

A few days had passed since Tabby's failure of a photo shoot with Gerry, and she was still upset with herself for not being able to go through with it. After her date with him they'd not had much time to meet up again, but he'd already texted her that he wanted to go out with her something this coming weekend. He thought it'd be nice to see a movie and wanted her to pick out something she'd enjoy seeing.

There weren't too many movies on right now that she thought both of them would enjoy, but she thought that maybe they could go and see the new romcom that came out a few weeks ago. She Googled it and the audience reviews were pretty high. Maybe that would be good! He might not get the most out of it since boys didn't usually like those kinds of things, but it was a date so maybe something romantic was best for them.

On Thursday Gerry poked her by phone about meeting up for lunch and she penciled it into her schedule. When they got together at the cafeteria, he handed her a small memory card.

"I had to return my buddy's camera, but I put the photos we took on this. I thought you'd still want them for that lady." Gerry told her. She took the small card and started hunting for a place to put it in her handbag.

"We didn't take very many, I thought." She replied, and she watched him shrug.

"It was just the two, but I thought they turned out nice." He told her with a smile, and she took her own turn to shrug. It was just two photographs and she could only imagine what they looked like through her memories of what she felt like when he had taken them. Her instinct was telling her that they must look awful, and that he was just being kind to her.

As if he could read her thoughts, he leaned in to kiss her on the cheek. They were seated side by side at the table while they ate, and she blushed and reached a hand over to his to pat him gently.

"You're very sweet." She told him.

"You're very beautiful." He replied, and she felt herself flush again.

"Foxes are red enough as it is, Gerry." She clutched her hand over his then and quickly switched topics. "I think we should see that new romcom this weekend."

"We can! Did you figure out which showing you want to see?" He asked, and she made an audible hum. She didn't feel like imposing herself on him too much, so she hadn't picked anything specific without first getting his input. She did hope they'd do it on Saturday though, since she wanted to go to church early Sunday. She'd volunteered to help teach Sunday school, and then was going to stay a bit later afterwards to help pack meals for the local food bank. The church she was going to now collected food donations from the congregation and packed them all into brown paper bags for needy families.

If she donated her own time here and there it made her feel a little less guilty about what she did in front of a camera.

"Maybe something on Saturday? I'll need to be at church for a few hours on Sunday." She told him.

"Sure, I can do Saturday. Maybe we can pick up lunch, then go see the movie?" He suggested, and she agreed with him.

They each had classes to attend to after their lunch, so their little meet up didn't last very long. By the time she got back home at the dorm she'd forgotten all about the memory card. It wasn't until she found it again when taking her Bible out from her purse that she remembered it at all.

Her roommates were all in the dorm doing their respective things, except for Robin and Joan who were sharing a desk to work together on something from one of their math classes. Tabby settled herself on her bed with her laptop in her lap. She had a small desk next to her bed, but she only sat there when she had real homework to do.

Right now, half of her classes didn't give out much homework, at least nothing that took much time for her to complete. She did a lot of reading assignments and two of her professors enjoyed in-class assignments and quizzes. Tabby didn't mind it when most of her work was in class since last semester she'd been swamped nonstop with homework. It was a nice change of pace to have more free time outside of the classroom, which gave her even more time to earn extra money by working part time somewhere.

She plugged the memory card into the laptop and waited for the little window to pop up. When it did, she clicked it to open the folder and saw there were only two photos on the card.

Tabby nearly let herself sigh but stopped herself to keep her nosy neighbors from looking over to check on what she was up to. She double clicked the first photo and bit her lip with a dash of anxiety as the file opened and she saw herself laying nude on a worn wicker loveseat. She tapped the right arrow key and looked at the second photo.

In both photos she was in the same pose, but Gerry had moved from one position to another so there were two angles. Neither angle looked better than the other, but Tabby couldn't let go of her ill feelings toward them. All she could see in the photos was a version of herself that embodied all the discomfort and confusion she'd felt when laying there on the loveseat. Tabby didn't know what the opposite of 'rose tinted glasses' was, but she was sure she was wearing whatever it was now.

With her desk right next to her she used the corner of it as a nightstand, which is where she left her phone to sit. She reached to grab it and texted her boyfriend.

"Gerry, please be honest. Did you think my photos turned out good?" She asked him and hesitated only a moment before pressing send. He didn't

immediately reply, and that gave her more time to dwell on the negative feelings swirling around the two photographs. She tapped back and forth on the left and right keys to examine both photos.

It was so hard to see them through any perspective other than her own terrible bias.

"I really thought they looked good!" He finally replied, then before she could think of something to say he sent another text. "What don't you like about them?"

Since she was holding her phone, she felt braver than she had when the two of them were face to face in the art building, that and she wasn't naked this time. Tabby slowly tried to type out her feelings to explain it to him.

"I'm really upset that I acted that way. I've modeled so much, and you're my boyfriend! I don't know why I was so messed up. When I see myself in the photos that's all I can think of. That's not how our photoshoot should have gone." She typed that all up and tried to reread it herself to improve it, but honestly couldn't think of a way to word it better. Tabby wasn't a writer.

He didn't make her wait very long for a reply, but he'd clearly tried to put some effort into what he said.

"You don't need to worry about that, Tabby. I know you have strong beliefs that are making modeling harder for you than it is for me. I'm not upset that it didn't go a different way. I want you to be comfortable doing what you're doing, especially if it's with me!" Is what he said in a single longer text.

"Thank you, but I'm still going to worry. I'm sorry if I made you feel wrong for being there with me." She replied. Tabby could remember how he acted both then with the camera and even before when she'd gone cold toward him after she stayed the night with him. They hadn't even been 'a thing' for very long and already twice she'd froze up with him.

She'd wandered into his bedroom, and they'd done things together. No, more that he did things to her, had given her something only a wife should receive, then she'd denied him after. He'd seen her naked, like he was her husband, but she dumped water on that, too. Twice she'd played the part of a wife but denied her husband. That's how she saw it. Other girls would have rationalized it differently, but to Tabby she knew that her relationship with Gerry was something that could, and hopefully would, grow stronger into a family.

That's what relationships were for! And she was both a sinner and a coward for tiptoeing around sex then skipping away the moment her boyfriend was close. What sort of girl did this make her, she wondered? How did he see her when he thought of her?

"I didn't feel wrong for being there. I'm the one that suggested we do the photoshoot, and I should have known better that you might feel

uncomfortable being that close to me after last time." He quickly replied, and she stifled the urge to make a noise as she read it. He was thinking about 'last time', too.

"I feel like I've rejected you twice." She told him and realized their exchange had gotten very dark and very deep very quickly. What was he even thinking now? That he was dating a crazy Christian girl, probably. She finally sighed, but none of the girls noticed.

"Do you still want to go to the movies Saturday?" He asked her and her heart sunk. Did he feel like this was some kind of roundabout way for her to break up with him? Surely not! She hoped he didn't, and she did want to go to the movies with him! She really wanted to spend more time with him, more time than their college and work schedules would allow.

"Yes! Of course, I do!" She replied.

"If you had really rejected me you would have said no, right?" She read his reply and wasn't sure what to say. She thought she understood what he was trying to get at and was happy he was trying. Going to see a movie wasn't the same as sex or modeling, but perhaps in his mind if she were sick of him or wanted out, she could have easily backed out of a date.

She wanted more warmth in their relationship, but she didn't know how to make that happen. Tabby could pray on it, and maybe God would help her, or maybe this was a trial she was meant to muscle through on her own so that she could grow. The older she got the harder life got and even church was harder as an adult when the pastor would talk of serious matters when before it used to be, she could just be the little girl in the pews eating all her mother's Tic Tacs while she read the coloring books she got in Sunday school that morning.

"I wish tomorrow morning was Saturday." She told him.

"I do, too, Tabby." He replied.

She looked back at the two photos and frowned. All that could go away, she thought, and clicked the x to close the window. Despite wanting it to go away she copied the two items and saved them to the folder she made for her modeling portfolio, then deleted the originals from the memory card so she could give it back to Gerry later. Whatever that art lady wanted she probably wasn't going to find it in Tabitha.

She made sure to keep Friday a bit brighter with pleasant texts to Gerry. She hated seeing the last of the Thursday conversation appearing at the top of their messages. The further she could push that up the better, but even as she desperately wanted that to happen, she also knew she couldn't ignore it either. She didn't want to keep hitting her boyfriend with more incidents where she'd get cold feet. A movie date would be a good chance to put something positive in, wouldn't it?

When Saturday finally arrived, she was excited for the movie. She didn't really care that much for the movie itself, but the reason for seeing it in the first place. Any excuse for a real date would be wonderful, and

she felt duty bound to sink effort into making today go well for both her and her boyfriend.

Breakfast came and went in the cafeteria, then she used the next few hours to clear up two outstanding assignments she had to do for homework. When she got her 'chores' done all that was left was lunch with Gerry and then the movie after. Tabby's plate had been cleared now for the rest of the day, so she was prepared for anything, or so she thought. She was still stuck on what to wear on her date.

"Are you seriously going to wear that?" Robin asked her as the cat watched her struggle over what to wear. Tabby had pulled out the black camisole Gerry had bought for her and was hesitating on if she should.

"I think so, but it's a bit revealing." She admitted. She knew he would love to see her in it. "Maybe I can wear something over it so it's not so obvious?"

"Just wear one of your dresses." Joan replied this time.

"No, she's going on a date! Wear the camisole and throw your knit sweater over it." Robin suggested. If she did wear that she would look more modest. Her sweater was comfy and buttoned up high enough to hide her cleavage. There was only one problem, which was that her sweater didn't cover that much of her shoulders since it was meant to worn over a dress that covered everything.

"But then everyone will see my straps!" She complained. Her bras all had thick straps to keep her breasts supported, and the camisole had its two narrow black straps, too. She frowned, but her roommates both told it'd be fine.

"You've worn less for your photo shoots, Tabby." She was told, and that was true! But this wasn't a photo shoot!

"Maybe." The vixen replied without commitment.

"Just pretend you're modeling for your boyfriend. Show off for him, that's what us modern girls do." Robin told her, and Tabby replied loudly with a 'is that so?'.

"Yes, it is so." Joan agreed. "Just wear the cami and sweater. Then pick out something dark that'll fit over your butt."

Tabby sighed and rummaged through her small closet until she found a black skirt. Her mother had packed it for her in case she ever needed to go to a formal event that required black. She'd only worn it once just to make sure it fit, which it did, but only sort of. The skirt fit fine around the waist, but it was snug all the way down to her knees where the dress stopped. Tabby had assumed she could just wear a long coat or sweater over it so she could keep her butt and thighs covered.

But this was a date so she could show off for her boyfriend, couldn't she? Thinking about what Robin had said just now left her feeling

brighter about her clothing options. Tabby always dressed modestly around Gerry, and basically everyone else. Maybe if she dressed prettier for him like this, she'd get around to feeling more comfortable about doing it in the future.

By the time she was dressed in her outfit she had to look at herself in the mirror and stifle the urge to pull at the shoulders of her sweater to hide her straps. Not that it would have helped at all considering how it was made. The sweater was leaving her collarbone and upper chest exposed, and all it did was hide the top of her cleavage, but with Gerry being taller than her he might catch a peek of her if looked down her shirt.

She smiled at herself in the mirror when she realized the thought of him sneaking a peek didn't bother her like she'd have thought it would.

"You look fine, Tabby." One of the girls told her from their desk. Yeah, she thought she looked ok.

She texted him before she set out to leave. They were going to have lunch on campus since there was a cheap Italian 'place' they could eat at in the cafeteria, then he'd drive them both to the movie theatre. He had suggested it, and she wondered if that was his way of making their cheap date more romantic.

When Gerry arrived late, he had to apologize to her for not being on time. The parking lot was further away than he realized since he never drove on campus to eat.

"We're not running behind." She told him before rushing up to him for a hug, and when it became clear he was unsure of how to hug her back she decided for him by wrapping her arms around his middle to give him a tight hug from the front. Tabby knew boys probably enjoyed this part of hugging a girl and she let the hug linger for his benefit, then he responded by tightening the hug on his own until she really felt the squeeze.

When he broke the hug, she went out of her way to take his hand so he could walk her to the Italian place, which was just a small eatery built into the side of the cafeteria like a Food Court restaurant. She lifted her free hand and tapped her cheek with a finger before turning to show him the side of her face.

"I want you to make this a habit." She blushed and caught that his smile broadened at her invitation. He lifted her hand with his and planted a kiss on her, then maneuvered his lips to her cheek to plant a second kiss there, too.

"I think I can manage that." He replied. She smiled and turned toward their destination and they started walking together.

"Are you wearing the shirt I bought you?" Gerry then asked.

"Mhm." She replied.

"I think it looks good on you." And she thought that was sweet of him. She knew full well her camisole wasn't that visible under her sweater, but it was still nice he noticed that she was wearing it.

"You helped pick it out, Mr. Gerry." She reminded him.

"I think I've learned a bit about fashion because of all this modeling junk." He admitted, and she squeezed his hand. Maybe he was just thinking quickly on his feet, but maybe he was right. In the future she could ask him what else he'd like to see her wear, and maybe they could go to the store and browse. She wouldn't want either of them to break their budgets but maybe a tiny trip could be fun if they stuck to a strict budget.

They ordered their meals, which was spaghetti and meat sauce for her and chicken parmesan for him, then ate in the cafeteria like it was a normal school day. They were a bit overdressed when you considered where they were eating. Gerry had shown up looking like he went shopping at Express for Men. Very nice slim fit jeans and a beige short sleeve polo. His polo looked really really nice on him, and she needed to put in some effort to not let temptation make her eyes wander to the broadness of his chest.

When they got to the theatre it looked really busy, but after they got their popcorn and drinks and went to go sit down they found their theatre was mostly empty. They ended up sitting in the very middle of the seats and by the time the trailers started rolling the theatre only had about 10 or so people in it, and none of them had sat next to them. It was nice watching a movie in a mostly empty theatre for a change!

As the movie started there wasn't anyone right next to them talking or playing with their phone, so they had a nice, relaxed environment to just enjoy the movie. Tabby was enjoying it despite the film frequently earning its PG13 rating with not-so-wholesome things.

Gerry looked bored, but he was at least trying. Every now and then she'd catch him chuckling at a funny part with her, but she knew this was really a movie for her and not for him. They each had ordered a popcorn of their own and he had his in his lap and was munching away. His hand wasn't available for her to grab, but his thigh was close enough and she really wanted to reach out to him and touch.

Her right hand slipped under the arm rests and found his thigh and she gently patted him before scratching lightly at the denim with her fingertips. He noticed and leaned closer to her and asked if she needed any more popcorn. She didn't but still thanked him for asking. Tabby left her hand on his thigh to rub and scratch him.

The more she thought about it the more she figured out that they didn't touch much. Hugging, handholding, a peck on the cheek, but it was mostly things that were temporary, fleeting. Having her hand on his thigh for so long as they watched the film was probably the second longest thing they'd done to touch each other. The first time they'd touched this long would have, well, would have turned this moment into a very different kind of date than they'd originally planned for.

Gerry shifted in his seat, but she grabbed his thigh gently and he moved his leg closer to her. It was easier to stroke him now and she kept on doing it like she was on autopilot as she watched the movie. The main character, a collie girl, had already screwed up and was now racing to try and keep the guy she liked from boarding a plane and leaving her forever. Despite being a comedy the threat of her losing him felt so serious and Tabby's own dating dilemma was making her feel a kinship with the girl on the screen. She, too, had something to figure out so she could keep the guy she liked.

Of course, her dilemma wasn't quite as dramatic as the one shown in the movie, but still.

As she rubbed her boyfriend's legs her pinky kept tapping what felt like a big wrinkle in his jeans. Gerry had finished his popcorn and had stopped eating and asked her again if she needed anything from the concession stand. She didn't, and quite frankly didn't want him going anywhere in the middle of a movie just as the drama was now beginning to reach its peak. They were only halfway through the movie! She leaned rightward and let her head come to rest against his shoulder. He leaned himself toward her, but now her arm was awkwardly bent trying to both lean to right with her shoulder over the armrest, but also trying to reach under said rest.

So, she stopped stroking him for a moment and removed her hand. When she reached over the armrest and dropped her hand back down to his thigh, she found the 'wrinkle' her pinky had been brushing up against before. It hadn't been a wrinkle, but instead the edge of a sizable lump in her boyfriend's pants. She froze solid at the realization of what she'd just done, and noticed he'd gone stiff, too.

Oh, no. This was a very big oops, but she was afraid to move her hand. Instinct whispered to her that she should jerk her hand away, but then he'd know it. He knew she'd found something of his down there, and if she jerked her hand back that'd be her third rejection of him. The girl on screen was desperately trying to avoid losing someone she cared about, and the movie's plot emboldened Tabby.

Despite her knowing full well what her hand was resting over she went back to stroking him like she had been before. Everything she was touching was her boyfriend, and that was ok. She insisted to herself that it was ok, since it was Gerry and she was as serious at being with him as this girl in the movie, and Tabby didn't have to rush across state to catch him before he hopped on a plane!

She just needed to not reject him, and so she kept her hand gently moving across his thigh. The lump under hand was growing bigger as the fabric of his jeans grew taut under her fingers. She heard him breathing heavier with his hands nervously gripping the edge of his empty popcorn tub.

"Are you enjoying the movie?" She whispered. As she stroked, she felt herself blush.



"Y-yeah. It's good. Really good." He whispered back. The swelling in his pants had stopped, but the fabric was now straining under her hand. He felt hot to the touch and she could even feel his pulse throbbing through the thick lump. She pulled in a deep quiet breath and let it back out as she allowed her fingers to explore the outer edges of his bulge.

Tabby painted an image in her head of his thigh and as her fingers tip toed around the perimeter of his lump, she tried to place it in her head until she was flushed pink under her fur. He felt so big, and when his hand dropped to hers, she quietly gasped. His hand wrapped around hers as he tilted his head toward hers to speak in a whisper.

"Are you sure?" he asked her and held her hand still. She felt the incredible warmth coming from under hand and the firmness of his grip atop of hers. Her fingertips were all at the edges of what she knew was his manhood, and she had to wet her lips before whispering back.

"You're my boyfriend." She started, then thought a bit more, and decided to add something else.

"You're not going to tattle on me, are you?" She asked him.

"N-no." He whispered with what felt like conviction to her ears, and her hand twitched. She gripped his manhood as best she could through the denim and Gerry squirmed in his seat and let go of her hand. She watched him lay his hand to rest on the armrest and she returned to watching the movie as her hand remained firmly attached to his manhood.

She was burning hot pink and honestly had no idea what to do. All she knew that there was an important piece of him in her hand and that backing away now wasn't something she was committed to doing. She flexed her grip and squeezed him, felt the tension in his jeans, and continued to explore his size with her hand. She wasn't brave enough to slip her hand between his legs had he'd done to her weeks ago, but she had no problem letting her fingertips drift to his inner thigh.

Tabby returned to stroking him up and down his thigh with her palm laying across his lump. She didn't know when the movie would finish, but she was going to keep going at least until it ended. This was the first time she ever did something for him like this, and she would worry about her guilt tomorrow when she prayed.

Her heart was singing to her and fluttering like crazy as her hand danced over and on his manhood. She hardly noticed that the hand he had on the armrest was now gripping the end of the rest vice tight, and that he'd warped the popcorn tub out of shape from how hard he was gripping it with his other hand.

She was watching the movie and the only eyes she had for Gerry was her hand. She was actually growing warmer and warmer as she touched him, and she finally felt like she'd found that warmth she'd thought about earlier. She'd been so cold when she sat alone in the wicker loveseat, but she was now remembering how warm Gerry had felt when he stopped to

comfort her. He'd warmed her up when she needed it most and now, she had warmth to give to him in return, be it a sin or not.

She was certainly committing a sin, she knew that, but it was with Gerry and she felt her heart was telling her it was right even though her mind said it was wrong. She trusted her heart and kept going as the girl on screen at last caught her man by the hand as he made his way through the terminal.

The poor girl's heartfelt confession of love moved Tabby to tears even though she only half paid attention to the film's script. The emotion on display by the actress was so genuine that even without context Tabby could feel the energy that was there. Next to her Gerry was breathing harder and she finally heard the armrest creaking under his grip.

"T-Tabby, please." He whispered sharply. This caught her full attention and her hand stopped moving. She looked at him, and he was already looking at her with a worried look on his face as her hand naturally fell into a grip on his thigh. His manhood was quickly throbbing under her with a heartbeat like a steam engine barreling down the tracks.

"What's wrong?" She whispered back, suddenly worried herself.

"I'm going to pop if you keep going." He told her and she at last pulled her hand free. Gerry sagged into his seat and relaxed as his hand flexed its fingers on the armrest. She now saw his other hand had moved to the other armrest. He'd been clenching his fists on the seat for only the Lord knew how long.

"I'm sorry!" She whispered sharply, and he nodded quickly.

"It's ok, it's ok." He insisted. The movie was ending with a happy conclusion. She wasn't paying attention to it any now with her hand resting on his hand to help calm him down. Tabby hadn't thought that he might, you know, climax along with the movie. She was beet red under her fur, and she wondered if he was, too. It was too dark in the theatre for her to tell, but she could only imagine!

Once the credits started to roll the two of them lingered in their seats with Tabby gently rubbing his hand until he twisted it around so they could hold them together. Gerry was starting to rise from his seat with the credits still rolling, and she never let her hand leave his, but it didn't feel like he wanted it to with how tightly he was holding it.

"You almost got us in trouble." He laughed as they left the theatre. She hooked her arm in with his and nodded.

"I'm sorry. I didn't think that would happen." She replied, and she really didn't! It just hadn't occurred to her. He insisted it was alright and when they got back to his truck, he had this big smile on his face, and she knew why. Of course, he'd be happy after what she did for him! What she did was so out of character, and yet even as she thought the words, she was still warm from her toes to her ear tips.

Now that she didn't have a movie to give her some distraction, she was left to focus 100% on the two of them, and she was feeling so warm! She was honestly burning up with her struggling not to rub her thighs together. It was all hitting her now, and she was feeling so much like she did when they were 'together' the first time in his bedroom. She remembered what he did for her that evening and a flash of heat erupted in her loins as her imagination replayed the memory of his hands digging down between her legs. The eruption of pleasure she'd experienced..

She shivered in her seat just from the recollection. Had they been somewhere private what would have happened? Would he have... would she have done it? She shivered again and squirmed in her seat. Tabby was wet and she sighed.

"Everything ok?" He checked on her before cranking up.

"Yes." She nodded. "Where do you want to go next?"

They'd eaten lunch at noon, it was 3:30 now, and she'd told the girls she didn't know how late she'd been getting back to the dorm. He shrugged and cranked his truck but didn't seem to have any ideas of where to go. She remembered that she wanted to suggest they go shopping one day in the future, but they didn't have the budget for that. At least she didn't, and she didn't want Gerry spending any more money on her this month if she could help it.

"We could hang out at the mall for a while?" He suggested at last.

"I haven't, um," she inhaled and exhaled, "haven't been to your house in a while."

She was trembling up and down and burning up inside with everything from anxiety to excitement. Gerry paused and she could see him working the muscles of his jaw trying to think of something to say.

"You don't need to feel like you have to do anything for me, Tabby." He told her. She inhaled again and pinched her knees together so tight she could have cracked a walnut.

"I want to." She stammered and threw her hands together in her lap to knead them.

He froze, then put his hand on the stick to shift the truck into reverse.

"You sure?" He asked her and she nodded sharply. He let off the brake and started driving them back toward campus with a direct route to where he lived. She recognized the familiar scenery as they made their approach. Her eyes kept darting from the road and over to him, then down to the hands clasped tight in her lap, then back to the road. She noticed he was speeding.

When he parked in front of the house, he stopped her from getting out, and he rushed around to open the door for her, and even took her by the hand as she hopped out and onto the ground. He was visibly excited but

holding it in as tight as he could while acting like a perfect gentleman as he showed her inside. Two of his roommates were in the living room, but they were distracted by whatever they were watching on tv and only gave a casual hello to Gerry and her. Loud music was playing in one of the bedrooms, and he led her inside his own room before quietly shutting the door behind them.

She stood awkwardly on the carpet and looked about his room. He had classwork scattered about his desk and his bed wasn't made today. He had a hamper in the corner with what looked like dirty clothes in it. He obviously wasn't prepared to have any guests today.

"Sorry for the mess. I'd have cleaned up if I knew you were going to swing by." He told her and moved to the bed to throw the covers back into place in an effort to make it more presentable.

"It's ok." She said and reached up to run a hand across her cheek nervously. While he finished making his bed it was clear he was wasting time. He was paying too much attention to smoothing out all the wrinkles and getting the pillows into their proper places.

Tabby lowered her hand to the top button of her sweater and began to slowly undo it. Her second hand joined in and she had to count the buttons in her mind to keep herself calm. When the 5th button came free, she silently gasped as the sweater fell open. Gerry stood upright with his back still to her and she watched as he nervously examined the bed like he knew as soon as he faced her something would happen. She shrugged one shoulder and let the sweater fall before letting the other side join it.

When he finally turned around her was holding her sweater in front of her tummy with her camisole on full display. He stared at her with big eyes and she watched him swallow.

"You look really good in that." He said, and she smiled back and nervously stepped closer. He lifted his hands and hesitated before letting them come to rest over her shoulders. He leaned in close and she tightened her grip on the sweater as his lips came to rest on her forehead. He kissed her there then moved lower to plant another one on her cheek. Her heart was pounding in her chest and she felt like she was about to explode.

"I don't know what to do next." She whispered to him.

He hesitated again and took a step back, then stopped, his hands still on her shoulders. She felt him squeeze her a bit tighter, then he stepped forward again and pulled her into a tight hug.

"You don't have to do anything if you want to." He whispered in her ear and squeezed her tighter.

"I know." She whispered back and moved her hands around behind him to the small of his back, but he broke the hug and stepped away and took her sweater from her to carefully hang it over the back of his desk chair. He

stepped back and exhaled sharply before straightening upright and dropping his hands to his waistline before looking away from her.

Her hands clasped tighter and tighter as the noise of a button snapping open followed by a zipper rang out like it was being broadcast by loudspeaker. Her eyes were wide as saucers as his underwear was revealed to be red fabric with white elastic. He pushed his jeans down to reveal an enormous bulge snaking its way down one leg of his boxers. This is what she'd been stroking all that time in the theatre...

He shook the jeans off and tossed them over the armrests of his chair, then sat down on the edge of the edge of his bed. Gerry reached to the elastic band, but his hand hesitated.

"I, uh," He started, then put both hands down to his sides on the bed. "Do you want to do it? Or should I?"

"D-do," she stuttered, "It?"

"Pull it out." He explained, and she lifted her hands to her chest.

"Oh." She was still staring at his bulge as it twitched to life before her eyes. He was already large but it just seemed to be growing ever more the longer her gaze was glued to it. Her hands were shaking as she took her first step. She'd already touched it before, Tabby assured herself. She'd touched it lots of times in the theatre.

The closer she got the bigger it got, and she didn't know if it was because he was growing that much or if it was just an illusion. His bed was lower to the floor so she paused and looked to the floor and with a trembling hand she tugged the bottom of her skirt up just over her knee so she could quickly kneel in front of him. The vixen looked back up at her boyfriend and his eyes were as big as hers with his chest rising and falling with rapid breaths that she knew all too well herself.

He was twitching right in front of her behind a thin layer of taut fabric, and everything she was doing she knew to be wrong, but the fire in the body was lit white hot and she was trembling with so much excitement that even the overwhelming anxiety she felt wasn't enough to push her away from her boyfriend. It felt like slow motion when her left hand finally reached out to touch the very end of her middle finger to what she thought was his tip.

It jerked in response to her touch and her hand backed away timidly, but she pushed herself forward until she found him again in her palm as she wrapped her fingers for the first time completely around his fabric coated shaft. He was huge in her small hand; it was like she grabbed a hold of soda can. He jerked again in her grip to tug at the stretched fabric of his underwear, but this time she didn't back away.

He was so big! Sex Ed taught her all about the basics. Boy parts and girl parts, and that some were bigger, and some were smaller, but she'd never thought much about what kind of boy she might have when she got married

herself, but now that she was face to face with something like this she was burning up like with a fever.

Now with him in her grip she replayed her actions in the movie theatre in her mind with her hand following along in real time. She could actually hold him now instead of simply running her hand along his form. He twitched again in her grip making her heart flutter a bit, and as if in response to him her hand squeezed.

She jumped when a hand touched her cheek, and it was Gerry cupping her in his palm before running his fingers back behind her ear to caress her. Her eyes shut and she swallowed big as her hand continued to dance across his length with the fabric tugging along with the pulls of her palm.

A second hand touched her, but this time on her wrist as her boyfriend pulled her hand away from his manhood and up towards the strained waistband of his underwear. Her fingertips found it, and she pulled weakly at first, then harder when it failed to give. Gerry closed his legs to let his boxers slip down his thighs while Tabby refused to open her eyes. The fabric pulled tighter and tighter until she could hear the friction of skin against cloth as something broke free.

Past his knees the fabric went and fell to the floor with his thighs parting again with her eyes still shut, but her knowing what was on display before her as if by carnal instinct.

"Tabby." He whispered, and the hand at her ear gently stroked her. She tilted her head into his hand and cracked her eyes open. His member throbbed towards her in the open air and she had to swallow again. Her mouth was watering constantly now, and the heat in her groin had risen to her belly in ways she'd never felt before.

With less hesitation she took hold of him again and marveled at the difference in size between her hand and his girth. She was delicate compared to the brawn of his manhood. Tabby worked him slowly with her eyes darting up and down his length from his tip down to his testicles. The heavy orbs sat below his cock with such heft that she could imagine their weight in her mind.

She didn't even give herself time to think about it, and her free hand was already reaching out to touch them. Warm and full they were just like she'd imagined, and her heart was fluttering with renewed excitement as she fondled them in her palm.

His pulled his hand away and reached for the hem of his polo. With a silent gasp she watched him pull off his shirt to drop it to the bed next to him. His physique on full display left her breathless as she took in the sight of his nude body. Gerry took such good care of himself! He put his hands back down to his sides and let out an exhale.

"Now we're even." He told her, and she froze.

"Even?" She squeaked.

"We've seen each other naked now." He explained, and she looked down from his eyes to groin and back up again. She shivered once and her hand flexed around his girth and a single big drop of something clear leaked from his tip to drool messily down the underside of his shaft.

"O-oh." She mouthed the words as her eyes locked tight to the slowly descending droplet. It left a shiny trail as it went and she nervously lowered her hand to his base, but the drop kept following her until a fresh droplet emerged from the top to add to the mess oozing down the belly of his manhood.

She wasn't quite sure what that meant, but her hand had nowhere left to go but away from him, and she couldn't do that! Her eyes widened as the first of it touched her thumb to quickly soak into her fur. It gathered more and more until it overflowed to drip over her thumb and down over his heavy pair. She bit her lip and inhaled but let it out.

"Trying using both hands." He encouraged her. Her other hand reluctantly left the comforting warmth of his testicles and gripped him just above her other hand. Tabby squeezed and slowly lifted her hands up with her thumbs pressing against the long bulge running up and down the underbelly of his shaft. Even more of the clear stuff oozed out from his tip to drool down over her hands.

Her eyes widened when it hit her, that Sex Ed had explained the two parts of a man's... seed. Her heart started thudding even harder in her chest when she realized what was now soaked into her fur and that the smell coming from her boyfriend was... more than cologne.

Her boyfriend was aroused! She felt ridiculous at her own surprise as the reality of what she was doing to her boyfriend dawned on her fully! If she kept this going, she really would make him... pop. Her hands tightened around his shaft and she pulled them down to his balls, then pushed them up again. Firm and steady strokes was all it took to make the messy produce spill faster and faster from his tip as she dutifully fulfilled the role of a loving wife.

She couldn't stop squirming as her hands sped up their pace, and her thighs were impatiently rubbing themselves together with a mind of her own as the heat in her belly grew to a boil. Tabby swallowed a mouthful of the drool that'd been quickly collecting in her mouth, it was watering so much like she'd not eaten for days! She shifted her grip on him until she had her fingers laced together with one thumb resting just beneath the other.

With every quick pump she gave him more and more clear fluid oozed free as her boyfriend let out a ragged groan with hands tightening on the edge of his bed. Was she seriously going to go this far with him, to make him do -that-? A fire in her loins leapt up through her spine and she shuddered. The sensation was subtle, but her own arousal was forcing her to remember Gerry's hand as it dove between her petals to push her over the edge of ecstasy.

She sped up. Her hands now rapidly committed to giving him the same wonderful feeling he'd given her, and now her rapid pumping only fell to the middle of his length before quickly launching back up just behind his swollen head. Gerry's body twitched and he reached up to grab her again by the ear.

His hand was full of nervous energy as he ran his fingers through her hair. Each of his fingers twitched along with the rapid stroking of his manhood while his breathing grew harder and louder until he could no longer suppress his moans.

"T-Tabby!" He said her name, and her eyes looked up to lock onto his. His chest was rising and falling almost in sync with her hands until he began to squirm and arch his back with his butt drifting closer and closer to the edge of the bed.

"Gerry?" She found enough of her voice to whisper, and her saying his name triggered something in him. The gazelle leaned forward and shot both hands down to her shoulders to haul her up until they were nose to nose.

"You're incredible!" He told her before he locked his mouth over hers for a kiss. She panicked from a sudden fear of falling with nothing under her but the floor and trying to stand on a pair of legs that felt weak like butter. Her knee found purchase on the edge of the bed just under his thigh, but it was a flimsy purchase at best.

His hands left her shoulders, and she nearly slipped and fell, but he caught her with a hug. Her hands never left his shaft even though her instinct to catch her fall was screaming at her to do something! The kiss pushed that fear to the back of her mind as his tongue swam into the watering mess that was her mouth. The kiss was so deep and passionate that she could no longer breathe, and her eyes began to flutter. He broke free of her to gasp like he too had been holding his breath.

"I wanted to kiss you before I got there." He panted to her, and his arms relaxed around her, and then all that held her upright in that moment was the knee she kept at the edge of the bed. The bedspread was cheap polyester, and smooth like a peach peel, and so of course her knee slipped as soon as he released her completely.

Her knee slipped and Tabby yelped as she dropped like a stone, and there was the sound of fabric tearing, but all Tabby could concentrate on was the sudden presence of something thick and hot now wedged tightly between her breasts as Gerry's massive tool snagged the bottom of her camisole to slip right up between her breasts.

Gerry was speechless as his head tilted back with a ragged groan as his fingers and toes all curled with electric excitement. She looked down to find him trapped between her bust with both her hands shoved to the bottom of his length by the ample size of her breasts. In her confusion she felt his well laden orbs pulling up tight against her knuckles and she grabbed them with a hand just in time to feel them both shudder in her palm, and then his entire length throbbed against her chest.



His testicles twitched violently again in her palm before the energy leapt up through his member to pelt the underside of her chin with a rope of hot liquid that quickly dropped to coat her breasts and soak into her camisole. A second rope hit her and now there was seed pooling in her valley as her cleavage became a reservoir to contain as much as they could. Gerry had thrown his head back as his groaning had now become a series of harsh moans and gasping her name.

Tabby couldn't move, nor could she pull her hands away from his manhood. He just kept jerking and twitching between her breasts to fire off more and more of his load until she felt positively soaked through as his warm seed flooded her from her chin and all the way down to her navel as it snuck through her breasts to follow the barrel of his shaft.

She's finally made him pop, Tabby excitedly realized as she overcame her confusion. As he calmed down from his first moment of ecstasy with her, she began to hear the sound of her own heart tap dancing in her chest with a kind of excitement she'd never tasted before. She'd done this for him! Her eyes were glued to his face as his expression melted and shifted from one note of pleasure to another as the waves of his climax washed over him slower and slower until he was left slowly panting with big deep breaths.

"Oh my God, Tabby." He said at last, and breathlessly at that. Her boyfriend sounded so winded even though he'd hardly done a thing! This was all her doing!

"Gerry." She said his name in reply. She was covered in his seed, and with a fire roaring in her belly like nothing she'd ever felt there was no shame in her anymore. It was a simple matter to pull herself up properly, with his manhood pulling free from her breasts to spill even more of his wasted seed to the floor and over the front of her skirt.

She hoisted her ruined skirt up until it was bunched around her waist so she could straddle his lap, and it didn't bother her in that moment that she could feel the top of his still rigid length as it pressed against the panties she wore. Her underwear was just as soaked as her camisole, but not with his seed. She'd been drowning her panties with her own fluid from the moment she knelt in front of him, and now she was taking her turn to kiss him.

Before he could get started at another one of his deep kisses, she stopped him.

"Don't take His name in vain, please." She told him quietly, and there was a pause in his expression until she saw it in his eyes that 'it' had clicked.

"I promise." He replied, and she smiled, before giving him a kiss.

"Use your hand again, please. Like last time." She told him; it wasn't a request. Her heart was raging at full speed as she felt his hand slip between her thighs and his lips pressed against hers again. Gerry muffled her gasp with his kiss as he dug his tongue between her teeth to spare

with her own as his fingers slipped past her panties and between her folds.

The first time he'd done this it took him longer to find the spot that sent her over the moon, but now she was blasting off as all her pent-up lust exploded over his hand to give his manhood a proper rinsing. Tabby squealed into her boyfriend's mouth when he didn't stop. It wasn't enough to push her over the edge she'd been teetering on since she first set a hand on him in the movie theatre, no! He was rapidly jerking his hand inside her to mash and push at her innermost button until she soaked him again, she could hear the spray pelt the floor behind her as her entire body shook with her climax as Gerry wore his hand out trying to milk her of every last sensation her brain could handle.

When he finally stopped, she'd soaked him another two times. The muscles in her groin that were responsible for her orgasms were sore, right along with her poor petals, and her body sagged against Gerry's as his hand rested quietly against her mound to enjoy her warmth.

"We're both a mess." He whispered to her, and she could feel his warmth sticking to her all over. A post-lust clarity slowly dawned on her as she realized just how far the two of them went today, and when he removed his hand from between her legs to wrap both arms around her back she smiled into his chest where her face was buried.

She wondered to herself if he'd make a good husband to her, and if her parents would like him. They probably would like him, since he looked like a hard-working man and was very smart. Tabby would never be able to admit to anyone but God himself what she'd done with him before taking her vows, but she'd pray tomorrow for forgiveness, that she felt in her heart she was with the right person, that in the end they'd be wearing rings.

Tabby flushed anew, and realized she was swooning over marriage with a man she honestly hadn't been with for very long. Dating took a long time and marriage was a long ways away, and maybe she was making a mistake, but she didn't think she was. There was a growing conviction in her heart that something between the two of them was right as rain and that she'd happily walk through it even if it meant getting herself soaked before reaching the alter. Wet or dry, Gerry would still look handsome in a tux.

"You ok? Tabby?" He nudged her after being silent for so long, and to reply to him she slipped her hands behind his back and squeezed him tight.

"You wont tattletale on me, will you, Gerry?" She asked him and lifted her head to place a delicate kiss on his jawline. He chuckled and squeezed her tight.

"Never." He told her. She began to tremble with excitement as his left hand trailed up her back until he found the back of her head. Her boyfriend held her still as he kissed her again on the lips and they continued to make out on the bed until neither of them could their breaths any longer.