**Trisha's Modeling Debut**

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Trisha had started with B&G Manufacturing while she was a senior in high school working part time. Once she graduated to went full time. In school she had taken business classes and now that she was working at B&G she planned to move off the production floor and into management.  
  
However as time passed she realized that it might be more difficult that she had expected. The company usually hired members of management from outside sources. Only a few people had made the transition from production to management.  
  
But just because it was difficult didn't mean she couldn't make. The first step would be getting noticed by someone already in management and one of the ways to do that was to help out at the annual fashion show the company held just before the start of the Christmas buying season.  
  
She overslept and when she arrived the preparations were already in progress. As it happened the stage manager spotting her just after she arrived and mistakenly assumed she was the replacement model for a girl that had arrived drunk and unable to model.  
  
It wasn't surprising that the manager thought Trisha was a model. She had good looks and a nice body. The manager grabbed Trisha's arm and lead her over to one of the make-up booths. When Trisha tried to protest the manager told her to shut up and sit still.  
  
It kind of pissed Trisha off so she complied. If they wanted to waste time applying make-up to someone who was just there to help out then it was their problem.  
  
When the make-up artist finished Trisha was impressed with the job he had done. He took her over to get her hair done. When the hair dresser was done Trisha was amazed. It was almost another girl looking back out of the mirror.  
  
The stage manager arrived about then and pulled her over to racks of dresses. Glancing at Trisha and sorting through the dresses she put one out and handed it over.  
  
Trisha thought this had gone far enough. She explained that she worked at B&G and had only come here to help out.  
  
The manager was annoyed that time had been wasted, but looking at Trisha realized the girl had the potential to be a model. She replied that since they were a model short and Trisha was ready the best way she could help was to model.  
  
Trisha started to decline, but realized that there were be a large number of management in the audience and if she made a good impression it could only help her on her quest to join them.  
  
That's when she agreed to model.  
  
The manager told her to get changed and get in behind the other models waiting to go on stage. Looking around Trisha didn't see any changing rooms and asked about it. The manager told her that since space was so limited she would have to change wherever she could find room. Part of modeling was to do what it took to be ready to go out front.  
  
Despite the lack of privacy Trisha had given her word so she looked around until she spotted a space between two of the auditorium's hanging drapes. It open at the end, but at least if afforded a little concealment.  
  
As she stepped into the space she pulled a chair in with her. Looking around and see no one was paying attention to her, she quickly pulled her t-shirt over her head making sure she didn't mess up her new hairstyle and make-up.  
  
A quick glance around showed no one had spotted her and she tossed the shirt on the chair. Next she pulled the dress over her head and when she was concealed again, reached under the dress and unfastened her jeans.  
  
It was a little difficult to get them off while wearing the dress, but she managed.  
  
She stepped over to a nearby mirror and quickly spotted a problem. The way the top of the dress was designed her brasserie was visible. There was no way she was going to be able to wear her bra with this dress.  
  
Stepping back into her makeshift dressing room she checked to see if anyone was looking and no one was. She pulled the dress back off and after another look around, reached up behind her back and unsnapped her bra. In a hurry to get back into the dress she let it fall to the ground and grabbed the dress.  
  
That's when she heard someone clear their throat. Looking up she saw that Jacob, who worked next to her on the production line, had come around the end of the drapes and now was standing there staring at her exposed boobs.  
  
She grabbed the dress and held it up in front of her. When he started to speak she shifted her grip and held one finger in front of her lips in the universal sign for silence.  
  
She motioned for him to go away, but he just grinned and shook her head. Now what was she to do? If she made a scene other people she worked with would find her in this state of undress and no doubt all of them would gather around. If she didn't make a scene it was obvious he intended to stay there and get another look at her chest puppies when she pulled the dress on over her head. If she didn't get a move on the stage manager would be back for her and she wouldn't be ready. There was no telling what might happen in that case.  
  
Better to let one see, she decided, then a whole bunch. Besides Jacob had already seen her bare chest. It wasn't like he hadn't. So she pulled the dress up over her head and slipped into it.  
  
When she finished Jacob was standing there grinning like some kind of demented baboon. She pointed to him and then put her finger in front of her lips signaling that he better not tell anyone. She was relieved when he used his finger to cross his heart indicating he would keep her secret.  
  
She wondered how long that promise would be good for, but there wasn't anything she could do about it now.  
  
Just then the stage manager arrived and lead Trisha away. She took her over to the line of models. Trisha repeated that she wasn't really a model and didn't know what to do. The manager told her to watch the other girls and do what they did. She did warned her that models weren't supposed to look at the members of the audience since that would take their attention off the clothes.  
  
When it was her turn Trisha walked out mimicking the girl walking down the catwalk in front of her.  
  
It was a surreal moment. It seemed like time had stopped and was simultaneously was flashing by. It seemed to take forever to get to the end of the stage and suddenly she was there. Despite all this she did a good job of acting like the other models and soon was back stage.  
  
The manager met her and walked her back over to the racks of dresses.  
  
She pulled out another one and handed it to Trisha. Then she and Trisha returned to Trisha's spot between the drapes. Trisha was relieved to see Jacob wasn't standing there.  
  
Before he came back she wanted to make the switch. She pulled the first dress back over her head, but was careful to let it hang down in front of her before letting the bottom edge raise above her breasts.  
  
When she could see again she looked around and seeing no one looking tossed the dress over the back of the chair she had drug in earlier. The manager handed her the other dress and walked off with the first one.  
  
No sooner had she stepped away then Jacob poked his head around the end of the drape on her right. Once again she was standing there bare-breasted in front of her co-worker. She thought, screw it he's already seen my honkers twice.  
  
And to be truthful it was a little exciting for her to let him see her ta-tas, especially since anyone else could walk around the corner at any moment.  
  
Nonetheless she wasn't going to take a chance with anyone else coming by so she quickly stepped into the dress and pulled it up.  
  
When she stepped in front of the mirror this time she noted that if she hadn't been able to wear a bra in the other one there was no way she ever could have wear one in this dress.  
  
It started out a a fairly modest, normal ankle length dress with sleeves that came down to the middle of her upper arms. But from there it appeared that the designer had taken a pair of scissors and cut down from a point halfway between her shoulders and neck almost all the way to the waist in a tampering V on both the front and back sides. The only thing that kept the dress in place was the weight of the dress pulling down on the shoulder strips.  
  
She bounced a couple of times to see if the dress would stay up and it did. She thought the designer must have done some serious studies to get just the right factors to prevent a mishap.  
  
Nevertheless she was careful as she made her way over to the line of models. When it was her turn she stepped out through the curtain.  
  
When she stepped out she also had to step up onto the catwalk. Her slight lean forward as she stepped changed the weight dynamics of the dress. Instead of the weight of the dress pulling straight down it swung forward. This relieved some of the pressure holding the sleeves in place and they slipped just a little bit.  
  
Trisha stepped forward in her version of a model's walk. Her gait was somewhat bolder then the usual model walk and that set the dress to swinging. It wasn't anything you would notice, but it changed how the dress was designed to be worn.  
  
Each swing allowed the shoulders to slip a little further off Trisha's shoulders. By the time she got to the end of the catwalk the dress was approaching the point of no return.  
  
She reached the end of the catwalk and swung around for her return trip and bang.   
  
The shoulder pieces couldn't maintain their positions and she was suddenly standing there essentially topless in front of the whole audience. Every senior member of management was treated to the sight of a beautiful, full set of naked titties on display.  
  
It only took Trisha a moment to realized what had happened and pull the dress back up, but it was a moment no one in the audience would ever forget.  
  
She was in a panic. Fortunately the model behind her had seen what happened and stepped up. She put an arm around Trisha's waist and whispered to follow her lead.  
  
Trisha didn't know what else to do so she did as she had been instructed. She put her arm around the other model's waist and the two of them sashayed back down the catwalk.  
  
When they got back stage the stage manager was waiting. She thanked the other model and led Trisha away from everyone else.  
  
The manager told her that she had done a magnificent job of staying in control. She went on to say that most models would have run screaming off the catwalk.  
  
Then she said that she would understand if Trisha didn't want to go on, but she said she hoped Trisha would. To Trisha's stunned look of surprise the manager told her that if she quit now everyone in the audience, including the people she worked with would believe that she had panicked and run away. If however she went back on stage she would prove that she could handle a crisis without quitting. She continued that while some people she know might tease her later, it would be a whole lot worst if she didn't face up to the situation.  
  
Trisha was amazed. This woman had put everything into clear perspective. No matter what she did, those people out front had seen her bare-boobed. Nothing could change that. So she could either fall apart and her life would essentially come to a halt or she could step out.  
  
Trisha looked at the manager and stated that she was going back out there and she needed the kind of dress that showed she wasn't afraid.  
  
Smiling the stage manager lead the way to the rack of dresses. After studying the selection she pulled out an outfit and handed it to Trisha.  
  
Trisha went back to where she had been changing and found Jacob waiting for her. Without any hesitation Trisha pulled the shoulders out and let the dress fall to the floor.  
  
To say Jacob was surprised was clearly an understatement. In all his days he had never expected his beautiful friend to strip to her panties in front of him. That shocked look made it better. She paused to let him take in the whole effect.  
  
After a bit she reached for her new outfit. It appeared to be a pair of hot pants with a long strip of material sown to each side. Each strip was about five inches wide and four feet long.  
  
She stepped into the shorts and pulled them up her legs. Well she had wanted to make a statement and this outfit was sure to do that.  
  
Without bothering to look in the mirror she picked up the ends of the cloth strips and headed for the catwalk.  
  
As luck would have it she was the final model in the show.  
  
When it was time she grasp one strip of cloth in each hand, about a foot from the end, and stepped out through the curtains and started her walk.  
  
The audience quickly realized it was the same model who had suffered the clothing malfunction earlier, but this time it wasn't a mistake.  
  
Trisha calmly walked down the catwalk twirling the strips of cloth like men used to do with their pocket watch chains.  
  
For a few seconds everything was silence, then the audience erupted in a crescendo of whistles and applause.  
  
When she reached the end of the catwalk she dropped the cloth strips and blow kisses to the members of the audience. The noise got even louder.  
  
After a bit she turned and walked back with her ass swinging and the cloth strips trailing behind her.  
  
Once backstage everyone came up and congratulated her. Since the people out front had just been treated to a display of her naked chest puppies she didn't begrudge her co-workers their chance.  
  
When everything calmed down the stage manager walked her back to where her own clothes were waiting. She waited until Trisha was once again in a normal set of clothes.  
  
She picked up Trisha's last outfit and with a smile told Trisha that the strips of cloth were there to be tied over her chest and behind her neck.  
  
Trisha just laughed and at last said, oops.

TWO DAYS LATER  
  
The line supervisor came over to where Trisha and Jacob were working. He told Trisha that she was wanted over in the office building. He said for her to go up the the receptionist and give her name. The receptionist would tell her where to go.  
  
As Trisha was walking over she suspected this might be her last day at B&G.  
  
At the receptionist desk she provided her name and surprisingly received a huge smile and a handshake. The receptionist told Trisha that she had been at the fashion show and that Trisha had been fantastic.  
  
She would have gone on, but the phone on her desk rang. She picked up it and stated that Trisha had just arrived and was on her way up.  
  
She told Trisha to take the elevator to the sixth floor. When she got there she was to take a right turn and go down to the last door. She said that Mr. Phillips was waiting for her.  
  
Trisha knew that Mr. Phillips was the company president. This could be very, very bad she thought.  
  
Arriving at the sixth floor, she turned right. At the end of the hall she found a door marked conference room.  
  
Knocking on the door she was told to come in.  
  
She had expected just Mr. Phillips. Instead there were about a dozen people sitting around a table. At the far end of the room there were five easels.   
  
On the first one was a poster of Trisha approaching the photographer wearing the first dress she had modeled. On the second easel was a poster of Trisha wearing the second dress. It had been taken as she was heading for the end of the catwalk. The third easel held a poster of Trisha standing at the end of the catwalk with the dress hanging down to her waist. The bombardment of emotions on her face at that moment had somehow turned the moment into a work of art. That her breasts were in plain sight was an embellishment, but it was almost like a second thought. Kind of a 'oh, by the way there some breasts visible.'  
  
The fourth easel held a another poster. This photograph had been taken as she was walking down the catwalk twirling the cloth strips. There was a subtle change in her manner. A more confident look on her face and in the way she was holding her body.  
  
The final easel held a poster that was Trisha standing at the end of the catwalk, strips laying on the ground, and she had her fingers by her mouth blowing a kiss.  
  
There was a silence in the room as they allowed her time to take in the images of herself.  
  
Finally Mr. Phillips broke the quiet. He stated that she could probably appreciate the company's surprise when then inquired about the model in the posters and were informed that she was actually an employee of the firm.  
  
Trisha started to explain how one of the actual models had gotten sick and she had been asked to step in, but he stopped her.  
  
He told her they knew the circumstances of how she came to be in the show. He went on to explain that the problem was the customers were expecting to see more of this new face for their own advertising. If the firm couldn't produce her it would hurt sales.  
  
Trisha stated that if there were anything she could do, maybe explain what happened to the customers, she would be more than happy to help.  
  
A different man at the table spoke up and said that it wasn't that easy. With an expectation that a professional model had been chosen the advertising campaign had already been started. Posters were being printed, commercials being prepped, contracts signed.  
  
A lady at the table stood up and walked over to Trisha. She told Trisha that the only way to salvage the situation is for Trisha to be this year's face of B&G.  
  
Trisha was stunned. She had never expected anything like this. She thought about it for a minute and told the group that her offer to be of any help was still valid.  
  
Everyone looked relieved.  
  
The woman standing next to her spoke to Trisha again. She said that management had decided to stage a little test to see if Trisha would actually be able to handle the upcoming challenges. She went on to relate that the stage manager of the fashion show had told them that as great as Trisha had been that night it might be a one time thing and before they went ahead they needed to know for sure that she could do whatever it took.  
  
Trisha looked her dead in the eye and told her to bring on the test.  
  
There was a quick round of applause.  
  
The woman sat down and a different woman spoke up. She told Trisha that the first part of her test was climb up on the table and strip naked.  
  
Trisha could have been knocked over with a feather. Did this core of management really expect her to strip for them?  
  
Looking at the somber faces around the table made her realize that they really were waiting to see if she had the guts to do it.  
  
She thought to herself, what the hell, they've already seen me half naked and there are posters at the end of room that are showing me anyway.  
  
She walked over to the table and turning her back seated her butt on the edge. She reached down and removed her work boots.  
  
Bet they'd be pissed about what my boots would do to their fancy table she thought, then she scooted her ass back. When she was far enough onto the table she stood up and stepped over to the center. She started unfastening the buttons on her shirt. One by one they came loose.  
  
Part of her was hoping they would stop her and part of her was hoping they wouldn't. The part that was hoping they wouldn't had two reasons, one was to see if they had the guts to carry this out and the other one was it was kind of exciting.  
  
When she had all the buttons unfastened she pulled it off her shoulders and let it hang from her waist.  
  
Glancing around the table she saw a multitude of expressions. Some were embarrassed, some were hoping for more, and some were looking bored.  
  
Now what to take off next she pondered for a second. Removing her pants would still leave her with as much as she wore when swimming so she unfastened her belt, popped the snap on her jeans and unzipped them.  
  
Nobody said stop so she pushed them down her legs. At the same time her shirt dropped free.  
  
When her pants were around her ankles she stepped out of them. One of the guys at the table was breathing so heavily that she thought he might be about to have a heart attack.

Not my problem she thought and kicked her jeans over where the slid off the table and landed in his lap. Now he really did look like he was going to have a heart attack.  
  
Just as she was reaching up behind her back to unsnap her bra one of the other men at the table told her to stop.  
  
So this was their test she thought. Then the guy said that since she had given her pants to Charles, he wanted her shirt. Everyone laughed except Trisha who kicked her shirt into his face. Even so he just grinned.  
  
Nobody else said anything so she knew that expected her to continue. Reaching up behind her back again she popped the catch on her brasserie. Without any hesitation she pulled the straps off her shoulders and let it drop into her hands.  
  
There was a moment of silence before one of the other men at the table quickly claimed her bra and she tossed it to him.  
  
Everyone was still waiting so she grabbed the waistband of her panties and a couple of seconds later was standing on the conference table of a major corporation, in front of most of their senior management completely bare-assed naked.  
  
There was a tapping on the table surface and Trisha turned towards the sound. Mr. Phillips motioned her to throw him her panties. Instead she walked over and placed them on his head.  
  
The table erupted into applause.   
  
She has passed their test.  
  
That was until the woman who had first spoken to her said it was time for part two.  
  
Trisha's surprise was obvious on her face.  
  
The woman continued saying that she had left her cellphone on her desk. Trisha's next challenge was walk down to the elevator and take it to the fourth floor. Exit the elevator and go to the door marked "Ms Jackson". Enter the room and tell her secretary that she had been sent to retrieve Ms Jackson's cell phone.  
  
Knowing the answer she nonetheless asked what she was supposed to wear. To her surprise the woman walked over to one of the chairs along the wall and picked up a paper bag.  
  
At least I won't be naked, Trisha thought.  
  
The woman reached in the bag and pulled out a stick-on name tag. She showed it to Trisha. It read, 'I've been bad, spank me'. Reaching over she stuck it on the upper slope Trisha's left breast.  
  
Trisha reached up and pulled it back off. She wadded it up and threw it on the floor. Then she told them that she wasn't gonna be part of some sick ass fetish and that as far as she was concerned they could all go pound sand up their butts.  
  
Instead of the expected reply they all applauded.  
  
The women explained that as a figurehead for the company in these year's advertising she would have to be able to know when to say no if someone tried to go too far.  
  
She sat back down and Charles, the one she thought was about to have a heart attack spoke. He told Trisha if she pasted the final part of the test she had the job as this year's face of B&G along with the money that went with it. In addition at the end of the promotion she would be brought into management.  
  
She just waited to hear what the test was.  
  
He said that the buyers for the company's major customers were waiting to meet her. He added that they had all been at the fashion show and were expecting something special before they announced their first round of purchases.  
  
He pointed to another bag on one of the wall chairs.  
  
Trisha walked over and opened it. Inside was the last outfit she had worn at the fashion show.  
  
Knowing she was going to do it, she pulled out the shorts and saw a pair of high heels beneath.  
  
The board members all got up and Mr. Phillips said they would give her some privacy to get dressed. He told her that at the other end of the hallway was a larger conference room where the buyers were enjoying free drinks.  
  
After they had all filed out she sat down and thought about what had just happened. She had just done a strip tease for the senior management of the company where she worked. She had also told them to go to hell using different words. Finally she had been offered the opportunity of a lifetime.  
  
What a roller coaster of a day. Realizing that there was a group of people waiting for her she stepped into the shorts and pulled them up. Then she put on the shoes. Lastly she took the strips of clothes that she had learned belatedly were there to be tied over her breasts, and tied them in place like they had been intended.  
  
When she was ready she walked down to the other conference room and stepped inside.  
  
The conversation immediately stopped. Everyone was looking at her. She could see all the looks of disappointment both on the guys' faces as well as some of the women's.  
  
She announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I trust you all remember this outfit from the fashion show. It was only after my walk down the catwalk that I was informed that this outfit was intended to be worn like this."  
  
She paused, then reached behind her neck and slipped the bow-tie she had fastened the strips together with and let the strips fall away.  
  
"Fortunately it's convertible."  
  
It was a good year for the company.  
  
The End