

Consequences of Envy - Part 4

For Killandra
By TheSpiralledEye

Charlotte is taken to a modelling shoot only to discover Georgie snuck a few extra toys into her outfit before she stepped on the runway.

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“Are you sure I should be dressed like this for a job interview?” Charlotte asked nervously as she and Georgie hurried along the street. “I don’t think mini skirts scream professionalism.”

“Trust me, you look perfect.” Georgie insisted.

It had been hard, realising she needed a new job. Charlotte wanted a total fresh start with her new life as a woman and working from home in data entry was not what she wanted to keep doing. As Charlie hiding away had been the obvious thing but now that she was in such a rocking bod the idea of it being hidden away half the day was torture. Besides; a party lifestyle wasn't cheap and she needed the money.

When one of Nina’s friends had mentioned she had the perfect job Charlotte had jumped at the chance, though found it a little strange that nobody would tell her exactly what the position was. She’d come out dressed in her new pencil skirt and blouse, ready to make a good professional impression when Georgie had pushed her right back into her room to change.

“Trust me,” She had insisted, “You want to look cute to get this job. Less is more.”

Charlotte needed no extra encouragement to dress scantily, in her mind the more skint he better but even she was beginning to doubt. A mini skirt and midriff shirt were cute to be sure, but not office attire. As they rounded the corner Georgie pulled her up the stairs of a large office building with posters covering every window; Madam Lilly Photography.

“A modelling agency?” Charlotte gasped, “Really?”

“Not just any one either. You’re perfect for their new ad, I just know it. Now come on. Your audition starts soon.”

Charlotte swallowed nervously as her heart began to race from excitement. She'd never dreamed of working as a model! If her job could be to have her photo taken every day, have people staring at her sexy body as she posed over and over. Fuck, that was the dream. She would just need to keep her voyeurism in check, already she was getting wet just at the thought.

They stepped into the foyer and Georgie filled out all the paperwork for her, stating that she was Charlotte's manager.

"She's beautiful, as you can see." Georgie joked, "But not too bright. A real boobs for brains, you know?"

Charlotte blushed but said nothing; she couldn't exactly argue. Not after the way she had acted in the past. The woman at the desk directed them down a hall where they were forced to sit with several other beautiful women. Charlotte smiled smugly as she looked them each up and down; pretty to be sure but they had nothing on her raw sex appeal. She was even glad to note that she had the biggest boobs by far. One of her rivals glanced over at her and Charlotte watched as they zeroed in on her chest. She just smiled sweetly, crossing her arms under them in order to push her cleavage further. A moment later the woman got up and left; she knew there was no point; Charlotte's pride swelled.

A sudden pinch on her thigh made her squeal and Georgie gave her a hard look.

"Stop acting so arrogant." She hissed, "We both know you're nothing more than an attention hungry whore deep down. Stop looking so superior."

Humiliation and humbleness washed over Charlotte and she demurred. Georgie was right; she remembered the party and how she'd let man after man take her and how good it felt. That beautiful woman who just left had probably acted so depraved. Still, try as she might, Charlotte couldn't bring herself to regret what she'd done. Not after all the pleasure it had bought her.

After what felt like an age her name was called and both Charlotte and Georgie walked into the room. Charlotte felt her jaw drop before melting into a smile. The studio was incredible; a walkway rimmed with lights was right in the centre, with a curtained off area at the back. All along the runway were cameras ready to capture every angle.

"You must be Charlotte." A woman dressed in a pencil suit greeted us. My mini skirt and top suddenly felt even more unprofessional and I felt my cheeks begin to turn pink.

The woman looked me up and down and smiled though.

“Wonderful curves. You’ll be perfect for this lingerie shoot.” She clapped her hands, “We’ll go through with the audition of course but I think we’ve found our star!”

Charlotte’s heart leapt. Her, a Star! Something like this could never have happened in her previous life. Georgie and the woman exchanged a few words and the woman handed over a box containing the articles she wanted modelled.

“Change into these behind the curtain.” She instructed, “Then, when you’re ready, walk out and do a few laps on the runway. I want to see your natural talent, once I have a good idea I’ll give you a few poses. Understand.”

“Yes, ma’am!” Charlotte grinned, almost crushing the box as she hugged it to her chest in excitement. This time it was her dragging Georgie along as she hurried backstage; it was time for her debut and she could not be more excited.

She unfolded the lingerie and gasped. It was so intricately made. The lace sheer and made of woven swirls and spirals that could only have been hand stitched. It was all one piece; a strapless bra with a curtain that hung down and lines of ribbon attaching the panties to the top. All of it was transparent and Charlotte was very glad she decided to shave this morning.

“We’ll have to cover you up.” Georgie said quietly, reaching into her bag and producing what looked like patches. “They’ll use photoshop to hide your nipples and pussy in the pictures but this will make it easier. Quick, strip off.”

Charlotte did as she was told, dropping her clothes and underwear unceremoniously in a pile as her feet and standing still as possible while Georgie attached the patches to her body. Two over her nipples, another across the front of her pussy. She did her best not to moan when those fingers pushed the patch against her clit but it was hard. The idea of being stared at and photographed by all those people out there had already made her wet. Georgie met her eye as the dampness began to soak into the patch and she just shook her head with an exasperated smile. As if she couldn’t expect any different.

She pulled the lingerie on and sighed as the soft lace brushed against her skin. It was so airy it was almost like wearing nothing at all. It felt silky and smooth against her skin, like it was made for her. She turned and caught her reflection in one of the many mirrors and

gasped with pleasure. She looked incredible, her long blonde hair cascading down the curve of her back juxtaposed against the black lace made her look almost ethereal; like a goddess.

“Now, don’t make a fool of yourself out there.” She winked, “Think sexy thoughts, just not too sexy.”

Charlotte giggled; that might be hard. Georgie placed a hand on the small of her back and led her to the edge of the curtain.

“We’re ready!” She called before dropping her tone to the whisper just for Charlotte's own ears, “And try not to get too distracted by those patches.”

She wanted to ask what Georgie had meant but a moment later she was shoved past the thick velvet curtains and out onto the runway. Lights dazzled her from every angle so that all she could make out beyond her runway were the gleams of camera lenses.

Taking a deep breath she began to strut, one leg slowly in front of the other, doing her best to let her hips sway dramatically, three steps in she jolted. A buzz from her chest made her yelp in surprise as warm tingling spread across both her nipples then stopped as abruptly as it came.

“Is everything alright?” Came a voice from the gloom.

“F-fine!” Charlotte choked out, she had to focus.

That buzzing started again, sending warm waves of pleasure emanating out from her nipples as she desperately tried to focus on walking straight. She could feel a blush sinking into her cheeks, then her breasts, thighs and ass. The stage lights heated her skin further and she was sure it was noticeable even through the sheer lingerie.

Gasps and stunned sounds came from the photographers as their shutters clicked. They liked her, she could tell. The knowledge made her pussy ache just in time for the patch there to start vibrating as well.

“Oh...” She breathed. “OoooOOoOoooh.”

It was hard to keep her mouth shut; she was forced to bite her lip to keep from letting any more out. For a moment she forgot about posing and simply stood there squirming as the camera clicked even more furiously.

“Excellent!” Called the woman from before, “Now, big pose, open arms and legs, let us really see the outfit.”

Charlotte did as she was told and was rewarded with even stronger vibrations from the patches. They were stretched tight over her skin now that she was so spread out. Her clit being gently massaged in such a way that Charlotte knew she wouldn't be able to hold back. Orgasm was coming and there was nothing she could do to stop it. The lights, the attention, the teasing; it was all too much!

“Walk a little closer now.”

It was taking all of her self control to keep from shivering from the pleasure. Charlotte walked forward, each step brushing the patch against her inner folds and clit. It felt like a vibrator being slowly stroked across her folds over and over; addicting and torturous. She could hear voices in the darkness that surrounded the runway; people muttering and whispering, talking about her. They were probably teasing her, laughing about this dumb bimbo model who was so turned on she couldn't even walk in a straight line. God that made her hot.

She reached the end of the runway and struck a pose, legs apart, chest pressed together as the vibration was turned up to max. A moan escaped her despite her best efforts and she heard shutters clicking away. She was about to cum, her insides were coiling, wound tight and ready to explode at any second. The knowledge that these cameras would likely capture the moment made her quiver.

Charlotte felt her legs go weak, falling down to her knees and then her ass as little gasps of pleasure began to escape her. She fell back on her hands, chest thrust out so that the light caught both of her huge boobs perfectly. Her eyes fluttered closed as her breath quickened.

“Ah...aghhhh...AHHHHH!”

She came, soaking the patch across her crotch with juices as she squirted. She knew everybody would be able to tell what was happening. God it was so embarrassing, it was so *hot*. She didn't even care if she got the job now this had been the most fun she had ever had.

The patches continued to vibrate and tease her even after the orgasm finished, leaving her over sensitive and unable to even think. She flopped down on her back, writhing on the runway as cameras appeared at the sides. Flashes dazzled her vision as she

moaned and came again. She was stuck here, unable to do anything but cum as people photographed her. No doubt Georgie was backstage, cackling as she used her phone or a controller to keep them going.

Perhaps she had blown the audition but she didn't care. She just hoped she could get a copy of those pictures.