**Fan Dance Model**

by Aaror

So first, yes, I needed the money. Why else would I even look in the “nude model wanted,” section of craiglist. I certainly am not about to admit that I get wet thinking about nude pictures of me floating around, or seeing a guy staring at me and wondering if he’s seen me nude. I’ll never admit to masturbating furiously at night to the idea of stripping nude on TV during the super bowl halftime show while millions of people watch. So it was all about the money.  
  
Then I saw the ad that really caught my eye. Most of the ads were either for “art nudes,” meaning completely nude and doing something stupid so the photographer could pretend he wasn’t just going to oogle me, or ads asking a model to do outright porn. But this one ad:  
  
Wanted, model who is willing to be caught nude if she makes a mistake, but would rather not be nude. You will be paid nude model rates, even if you stay covered the entire shoot.  
  
The contact info followed, and I called the number. A pleasant male voice answered.  
  
“I’m calling about your ad, for a model?” I asked, “I wanted to find out more about the job.” Frankly, I also wanted to sound out this guy meeting some stranger and then stripping nude for them was scary, and not just in a good way. I didn’t really think anything bad would happen, especially if I made sure I told someone where I was going, but…  
  
“Oh, of course. Have you ever heard of the fan dance?” he asked.  
  
“Um, no.”  
  
“Well, it is an old fashioned dance from when public nudity was illegal. Women would strip nude, but hold these two giant fans in front of their bodies. They would dance and lift up one fan at a time, they would turn around, only to drop a fan to cover their backside at the last moment, etc. It let guys hope for a mistake, a glimpse of flesh, while allowing the censors to assure themselves that no nudity would actually show.” He explained. “Each of the fans had to be big enough to cover the girl by itself, so unless the girl messed up or wanted to show something, she could stay completely covered.”  
  
“So what is the shoot?”  
  
“Well, I leave the room, you strip nude and hold the fans in front of your body, then you sway to music. If I call right, you lift the right fan, if I call left, you lift the left fan, if I call turn, you turn 90 degrees. I’ll be taking media the whole time, if you can do the whole dance without showing skin, then you get paid as a nude model without showing anything. If I do catch a mistake, you let me have that photo of your skin.” He paused, “Oh, and I won’t call ‘left-right,’ or anything, you will get a fair chance to lower one fan before having to lift the other. Sound fair?”  
  
I agreed it was fair; after all, I’d get paid nude rates, and maybe keep my bits from being seen by anyone-or pictures going on the internet. I looked up fan dances on the internet, some recent videos showed nudity, but the old ones didn’t show a thing. I was confident that he would see only what I wanted him to see.  
  
When I arrived, I saw an improvised stage, only about five feet square, but raised up from where a chair was sitting. I saw through the guy’s first ploy, by putting himself lower than me, he might see below the fan. Two large white umbrella looking things were in the room, and a bunch of lights near the floor. He explained that they lit the room well enough that he wouldn’t have to use a flash. The two fans were sitting on the stage, and I was surprised how big they were. Each was over three feet wide and about 2 feet from my hand to the far edge. Either one would completely cover me, I had no fears of this guy actually seeing skin. They were made of ostrich feathers or something, dyed pink, and thick, with lots of overlap between feathers so there were no gaps to show skin.  
  
He had me sign a model release form, it was pretty standard, just permission for him to use the media he took for any purpose he wanted-scary, but I’d done some research and unfortunately it was pretty standard. Photographers couldn’t spend all their time hunting down models for permission to show their work every time they did a show. He showed me around, then told me he would wait outside while I got ready. I saw him go out the way I had come in, so I knew I didn’t have to worry that he was hiding somewhere that he could peek at me while I changed.  
  
‘Changed,’ I thought to myself, ‘I’d have to have something to change into in order to change. This is just a strip.’ Grinning to myself I decided to pretend that it was a strip, a striptease. I stood on the stage, facing the imaginary audience, and slowly teased my t-shirt up, flashing my bra, then lowering the shirt, before yanking it off and lifting my arms. I reached under my skirt and pushed my panties off my hips. Once they dropped to my thighs, I turned right; my head turned towards my ‘audience,’ and pushed my panties down, bending my knees to push them off. I then reached for my skirt’s snap, shook my head, and reached behind me. Unsnapping the bra, I turned another 90 degrees, and slid one strap, then the other, off my arms. I threw my hands up in the air, letting the bra drop to the floor, and then slowly turned back to the audience. I turned stage right and unsnapped my skirt, letting it fall around my ankles. I bent down to pick it up, keeping my knees straight. I didn’t really have any reason to grab my skirt, but the idea of my butt up in the air, my privates peeking out between my legs, was a turn on. Then I turned to the audience, spread my legs wide, and blew them a kiss.  
  
My fun over, I picked up my clothing, piled it next to the stage, then put one fan in front of me and the other behind (just in case) and knocked awkwardly on the door. He came in, looked me slowly up and down, and I blushed. I backed up onto the stage, and he took his seat and picked up an expensive looking camera. I realized he was either a professional, or an amateur who was willing to spend real money on the hobby. He then said “Shoot, I forgot to turn on the music, it is right over there.”   
  
He was gesturing to stage right, my left. I was onto his tricks though; I put the fan firmly on my side before bending over and turning on the music player. It was on the stage floor, so I was bending nearly in half, and was very glad no one was behind me.  
  
Part of why I wanted to keep myself covered was that all this, especially the nudity, was turning me on. Annoying, but true, sometimes I wondered if perhaps all women are exhibitionists, but we are trained to never act on it? Anyone behind me on the stage would see, peeking from between my legs, a swollen, aroused female.  
  
The song “Good girl,” by Robin Thicke came from the player, and I grinned at the irony. He certainly knew how to set the mood. I wasn’t sure quite how to dance like this, but I swayed back and forth, and stepped around in small circles. After the words started, I realized that he hadn’t called for me to raise a fan, I was actually disappointed. I called out, “Sir?”  
  
He gestured for me to stop the song, and I did, this time kneeling with a feather protecting my side while I fumbled to pause it, and finally just turned it off. “Um, so can I raise an arm or whatever too?”  
  
He smiled, “Oh, of course, I thought that was unsaid. And if you lift one arm, and I call for the other, you can lower the arm you lifted yourself first.”  
  
“OK, thanks,” I said, and hit the power button, then found the play button. The song started again, and I resumed dancing. This time I was moving my hips more, I even added a shimmy to my chest. I could see my boobs shaking from side to side, and it felt naughty, knowing that I was doing stuff like this with only feathers to keep him from getting pictures. I lifted one arm, making sure to hold the other arm close to prevent accidents. Then I dropped the first fan into place just in time to cover as I lifted the other arm. I felt daring, only having one fan to protect my modesty, what if I dropped it? It was fun, exciting, and dangerous, and I loved it. I did a few switches, and then held both fans in front of me, wondering what to do next?  
  
“Left,” he called, and I made sure my right fan was covering everything and then raised my left hand high in the air. “Turn,” he called, and I hesitated. I realized he’d tricked me a bit. I tried to shift my right hand fan around to my left side, but it didn’t really reach, and I know he got a good view of my fanny before I lowered my left side fan.   
  
His camera had been snapping at least every couple of seconds, and I had no doubt that he had gotten my butt in at least one shot. Oh well, at least it was just my butt, not my boobs or puss.  
  
He called “Turn” again, and I made sure both fans were over my bum. I started to get into it again, wanting to tease a little, I put my hands down at the small of my back, showing all the skin from the waist up (in the back anyway). I had the fans covering both butt cheeks, with some overlap for obvious reasons. I started to “fluff,” the fans upwards, showing more leg, and peeked over my right shoulder at the guy, turning my body as though to give him just a peek of nipple (or should that be peak? Grin). My arms were pressed tightly against my body though, and protected my nipples from view. I turned my head and did the same on the left, turning just a bit more since he was slightly on my right side at that point. Hopefully I was gauging the distance right, or he might actually get a bit of pink nipple. I looked down, well, red nipple, they were very pointy and had darkened.  
  
“Turn,” I was almost disappointed that he hadn’t tried to get me to lift a fan, I’d already figured out how to protect myself if he had. I twisted my right hand and held that fan over my whole body as I turned, lifting the left up high to tease him. “Right.” He grinned as he said it. I folded my left fan over my body, managing to block his side view, and then tried to extricate my right hand with the fan. I couldn’t seem to do it without moving the left fan, then I had an inspiration. I dropped the right fan on the ground and lifted my arm. His smile was teasing as he continued to snap pictures. “What would you do if I said ‘left’ right now?” he asked.  
  
“Pick up the fan, cover myself, and lift the left fan,” I replied smoothly.  
  
“This I have to see.” He grinned, “Left.”  
  
I crouched down, the left fan held awkwardly at my side, and groped for the fan handle. I wasn’t even moving to the music any more, just scrabbling for the one thing that could protect my modesty. Grabbing the handle, I tried to move both fans at the same time, hoping the right fan would get in position before the left was too high-or at least before the camera clicked. Standing with my left hand raised and my right arm held backwards, the fan covering my body, I tried to resume dancing.  
  
“Turn,” and I sighed with relief as I spun to face him, my arm relaxing into a more normal pose at my side, holding the fan in place. I was still holding my left arm up, but my arms were getting a bit tired, the fans were actually kinda heavy after 2-3 minutes of holding them. I pressed the right fan against my body to support its weight, and locked my left arm, which let me relax a bit. Suddenly he went wild with his camera, click after click. I looked down to see what he was reacting to, and gasped.  
  
The feathers of the fan were flexible and soft, and when I’d pressed the fan to my body, my left boob had found a spot between two feathers and was proudly showing. I quickly whipped down the other fan, and then pulled both of them out and up to protect my breasts. He didn’t slow at all though.  
  
Then I realized, he was lower than me, and I’d raised my arms. I had no doubt that he had some nice pics of at least the lower part of my bush. I hurriedly fixed it, but the damage was done. I’d lost the ‘contest,’ he’d seen my ass, my tits, and my bush; he was getting his money’s worth hiring a nude model. Worst of all, I didn’t mind, I was tingling and blushing and excited-in both senses of the word. I couldn’t lie to myself about why my nipples were standing at attention, why my lower areas were wet; the thrill was getting to me.  
  
I guess that’s when I snapped. “Oh ... it, you’ve seen everything anyway,” I said, and raised both arms high. He snapped about 5 pics before I lowered the fans, then I turned to face away from him, looking over my shoulder at him, “Oops, I forgot to move the fans!” I mock exclaimed, and moved my right fan around. I did another 180, facing him with only my left fan protecting me. I realized another flash wouldn’t really show anything new, and I was feeling really naughty. I moved both fans in front of me, and then squatted, my knees wide and my sex pointing straight at his camera. I had both fans in front of me, and because of my squat, they hid me completely from the camera. Then I ever so slowly pulled the fans outwards, like an opening flower. I knew that my sex and face would be revealed first, then my boobs, and finally my legs and arms. Even once everything was showing I continued to try to move slowly, until the fans were extended on either side of me. The only way I could show more would be by lying on my back and using my fingers, and I wasn’t about to do that! I hoped…  
  
I started to realize how far I’d gone, and dropped the fans, scrabbling for my clothing. The song had ended sometime around when I had raised my arms, and I was sure he’d gotten everything he could hope for from the shoot. I didn’t even think about dressing in front of him, just pulled my panties and bra on as quickly as I could, the donned my shirt and pulled on my skirt. Once it was snapped, I looked at him.   
  
“Do you want to see the media I captured?” He asked.  
  
“Why do you keep saying media, isn’t that just a fancy way of saying pictures?” I asked in turn.  
  
“It is a fancy way of saying pictures or videos or sound or sculpture or any combination of any of them. In this case, I took pictures and video.” He gestured at a video camera sitting on top of a case, under his seat. I guess I was so nervous I didn’t see it. He set two laptops on the stage, making an improvised desk, and put a tiny disk from the video camera in one. “How about you watch the video while I sort the pictures?”  
  
He set it up, and hit play, and I completely ignored him moving pictures from one folder to another. The camera started by capturing him showing me around, and I knew what that meant. I watched myself climb onto the stage, watching to make sure he left, and then I started the striptease. The camera captured me perfectly, and by looking at the imaginary audience in the chair, it looked like I was staring into the camera, like I’d known it was there. As I saw myself turn, topless, wearing only a skirt, I could also see that I was already flushed, my nipples already hard. I dropped the skirt, and then bent so lewdly to pick it up. It was a relief when I picked up my clothes and put them away.  
  
The film showed about what I expected at first. It had captured my butt when I botched the first turn. Then it got to the part where I was teasing him by lifting the feathers while my back was to him. I realized that the video camera was 4 feet lower than his photo camera. While I was safe from his photos catching anything, each time I lifted the feathers I showed my butt cheeks to the video. Worse, about halfway through that tease, I’d bent forward, and you could see my lips peeking out from between my legs.  
  
Then I turned again, and dropped the fan. I saw myself pick up the one fan while raising the other, and there was a good foot of gap between the fans. That gap panned up my body, showing a great side profile-including my right tit.

Then I turned again, and dropped the fan. I saw myself pick up the one fan while raising the other, and there was a good foot of gap between the fans. That gap panned up my body, showing a great side profile-including my right tit. Then I turned again, and with one hand up, the other fan pressed against my body, I could clearly see my left tit between the feathers. I watched myself move both fans to my chest, and saw my puss pop clearly into view. Not only could I see all my hair down there, I could clearly see the dividing line.  
After that, the intentional flash was almost a relief, frankly it looked good, confident and happy. I realized that I’d shown it all intentionally, so who cares what was caught earlier. That I was no longer worried about the difference between nude pics and nude videos didn’t occur to me. Instead, I was reliving the exposure in my mind, my thighs rubbing together unconsciously. But when I squatted down, I was in for another shock. My legs had spread so wide, my labia had parted, and it was a view my gynecologist would recognize, but probably no one else. I should have been mortified, but instead I was so horny it almost hurt.  
“Do you want to see the pictures, or the other video first?” He asked.  
“Other video?” I asked.  
“Yeah, I cheated a little,” He went over by the door he had left through, and sure enough, another small video camera I hadn’t noticed. This one had been placed to get a side view. The whole time I’d been using the fans to block him from seeing me, I’d never thought about a view from anywhere else.  
Sighing, I put in, ejecting the other disk. For a second I thought of grabbing both disks and breaking them or something, but I didn’t. I don’t know whether I didn’t because I’d been fooled fair and square, or if I wanted folks to see these videos.  
Again I watched my striptease, but as luck would have it, this camera was well placed. When I slipped my panties off, my knees had bent enough that the camera was looking up my skirt, seeing the panties slide off my privates. Later, when I’d bent at the waist to grab my skirt, I’d given a perfect view between my legs of my lips, pouting in lust. The way I did it made it look like I’d known the camera was there, it was such a perfect view.   
The fan dance was just sad, watching myself shake my titties, secure in the knowledge that no one would see it past the fans. Watching everything I did to hide my body, while this camera got five full minutes of footage of every side of me, completely unblocked. At least you could see that I wasn’t looking at the camera.  
Finally the full strip, the crouch, and then…the movie continued? Well of course, he hadn’t taken the disk out until I watched the other video.  
Watching myself watch the first movie was surreal, like inception or something. I almost asked if there was another camera watching me now. Then I saw my hands fidgeting, and looked at myself. One arm on my chest, trying to hide the tug on my nipple, the other between my legs, rubbing slowly and trying to hide it. The guy was still intent on looking at the photos, but this video had captured it.  
It was subtle, the way my arms kept sliding over my chest, the way I couldn’t seem to sit still, but on the video you could tell, I was trying to masturbate in public. OK, not in public, but with a guy right there. As I watched my furtive movements, I lost all control. My hand slid under my skirt, and I started rubbing in earnest. My other hand slid under my shirt, and shirt and bra were both pushed up, exposing my breast to air, so that I could pinch and squeeze it. After so much stimulation, I came almost instantly.   
I looked up at the camera snapping away. I didn’t know how much of me playing with myself he’d caught, but certainly enough. I sighed, then smiled. I turned towards him, lifted my skirt, and pulled my panties to the side, then rubbed a bit more. I’d already come, but it was pleasant, and very naughty. My finger was on my button, so my slit was fully in view as he snapped away, kneeling to keep the camera at my crotch level. It was so erotic, showing my most private moment. I leaned back, and opened my legs wider. My panties were in the way, but now I was too horny to care, I just pulled them as far to the side as I could and rubbed. I wanted to go further, but there was nothing else I hadn’t already shown the camera. Or was there?  
I reached down with my free hand and spread my lips. I thrust a finger inside myself, then rubbed the liquid around my lips. As I came the second time in just minutes, I felt my lips pulsing, trying to pull free from the fingers holding them open. “Drat,” I said, once I’d calmed enough to relax.  
“What?” He asked.  
“You didn’t catch me masturbating on the video camera…”  
I knew I’d do another photo shoot with him and fix that soon.