**First Time Modeling**

by Emi Tsuruta

When I was little, my father took my mom, my sister and me to visit one of his old classmates from university, Russell Crane. Mr. Crane worked as an architect, and I remember us staying a night in his beautiful chalet in the mountains near the ski resort Tahoe. After that, my father mentioned Mr. Crane once in a while, and had been vaguely hinting that now that I was living in California instead of Japan, I should go up, and visit him. Oceanview isn't really all that close to Tahoe, so for the longest time, I put it off. Then one day, our old friend Kiyomi invited my boyfriend Ryosuke and me to come up, and see her in San Francisco. Ryosuke couldn't go, so I ended up going alone, and took a train inland to see Mr. Crane from there.

I arranged to meet Mr. Crane in this fancy restaurant in town. He looked like someone from the 1960's with his long sideburns and moustache, but he was quite charming for a man his age. He was very gallant, holding doors open for me, and treating me to dinner. I wondered why he had never gotten married.

"When your dad was young," Mr. Crane told me, "he was terribly shy. He came to the parties, of course, but tended to hang around the edges while the rest of us danced. He was a bit of a character though. I guess we shouldn't have laughed, but sometimes it was pretty hilarious how he would always be apologizing for things that weren't even his fault. He was a good sport about it though, and obviously a nice guy."

It was interesting hearing all this because my picture of my father was so different. He was sterner around me, but I guess I could see the shyness. My father never did talk much.

Soon though, it started getting late, so Mr. Crane dropped me off at the bus station. It was only after I waved goodbye that I realized I didn't have my suitcase with me. Oh no. I must have left it at the restaurant. I headed that way, but it started to rain. I made my way, shielding myself under store awnings along the way, but by the time I got there, the lights were out, and the door was locked.

Not sure what else to do, I phoned Mr. Crane, and explained my situation. He kindly offered to come pick me up, and bring me back to his place to stay the night, so I could pick up my suitcase in the morning. Of course, I don't usually stay at strange men's houses, but my bus ticket was in my bag, so I didn't really have much choice.

Mr. Crane drove me up the mountainside through the forest until we finally came to his house. It was even more picturesque than I remembered. From the outside, it looked like a ski chalet with a sharply tilted shingle roof, but inside, it had an open design with plush carpeting and all this glass and wood paneling. He'd designed it himself, and had obviously put a lot of work into it.

"Here. You'd better get out of those wet clothes," he suggested, throwing me a towel. I did feel all wet and clammy from the rain.

"Could I use your shower?" I asked hesitantly, feeling a bit awkward being alone with him. He was a handsome man. 'How many women had been here before me?' I wondered.

"Sure. Go ahead. It's just down there through the bedroom."

His whole chalet was like something out of an interior design magazine. The bathroom was all marble and mirrors and spotlessly clean. I guess I should have expected this. He was an architect after all, but everything was just so perfect. Had he been expecting guests? Was there a woman in his life? All these questions kept running through my mind, as I stripped down, and got into the shower. The bath even had a detachable handheld shower head just like in Japan. Such attention to detail.

As I was drying myself off, I noticed a photograph on the door. It was of a brunette woman in a loose fitting white smock. She was leaning forward preparing a bath perhaps, but you could see down her top her breasts and black pubic hair. I was a little bit shocked. What was this picture of a nude woman doing in his bathroom? Soon I realized that I didn't have any dry clothes to change into. Wrapping the towel around me, I tiptoed out to the door.

"Could I borrow some pajamas or something?" I called out.

"Help yourself. My clothes are in the walk-in closet there," he called back.

I found the closet easily enough. It was huge, much bigger than any closet I'd ever seen. He had these long rows of neatly pressed trousers, suit jackets and white shirts, some made of silk. I didn't see any pajamas. I felt like an intruder foraging around in his closet. I grabbed one of the more casual looking white shirts, and pulled it on. It was a bit big, but at least it more or less covered me up. I felt naked without panties though. I continued to rummage around looking for a pair of bottoms, but I couldn't find anything that would fit. He is quite a bit taller than me.

"Did you find something?" he asked, suddenly right behind me. My heart skipped a beat, as I pulled the shirt hem down around my bare behind. "Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to startle you," he intoned more softly.

"Um... yeah... I'm fine," I lied, nervous being alone with him in his bedroom.

"I'm just working in the den. Would you like something to drink?" he asked.

"Just water, if you have it," I replied. I still felt jittery from being pantiless, but reluctantly followed him out. "Um, where am I going to sleep tonight?"

Mr. Crane went behind the bar, and pulled out some fresh lemons, offering to make me some lemonade. I smiled, and nodded.

"You can sleep in my bed if you like."

I opened my eyes wide in shock, thinking he was suggesting we sleep together.

"Oh, don't worry. I can sleep in the cot up in the loft."

"Oh no. I don't want to take your bed from you," I protested.

"No, that's alright. It's no bother really."

I didn't want to put him out, but he insisted. I wondered if I should phone Ryosuke. I couldn't help feeling guilty about being here alone with this strange man.

Mr. Crane handed me a glass of lemonade. Feeling a bit adventurous, I wandered out to the living room to look out the huge picture window into the valley. You could see the trees stretching out all the way down.

"Such a beautiful view," I noted. I looked back around the room, and noticed a closed door. "Where does that lead?"

"That? Oh, that's my dark room."

"A dark room? What's that?"

"For developing photographs. I guess people don't use them anymore, but years ago, all photographers had one."

"Can I see?" I asked, curious. I take pictures, more with my smartphone than a camera.

He got up, and opened the door. The light on the ceiling was red and very dim. He had prints hung up to dry from ropes. Some of the pictures were of lodges, ski chalets and mountains, but a couple of the pictures were of women. When I looked closer, I realized that some of the women were naked.

"What are these?"

"Oh, nudes," he smirked. "I dabble in nude photography."

I grimaced. 'Were these women his girlfriends?' I wondered.

"Oh, it's all quite innocent I assure you," he rushed to explain. "Most of them are models I hire."

'Most of them...?'

I examined the women more closely. They were blonde mostly, tall American women with large breasts, like real models. It made me feel strange, seeing all these naked ladies. Because he was my dad's friend, I thought he'd be serious, not some kind of bachelor playboy. My heart sped up as I mulled this over. Here I am alone and barely dressed with this charming womanizer. What on earth am I doing?

We came back out into the living room, and it was only then that I noticed this long set of magazines lined up on one shelf. Playboy magazine, the binding said. Oh my! What a huge collection he has, and he keeps them right out in the open, not embarrassed by it at all.

"Would you like to see my portfolio?" he went on. My pussy was tingling more than ever, but I finally nodded. He got out a big photo album, and started leafing through, showing me. The first part was all landscapes, but once we got through that, we came to a whole long section of nudes. Some of the shots were taken outdoors, near his chalet I guess, but even in those shots, the women seemed quite comfortable, relaxed and smiling, obviously at ease even though they were naked. Seeing all these women made me wonder what it would be like... to be photographed in the nude I mean. There was no way he could know about my 'hobby,' but my face flushed hot as I realized we shared a common interest in the outdoors. It was spooky almost, because I don't think I'd ever met anyone who was so open about nudity.

While I was lost in my thoughts, he suddenly asked,

"Would you pose for me?"

I stared at him, worried that he'd guessed my secret.

"Uh, no. I could never...," I protested. He lowered his eyes, peering at my cleavage. He wasn't staring exactly, but he had this wistful look in his eyes. "Maybe I'd better get some sleep," I blurted out, all flustered now. He nodded calmly, motioned for me to use his bed, and said good night.

Once safe inside his bedroom, I closed the door, and took a deep breath. My heart was pounding in my chest. He hadn't really said so, but was he asking me to pose nude? What on earth was he thinking? I guess my walking around in this shirt hadn't helped matters, but even so...

I brushed my teeth, washed my face, and then slid into bed. The sheets were so soft, and smelled so fresh and clean. I felt a bit like a princess surrounded by such luxury. I lay awake for a while, thinking about Mr. Crane and the life he must lead. To be so well off and yet have no girlfriend, no wife. He must be lonely. It was hard for me to understand.

The next morning, I awoke to a rap on the door. The morning sun was streaming in through the window.

"Emi, are you awake? What would you like for breakfast?"

Wiping the sleep out of my eyes, I got up, and went over to the door. Russell was in the kitchen, rattling away, making something.

"Some pancakes perhaps? Or some fruit salad?" he offered.

"Um, yeah, whatever is easiest," I mumbled, still a bit groggy. I climbed up on a bar stool, but winced as I felt the cool leather on my bare bottom. Worried that it was showing, I pulled the shirt tails down to cover up. Russell seemed cheerful.

"Did you sleep well?" he beamed.

"Yes, fine."

"After breakfast, once you're ready, we can go to the restaurant, and see if they have your bag."

Somehow in all the excitement, I'd almost forgotten about that. I had to admit that it was kind of nice staying in this beautiful chalet being waited on hand and foot. I didn't want to go home, not yet. Last night, he'd asked me to pose nude (?), but since I said no, was he trying to get rid of me? Did he not like me? The women in his photos tended to be big curvaceous blondes. Didn't I have charms of my own? He hadn't even seen me naked yet, so why was he giving up so easily?

Of course, the whole idea was kind of silly. He was my father's friend, twice my age, not someone I could bring home to mother. If I did pose nude for him, what would I tell my father? Was Russell planning on selling my pictures? This was all so wrong, but I couldn't stop thinking about it. We sat down to breakfast, when I let slip,

"What do you do with those photographs after you take them?"

"Which photographs?" he retorted, playing dumb.

"The nudes I mean."

"Oh, those ones. I guess it all depends." He didn't seem in any great rush to tell me.

"Do you sell them?" I asked glancing over at the Playboys on his book shelf.

"Oh no. Not usually. Mostly, I just keep them ... or give them to the model." He seemed awfully standoffish now, quite different from the hungry look of the night before.

"What I mean is if you were to take pictures of me..."

His eyes suddenly lit up.

"So you are interested after all!" he beamed.

"Oh no, no. Don't get the wrong idea!" I certainly didn't want him telling my dad that I'd offered to pose nude for him. My dad had raised me to be a lady. He'd be terribly shocked if he knew I was here alone in Russell's bachelor pad.

"I was just curious. That's all." I guess he could sense my nervousness, because he let it drop. I finished off the last of my pancakes in silence.

"Can I use your shower?" I asked.

"Yeah, be my guest." He looked a bit repentant for teasing me, but I think he was wondering if I was just being coy. After all, I'd been lounging around in this dress shirt, letting him see my cleavage and bare thighs. I wasn't trying to tease him, although I guess it might have looked that way. I wasn't used to the whole situation - staying in his lovely house, his kindness. Japanese guys aren't that forward I guess.

Anyway, I dashed off to have a shower. Coming out of the shower, I realized that my clean clothes were still in my bag at the restaurant. Wrapping a fresh towel around me, I opened the bedroom door a crack, and called out.

"Um, Mr. Crane? Do you have anything else I could wear?"

"Oh, help yourself to whatever you like in my closet there," he called back. I wandered into his closet, and peered at all his clothes. His shirts, trousers, jackets and sweaters were way too large for me. Finally, I spotted something that might do, a beige poncho, sort of like a wool blanket with a round hole in the middle. Dropping my towel, I pulled the poncho on over my head. It hung down to my thighs, but the problem was that it was all open at the sides. I dug out my panties from the day before, but they needed washing. I rinsed them out in the sink, but I couldn't very well wear them soaking wet. Now what do I do?

"Um, Mr. Crane, do you think you could go to the restaurant, and pick up my bag for me?"

"Sweetie, I think you should be there to make sure we get the right bag."

I paced back and forth in front of the mirror, trying to tell if I could get away with wearing this poncho outside. It was fairly large, but I felt terribly nervous with no panties on. Slowly, I gathered my courage, and went out into the living room, trying to hold the sides still, so he wouldn't see in. Mr. Crane broke out into a big smile as soon as he saw me.

"All ready? Let's go."

He gathered his car keys and a biggish black bag, and then waited at the front entrance, while I squatted down to pull on my shoes. At first, I thought he was just watching me tie my shoes, but when I followed his gaze downward, I suddenly realized that he could see the curve of my bare behind. I quickly did up my shoes, and stood back up, but I felt all hot and embarrassed. Well, it wasn't like he'd never seen a naked woman before, but I wasn't so used to being commando in front of one of my father's friends.

Once we got outside, I could feel the cool mountain breeze swirling all around my body. In the car, I felt a bit safer, but when he turned to watch as I did up my seat belt, I regretted sitting up front. The slit in my poncho ran right up my side, so he could see my bare thigh, hips and even my tummy. I felt terribly exposed sitting right next to him dressed like this.

When we got to the restaurant, he parked out in front. I carefully held the sides of the poncho together as we made our way in. Luckily, the staff was there, and they had my suitcase with my bus tickets and everything. I was so relieved! I thanked them, and then we brought the suitcase back out to the car, as I puzzled over where I could change. I guess I could have asked in the restaurant. I don't know why I didn't think of it at the time.

"Do you want me to drop you off at the bus station?" Russell asked, trying not to smile.

"Uh... hold on. Let me check the schedule." I had to let go of the poncho to use my phone. I hid from him on the far side of the car, but the back kept billowing up in the breeze exposing my bare bottom. Despite myself, I was getting all excited. "The next train to Oceanview isn't for another three hours."

"If you'd like, I can take you back to the house. It will be warmer there."

I studied his face, trying to tell if he was hitting on me.

"Um, yeah, that's fine. I have to give this back to you," I said gesturing at the poncho. He smiled when I said this. He must know I'm naked underneath. I got into the front seat, and straightened the poncho, trying to hide my hip and bare bottom.

As we drove back, Russell turned off onto a winding road that headed further up the mountain.

"Here. Since we have some time now, there's something I want to show you."

My heart sped up at this sudden change of course. Where was he taking me? Soon though, he pulled into a small roadside parking lot overlooking the town down in the valley below.

"What is this?"

"It's just a lookout. I thought you might like the view." He got his camera out of the back seat, and then went over to the edge to take some pictures. I cautiously got out of the car, but the wind was quite strong this high up. It kept blowing my poncho up all over the place. As if that wasn't bad enough, there was a truck parked nearby, and the driver had gotten out to check the view. A whole stream of cars was driving by on the highway behind us.

I paused beside the car trying to figure out how to hold my poncho down. The back kept billowing up exposing my bare bottom. This is crazy. What on earth am I doing out here anyway? If I had any sense, I would get back into the car. One good thing though was that none of the cars going by seemed to have noticed. The long truck was in the way, and the drivers were probably focusing on the road.

Russell was standing at the railing, and motioned for me to come join him. Was he trying to get me to pose naked for him? To tell you the truth, I didn't mind Russell so much, but a bigger problem was the truck driver. He was standing a little ways off, but still close enough to see me. Beyond him, there were a few more tourists standing at the rails.

I stood there hiding behind the car for the longest time. Russell looked over at the truck driver. I guess he could tell that's what I was worried about. The truck driver had turned his back to us, gazing out at the view.

Russell had been so kind to me these last two days I almost felt like I should repay him somehow. If I'm going to do this, I'd better move quickly. The longer we stay out here, the greater the chance that someone might notice.

I clutched the sides of the poncho trying to hold it together, and cautiously stepped out from behind the car. The truck driver was still facing the other way. Russell looked at me, clearly delighted I was being so brave.

Once I reached the railing, he began snapping pictures of me. I tried to smile, and pose, but I was still worried about the truck driver. He still had his back to us, and it looked like he was heading back towards his truck.

Russell motioned for me to fix my hair, which kept blowing over my face. That would mean letting go of my poncho though. I wasn't sure what to do, but I was all excited. I finally let go, and watched in horror, as the hem blew up exposing my pussy to Russell. He opened his eyes wide in mock shock, and I could tell he was pleased. Even though I knew this was so wrong, I got a real thrill out of standing out here naked in such a public place.

The wind tossed my poncho all over the place. I guess that was making it hard for Russell to take good pictures. He came closer, and motioned for me to take the poncho off. I was still worried about the truck driver and other tourists, but we didn't have much time, so I finally did as he asked, and pulled the poncho right off! At first, I felt terribly embarrassed to be out here in the nude! I hid from the cars behind the marker stone. Russell was clearly loving it though, so glad I'd got up the nerve to strip naked.

Russell seemed worried now though. I mean someone could very well call the police on us. He held out the poncho, and pointed to his car, suggesting we should head back. I was too excited though, out of my head with embarrassment and delight at my own foolishness. I ignored the poncho, and started making my way back to the car - still naked. I realized my mistake though, when I found the truck driver there behind our car watching! He must have seen me strip after all. Panicking, I opened the door, and scrambled in, but Russell came over, and said he wanted a picture of me by the car.

I thought this was crazy, but the truck driver was keeping a polite distance, seemingly enjoying my antics. I took a deep breath, and got back out. Russell motioned for me to show them my backside, so I did. I swear I was so excited it wasn't even funny.

"Wave to him," Russell joked. I felt silly, but I waved. The guy gave me a toothy grin, obviously delighted. I finally got in the car, doing my seatbelt up in a vain effort to cover up. Russell came around to the driver's side, peering over at me in amazement.

"Do you other models do things like this?" I asked, still out of breath.

"No, never like this!" he told me a bit breathless himself.

Russell looked me over, savoring the moment, but embarrassed by all this attention, I motioned for him to hand me the poncho. He did. I covered my front, but I couldn't pull it on with my seat belt on. I glanced around trying to find the truck driver, worried that he still might be watching.

Russell started the car, and backed out. The truck driver walked along next to our car, to get another look at me. Russell finally pulled out onto the highway, and we were away. I was glad to leave the truck driver behind, but my heart was still beating away a mile a minute. I knew this was wrong, but I felt so alive, so exhilarated. Russell glanced over, a bit surprised that I hadn't gotten back dressed yet.

"Aren't you going to put on the poncho?" he asked. I'd seen this kind of reaction before in my boyfriend Ryosuke. He'd push me to strip naked, but then get all worried about people seeing us.

"Um yeah. I guess you're right," I breathed huskily. I was trying my best to hide it, but to tell the truth, at that moment, I was so turned on. I was wondering what Russell would be like in bed. Older men are supposed to take their time, really put a lot of effort into foreplay. But what am I thinking? I can't sleep with him! If word of this got back to my parents...

I pulled the poncho away from me, mulling over how to get it on. Russell was trying to keep his eyes on the road, but he kept glancing over this way. It slowly dawned on me that he felt guilty too. I was the innocent (?) young daughter of his college friend.

Hoping to get dressed, I put down the poncho, and undid my seatbelt. I turned around, and got up onto my knees on the seat, and reached into the back. The oncoming drivers could probably see my bare bottom.

"Emi! What on earth are you doing?" Russell cried out. "People can see you. Get down!"

"I'm just trying to get my suitcase," I explained. "Where is it?"

"It's in the trunk. Now get down from there."

"Oh," I gulped. I felt kind of foolish. I glanced back out the window trying to tell if anyone was noticing me flashing myself. I think some of the drivers did notice, but just for a second, and then we drove on past.

Eventually, I got down, and sat in my seat. I was so excited.

"Could you stop the car, and go get my suitcase?" I purred.

Russell looked over at my pussy, the whole situation making him nervous.

"Why don't you just put the poncho back on till we get home?"

"Oh please Russell. Pull over. I want my own clothes!"

He eventually pulled over, and went to fetch my suitcase. I peered out at the passing cars. I didn't want to get Russell in trouble. I was actually so glad he seemed cool with this. It's not so often that people will let me do things like this.

Russell came back with my suitcase. I opened it on my lap, got out a cream cashmere sweater, and pulled it on. Russell still looked nervous. He motioned for me to get dressed, so I pulled on a skirt. It was bit of a letdown after all my wild stunts.

When we got back to his place, I asked,

"Don't tell my dad about this, OK?"

"Huh?"

"Swear you won't tell anyone!"

He rubbed his face, a bit confused I guess. He didn't understand how I could be so free with my body, but still worried about what my parents think.

"Russell!" I squealed.

"OK, OK. I won't tell anyone," he finally agreed. "I can't believe you did that!"

"You were the one who asked me to pose nude for you!"

Eventually, he agreed to hide the photographs, and not show them to anyone. He offered to make me copies, but it seemed too risky, so I told him to just hold onto them.

I had to go in any case, so he drove me to the bus station. I kind of left it up in the air about when or if I'd come back. It'd been a strange trip, but anyway, that was my first try at modeling.