**Rebecca's misadventures in pre-teen underwear**

by SDS

**Series 1 - Underwear Model**  
So I thought I'd come out of hiding for a while and share a few things I've been working on.   
  
Hope you all enjoy and you'll be happy to know I haven't totally forgotten about - I'm not a little girl. Actually this story has a similar theme so I hope it's also going to be a winner. I tried out some first person so let me know what you think of that.   
  
This story follows Rebecca a shy teenager that who's mom wants her to be a model. However the first modelling job she gets might not be all it seems...

**Chapter 1 - Into**  
My mother was a beauty queen in the 70s and so as you can imagine was obsessed with looking good and that fake glamorous lifestyle. I inherited her pretty face although as a teen didn't have her figure that had won her the pageants all them years ago. Even so she was determined to have me get a modeling gig and becoming the next teen fashion Icon. I on the other hand was shy, quiet, book smart and aspired to be a doctor. Because of my mother however I had applied to many fashion labels and was signed up with over 10 agencies specializing in teen and tween modeling. I had never gotten a gig despite all these applications and to my horror she had even set up a website portfolio and facebook group to try and kick off my career.   
  
I had taken a lot of stick about that from the popular girls at my school when they found out about the website. However their ridicule was nothing compared to what I was about to receive after that ill fated incident....   
  
I was shocked when my mother told me one day that she had received a job offer from a Japanese clothing manufacture. It would be modeling teen fashion that they sold in Japan and would be a massive career opportunity for me. They even said I would be flown out there for the shoot all expenses paid. This seemed like a dream come true for my mother.  
  
Firstly they said they needed all my exact measurements and even amature photos of me in a swimsuit from all sides to get my body shape correct before they allocated what I would be wearing. This was fairly embarrassing for me but my mum told me it was all normal and so I was marched upstairs and made to have my picture taken in my dark blue one-piece suit with no padding.   
  
These pictures and all my embarrassing measurements were then sent over to the agency later that night. My mother assured me this would be a great opportunity as Japanese people were generally shorter than western ones and so I would be a great fit with my shortness, skinniness and lack of womanly curves as she put it.   
  
To my growing surprize we heard back shortly afterwards that everything was in order and I would be scheduled to shoot a few months later in Japan. There was even some contracts emailed over to sign. as far as I was concerned everything seemed quite legit. I never saw these emails or paperwork however but my mother assured me it was all above board. I couldn't believe it, I wasn’t exactly thrilled about the job but a trip to Japan was definitely exciting.

**Chapter 2 - The request**  
It was a weeks later that the strange email hit my mother's inbox. . Apparently there had been a major problem with a shoot over in Japan with four models not turning up and they needed someone to take some pictures urgently. They asked if I would be able to model the pieces as I was a good fit for the clothes and they would compensate us well for it once we came over for the main shoot.   
  
I thought it sounded fishy but my mother insisted that it was all normal and I was just being silly. She responded saying I would be happy to and they emailed back telling her that they would get the clothes shipped over with a really fast private courier within two days. In preparation my mom hired out the photo studio where I got my yearly headshots done and everything was set.   
  
To my surprize the box of clothes did indeed come only two days later. My mother was so happy and I tried to put on a brave face for her despite my reluctance to actually be a model. She spoke to the fashion label some more via email and called me into the living room for an announcement. It turned out it was a pre-teen fashion shoot that had been messed up but I was just the right height and build to pull off the 11-12 year old clothes. I was mortified, I didn't even want to model never mind doing kids clothes modeling.   
  
“Don’t be so ungrateful!” my mother insisted. “No one will know and getting in good with this fashion label is important” reluctantly I agreed but was in a mood about it. Later in the day we had a bit of a follow up argument about it but my mother again just shot me down and sent me to my room early saying I was ungrateful.   
  
  
**Chapter 3 - The shoot**  
The next day I found myself taken out of school for the photoshoot. My daft mother obviously thought that it was more important that my actual education. She spent hours on my make up and hair and I have to admit I did look very pretty, however I did note that she had made me up in a more simple style rather than her usual over the top to make me look younger.   
  
When we arrived the normal photographer was away so her son was to do it to my mother’s anger and my horror. The cute 18 year old however turned out to be a very good photographer and so my mother let up and it was all to go ahead as planned.  
  
I was blushing already realising that this cute boy would be seeing me in the Kiddy clothes but if only I had known what was to come! My mother got her laptop set up and to make me even more nervous the thing was going to be streamed via webcam and directed by someone at the agency.   
  
The first few outfits weren't so bad, various jeans tops and dresses that were a little childish in design but to my annoyance fit me almost perfectly. I tried to protest saying a lot of these clothes didn't look fashionable but again my mother snapped that Japan was a total different fashion style, shutting me up. The photographer Bret found my mood very funny and I think he was enjoying my embarrassment at modeling kids clothes. It was really embarrassing especially when some of the dresses were short and revealing obviously made for a girl a year or so younger. It took a couple of hours to get through all that and my mother kept consulting the laptop and ordering me into various clothes, poses and what to wear next. I was red faced and annoyed at some of the requests and many time I had to re adjust my clothes to hide my underwear from being on display. I had tried on perhaps twelve outfits when things kicked up a gear.   
  
I stopped dead when she pulled some swimwear out of the box. “Mum i’m not modeling swimwear!” I tried to protest but before I could barely say a word my mum launched into an argument stating that: One, I didn't mind wearing them at the pool or beach. Two, no one I knew would see these anyway. Finally, that fact that she had paid all this money and I was wasting my big break. Begrudgingly I had to agreed and went off to get changed.   
  
The first was a dark purple one piece that was quite tight on me probably a size too small. I tried to complain to my mum but again she started to shout through my arguments. I could see her losing patience with me so I reluctantly came out my arms over my chest were the tight fabric was showing the outline of my breasts a little too much to my liking. I was already red faced as I looked over at the grinning photographer.  
  
The next thirty minutes was an embarrassing blur, the fashion label kept ordering me to do things like pretend to jump up and hit a beach ball and pose in odd positions which they assured me would be edited with props etc. All the time Bret was grinning probably a mix of joy of seeing me in swimwear and also in fun at my displeasure and embarrassment. It was embarrassing as hell as I posed and acted to the studios demands.  
  
The next two were equally tight and embarrassing one was bright yellow a similar size and shape to the first. The other was even worse in fact, a bright blue with an embarrassing filly skirt that made me look like I was 10. I kept having to unpick the fabric out of my bottom as bending over and posing kept giving me a wedgie. I was so ashamed but thought better of complaining again, I just tried to hope that Bred hadn’t snapped any shots with my bottom slightly exposed.  
  
The whole time I was posing my heart was racing, I couldn't believe what was happening. The whole situation seemed so surreal and terrifying, I couldn't believe I was being photographed in the unflattering swimwear and being forced to pose and look happy while having it done. I knew from the mirror in the changing room that I looked like a little kid, I don’t know what I would ever do if the girls at my school found out and saw the pictures.

Chapter 4 - The shoot gets worse  
  
Hours had already passed when my mother let us break for lunch. I tried not to meet Bret's eye as he was still grinning as I re-emerged in my normal street clothes finally able to change out of the swimwear. I ate in a sulk and was again berated by my mother for being ungrateful and in her words “Having a face on”l. Brett came over while we were eating a sandwich to go through the photos with my mum. She wouldn't let me look and even shared a chuckle between the two of them that got me blushing again. I starked off to get some fresh air, ignoring my mom shouting “Rebecca” after me.   
  
When I returned my mother was tapping her foot impatiently but didn't say anything to my surprize. It turns out next i had to wear a range of sleepwear all again very childish and some very embarrassing. I looked at the impatience on my mother's face and decided it wasn’t worth the argument.  
  
The first normal couple of PJ sets were ok but the nighties that came after were a little tight and kept riding up exposing my knickers when I wasn’t careful. Each time I realised I had exposed my panties to Bret I blushed pulling them back down and to my growing shame I was also made to do all kinds of posing again and even pretend I was having a pillow fight. It was so embarrassing I was sure I had flashed Brett my white full brief panties at least five times and that was before I being asked to jump up and down in mock play or lay down pretending to be asleep. Again I just hoped he didn't have my underwear exposure on camera but I was sure he had. I tried to complain to my mum about it but she waved her hand dismissively saying that the studio would edit out anything inappropriate and I was just being silly.   
  
The most embarrassing part of the sleepwear was when I had been given the more skimpy little shorts that were almost underwear and crop tops. One set particularly were tighter than the rest and for whatever reason the fashion label asked me to do extra poses and things in them. It was horrible, I felt like I was wearing underwear and nearly all my body was on display to both the camera and the grinning teen. I was so mortified as my mother had to ask me to pull them down a little as my butt cheeks were showing after another round of posing.  
  
I had hoped we were done when I had modeled the last sleepwear but then to my disbelief my mother pulled out a pair of underwear.   
  
“No way!” I shouted as soon as I realised what she intended. “Mum i’m not doing underwear modeling!” She started to say something but this time I stopped her. “Mum you always say glamor modeling is for sluts! What’s the difference? I’m not doing it!” I cried out desperately. I looked over and Bret who was just grinning at my outburst and my mom's anger.   
  
My mum had turned red in her silent rage, I knew instantly that I had gone too far. “It’s not glamor modeling you stupid girl!” she said storming over to me. “and these aren't exactly bedroom secrets are they!?” she shouted holding up a pair of of boy short panties. “These are kids underwear and more covering than alot of the swimwear you girls wear these days!” she shouted. I couldn't meet her eye and just looked down lost for words. “Why do they have kids underwear models anyway!” I managed to try and protest. “Don’t be silly Japan is obviously not as uptight about these kind of things as we are here. Anyway when I was a kid catalogs always had children in their underwear in them!” My mum answered shooting me down again.   
  
“Mum but what If... ” I started to mumble but she forced the underwear into my hands. “Don’t be so ungrateful girl I’ve brought you up better than this!” she went on silencing my protests. 

**Chapter 5 - Underwear model**  
My heart was pounding, I looked up and saw Brett with his dam grin. My mother didn't even realise that I was mortified to be in underwear in front of him. She probably still considered me a kid rather than a teen just a few years younger than the photographer. I had lost, I didn't have the willpower to argue with my mother and now I was going to become an underwear model.   
  
On slightly shaky legs I retreated back to the changing room new underwear in hand.  
  
It felt so weird stripping off in the changing room only to redress in a set of underwear only. The first set was a matching bra and boyshort set that I didn’t feel too bad about wearing in the grand scheme of things. The bra was conservative hiding what little bussum I had well and the boyshorts wear a matching pink and with white stripes. I looked in the mirror seeing myself looking like years younger than my age, I felt so silly. At least It was a Japanese company I told myself, there was no chance anyone I knew would see these.   
  
I stood with my hand on the door handle for ages barely able to make myself walk out into a room with a cute boy in just my undies to be photographed. I opened the door to see my mother's annoyed impatient face and Bred go wide eyed in glee. Instantly my face went bright red and my heart dropped.  
  
I was practically shaking as I stood ready to be photographed in the striped pink undies and bra. Again my mother relayed the orders from the laptop and I was posed and positioned all over the place. It was so embarrassing but at least this first pair were well covering and could even be considered age appropriate. My heart was beating as I had to pose again exposing myself in just underwear to the room and the horrible camera. I kept telling myself it was no big deal and the swimwear had been more revealing. It didn't help much however and I was almost freaking out from the embarrassment. It took all my training to keep the stupid smile on my face.   
  
When my mother pulled out the next pair I wasn’t so lucky, this one was pure shiny white with pink fancy trim, the bra was matching but with more shape than the last one. I was about to go back into the changing room when my mother stopped me. “You’ve wasted enough time, here just quickly change under a towel” she said picking one up and wrapping it around me.   
  
My heart was in my mouth now, it was already embarrassing enough as it was but changing like I was a 7 year old on the beach and having no time to recover was too much. I was bright red as my mum held the towel and allowed me to remove my knickers and bra leaving me naked bar the towel. Brett’s grin had only intensified as he was staring at the discarded garments on the floor and knew I was only one slip away from being naked.  
  
Not wasting any time despite how reluctant I was to wear them I redressed in the bra and panties scared my mother would release the towel too early. I however did gasp in shock as she dropped the towel as soon as I had my bra fastened. One second I was hidden the next I was stood in the little virginal white underwear which was slightly tight and hugely embarrassing. I was blushing deeply as Brett once again went on a photography spree and I was forced to expose myself in just the underwear and this set exposing a lot more of me than the last. The pair were a size too small with cute little white bow on the front. I was practically shaking as the shiny material practically glowed in the studios strong lights.   
  
I was struggling to keep the smile on my face for the pictures now and I was practically shaking from the shame of being in such embarrassing underwear. My mother made it worse by saying how cute I looked which got a suppressed laugh from Bret deepening my shame.   
  
The next sets of underwear included some simple briefs in five different colours which all had matching bras. My mother was constantly watching the clock and aware that our session was running out.   
  
This was so embarrassing but at least they covered me more than the previous shiny white set. The first of the five were a matching bright orange bra and knicker set. The set actually fit me quite well and apart from the colour might have been something i’d have actually have worn. I was put through the usual motions of poses and angled. this bra actually had a bit of shape showing off my breasts in a way I wasn’t comfortable with, but what could I do I was already beaten.   
  
The second set were a pastel green pair of Granny style knickers and a more conservative bra. I wouldn't have dared wear that pair to school as girls wearing them always got picked on in PE but right then they were a welcomed relief from the skimpiness of the previous two.   
  
The third pair was the same design but in a pink however while changing into them my mother let the towel slip, I almost exposed my little breasts to the photographer but luckily my quick reaction caught the towel. I screamed but my mother just shrugged it off telling me to stop being silly. Again I had to pose and the photographer got plenty of picture of my in the big embarrassing panties.   
  
The fourth of the set were again a more normal shaped pair in yellow. The pair had little orange lace around the waistband and leg holes and the bra’s design matched this as well. The bra was also tight but unlike some of the previous ones shaped my breasts well making my blush as I was again showing more flesh than I was accustomed to. While in this pair I also had to pretend to dance and jump in the air while spinning around letting the camera get shots of my panty clad bottom. Needless to say I wanted the ground to open up and swallow me and my red blushing body.   
  
The last pair of the five were white and I was to learn a little bit see through when exposed to the bright light of the studio and the flash of the camera. “erm we have a little problem” said Brett as he took some pictures of me in them. My mother came over and I heard them giggling together.   
  
“What's wrong?” I asked blushing and covering myself now in the lull of photographs, I was still not used to being in my undies in front of Bret and so was reluctant to come any closer to investigate. My mother looked over at me. “Oh nothing, they can fix it in post editing” she said barely hiding a grin. “What?!” I insisted annoyance creeping in to fight with the shame in my voice.   
  
“Oh it’s no big deal it’s just that we can see your hair through your knickers” my mother said quite blahzay. I instantly covered up my crotch blushing a red as deep as my shame flooded in. “Stop being silly girl” my mother snapped at me.   
  
Silly? Yes I felt very silly stood in a pair of white underwear being photographed for a fashion label and been laughed at by a cute teenager who had seen practically every inch of me!

**Chapter 6 - Training bras**  
Brett shortly afterwards ‘kindly’ offered to let us have more time on the shoot so we could finish. I was already past the point of embarrassment but then my mother pulled out a pair of childish panties with teddy bears on them and to even worse a training bra which plunged me into true despair and humiliation.   
  
I wanted to fight her but i’d had enough, I knew I wouldn't win and so reluctantly I once again stripped butt naked under the towel before redressing this time in the really childish underwear. The bra was really tight and made my already small tits look almost non existent. It was in the style of “my first bra” and I had to pull it over my head like a vest rather than having straps and a clasp at the back. I wanted to cry as my mother yet again whipped the towel away and pushed me forwards in just the little humiliation underwear and training bra ready for the first of these set of shoots.   
  
This one lasted ages, I had to pose in lots of positions and for all of it I was on the brink of tears. Brett was loving every second of my humiliation and I had to stop myself running away from the shame of it. The camera got loads of pictures of me in the little bear undies and I had to pretend to be happy all the while. The pair was both tight and yet again exposed my pale cheeks slightly causing me to have to unpick a wedgie every chance I got.  
  
I was shaking when I was finally able to get undressed again, I was so happy to get out of the horrible childish underwear but still glowed a deep red as I stood naked with just the towel held tightly around me. The next set were to my horror a similar childish preteen style but with a slightly more boyshort pair of knickers. I cringed as I pulled the little vest-bra over my head forcing it over my boobs again. This set were a bright childish pink with hello kitty on the front, there was little I could do but pull the matching panties on. I held tightly onto my towel a few seconds even after my mother had let go, my heart was pounding as I held the towel like a safety blanket. Once bitten twice shy as the saying goes and I was reluctant to face the horror and humiliation again.   
  
I did however have to let the towel fall and force my professional smile back on my face to be photographed again. I felt such as little girl as I pose and turned in the kiddy underwear letting the camera yet again snap me from every angle.   
  
The final set of pre-teen underwear were a matching rainbow set. these seemed even smaller than the last two and I wouldn't be surprised if the size was for 9 year olds. It was really hard for me to pull the stripy multicolored bra over my tits this time making my chest really uncomfortable. The knickers were equally tight, turning modest clothing into a mortifying exposure as my cheeks hung out at the back. My mum ripped the towel off me before I had time to readjust making me yelp in shame and shock. There I was almost naked except for the childish underwear total exposed to the bright lights of the studio and the eighteen year old photographer as well as the fashion label watching everything via webcam.   
  
To my pure shame I quickly noticed that as I posed and bent over in the awfully tight underwear I was flashing my bum cheeks. I had to stop half way through the shoot as I burst into tears to the annoyance of my mother. The fashion label however told my mother it was ok and they probably had everything they needed. To my relief it was finally over. I ran into the changing room to both change out of the awful underwear and cry while my mother and Brett started to go through the image they would send to the fashion label. My heart was hammering in my chest as I stared at myself in the full length mirror, the girl who looked back could have passed for ten years old. It was a struggle but I pulled off the tight underwear glad to be naked and out of the childish garments.   
  
I controlled my breathing, forcing myself to calm down . At least no one I know would ever see the pictures I told myself trying to fight back the tears of shame that flooded down my face.   
  
Or so I thought…