**It happened in pine wood**

by **mefrank**

Lisa Andrews walked down the long school hallway towards room 201 on that early fall day. It was September in 2006 and Lisa knew she had to see Mrs. Logan who was the school guidance advisor at Pinewood High School. Lisa was not in trouble. Lisa never got into trouble. She was the good girl at Pinewood. She had a few friends, both girls and boys, but no male boyfriends. She hoped her senior year at Pinewood would bring changes in her life. Oh God she wanted changes and she had dreams of fame and success. That was the reason to see Mrs. Logan that day.

Mrs. Gwen Logan was a new teacher at Pinewood. She had been in education almost ten years now and did not look her age of 38. She looked like a young woman of about twenty-five or so. She was tall at about five feet-eight inches. Her youthful looks was even more apparent by her long curled brown hair and skirt that rode up about seven inches above her knees when she sat at her desk. Her womanly curves were no secret as Mrs. Logan wore a semi transparent beige blouse and short yellow skirt. Mrs. Logan split her time in guidance and as the new assistant girl’s basketball coach at Pinewood.

“Lisa, it is so good to meet you. Since I knew you were coming in to see me today I pulled your records and I have had a chance to talk to several teachers you have had here at Pinewood. You have better than average grades. Your teachers have told me you are always involved in class and like to speak your mind. I assume you’re here today to discuss your desires for further education after you graduate this year.”

“Yes, Mrs. Logan that is what I want to talk to you about. I know I want to sign up for my ACT Test and ...uh...uh... I want to ask you something else too.”

“And what would that be Lisa?”

“My Mom thinks I am a bit crazy and ...uh...uh since I have been thirteen or fourteen I have wanted to become a model - you know like a fashion model. I have read many books and fashions magazines. I have even tried to pose in front of my mirror and tried to decide if maybe... Like I mean... I look good enough to model.”

“Lisa, you look lovely. Therefore, I do not think that would be a real problem. You know though that modeling is very had work. It takes commitment, time, and training. Also having connections to get work is a big asset.”

“I know that, but what I need help in is finding a way to start trying and maybe even finding a photographer to take some test pictures to help me create a portfolio to send to a modeling school over in Maryville.”

“I understand Lisa. Let me look into it a bit for you. Oh maybe you should schedule your ACT test since you’re here today. A backup option of further education never hurts.”

Mrs. Logan smiled at Lisa as she handed her the test forms. Lisa left the office with them, but kept thinking and wishing her dream of being a model might somehow become more that a dream, but reality.

Almost two weeks had passed and then over the school PA system Lisa heard her name called to see Mrs. Logan at the end of the last period of school that day. Lisa’s mind began to race and turn with thoughts of becoming a model. In fact, for the last two weeks that was all that Lisa had thought about. It had taken over her life. Lisa had gone on the Internet and found sites like Metacafe that features all types and kinds of modeling and Lisa’s mind had spiraled down into a almost surreal world of a life of glamour that she dreamed of daily and her thoughts were becoming more consumed with modeling and all its excitement it could involve. As the last bell rang, Lisa almost ran to the guidance office to see Mrs. Logan. After entering the office, Mrs. Logan offered her a chair.

“I promised I would look around and try to help you in some way with your dream. After talking to Mr. James, the advisor for the school newspaper I have found a photographer. He is also a student her at Pinewood. Mr. James told me he has taken summer school and some night classes at State Tech School and has become an outstanding photographer for the school paper and has already won several amateur photography awards. He has done portraits as well as weddings. People have given very good reports as to his quality and professionalism as a photographer.”

“Well, Mrs. Logan, who is this great photographer? You said he goes to school here. Do I know him?”

“You should. It’s Frank Williams, in your last period English class.”

“But, he is such a nerd...uh... I mean I am so surprised by what you are telling me.”

“Lisa, talk with him. Tell him what you would like to accomplish. Mr. James thinks Frank is a very serious person that might be perfect as your photographer. Mr. James asked Frank if he would, and without any hesitation he said yes.”

As Lisa had hoped her world was about to change and in ways she could have never thought possible. Since it was Friday and she did not know Frank, her talk with him would have to wait. How could Lisa spend three more days in Limbo?

All weekend long, Lisa went back into her dream world. Like a little girl that played dress up, she would pose in front of her bedroom mirror in all types of clothing and outfits. She would see the shy girl in her everyday school clothes and as she tried on other clothes her mind would be invaded by a new girl, no, a new woman. She was more than an eighteen-year-old girl in her senior year at Pinewood High School; she was a woman of the world, a highly paid and adored fashion model. She just looked at herself in the mirror after she had put on last summers blue string bikini and looked her self over. Her tall thin frame of almost five foot-eight inches looked amazing. Her very nice firm 34B cup breasts spilled out of the small string bikini top. As she turned slowly in front of the mirror, her flat tummy looked good and she saw tinny blonde hairs from the sides of her bikini poking out. She observed her nice round bubble butt come into view with a lot of it showing out in the bikini. She thought she was sexy as hell and the world would be ready to appreciate her for it.

All day Monday seemed to drag by. Lisa was waiting for her last period English class to start. Even though she wanted the time to come, she was very nervous and somewhat apprehensive about asking Frank Williams about being her photographer. After all, he was a nerd. In her mind, he seemed to be just too smart. His hand seemed to go up no matter what question Mrs. Lawson asked the English class and damn it to hell he was always right, too. He always dressed in those god-awful short jeans that stopped above those work boots he wore every day. He kept his pants up with those suspenders always wearing a different color every day. Just what could a nerd like that know about fashion or how to photograph a fashion model?

Lisa walked into the classroom, took a deep breath and approached Frank ’the nerd’ Williams.
Lisa knew who Frank was but still introduced herself, “You are Frank Williams, right, I am Lisa Andrews”

“Yes Lisa, I am Frank Williams, but please call me Frank. May I call you Lisa?” with that, Frank gave her a very lovely smile and offered his hand. Lisa took his hand and told him to call her Lisa.

“Well Lisa, Mr. James tells me you’re in need of a photographer for some photographic work.”

“Yes, that’s true. I have been told you’re an up and coming photographer and might be able to help me put together a portfolio for use in trying to get work as a model.”

“Yes, I might be able to help you with that.”

“Have you ever done any work with models before?”

“Yes, I have indeed. Maybe you could come by to my house soon, see pictures of my work, and check out a home studio I just finished. I have a lot of the latest digital equipment and a very good Compaq Presario PC with a Compaq Printer that does up to 11x14 color or black and white prints. Oh and I have Photoshop, too.”

“Wow! That sounds impressive. I would love to see your studio, your portfolio of work and your equipment. Would this afternoon after class be all right?”

“Let’s make it for after dinner tonight at about seven. I have some chores to do for dad on the farm when I get home. However, my evening is very free. I live on the farm where Cane Ridge Road ends. It is about four miles east of the school. I know you are new here at Pinewood, maybe I can pick you up at your place and we could drive out to the farm. How would that be?”

“I think it would be cool. Let me give you my phone number and you can call me before you come over to get me. I guess we better set down now. Mrs. Lawson is looking over this way.”

Lisa took her seat for class but lost her concentration as she looked more closely at Frank during the class. He seemed like an all right guy. She thought the way he dressed was because he lived and worked on a farm. He had good looks, a tall six foot two body, brown hair and looked like a sports jock. Even though he could be a sports jock if he wanted to, he seemed so friendly and polite, not like those jocks at her old high school. They seemed so damn stuck on themselves and only wanted girls to just put up with them and give in to them sexually. The whole time Frank and Lisa had talked he kept looking into her dark green eyes and talked in such a nice easy way that made her feel special.

As soon as Lisa got home, she started getting ready to go over to Franks place. She took a shower, dried her hair and put on some makeup that she liked to wear. Some might have thought she was getting ready for a date or night out with friends instead of getting ready to explore a new event in her life, maybe even the beginning to a new life adventure.

As Lisa was starting to dress, she stood in front of her mirror just looking at her bra and panty covered body. Her yellow bra and panties looked damn sexy. Thoughts of the ‘in shadow’ nudes that she had seen on the Metacafe web site came to her mind.

On an impulse, she turned her lights off, placed a covered lampshade behind her, and turned it on. She then turned her body towards the mirror and removed her bra and panties so that her soft nude body was in silhouette. She could see her breasts in the shadow glow from the light and thought that she would like to pose like that. She turned her mirror towards the floor and then sat down to see her long legs stretched out and the lightly covered bush in the mirror. She thought to herself just how sexy and wonderful she looked. Her face was so dimly lit by the glow from behind you could not tell who she was. She thought she could do poses like this and not feel afraid to do some kinds of nude work. She just hoped she hit it off well with Frank and maybe her dreams might just come true.

Lisa had just finished her dinner when the phone rang. It was Frank. As they talked, Lisa gave Frank her address and he told her he would be there in about twenty minutes.

Lisa could not wait; she just wished time would move on. Finally she couldn’t wait and longer as she headed out to the front of her house. And there he was, not in the old red pickup truck, he drove to school, but a late model Ford SUV.

“Hi Lisa, I’m glad we can go to my studio. Are you ready to go?”

“Yes, I am. I must admit I am so excited about seeing your work and your studio.”

They talked about school for a bit as they made the short drive to the farm. As the SUV approached the farm, Lisa could see the main house, not a typical small farmhouse but more like a mansion. A Tudor style stone house seemed to have just appeared in the countryside.

“Wow Frank, this was not what I was expecting, I thought you lived like on a farm and in a farmhouse, not something out of old England.”

“When mom and dad bought the farm, they wanted more land and tore down the old farmhouse after they built this one. They kept the barn for storage space, but most of it is empty. So about four years ago when I got into photography in a big way, they let me convert it into a small darkroom and studio. I even added a small bath and shower. I could live there if I wanted to. I am excited to show all of it to you. I keep all my equipment and pictures there.”

As they entered the converted barn, Frank turned on some lights and closed the small entry door. Lisa was amazed by the amount of space he had to work with. He showed her the back of the barn his parents used as storage, but over two-thirds of the space was what Frank used for his studio. There were several stands of lights, backdrops hung up everywhere and all kinds of props tables and chairs. Along one wall were his cameras and the entrance to his darkroom and the bathroom. He also had a lot of his photos mounted on that wall. Action pictures of the football and basketball teams at Pinewood, landscapes, portraits , animals and of weddings.

“Frank, do you have any pictures of models you have done?”

“Well yes, here is my model portfolio work I have done.”

Lisa started looking through the book and was amazed at the quality of the work. The lighting, the different ways the pictures were made and just how lovely the models looked. “Frank, was any of these pictures made here?”

“I made a few here, but most were made during class work at State Tech. I have taken several classes there.”

“It is funny though, one of your models looks like Mrs. Logan.”

“Before classes started this year at Pinewood, Mrs. Logan was hired to model for our classes at State Tech. I thought she just modeled for the money. She had told our class at Tech that she loved to model, but had found real world modeling a challenge and never followed her dream until she got the chance at Tech. I was so surprised that I had taken pictures of a teacher in a bikini when I went back to school this fall and found out she was at Pinewood.”

Lisa’s mind started to become more focused like a camera. It became clear to her that Mrs. Logan wanted things and had dreams, too. Maybe she wanted to see Lisa make it and make sure she had her chance to do so.

Lisa looked at all the many things that Frank had in his studio and had to ask, “All this stuff like cameras, backdrops and lights; are they yours and how can you afford them?”

“Lisa, I am what a lot of people would call spoiled. I am an only child with two rich parents that are Lawyers. However, they do expect me to excel in everything I do. Because of this, I have been given many things, but I still have things to do here at the farm. I keep things up; like the fences in the summer, the garden for my mom starting in spring and on through summer. Dad always has something for me to work on, too. I also am expected to do well in school. I have been blessed with so many things; money, a strong body, and a very strong work ethic from my mom and dad.”

He looked directly at Lisa he said, “And, I hope a very lovely model and a new friend so that I can continue a part of my dream in life.”

“Frank, could you please tell me about your dreams.”

“I would love to. I dream of becoming a well known and respected photographer. A man who people know they can count on to do his best in what he tries to achieve. Maybe someday to find that perfect woman that could become more than a friend but a loving caring mate in my life, just like my mom and dad have become. Lisa, I must admit since I saw you that first day in English class I wanted to get to know you. I think you are such a lovely girl and to find out I could help you in any way makes me feel so special. Ever since Mr. James asked me if I would help you I have had so many positive thoughts and dreams, like is this really happening?”

“I am so happy to hear you feel that way, after seeing your work and studio and hearing about your feelings I just know you are the person that should be my photographer. I have a dream, too. I want to become a famous model.”

Lisa and Frank smiled at each other and then moved towards each other in a halting kind of shy way and then both reached out towards the other and their heads moved forward into a soft warm meeting of their lips.

“That was so nice Frank. I think you’re a cool.

**Part Two**
I would like to get to know you better and then maybe we can see where things go.”

“I understand how you feel; I think we got caught up in the moment. Besides, we should see how things go. I want you to model for me. You look awesome and you said you need a photographer, maybe we should start with that first.”

Lisa face lit up like a child at Christmas, “When can we start?”

“How about now, you look real nice the way your hair and makeup look. I love that yellow blouse and jeans you have on. The way you’re dressed really makes your figure look terrific. Maybe I could take a few pictures of you as you are dressed now. We can do some pictures of you and see how those come out first.”

Frank asked Lisa to move over in front of a light blue backdrop. He took a strait back chair from his prop area and placed it on the backdrop. He had Lisa to sit backwards on the chair with her arms relaxing over the back of the chair. As she leaned forward, a bit of her lovely round breasts seemed to spill out of her matching yellow bra. Frank then turned the chair sideways, had her lean forward, and turn her body sideways towards the camera.

“Wow girl that is one hot sexy pose!”

Lisa smiled and Frank took several more shots from other positions as he moved around the backdrop. After shooting about thirty or so pictures, Frank said, ”Too bad you do not have your swimsuit with you. I would love to take a few shots that shows off better that nice figure you have.”

“Well, that does not have to be a problem. I want to be a model and I know that pictures of me in underwear are part of the job sometimes. I do have on some yellow matching bra and panties. It would be like a bikini, if that would be all right with you?”

“I think it would be great, after all these are like test pictures.”

Frank told Lisa she could change in the bathroom. He thought it would be the best way to remain professional since she was a new model. Lisa just laughed.

”Oh, I did not mean to laugh, but why would I undress in private and then walk around in my underwear? Besides my bra and panties cover more of me than the string bikini I wore last summer. I am not a prude and I think you’re the kind of guy that can be professional in doing his job. But you are in charge of the shoot.” Lisa relented and went to the bathroom to change.

As she changed Frank spoke, “I was just being professional. It is not everyday a good looking girl undresses in front of me.”

Lisa finished and came out into the studio. She had spotted a robe in the bathroom and put it on. After walking across the studio, she stopped where Frank had set up a green backdrop, for that part of the shoot and asked her to move onto it. Only then did he ask her to remove the robe.

“Will this do for a makeshift bikini?” she asked as she slowly turned around on the backdrop.

“Yes it think it will do nicely, but if I may adjust your bra strap in the back. It is a bit twisted.”

Lisa’s body felt a slight chill as Franks large hands untwisted her bra.

Frank got her to try various poses. As she did he moved to different positions. Close ups of her face and of the yellow bra, several of her entire body. He had her pose in various positions that he felt made her look good. Even in her bra you could picture the fine cleavage of this blossoming woman. Frank was beginning to get into his work as Lisa was trying anything he asked.

“Now turn your body away from me. That looks so good, you have a very photogenic look. I think the camera loves you."

He asked if Lisa could turn away from him and remove her top because he had a pose in mind that he had seen and would like to try it. He wanted her to pose with her upper body uncovered for some pictures. He told her that her bare shoulders and upper back looked so nice and had such a lovely shape, he just had to try that type of picture. She did exactly as he asked.

He then asked if she would object to lower her panties and allow her lower back to show a bit more. He told her that he had seen this pose before and it looked very sexy. Lisa did so without hesitation. Frank retrieved a light yellow silk like drape from the props area and wrapped it around her lower panty covered body, and asked her to tuck it into her panties on the sides and back.“Please hold it in the front and if you would lower it so that a bit more of your upper bottom shows."

A bit of her butt crack was revealed. She did as he asked. He took several pictures both from slightly away and up close of her rounded bottom. “Lisa, that is so hot and sexy, I know you have a future as a model.”

“Do I look hot like a Sports Illustrated swimsuit model?”

“Yes you do. If you’d look any hotter I would have to throw water on you to cool you off. If these pictures turn out as good as I think they will, I have to get you into that string bikini of yours.”

Frank took a few more pictures and then told Lisa to dress while he downloaded the pictures into his computer so they could look at them. As Lisa finished dressing and walked across the studio, Frank was already looking over their work. Lisa pulled up the chair she had been posing with and sat very close to him and studied each picture. As they looked at the pictures, Frank made very positive comments, “Your hair and face look so good like that. You have done a wonderful job on your makeup and hair style. It is very obvious you keep yourself in great shape, too. Your figure is almost perfect. I think you’re going to be a great model. The only area you might need to work on is posing. I know though that I am not an expert and have my own faults in the area of direction. But I feel we both can work together to become better at our work. I do so much want to do more shoots with you and help you to develop your portfolio.”

“That would be awesome. I hope I will do better as we spend more time together. Tonight has made me feel I am on my way to become a model. Not to be a downer on myself I did notice a couple of things about the pictures, or more about myself and how I look. I know makeup will correct how my eyes look. I really don’t like the shadows in them. Not to freak you out, I think I need to trim down around my pubic area. I don’t think hair should be seen, should it? I saw a few hairs peeking out from my panties.”

“Hair on the head yes, but everywhere else on a pretty girl like you no.” Frank smiled at Lisa and looked into her eyes, “Maybe before our next shoot you could address the hair issue. I can always retouch your pictures with my Photoshop. If you choose to just to just shave a bit more or go totally bare, it is up to you.” Frank thought he should change the subject, “Overall these pictures look great. You know it’s getting kind of late, I should get you home.”

“I know it is late. I have had a wonderful time and have enjoyed your help so much. I hope we can do more photos soon.”

For the most part the two talked about famous models and kinds of pictures that might be good to try on the drive to Lisa’s house. Lisa did suggest Frank take a look at the Metacafe video site and check out model shoots for other ideas for pictures. She told him there were so many types of things there she would love to try in shoots. She told Frank he was very professional and respectful of her and she very much wanted his best efforts and promised to give hers.

As they pulled up in front of the house she told Frank thanks again and gave him a quick little kiss on the cheek and headed inside for the night and to return to her dreams of the future.

That night Lisa quickly fell off to sleep due to the fact after the shoot it was later than she was used to. From all the excitement she had experienced, she had many dreams that night. One dream seemed to last all night long. It was about her and Frank doing a shoot in the public park in Pinewood. Frank asked Lisa to take off her top and pose leaning against a tree. Her brown areolas and pink nipples seemed to have grown very hard on a cool fall afternoon. He took many close ups of her heaving breasts as she had become very aroused being a bit cold and topless in a public place. Even when she saw three boys from high school watching her she did not make any effort to cover herself. She just continued to pose for Frank and just wanted the world to see her bare breasts and to enjoy looking at her. Then the loud ringing of her alarm clock awakened her. Looking at the clock she shut it off and stretched her nude body to get herself awake. Over the last few weeks Lisa had started to sleep in the nude. She just loved the feeling of the blanket wrapped around her nude body on the cool nights in Pinewood. She got up and put on a robe to go to the bathroom.

After she was inside the bathroom, she slowly removed her robe like she was posing for sexy photo shoot with Frank taking the pictures. She let the robe slide down her back exposing her 34B breasts in the mirror. She touched her nipples on their sweet pink tips and creased he breasts. She took one in each hand and cupped them. Then she covered them and played peek-a-boo with them. Lisa let the robe slide to the floor and with it her hand slide towards her mound of womanly virginity. She wished Frank’s hands were touching her and holding her close with his body pushing up against her soft round bottom. Lisa began to put the fingers of her hand deep into her wet clit and wished Frank’s hand was there. She remembered that bulge in his pants when he first saw her in her bra and panties at the barn. After touching herself for several minutes she moaned, felt a long shiver run through her body and let her womanly juices flow.

**Part 3**
Lisa arrived early at school and went looking for Frank at his first period class. "Good morning Frank. I hope that we might be able to shoot some more pictures tonight. That is if you do not have chores to do."

"No chores today and hopefully there will not be any homework that will take too much time to do. I will know more by the end of English class today. Let's touch base then and we can go on from there."

Lisa told Frank ok and headed off to first period. Along the way she ran into Mrs. Logan.

"Hi Lisa, did you and Frank get things worked out?"

"Yes we did. In fact we took a few test pictures last night at his place. Did you know his parents let him convert their barn into a photo studio for Frank."

"Yes, Frank told me that. I have even been there and Frank showed me his studio."

"I saw some pictures of you in your bikini. You look awesome. I did wonder why you never became a model."

"Well, I got married after high school and one thing led to another. Actually two things, my two girls, Gail and Lucy. They both attend here at Pinewood and are now seniors. When they turned two and my husband Paul had become the led foreman at the construction company where he works, I started attending a community college in Atlanta. I received a BA in Education there. Because I wanted to pay for my schooling I worked as a hostess in a restaurant and even did some paid modeling work at the college. Even after graduation and getting my first teaching position I kept hoping to do the modeling thing. I did pose for some Polaroid pictures for my husband over the years. You can guess what kind of pictures. But still I wanted to try modeling for real photographers. As my husband’s company has built several houses in this area and we like the area a lot, we moved here from Atlanta and I was able to get a position here at Pinewood High. Last spring after moving here, I saw an ad in the paper for a model needed at State Tech. The money was decent and we could use the extra money. It helped to cover our moving expenses. I had a great time and it became an outlet for my modeling needs. In large part when I met you and you asked me about becoming a modeling I wanted to help you live your dream.”

“I do want to thank you for arranging my introduction to Frank. He is a great guy in many ways. He is concerned that I do well. He is very polite, thoughtful and every bit the gentleman. It has been great talking to you Mrs. Logan. I will show you some of my pictures as soon as Frank prints them. But I do have to get to first period now. Bye.”

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