

Work It, Baby

Part Two - June 2020

Terri Ferguson hummed a little ditty to herself as she sipped at her morning coffee. Damn, she had forgotten just how delicious a piping-hot cuppa joe could be in the morning - just the way she liked it, too, with two lovely packets of sugar. She could feel the liquid life flowing into her, perking her up like water on a drooping houseplant. Yes, this was good. This was great, even.

That red-eye from New York was never a fun one - not with having to drop those three entire time zones. But it had been worth it. Here she was, back in her friend's sunny condo overlooking a pristine beach, instead of stuck in her decrepit rat trap of an apartment in upper Manhattan. Meanwhile, her former boss and tormenter was disgraced: stuffed into a Motel 6 nearby with what could only be described as an entourage of models turned guards.

And this morning? Well, this morning was when the real fun would begin.

Terri licked her lips reflexively. Oh, yes. She needed to decide exactly what the best path forward was here. Not that she was some sort of sadist - of course not. She just didn't want to be too... *hasty* about it. She needed to draw it out, to relish the experience. She had to let that condescending bitch fall not just all at once, but *slowly*. Over, and over. And lower and lower. Writhing and squirming and protesting the entire way...

Okay, she mentally admitted as she took one final sip. Maybe she was just a bit of a sadist.

"Get your hands off me, you dirty low life scum! You beauty school dropouts, you sleazy streetwalkers, you, you-" Allison was furious - as usual. But this time, she was also jet-lagged, offended, and outraged beyond words. "Oh, shove it, Allie," Nora ordered calmly, thrusting her disgraced boss down into her chair with a firm hand planted between her shoulder blades. "We're just making sure you're not planning on heading out that door. You've got an appointment here with the agency, after all - and we're going to see to it that you keep it."

Allison glared daggers at the other models who were positioned strategically about the waiting room. She was smart enough to know that she wasn't getting out. Fair enough. But there was no rule that said she couldn't make her discontentment loudly known, or do her damndest to aggravate these stupid bitches. "Why are we even here? If this dirty hole in the wall really is a modeling

agency, why the hell aren't they actually working with us?"

As if on cue, the stout wooden door across from Allison eased open, revealing her former assistant Terri smiling more broadly than ever. "Bring her on in," Terri ordered in her best professional tone. "Both the photographer and the director want to see what they're working with." Allison fumed and fretted as Terri and two of her escorts corralled her through the door and down a hall into what appeared to be a medical examination room. "What the hell is all this shit?" she snapped, eyeing the examination table, framed diagrams of eyes and sinuses, and boxes of latex gloves with trepidation. "I bet you all think this is really hilarious, don't you? Taking your old boss down a few notches, huh? Trying to-"

"Doesn't she ever stop talking?" queried a small woman in a demure skirt and glasses, seated almost unnoticed in the corner behind the door. "Not that that's a real problem, of course..." "It would seem not, Ma'am," Terri shrugged offhandedly. "As long as I've known her she's always been exceptionally good at using her mouth." A quiet ripple of laughter ran around the room as Allison's impotent rage redoubled. "Why, you little cu-"

"Silence," the director ordered calmly, glancing up in quiet amusement at the silent-looking young man - clearly the photographer - standing beside her. "Now, since you're so talkative, why don't you help us out, hmm? You're here to model, Miss... Allison, I see. So, tell us. What talents do you possess that may be useful in your new position?"

"What? Talents?" Allison's rage was momentarily checked by the unexpected question, but then redoubled. "Lady, do you even fucking know who I am? I have more talent for business and fashion and artistic endeavors in my pinky finger than you could ever dream of, you pathetic little- little- *Director*. Why, I bet you've never even-"

"Business, fashion, and art, hmm?" The director seemed unaffected by the vitriol Allison was spewing at her. "We don't really have a demand for any of those talents here just now, I'm afraid." She glanced down at her clipboard and adjusted her cat-eye glasses. "How about dancing?"

"*Dancing?!*" Allison was apoplectic now. "You are seriously asking one of the leading lights of the global fashion world whether she can fucking *dance?!!*" "No," the director replied smoothly. "I am asking a new model in my studio whether she can 'fucking dance'. Given the tone of your response, of course," and here she jotted a note on her clipboard, "I presume that you do not. How about painting? Drawing? Coloring? Anything in that vein, Miss Allison the *Artiste?*"

She might as well have been waving a red flag before a rampaging bull.

"Well, then!" the director smiled at last, rising to her feet. "It seems like we have a model who will need to undergo a bit of, shall we say, *apprenticeship*. Now, never fear," she admonished, glancing at Terri with the hint of a twinkle in her eye before returning her gaze to the fuming woman before her. "I'm sure you have great potential, Allison. We're more than happy to give you all the training you need to succeed in this position for as long as you're with us. All we ask is that you do your best to learn from your training and use it to make yourself a better model."

"Oh, and Jeremy," she added, almost as an afterthought as she stepped from the room. "Why don't you go ahead and get started with sizing and wardrobe? I'll send Annette down to give you a hand with some sample outfits shortly..." And with that, she was gone, leaving Allison with her rage, her thoughts, and four individuals more than happy to set to work on their new model-to-be.

Jeremy wasted no words. (He seldom did, as Allison would quickly discover.) "Go ahead and strip for us," he ordered offhandedly, as if he were merely asking for the time of day. "Gotta see what we're working with." "What?!" shrieked Allison, as if he'd just casually suggested that she chop off her own leg. "You have got to be kidding! You pervert, you dirty-minded pimp, you-"

Her shrieks of horror as the three women, all of whom were delighted to assist in helping Allison comply, were pure music to Terri's ears.

And once again, she reflected that maybe, just maybe, she did have a bit of a sadistic streak.