

Desperate to Please

June 2021

"Hi, Mr. Conroe, sorry- sorry I'm late! I- whew, the traffic- you know, heh- accident on the 310-

Even as she panted out her excuses, Meena felt herself flushing – as much with embarrassment as from her dash up the stairs to the modeling agency's third-floor studio. *Stupid, stupid, stupid! Should have left earlier. Shouldn't have gotten caught up on scrolling that news feed at the coffee shop...*

But mercifully the coordinator didn't seem all that ruffled – at least, not judging by his face. "Well, things happen. The important thing is that you're here now, I guess. And just in time, too!" He glanced down at his phone and pursed his lips. "We've got this new shoot starting in less than ten minutes, hon. Best get with Cheryl ASAP!"

Cheryl was a bit more vocal, unfortunately. "Damn right you should have been here sooner," she muttered, glancing her up and down with a sour expression on her Botoxed face. "Come on, girl – put down that stupid drink and get stepping! I've not got all day, you know..." At which Meena gulped down the last third of her grande frappuccino and began hastily undressing. *Shut up and do your job*, she sternly ordered herself, biting back the urge to snipe back at this woman. *Just deal with it and do what they tell you to. Can't let this job go. Can't afford to...*

Though "what they tell you to" was honestly starting to look kind of freaky.

"What, is this like- I dunno- Like some *Fifty Shades* stuff?" she ventured, her hands clasped over her bare breasts and eyeing the pastel-colored canvas in Cheryl's arms with trepidation. "Hell if I know," Cheryl groused back inhospitably, her fingers already making quick work of the thing's intimidating array of buckles and straps. "It's just some new clothing startup that wants a bunch of shots for their marketing. Should be all your size. Okay, come on – arms out!"

Meena gulped as she obediently held her arms before her and let Cheryl begin slipping them deep into the lavender mass of cotton and canvas. It was some sort of jacket, she realized soon – but one with oddly long sleeves. *Well, I guess that is a weird fashion thing, isn't it? But wait...* "Umm, is this a- a-?" Her voice was quivering slightly, her eyes glancing down in growing nervousness at the maze of buckles that were beginning to draw tight around her petite frame.

"A straitjacket? Yeah, that's what they call it," Cheryl muttered from behind her, and Meena winced as she felt another strap pulled tight around her middle. "Just yell if it hurts too much, 'kay? Not

hurting anywhere yet, I wouldn't think." To which Meena had to shake her head quickly. "No, no, not really. It's just- I, well-" she broke off with a nervous laugh. "I've never worn anything like this befo- ooh!"

She stiffened and yelped quietly as the two straps between her thighs drew tight, brushing suggestively against the thin cotton panties that concealed her most sensitive and intimate regions. "Before," she finished lamely, even as the long sleeves too began to pull close, forcing her arms inward as if she were hugging herself. "Yeah, yeah, first time for everything," Cheryl told her unsympathetically, tugging them tighter still. "Hold still, hon. Ya gotta be on the set in two minutes!"

Well, this was becoming problematic.

Meena stared into the dazzling lights once more, forcing a sultry smile back onto her lips as she posed for the cameras. *Don't think about it, don't think- Just smile and smile and think about the paycheck... Smile and do what they say, no matter what...*

Just as she'd been doing for the past two hours.

Oh, sure: the straitjacket wasn't all that uncomfortable, she had to admit. And it was a pretty shade of lavender that contrasted beautifully with her own dark skin. It wasn't even the fact that besides the straitjacket, she was wearing literally nothing but her lace panties to shield her "down there" parts from view. No, no, it was something more than that.

She had to pee. Badly. Really, really badly.

Of course you had to go and gulp down that entire frap!, she raged internally. *What an absolute idiot! And you didn't even think to take a piss before seeing Cheryl?* Not that she'd had a choice, another part of her protested, even as she preened and cast another beckoning glance over her shoulder at the cameras. She'd been far too late to have done anything else. No, she'd just have to hold it- wait a bit longer- hope they'd be done soon. Oh, how incredibly wonderful it would feel to squat down and simply let her aching bladder release...

"Hey, you! We're needing smiles, hon! No zoning out, okay?"

With a start, she came to her senses and realized, with a blush, that she'd indeed been staring off into the middle distance. But even as she plastered another of her sweet, practiced smiles on her face, she heard another voice from behind the lights muttering in response. "Oh- wait, really? Okay, you mean, like-? Okay, okay, sure, we can do that-"

"Hey!" the photographer called now, with a glance down at the massive camera slung around his neck. "Let's actually try a few like that, okay? No smile – just zoned out, maybe looking all serious into the camera. Come on, on three!"

At least it was easier – or at least far more authentic, she realized, gazing with parted lips and wide, desperate eyes into the popping lights of the cameras. "Good, good! Oh, yeah, now we're talking," she heard them say, and the modeling instincts within her took over. *Roll with it, push it, give them even more-* She gazed, she pleaded, she stared, she bit her lip, she implored, she flashed her best and most desperate puppy-dog eyes. And all the while her brain was hammering out plea after mute plea: *Please, oh god, please, let me out of here- Let me run to the toilet- Oh, god I have to pee so bad- Can't hold on much longer-*

And so it was that, when her internal dam finally burst, and when those first hot rivulets seeped through her lace panties, trickled over the tight straps, and coursed down her bare thighs to pool on the floor beneath, every moment and every expression of frozen horror and disgust on her lovely dark face was captured forever in the photographer's lens.

Holy fuck, she'd screwed that up.

Meena winced at the hideous thoughts that kept blaring ceaselessly in her brain. She'd gone and pissed herself right in the middle of a shoot, right in front of the photographer and everything. What an absolute idiot! She'd end up disgraced – with a terminated contract, and no letters of reference, and awful credit, and- and-

And then she heard the step behind her.

"Hey, Meena. It's Meena, right?"

It was the photographer, wiping the sweat from his red face. "Hey, I just heard from our client. We- we weren't sure what they'd say after- you know- in case there was any issue with us having,

uh, damaged their, you know, outfit..." Meena blushed, knowing full well what he meant. Nobody wanted their stuff back when a model had literally peed in it, naturally...

"But, um, yeah. They say they really like what they've seen so far. Say it's just what they're looking for." *Wait, really? What the heck?!* "But- but-" she stuttered, fingers clasping her bag nervously. She could still feel her wet panties beneath her jeans, the damp shame clinging to her, refusing to let her believe what she was hearing-

"Yeah. And actually, they said they dig the whole, um, you know, like, desperate thing? I dunno. But they're sending over some new stuff to model tomorrow. Stuff they say they don't normally ask a normal model to try, but, you know, if you're willing..." He trailed off, a look of mingled pity and amusement on his face.

"Stuff?"

"Yeah, I dunno. They said something about mittens? And, like, protection, or something? I dunno. 'Course," he gave a short chuckle. "Guess it only makes sense given- you know..." He trailed off with an awkward clearing of his throat. "Anyway. All they said is that whatever you were doing today, they want more of that. So we'll plan to see you tomorrow, yeah?"

To which Meena, awash in a mix of mortification and relief, simply nodded. She couldn't quite believe it, but somehow, she'd still managed to please them – not *despite* having pissed herself, but *because* of it! She'd have to bring her A game tomorrow, sure. And she wasn't quite sure what they meant about "protection." But if they were willing to give her another shot... well, she'd be there for it.

Though maybe she'd have to think twice about the frappuccino.