**Modeling nude in Hawaii**

Note: This story was written by my good friend, Elaine Elliot, who agreed to let me post it here. - Sheri Wild

I guess it all started when my friend, Melissa, and I went Hawaii a couple of summers ago. I have no idea how she managed to talk me into it. I had hardly any money at the time, but Melissa just kept going on and on about how great it would be to go to Hawaii, our last chance, she said, to kick back and enjoy ourselves before we had to go back to school in September. I knew there was no way I'd have enough to pay for both the trip and my tuition, but it sounded so-o-o appealing after the windy, rainy weather we'd been having in Berkeley all summer. I'd never been to Hawaii before, and the way all my friends raved about it, I just had to go and see for myself. When I got back, I knew I'd have to borrow some money from someone, or find some kind of part-time job, but anyway, I decided to worry about that later. So there I was in Waikiki, and what do you know?

It was raining.

I couldn't believe it. Melissa must have known I was upset because she'd gone off somewhere, and wasn't answering her cell phone. Maybe she'd got picked up by some surfer. The more I thought about it, the more ticked off I got. If I'd wanted to watch the rain come down, I could have stayed in Berkeley.

Anyway, in our hotel room, I had a shower, put my bikini on, pulled my halter and skirt on over it, and went out. I ran through the pouring rain over to the area of Waikiki where all the boutiques are. The wind blew my umbrella up, and I ended up getting soaking wet by the time I got there. I went wandering around in a couple of stores trying to dry off, but I couldn't stop thinking about the weather. I was so angry.

So there I was like standing under the awning in front of one of the shops, staring up at the dark cloudy sky, when all of a sudden, this guy comes running in out of the storm, and stands right next to me. The way he came right up next to me frightened me a bit, so I moved out of his way. I didn't look at him, but it looked like he was just going to stand there and not go into the shop. Finally he said,

"Hi there."

At first it was like I didn't know if he was talking to me, but there was no one else around or in the store even. I just ignored him, but he kept on trying.

"Hey! Don't be shy! Can I talk to you for a second?"

I wanted to just leave, but for some reason, I finally turned to look at him. He was tall with dark hair, but he had a gentle friendly smile. He had this large square bag slung over his shoulder, and was wearing jeans and a t-shirt with sandals. He must have been about thirty or so. As I looked up at his face, he said,

"Wow!"

Not sure what this was supposed to mean, I quickly looked away again.

"Oh sorry. I'm not trying to pick you up or anything. It's just that... you're um... a very beautiful looking girl."

It was pretty obvious he was trying to sweet talk me, but I was kind of flattered. Not too many guys are this straight. Still, this whole thing with Melissa and my wasted vacation had me all upset, so I took out my umbrella and started to go.

"No, no. Don't do that. I swear it's not what you think." He ran out into the rain to get in front of me. "Here, here's my card."

I looked down at it. It said Trevor Foley, Photographer, C&S Studios.

"That's me. I guess I don't look much like a photographer, but I am... and things have been looking up for me lately. HUM magazine just bought one of my photosets."

"I don't understand." I looked down.

"I... I guess I was wondering if you would be willing to model for me. I know if I could take some shots of a girl as beautiful as you..."

I turned away again, more because I was embarrassed by his compliments than anything.

"No, no. I mean it. Listen. I know this nice little restaurant near here. Let's say we go there and just chat, alright?"

I reluctantly agreed, and he held his umbrella up to protect me as we walked through the rain. We stopped at this brick building with some trendy shops in it, and he led me into one of the cafes. I felt really nervous. To tell you the truth, I'd been approached by a talent scout before when I was visiting Los Angeles, but I just ignored him that time. I should probably have ignored this one too, but what with the rain and Melissa running out on me, I figured things couldn't get much worse. Besides, Trevor didn't seem like such a bad guy.

He asked about me and what I was doing in Waikiki, and so I told him the whole story. He was from the mainland too, but he traveled around a lot looking for models and locales to shoot in. He'd been to San Francisco but not Berkeley.

"If all the girls in Berkeley are as cute as you, maybe I should make a trip."

I just laughed. We talked some more, and eventually, he took out a portfolio of photos he'd taken, and told me all about each one. I don't really know a lot about photography, but they looked pretty cool to me. There were all these clear blue skies, white sandy beaches and good-looking guys and girls laughing and having fun.

"I wish you could make the sky blue for the rest of my vacation."

"I'll see what I can do," he grinned.

After a while, he put away the portfolio, and we just sat there, while I thought about what I should do.

"What kind of pictures do you want to do with me?"

He kind of paused for a moment, and looked at me.

"I don't know. I was thinking of doing something special... something a bit different from my other work," he said and then went quiet again.

"What then?"

"What would you think about posing in the nude?"

I just stared at him, shocked that he would even suggest it.

"Are you serious?"

"Yeah, I told you I just sold a set to HUM, so for once, I've got a lot of money to spend."

I was just like so amazed that he could even say such a thing out of the blue. I'd never even done any modeling before and here he was asking me to pose nude. The whole idea was crazy.

"No, I couldn't."

"Why not? It'll be fun. I tell you what. What if I make it, so no one will ever know?"

"How are you going to do that?"

"I'll sell the shots overseas. I have some contacts in the Far East. I think I can probably guarantee you that no one in the U.S. will ever have to see them. How's that sound?"

I just stared at him. He looked totally serious. I swear I'd never in a million years thought of posing in the nude! Part of me just wanted to tell him no, point blank, but something about the atmosphere, the sea air, my wasted vacation held me back.

"How much... how much does this kind of work pay?" I asked hesitantly. I could really use the money. Like I said, there was no way I was going to be able to pay my tuition come September.

"What hotel are you staying in? How about I just pay for your whole vacation? Airfare and everything."

"You're joking?"

"No, I'm deadly serious. You are the most beautiful girl I've seen in a long time, and I'm not going to let you just walk away."

I looked down again blushing. The next thing I know, he pulls out this model's release form from his bag, and shows it to me. I just looked at it for a long time, a bit overwhelmed. My whole life I'd always been such a good girl. I went out with this boy in high school, but my parents didn't like him, so eventually we broke up. I'd always tried to please my parents, and be someone they could be proud of. Somehow posing nude just didn't fit in with this image. To tell you the truth though, part of me was tired of always doing what I was told. I wanted to experiment, to find something new, something different. But pose nude?

"I have an idea. Why don't you let me take a few test shots? I'll buy you a swimsuit."

"I'm wearing my swimsuit under this."

"Even better. What do you say?"

I still felt uneasy, but Trevor had this really charming smile. I don't know why, but I ended up nodding yes. Trevor paid the bill, and we left the cafe. Instead of going outside where it was still raining, we went up to the fifth floor where there was a wide stairwell leading up towards the roof.

"What? What are you doing?"

"I was thinking we could take some shots here."

"Where is your studio?"

"I don't have a studio. I told you I work on the mainland, same as you."

I couldn't believe it. He expected me to take off my clothes in some stairwell just a half flight up from the mall.

"I can't get undressed here!"

"Sure you can. There's no one here. Besides this is Hawaii. No one knows you anyway."

I just glared at him for a while. I hadn't seen anyone walking around the mall in their swimsuit, although we were close enough to the beach that it would almost make sense. It would be pretty embarrassing if we did run into anyone, but he was right; Melissa was the only person I knew here, and she was clearly trying to avoid me.

I took a deep breath, and peered down the stairs. I couldn't hear anyone over the muzak playing over the p.a. My heart was pounding like anything. I tried hard to think of what I should do. The whole idea was crazy, but somehow I couldn't just give up now, and go back to my hotel room. I'm on vacation, right? I'm not going to get this kind of chance again.

"OK, but just for a second."

I set down my bag, and paused waiting to see if anyone was coming. When I was absolutely sure that the coast was clear, I lifted up my halter top and pulled it over my head, showing him my bikini top underneath. Trevor smiled widely, and started snapping pictures. I hurriedly undid my skirt, and stepped out of it. I felt so embarrassed standing in the stairwell there in just my bikini. I straightened out my bottoms just to make sure no hair was showing. This particular bikini is one of the more daring ones I have with ties at the side on the bottoms and around my back and neck at the top. I tightened the bows to make sure it wouldn't fall off, while he was shooting. Trevor was taking shot after shot.

"Are you done?" I asked nervously.

"C'mon, stand up straight. Let me get a look at you."

I straightened up, completely freaked out that I was standing in this public mall in just my bikini. I was terrified, but to tell you the truth, I was pretty excited too. Trevor took a few more shots, and then suddenly my cell phone rang. I nearly jumped out my skin. I scrambled down the steps to where my bag was, took it out, and answered it.

"Elaine, is that you? It's Mel. Where are you?"

Melissa's voice pulled me back to reality. I began to feel acutely embarrassed standing there in my tiny bikini in this mall talking on the phone. I turned my back on Trevor, and shooed him to stop taking pictures.

"I'm in some mall in Waikiki. Where are you? I've been calling you all morning."

Trevor's camera went quiet, and I guess I should have known something was up. Suddenly, I felt his fingers on my waist. He was trying to undo my bikini! I slapped at his hands, but he'd already gotten one side undone. I grabbed it to hold it up, but suddenly, Trevor motioned for me to shush. I stopped talking, and listened. We could hear voices coming from below and then the sound of footfalls on the stairs.

"Hello, Elaine. Are you still there?" came Melissa's voice on the other end of the line. I was so nervous that I dropped the cell phone, and it went spinning down the stairs making a horrible noise as it bounced off each step. The voices stopped. They must have wondered what the noise was. I held my breath, while this feeling of dread came over me. I was still just holding my bikini bottoms together by a thread. I looked for my clothes, but Trevor had shifted my bag down next to him to keep it out of the pictures. I didn't want to make any noise, so I just stood there shivering with fear.

Eventually, we heard the footfalls again, but they were moving down away from us. Finally, we heard a door open and slam shut, and it was quiet again. I quickly scampered down the steps to get back my cell phone, but in my rush, I lost the grip on my bikini, and it started to fall off. I grabbed to get it back, but I almost lost my balance, so I had to grab the handrail instead. My bikini fell to the floor, and suddenly I was standing almost naked in this public stairwell. Trevor started taking pictures again of my bare behind, so I quickly leaned forward, pulled up my bikini, and did it back up.

Furious with Trevor and extremely embarrassed at having dropped my bottoms in public like that, I stormed down the steps till I finally caught sight of my cell phone. It had fallen all the way to the fifth floor in plain view of the stores in the mall. I was so worked up by that point I wasn't even thinking straight. I cautiously walked down the last set of steps, and out into view of the mall. There were a couple of Hawaiian guys standing there in the hall, and they noticed me as soon as I came down. One of them whistled,

"Hey, wahine," he said or something like that. I nervously picked up the cell phone, and started walking back up the stairs.

"Elaine? Elaine? What happened? Are you alright?"

"Uh, yeah, yeah, I'm fine. Listen, Mel. Can I call you back? There's kind of a lot going on here right now."

"OK, I'll leave my phone switched on."

The two Hawaiian guys came over to the foot of the stairs to ogle me some more, but they didn't come up. I felt so completely stupid and humiliated. I just wanted to put my clothes back on, and forget the whole thing. What an idiot Trevor had turned out to be.

"You are one gutsy girl!" he beamed as I came back up next to him.

"And you're a creep!"

"Hey, hey. Don't get so angry. I'm sorry. I just got so turned on seeing you there like that." He did look apologetic. As I started to mull it over, I realized that he had told me he wanted to do nudes. Still, he didn't have to pull my bottoms off!

"I don't know. I'm just not ready for this, I think." Why had I even considered it? I never get naked in front of anyone, not even my own family.

"Listen, Elaine. I am really sorry... but my offer still stands. I don't want to push you into doing anything you don't want to do, but here... take the release, and I'll drop by your hotel tomorrow morning. Alright?"

It surprised me that he'd back off like this. I was also a little worried about what he'd do with the pictures he'd taken so far, if I didn't sign.

"Um, listen, Mr. Foley. Maybe you're right. I think I'm just going to go back to my room, and think it over OK? Where are you staying?" We exchanged hotel addresses and phone numbers, and I felt a little bit better that now at least I knew where to find him. I still wasn't sure what I wanted to do, but after I got dressed, he called a cab for me, and paid the driver to take me to my hotel.

When Melissa showed up, she was all excited about some new guy she'd met, but I didn't know if I wanted to tell her about the modeling job and everything. I felt kind of bad about keeping it from her, but anyway, whatever I decided, probably the fewer people that knew, the better.

That night I had the weirdest dream. I was sitting in the cafe in that mall, and Trevor asked me to take off my clothes. I just nodded, and started stripping right down. Soon I'm sitting there completely naked. Those two Hawaiian guys were sitting at the table next to ours, and everyone in the whole place was staring at me, and complimenting me on what a beautiful body I have. I stood up, and did a pirouette to show them, and then everyone started clapping. Melissa and my mom and dad were all there, and they all seemed so happy. When I finally woke up, I wondered, is this like a sign that I should go through with it?

Now, if I am going to tell you the honest truth, I guess I should admit that I have a real complex about my body. Like, I mean I guess it's OK, and not that different from any of the other girls at school and everything, but I don't know, just ever since I was young, I've always tried to hide it and cover it up, just in case people made fun of me or whatever. One of the things I did like about Trevor is the way he said I was beautiful, and you could tell by the look in his eye that he really meant it. I also couldn't believe he was willing to pay all this money just to take pictures of me. On the other hand, though, I was still terrified that people might find out. He'd better be telling the truth about that part.

After breakfast, Melissa wanted to drag me off to meet her new boyfriend, but I really didn't feel like it. I told her to go on ahead, and they I lay there in our room debating what to do for another hour or so. I read the release, and it did seem to guarantee I could choose which pictures got published. I finally gave Trevor a call, and arranged to meet him at the beach. He said the main beach at Waikiki was too crowded, so he gave me directions how to get to another beach out past Diamondhead. I took another taxi, and he was there waiting when I showed up, and even paid the taxi driver.

We rented a beach parasol, laid down our towels, and just lay there in the sun for a while. I felt really self-conscious about my body, but Trevor was very kind and gentlemanly, trying to make up for the day before, I guess. The beach wasn't really crowded, but there were still quite a lot of people there, I thought. I was just as happy to put the whole thing off, and enjoy the sunny weather for a change. Trevor joked that he had brought out the sun just like I'd asked.

At lunch time, I pulled on this cover-up I'd brought, and we ate in a nice beachside cafe. Just when, I was starting to feel good because it looked like he'd given up on the whole modeling thing, Trevor leaned over, and whispered,

"Can you take off your bikini? We've got to give your skin some time to lose the lines your bikini makes."

I just stared at him. I almost wondered if I'd heard him right. There were a few other people in the cafe, so I leaned over real close to him.

"You're not serious, are you?"

"Of course I'm serious. You don't want lines all over you, do you?"

I backed away slowly in complete shock. For some reason, I thought I could just go on being with him and not have to do the whole modeling thing, but suddenly, I realized that he really meant to go through with it. I got out the release, and we talked about it a bit more, but I was still having trouble taking the last step. I felt my bikini through the soft material of my cover-up.

"I don't know if I can do this. Where were you...?"

"There are these big rocks further down the beach. I was thinking we could climb up on top till we're far enough away from all these people."

I started shivering uncontrollably wondering what was going to happen. I was so scared.

"Hey, relax. It'll be OK. I'm not going to let anything bad happen to you." Trevor really has the most amazing voice. The way he said this, the look of calm confidence in his eye, really made me want to believe him. He had been so nice all day. I just hoped I was right in trusting him. I signed the release, but I half felt like I was signing away my soul to the devil. I crossed my fingers, and prayed that everything would be OK.

Trevor pointed the way to the cafe washroom. I went in and luckily there was no one there. I thought of putting my shorts and halter top back on, but they'd probably leave marks too. I pulled the cover-up down, and checked in the mirror just to make sure it was long enough to cover my most private places. It wasn't very long at all - just covering the top of my thighs - but maybe it would do. I was so nervous I had trouble undoing the bow at the back of my neck.

Please no one come. Please no one come, I prayed as I finally got it undone, and pulled my bikini top off. I quickly undid my bottoms as well, and stuffed them both into my bag. My pubic hair was standing up, so I smoothed it back down with one hand. The cover-up did seem long enough, but I felt completely naked without my suit. I stayed in the washroom a long time, till I finally got up the nerve to go back out onto the patio, and sit back down. I swear I felt like everyone could tell I was naked under my short white hoodie. I felt like everyone was watching me. I finally convinced Trevor to take me away to somewhere less public.

I stood next to him at the cash register, but I swear it felt like everyone in the place was staring at my behind. I glanced down to check, and the material was clinging so tight to my hips you could probably tell I didn't have anything on underneath. My head was spinning from this crazy thing I was doing, and my hole body was getting hot. I held Trevor's arm as we walked back up the beach to where our parasol was. He held my hand tight to reassure me, but I felt like a very bad girl being led off to be punished. I deserved it to for choosing the money over my own dignity. I was overwhelmed by a deep sense of guilt only made worse by how aroused I was getting. I could feel the red hot gaze of every surfer we passed, scanning my body for the hint of a swimsuit that wasn't there. I wiped my brow, but my face was blazing too with embarrassment and shame. When we got to our things, I lay down on my front, and buried my head in my arms.

"Relax, Elaine, you're doing fine," Trevor's voice sounded so kind, so tender, but I didn't know what to say. I was so embarrassed that he should see me like this, not just near nude, but excited by it as well.

"Water," I gasped. He handed me a canteen, and I drank deep letting the overflow spill down my chin and onto my cover-up. Startled, I looked down, but you still couldn't see my breasts. "We'd better go."

"Can I just take a few shots here first?"

I lifted my head up, and looked at him, surprised that I could actually muster up a smile for the camera. He took a few shots, but then motioned for me to pull up the hem of my hoodie to show more of my rear. There didn't seem to be many people around us, so I hiked up the hem, but I went a bit too far, and ended up exposing my whole bum. I held the pose for a second or two, so he could get some shots, but then I quickly pulled the hem back down before anyone noticed me flashing my bare bum. Trevor came back, his lips pursed in a look of cool satisfaction.

"You're everything I dreamed. You're a natural."

I suddenly started to feel like a model for the first time in my life. Trevor seemed to be really enjoying the way I looked, the way I was teasing him. You could see it in his eyes. I never thought I could turn on a man like this. I have to admit I was enjoying it too.

We packed up our stuff, and he went off to find some place to leave it. I walked down by the shore, and dipped my toes in the water. Even though I was working, modeling, it didn't feel like work at all. It finally felt like I was on vacation.

When Trevor came back, we walked all the way down to the far end of the beach where the rocky area starts. He motioned for me to go ahead, and I climbed up on top of one of the big rocks. The wind was blowing pretty hard now flipping the hem of my hoodie way up and all over the place. There wasn't anyone around though, so I just let it go, and enjoyed the feeling of the sea breeze on my privates. It was getting me all excited again.

We took a lot of pictures up on the rocks, and once we'd been there a while and no one had showed up, Trevor asked me to take off my cover-up. I still felt nervous, and I was especially anxious about showing Trevor my breasts. I've always been self-conscious about them, worried that they are too small or whatever, but once I had my hoodie off, Trevor seemed thrilled no end. He told me that they were the perfect shape, and he loved the way they looked in the sun. He took my hoodie from me, and I walked around nude for a long time. The sun was so bright I had to put some sun block on. Trevor helped me put it on, rubbing it into my breasts and buttocks.

I was so horny by then, but surprisingly Trevor didn't try anything. He seemed completely focused on taking good pictures. I felt even more embarrassed realizing that I'd half expected him to jump me. I even felt a little disappointed. Here I was dancing around in the nude striking my sexiest poses, and he is just smiling and snapping away. He had a hard on though; I could tell. When I saw the pictures later, they turned out really well, but the whole thing did seem a bit strange to me. I guess that's how professional photographers have to be.

We climbed up pretty high; in fact, so high that we came to this lookout where we could see the whole beach and the hotels in the distance. I shied away from the edge worried that someone might see me, but Trevor insisted on taking some pictures with the hotels and parasols and all these people in the background. I stood right at the edge, and rubbed some more sun block all over myself while he shot away. I looked straight into the camera and massaged my breasts a bit then ran my hand down my tummy and below. I don't know what came over me doing all these kinky things. I was on a natural high all day.

There's a lot more to tell about this trip, but I guess I'd better stop here for now. Just remembering it all again is getting me all excited. Anyway, thanks for reading.

Elaine Elliot