**Velvet and Green**

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**Chapter 1**

The voice on the phone sounded smooth and soft in my ears.

"Yes. Professor... Green? You needed a model for your life drawing class?"

"Yes, I do. When can you work?"

"How soon do you need me?" The woman said, speaking with a rather flat tone.

"I need you next week, Tuesday and Thursday. One session on Tuesday, and two on Thursday. Can you do it?" I said. I had grown nervous as I had not gotten a response about any new models for my class. My usual models had slowly moved away after school or for school and others found other work. At this point, I would hire anyone.

"Cool. Yeah. I can be there. Are you cool with a few tattoos and piercings?"

"Yes. Why not? It has never been a problem before. Your name?"

"Velvet."

"Hi... Velvet. Room 522-"

"Room 522, right. See you, Professor."

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After eating breakfast and getting dressed in my pants and jacket, my colorful necktie and leather shoes, I left for class. I had taught life drawing and art history at a small college in the wooded countryside. The landscape provided great subject matter for painting and drawing, so many other professors utilized it by taking their classes outside once in a while. I needed models. My last model told me they could fill in for part of the semester, but I wanted someone to pose for every session or at least as many as possible. I had posted an ad in the school paper weeks ago with no response. I thought I was trouble until she called and signed on to work both my classes.

I do not know why, but every year the young women in my classes seem to get more and more disrespectful and wild, Just the week prior, a young woman, Mindy, had sat herself on my desk wearing a very short skirt, asking me to change her grade on a paper for my "Beauty throughout Antiquity" class. She begged me for an "A". It felt awkward and difficult to have to decline.

"How about I suck your cock... and then-"

"Pleas go. Thank you. That will be all." I had to decline her and the others. Every year I get one or two students that try to show some skin or try to sit in my lap. Every time I stoically refuse. I had enough after the first time and installed a camera to record me in the office. It sits disguised as a clock on my shelf.

Another professor got fired the year I started here. He fucked a student in his office, and she blackmailed him until he finally had enough. She squealed and tried to sue the school and him. It was a scandal. After that incident the teachers seemed less open and scared. It did not scare me after I installed my cam.

After parking my car, I made my way through the crowd to the door of the art building. Standing taller than most allowed me to see over a crowd of people easily. Most mornings I would spot a student having a smoke or waiting outside the building before class, and I would usually stop and talk to them. I liked to build relationships with my students and also educate them in other ways. It also educated me. It kept me abreast of new music and movies. I sometimes even traded books or videos with my students.

This morning I saw one of my best students in some years, Casey, a cute redhead with a well developed body on a tall frame. She sat on a garden bench drinking coffee, wearing a small shirt with plunging neckline and high hem exposing her flat stomach and small, tight shorts over her round behind.. I had taken a shine to her as she had a great technique and had taken my class twice in previous semesters. She had a wispy, deliberate yet carefree style of drawing her figures, and her best drawings dripped sex. When I had a good model, she made powerful and exciting pictures. I had two models that liked more... interesting poses. One model, Phil, lifted weights and had massive muscles and liked very suggestive poses that made him look very powerful or strong.

The other model, Anette, would strike a pose for longer drawings that gave a few students in the room a perfect view of her perfect pussy. She had a cute strip of pubic hair and shaved everything else. She seemed to enjoy giving a view but only to a few worthy eyes. Her very first pose after the warm-ups she sat with her cute ass squatting on a small stool on the model stand. She kept arching her back and scooting back as she first arranged herself in the pose sitting on a simple stool. The pose lasted five minutes, and for five glorious minutes, one student sat and drooled with a hard cock in his pants. When I circled the room to each student during the pose, I found his blank, and I looked over his shoulder from where he sat on a drawing horse to see straight up her backside. She did have fantastic ass. I lost my breath at sight of her cute, trimmed slit and her hairless asshole. She always found a great pose that displayed everything to a lucky few, usually Casey. Casey made great drawings and always paid careful attention to the soft folds of Anette's cute pussy. Every wrinkle of her asshole. She eventually saved enough to go to school herself, and she left. I felt saddened by the loss of her as a model, and when I voiced this to Anette when she came to my office after my last class of last semester to inform me of her plans. I congratulated Anette and told her I was sad but happy for her. She leaned over me as I sat in my chair behind my desk, and she pouted and offered me a blowjob, which I happily accepted. She told me she had a thing for me the whole year. She said she enjoyed exposing herself for everyone to see. She removed her clothes again and dropped to her knees and unzipped my trousers, pulled out my hardening cock and looked at it with a wide smile.

"Mr. Green. Why did you not show this to me before?" She dove her head down over the head of my cock, her tongue lathering my shaft, then took me from her mouth. "No fair! You should have shared this, Professor!"

She giggled and slurped as she devoured my cock one long inch at a time. Her mouth felt amazing. I remember looking at her and the look in her eyes as she sucked me off. After receiving an incredible blowjob from a perky little pixie, I shot a massive, hot load into her waiting mouth. She seemed pleased with herself afterward and left me her email to keep in touch. I certainly did. We chatted from time to time, and I even visited her over the summer only a few hundred miles away.. Sex was great with her. She did anything I wanted. But it had been months since I last heard from her. She wanted a short fling and so did I. Never having such a wild girl before or since left me feeling somewhat vacant and unhappy, but I was happy to have the video of her in my office with lips wrapped around my cock.

"Hi, Professor Green," Casey smiled and waved as I approached, snapping out of my short daydream.

"Hey Casey. Ready to draw a new model?"

"Who is the new model?"

"Do not know. Her name is Velvet?"

"Really? I hope she has few inhibitions. Ha. I liked Anette," Casey said and finished her coffee. Casey was the only student I trusted. She had confided in me earlier last year, so I confided in her my relationship with Anette. Casey admitted to me that she had hooked up with Anette previously. She stood and gathered her things.

"So Professor did you get any for your birthday?"

"Ha," I laughed taken aback by her forward question. "Wow. Sadly. No. I have not heard from Anette. How did you know it was my birthday?"

"Ms Melinda in the office told me," Casey shrugged.

**Chapter 2**

We made our way to the entrance.

As I looked both ways and gathered myself mentally for class, I saw in the crowd a woman with a shaved head and pink eyebrows, wearing a black leather jacket, black mini-skirt and long socks pulled up to her thighs and wearing tall, tall, black high-heels. She even wore little, black lace gloves on her hands. The little bit of skin I saw exposed on her looked pale white, her lips and eyes a striking matte black. She looked gorgeous and wild. As she approached I could see she had a black choker around her long, slender neck. Her leather jacket had pins and buttons of different punk and heavy metal bands. Her skirt looked phenomenally short. Her high-heeled shoes made her look pretty tall. She tried to cover her body, but I could tell she had a slender yet voluptuous body. Her leather jacket hid her chest, but I knew she had a massive pair of tits. I panted for a moment and caught myself drooling, hoping she was one my students, so I could look at her all semester. Seeing the tattoos and as she got closer to me, passing me in the crowd, I could see she had numerous piercings. She had pierced her ears several times each, her nose, her eyebrows.

I watched with wanton lust as this hot goth trotted past me, giving me a look at her round ass in her very small, black, pleated skirt. She had black fishnets stockings on over a pink and white striped sock on one leg, a black and neon green sock on the other, both pulled over the thigh. She walked towards the entry and then continued. I sighed and headed inside with Casey. We watched the last elevator close with a few left waiting for the next in the lobby. Casey and I waited with the others staring at the elevator doors . It took several minutes, but finally the doors opened after a few people gathered behind us. We filed in, and I stood in the middle of the elevator. As I turned around to face the doors, I saw the goth girl standing directly behind me. Six people stepped into the elevator and a few more still squeezed in themselves, pushing everyone together, and pushing the hot goth girl into my chest. She smirked and rolled her grey eyes. Looking at her more closely as I stole glances, she had a smooth, flawless, pale white face with black lipstick and eyeliner. She had a few small tattoos on her scalp above her ears.

The elevator lurched as the doors opened, and a man behind me needed to exit. He pushed his way to the door and in doing so, pushed the goth girl into me, almost falling as she threw her arms out as she lost balance on her high-heels, catching my arm with one hand and my chest with the other, her body falling into mine. As she fell, her chest pushed forward into me, giving me a wonderful feel of her large breasts. The leather jacket pulled open as she steadied herself, she looked me in the face and smiled for a brief moment, her eyes looking quickly away from my gaze. She wore a small shirt under her jacket, and she did indeed have huge tits.

At the top floor, a few students exited with me and Casey including the goth girl. She exited the looked around trying to find a door number. I approached her, hoping she would be Velvet.

"Casey I will see you in class," I said as Casey wandered down the hallway to the classroom, her round ass swaying in her tight shorts. I stood next to the girl in black as she looked one way then the other. She turned around and held a hand over her chest with a smirk on her face.

"Hi, are you Velvet?" I said, holding my hand out to shake hers. She shook mine with devilish smile on her face, nodding a yes. "I am Professor Green, but you can call me Henry. Did you have any trouble finding the building?"

She shook her head and shrugged. She kept pace with me, looking nervously away from me.

"Have you ever posed or modeled before?"

"Yes. I love it. You wanted me nude, right?"

"Yes, please," I said as I opened my classroom door with the keycard. Velvet sat in a chair quietly reading as I took attendance. Casey and her friends James and Martin had grabbed a corner together. They each used a standing easel. The dozen or so other students used drawing horses or easels.

"Class, this is Velvet, our new model for the semester. I think we should start with gestures then work our way through a few minutes-long poses and end with an hour pose. Does that sound good with everyone?" I said as everyone readied themselves, sharpening pencils, finding a clean sheet of paper. The thought of seeing this voluptuous little vamp naked thrilled me and made my mind race.

Velvet looked at everyone in the room and then at me. I approached her as she began pulling her jacket off her shoulders.

"You can change in the bathroom at the end of the hall near the elevator." I said to Velvet. She restrained a smile and turned on her heels to the door, and I took the time to ready the model stand and adjust the lights. I had a heavy white sheet on the stand with a bench sitting on top. I also kept a few more pillowy blankets and pillows that I cleaned after each use available to my models.

Normally a model changes into a robe for modesty, but this school and the students never cared about a nude model walking around nude.

Velvet returned naked and holding her clothes in both hands. She walked totally naked into the room as my students stared silently her heavenly figure, her milky white skin covered in tattoos, her massive, perky white tits with hot pink nipples pierced with little barbells, her thin, slender waist, her shapely legs and tight, round behind. She tossed her clothing and shoes next to the model stand. I stared in amazement as her huge breasts swayed and wobbled, a thin sliver chain hung from a belly piercing over her hairless, tattooed snatch, her pierced clit and long, pale legs dotted with little tattoos. Her flat stomach had a few tattoos on it, too. Her arms had sleeves of different designs and words and creatures. The tattoos on her arms looked wildly detailed. She had floral tattoos over her shoulders and chest above her huge breasts, skulls and the Three Stooges on her stomach and her sides, little plants and campy horror movie characters, patterns and even a zombie Queen Elizabeth I.

In the middle of the model stand Velvet waited staring at me with her smoky blue eyes. For a moment I just stared right back at her, but then I remembered my stop watch. I signaled to Velvet to start who smiled and almost giggled at me then took a pose with pose arms raised to her sides and her legs spread a foot or two apart. I had her change poses every thirty seconds until I had her in two minutes poses. Her first minute pose she dropped to one knee and threw back her other leg and arched her back, spreading her ass, giving Casey a clear view of her ass and clit. Casey stared hypnotized.

After finishing the handful of minute and two-minute poses, I had everyone prepare for the long pose. I watched Velvet standing on the model stand and met her gaze several times. She seemed pleased to have me look at her. I felt aggressive and wanted to talk to her and give myself a better look so I approached her.

"So where have you modeled before?"

"Oh, um," her small bare feet pointed inward briefly as she slowly put her hands over her large pierced nipples. "I used to model for friends. They would pose me and draw me. So I am fine with posing and modeling, just never been in a classroom like this."

"That is alright. You look fantastic up here," I said. She smiled and turned away from me, dropping to her knees, leaning very far over the edge of the stand and pawing through her clothing looking for something. She leaned further over the model stand searching in her belongings until she had spread her knees all way apart and hung completely over, her ass pointing up in the air. I looked down as she searched just at my feet, and I stared at her hairless asshole. It looked perfect and pink. It made me have to catch my breath for a moment, and then she lost balance and had to drop one leg from the model stand on to the concrete floor to catch herself from falling. Her leg landed wide and gave me great view of her asshole and her pierced pussy. She climbed back to her feet with the missing item, a little thermos, in hand. She bounced back toward me and caught my gaze, smiled and looked at her cute, ink-covered feet. I saw Casey had also caught a glimpse of Velvet as she sprawled on the floor. Casey looked pleased. Her friends, James and Martin also looked pleased.

"Did you want a particular pose or anything?" Velvet asked me with a flat tone. I shrugged and saw Casey move from her corner and approached Velvet.

"Casey, why not tell Velvet what kind of pose you like? Velvet, this is Casey. I trust Casey. Please decide on something you both like," I said and turned away to prepare to make my own drawing. Sometimes I stuck Casey with arranging a pose because she cared about it. She wanted the best position to make the best art.

Velvet stood talking to Casey holding her massive tits with both hands in a pointless attempt to cover herself. Her small hands looked smaller than her nipples. All her feeble attempts at modestly simply pushed her massive tits together in a dazzling display of soft, pale flesh. This model made me drool and lose focus. I already thought about having to masturbate after class. She had gotten me a little too excited.

"Oh yeah, one thing, Velvet. You can wear a robe. Most models bring a robe," I whispered to her. She gave me an odd expression.

"That's fine. Did I need one?" She said and appeared embarrassed, covering her huge tits with her small hands. I saw her hands and fingers had tattoos on them. I saw a nude woman in pin up style on her arm. On her ribs she had a flower and fish.

"No, uh, you don't have to-"

"Great," she responded flatly and dropped her arms leaving her completely exposed. I shrugged and readied my paper on my drawing board at my drawing horse. I usually drew with the students to help show them how to draw, and I found a place right in the middle of the room.

I felt a buzz and looked at my mobile to see a picture sent to me. I opened the document to find an image of Anette's legs spread wide and dildo in her pussy and another in her ass. She had captioned it "i came seven times & still horny!" My cock twitched, and I felt like I would lose it in class in front of my students. i put away my phone and tried to focus on the other hot naked woman.

I called in the other students in the hall and everyone readied themselves for the final pose. Casey finished talking with Velvet. Velvet put her thermos back on the floor and returned to the model stand. She bit her lip as she looked at me with her pale grey eyes.

"Last pose, Velvet. We need a good one. One to remember," I said as I readied the timer, holding my pencil in my other hand.

With a devilish grin on her face, Velvet nodded to me and turned her back to me, dropped to her knees and lowered her face, pushing her ass in the air and spreading her knees wide until her pierced clit glinted in the spotlight. I withheld my gasp and looked at Casey, who put her finger to the tip of her nose.

Velvet pulled one arm under body and rested on the inside of her thigh, her other arm on her back with her hand clutching her pale, round butt with one finger just touching the edge of her puckering asshole. She clutched herself and spread open just slightly. Her asshole stared right at me. She had a small tattoo on inside of one of butt cheeks. Her face rested on her cheek, her eyes looking back over her shoulder. I saw her looking at me, her mouth hanging open, her gaze never wandered. I did my best to draw her. My students seemed excited by the pose and many blushed as she first took the pose, but eventually everyone quietly worked on their drawing.

I saw a few interesting tattoos on the backs of thighs. She had on one thigh, a garter like a french maid, on her other thigh, just under her butt cheek she had "69" in calligraphy. Another one said "pussy lickin'" with a pink tongue licking a small cartoon cat. I looked again and saw her eyes transfixed on mine. I continued drawing the curve of her incredible ass and made my way into her thighs. Her pussy looked wet. As I drew, it dripped down her thigh.

My timer gave a ring, signaling twenty minutes had past.

**Chapter 3**

"Class, take your break. Grab a snack. Whatever. Be back in ten minutes," I said and walked around the room briefly looking at each student's drawing. Every student filed out to grab a drink at the vending machine or have a smoke outside, leaving Velvet in the room as she stretched for moment on the model stand. I left to my office down a few doors in the hall, grabbed a book and returned.

I stepped in the room, Velvet sipped from her thermos and went from drawing to drawing. I stood in the corner, pretending to look at my work but instead stared at her naked body. Each little step caused a small wobble or shake that each made my heart stop. I watched her move from Casey's to James' to Martin's then she approached my drawing. She stood between me and the drawing and slowly lowered herself over the horse until she sat on it with her legs spread completely. She looked over her shoulder back and forth. I had given attention to her ass and thighs, then began working on her beautiful slit. Velvet looked back again, apparently not noticing me in the room with her, setting her thermos at her feet, and I watched as she arched her back slowly until the nub of her pierced clit pushed agains the seat of the drawing horse. She looked both ways and craned her neck to see anyone in the door, then slipped one hand behind her ass, putting one finger in her asshole, her other hand down over her stomach and into her wet clit as she played with herself. Gently and discreetly at first, then she rubbed herself with audible wet stirring for a brief but heavenly few seconds. I wanted to like her ass to her clit. I wanted to taste her on my tongue. I wanted to feel her quivering pink flesh on my lips as she trembled with pleasure. I wanted to shove my aching cock into her hot cunt until she screamed.

She turned her head to see Casey and James enter the room followed by Martin. She stood and gathered herself, looking around the room as she climbed the model stand. She stretched her legs and noticed me in the corner, and she froze at first, then continued stretching. The rest of my class returned shortly.

Everyone returned to their spot to resume drawing, and Velvet entered her pose, dropping to her knees, spreading wide and arching her back while putting one hand on her on the inside of her thigh, the other clenching her cute, pale ass. I noticed her hand did not look like the position I had in my drawing and looked at Casey's drawing to see if I was wrong.

"Your hand needs to move down and in slightly?" Casey said to Velvet.

"Yeah, your hand was a little further down your... behind," another student said. He appeared very interested in the position of her hands.

Velvet moved her hand a few inches on her ass looked at Casey and me for a response. Casey shook her head and pointed with one hand, and Velvet moved her hand a little more. Casey shook her head no again. Velvet moved her hand again.

"Professor Green, why don't you put my hand where you think it goes? You had the most direct view," Velvet said in her typical flat tone but with a wide grin on her face.

With my heart beating out of my chest, I stood next to Velvet and placed my hand over hers. She had small, petite hands with and black nail polish. I moved her hand and carefully positioned her finger in the crack of her behind. She kept her eyes glued to me as I put her finger on the ring of her asshole. I had to focus to not lose control and dive my cock into her perfect asshole in front of the whole class.

"Thanks, Professor. That looks like it," Casey said, giving me a wink.

Going from easel to easel and walking around the drawing horses, I could tell everyone had enjoyed the enjoyed the pose. The few boys I had in my class had each spent much time on her more intimate regions which she presented so honestly and openly. The thought of her pussy getting wet as she posed thrilled me. I desired her and after not having a women in some time, my body felt on fire for this little vixen in my class, and yet I still had the next class after this one!

After a few minutes into the pose, Velvet's pussy looked glistening and wet. After a few more minutes, it dripped down onto the blanket. Her tight, little slit had drooled until it left a small, little puddle on the heavy blanket. I enjoyed looking at her body and her tattoos.

Before long, my alarm rang, and Velvet broke her pose. She rolled forward and straightened her legs, rubbed her round ass with her hands, pushed herself onto her side and slowly climbed to her feet. She stood and massaged her breasts with both hands. Many eyes followed her through the room as she vacantly stood and squeezed her massive tits. Her pussy looked like it still drooled down her thighs. After a few minutes she returned to the model stand and we continued.

Class continued through a few more rounds with Velvet in the same pose until the end of the day. Velvet stretched her legs and back for a few minutes after the last round of posing, and my students had all left the room. I had two hours until my evening class.

"I usually go to my office for a lunch/dinner snack before my evening class begins in an hour and a half. Make you a cup of coffee?" I said as grabbed my drawing and pencils. Velvet brightened at the question and nodded. She stood and looked at her clothing.

"Can I get dressed?"

"Oh, of course, Velvet," I said as I moved to the door, putting a hand on the handle. Velvet grabbed her things, and I stepped out t the hall, holding the door for her as she followed. I walked down a few doors and stopped in front of my office. The hall had emptied. Most students had left the building. Most professors had left. Only a few evening classes remained, so the halls sat mostly empty.

**Chapter 4**

Finding my key in my pocket and unlocking my door, I noticed Velvet still behind me. I had thought she would have wandered back to the restroom to get dressed, but she followed me into my office holding her clothes. I silently thanked myself for having my hidden camera on my shelf.

I opened the door for Velvet, and she slid by me into my office, found a large wooden chair opposite my desk and tossed her clothes in the seat. She started to grab a garment to dress herself, but my office distracted her. I had a few drawings and paintings hanging on the walls, as well as a few autographed and signed records from my younger days. I had a knack for trading art with others and finding what they liked. I traded friends for art, and sometimes I traded for other items. Velvet looked at a framed, autographed "Ministry" album, "Land of Milk and Honey", and an autographed "Bauhaus" album and my favorite, "Nine Inch Nails", signed by Trent himself.

"Cool. You like Ministry?" Velvet said in her flat, almost monotone voice.

"Yep. They were pretty wild," I said. I had traded a nude drawing to a friend for the backstage passes to see Ministry. The friend did not like the band, won the tickets on the radio, but he liked the model I drew in my studio...

"So you met them?" Velvet said with slight enthusiasm.

"Yes. Many moons ago. Ha. Had a good time with them. Dropped some acid and made them each a drawing that night," I said and opened my mini-fridge, removed a salad, some fruit, some cheese and a bag of nuts.

"That's maybe one of the coolest things, I guess," she shrugged and tried to hide a smile from me.

"Care for some coffee," I said as I switched on the coffee maker and turned back around to see Velvet still standing naked in my office looking at the framed albums. She turned to me and smiled, nodded then turned back to her clothes, finding a small pair of pink panties with black hearts and pulling them up her long, slender legs and around her waist. She grabbed her long socks and sat as she slowly pulled on one then the other. I stared at her chest as her breasts pushed together as she leaned over and pulled on a sock.

"So you modeled for friends?" I asked wanting to break the silence.

"Yeah. Never in a classroom. Sorry. I should have told you," she said and passed for a moment after pulling on the second sock.

"No. I just... you seemed a little inexperienced. I do not mean that in a bad way. You just seem less comfortable, as though you had never done this before."

Velvet looked at me blankly.

"Am I doing well for a novice?"

"Better than all of them," I said and she brightened.

"Do I have a body for modeling?" She said slightly pulling her pierced nipples.

"Yes," I had to concentrate to keep myself from gasping or panting or drooling.

"Can you show me your drawing? I really liked it," Velvet said with a small smile on her round, shaved head.

"Thanks. I had fun with it. I meant to get more detail on your tattoos but ran out of time," I said as I turned in my chair.

My drawing had remained on my drawing board, sitting facing the wall behind me. I grabbed it and turned it around to show Velvet. I had used mostly red and pink artist crayons. I had given much delicate detail to her labia and clit. I placed the drawing in front of my desk for Velvet to look at it. She bit her lip as she leaned close to it, still planted in her chair. She leaned back in her seat and gathered her miniskirt in one hand as her eyes remained glued to my drawing.

"Did this pose work for you and your class?"

"Yes," I almost lost my breath again. "Great pose."

"I like your drawing, Professor Green, er, Henry." Her eyes flitted to my food, and I could tell she felt hungry. I offered her some by sliding the plate in her direction. As she leaned over the plate and grabbed some fruit and a few cashews, I stared at her transfixed. Her tattoos kept my eyes busy, but her beautiful body held my attention. She caught me looking at her a few times, making me worry she would think I was a creep. The coffee maker gurgled as it finished brewing the small pot.

She pointed at my drawing of her.

"Could I trade you for that? I really like your style," Velvet said.

"Why not?" I shrugged. "I always trade when someone loves my work."

"Makes my black heart go pitter-pat," Velvet said sarcastically.

"So you do have a heart..."

Velvet remained silent as she sipped her coffee slowly and looked at my shelf. She pulled a book H R Geiger paintings and returned to her seat.

"Like Geiger?" I asked, anxious for her response.

"Yeah, he seems... interesting. Never seen his work before, but I feel like I have heard his name," Velvet said.

"He did the design for the alien in the movie."

She snapped and nodded her head. After making her way through a few more pages, she looked at me across the desk.

Velvet shut the book.

"So, Velvet, can I ask you a few questions?"

"Sure," she said as she cocked an eyebrow, returning to her chair with a few grapes, cashews and apple slices in hand and grabbed her shirt, pulling it over her head lazily with both arms over her head for one glorious moment. I poured a cup of coffee for her and myself.

"Is your name really Velvet?" I handed her the mug.

"My parents named me Vivian, but my friends call me Velvet." She spoke with a blank expression on her face as she pulled her other arm through her shirt sleeve, then pulled the front of the shirt over her glorious rack. The shirt looked flimsy and thin as I could see her nipples prominently through the sheer fabric. Her piercings pushed against the fabric.

"Cool. Can you tell me about your tattoos. Sorry I keep wanting to see them. Some are really cool."

She brightened and for the first time, she smiled wide, her face beaming. She stood and kept chewing, almost laughing, covering her mouth full of food. She held a finger up to me as she slowly swallowed her mouthful of nuts and apple.

"Yeah, my ink," she said and walked slowly around my desk, until her cute, lithe body stood close enough that I could smell her powdery skin. She finally swallowed the last of her food and held out her hand to point at her "Three Stooges" tattoo on her stomach.

"So, Larry, Curly, Moe," she pointed one black fingernail at each face on her flat, smooth stomach. Her finger slid along her skin to a flower. "My flower, I designed myself. Some poetry I wrote as a teenager. This skull is my grandpa..." She kept pointing to different things and showed me all the tattoos on her stomach, hips and arms. I looked up at her massive chest under her thin shirt. She smirked at me.

"Wait, you had a few others. I was hoping you would tell me about all of them," I said and leaned back in my chair, taking a crisp bite of an apple slice. She looked at me with a cocked eyebrow and a half-smile. She rolled her smokey eyes.

"Why don't you just point to the ones you wanted to see?" She said with hands on her hips. My heart beat a thousand times a second. My mind raced with anticipation. I put one finger playfully on her thigh where I had seen a tattoo of a peach.

She grabbed the top of the sock obscuring the tattoo, pulling it down to her knee and turned her leg outward to give me a peek at the inside of her lower thigh. A little pink peach with the words "Sweet as a Peach". I remembered a small fish on her calf, so I pointed to her calf. She sighed and put her small foot on my chair between my open legs, and she pulled her sock all the way down her foot, until it sat bunched around her ankle. She lifted her foot just above my crotch.

"A little help, there, Professor," she said flatly.

I pulled the sock from her foot, and she turned her leg a little to show me the fish tattoo on her calf. Next to it, she had a tattoo of a hand giving the thumbs-up, a pair of dice that landed on snake-eyes. The designs and patterns covered so much of her skin. She returned her leg to the floor.

"Other leg?" She asked. I nodded. "How about a piece of cheese and more fruit?"

I turned my chair, grabbed an apple and orange slice, cut a piece of cheese and turned back to her. She took them from my hands and lifted her foot between my legs, placing it on my chair. She gestured for me to remove her stocking myself. I licked my lips and grabbed the top, pulling it slowly to her ankle, before removing it completely. She held her leg there on my chair for me to inspect for a moment, then returned it to the floor with a quiet giggle.

She leaned over me as I sat in my chair, her enormous tits getting closer to my face.

"Want to see all my tattoos, Professor?" She said, already nodding at me. I could not tell if she mocked me or what. She seemed unreal.

I nodded a yes, and she lifted the bottom of her shirt, which already exposed her pierced navel. She lifted it to just under her pendulous breasts. I saw a tattoo of a cartoon monster/cat/vampire or something. She then pointed to a bandit with a mask and striped bandit outfit. I laughed. She turned around completely and showed me her tattoos covering her back. She lifted her shirt up to her shoulders, giving me a look at her angel wings, a cactus made of rubber, a caped elf woman, stars with faces, etc. So many I could barely catch them all. She turned around and faced me, still covering her breasts with her flimsy shirt. She looked at me, licked her lips and lifted her shirt over her head, pulling it off and tossing it to the floor. Her huge tits lay bare inches before my face.

She grabbed her large breasts with one hand, then pulled the other arm back to reveal a tattoo under her arm on the side of her chest. Her hand released her breasts and they swung free, one almost hitting me in the face.

"Careful with those, you could take my eye!" I joked. She covered her mouth as she giggled and steadied herself for a moment with one hand on my shoulder. She then placed two fingers from each hand playfully over her big nipples mockingly trying to cover herself as she leaned forward to push her chest to my face.

"I really like this floral on my chest. I have added to it over the few years," she said. I looked into her stunning chest and saw little flowers, birds, a snake, feathers, little symbols, all entwined in a coiling thorny rose stem or briar. I tried not to lose control of myself.

I wanted to see just how far she would go right then, so I pointed to her cute little panties.

"I did see a few as I drew you. What were those between your thighs?"

She straightened her posture, shifted from one foot to the other, then with one knee then the other, pushed my legs a little wider where I sat. She then turned around and placed her thumbs in the waist band of her tiny panties, looked back at me for a moment, then bent at the waist, pulling her underwear all the way to her ankles, kicking them aside with one foot. I almost shot my load in my pants as she slowly spread her legs apart, keeping herself bent all the way over and then put on finger to her upper thigh, below her ass cheeks.

"'Pussy Lickin', because I have a little cat at home," she said with a mocking smile. Her finger moved to another. "'69'... favorite number."

"I like that number, too," I said without a hint of sarcasm. I caught sight of the other tattoo I saw on her ass. "What is that one?"

"Which one? This one?" Velvet pointed to the tattoo of the garter around her upper thigh. "I like a garter-"

"Oh, yeah. I meant that one," I pointed to the one in her ass.

"Which one?"

"Um," I looked over into her eyes staring back at me.

"Why don't you point to it?" She said with a wink.

I held out my hand and licked my lips.

\*Knock\* \*Knock\* \*Knock\*

**Chapter 5**

The knocking at my office door almost made me jump in surprise. Velvet recoiled and covered herself with her hands.

"Hello?" I said as I opened my office door a little, blocking the opening with my body. I found Casey in the hall.

My expression must have given her an odd signal as she looked at me with a furrowed brow and piercing stare.

"Hey, Professor Green. I wanted to know if you could help me with my paper for your Beauty in Antiquity class," Casey said as she held a few books in her arms.

"Um, sure. What's up?" Casey seemed interested in looking into my office.

"Well, I wondered if I could use Schiele for my paper on artists and models," she said, waiting with anticipation for my response.

"Sure," I sighed and felt like I lost all wind in my sails. She brightened and opened the book, pointing at a particular work of Egon Schiele's of a woman spreading her sex. I looked at the image and back at Casey with laugh. She stared at me as her tongue slowly moved over her upper lip, then smiled at me.

"Something wrong, Casey?" I shrugged.

"No. Just wanted to know..." Her eyes wandered look into my office, but I tried to obstruct her view.

"Is that... Casey. Hey, I liked your drawing," Velvet said behind me. Casey's face lit pleased with herself.

"Yeah, Velvet?" Casey called into my office. I sighed and opened my office door. Velvet had finished getting back into her stockings.

"I thought you had an interesting drawing, what I saw of it. Did you finish?" Velvet said.

"Almost. You are a great model, and we needed one in class. I just hope you will stay for a while," Casey said. Velvet and Casey stood in my doorway as I returned to my desk. I ate a few handfuls of cashews and the rest of my fruit as they talked, or rather Casey talked and Velvet gave a response.

"Yeah, you are so cute. I hated having models that had no experience or had too many hangups or inhibitions. I really appreciate what you do. Sometimes I come here on the weekends to draw or paint, can I get you to pose for me, maybe?" Casey said with an odd grin, tilting her head to the side. Velvet scoffed and nodded.

"Sure. Cool," Velvet said.

"So," Casey pulled Velvet closer and whispered. "How do you like the class..."

"Cool, I guess," Velvet shrugged.

"No, I mean. How do you like... being in his class?"

"He's cool, I guess. He likes some good music."

I pretended to read an article in a magazine on my desk, but I saw Casey peering at me over Velvet's shoulder. Casey caught my gaze then looked back at Velvet with a wide smile.

"Great! We all love having you! See you next week!"

Casey wandered down the hall to her next class. Velvet watched her for a moment then shut my door. She grabbed her shoes and jacket, sat and finished getting dressed.

"Your students really seem to like you," she said flatly, giving me an odd look.

"Hmm. They like all the professors." I looked at Velvet with a shrug, but she rolled her eyes and smiled on one side of her mouth.

"Casey is... happy. She made a sweet drawing, though. Is she... into chicks?"

"Um. I don't think so, but I don't really know at all. She told me about a man she dated a while ago. Why? Were you hoping I could set you up on a date with her?"

"No."

"Of course not. Why would such a beautiful girl like you need my help? I bet you get anybody you want." I said.

Velvet continued looking through my small collection of art books. I leaned my chair back and watched Velvet from the other side of my desk. I think Casey was right in her assessment that this girl had few inhibitions. Her jacket looked great on her and made her look tough and mean, but I think I knew who she really was underneath that. She stood five feet and ten inches, and she had amazing proportions and great legs. I could tell she felt vulnerable and alone underneath her violently sexy exterior. I wanted grab her by her jacket and push her over my desk and have my way, any way, with her. I wanted to feel her perfect skin. I wanted to kiss her and put my hand up her short skirt. My cock grew harder and harder as I thought about how much fun it would be to struggle with her and rip her clothes off her body. I knew she would definitely put up a great fight. She might have something hidden yet unseen. Velvet looked at me over her shoulder and quickly looked back to a book in her hands. I grinned at her.

Damn.

Time for the next class. I could hear students shuffling in the hall, and the clock indicated five minutes to go. I sighed and threw myself to my feet.

"Time to go," I said as I opened my door.

She smiled at me and stepped into the hall, and I followed. I shut my door, and we walked together back to the classroom.

"Do I have to change in the bathroom?" Velvet asked as approached the door. I shrugged and shook my head, and she followed me through the door.

A few students had already arrived for class. This other group consisted mainly of young women. This evening class always had a more rowdy atmosphere than the other times. Sometimes someone would bring a bottle of wine or some vodka, and with only a handful of students, they always had enough to share. The campus had a relaxed attitude with most things, including alcohol. As long as you did it behind a closed door, everything was fair. My students liked having a drink while they drew, and so did I.

**Chapter 6**

Velvet sat on the edge of the stand and removed her shoes and started pulling down her long socks. I took attendance. All nine accounted.

"Class, this is Velvet, our new model. Please do not scare her away," I said aloud and saw Velvet hiding a smile and a giggle.

Two of my students approached me as everyone readied for class. Hannah and Alida both approached me, hand in hand, both with horrid evil grins on their faces. They always spelled trouble. These two always had something cooking. For a self-portrait assignment, full figure, they asked me if they could draw themselves in the nude. My only stipulation was that they work from life and not from a photo, so I did not object as everyone's assignments go on the wall in front of the whole class before they make their way to my office. I expected a nude person standing, but instead they both hung their drawings together. Alida and Hannah both nude, in wild embrace using a surprisingly clever arrangement of mirrors. I stood speechless as I studied it. Everyone did. Alida over Hannah, both nude, both of their legs spread completely open, each with a finger in the other's open vagina, the free hands drawing somehow. They both made great work. That day the class only discussed their drawings. My students and I examined the drawings out of curiosity, but it did not hurt that they both looked delicious.

"We saw Casey's drawing from earlier today," Hannah hissed.

"And we want to pose the model how we want," Alida said.

"You let Casey pick the pose. You should let us pick the pose."

"And let us skip the short ones and go right to the long poses," Alida looked at me with her intense dark eyes under her thick, dark eyebrows. They had asked me on several occasions to let them position the model. I never knew until this moment why I always declined. For some reason, maybe my penis made this decision for me, maybe my aching cock cried in pain and the relief went by the name Velvet. With a sigh I took a vote, and everyone unanimously asked for long poses. They decided on a handful of twenty minute sets then a single two hour pose.

To my dread, all the girls gave Alida and Hannah sole right in choosing Velvet's position. They both leapt at Velvet to talk to her. Velvet looked blankly at Hannah and Alida and shrugged a half-hearted 'yes' to their requests. I stood at an easel next to two other students. I prepared my timer.

With few words and a sly smile Velvet nodded at Hannah. Alida turned and gave me a sneer, sticking out her tongue. Hannah pulled the bench to the middle of the model stand and grabbed a pillow and blanket. They turned to each other and whispered to themselves as they took their seats on their drawing horses. Velvet unbuttoned her skirt, placed it next to her shoes and jacket and pulled off her shirt with a quick motion. Standing fully nude, she gave me one look, her lips pursed, her eyes narrowed, then looked at Alida and nodded with a faint smirk.

Velvet lowered herself until she was squatting with her legs spread completely apart, putting her hands on her stomach. She slid them between her legs, striking a very lewd pose. I looked around the room to measure everyone's reaction but found most did not even bat an eye. Alida again gave me a strange grin. I looked back at Velvet, who now had two fingers in her visibly wet pussy, and another finger pushing into her anus.

The sight took my breath away. She had absolutely no hair between those slender, pale legs. Her pink asshole and pink pussy spread wide for everyone to see. Velvet held the pose for the twenty minutes. After a short break, Velvet took another lewd pose, even more revealing and exhibitionistic. The second pose had her pulling her soft, wet lips apart, her pink sex spread further. She lied on her back on the stand with her legs spread apart, hanging to the sides of the model stand. The students worked diligently. I never heard anyone speak.

The class took another break before the long pose at the end of the session. Velvet remained nude the whole time. She even ventured into the halls, bravely, daringly, and to the vending machines, accompanied by Alida and Hannah.

Everyone reconvened to start the final pose. Alida seemed to gather a vote from my students. All appeared to support Alida, who then whispered into Velvet's ear. Velvet blushed a little then smiled with a nod. She then opened her purse and removed a small pink object. Alida saw it and smiled wide.

"Yes, exactly! We want a more... exciting pose!" Alida said to Velvet. Velvet shrugged and dropped onto the model stand on her hands and knees, holding the pink object in one hand. As she adjusted herself, she placed the object in her mouth to hold it, giving me a better view of the object. I almost lost control when I realized what she had: a pink vibrator. Velvet got into a pose that had her ass pointed to the majority of class, her knees spread wide with one on the table and the other on a small box. She leaned forward onto her face, and Velvet then slowly twisted the pink vibrator, still in her mouth, and it produced a buzzing sound that muffled as she pushed it into her still wet folds.

Velvet let out a slight sigh and caught her breath. I started my clock. The pose went without incident for a few minutes, until I noticed her face flush pink. I could see her pussy and butthole clenching. Her lips dripped wetness down her thigh and eventually on the blanket on the model stand. Eventually, I saw Velvet's eyes rolling up in her head, and her pussy gushed as the alarm on my stopwatch beeped. Velvet then slowly gathered herself onto her feet and stretched. She appeared to keep the pink vibrator in her wet snatch. It seemed to keep going and going. The class continued after the short break, and Velvet again appeared to enjoy herself. I could see her joy dripping down her smooth thighs. Staring at her I felt like I would explode.

After another brief break, the students returned, and Velvet took the pose again. Finally, my alarm sounded one last time.

"Thank you, Velvet. Class, be sure to thank our model, this was her first session," I said after clearing my throat. Velvet slowly got to her feet and stretched, but she did not put on any of her clothes. I did my best to shake my intense lust.

"Thank, Velvet," a few said enthusiastically.

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"That was great. You were hot," Alida said with a grin. Most of the students cleared the room quickly, but Hannah and Alida dawdled to chat with Velvet. Velvet talked with them only covering herself with one hand over both nipples. Her face still looked pink and flush.

"I liked your style. Thank you for taking our suggestions for poses. They were great," Hannah said to Velvet. Alida gave me a sly look as I pretended to not listen to their conversation as I cleaned and arranged the room.

"Yeah, would you be alright with another model?" Alida asked.

"I have a girlfriend, she models, too. I bet I could get her in here, if you wanted," Velvet said to the two girls, who nodded enthusiastically.

Before long, Alida tugged Hannah out of the room as they waved goodbye.

"See you, professor. Great session. I hope you enjoy it, too," Alida said and shut the door.

Velvet looked at me with a strange look on her face.

"What time is it, Professor Green?"

"Nine-thirty."

"Oh. Thanks," she replied flatly.

"Something you have to get to?"

"No, just have to catch a different bus. I thought this class ended at nine, so I cannot catch the number 6, I have to catch the 14 and walk," she said as she grabbed her shirt and skirt. Velvet put on her socks and shoes slowly and a little seductively, giving me an odd smile and giggle as she slipped the fishnets over her thigh-high socks. She snapped her skirt around her slender waist, and the garment seemed to cover her pussy and ass by only an inch or two.

"Does that go over into Lemonhill?"

"Yes, actually!" She replied with a note of enthusiasm not previously heard.

"I could give you a ride," I said, looking at out of the corner of my eye as I pretended to go over my attendance sheet.

"I will be fine, but thanks for asking," she seemed to bury the subject and pulled on her flimsy shirt, stretching again over her large, pierced tits.

Velvet slid her jacket over her shoulders, grabbed her purse and walked to the door.

"Catch you later, teach," she said with a wink and walked into the hall. I sighed and made my way to my office, opened the door and grabbed my things to leave for the night. When I opened my desk drawer to retrieve my car keys I found something sitting inside. Velvet's cute underwear sat on top of my keys in my desk drawer. She must have slipped them inside when I chatted in the hall with Casey. I stared at them as an intense wave of lust and excitement overwhelmed me. I grabbed the tiny garment and my keys and quickly headed out the door.

When my feet touched the pavement it had started raining a light drizzle. The rain put a slight chill in the air. I looked around for Velvet but could not locate her. I cursed myself and found my car.

I got in my car and started it then looked at the underwear in my hand. They felt soft and ripped here and there. They looked well used and worn. I drove my car out of the faculty lot and along the street to a red light. Out my window I saw Velvet standing at the bus stop, trying to keep herself warm and dry. A lit cigarette sat in her black painted lips. I rolled down my passenger window and yelled to her.

"Hey, Velvet, do you want a ride? Even your black heart might get cold!" She looked away from me with a smile she tried to hide. I saw hints of her grinning as she blew a huge cloud of smoke in my direction.

"I am fine."

"Come on, in five minutes you will be home having a hot drink. Stay and you will get home in what... an hour?"

Velvet rolled her eyes slightly, restraining another smile.

"Only if I can smoke..."

"Sure," I said and she opened the passenger door and dropped quickly into the seat.

"Thanks, teach."

Velvet buckled her belt, and we drove down the street. She pointed me in her direction, which strangely led me close to my apartment. She lived only a few blocks from me. The whole ride she seemed anxious or tense, and I kept catching her clutching at her door's handle and her seatbelt. I thought maybe my driving must have frightened her, but she would flinch when we sat at red lights even. At each passing light of the street I caught sight of her smooth thighs and her skin covered in goosebumps.

"You did a great job, Velvet. Everyone enjoyed your modeling, thank you again."

"What did you think?"

"About what?"

"My modeling..."

"I thought you did a great job," I answered.

"No, I mean, did you like seeing me touch myself? Was that acceptable? Your students asked me to do that," Velvet said.

"Very... exciting and... thrilling."

I heard a quiet growled giggle escape her lips. Every second in the car with her and her smell and perfume drove me wilder. Every red light and stop I wanted to shove my hands under skirt.

Finally, I turned down her street and stopped in front of her house in her driveway.

"Thanks for the ride..." Velvet stammered as she gasped for air. Before I could say anything or get a better look at her, she opened the door, hopped onto the sidewalk and into the night she disappeared. I sat there looking to see her enter her house, and she disappeared inside a door, followed by a light switching on. I sighed and shrugged to myself.

"Well, I guess that is that."

I drove home with a raging erection. My stomach churned thinking about Velvet's nude body.

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The following week, Velvet sent me an email asking if she could bring her friend who also wanted to model. My class had a budget that afforded two models every session, but we usually would only reserve it for later in the term to hire two or three, and once we had four modeling at once.

Velvet wanted to bring her friend, Nina, for the next session. I had already asked her before hiring her if she could model with another, to which she agreed. I never had a model bring in a friend. Usually the models were just friends through modeling. I wondered what Nina would look like. Would she have numerous tattoos and piercings?

Finally, my next session with Velvet arrived. I had gotten a coffee and sat at my desk in my office, when a soft knock on the door startled me. I opened the door to find Velvet with another girl her age.

Velvet wore a slutty schoolgirl outfit with a half-open button-down shirt tied in a knot at her belly and a short pleated skirt. Her friend had milk white skin and long, straight red hair. She wore a black leather jacket and a skimpy, blue tube dress that her noticeably voluptuous body filled and stretched almost to bursting. Velvet had pretty sizable breasts, but this girl really stood out. Her tits looked massive and somehow still perky and pointy. Her nipples looked like they would gouge out my eye if I were sitting in front of her.

"Hello, Professor Green. This is my friend Nina. Nina, this is Professor Green. May we enter for a moment before class to change?" Velvet said with a faint smile.

Without saying a word, I opened the door, and they entered.

Velvet promptly removed her jacket then helped Nina remove hers. Watching Nina throw her arms back, thrusting her huge chest forward as she shimmied out of her jacket nearly made me cum in my pants. Velvet then stood behind her, wrapping her arms around Nina's slender waist. Nina had a knockout, hourglass body. Curves in the right places. They looked great together, too.

"Nice to meet you Nina," I said and she shook my hand. Nina had a bright smile on her face the whole time. She seemed much bubblier than Velvet's more dry demeanor.

"I lost some garments yesterday, so I need to be careful today not to lose any more." Velvet said with a giggle as she removed her shirt button by button. I watched as she slowly dropped it in a chair, followed by unhooking her bra, removing it and placing it next to her shirt. She covered her nipples with her hands in a mock show of shame.

I nodded vacantly, and Velvet quickly unzipped and pulled away her small skirt, leaving her in just her shoes and knee-high socks.

"Oops, I forgot my panties," Velvet said playfully. She turned and put her hands on Nina, who had remained quiet. Velvet stared at me as she yanked down Nina's tube dress to her ankles. Nina wore absolutely nothing else other than her black heels. Nina had perfect, milky white skin. No tattoos on her body I could see, and seemingly no piercings. Her nipples had pale rosy complexion. She had no pubic hair either. As I looked, I thought I could see a glimmer or glint of a piercing in her clit.

"Does she look good? Will she make a good model? I keep telling her she looks beautiful, and she never believes me. Can you believe a girl with these tits?" Velvet said and again grabbed Nina from behind, sliding her hands under Nina's pendulous breasts. Nina started to blush.

I stared at Nina as she stepped out of her dress around her ankles. Her body looked completely smooth and hairless except of course her long red hair on her head.

They gathered their clothes and placed them in an empty basket to bring to class. Velvet and Nina stood with arms around each other. Nina's large tits pressed into Velvet's chest, almost smothering the girl. They giggled and whispered to each other.

I squinted at the two nude muses.

The first class went with little difficulty. The students appeared to enjoy the poses, and Mindy liked the poses especially. Nina appeared to be a natural, taking all manner of different poses and never a hint of modesty of any kind. Nina even took some very lewd poses including one where she merely turned her back to the students and squatted at the edge of the model stand, giving most of the class a clear view of her spread ass and bare pussy lips, putting one hand on the stand to balance herself while the other hand she placed in her snatch in a mock masturbation pose. It was quite exhilarating. After several extremely arousing poses, class ended, and my students gathered their materials and departed, leaving me with Velvet and her voluptuous friend, Nina.

Thinking ahead, I had ordered a meal delivered that I could share with Velvet and Nina. I hoped that by playing my cards right, I could keep the two of them naked for the whole day.

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I unlocked my office, and Velvet and Nina trotted into the room leaving their clothes wherever they had dropped them. I had ordered Greek food, which arrived five minutes after class ended, receiving a knock on my office door. Taking the food, Velvet, Nina and I sat and ate in my office. I found the experience endlessly enjoyable, getting to sit with two cute girls, both naked, while we ate food, giving me plenty of time and room to stare at their bodies.

At one point Nina bit down on a piece of pita with yogurt, but the yogurt slipped from her lips and splashed between her big tits. Velvet saw me eyeing Nina's cleavage, and she leaned her face close to lick the yogurt off Nina's big tits.

"Oh, thanks, Velvet. Did something drop down there?" Nina giggled, and I watched her perfect nipples getting more and more erect until they pointed happily.

We each quietly ate our food, hungry from the day, and Nina let her eyes search the room

"Yeah, Velvet, it is a cool office. I like the records," Nina said.

I smiled at Nina and kept eating.

"Class begins in a moment," I said, trying to shift my attentions to reality.

"Casey asked us for more interesting poses, and she lacked the courage to ask you," Velvet said flatly.

"Why? If the students ask for it, then I allow it. That has been my classroom philosophy."

Velvet smiled and bit her bottom lip while one hand pulled gently at a pierced nipple while her other hand gently caressed her hairless pussy cleft.

I must have blushed, because I felt intense heat in my cheeks and my cock.

Before I could speak, Velvet pouted her face in a mock display that made me laugh.

"Casey and the rest of the class signed this little paper, but they gave it to me to give to you, so that you would not think they would be pressuring me into doing something I did not want to do. No can enter the class room unless you let them, so just go with it," Velvet said.

How could I disagree?

I merely shrugged and opened my door into the hall.

"I will open the classroom, come along when you are both ready, but please shut my office door. It will lock on its own," I said and walked across the hall to the classroom.

I opened the classroom door with the keycard and propped the door for my students and the models.

Nina and Velvet crept into the room as I arranged the lights. They helped each other onto the stage, and I turned the lights to their bodies.

My students trickled through the door, and within ten minutes all of my class prepared to draw the models. I looked around at everyone and realized I had no male students in the this session, the last session of my week on Thursday night. This class always had students that liked having a drink or relaxing in other ways during the class.

Casey appeared before me with a grin on her face.

"Thanks!" Casey said and awkwardly hugged me.

I had no idea why she thanked me, but before I could ask, Velvet approached me.

"Are we beginning?" Velvet asked, her arms at her sides, and her chest pushing out.

I nodded and set my clock for short poses. Nina appeared somewhat hesitant at first, but Velvet helped loosen her up. Velvet initially dropped down in a squat at Nina's feet, and Nina spread her legs wide as she stood.

Each pose they took had a remarkably provocative theme. Finally we took a short break before starting longer poses. Velvet and Nina remained nude the whole time. I started the long pose, and Velvet dropped to her hands and knees with Nina on her knees with a pillow for cushion. Velvet pushed her face into Nina's massive rack, taking a nipple in her mouth. Velvet's pose gave everyone, and I mean everyone in the class a lovely view of her spread pussy. Pink and devoid of hair, her pussy and asshole sat on proud display.

The following pose saw Nina on top of Velvet as they held their lips together in a frozen kiss. Their nipples pressed together while each spread their legs wide. Nina put on hand under Velvet's ass, and Velvet slipped a hand between Nina's legs. The lewd poses seemed to cause a stir of intense focus in my students. I worried I would see grimaces or a maybe someone leaving in a huff, but everyone appeared to like it.

The following pose saw Velvet and Nina in a 69. Velvet even put her mouth and tongue into Nina's cute pussy. As the pose of ten minutes progressed, I thought I could see Nina's pussy twitching and leaking her glistening juices down Velvet's mouth and chin.

I looked at Casey's drawing and found it unbelievably erotic and beautiful. Casey had focused entirely on Velvet's face, particularly her mouth, pressing between Nina's legs. She had expertly drawn Velvet's mouth and tongue caressing Nina's soft labia. Casey even had a great rendering of Nina's phenomenal posterior.

"Great work, Casey. I think you are developing this nicely," I said. Casey smirked and pointed to where she had drawn Nina's asshole.

"I like this part a lot," Casey giggled and stared at me.

I blushed and tried not to look too embarrassed, standing and moving to the next student.

After the pose ended, my students asked for an extension. The models agreed, and we continued after class for a short period. I did not notice, but in the end we added another twenty minutes of the pose. After completing their drawings, my students gathered themselves to leave. My two models looked at drawings and chatting with the students. Finally, the last students left, and I finished my clean up, only to prepare to leave. Velvet and Nina both had yet to put on any clothes other than shoes.

"We left our clothes in your office," Velvet said with a wild grin on her face. Nina could barely look me in the eye.

I stepped into the hall, ready to go home for the weekend, and the two naked girls followed me to my office. Inside the office, they searched but did not find the basket. They whispered to each other.

"Professor, I think I forgot that I took the basket into the classroom and put it under the model stage," Velvet said.

"Hm," I responded, returning to the classroom, but my keycard did not open the door. I looked at my watch to see it was forty-five minutes after class ended. My card would no longer work as the building had locked all classrooms.

"Um, I think we are out of luck, here," I said as I swiped my card, but the keycard did not unlock the door.

"What do we do?" Velvet said as fear set in on her face. Nina looked anxious and tense. "How will we get home?"

"I can drive you in my car..." I said. The situation thrilled me as much as I felt embarrassment for my two models.

"Wait. Oh no, I can not go home. My keys are in my shoes!" Nina pouted. Velvet hugged her to console her.

"Professor... can I ask for a big favor?" Velvet purred with a wild smirk on her face.

How could I resist this hot naked punk girl and her hot naked friend?

"Can we stay at your place tonight?"

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The girls ran to my car with their arms and hands covering as much flesh as possible, but poor Nina could barely even cover her juicy nipples with her tiny hands.

My pulled into my driveway, and I opened my front door. Velvet and Nina came running out of my car and into my house.

Once inside, they adopted a completely different manner, and I found them sprawled across the couch, touching themselves and moaning. I approached, speechless, and Velvet turned to me with a flush face.

"Got any vodka? I could totally go for some vodka."

I scrambled to my bar, suddenly painfully aware of how infrequently I drank, but to my aroused relief, I found two bottles, one of them unopened, of a fine vodka! I grabbed the open bottle and some ice, and I made three drinks.

When I returned to Velvet and Nina they had progressed to eating each other, their bodies wrapped together, and each had their face in the other's pussy, hungrily and lovingly licking and kissing with Velvet on the bottom and Nina on top.

"Hey professor, thanks, just give us a minute here," Velvet sighed and returned to pleasuring her friend.

I sat and watched them, sipping my drink. My cock had grown painfully erect and could not go down. Watching them, I needed release.

After a wonderful minute, they both moaned, and I stood and moved to look closer, seeing Nina's pussy dripping over Velvet's cute face and into her thick, hot lips. I stared at Nina's cute asshole as it winked with each twitch of her pussy. She looked spectacular so I shoved my lips down to her asshole and licked her rim. I reached with one hand to pull her hair for good measure, and Nina screamed. Her pussy gushed wildly into Velvet's mouth, dripping everywhere.

They both collapsed into each other before sitting upright and taking their vodka drinks. They both had wide smiles on their faces as they sipped the drinks.

"Thanks again for letting us stay. I guess we can return tomorrow morning to grab my keys," Velvet said.

"Monday is a national holiday. The school is closed for the whole weekend until Tuesday. The whole campus has a mandatory closure, so you have to wait until Tuesday morning," I said, and Velvet held a hand to her mouth as though my words surprised her, but something told me she knew this already.

Velvet approached me slowly and knelt at my feet.

"Professor Green, can we stay until Tuesday? I promise I will show you why my friends call me Velvet..."