

Model Submissives

Emily Sinclair

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“I’ll be honest, you have an impressive portfolio with a wide range of different subject matters, but none of them even come close to the type of work we do here at Hidden Desires,” Mr. Radcliff said as he flipped through the binder full of images ranging from landscapes to fully clothed models in modest poses. “You have potential, but unless I see how you shoot models in more risqué outfits and poses I cannot hire you.”

“I’d be more than happy to do a few shoots with your models,” Erica said, her hopes of landing her dream job dashed and then reinstated.

“Actually, I’d like to see you working with at least three different amateur models. Get them to pose in various fetishwear and gear and if they are as high quality as what I see here then the job is yours. I’ll give you a week to make it happen and then I’ll have to take another look at our other applicants.”

“Thank you. I’m not sure where I’m going to find anyone willing to do this kind of modeling, but I’ll try.”

“I find family and friends are a great source of inspiration.”

“No one I know knows about this aspect of my life. I’ll see what I can come up with and I thank you once again for the chance. I really do want this job.”

“And that’s why I’m willing to postpone hiring one of the others. You have real talent, Erica, but we have very strict hiring guidelines and I’m going to need to see how you handle a fetish shoot.”

“I completely understand. If I can’t find anyone to help me out I’ll let you know sooner rather than later so you’re not sitting around waiting for nothing.”

“Appreciate it.”

“One last question before I go. Can the models wear masks or hoods? That might help me convince someone I know to do it.”

“Masks and hoods tend to block facial expressions and emotions so I’d rather they didn’t.”

“I’ll do my best to find three willing participants and I hope to see you in a week.”

“Looking forward to it.”

Leaving the studio, Erica got in her car and tightly gripped the steering wheel as her stomach tied itself in knots trying to figure out who she could let in on her secret sex life. Of all the people she knew, she immediately tossed out every single family member based simply on the subject matter of the required shoots. Though not expressly stated, she also got rid of her male friends – reducing a list of about one hundred down to fifteen including her best friend Jenna and her MILF neighbor Linda. Deciding the best option was to send out a mass group text to them all, she sat in the parking lot and typed away.

Need help with photoshoots for dream job. Pay negotiable. If anyone is interested please let me know and we can discuss the details in private.

Text sent, she pulled out and headed home – making it all of a mile before her phone buzzed. Looking around to see if there were any cops, she picked it up and saw a text from her friend Carla. *I’ll help you out anyway I can. Let me know what I need to do.* Her heart suddenly racing upon getting at least one reply, she smiled ear to ear as she saw her dream job coming one step closer. *Me too*, Jenna, Alice, Mandy and Ginger replied in back to back texts. Knowing it

was against the law, but too excited by the many offers to wait, Erica quickly sent out another group text.

Will be home in 20. Anyone interested in more info please drop by in 30.

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Pacing back and forth as she waited, Erica went over how she was going to tell everyone what sort of shoots they were getting themselves into. Fifteen minutes after getting home there were nine friends and a neighbor standing around her living room anxiously awaiting details. “First, let me thank you all for showing up to help me with this project as it’s the only way for me to land my dream job. Second, I’m not going to lie, this isn’t one of the normal photo shoots I’d had some of you help me with in the past so I have to be careful how I present it. To that end, I’ve decided to break it down in a series of questions. Ok, question one: is anyone willing to pose in lingerie? If yes, please stay. If no, then please leave with my apologies for wasting your time.”

To Erica’s surprise, everyone stayed though some looked a bit more enthused about the prospect of being photographed in skimpy, potentially revealing lingerie. “Wow! I’m actually surprised. I thought for sure at least half of you were going to leave. Okay then. Next question. Oh, and each question is going to have a stay or leave option and I ask you to be honest and go because if you stick around I will assume you are interested in doing the shoots and will hold you to it. Anyways, who is willing to go fully nude?”

There were some nervous looks and fidgeting, but again, everyone stayed. “I’m serious, Erica continued. If you stay I will hold you to it and you will participate in the shoots or risk our friendship over a lie. If you do not want to pose nude then please go before I ask the next question. There will be no hard feelings.” More nervous glances and averted eyes between friends and around the room, but no one left. “Okay. Who is willing to do very lewd and sexually graphic poses?”

That got their attention. “Um, define lewd and sexually graphic,” her friend Kayleigh said.

“Cupping your tits, pinching nipples, spreading yourself open front and back. That sort of thing.”

“Jesus Christ, Erica! Is your dream job to do porn?” her best friend Jenna asked.

“Good question,” Mandy added.

“Only way to find out is to stick around to the end. So, anyone leaving, or are you all staying again?” After a moment, her friends Jodie, Nicole and Beth left while the rest remained. “Next question. Are you willing to pose using sex toys?” That thinned the herd as Kayleigh, Ginger, Mandy and Alice walked out the front door leaving only her best friend Jenna, her friend Carla and neighbor Linda. “I figured that one would make a lot leave. Hopefully at least one of you will stay after the next and final question. Are you willing to pose in various states of bondage?”

“You mean like being tied up?” Linda asked.

“Let me rephrase the question. Are you willing to be placed in bondage, and yes, that means being tied up, as well as on and in various bdsm-related equipment and clothing?”

“I know I said I’d help any way I can, but I think that’s a step too far even for me,” Carla answered. “I’m sorry, Erica, but that’s not even remotely my thing.”

“It’s not mine either, but I’m willing to help her out with it,” Linda offered with a nervous smile.

“What about you, Jenna? You willing to do that?” Carla asked. “I know the two of you are best friends and all, but are you seriously considering it?”

“Honestly, I’m not sure what I’m thinking right now. Besides, you said you’re not interested so shouldn’t you be leaving right about now?”

“The questions are over so what’s the harm if I stay?”

“The harm is you trying to influence someone’s decision,” Erica replied. “I want this to be an unbiased, non-coerced decision everyone has to make for themselves regardless of their relationship with me or anyone else in this room. Before you go, due to the sensitive nature of my request, I will ask you to keep this to yourself out of respect for your friends. If anyone who already left finds out what the shoots are centered around I will not be happy with whomever leaked the information.”

“I can’t believe I’m saying this, but…” there was a long pause as Jenna paced back and forth. Stopping in the doorway between living room and kitchen, she exhaled slowly. “I’ll do it.”

“Are you sure? You really don’t have to.”

“Like Carla said, it’s not even remotely close to being my thing, but you’re my best friend, Erica, and if this will land you your dream job then what kind of friend will I be if I didn’t at least try to help you out?”

“Thank you both so much. Now I just need to find one more model. Also, I’m going to need as much of your free time as you’re willing to give as I only have one week to get the photos to my potential boss.”

“Don’t look at me,” Carla sighed. “I know how much this means to you, but getting tied up, fucked with sex toys and god knows what else on camera, is not my idea of a fun time. Good luck finding someone else, but I’m out.”

After Carla left, it was Linda’s turn to pace back and forth. “I might have someone willing to do it, but you might not like it.”

“I’m open to suggestions at this point.”

“Megan.”

“Your step-daughter Megan?”

“Yes. Before you say anything please hear me out. I know she’s only eighteen, but I happen to know she’s into all manner of twisted shit including bdsm if her browser history is any indication. I’m confident she’ll be more than willing to be your third model.”

“It’s not her age I’m worried about,” Erica sighed. “I have to do at least one shoot with the three models in sexual poses together and I won’t be able to do that with a mother and daughter.”

“Technically, we are step-mother and step-daughter. There’s no blood between us so we won’t be breaking any laws. Not to say I want to have sex with my step-daughter, but if it’s simulated and not too graphic I might be able to muddle my way through it.”

“And what about her?”

“Megan? She’s fuck me silly if she could.”

“Really?”

“Like I said, she has twisted sexual perversions. So, do you want me to give her a call?”

“Are you comfortable with this, Jenna? Can you do a shoot with Linda and her step-daughter?”

“When you say you need to do a shoot in sexual poses are you talking about us licking and fingering each other? Because I’m not into women like that.”