

When Tabby was in her early twenties, she started doing porn on the side. It paid really well since she was a hot young vixen, and those were always in demand no matter how common they might have been in the industry. And if you were great in bed, then the demand for you in particular could only grow. Now, when she first got started, she had no idea that she was a real natural in the bedroom. That was a truth revealed only after she got herself started with her first couple of films.

But that's all getting a bit too far ahead! This vixen didn't get her start overnight, after all. It took some time.

Tabitha Carmichael was just the daughter of a preacher and his wife, had been raised conservatively, and was otherwise a perfect student and model lady. College wasn't cheap and so she had to help her parents afford it by taking part time work in between classes, which really wasn't cutting it. Being a man of the cloth wasn't lucrative work and her parents only had so much set aside in their savings for their daughter's college fund.

So, the young vixen had started on a less than holy path, but it had been innocent enough at first. She chose to major in education so that she could be a schoolteacher just like her mother had been. This didn't mean she avoided other parts of campus or didn't make any friends from other majors. Tabitha, or simply Tabby, had been introduced to the art department by a friend. They had classes with live models and the professors always paid them for their time. It wasn't a lot of money, but her part time work as a cashier sometimes didn't give her the best hours.

So, she started modeling. That was fine. She got to pose in her underwear, and sometimes they let her stay fully clothed. It'd been embarrassing, but she got through it and the extra 20 bucks was nice to have in her purse. It helped cover the small expenses like her meals, odds and ends she needed, school supplies.

A few of the students even ponied up cash for private modeling sessions. They were always seniors and when they asked her if she could model for one of their assignments it came with a question of 'how much?'. Tabby actually got to set her own price! She was easy going, since she was a student herself and everything on campus was expensive from the food to the books. She charged 30 or 40 dollars depending on how long they wanted her time.

None of that really bothered her. She modeled in the nude for them a few times, and as much as that triggered her conscience she wasn't too upset over it. It was all for art, and tasteful the whole time. She just wouldn't ever tell her parents! They'd probably be ok with it despite their faith, since it was 'art'. Her parents had always liked art, and she'd been taken to museums full of it before. Still, she wasn't going to ever tell them!

Then one day she got asked by an older guy to model. He was a student, but he was propositioning her for a professional photo shoot. The guy was a cute gazelle. Big horns on him, tall, and very fit. She found out through chatting with him that he was on the swim team. A very handsome

gentleman. Well, she'd pegged him as a gentleman during their first couple of conversations.

She'd never done a photo shoot before and had been very reluctant at first. The guy, Gerald, wasn't an art student. He was a business major but was working part time for a local staffing agency and there was a studio looking for models to do shoots of. As it was explained to Tabby this company liked interviewing college aged models since they were usually attractive and willing to work for cheap. Well, she was both of those!

The work would be easy. Just show up and let them do a test shoot of her in some nice outfits, and then they'd try to see if they'd find her real paying work. The portfolio she was shown was familiar to her. They did a lot of advertising work for local businesses. Everything from men and women in nice glamorous outfits, hand modeling for products. That sort of stuff. Tabby was even told she might could get some film work done, but it'd just be commercials for local businesses.

So Tabby agreed! It was just a photo shoot, and they'd be paying her 100\$ for about an hour or two's worth of her time. That was a lot more than she got from modeling for art classes!

Her instructions were to show up on time in her best outfit, which she didn't have. She was Pentecostal! Her typical outfit was a long dress with her hair down. Tabby had to borrow items from her roommates, and they helped her doll up like she was going on a big date. She looked like a totally different person in the mirror, and that kind of excited her! Her girlfriends had so much fun primping and preening over Tabby's appearance that no one back home would have been able to recognize her.

The shoot was nothing special. She showed up and was greeted by a secretary and was brought back to a makeup room where she was interviewed by a girl a few years older than her. The actual photos reminded her of her yearbook photos. Just basic glamour photos they'd use to put a portfolio together for her.

After the shoot her phone never rang. She called back and asked if there was anything she could come in and do, and they shot her down. After a few weeks of nothing the poor vixen decided to write it off as a loss. She'd been hoping for more work after they paid her that first 100\$. She met Gerald on campus again and he and Tabby talked a bit about the shoot she'd done. He looked disappointed that they didn't have anything for her but gave her a pep talk to keep her spirits up.

"You're really attractive, Tabby. They probably just don't have anyone asking for models right now, but I'm sure they give you a call." He reassured her. His complement had left her blushing. He was a very handsome guy, and she often didn't get compliments. The long hair and dress always tipped everyone off that she was one of those 'religious types' and so a lot of guys didn't even bother. It was a more liberal campus and tended to be very secular. It still had community buildings for different faiths, which was how she managed a trip to church each Sunday morning.

"Thank you, and I hope so, too." She'd said. He started meeting up with her a few times a week, and sometimes for lunch. They mostly chatted in passing. He was always friendly, and she felt a kinship with him since he had done some male modeling with the same company. Posing in nice suits and the like.

Then one day after they'd exchanged numbers, she got a call from him about a photoshoot. It was with a different company, but they'd seen her portfolio and thought she'd be great for the project they had. Gerald described it as a pinup calendar. They would only need one photo of her in the calendar, but they'd have to take a whole bunch of them to find the best one.

She was reluctant to do it! If they sold the calendar, then she'd be in it! People would see her doing something not very chaste at all. It was a pinup book! Gerald had assured her that she would be fully clothed, because it wasn't one of 'those' sorts of books. He also pointed out to her that she didn't look anything like she did in her portfolio photos. Her appearance in the portfolio was such a sharp contrast to how she presented herself in public that you'd think she was two different vixens. She already believed that herself, and now Gerald was agreeing with her.

Tabby asked what she'd need to wear, and Gerald replied he'd have to get back with her on that one since they'd not told him. After a promise that he'd get back to her they hung up, and she nervously waited for him to touch base with her.

The next day they found each other on campus, and he told her that all they needed her to do was show up. They had a full wardrobe for her to pick outfits from. Tabby didn't need to worry with makeup either since they had a makeup artist there to do the work. That all made her feel better about doing the job, and she asked him if she needed to call them herself to let them know she was willing to try the shoot.

He gave her a number to call, and after her classes she very nervously made the call and scheduled a time to show up.

On the weekend she was to do the shoot she borrowed a bunch of her girlfriend's garments and put together a really nice outfit. She did up her hair, applied some makeup, and even wore her only pushup bra. When she was done, she once again looked like a different vixen. Tabby wondered if she could have stood in line with her own parents and not have them recognize her.

Her disguise probably wasn't that good, but it was almost eerie when she looked in the mirror and couldn't see herself. If she was able to fool her own eyes then surely, she could fool everyone else's, too! That boosted her confidence. Having no one know it was her made it so much easy to be 'bad' and go do a pinup shoot for a calendar.

When she got there, they talked business. It was a short meeting with the lady that did everyone's makeup, and then an older guy who talked money.

She'd have to sign a contract that gave them permission to use her photos to make the calendar, and in exchange she would be paid \$1,000. There wouldn't be any royalties, and she had to bite her lip since that felt fishy. They'd probably try to print a bunch of these, but she also got to see examples of the final product.

The calendar was just going to be like the cheap ones you can find at gas stations or thrift stores. A couple of bucks at best. Even without royalties the money would be great! She had to try her best to keep herself from smiling at the idea of being given that much money to just stand around and be pretty.

Tabby signed her name on the dotted line, and the lady who would soon touch up her makeup took her into the dressing room. She did a little fine tuning around Tabby's eyes and worked some magic on her hair. The professional touched looked so much better than Tabby's own amateur efforts. Darker makeup around the eyes, black lipstick, and the lady used a curling iron to put some nice waves to her hair.

She ended up being stripped of the outfit she'd arrived in and instead was put into a pair of fishnets. Her slippers became black heels, and they fitted her with a short leather skirt and a bustier. All black items to settle tightly over her red and white fur. By the time she'd been dressed anew she looked even less like herself than when she'd left her dorm room.

She looked incredible! Tabby looked like she had a biker for a boyfriend. They were going to have her be the 'bad girl' in the calendar. The juxtaposition of her being a short and pretty vixen with the hard edge of black leather.

The photo shoot was done in front of a green screen with a real motorcycle as a prop. They had her do pose after pose. Sitting like she was riding, pretending to crank it, bending over the front, over the back, standing up from peddles with her arms on the handlebars with her back arched. All typical pinups, and there were a few of the photos she knew would have looked up her skirt.

By the time they were done she was almost beginning to sweat from the studio lights, but she'd made it through it! They thanked her for coming by, and she was given a check for \$1,000 dollars by the makeup lady when she changed back into her original outfit. She drove straight to the bank and made the deposit, and it went through! The contract without royalties may have been sketchy, but the check for a grand sure wasn't! That was so much money!

The reality that she'd just done a sexy photo shoot didn't settle in until she was back home. She'd taken a shower, which knocked the waves out of her hair and washed away all her makeup. Being back to her normal appearance allowed her conscience to start nagging at her. Tabby had to shrug and admit that she needed to money to help pay for all her supplies and classes. Her parents couldn't do it on their own and her part time job wasn't going to cut it.

Everyone works jobs they don't like, she remembered. Well, mostly everyone. It was normal. She would do the photo shoots now and when she got her degree, she'd pay it back double by giving her students the best education she could. It'd be worth it, and her parents never had to know!

The following week, and with all that extra money in the bank, she was eager to get in front of a camera again. Unfortunately, just like when she first did her portfolio, her phone wasn't ringing very much at all. The original studio that did her portfolio called her once to come in and pose with some other girls for a wedding advertisement. Tabby got to wear a really nice bridesmaid dress that her thinking about settling down. Not that she could manage that while in college! She'd have to postpone those plans until she got herself set up teaching.

Gerald kept tabs on her, and they shared a bit of their stories. Their majors were too different for them to have much in common on that front, but they were both trying to find modeling work. The gazelle was doing better than she was. He had that gorgeous man energy going for him, and he got to do a bunch of Dillard's or JCPenney quality photo shoots of him adjusting his tie while looking like he was deep in thought.

"Hey, if you want I can ask around and see if anyone else I know needs some modeling work. If the big studio can't pull through for you maybe someone else out there needs work. There's a lot of professional photographers that do their own thing." He suggested one day while they ate lunch in the cafeteria between classes. That was so nice of him to offer!

"Like wedding photographers?" She asked for clarity. He shrugged.

"I don't see one of them needing to bring in anyone that wasn't the bride or groom. I'm talking more like what these guys on campus do. Artsy fartsy types, except they aren't in college. I know there's one guy across town who does a bunch of photography and art shows. He mostly does nature junk though. But I'm talking about the same sort of thing." He explained.

"You think there's a lot of people looking for models?" She asked.

"This is San Fernando, Tabby. There's a lot of people in this city." He replied, and she knew he was right. This was a big city. Tabby just didn't know anybody here since she was from a rural area far outside the city. Gerald was more confident about this sort of thing and if he thought he could put her name out there and help her find more work, then she knew she'd appreciate it.

"Yeah, if you think you can help me find anything, I'd really appreciate it." She told him, and he assured her that he would. He was a really nice guy, and even though she felt he wasn't particularly religious she still felt something good about him. Maybe it was just him being so pretty, but she liked to think she was a better judge of a man's character than that.

A week later she was sitting in a coffee shop with Gerald again, but this time they were sitting side by side. He'd been such a diligent man and

had worked hard to find someone that could give her some work. It wasn't much, but it was something! It had earned him a seat at her side and a chance to buy her a latte.

The work she'd been hired to do was already done. It had been a short photoshoot for an auto shop that specialized in custom cars. Gerald had been showing her best photos around and this car shop had apparently picked her after one quick look at her photo. It really wasn't surprising to her either when she stopped to think about it.

Gerald had shown them her biker girl photo and she had the same energy that these car guys wanted. They had this really nice muscle car that they had just finished. It had a fresh coat of red paint with orange and yellow flames on the hood. The engine was sticking out the top through a hole in the hood, and it was shiny with chrome. There was chrome all over the car. It looked expensive!

Tabby didn't really know anything about cars, but she let the men brag about the car to her while she listened to the photographer tell her what he wanted her to do. She'd arrived in another borrowed outfit with nothing but black items. Black heels with some matching stockings with a black leather skirt and bustier. She was all decked out and had her hair done all classy with a nice wave. She was coming to like that hairstyle for herself. It looked so good on her!

A little bit of black makeup completed the look, and all the boys seemed really pleased with their choice in model. They just wanted a hot girl to pose with their new toy so they'd have nice photos to show off what they could do with their hands. They had all these half-finished sports cars in their shop that they were working on, and these photos would go on all their social media accounts.

Forty or so photos later and she was done, and the photographer paid her for the two hours of her time, which came to the tune of 90 dollars. The photographer wasn't making much money either since the car shop wasn't a big spender. It was a far cry from the 1000 she'd made before, but 90 was still enough to cover a lot of small expenses.

"I was surprised at how hard it was to find work for you. You're so pretty I thought it'd be easier." He laughed, and she sipped at her latte.

"What's that supposed to mean?" She asked him. His body language looked defensive.

"Well, I think I phrased that badly. It wasn't hard to find people that wanted a model, but those artsy guys I told you about were being really specific about what they wanted. I didn't even contact some of them. The want-ads they'd put out told me that I didn't need to bother." He explained.

Artists being picky? She kinda felt like that was artists being normal, wasn't it?

"Aren't artists like that though? Famous ones at least." She suggested.

"I guess. I'm not an artist. But, like, ok for example." He told her, then tipped the last of his coffee down his throat with an audible swallow.

"One guy wanted to drop like 500 dollars, and I really wanted to get you that one, but right on the listing he rattled off that he needed a nude model that would be willing to pose with other nude models of mixed sexes." He continued. Tabby didn't quite flush, but she could certainly see now why Gerald hadn't contacted everyone he saw with an opening for a pretty girl.

"Oh, yeah." She replied, and then she saw the gazelle shrug.

"A bunch were like that. Well, that was the worst one. The others just wanted a nude female model. I avoided those, and eventually found the car guys." He told her. She smiled and patted him on the wrist after he'd put his cup back down to the table.

"Thank you for trying for me, Gerald. I really do appreciate it. I should have been doing a lot of that work myself." She told him, but he replied by moving his opposite hand over to pat the hand she'd let rest over his wrist.

"Don't worry about it, Tabby. It's not like I wasn't also looking for work for myself, too. It wasn't any trouble." He told her, and she gave him a smile.

He excused himself to go to the restroom, and while he was away from the table, she let herself wonder about the nude modeling jobs. Weren't those really no different from the modeling she did for the art classes? It would certainly pay more. If those artist types weren't asking her to do anything sexual then she felt she could at least hear them out for what they wanted. Another big payday would be so wonderful for her finances. Her and her parent's both. When Gerald returned, she brought it up.

"Were those nude jobs sexual? Or just tasteful art sort of things?" She asked. He paused for a moment and shrugged. He admitted he hadn't paid that much attention to the details for most of them since he'd assumed she would have rejected them outright.

She told him to look next time and let her know, because if it wasn't sexual then she might do it. He told her he'd keep an eye out. Realizing what she'd just asked him to do made her flush. Asking to pose nude! She changed the subject by asking how his classes were going, and that got him smiling since he had a lot of positive things to say about his major.

"Ok, thank you, hun." The hare told her and took a few steps back. The slender man looked like a beatnik and was holding an expensive camera in his hand. He lifted the camera to an eye and studied her for a few moments through the eye piece before taking a step to the side. Tabitha heard the shutter click.

The vixen was now engaged with her first artsy shoot. The hare was a real gentleman, and had a nice partition set up in the corner of his studio where she was able to strip bare. Gerald was in the studio with them both, but he was hiding behind the partition. He'd agreed to come with her as a kind of chaperon and bodyguard since the studio was at the artist's private residence.

Coming alone to someone's home to strip for photos felt really sketchy so she'd asked Gerald to come along. He was happy to help since he had the time to spare, and he'd volunteered to excuse himself to the partition to spare her the embarrassment of a friend watching her pose nude. That was really sweet of him.

Right now, she was fully nude and seated on a stool with her legs crossed under her. Each hand was resting over her knees with her palms down. The hare had tapped her body with his fingers to nudge her exactly how he wanted her, and the pose he'd selected left her feeling like she was trying to meditate.

Being seated on a stool that could swivel let the artist pivot her in place however he liked so all she needed to do was stay perfectly still. He'd arrayed the entire corner of the studio into a large still life with her as the centerpiece. He had a big painter's easel set up in another part of the studio and it was obvious that he was more of a painter than a photographer. When she'd walked through his home to be taken to the studio she could see he had his own paintings on the walls.

He was a bit eccentric with his paintings. Mostly nude figures of all sexes, but the backgrounds and themes were like Alice in Wonderland. Kind of trippy and out of this world. Some of them were neat, but Tabby preferred the normal artists like Rembrandt or Da Vinci. The classical painters of yesteryear.

She couldn't really tell what he was going to paint with this photoshoot. They were meant to be real life references. Every now and then he'd step close and rotate the stool. The rest of the still life was a combination of fake plants and pillows of different sizes and shapes piled onto furniture items. His paintings were so wild that she could only guess that the props she was posed with were just place holders. When he actually painted them, he'd turn them into something weird or made up.

The artist kept them there for almost three hours, which was twice as long as he'd told them both when they got started. He seemed like a perfectionist and kept snapping photos and rotating the stool. He eventually had her change how she was sitting, and twice she had to stand and move around a bit to let the blood circulate back through her legs, and to give her booty a bit of a break.

He was at least very apologetic for keeping them so late, and he paid her double what he'd quoted. As he wrote the check out to her he was fawning over her. The hare was practically bragging at how good so many of the photos had turned out, and that he'd have plenty of material to work with once he got his next piece started. Half of the time Tabby felt he was

actually describing how good he thought the *painting* would be rather than how good *she* looked in the photos. Being an artist of his caliber, he was probably imagining the painting that he saw in his head.

The hare handed over the check and she couldn't help but smile broadly and thank him for giving her the opportunity. He was paying her like she was some kind of professional model but judging by how nice his home was he could probably afford a super model if he wanted. Her purse was about to become 600 dollars heavier. That was going to help her out so much! If she could continue to find work like this, she would actually be able to start setting aside money instead of burning it all on books and tuition as soon as she got it.

Gerald very politely covered his eyes while she swapped places with him to change. As they were leaving, he asked if the guy had paid her extra, and she explained to him he had paid her double.

"I'm sorry I kept you out here for so long." She apologized, but he shrugged it off. They'd come in one vehicle so as she climbed into the passenger seat of his car, he asked her how she felt about the work.

"What do you mean?" She asked him back.

"Modeling in general, I guess. I know its not something you really set out to do, and you've got your own convictions against certain things." He tried to elaborate as he cranked up and started them on their way back to campus. She lived on campus, but he was renting a room in a 4-bedroom house the owners leased to college students. He'd have to drop her off before going home.

Tabby had to think about how she wanted to answer him. She honestly felt really mixed about it. Little angels and devils on her shoulders arguing, she guessed. She needed, and enjoyed, the money. The work was easy. Modeling certain did have its plus sides. The only fault she had was she had to expose herself a lot. A stranger just stared at her naked for nearly 3 hours after all. That was something she felt was hanging about her neck like a weight.

All deeds were counted at the pearly gates, she thought to herself more than once. She felt a measure of guilt for sinning. To say she'd been immodest would be an understatement, but at the same time she was young. Tabby had a set path in her mind for where she wanted to be in several years. She'd have a long life to live and a lot of wonderful goals to fulfill with teaching being the biggest one.

Would all her good deeds outweigh the bad? As a Christian she didn't really believe in 'karma' like other people did, but wasn't good and evil sort of the same when you finally got to the end of your life? Regardless of whether its sin or karma it'll all add up and bite you. So long as you stay on the good side of see-saw you can count on it meaning something, or at least that's how she tried to think about it.

"You don't have to answer. I was just curious." He spoke up, and she realized she had let a bit too much silent hang between them after his question.

"Oh, no! I was just lost in thought, Gerald. I was really thinking." She said.

"Well, still Tabby. Don't have to answer." He repeated. She leaned forward in her seat and made sure he saw her smile at him. A lock of her hair fell, and she had to brush it back.

"I think I'm at a place where I understand I'm sinning, but I also know I have a long life to live that'll be full of good deeds and charity. I'd like to think He'll understand when I get to meet him." She gave him her answer.

"He? Oh, yeah, Him." He replied and ended his sentence with a smile when it dawned on him to Whom she was referring. "Well, you can always go into retail if this gets to be too much for you."

She laughed. She was already doing retail, and it was awful!

"I'm a big girl. So long as my parents don't find out I think I can manage to get by." She told him. He smiled, but she could tell by his body language he seemed a bit uncomfortable. Tabby reached out and touched his arm, which caught his attention.

"Thank you for looking out for me." She told him. He smiled a bit bigger and nodded.

"You're welcome, Tabby." He replied.

Then, just like a prayer being answered, Tabitha landed four jobs in a row from the original agency she'd went to. They called her up and had her come in to do a few simple shoots with some other girls, and even some guys. One had been for a local magazine that needed a bunch of 'attractive young people' to act as college students. Well, she was already a college student! No pretending there.

The other three were easier. One just had her holding several different products all aimed at women. Basically, modeling her hands. It was all easy work, but apart from the big one for the magazine they weren't very high paying. Tabby hoped this sudden flood of work wouldn't lead to a dry spell. It wasn't like she'd burned through all the money she'd just made, but at the same time she was really wanting to have high hopes about this. Her part time job was hardly enough on its own with how expensive college was.

"Tabby." Gerald caught her attention. They were sitting together again in the cafeteria. She'd been listening to him talk about a photo shoot he'd done recently for Macy's. The Macy's local to them was using local 'talent' to put together some new advertisements.

"Mhm?" She looked over at him. He'd finished talking about his shoot and was waiting for her full attention.

"What?" Tabby asked, puzzled.

"Can I take you out to dinner tonight?" he asked her. She immediately flushed and stopped eating. The vixen hadn't been prepared for that! From a hot blush to a quick giggle she shifted in her seat. Oh, he just asked her out!

Tabitha Carlisle had been far too sheepish with the gentleman. She had more reasons now to hang around him than just because of their mutual hunt for camera work. He was a genuinely handsome guy. Like, really handsome, but that just made her feel shallow! Gerald had been so kind to her and helped her out a lot more than he had any right to. It was so nice to find a 'city boy' that knew how to give hospitality without trying to get fresh. She was from a rural town and her adjustment to being in San Fernando had been a bit eye opening.

"I would love that so much, Gerald." She told him and reached out a hand to touch his arm. He was taking his turn to blush from above a set of smiling teeth. Oh, he had such a pretty smile that twinkled up to his eyes.

"You know, Tabby, you can call me Gerry if you want." He told her, and she smiled.

"Nickname?" She asked. He shrugged.

"Saying my full name like that feels kinda formal. You can use Gerry if it's just us." He told her. 'Just us', he'd said. Like, just the two of them. That actually sounded really sweet, and he was already calling her Tabby. Everyone that knew her well enough to call her a friend called her Tabby.

She felt herself tremble ever so slightly with nervous anxiety. It came and went quickly. Tabby had felt something that made her want to hesitate, but she bit that back and looked him in the eyes.

"Promise to take me on that date and I'll call you Gerry when it's just us." She smiled. He looked back at her with a gentle smile and leaned toward her. He pecked her on the nose before she could react and now, she was blushing so red her russet fur threatened to catch fire.

"When do you want me to pick you up?" He asked. She smiled real big and had to think about it. They ended up talking a good while more in the cafeteria about what their plans would be.

That evening she dressed the same as she always did, but her outfit was her 'best' one. A lot of her wardrobe was still in her old closet at her parent's. Her dormitory didn't really offer a girl as much storage space as she'd like so she had to be picky with what she packed to bring with her. Out of everything that came with her to school she had one dress in particular that was her nicest. Her 'Sunday best' if you will.

A pure white dress with a hint of lace at the hem. It was very pretty and hugged her body ever so slightly. It was the most immodest thing she owned despite being rather tame. It only came down to her knees. A girl like her could wear a dress that short no problem, but not if it was sleeveless. She so seldom saw herself without sleeves that it was strange seeing herself without them in the mirror.

Stranger than that was to see herself with the nice wavy hair she'd only worn for a few photo shoots. Gone were simple braids and ponytails she was accustomed to. Gerald, or Gerry, wasn't a Pentecostal man. She felt she should dress a bit immodest for him, since she knew he was more familiar with other types of girls. No offense to them, of course. She was herself, but she was really happy he'd asked her out.

Oh, she was excited! Gerry was so sweet and handsome! She could just squeal!

Tabby waited on the sidewalk outside her dormitory and he pulled up right on time. So punctual! He even waved her away from opening the door herself. The perfect gentleman got out and came around to open it for her, and she felt herself go all warm from her toes to her ear tips.

"Good evening, Tabby." He told her. He was dressed real nice. Slacks with a tucked in button down. She was blushing just from the thought of him standing next to her in a church pew. She didn't know if he'd ever be a church going man, but she hoped that maybe he would be. Oh, she be so proud of having a man like him right next her with their arms hooked together.

She was thinking way too far ahead, wasn't she!

"Good evening, Mister Gerry. I'm really happy you wanted to take me to dinner tonight." She told him. They'd already discussed their dinner plans, but she was dead set on making it very clear that she was pleased pink with him having made the offer.

He was a generous and gracious suitor the entire evening. She'd insisted on a sensible restaurant. Just off campus there was a Denny's. Now, everyone could poke fun at Denny's being what it was, but she couldn't ask Gerry to take her somewhere really nice when she knew full well he was a college student just like her. It wouldn't be right for either of them to pressure the other to spend so much money.

This weighed especially heavily on her since he was insisting on treating her the full way through. She'd never have to open her wallet. If he was going to pay her way for the whole night then she could at least pick a venue that was most affordable for a college student.

They both ended up ordering 'safe' menu items that neither of them believed a Denny's could screw up. Not that they expressed this sentiment to each other, but it was pretty obvious by their orders. Their food came quickly and was actually turned out good, but most of their attention was spent on each other.

A long conversation began about their mutual effort to find paying work, and then to their respective majors, and then to what they were interested in personally. Gerry loved sports and she loved children. For the first time in what felt like years she expressed her interest in one day making children's books. Not the silly kind, but something genuinely educational. She hoped that after she started teaching, she could figure out a story she could tell and make it a book that children would have fun reading, but actually learn from.

Gerry loved his sports, but his passion for it was only as a fan. He liked staying fit and made regular use of the on-campus gym. He liked swimming and jogging, too. Tabby liked swimming! Maybe the two of them could go swimming one day and she could see how fast he could do a lap, since he had mentioned that was something he did regularly to stay in shape.

Tabby had seen some of his modeling work, and there'd been a photo or two of him without his shirt. He had a very toned physique. It was *very* nice!

When the date was over... she wished it wasn't. Before this they'd talked so much, but each conversation was brief and often only focused on one thing or another. It hadn't been enough. Now she'd gotten a taste of what it'd be like to just have him in her life steady. Having a man she appreciated and admired right there with her for hours every single day. Her hand never left his arm as he drove back to campus.

"I wish we'd picked an earlier time for our date, Gerry." She said out loud.

"Hm? Am I getting you back too late?" He asked her, and she shook her head with a squeeze on his arm.

"No, not at all! I just wish we had more time to talk. This evening was really nice, Gerry." She confessed, and he smiled. He suggested he could take them somewhere to grab a coffee, like a Starbucks or Waffle House.

She didn't agree to either of those! It was a bit too late to be having caffeine, and she didn't want to be tired all day tomorrow. All she had planned was to catch up on classwork since it'd be Saturday. If she planned to sleep in a little, then it would be ok if she stayed up later than usual for Gerry's sake.

"Do you have anything you need to do tomorrow?" She asked him, and he shook his head and said all he had was some classwork. That delighted her, since they could meet up and do their work together. It might not be anything they could help each other with, but just getting the chance to be together would be nice. It was making her feel really warm just thinking about them side by side. She was really happy.

"Well, my place is on the way to your dorm. You want to just hang out there until you're ready to go home?" He asked. Her conscience and good judgement reminded her that she shouldn't be going to a man's home alone

if she wasn't his wife, but then the devil on her should reminded her that it was a house full of other people and that Gerry was a gentleman. She smiled.

"Sure! I'd like to see where you live." She replied, and he laughed.

"Well, it's not much." He told her.

The house he and four other young men were renting was old. It looked like it was built in the 70's and had a lot of room for improvement. The owners weren't doing much to maintain it, and Gerry complained on the way inside that he 'and the boys' had to do some DIY fixes here and there.

A look on the inside told her immediately that a house like this was a good motivator for graduating college and making a living. Life in an old house like this wasn't worth it, and earning the chance to afford a nicer place to call your own would be a good carrot on a stick. No one was asleep it seemed, and she was given a quiet introduction to some of his roommates who were hogging the living room and kitchen.

The house had four bedrooms, but with five guys living there one of the bedrooms had a bunk. The two guys sharing that bedroom were a pair of lynxes who were siblings. It was so strange seeing so many men her age in one place that wasn't Sunday school. Tabby never really went to parties very often. In high school she'd only gone to pep rallies and prom. Well, she did talk her parents into letting her go to an after party for her graduation, and that had been fun. Seeing guys alone in their natural element was a bit new though.

Half of them were playing what looked like a football video game in the living room and the other half were using the kitchen table to do some kind of advanced math.

"They've got the placed crowded." Gerry pointed out and gave her a gentle tug on her sleeve. "Let me show you around."

So, he showed her around the small house. It was a single-story house with two bathrooms. There was a garage, but it was filled with the house owner's belongings, so everyone had to park outside by the road or in the yard.

She felt a sense of trepidation when he showed her his bedroom. He opened his door and stepped inside, and she hesitated a moment before quietly padding along behind him. Tabby was actually surprised at how clean he kept his bedroom. The bed was made, and floor looked like he vacuumed every now and then. There wasn't a lot of clutter or trash. She was actually kind of relieved that he had proved himself to be a decent housekeeper for himself.

"I don't really have any chairs. I can go steal one from the kitchen for you." He said, but she told him she could just sit on the bed. They both sat on the bed and that feeling of trepidation she had never quite left. She was now in Gerry's bedroom... Oh, her heart was beating a little faster than it should be.

They talked more with her directing the conversation. She had them pick up where they'd left off at Denny's, and this eventually led to Gerry showing her some of the photo shoots he'd done recently. He'd been sent copies of some of his shoots to add to his portfolio, which reminded her that she should probably update her own with new photos.

He looked so handsome in these photos. Most of them were all glamour shots in suits and really nice casual wear. Everything he wore fit him like it was custom tailored. He had such a gorgeous physique it felt like a sin just looking at him! He was showing her the photos on an iPad, and she was free to swipe along through the photos while she listened to him talk.

"Let me go to the restroom, Tabby." He excused himself, and she continued to browse his photos. She sighed at how handsome he looked. She didn't think she should be thinking about him that way. It felt really shallow when she considered how much of a sweet guy he was. Tabby should be thinking more about his character than his looks.

She was running out of photos in the gallery and swiped once more. A photo of him in a pair of swim trunks was on the screen and she flushed. Oh, he was shirtless again! Look at his abs! Her hand trembled as her eyes widened like saucers. Heaven help her he was handsome! He was leaned up against a bright red Mustang that looked fresh off the dealer's lot. His horns looked polished and clean, and he wore a pair of nice sunglasses. It was such a good pinup of a man. Tabby didn't even know men *could* have pinups like this!

He was reaching up to tip his sunglasses down the bridge of his snout to give her a seductive glance from just over the rim of the glasses. Her gaze drifted from his eyes and down his chest and then his toned stomach. His other hand was at his front with a thumb hooked in his waistband. He was gently tugging his trunks down but wasn't showing anything off beside a little extra fur from his tummy. Oh, this was such a scandalous photo that she wasn't sure if she was meant to swipe this far through his portfolio.

There were more photos after this one, and she bit her lip. The tiny thumbnails revealed it was more of the swim trunk set. She swiped once. Gerry in a different pose, but still just as hot as the first one. She drank him with her eyes like cold lemonade in summer. His hands were now behind his back as he flexed and stretched himself with his eyes hidden behind his sunglasses.

With his back arched just so she couldn't help but notice there was a poorly hidden lump in the front of his trunks. Her face couldn't be any redder under her fur. Oh, this wasn't very Christian of her, but she couldn't stop herself from drinking. Gerry hadn't come back yet, so she just swiped to the next photo.

Her heart stopped, and she was left positively glued to the screen as the new photo of Gerry took on a totally different mood. He'd taken off his sunglasses and had them hanging by one arm from his teeth. A seductive

smile on his face, a scandalously come-hither gaze, and one hand blatantly groping at something in the front of his shorts. Oh, my God, he was holding a piece of himself she was not meant to see until their wedding night.

She heard a flush in the distance and Tabby wildly started swiping back in the other direction until Gerry was stepping back into the room and shutting the door behind him. She played it cool and offered his iPad back to him.

"You found some really good photographers, Gerry." She told him. He took the iPad and he was quickly back on the topic of modeling and shooting. She was so relieved to have the iPad away from her now. Her heart couldn't handle that much temptation. He sat back down next to her and she felt so warm from her ears to her toes. She'd seen too much and felt guilty. He probably hadn't expected her to swipe all the way to the end like that.

They talked long enough for Gerry to bring up taking her home. The clock on his nightstand read 10:30. Yeah, it was getting late. She agreed with him about the time but expressed regret that they hadn't started their date sooner. He told her that next time he'll pick her up earlier, and that made her happy.

"I know this was our first real date, and maybe you'd rather wait a bit longer, Tabby, but I'd really like to give you a kiss goodnight when I drop you off." He told her while they were still sitting on his bed. Her heart fluttered like a cheerful butterfly. A goodnight kiss from a hunk like him would give her the worst unladylike dreams, wouldn't it! She started beaming right there on the bed. Tabby didn't care if she was making it obvious.

"I'm not suppose to, Gerry, but I think I'll be bad this one time." She told him, and he smiled back with his own reaction as obvious as hers. The devil on his shoulder suddenly kicked the angel to the curve and she surprised herself. She placed her hand over his thigh and leaned close to him with an uplifted chin. He was going to wait until he dropped her off at her dorm, but instinct and her heart drove her to make the first move now when the excitement of the moment was at its peak.

He didn't hesitate a bit. She felt a strong arm wrap behind her back and he tugged her in with his soft lips pressing over hers. She gasped and shivered against him. The angel returned and shouted at her that this was her first kiss! Tabby didn't care, because it was with Gerry and she melted against him until both his arms were wrapped around her with his tongue spearing into her mouth to educate her on how to give a lover's kiss.

Her date left her breathless with a bit of spit dribbling off her lips when he finally pulled his lips away from hers. The vixen could feel the powerful beat of his heart through his chest. There was so much tight energy in his arms, and she could feel the intensity with which he looked at her. The temptation she felt was so wild and strong she was speechless.

"I'm going to kiss you again." He told her, and she nodded. Her eyes fluttered as he pressed himself against her lips again before leaning back to pull her to the bed. Her guardian angel was kept silent by the devil's hand as temptation led to her being pinned to the bed while he roughly made out with her.

She was transfixed by the experience of someone so skilled with their tongue teaching her exactly how it was supposed to feel when a lover kissed you. She moaned into his throat, and he pulled away from her. He cupped her face with his hands and slid them back across her hair to catch her ears.

She let him kiss her on her cheeks, then down to her neck. She shuddered under him. Everything felt so right now that she was under him. Her conscience was muffled, but still there in the distant background trying to remind her that this was wrong, that they were going too far, but this was a moment she couldn't stop.

"You're so beautiful, Tabby." She heard him whisper to her. One of his hands left her ears and traveled over her breasts. She gasped as his finger danced down her tummy and to her legs.

"Gerry!" She tried to keep herself quiet, but his hand was searching for the hem of her dress. He found it, and her heart started beating at a pace she'd never felt before. She reached out for him and found his wrist. She tugged his hand up, but his fingers had around hooked beneath the lace trim. She felt her dress slid up her thighs as he tugged at him.

"Tabby." He sounded breathless. "Do you want me to stop?"

Her heart pounded in her chest as she felt the weight of his hand over her thigh. An incredible heat was flowing out from her groin. She'd never felt this way before. She wasn't supposed to feel this way! This was too soon. This was years too soon! They'd only just gone on their first date! Her hands still clutched at his arm.

"I'll be gentle." He told her, and she started to shiver. He'd be gentle. With that powerful body pressed tight to hers the memory of his toned body returned to her and she shuddered against him with the warmth she felt turning to a piping hot heat. He felt her hands relax on his arm and he tugged the front of her dress up until cool air met the heat of her damp panties.

"Gerry!" She nearly shouted when he first touched her there. He shushed her gently and pressed his lips to hers. She hungrily kissed him back as his tongue explored her mouth just as his hand was now exploring her other end. No one but her had ever touched her there, and now her date was slipping his fingers over the damp fabric of her underwear.

She wrapped her arms around him and clutched at his body. He wrapped his free hand behind her back and leaned hard against her. She was pressed to the bed by his body and kiss, and then his fingers found the edge of her panties and he slipped himself inside.

A squeal sounded in his mouth, and he snorted with new vigor. He probed deeper, and her body clamped around his fingers. She was clinging to him as tight as a vice as she shuddered continuously with raw unbridled energy she couldn't control. Her fingernails, thankfully trimmed short, dug into his back right through his shirt.

Tabby locked her knees together with the muscles in her thighs taut like cold steel. Gerry had found something inside her that made her body go stiff, arching her back hard, while squealing loudly into his kiss. His hand started moving rapidly inside her with the noise wet of fingers and flesh filling the room. Again and again she felt him press at that place he'd found until her legs shuddered and twitched along with the jerking of his hand against her mound. She'd responded to his touch so powerfully that he broke the kiss and stopped his hand, which she'd now thoroughly soaked.

"Tabby?" He asked her breathlessly. She felt him kiss her gently on the cheek. Her eyes were rolled back as her first orgasm with a man rolled across her like a thunderous wave. Her entire body was trapped in the throes of something so powerful she'd never could have dreamed that such a thing could be real. The temptation she'd felt before did no justice to the pleasure exploding out from her loins as her petals clenched and squeezed around his fingers.

She finally let out the breath she'd been holding and started gasping. Little by little control of her body returned to her. Tabby groped at his back and panted with her eyes watered up with hers. That had been so intense she could hardly put it into words.

"You ok, Tabby?" He asked her and nudged her cheek with his nose.

"That was incredible." She was out of breath. In reply he gave her a gentler kiss on the lips and slowly removed his hand from between her thighs. Her lips were desperately trying to cling to him as he did it. She had goosebumps all under her fur as he wrapped her in her arms and held her tight.

"Want to keep going?" He asked. As she laid there under him, she was becoming aware of something pressing at her hip. It was him. Tabby swallowed a mouthful of drool and breathed in deep. No, no they couldn't do that. They'd already gone too far. She still felt so... hot. It was a full body sensation that wrapped around her like a blanket. She honestly wanted him to give her more, but in her exhaustion, she found her common sense.

"I... no." She whispered. "I'm sorry, Gerry."

"It's ok." He hugged her tight. "Are you ok?"

His gentleness soothed her, and she relaxed into him and pressed her face into his chest and nodded into him. She couldn't believe they'd done all that, that she'd let him. Tabby felt guilty, but his strong arms warmed

her and made her feel safe. He slowly rolled himself on top of her until she was pinned under him.

"Stay here tonight, ok?" He whispered to her.

"O-ok." She answered. The vixen felt the heat of his body envelop her until she felt herself relax and go limp beneath him. After several minutes together Gerry pulled himself away to turn off the lights. She was grateful when he returned to laying atop her. So long as he was there, she felt safe from the terrible mistake she'd made.

The next morning was the worst mix of anxiety and guilt she'd ever felt. She wanted to kick herself! She wasn't even mad at Gerry. He wasn't... he wasn't a Christian man. It was different for him, and she knew that. He was slow to wake up, but at some point in the night he'd rolled halfway off of her, and so she'd been able to slip out from under him and started fretting over how wrinkled her dress was. This looked horrible!

And she hadn't told her roommates where she'd been! She checked her phone and she did have some concerned texts from two of the girls. She immediately texted them back with a fat lie. Told them both that she had gone to Gerry's house and talked to him for a long time. Lied that he let her sleep in his room while he stayed on the couch. She would have to tell Gerry to lie for her.

She just couldn't deal with the truth right now.

"Tabby?" A groggy voice startled her as she sat on the edge of his bed. He picked himself up to sit.

"Morning." She replied, then quickly added with a subtle shake of her head, "Good morning, Gerry."

"Did you sleep ok?" He asked her. It sounded like he was still trying to wake himself up. She nodded in reply.

"Yeah, I slept fine." She replied. He swung his legs around and scooted to the edge of the bed next to her. He ran his hands over his face and she anxiously watched him from the side. He looked cute in the mornings, and that made her feel guiltier that what they'd done the night before had been something they should have waited for.

He was looking out straight at the wall for a moment, then turned to look her in the eyes. She avoided his gaze, and that seemed to wake him up really quick.

"Are you ok?" He asked her with the tone of voice letting her know that he was now aware that she might not be ok.

"We should have waited." She admitted.

"I'm sorry." He told her. She should have known better. Tabby was a grown woman, and when he started pushing, she could have turned him away. The

vixen hadn't turned him away. She shut her eyes and exhaled. She felt his hand lightly touch her opposite shoulder.

"It's ok, Gerry." She forced herself to say with confidence she didn't feel was genuine. She was actually kind of scared. She would have to ask for so much forgiveness today and tomorrow especially. It was Saturday today? Yes, it was Saturday. She had to will herself into getting her dates straightened out.

"You don't look ok." He said, and she wished he would stop, but she knew he was being thoughtful for her. Tabby knew there were guys that wouldn't care, but this one did care. She had to set aside the fact she wanted to run and hide from what she'd done.

"I'm not, but I think this is something I'll have to learn to accept." She said, and he pulled his hand away from her shoulder. Its absence felt like a hole had opened up somewhere. Tabby wanted his support. She took a deep breath and then tried to smile.

"Can you try to keep it a secret what we did?" She asked. He had all his roommates and they'd all know she stayed the night. They wouldn't know what they did but they had imaginations.

"Yeah, yeah, I can do that, Tabby. Of course." He told her quickly. "Would you like me to take you home?"

Her phone buzzed in her hand and she quickly checked it. It was one of her roommates replying that they were upset she'd given them a scare. Well, that didn't make her feel any better at all. She wasn't sure it would be best to go back to the dorm just yet. She was out of sorts so bad the girls would all start asking questions, and then maybe start making assumptions about her and Gerry. She didn't want that.

"I'm kind of hungry." She admitted. "Can we go somewhere to get breakfast?"

Gerry agreed to get her some breakfast and they quietly left the house. His roommates were all either missing or in their bedrooms asleep. There wasn't a single sound except for the two of them moving about. As he drove her to get breakfast the car ride was uncomfortably silent, and she stole a glance at him and saw he looked uncomfortable.

"I enjoyed our date yesterday." She spoke up as he pulled out onto the highway. Tabby wasn't sure where he was taking her for breakfast.

"Yeah! Yeah, I did, too. I'm glad you had fun." He replied as he watched the road. She did enjoy herself yesterday. It had been wonderful the entire time. She'd just... made some poor decisions. Had he thought she wanted to sleep with him last night? Was now a good time to even ask him that? Did she even need to know?

Was she angry with him? She stared at the road ahead and thought about it. Her anger and discomfort were aimed like a ring of daggers around her heart with her conscience tightly gripping the hilt of each one. She

could think up a million things she could have done differently with the power of hindsight. He could have, too, she supposed.

The uncomfortable air in the car was becoming too much for her to take.

"Gerry." She broke the silence. He continued to watch the road, but she knew he was paying attention to her. He was trying to look her way.

"Yeah, Tabby?" He asked. She took in a deep breath, then let it out.

"I'm not mad at you." She told him. It was true! Tabby held a guilty conscience in her hands, but she was determined to not let it rule over her. No one is free of sin, and now she could add last night to her own little list. Gerry, his lack of faith aside, was a good man. He could have been like the horror stories of guys going to far, the ones that wouldn't stop. He did check in on her last night while they did what they did, and she'd wanted more even though she shouldn't have, and he stopped when she asked him to.

Now she just knew how fast, and how far, lust could go if you let it get away from you.

Tabby watched Gerry's face and he didn't look sure of himself. His expression was a mix of relief, but uncertainty as he worked the muscles of his jaw in an effort to think of something to say.

"I'm glad!" He finally said, but it didn't look to her like he was happy with his choice of words. She reached out with a sigh and touched his elbow.

"We'll figure it out." She told him with a smile she meant. He replied with a smile of his own, and then they pulled into the Waffle House parking lot.