

When Tabitha Carmichael had first ripped off the little slip of paper from the cork board on campus, she'd intended to call the number the next day, but that did not happen, of course. She got so distracted and busy that she'd completely forgotten about the paper slip until weeks had gone by and had only stumbled back across it while cleaning out her purse.

The slip in question, once she unwrinkled it enough to be legible again, was a phone number to Amour & Passion studios. It was a want ad she'd seen pinned on the community cork board on campus when she'd modeled for an art class. She made sure to make that phone call this time, and when she did, she was greeted by a cheerful sounding voice on the other end of the line.

Their conversation was a bit brisk, but she was given a time and place for the interview and was told that there would be no photoshoots or filming being done that day. It was just a face-to-face meet and greet to see if they wanted to hire her for any work. They didn't give her an email address to send a portfolio to, so Tabby took the time to pull select prints from her past photo shoots and compiled them all into a manilla folder. This way she could look more professional when she showed up for the interview, and also give them a better idea on the range of modeling she was capable of. She'd included a little of everything from her glamour shots to her hand modeling merchandise. The vixen left out anything that she felt was too risqué, since she didn't want to accidentally discourage anyone from hiring her if that kind of content wasn't what they produced.

Tabby arrived early by about fifteen minutes and hopped out of her car. She'd chosen a very normal outfit to wear, since there were no photos being taken today and she had her portfolio tucked under her arm along with her purse. She'd been a little nervous about being dressed so plainly, but one of her dormmates told her not to worry about it, citing again the portfolio tucked under her arm. So, the vixen was dressed in one of her full-length skirts and a modest blouse with her hair drawn back into a single braid. She was looking very 'typically' Tabby.

The building was kind of austere, large with cream-colored walls and a nice simplistic sign reading the name of the studio in a pleasing cursive font. Their front door was a single glass door that was painted solid black as to be opaque. The parking lot wasn't empty, but had this building been anything else she'd driven past on the highway she'd have assumed it was a warehouse.

She approached the door, knocked, then noticed she could push it open. They had the tiniest lobby!

Tabby stood on the well-traveled welcome mat and examined the room. It was smaller than her bedroom back at her parent's house, and the only furniture they had was a small desk with a chair, and then a tiny loveseat pressed into the corner of the room next to the front door. The only other door in the room surely led to the rest of the studio, but this lobby was so cramped!

At least it had a woman's touch with the bits of decorating that had been done to liven up the small space. She stepped further inside, and without anyone in the room to greet her she wondered if she'd need to knock on the next door to let them know she'd arrived for her appointment.

There was an antique bell ringer on the desk, and she tapped it with her hand. It rang loudly. Just before she rang it a second time the wooden door opened, and a female raccoon stepped in with a smile.

The woman that greeted her was close to Tabby's own age, but was maybe her senior by a few years. She noticed that the lady was dressed... rather provocatively with a cocktail dress whose collar was cut so low that Tabby could tell she was neither padding her bust or even wearing a bra. Tabby greeted her with a smile and politely ignored the woman's choice of clothing.

"May I help you?" The lady asked her, the raccoon looking Tabby up and down quickly. Tabby was certain she was reading disdain or annoyance on the other woman's face, but she ignored that, too.

"Yes, I'm here for an interview. I'm here a bit early, but it was for 2pm with a Ms. Victoria." Tabby replied, putting on her best smile. The raccoon furled her brown in confusion but took a step back towards the door and replied, saying that she would let Victoria know. After the girl left Tabby exhaled and sat down on the loveseat to wait, discovering that the cushions were firm as if brand new. With a waiting room so small she wondered if anyone ever sat in here, even the secretary!

After several minutes of being made to wait, someone finally cracked the door open. The raccoon from before entered, then stepped aside and held the door open for a second woman to step in. The second woman, a donkey, was much older than either Tabby or the raccoon, as well as being much taller! Tabby quickly stood up with a smile to greet who she assumed was Victoria.

The new lady asked her if she knew what she was coming in to interview for, and Tabby found herself a little confused by the question.

"Yes? I saw your ad on campus and called the number. I'm not sure who I spoke with, but I was told to be here today at 2 today for an interview." She told them, hoping, and praying that the person on the phone didn't make a mistake, like forgetting to mark her interview down on a calendar, or worse, that Tabby had made a mistake! She was sure the interview was for today at 2 o'clock!

"Did I come at the wrong time?" She hazarded to ask.

The donkey shook her head.

"No, we knew you were coming, but we weren't expecting a Jehovah's Witness with an arm full of pamphlets." The woman replied.

Tabby took her turn to furl her brow, but not in confusion but annoyance that she was mistaken for a Witness. She looked down at her portfolio and felt slightly warm in the cheeks now that she knew people assumed she was walking around intending to proselytize that there wasn't enough room in heaven for everyone!

"I'm Methodist, actually." She corrected her, smiling tightly but politely, then lifted her folder up in front of her chest. "And since I was not given an email address to forward my portfolio to, I had to bring my own in hardcopy."

"Honey, we aren't that kind of studio, and if we did hire you, you'd be dressed in a lot less than that." She replied with a laugh, pointing to her conservative dress. The woman's sarcastic tone was getting on Tabby's nerves. She wasn't a vixen to get mad often, but she was beginning to feel the heat in her face.

"I'm actually quite confident in front of a camera, ma'am, and I do not let my personal beliefs interfere with my ability to model either in or out of an outfit. I've comfortably modeled nude multiple times on campus. I am quite capable!" She replied, and with enough conviction that it surprised the raccoon, but the donkey wasn't amused.

"Ok then, let's have the interview." Victoria replied with a sigh and pivoted on her heel to make an exit back through the open doorway.

Tabby immediately stepped forward to follow her, her steel will carrying her forward partly motivated by anger and partly by her own little impromptu speech. The hallways they were in didn't lead to anything resembling a studio, but she assumed this part of the building must be for administration. Just office spaces for their accounting and management with the real work being done somewhere else in the studio.

She's taken to an open door, and right next to the entrance was a nameplate.

"Victoria Hamilton, CEO." The nameplate read as they walked by. Tabby was suddenly feeling worried. She didn't know was talking to the most important person in the building! She might have softened her tone had she known that...

They entered her office and Victoria waved a hand at the raccoon who'd been following them the entire time. The younger woman shut the door behind her as she left, leaving Tabby alone with the CEO of the whole business.

As Victoria took a seat at her desk, she gestured to a black leather couch that sat across from her. Tabby moved to take a seat in the center of the couch where it looked like everyone else sat whenever they came to speak with the boss. As soon as she put her butt down on the seat, she sank into the couch like the cushions were worn out from repeated quests.

She was already taken aback after having discovered that she was now having an interview with the studio's CEO, but then she felt herself 'tumbling', so to speak, even further when she gave the woman's office a rapid survey. Victoria had decorated her office in a charming, feminine way, but her choice in wall décor was... inappropriate for a workplace.

It was all posters of glamorous looking men and women in various states of undress, and not one photo could be considered a tasteful nude! There was one woman with her legs spread, another of a gentleman with a... very big erection! On the wall behind Victoria there was a large photo of a much younger looking female donkey that may very well have been the same woman that was now looking at Tabby from across her desk.

"Let me see your portfolio." Victoria asked of her with a snap of her fingers, and Tabby hastily stood up and walked the folder to the other woman before quickly returning to sit on the couch.

She watched as the CEO opened the manilla folder and began sifting through the photos stored within. Tabby was so self-conscious now with someone so high up in the studio looking at her photos. Did she bring enough, did she pick out the best ones? She'd recalled how she'd held back when she was picking them out to print! She could have brought more! There were photos she'd been too nervous to bring because they might have been too risqué, but clearly that wouldn't have been an issue with the kind of 'art' Ms. Victoria had on her wall! Tabby could only nervously sit in silence as her portfolio was patiently, and silently, scrutinized.

Every few moments she'd catch the woman nod, but was it in approval? She didn't know! This woman was very hard to read with her face looking like she was a regular at a poker table. The vixen wanted to squirm nervously in her seat, but she held steadfast, remained still and professional, knees together and hand clasped in her lap.

"You're very pretty." The silence was finally broken, and Tabby lit up with a smile.

"Thank you." She replied with calm, controlling her enthusiasm, and keeping her excitement in check.

"Very photogenic. And you have an incredible pair of tits." The woman continued, leaving the vixen blushing and tightening her smile a bit. She'd never had a producer, or a photographer talk to her like that before, but those had all been men. The only women she'd worked with so far were in the makeup or wardrobe departments, or they were fellow models like her.

"Um, thank you, ma'am." She made sure to reply.

"You didn't bring a resume. Tell me what kind of work you've done in the industry." She added before closing the folder and pushing it to the side. Tabby took in a quiet breath, mentally flipping through everything she'd modeled for since she'd gotten started.

"Well, I started by modeling for the art classes on campus. I've done both nude and clothed modeling there for both full classes and for individual students. I've also modeled for professional artists on multiple occasions. They were not students; they were actual working professionals." She tried to explain. Victoria sat passively at her desk, leaning back into her seat and listening with a look that left the vixen worrying that she wasn't impressed in the least.

"After that my boyfriend and I began to model for local agencies. I've so far modeled for multiple pinup calendars, several products where it was just my hands in the photo, a bunch of magazines and brochures. Some of my shoots were just for stock photography, I think. I've not done any nude photoshoots as of yet, but one of the calendars I did recently was a bikini calendar, so I was dressed in only that."

She sighed, trying to think if she'd missed anything important, but didn't think she did.

"Um, I think that's it. I was very nervous in front of a camera when I got started but I'm very cozy with it now! I look very modest to you right now, but in my portfolio, you can see I'm willing to dress up and change my hair, wear makeup. I'm very versatile, ma'am." She finished with a smile, trying to boost her own spirits.

"That's very impressive, Ms. Tabitha, but are you aware that Amour & Passion Studios deals in adult entertainment?" The woman asked her.

Tabby took a moment to think, pausing to consider what she'd just heard...

Her cheeks began to burn bright red, and it began to become clear to her. How could she have been this naïve! That was why they were so weird with her in the lobby! They didn't know why a girl dressed like a Jehovah's Witness would come to a porn studio!

"I- I didn't know." She replied quietly, embarrassed to death at how stupid she must look. A 'dumb Christian girl' wandering into a place like this.

"Thought so." Victoria replied, nodding.

The woman then stood up and stepped around her desk, grabbing the portfolio with her fingertips before sliding it into her hand before approaching the vixen.

"I don't think *Amour & Passion* is a place for you to be, dear." She tells Tabby.

She'd come all this way just to make a big, huge mistake, and now she was in this office wasting this poor lady's time. And she was the CEO no less! Tabby inhaled and stood, taking her portfolio back and hugging it to her chest.

"I'm sorry, ma'am." She whispers.

"It's ok, I'm happy you came by, and you were very well prepared. I'm sure you will find work with another studio with a portfolio like yours." The donkey told her with a smile, putting a gentle hand over her shoulder.

Tabby nodded, looking down at her shabby portfolio and thought of all the things she could have put into it, but didn't. Not that it would have changed anything. This is a porn studio, that's all they do, right? Surely that's all they did, but weren't pinups like the ones she'd already done sometimes porn, too? Her parents would think so, but they were also a pastor and his wife.

"I've done pinups before. Does your studio only do... porn?" She dared to ask, her embarrassment tinted her face and her very words. The other woman sighed.

"I- I can do photo shoots, even nude ones!" She added, blushing harder but upset with herself for having done through all this trouble just to embarrass herself and waste other people's time. Another sad sigh comes from the older woman.

"We work with both photography and film here, but we produce erotic content, Ms. Tabitha. Porn. Most of the work we do isn't something a girl like you would be willing to do." She's told, and the hand on her shoulder patted her reassuringly.

Tabby heard the word 'most' and latched onto it.

"Most? Do you think there might be something I could do? I'd... be willing to try... depending on what it is." She replied, asking, not sure of what she was expecting or even what she was thinking. She'd been turned all upside down so quickly she wasn't sure of anything now.

The woman sighed again and removed her hand from Tabby's shoulder. She put her hands on her hips and looked down at Tabby from her much greater height.

"With you being an outsider to the industry we would typically start with a featurette. We'd be filming you." She was told. Tabby began to fidget.

"I've never been filmed before." The vixen confessed. "None of the other studios were hiring for that."

"Our featurettes are like debut albums for musicians. It's a way of introducing a new actor or actress to the market before we begin producing more involved content with them. It lets us gauge the potential popularity of a new model." Victoria explained, throwing her head back to draw in a breath before letting it out again. "It would require you to strip nude in front of a camera and pose, showing off whatever your best assets would be, which in your case would be your tits and ass."

"I, oh..." the vixen replied, her cheeks still pink and warm. She swallowed, then looked up to the donkey, not knowing why she was so earnest in trying to find work here, no matter how small it might be.

"It would be more than just a pinup, wouldn't it?" Tabby asked.

"It would. The type of girls that come in here looking to do sex work are usually very eager and forthcoming when it comes to showing off what they can do to a man in bed." Victoria spelled it out very clearly. "Our featurettes are sexual in nature."

This embarrassed Tabby even more, and it was obvious to anyone watching her, her heart pounding at the very idea that she could stand in front of a camera and be filmed doing... All she could think of was the things she and Gerry would do when they were alone together in his bedroom. She didn't often get the chance to be by herself and do anything... sexual. Even when she was living with her parents, she... neglected herself at best, denied herself at worst.

The older woman took her by both shoulders reassuringly, patting her in a calming way.

"I'm sorry this misunderstanding happened, Tabitha. I'll talk to my people and make sure that in the future everyone that calls is made aware that they are calling a porn studio. I don't want anyone else coming here by mistake like you did." Victoria told her with a smile, then began to turn the vixen towards her door to ease her out.

Before they reached the door Tabby stopped them both by planting her feet and drawing in a deep breath before letting it out.

"If, um, I did a video could I bring my boyfriend with me? I'd feel more comfortable if he were in the room." She dared to say. Victoria stepped in front of her and looked down into the vixen's face seriously.

"If we film a featurette of you, we would be putting it on our website. We get a lot of online traffic. That's a much bigger step to take than letting someone take a picture of you in a bikini, Tabitha."

Tabby knew that, but she felt so strongly about making something work. She was here, she'd come all this way, and it was just a video. The only person that would be in it would be her, and... she could do her hair up nice, wear makeup and a new outfit. She'd be a different person! Tabby always looked different in her glamour shots, like a brand-new vixen, and not the modest 'tame Tabitha' that her friends and family knew.

She bit her lip and drew in one more breath before letting it out.

"I understand." She replied. "I hope you will consider me for the part, ma'am."

Victoria watched her seriously for a moment then turned back towards her desk, her hand grabbing the top of Tabby's portfolio and sliding it out of her grip as she stepped away to return to her seat.

"Sit back down." She replied, and Tabby complied, retaking her seat on the couch.

What followed was a rundown of the studio's pay rate, and Victoria's expectations. As the older woman described what their featurettes typically involved, Tabby was beet red in the face, her fur practically glowing from embarrassment as she imagined herself in the shoes of the women who'd been filmed before her.

But her boyfriend would be here with her in the background where she could see him, he could offer her moral support with his presence, and she could do anything. She'd be unstoppable! It had only been a few weeks since she'd crossed a big line with her relationship with Gerry. First premarital sex... and now filming nude for a porn studio. She couldn't stop blushing, but the guilt she used to feel wasn't as strong as it was before.

She couldn't explain to herself why she stayed after being told Amour & Passion was a porn studio, or even after it'd become clear that anything she did for them would be sexual, even if she was by herself. Tabby must have had the Devil's luck, the vixen having just found something to put her idle hands to work.