**Extra Money**

by[DoubleDeesire](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3785835&page=submissions)

While on a recent vacation I stopped by a local college to enquire about some history on the area I was visiting. Walking through the halls in search of the tourist office, I noticed a sign posted beside a classroom, It plainly said 'model required for art class'. I poked my head inside the door and saw an older man sitting behind a desk. I knocked on the door and he looked up.  
  
I asked him where the tourist office was and explained what I was looking for. I must have caught him off guard for he had a confused look on his face. I then inquired about the notice for the model. He smiled as if he had seen me for the first time and waved me in.  
  
He explained it was only for two hours and that I would be paid $130. The only catch was that I would have to be nude. I asked him when it was and he said 'that evening'. He went on to say he was worried about not being able to find anyone so if I was interested he would add another $50 to the fee. I thought about it quickly and, although it certainly was not the money, the idea of posing nude in front of a group of people was quite exciting, in a voyeuristic way.  
  
I decided to accept the position and told him I would be back in a few hours. I returned to my hotel where I showered and made myself as presentable as possible. I shaved my under arms as well as my privates, which I had waxed about a week ago. They were smooth, but I thought the added touch would be a benefit. I applied make up in what I think flatters me the most and studied my naked form in the full length hotel mirror.   
  
I work out regularly and try to eat healthy food. Although my weight has crept to 130 lbs. My 5-7 stature and good posture makes my buttocks firm and my breasts stand forward. I have grown from a 36c to a 'd', as gravity has taken it's toll, but I still turn heads at the beach, especially if I wear a tiny two piece.  
  
I dressed in slacks and a sweater. I did not wear a brassiere, for I assumed I would not need it for my 'modeling' stint. I arrived in the classroom about 10 minutes early and was surprised that there were already a dozen or so students setting up their easels.  
  
The instructor saw me and smilingly motioned me to approach him. I did and he showed me to a small corner where a screen had been set up, which acted as a change room. He instructed me to remove my clothes and drape a sheer cotton shawl over me. I proceeded to do so and when I finished I exited nervously to the corner of the class.  
  
By now there were at least 20 people already with their paints and easels, trying to catch a glimpse of me, no doubt wondering who the model would be. The instructor motioned me forward and introduced me to the group. He then asked me to sit at the side until the needed me.  
  
There were four women and the rest were men. Most were seniors who had taken art as a retirement hobby. One gentleman looked to be in his early eighties. I thought how wonderful it was that these people were doing something with their free time.  
  
After about half an hour I was called upon and instructed to stand on a small platform in the centre of the room. I did and the instructor stepped up as well. He asked me to stand with one leg bent and my hand resting n my waist. He removed the veil and let it fall to the floor. I was now standing totally nude, shaking slightly as the students stared at every exposed part of my body.  
  
Time went by and I grew tired of standing in the same position. The instructor suggested we take a break and everyone put their brushes down and looked at their work. I too sat down on a small stool on the stage. One man approached and said I was a wonderful subject. I was slightly embarrassed and lifted my hand over my breast in an effort to cover my nipples. The other hand I placed in my lap to shield my private area from view.  
  
Another man, the older one, came up to me and smiled. He told me how pretty I was and how I was the best model they had brought in. I smiled and told him I was flattered. I saw him stare at my breasts and then at my groin. I lowered my arms slightly, excited at the opportunity to tease the senior citizen. I began to stand and as I did I opened my legs enough for him to see. I caught his eyes staring at my womanhood and then back at my face. I smiled as he grinned slightly, obviously embarrassed by having been caught.  
  
The session continued and I became more at ease. I moved around slightly, no longer intimidated by posing naked. My excitement was growing as I thought about these strangers eying every part pf my unclothed flesh. I especially gave the older gentleman several opportunities to see as much as he wanted.  
  
When we finished I changed back in to my slacks and sweater and the instructor gave me an envelope, which I put in my purse. He thanked me and told me that he would like to see me again. I explained that I was here on vacation and would not have the opportunity.  
  
Most of the students came up and thanked me and I smiled as they left. I was about to leave when the older man came up and extended his hand. I smiled and asked him if he thought I had done a good job. He shook his head and I walked out with him.  
  
Heading down the stairs he asked me where I was from. I told him and he said he had always wanted to visit there. At the bottom of the stairs he offered me a ride to my hotel. At first I declined but he was harmless and polite, besides, it was late and I hated finding a cab in a strange city.  
  
As we were driving he explained that he and his wife lived in a senior's home. He was 83 and had taken up painting in the past year. I asked him how the image of me turned out and he reached behind me and pulled out a board from the back seat. He handed it to me and I removed the top sheet. The likeness was good. I was flattered.  
  
I told him how good I thought it was, but I said he gave my body more credit than it deserved. He countered with comments about how beautiful I was and how his art did not do me justice. He said that he thought I had perfect breasts and a slim waist. I was slightly embarrassed and I looked at the painting again. He had certainly improved on my breasts and I told him so.  
  
He said that he thought I was beautiful and without realizing what had gotten into me I impulsively lifted my sweater and showed him my breasts. I told him that his painting was much better than the real thing. He glanced over and realized what I had done. His mouth fell open and I asked hi if he liked looking. He said he did.  
  
He opened up and admitted that he had thoughts about touching them during the class. I smiled and took his hand from the steering wheel and placed it on one of my breasts. Squeezing his hand with mine I forced him to massage my breast.   
  
"Do you like that?" I asked.   
  
"Oh, yes," he said.  
  
The actions of the modelling must have excited me more than I thought and I felt a sensual quiver run through me. "You can do it as much as you like," I said, smiling as I spoke. I lifted my sweater higher so that both my breasts were in view. "Maybe you would like to pull over," I said, not knowing what came over me. "Then you could enjoy them as long as you want." I'm not sure why I said that. I think I shocked him as well, but he pulled over to a small clearing at the side of the road.  
  
It was a dark area but the moonlight filled the car with a soft glow. I turned to face the older man and he undid his seatbelt. He reached up and touched my breasts with both hands. I moaned slightly and he thought he had hurt me. I told him it was fine and that it felt good. I suggested he pinch my nipples. He did.  
  
"You can pinch them as hard as you want," I said. "I enjoy the pain it gives me." I felt his fingers and thumbs tighten around the soft pink skin of my nipples as he pinched hard. I felt a wetness slowly flow between my legs.  
  
"You can suck in them if you like," I said. "Would you like that?   
  
He nodded and I held one breast from underneath and pointed the nipple toward him. "Go ahead," I said. "Suck mommy's tit." I was very excited and I think I was shocking him, but he obeyed and his head moved toward my breast. I felt his moist lips against my nipple and a moment later he was sucking it.   
  
The action felt good and I asked him how he liked it. He just moaned with pleasure. I asked him if it made him hard and he said it did. "When was the last time you had sex?" I asked.   
  
"About 25 years ago" he replied. I looked at him and caressed his arm while he continued to suck my breast.   
  
"Would you like me to do something about that?" I asked. He was unsure what I meant and I pushed his head away and opened the car door. I stepped out while he sat and watched and I removed my slacks. My panties also came off and I again lifted my sweater up over my breasts.  
  
I began to rub my breasts and then moved my hand to my groin. I could feel the wetness as my finger touched my love button. "Why don't you take your penis out?" I said. He fumbled with his zipper and a moment later he had his erection in his hand. I looked into the car and smiled. "It's big, isn't it?" I commented. He looked sheepishly at my body.  
  
"Does it excite you to see me naked beside your car?" I asked.  
  
"Oh yes," he replied.  
  
"Why don't you come around here and maybe I can help you."  
  
Slowly he stepped from his car and walked to the shoulder where I stood. His stiff penis was protruding from his pants and I smiled as he approached. I squatted down and unbuttoned his trousers. I pushed them down and removed his underpants. I looked up into his eyes.  
  
"Would you like me to suck your cock?" I asked. He looked down in disbelief. Then he nodded. I moved my head forward until my mouth was within an inch of the big purple head. I parted my lips and let his manhood slide between them. I moaned slightly as I tasted a drop of his precum. The thought that I was sucking an 83 year old man's penis was electrifying and I reached my hand for my vagina.   
  
As I feverishly sucked on his cock I fingered myself hard. I stopped a moment and looked up. "Am I doing it right?" I asked. He nodded. "Do you mind if I finger my cunt while I suck your cock?"  
  
I did not wait for an answer instead returning my attention to his throbbing cock. I put as much as I could into my mouth and moved rapidly back and forth. I felt my own climax nearing and suddenly, without warning, the man let out a moan.  
  
I felt his warm sperm shoot hard from his shaft and hit the back of my throat. I sealed my lips and began to swallow. The flow appeared endless and it was enough to bring me to orgasm. I came as I sucked the last drops of love juice from his cock. When we finished I stood and picked up my slacks and underwear. He did the same.  
  
The drive to my hotel was only a few minutes and we rode in embarrassed silence. I thanked him for the ride and he thanked me. I leaned over and kissed him and left the car. I did not look back but went straight to my room where I drew a bath and masturbated twice before I went to bed. Hubby would be back in about an hour and I hoped he would not be wanting sex tonight.