

< Chapter Five >

She was so nervous. Nervous enough that she felt cold walking to the college cafe. The wolf was so very anxious. Monica had never felt this kind of anxiety with Brandon before. She didn't typically anxious over anything these days for that matter. The first time she'd met him she had been a bit bored, been preoccupied with the confusion of the building's awful interior design, simply impatient. Not anymore.

The wolf quickly took the steps two at a time as she entered the building. As she navigated its halls to head up to the cafe she was calming herself down with slow easy breaths. Only a very short amount of time had passed since Sunday. It was just Tuesday. One horrible trip of a day between then and now.

Monica was without her purse or handbag. Her wallet was tucked into her back pocket of her left cheek and her phone was on the right cheek. She didn't want to overdress or accessorize. She only wore the most plain solid color blouse she could find. It was a night sky blue top she'd forgotten she'd bought. It was in the back of her closet. She'd spent so much time yesterday slaving over what she could wear.

Her second best jeans were her bottoms, and just a pair of sandals. Monica didn't feel like she could afford to overdress. She wore no jewelry and only applied a bit of clear lip gloss so her lips didn't stand out too much. She worried she'd went through too much effort to not appear like she'd went through too much effort. Monica was just worried about looking too good and intimidating him. She didn't know what to do!

She was simply too nervous and made a beeline to the coffee shop and ordered herself a coffee. She was very early for their morning meet up. Too much energy and too much stress. She'd been restless and couldn't keep still after she'd woken up before her alarm could do it for her.

An empty table awaited her in the farthest corner of the dining area and it was there that she sat with both hands wrapped around her coffee for warmth. It did little to abate the chill she felt rolling beneath her fur and across her skin. Goose bumps tip toed all over her like ants.

Monica shut her eyes and exhaled. She kept her eyes shut and focused on the aroma of her coffee. That was calming, at least. It made her feel a bit better and she kept herself silent as she engaged in amateur meditation. Monica could catch the subtle whiffs of the muffins they had over at the coffee shop and more fragrant coffees from the mingling mix of college students. With her eyes closed her canine nose gave her something pleasant to focus on. Her goose bumps faded and the chill

slowly evaporated until the thirst on her tongue beckoned her to lift her coffee and sip. If only she knew that the rest of the day would go as calmly as this.

A sip. It was hot and soothing as it rolled down her throat. Strong hints of coffee filled her nose and she savored it along with the flavor. Exhale. On her inhale she caught a familiar scent she'd smelled very recently, then the chair across from her slid across the floor and her eyes popped open.

Brandon was sitting down quietly. He was looking at her, then looking away. She saw his lips were opening and shutting as he visibly struggled to say something.

"Good morning." She spoke first. He nodded quickly.

"Morning, Monica." He replied. The donkey leaned his portfolio bag against the table leg. He didn't have his coffee.

"No coffee this morning?" She made conversation. He shook his head.

"I saw you and I just wanted to come over." He replied. She inhaled and took another sip of her coffee. She sat the cup down and passed it over to him. He hesitated at her offer.

"There's plenty, Brandon." She smiled.

"I'm sorry." He whispered and reached out to take the cup. He was looking down at the coffee and not at her.

"Brandon." She began, but he stopped her with a stutter that didn't very get him very far.

"M-Monica, I-" He pulled the cup closer for warmth and she tapped the table with fingers. Her jaw set itself and relaxed as she mustered up what she had in her for a brave face.

"Shh." Was what she managed to say. It was hardly suitable for the situation, but it's all she had at that moment. He fell silent so it did that much, at least. A pair of students walked past them and paid the two of them no mind at all, but Brandon noticed them and seemed to shrink in size. His eyes were down at the coffee and he was nervously rubbing the sides with his fingers.

"Can we talk?" He spoke up. She smiled.

"Of course. Why wouldn't we?" She asked him. The wolf was trying to remain calm and placid. Inside her spirit she wanted to make a scene. Monica wanted to step around the table and grab him and hug him tight and probably start crying. She had emotions that needed venting. He needed to feel the pain she felt for her mistake, and she needed to assure him that the blame wasn't going to rest only on his slim shoulders.

Brandon tried to find a reply, but fell silent instead.

"I made some mistakes." She told him calmly. He looked up at her, and she inhaled with a smile, then let it back out. "It's not your fault that I pushed us too fast. We went too fast."

He didn't have a response to that, but he looked back down to the coffee cup. "And I assumed a lot about you I shouldn't have. I didn't mean to put you on the spot like that."

"It-It's ok." He told her.

"No, it's not." She countered, and he looked back up at her. "I'm ten years older than you. I should have known better."

She was his senior, and she should have known better. Her gaze had been set with steel and the blinders were firmly in place. The wolf had zeroed in on her target, her objective, and she had gone after it without putting enough thought into Brandon's perspective. He was a person, a young man without her experience. He wasn't a small business, Monica! You can't make a person into what you want with a single minded obsession the way you could with a food stand.

"You're not the one that messed up, Brandon." She finished. Brandon lifted the coffee and took a sip. She saw he tried to make eye contact with her, then looked back down. Monica watched as he brought a hand up to his cheek and then his thumb wiped beneath his eye. He was trying his best to hide it.

"I took off work today. I might take off work tomorrow, too." She changed the subject. Monica shifted in her seat and put her elbows on the table. Brandon started to reply, but he caught himself and swallowed instead. She kept talking for both of them as she watched his emotions play out over his features.

"I think it'd be great if we could get lunch today. It'd be nice. I'm sure there is something nice here on campus, right?" She suggested. He nodded in reply and took in a big breath. She joined him, and they both let it out slow.

"Y-yeah." His voice almost cracked, and he looked embarrassed. "I don't want to go to class today."

She paused. Monica couldn't really blame him. She wasn't going to work today after all.

"Can you afford to skip a day?" Monica asked him. He shrugged.

"I shouldn't, but I haven't missed a class all year." He replied. His voice was coming together stronger and he was recovering. She smiled as she listened. "It won't hurt me unless I miss like four or five classes, I think. They start to drop your grade after that for not attending."

Monica thought about it. The mature part of her wanted to discourage him from playing hookie. She was the older one that should be encouraging him to be responsible and forward thinking. To work hard and to be successful.

The part of her that was his girlfriend wanted him to skip class and hold her hand.

"Take the day off, Brandon. We'll play hookie together. Just like high school." She told him with a smile. He looked at her with some surprise, then hesitated to smile.

"I never played hookie in high school." He laughed, and wiped under his eye away to clear away what was left.

"Neither did I, but we're adults now. We can do whatever we want." She told him. "Want to hang out?"

"Yeah." He laughed in reply and sounded more confident about it. "Yeah, I do."

They collected their things and left. Monica let him lead the way to exit the building. She was feeling better, but still anxious. How would today

go? It's not like her track record was spotless now. Would this bump they'd hit make things harder? Would the rebound be painful?

"So what do you want to do?" He asked her when they made it outside to the steps. She sighed, but kept a smile on her face. The wolf stuck her hand out and grabbed his hand and squeezed.

"I made all the decisions last time. You pick what we do today." She told him. Monica made sure he saw her smile and he smiled back. He looked more nervous now, but his hand was squeezing hers back. She watched him lick at his lips and hesitate. He shifted his portfolio bag on his shoulder. She tugged at his hand. "Come on. Where to?"

"Do... do you like air hockey?" He asked. Air hockey? She cocked her head to the side and told him she'd never played it before. He smiled back at her and squeezed her hand tighter.

"Then let me show you how!" He sounded excited. Brandon started walking and he was tugging her along behind him until she sped up her stride and catch up with him.

"That's the game with the table and the puck thing, right?" She asked him.

"Yep! They have a bunch of game tables in The Reg. We can go play on one. It's all free except the food and drinks." He told her. She asked him what 'The Reg' was. "It's a campus recreation building. Has a gym in the back, but most of the building is just table games and then there is a lot of junk food.

"Oh!" She replied. He was walking fast. It felt exciting now that he was excited! Monica squeezed his hand tighter and tugged him toward her. He slowed down and looked at her.

"What's up?" He asked. She looked him in the eyes.

"Thank you for texting me back." She told him quietly and leaned in to kiss his cheek. He blushed and before he could reply she yanked him close so they were walking tightly side by side. With a bump of her hip she urged him to keep walking. "Show me how to play air hockey!"

He nodded with a big smile and they walked to The Reg. When they got there she saw that the building had in big metal letters "Reginald Mathers" on the side. Reginald. The Reg. Ah, she thought. Brandon walked

her in and it was sparsely populated. Most students would probably be going to their classes right now, but there were tables scattered about and there were some student looking types studying or goofing off.

"Let's go to that one." She pointed to a table off in the corner. They'd be pretty alone back that far in the open room. Monica didn't feel like having people all around them snooping and overhearing.

"Sure." He told her. Brandon let go of her hand when they reached the table and he started searching the sides until he found where the coin slot would have been. He just pressed a button instead and the table turned on and air began to blow from the tiny holes spread out over its surface.

"So you've never played this before? Like, ever?" He asked her like he didn't quite believe her. She shook her head.

"No! I've never played this one. I've played foosball though!" She told him. Brandon stood upright and pointed a finger to another part of the large room. "What?"

"They have those here, too." He pointed out and she laughed. Oh no. Monica was terrible at foosball. Her brother and his friends always beat her at that game. Their dad had bought a table for himself one Christmas and he kept it in the den. It was 'his' table, but it got mostly used by his two children.

"Well, I think we're better off letting you show me how to play this." She redirected him back to the now running table. He retrieved the skinny beige puck from a slot on the narrow side of the table and sat it on the tabletop. The two 'paddles' were already there slowly drifting on the air current.

"Well, grab one and I'll show you." He said and took his paddle and moved it side to side experimentally. Monica stepped around to the opposite side of the table and reached out to grab her paddle. It slid strangely over the tabletop. She'd seen this game before, but had never played it. It felt so weird having something glide like this. Brandon smacked the puck on his end and Monica yipped and jerked her hand, and the paddle, away from the table and the puck went into her goal.

"Brandon!" She shouted. He laughed.

"You're supposed to hit it back at me!" He told her. She saw he was smiling and she calmed herself down and looked under the table to find

the slot where the puck was now resting. She retrieved it and put it on the table. It gently glided in place while she took up her paddle and did what she'd seen Brandon and others before him do. She wacked it.

The puck flew across the table she watched with surprise at how fast it went! The puck smacked against the side of the table next to one of Brandon's corners before flying back at her. She panicked and moved her paddle to stop it. The puck clipped her paddle and ricocheted off the side and went into her own goal. Brandon started laughing.

"Oh, don't be mean!" She pouted and reached and grabbed the puck again. Twice he'd scored! She was feeling whipped already and they'd barely gone a minute!

"I'm not being mean! You've never played before." He told her. She placed the puck back and smacked it hard. This time she'd hit it from the side and the puck ricocheted back and forth and almost stopped in the middle of the table. Brandon leaned forward before she could and he lightly tapped it and the puck slid over toward her.

She smacked it back and together she and Brandon played air hockey for the first time. The table turned off after the 7th goal was made. Brandon defeated her six to her one, and that one goal of hers only happened because Brandon had knocked the puck into his own goal much like she had at the start of the game.

"I'm not very good at this, Brandon." She laughed and felt her pride trying to recover. Monica was a winner. She was accustomed to succeeding at things when she tried them, but this was a new kind of failure. She'd had bad recipes before, but at least that was familiar territory and she knew how to fix a dish when it was broken! Sports, even a sport on a table, was a road seldom traveled.

"It's ok! We don't have to keep playing. We can go grab something to eat? Late breakfast. They serve stuff." He told her quickly. She had to make sure she wasn't coming off as a sore loser though! She stepped around the table and approached him. He was briefly surprised by her leaning in to kiss his cheek, but he relaxed shortly after.

"All I've had is coffee this morning. Let's go see what they have." She told him and took his hand.

The Reg served breakfast until 10am. She let Brandon order for himself, then she copied what he ordered. Her hunger surprised her when she finally had her plate in hand. Scrambled eggs with a biscuit and jelly

wasn't much of a breakfast, but she'd been spoiled by her own cooking. For college students dishes like this were cheap and commonplace.

They ate, and she goaded him into telling her about other things that can be done on campus. They were a lot of clubs, but Brandon wasn't in any of them. He mostly just went to his classes and studied, which was good! Sort of. She wanted to learn more about what they could do together. Her expertise was in cooking and business management, accounting, etc. She didn't really think he'd need her help with very much unless he had taxes to file, but him being an unemployed college student pretty much killed that possibility.

Monica braved another couple of games of air hockey. She slowly improved, but she felt that her hand eye coordination just wasn't cut out for a game like this one. She was even feeling like she'd gotten a work out from how much effort she was putting in to keep up with Brandon!

When she'd had enough she urged him to show her around the campus some more. 'Give me a tour', she'd said. Brandon was happy to take her hand and lead her out of The Reg and about the campus. She got to see several of the buildings that he frequented. The school library, the cafeteria, some assorted administration buildings. It was a very nice campus.

Her boyfriend even took her to the arts college. It was a lovely building! Big and pretty with lots of white walls and decorative plants. A nice big flight of stone steps led up to the main entrance. The front entrance was a wide wall of glass with a set of double doors. Just inside you had some light seating with a wide hallway in the center that led deep into the building, but in the corners to their left and right there were double doors that were left open. One looked like a large traditional classroom, but the other was just a massive empty room.

"What's that empty room for?" She asked.

"That's where they do art exhibits on campus. I'll have my stuff in there eventually." He replied, but didn't show much more concern about it than that since it was empty. "The other room is where they have guest speakers, but it's mostly used for Art History and stuff. Normal classes."

He walked her down the hall and pointed out the front office, the Dean's office, numerous other classrooms and the professors that taught in them. There were a lot of art classes here! They were about to walk past a big board on the wall listing the faculty and she stopped him.

"Must be a lot of students here." She commented as her eyes explored the thirty or so faces. She found the older rabbit that she'd met at the art museum and tightened her smile. Monica had forgotten all about her, and come to think of it she still had that silly business card didn't she?

"Not that many, I guess. It doesn't feel like a lot but whenever I go to English and Biology I see, like, four times as many people in those buildings than I do here." He told her.

"Are they beginning classes? English, math and such?" She asked. Brandon shrugged and nodded.

"I take English 102 and Bio 101. I have to take them to get my degree." He explained. If he was taking entry level courses then that would explain why his art classes felt so much smaller. The required courses everyone has to take probably make you feel like your a sardine in a can. Tightly packed with no room to breathe.

"When I took my cooking classes I didn't go to a university like this. It was like a community college. I only had to take what I needed." She told him. The culinary school she went to was a specialized school. No English 101 or Biology 102 there. It was a lot like a trade school in a way. Cheaper, too, when she considered how expensive some degrees could be. She hoped Brandon wasn't going to find himself in that situation.

Fortunately cooking was something she didn't need much paperwork for. She went for two years for the culinary school and got a certificate for it. Had she wanted to work as a chef in someone else's restaurant she might have needed to do a lot more to have the right credentials, but since she was already a practicing chef and building up her small business she went right into working for herself. The certificate was just a piece of paper that hung on her wall to look nice.

"Is cooking school hard?" He asked. She giggled.

"I already knew how to cook so... No, not really." She admitted. She watched him smile.

"Some of my stuff is easy. I already knew how to use a computer so a lot of the programs they have us use aren't hard to figure out. I think the only stuff that was harder for me might be painting." He said.

"You paint, too?" She asked, feeling impressed by him now.

"Well, no." He laughed. "They make everyone take entry level classes so I had to take a color theory class last semester and now I have a painting class Monday and Wednesday afternoon. It's just still life stuff. I'd show you, but I think Mr Jones is teaching his morning class right now."

Brandon checked his phone for the time, and she did the same. They'd been patrolling and exploring around the campus for a while! Almost lunchtime. She could have lunch with him, then make him behave himself and go to his next class. She'd feel guilty if she got him to skip two classes in a day. They'd had a nice morning and she'd gotten to enjoy his company. Things were feeling better between them, too.

"Brandon, I think you should go to your next class. Don't let me be a bad influence!" She giggled and took him by his arm.

"Yeah, I probably should." He told her reluctantly. "Thank you for coming out today. I missed you."

She leaned in and kissed his cheek, then touched his chin with her free hand and turned him more. The wolf pressed in for a kiss on the lips and wrapped the hand on his chin around behind his head and held them together for a long moment. When she pulled back he was wide eyed and flushed red under his fur.

"I missed you, too." She told him with a smile. "Now how about we pick up a light lunch and then I can let you get back to class?"

He agreed and they went to the cafeteria. The food they served was terrible cuisine, but the food wasn't what she was there for. She was sad when they parted ways, but Monica didn't let it show more than necessary. The wolf wanted him to go on to his next class and take it seriously.

When Monica got home she had to make some decisions about work. She'd quit out early Monday due to the emotional trauma from Sunday's mistakes, and then she was taking off all Tuesday. Monica felt weird not being busy with work all the time. It was making her feel restless, but at the same time she wanted to do something more with Brandon. She wanted to make good use of her time now that she'd freed it up for herself.

Could she find a reason to be on campus again that wouldn't result in her boyfriend skipping another class? Monica didn't want that. She seriously couldn't make that be a habit from now on. The wolf wanted him to go to his classes and pass them. That was important. She sat on her couch and mulled over her problem.

Dating a guy in college who was taking a full load would have its challenges. She was in the honeymoon phase of the relationship. She wanted to see him everyday, but he was in a dorm room, and she was pretty sure he had a roommate. Brandon didn't have a car either. She sighed. The two of them were going to have to make this work. Both of them. It couldn't just be her trying to ram through the problem with her typical stubborn bullishness.

Brandon wanted to be with her. He'd do whatever he could. She knew he would so it was more critical that she didn't let him make any dumb decisions. Like playing hookie!

For a short while she fell into a reverie. Her thoughts drifted back to the art building and for some reason the faculty board held her attention. The wolf stood up and went right to her purse on the counter. It wasn't in her purse. She checked her wallet. Not there either! Where'd she put it? She didn't remember throwing it away.

A quick exploration of her bedroom revealed that she'd dropped it into her jewelry box. She must have... Yes, She'd been stripping out of her clothes and the card fell out of her bra. Now she remembered putting it in the jewelry box. With the card in her hand she grabbed her phone and dialed the number that was written down.

Well, she was going to do it. That old woman wanted her to model for her class, and she'd get it. That'd be the perfect way to get herself onto campus again without Brandon needing to skip a class. She'd meet up for coffee, then she'd do the stupid modeling, then after the classes let out she'd meet up with Brandon again for lunch. He could show her his paintings, too! That would be fun to see how much talent at painting he has. She didn't even care about how embarrassed she'd be standing in front of a bunch of artists. Monica had a smile on her face as she put the phone up to her ear to start making plans.

Her plans fell into place far faster than she'd expected. So fast, in fact, that she had to immediately text Brandon afterward to let him know she'd be on campus to have coffee again the following morning. He sounded delighted in his reply that he'd get to see her again so soon! No doubt he was full of relief that he hadn't 'screwed up' his relationship.

"So you have to go up these steps every day?" She asked as Brandon walked with her up to the front entrance of the art building. Just as she'd thought the day before the pair had met up for coffee, and now they were both going to the art building. It had a lot of steps and the day before she'd not put much thought into them, but if you were a student like Brandon this was a lot of extra effort to do daily. She counted more than forty steps! You could reenact Rocky right here on campus. Lose weight, too, she imagined.

It was actually kind of shocking that the professor had wanted her to model today. They'd only just spoken, but the old hare seemed so thrilled that Monica had actually given her a call. The lady had been a bit of a chatterbox on the phone and revealed that today she would have had a student volunteer to model. Most of their models were students, and there were a couple of art students who volunteered to model for free if any of the professors failed to line up a paid model. The hare had been insistent that Monica show up Wednesday for her morning class, and the wolf really couldn't think of a reason not to comply.

"Yep!" He replied. Monica was dressed up casually like she was just going for a jog. She'd just thrown on a pink sporty looking tee and a pair of capris. She'd left her purse at home and only brought with her a small duffel where she kept her wallet and some items the professor had recommended she bring with her. They reached the top step.

"So what class were you suppose to model for again?" He asked her. He was behaving kind of awkward. When she'd first told him she'd be on campus he was excited. Before she sprung the news on him he was really happy to see her again so soon. She knew he was happy because he'd been so afraid he'd lost her, and here she was showing up two days in a row for coffee! After she'd told him she was going to model he got a bit reserved. Was he... feeling jealous? She'd kinda had to grin at that!

Brandon adjusted his portfolio bag over his shoulder nervously before she could give a reply.

"Professor Mackey said it was going to be one of her classes. Room 103." She told him.

"Oh, yeah, I know where that one is." He told her. It took her off guard. His mood was definitely kind of weird, but she tried to ignore it. Maybe she should ask him if he was ok with it? She was a big girl and make decisions for herself, but he was young and they'd only just recently had a bit of a rough patch...

"Are you ok with me modeling? I was really only thinking of an excuse to be on campus when I thought about calling the professor." She awkwardly told him while they stood in the hall. She also guessed it was a good idea that she'd mentioned that the professor had given him her information when they'd met at the art museum. At least maybe some of the blame could rest that that woman's shoulders!

"No, no. I mean, not 'no'," he stammered nervously and she stifled a grin at how he was acting. "It's ok if you do! I'm not jealous or anything. Everyone here is really nice. Miss Mackey is nice."

The wolf felt herself relax a bit and she leaned in to kiss his cheek. When she pulled away he leaned in toward her and their lips met briefly. He was flushed under his fur and she started smiling broadly. Good boy!

"Maybe I can model for you, too, one day." She said and narrowed her eyes at him. It looked like he wanted to say something, but nodded quickly instead before turning away to hide his embarrassment. He took her hand to pull her along behind him. It was actually kind of cute that he was acting this way!

Monica was nervous herself since she'd never modeled before. The professor had told her that she didn't have to go nude if she didn't feel right with it, but that it would be 'greatly appreciated' if she did 'strip down'. Hearing that come from a woman's mouth didn't sound that much better than having it come from a man's. She almost felt that if the professor she'd interacted with had been male she would have felt more comfortable. Professional men have to behave themselves better around women than the professional ladies did.

She didn't know what she was going to do yet. That was a call she'd probably make at the last second. Under her tee and capris she wore a plain matching pair of white underwear. Since her fur was pure white already she felt that having white on white might create the illusion of being nude for the students. In her duffel she had a bathrobe rolled up tight for when she wasn't on display. That was a recommended item the professor had mentioned.

Brandon led her down the main hallway she'd seen the day before and then around the corner. They passed by the main office, then down another hallway. Monica assumed the building was a square, but they also passed by an elevator so she figured there was a basement level under them. Brandon stopped in front of an open door with a tiny plaque on the wall reading '103'. "This is it."

"Well, thank you!" She told him and touched him on the elbow with a gentle squeeze. She leaned in to kiss his cheek and he was visibly blushing again. "You doing ok, Brandon?"

He opened his mouth a bit, then slowly exhaled like he had something big to say. "This is my classroom, Monica. I take figure drawing on Wednesday's with Professor Mackey."

Monica stood silently and watched his face. The source of his shift in mood had finally been revealed and now the wolf was in an the most awkward position! Oh no! She cast her glance over to the left and through the open doorway. She was standing n the perfect spot in the hall to look in and see a low square table sitting in the middle of the classroom with several drawing horses arrayed around it. Students were already in the room and mingling about with their pencils and large sketchbooks out. She was going to have to stand there for three hours while Brandon drew her almost naked. Monica turned back to look at him and she forced a reassuring smile.

"Oops." She replied and laughed. "Well, I'm pretty sure you'll mind your manners, won't you?"

Her fur was a blessing now that she felt pale as a ghost. Brandon hopefully wouldn't notice! This wasn't what she had meant when she offered to model for him! Oh, no wonder he was all weird! He clearly didn't know how to break the news to her that he was going to be in the class she was modeling for! Monica couldn't catch a break, could she?

"Yeah, I will!" He laughed in reply.

Monica patted him quickly on the elbow and entered the room before letting him say more. Oh, she wanted to just shrink herself down and disappear! Now it was her turn to feel super awkward. She had NO idea that he took figure drawing! He was supposed to be a graphics design major? It never occurred to her that he might take a class like this so she thought it would be ok! Did Brandon ever tell her what classes he took? Just the graphic design courses! Or was it just the one class? English 101 and Biology 102, yeah. He did say he was being made to take a painting class. Oh, she'd goofed up again! But this wasn't her fault, or his either! Damn, that woman for even daring to give her a business card!

"Oh! You're here! Good, good!" The professor saw her when she looked up from a clipboard. She stood up from the chair she'd been using and rapidly walked up to greet the mucher taller wolf. The older rabbit wasn't dressed nice today like she'd been at the art museum. She had her hair and ears pulled back with a scrunchy and was dressed in nothing but flip flops, sweat pants, and a oversized knit sweater. "Welcome!"

"Hello! I was afraid I'd get lost so I came early. Brandon helped me find the classroom." Monica answered and turned to see that Brandon had escaped with his head low to one of the drawing horses and was now opening his portfolio bag and removing a large sketchbook from its interior.

"Oh! Well, of course, you and him are together." She chuckled, which made Monica feel more awkward. She and Brandon were together, but not without its bumps and bruises. "So, just like I said over the phone you don't have to be fully nude, but it IS appreciated for the art."

"Sure, that's fine." She replied, but was it really fine? If she was being honest with herself she'd only planned on modeling the one time so she could have an excuse to be on campus for a few hours. It was for Brandon. She'd have honestly probably sucked it up and stripped herself bare. But now Brandon was here! This was so awkward! Should she keep her underwear on? The wolf continued to think about it as she was shown the wooden barrier in the corner of the classroom where she could change. It looked like one of those Japanese paper walls she'd seen before. It worked conveniently as a screen for her to change her clothes with some privacy.

Monica kept on thinking about what to do until she'd removed her top and pants and was left only in her bra and panties. She sighed and sat herself down on the stool with her duffel in her lap. If she went nude he'd get to see her naked, and he was her boyfriend! But this would be their 'first time'. This is not how she imagined him seeing her naked. The wolf had expected their first time to involve a lot more mutual nudity!

She huffed once in frustration and shut her eyes before unzipping the duffel bag and pulling out the robe. She dropped the duffel to the floor and tossed the robe over the top of the thin screen. Her thumbs hooked under the waistline of her underwear and down they went. If her relationship with Brandon kept going then him seeing her posing naked would be the least scandalous thing he'd be seeing her do! It was silly to worry over him seeing her naked now. She removed her bra and dropped it with her panties in the opened duffle, then grabbed her robe and put it on.

The wolf steeled herself with a deep breath before stepping back out from behind the thin screen. It looked like most of the students in the class had arrived and they were all getting themselves ready and removing their tools. The professor was laughing lightly while chatting with Brandon. Her boyfriend saw her and was trying to hide how anxious he must have been now that he was seeing her in a only a robe. The professor turned herself away and began to step over to Monica.

"Ok!" With a clap of the hands Professor Mackey took Monica by the arm and led her to the low table that sat in the middle of a ring of about twenty young artists. "Monica, today we're going to be doing about three poses. Should be about an hour for each pose. Hop up and I'll get you started."

Monica's heart was beginning to race as she stepped up to the table and silently let out her breath as she shrugged the robe off her shoulders and down her arms. The fabric fell free and Professor Mackey took the robe from her and started spinning a finger in the air to instruct the wolf to pivot in place.

Her eyes were everywhere but the student's faces. The walls, the ceiling, random objects. She didn't want to make any eye contact at all. Professor Mackey poked and prodded her in the arms and legs until Monica was poised to the professor's specifications. It felt like she'd been put in the posture of a proud warrior of old standing triumphantly after a battle, but she had no wea-

The professor picked up a long wooden handle to what must have at one point in time been a broom, and stuck it in Monica's lowered hand. Monica was now holding a spear, it seemed. She gently took in a deep breath. Not one bit of her had the courage to look to where Brandon was.

"Ok, class, pencil only today! I want you to experiment with what we worked on Monday. Use lines not curves to build the body up! Measure everything!" The hare said with a clap of her hands. The students all obeyed and began to scratch at their sketchbooks with their pencils. She saw in her periphery that they were using one half of a pair of chopsticks or their pencil and holding them up in the air while they squinted and looked at her. They'd turn the chopstick or the pencil in the air, then they'd look down and work their pencil across the page. Another lift and turn or tilt. Back down to the paper. She didn't what that was about!

The professor began wandering around the class and spoke with students and gave advice. Monica could hear the scratching of pencils on paper from all directions. Brandon was somewhere behind her and she couldn't see him, which gave her some relief.

It felt strange being naked in front of so many people, but after about fifteen minutes of dull pencil scratching the strangeness faded and became oddly normal. She was comfortable save the weirdness of remaining perfectly still for so long. Fortunately she was in good shape and standing for an hour was no trouble for her at all. Even with a set of overhead lights aimed at her she wasn't feeling particularly warm. She could feel the AC gently blowing.

"Time!" Professor Mackey said loudly after a long while and the students all stopped drawing. The older rabbit waved her hand at Monica to signal that she could relax. She quickly knelt and picked the robe up off the edge of the table where Mackey had left it and drew it over her shoulders. Now that she could move it felt more weird to be moving around than it did to stand still.

She shifted her weight back and forth from one foot to another until she accidentally turned herself about to see Brandon. They caught each other's gaze, and the donkey blushed hard and looked back down at his sketchbook and fidgeted with his pencil. She felt a bit flushed, too. With everyone sitting so they were straddling their drawing horses she could see the drawing on Brandon's sketchbook from her perch on the table. He, just like everyone else, had his sketchbook laying in his lap on a large thin piece of wood backing for support so the paper wouldn't warp when they drew.

And the drawing was good! She was looking at it upside down, but, it did look good! She wondered if he was one of the better drawers? She glanced around and saw other drawings of varying quality, but she was looking at everything upside down and it was hard to tell much from that perspective.

"Ok, Monica, are you good to go for another hour or do you want a short break to stretch?" The professor asked her, and Monica waved her hand.

"No, I'm fine. I can go again." She replied and the rabbit clapped her hands together once and smiled.

"Good! Now strip and take up the broomstick." The professor said and proceeded to guide Monica into a new pose. The wolf was surprising herself with how calm she was beginning to feel. Being naked in front of so many strangers, and in front of Brandon, didn't seem so bad now. Mackey had her robe slung over her arm now. She thought to herself that she'd have to talk to him about what it was like to be on his end of the model, too. What did it feel like to stare at a naked stranger for a couple hours a day? He took this class at least twice a week. That's a lot of naked people!

The professor left Monica in a new pose with the broomstick nestled behind her neck with her arms up with wrists hooked over the ends. She guessed she was supposed to be 'carrying water' like they did back before indoor plumbing was a thing. Her hip was cocked to one side with all her body weight on her left leg. She could feel the muscles in her back stretch along with the outstretched leg that wasn't supporting her weight.

With her back fully turned to Brandon she knew he was getting a good view of her behind. To calm herself even more she considered that as an artist Brandon would enjoy drawing her features. Most of the compliments she'd get weren't aimed at her back, of course, but Monica kept herself fit enough that surely someone would enjoy seeing her from behind for more than just her rump. Bums can be sexy, too! And well kept fluffy tails.

She kept her face placid and blank even though she felt the temptation to let the corners of her mouth curl in a smile. The more she thought about Brandon enjoying himself while he drew her made her feel... pride. She hoped he enjoyed the view and that tiny smile never faded. Would any of the artists in front of her catch that and add it into their drawings?

It proved to be big asset that Monica's workaholic mindset gave her plenty to think about while she stood perfectly still. Kept her from being too bored. She let her mental gears turn round and round about work matters, payroll, upcoming holiday schedules, cooking recipes. She could spend hours by herself in the kitchen in pure silence and if the act of cooking couldn't keep her entertained then her internal rolodex of responsibilities would do the job just as well. Now she was thinking of cooking. She'd need to cook for Brandon soon. A man's heart is through his stomach, and all that. Maybe he'd enjoy cooking with her if she invited him to help?

Maybe they'd have that in common. What did they have in common besides liking each other? Most of their conversations were fairly mundane. They'd talked a good deal about his college major. The wolf still needed to see that big billboard project he had going on.

Boys liked sports and video games. She didn't have much love for either, but that's something she could bring up. If he was willing to learn to cook then she could sit with a controller in her hand or learn names of football players. Letting her mind wander some more she thought that he must have loved hanging out with her. Loved it enough to beg her not to be mad at him when he thought he'd screwed up. The donkey wanted to be with her.

An attractive older woman was giving him the attention that he'd longed for so badly. It felt good to have him pine for her, and it made her feel good to have someone to pine after, too. What did they have in common that was deeper than hobbies, she thought again?

Monica admired his ability to create. She'd have to insist that he show her more of what he can do. The wolf would love to see that. Having a talented artist for a boyfriend would bring her smiles, and give her someone to show off! A nice talented young man to whose arm she could cling.

"Time!" The professor almost shouted, which nearly made her jump out of her fur. One or two of the students giggled at that, but she ignored it and let herself relax and drop the stick down to her side. "Ok, Monica you can take a break!"

Stepping off the low table Monica could now feel how much she needed to move. Being still for so long was taking its toll after two hours of standing like a statue. The students all gave her a wide berth and much needed privacy as she retreated from the low table to retrieve her robe from the professor. With her nudity now recovered she felt more at ease.

The students were now milling about and going over their own work or talking with each other. She could overhear matters of classes and homework. Inconsequential things. Brandon looked awkward and out of place where he sat, and she put a natural smile on her lips and stepped around the classroom until she was standing behind his shoulder.

"You draw really good!" She told him and put her hands over his shoulders and making him jump much like she had on the table. Monica gave him a reassuring squeeze. She saw the most recent drawing of herself in the big sketchbook in his lap.

"T-thank you!" He stammered, then repeated himself with more confidence. "I mean, thank you, Monica."

The drawing on the page looked just like her! Only bad thing was that it was a view from her backside so the drawing didn't show her face. He'd captured the details of her figure perfectly! The wolf did note that he had drawn her more modestly than she remembered being posed. Monica was pretty sure that her tail wasn't hanging so strongly between her legs. He may have drawn it a little further in toward her other leg than she had held it. She hoped he wasn't afraid that she'd be mad at him if he drew her exactly as she'd been standing.

Also, she was no strong judge of artistic skill, but to her eyes his artwork looked wonderful, and she wasn't just telling herself that because Brandon was her new boyfriend! It really did look good! A lot of the other student's artwork wasn't catching her eye as much as his was.

"Can I see the first one?" She asked. Monica really wanted to see more!

"Yeah, sure." He flipped the page of the sketchbook and revealed the first drawing of the day. The wolf noticed his hands were shaking a little as he turned the page, but she felt her eyes go wide when she saw the first drawing. This one was even better! He had the perfect angle to capture her back and side, and her posture looked so well rendered she may as well of been some amazonian warrior. Brandon had even made the broom stick look like an actual spear to make it more 'real'. She was smiling broadly and kept looking back up to the profile of her face. Her expression was proud and elegant. Brandon really was a talented young man! She was also happy that he wasn't embellishing anything about her,

too. Her breasts on the page looked the same as the ones on her chest! They were plenty big already and she didn't need them any bigger, and she grinned.

"You're a really talented artist, Brandon." She told him calmly to keep her excitement on the inside. She was about to lean down and kiss his cheek, but hesitated and stopped herself. In her periphery she could tell other students were casting their gazes their way with curiosity. It probably wasn't normal for the models to take so much interest in one of the students, and it had to clear to at least the girls that Brandon was nervous as hell with this nearly nude wolf hovering next to him. That would probably constitute as some weird kind of sexual harassment in any other context wouldn't it?

"T-thank you.." he was smiling broadly and blushing under his fur. She touched his arm again-

"Ok, Monica, you think you're ready to go again? One last pose for the day!" Professor Mackey interrupted her moment with Brandon and the wolf turned to the professor. It'd only been a couple of minutes it felt like. The hare wasn't one for long breaks it seemed. Faster they started the faster they finished, she assumed.

"Yes, I'm ready. What should I do?" Monica said and shrugged the robe back off and left it to rest over the back the drawing horse Brandon was using. She was still standing next to him when she'd disrobed and had only just noticed what she'd done. The wolf pinched him on the shoulder. "Watch my robe for me."

He was blushing fiercely when she left him to speak with the professor. Mackey paid the wolf's interaction with her student no mind as she directed Monica to retake her position back up on the table. Professor Lackey would have remembered that Monica had been with Brandon on a date and wouldn't, or shouldn't, care. The hare was cupping her chin while she looked up at the wolf as she stood in the buff under the lights.

"Ok, Monica, since this is our last pose I'm going to let you do whatever you want! Just make it a good one!" She proclaimed with a smile and stepped back to put herself outside the circle of young artists who were now back at their stations and preparing their sketchbooks for the next hour of drawing.

Whatever she wanted? Monica had left the stick on the table from the last pose. An idea struck her and she hesitated at first. Her lips pinched together in a smile she tried to hide. The wolf was going to give her boyfriend a pose he'd surely love to draw!

Monica picked the broom stick back up and stood it upright in front of her. The length was almost perfect and she pulled it tight to her and shifted her weight to one leg. She pretended the broomstick was a stripper pole and allowed herself to carefully lean against the smooth wood until her right breast was pressed tightly against it. She finished by putting both hands over the top of the stick and propped her chin over her hands so she could look down at Brandon who was blushing hard at the new pose directed almost entirely at him.

She played with her pose a little more by tilting and cocking her hips and her chest a little here, and a little there. She wanted a beautiful S curve to take shape. The donkey would get a nice view of her bare breasts, her crotch, the whole of her stomach, and the length of her legs. If today was going to be the first time he got to see her naked, then why not make it a good time for him?

"I'm ready, Professor." She said aloud and held herself still.

"Excellent pose, Monica! So sensual!" The professor replied loudly and clapped her hands together rapidly. "Ok, get to drawing! One more hour!"

Everyone began to draw, and she got to watch her boyfriend's hand move across his sketchbook quickly like a man possessed. He was blushing red the entire time, and there was no way he could hide that tight grin he had while he drew her girlfriend's full frontal. He of course knew that this pose was for him, as she'd been the one to pick it. He worked quickly and more and more of her figure sprang forth on the page with every stroke of the pencil. It was amazing to watch him build her from the ground up. She hoped he'd feel as much awe watching her cook as she did watching him draw.

After the hour was done with she threw her robe back on and marveled at the newest drawing of her. Looking at it right side up just proved Brandon's talent all the more. The final product turned out so breathtaking that the professor praised Brandon for it after the hour was done. The students had all pinned all their drawings on the far wall and the class had to listen to the hare brag on what she thought of her boyfriend's performance. Hearing the old hare sing her boyfriend's praises make her feel proud that he was hers.

"Ok! Today was a good day of drawing, everyone. Don't forget to do your sketchbook studies! I want good drawings on my desk next Monday!" The professor was dismissing class and giving her final words for the week. Monica retreated back to the paper screen, but the professor caught her before she could strip off the robe.

"Do you think you could model for me again?" The hare asked and handed Monica a folded pair of bills. Oh, that's right. She was getting paid to model. The bills added up to thirty dollars and she took it from the hare and sighed. "Please say yes."

"I'm normally busy working during the weekdays, but if I think I have a free day I could try and give you call. How about that?" Monica offered. In truth she could model whatever day she wanted to, since she had that much freedom with her schedule, but there was no way the wolf was going to be volunteering that much information to the hare. Monica knew all about negotiating a deal and the less your opponent knew the less power they had over you.

"Oh good! Just give me a call any time at all that you think you can model! I'd love to have you again! I've always got classes Monday to Thursday every semester." She replied with a lot of relief in her voice. She really wanted her to model for her.

She saw over the hare's shoulder that Brandon had packed his things and was sitting on his drawing horse waiting for her.

"Ok, well, let me change. I need to get going." She cut the hare off from saying more, and the older woman nodded and thanked her again for modeling for her class. Monica swapped out the robe for her under and outerwear, and once everything was in its proper place on her body or in her duffel bag she stepped back out from the screen and gave Brandon a big smile.

"Well, I'm hungry." She told him after he stood up to leave the class with her. Her boyfriend was looking into her eyes with a strange intensity, and she cocked her head at him with curiosity. "What?"

"You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen." Brandon told her, and she started giggling at how silly his attempt at sounding serious had sounded. So cliché! He reached out and grabbed her hand with his and squeezed it tight. She could feel a subtle trembling in his grip. "I mean it."

She stopped giggling and looked back into his eyes. His gaze made her stop and the grip he had on her hand felt so much 'louder' to her now. His trembling hand made his words feel so more 'pure'. It dawned on her that she really was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen. She suddenly felt so warm and her heart began to flutter. She smiled and wiped a lock of hair from her face.

"Wow, you really got me with that one, Brandon." She laughed sheepishly with defeat. Instead of trying to come up with something she returned his compliment with a hug that left them leaving the classroom shoulder to shoulder with her thumb hooked in one of his belt loops. It bother her any that he looked awfully proud of himself for leaving her speechless. She'd get him back two fold as soon as she thought of what to say. Or do.
