought the dress up, Stella cursed to herself that she hadn't worn her best matching underwear set. Of course, she hadn't expected to be taking her dress off, and had therefore put on her comfortable black fashion designed panties with the first bra she had found in her underwear drawer. The pants were quite high cut at the sides with the well-known brand name around the waistband but, in her usual style, were quite full coverage and whilst she would normally be mortified for her panties to be seen in public, at least the full black material would protect her modesty she thought.

The Manager grunted his approval at the cut of her underwear and urged Stella to remove the dress completely over her head. Every time she hesitated; he waved the entry form. She took a deep breath and told herself 'it would soon be over; the images would only be the same as her wearing a bikini at the beach', the only problem with that she thought was that she wasn't in the habit of wearing anything less than a tee shirt and shorts at the beach.

The other small consolation, she told herself, was that only the Photography studio would have a record of these images 'and that 'she would be obtaining legal advice which was sure to demand the return and destruction of the record. She would also demand that the Manager sign a court gagging order not talk about her ordeal to anyone and also she would need the studio to compensate her fully '.

Stella's eye caught sight of the Manager waving the competition form again, and her hands lifted the dress slowly skywards. Her shapely body came into view and the lights flashed and an unwanted visual record was imprinted to the Studio's collection of images.

Instructions were given and Stella began to follow -- 'Smile at the camera' 'Hands by your side' 'Now hands on your head' 'Turn around' 'Stick your bottom out'. The last pose got a murmur of approval and she felt sure that her panties had ridden up ever so slightly. She quickly placed her hands to her bottom and straightened her panties to cover as much area as stretching them allowed.

The Studio doorbell sounded. Stella gasped, looked at the Manager who smiled back, as she grabbed her dress from the floor holding it to her front and covering her body. She asked to go out the back and put her dress on or at least hide. The Manager sighed as if she didn't understand what she had signed up for and explained that the conditions of the shoot was to model images that would help advertise the Studio. He also explained that he was discussing the shoot with a friend who had asked if he could have a few images to advertise his own businesses whilst she was there. The Manager continued that the friend had made quite a donation to the studio.

The front door closed and Stella saw Mr Benn talking to the Manager and opening a couple of bags which they looked into and discussed the contents. She was dismayed as she had a long running feud of words with Mr Benn. Why was it him she thought and gripped the dress closer in front of her body.

Mr Benn was the local Fancy Dress shop owner. Stella had always hated fancy dress and couldn't understand why people would want to dress up and become characters in make belief films. 'Acting like big children' she had once said when she refused to sign Mr Benn's petition to build an extension to his business which he planned to use to hold more costumes and therefore improve the business cashflow. The feud between them had started.

She remembered that she had been vocally direct and certainly not too pleasant, stating that the shop should fail and would be better closed. She had followed this up with a letter to the local paper about the subject, which had generated a fair amount of ill feeling towards Mr Benn and his shop. The council subsequently denied his petitioned application and business had slumped. Mr Benn looked at Stella and joined the Manager in smiling.

Stella was somewhat relieved when the Manager said she could pop out the back of the studio. She was given the first bag and told to change into the outfit and return. She headed towards the rear of the studio a little less embarrassed. At least she would be covered by the fancy dress. Once at the rear of the studio she opened the bag.

There she found a bright red saucy Mrs Santa outfit. It was a tunic with four oversized buttons at the front. It came to just beneath her panties and the plunge neckline showed much more of her cleavage than she would normally show -- but at least it gave her more coverage than just being in her underwear. There was also a red pair of stockings and suspenders.

She returned to the awaiting Manager and Mr Benn and was directed again to her position in front of the camera. The camera flashed a number of times. Instructions were given again as last time 'Smile at the camera' 'Hands by your side' 'Now hands on your head'. She realised too late that placing her hands on her head made the tunic lift which showed her panties off. She quickly lowered her hands but when Mr Benn picked up the competition form and waved it at her, her hands returned to her head and her panties came into view, perfectly surrounded by the red suspender set. They also beautifully encased the 'treasure' which was no doubt beneath, the two men thought. The suggestive pose was captured.

Stella knew what was coming next and sure enough 'Turn around' 'Stick your bottom out'. She complied showing her full pantie covered rear. Mr Benn then walked towards her asking her to pose holding a hand made sign. 'Have you been naughty or good?' it asked. How cheesy Stella thought. The studio lights flashed.

The second bag contained little more than a red bikini edged with tinsel. Both the Manager and Mr Benn gasped with approval as Stella returned using her arms to cover both parts of the bikini. She had kept her red suspender set on as requested. She told them both the bikini was too small but wasn't surprised when they both disagreed. She was given a red Santa hat to complete.

'Smile at the camera' 'Hands by your side', she slowly lowered her arms, 'Now hands on your head'. Her breasts were covered by the material of the bikini top but her shapely breasts announced their appearance at the sides with a showing of flesh. Stella battled with regular adjustments to the top as the triangular material threatened to release glimpses of areola with her movement. For some reason Stella felt that more than the usual images were being taken with this pose and was therefore, again slightly relieved when she was turned with her bottom facing the camera. Mr Benn approached again with a second home made sign for her told hold. It read ' As you've been good, I've a treat for you '.

Again, somewhat slow to catch on, Stella wondered the sense in that slogan for a fancy-dress shop. It was bound to fail. Stupid man.

The Manager informed Mr Benn that the next set would be the last within their timed arrangement and Stella was glad. She hated fancy dress, she disliked Mr Benn and she certainly didn't like this photo-shoot. Mr Benn nodded his agreement, turned to Stella, and asked if she still had a dislike of fancy dress. She was feeling embarrassed and angry at having to pose in these ridiculous outfits for his shop and therefore was quick to tell Mr Benn what his shop and business was worth in her opinion.

After a few minutes she stopped her outburst and wondered why Mr Benn was not becoming annoyed. Indeed, he was smiling again. She was sure that she had hurt his feelings by putting him in his place but he seemed to accept her every word without comeback. Added to that, she really wished he would take that grin off his face.

Mr Benn nodded and said that, as she hated his outfits so much, she should give them back. Stella smiled, grabbed the Mrs Santa outfit and threw it towards Mr Benn. He caught the bag, looked inside and asked why all of his costumes weren't in the bag. Stella checked the floor. No, he was wrong, he had all of his silly Mrs Santa costume.

He looked across at the Studio Manager, who then looked at Stella and informed her that they believed the red bikini was missing from the bag. Stella looked down having forgotten that she still was wearing the bikini and answered that she would gladly give it back. She started heading out to the back. She was stopped when the Manager informed her that she didn't need to head to the rear of the store and should give the outfit back whilst in front of the camera.

Stella was stunned and told the Manager that would mean she would be practically naked which was indecent. Not strictly true, the manager informed her, as she would have the stockings and suspenders on which were borrowed from the changing room. The deal of the contracted arrangement was ' 80% off '.

This time both the Manager and Mr Benn waived the competition entry form. The contract was legally binding and she had signed it when she entered the competition in the hope of getting a virtually free photo-shoot. If Stella didn't comply, then he would get the Police Commissioner over to enforce the contract if necessary.

Stella, frozen to the spot, quickly contemplated her options. There were none. She had no options. She asked that Mr Benn and the Manager at least turn around whilst she disrobed. With a chuckle the Manager stated that he would not be able to take the images if he did that and that Mr Benn was a paying customer for this publicity shoot and should therefore see the results.

Stella resigned herself to the fact she would soon have very little on to cover her dignity. She very slowly felt her hands head towards the back tie of her bikini top.

Mr Benn felt his excitement growing. Ever since he had put up with her comments with regard his petition, her letter to the paper which made the council reject his application, and her general rudeness to him over the last months he had thought about getting even. His business had nearly failed and whilst he struggled to keep his shop open his mind had often wandered as to how would get even. He never thought that this day would come but now Stella was in front of him in one of his shop costumes -- and better still, it looked as if she was going to be topless very soon.

Stella had nowhere to turn, and acknowledging defeat, reached behind her back and pulled the bikini string. The bikini gave way and hung in front of her breasts loosely. Turning her back to the men she quickly released the neck tie and the bikini top fell to the floor. Arms across her chest she stayed turned, picked up the top and tossed it to Mr Benn. The camera flashed rapidly in appreciation.

Stella again paused. This was too much. Now she had been humiliated and embarrassed surely, they would have a shred of decency and let her stop and cover up. Her fears however were short lived.

"Bottoms next" came the command. She hesitated again, giving time for a last-minute change of heart and a welcome reprieve, but with none coming and Mr Benn beginning to lift the contract competition form, she had no choice but to continue. Still facing away from the two onlookers, with her back to the camera, she placed her thumbs under the ties either side of her bikini bottoms.

The Studio Manager now felt his excitement rise. He had always enjoyed himself, as he passed many women with blonde hair on the streets, clients with blonde wives and children with blonde mothers in his studio or watched well known blondes in TV shows, and the thought always crossed his mind as to whether they were really blonde or not? Ever time he left without an answer and disappointed that he would never find out. That is, he realised, until today. This competition had given him the opportunity to play out his fantasy for real and Stella, well known for her prudish attitude was about to be the first to reveal to him and his camera if she truly was a natural blonde. He shuffled in anticipation.

Stella bent at the hips, dragging her hands downwards and her red bikini bottoms started their journey down her tanned legs to the floor. Stepping out of the material now at her feet, still with back turned, she again picked up and threw the bottoms over her shoulder towards Mr Benn. Now just in the red stockings and suspender belt she kept one arm over her breasts and the other covering her now uncovered pussy.

Mr Benn looked with anticipation at the Manager who was busy taking pictures of Stella's naked bottom. Tan lines were another turn on for the Studio Manager and Stella had areas that had not seen the sun like her legs did. At this precise moment he was feeling all conquering and powerful. This woman in front of him, a professional business woman who wouldn't normally give him the time of day, was showing him her tan lines. More importantly, she was also going to show him the white areas underneath. The camera was busy in his hands.

After a while, Mr Benn appeared to cough. The Studio Manager came away from the back of his camera and suggested she turn around to face the camera. Stella turned her head only, pleading with her eyes that this forced exhibition should stop. When all she could see was a smiling Manager and a grinning Mr Benn she slowly shuffled around until facing her audience.

Standing there, slightly hunched over with arms and hands covering her modesty the Manager instructed Stella to straighten up and then to move her hands to her side. Her hands slowly dropped to her side and then, on receiving another instruction, behind her back which led to her breasts and pussy making their public debut.

Stella's medium sized white breasts came into view and, much to her further embarrassment, stood high and proud with her pink nipples slightly erect. With her hands behind her back, her breasts were naturally presenting themselves to those that looked and Mr Benn and the photographer were getting an eyeful. The camera also seemed over excited. The Manager viewed the naked women before him and slowly lowered his gaze to find the answer to his hair colour question.

Whilst savouring the moment both men took advantage to take in the full extent of Stella's nudity, with their eyes covering every inch of her toned perfect body. Almost in realisation that the moment would end, the Manager returned to the rear of the camera to record Stella's nakedness forever in the records. She shuddered and almost closed her eyes as flash after flash followed.

As further instructions followed and she resigned herself to comply. 'Hands on your head' 'Turn around' 'Stick your bottom out'.

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That evening, in the quiet of his empty studio, the Manager sat at his desk reviewing the images taken that day on his computer screen.

With every image he relived the moments until he paused the screen flow of scrolling images and savoured the naked picture of an embarrassed and shocked Stella. These were gold dust.

His hand unbuckled his trousers and he played with himself as his monitor showed a full-frontal portrait image of Stella. His eyes travelled down her body from her white breasts with pink nipples begging for further attention to her perfect belly button. As his eyes lowered down the image they rested on a small patch of blonde public hair. A real blonde he thought as he shut his eyes and dealt with his excitement.

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Twenty minutes later he was done. Cleaned and looking back at the images which he saved to a file marked 'Competition Winners'. The sub file had Stella's name and the front image was her portrait head and shoulders. Few would know what lay beneath the inconspicuous clothed head and shoulders portrait image that started the sub file apart from him and his memory.

He made a note to contact her again in a few weeks for another meeting. He had mentioned to Stella, as she left, that he planned to upload some of the images if she refused to model again. He had thought the "local attractions" page of the towns website OR that he could set up a fundraising site for the Studio where the images would be sent as a thank you for any donations made.

The Police Commissioner had already been in contact, after Stella had contacted him about the afternoon's events and he had already suggested he would be donating. The Photographic Manager had no doubt that the executives and senior bosses at Stella's place of work would also be joining up.

He had no doubt that this competition would attract interest from many of the town's men and indeed perhaps one or two women. He smiled at that thought.

He minimised Stella's file on the screen and picked up a stack of returned competition forms which were piled up on the side of his desk.

Now who would be next?