

Gerry parked his truck in the mostly empty lot with Tabby sitting next to him with a duffel bag in her lap. No one that either of them knew was aware that the pair had driven out to the studio. As far as their friends were concerned the two had just gone out on a date, since it was the weekend after all, and then she would be staying the night at Gerry's house. The worst thing that Tabby had to fear was being teased tomorrow by her roommates for staying overnight at a boy's house.

"Still doing ok?" He checked in on her, turning the key and the ignition off along with it.

The vixen felt the bag in her lap and let out a big sigh.

"I think so." She replied.

"We can still bail out, ghost them and all that. I can just turn the truck back on and take you back to my place." He reassured her. She thought about what he said for a moment then tilted her head back until she bumped the back of the seat. Letting out another sigh she reached out to the door handle.

"No, I can do it." Tabby said and pulled the handle and the door popped loose.

Without a word Gerry nodded and opened his own door, stepping out before shutting it as she did the same. Once both of them were out of the truck he locked it and took the duffel bag from her so he could carry it for her like a gentleman should. She hooked her arm in with his and together they walked to the front door and found it locked, so they had to press the doorbell.

The same lady that greeted her the last time she was here answered the door not long after and welcomed them inside.

"You're here for the debut shoot?" She asked, and Tabby replied that she was. "Alright, I'll let the boss know you're here and be right back."

As Tabby had been here once before she knew what to expect of the lobby, but Gerry was looking around curiously at the suspiciously modest room.

"Doesn't look like how I imagined it would. This is like one of those single room offices for lawyers or accountants you see out in the boonies." He told her. She actually giggled, since she knew exactly what he was talking about. This little lobby did sort of look like it could be just that, had it not been attached to such a large building.

"I've only seen a few rooms. This, a hallway, and the owner lady's office. It didn't look like the sort of place you'd expect it to be."

"I'm sure." He agreed.

When the door opened next the raccoon entered with the familiar face of the donkey woman entering right behind her.

"Welcome back! I see you didn't get cold feet." She told her, then tilted her gaze over at Gerry who smiled but said nothing.

"Yes, I made it." She replied, not sure of what else to say.

"Well, I'm glad you did." The woman replied, stepping forward past the raccoon and extending her hand. Tabby took it, and they shared a brief feminine handshake before the donkey turned her full attention to her boyfriend.

"I'm Victoria, owner of Amour & Passion." She told him, extending her hand to Gerry for a shake, which was much more masculine as if she knew how to calculate what kind of greeting to give to a person. "I take it you're her boyfriend?"

"Oh, yeah. I am." He replied awkwardly with a nod.

"Yes, he is." Tabby replied nearly at the same time.

"Good, he's nice and handsome. I'll also be personally managing your shoot today." The donkey replied. "If you two can follow me, we can start getting you ready, Tabitha."

She gestured for them to follow and through the doorway they went. They were drawn deeper into the building and Tabby got to see more than she had last time. Down the familiar hallway to a large open room that looked more like a break room with couches and tables fitted with Keurig's and wicker baskets full of snacks. They passed a mini fridge and Victoria stopped at a door with a nameplate reading 'Makeup' on it. She opened it, and the sound of women's voices were then heard inside.

"We just need to get you changed and put in makeup and I can get you over to where we'll be filming. I take it you brought something to wear in that?" Victoria turned to ask her, to which the vixen nodded.

"Um, yes, I have a change of clothes and some of my own makeup."

"Don't use your own makeup, we have our own that's a tax write off. Come in, let me see what you brought to wear." She told her and urged her to follow.

Tabby approached the door nervously with the donkey taking her gently by the shoulder to coax her through the frame. Her heart was racing and once she was standing neatly inside the makeup room, she saw it was everything you'd expect a makeup room to look like, except there was... porn on the walls. All kinds of glamorous photos of naked women, and some were pinups while others were outright pornographic!

"You want to come in, too, boyfriend? The girls don't care." Victoria asked from behind her, and Tabby turned to see Gerry throwing his hands up in refusal.

"No, no, I can stay out here. Unless you want me to?" He was looking at Tabby, and she shook her head.

"No, it's ok if you want to stay out here." She told him with an awkward smile.

"Up to you, now let's get you ready." Victoria replied and stepped into the room behind her and pushed her ahead and shut the door behind her.

There were a few other girls in the room, two sitting on stools while another three were hovering around them to do the pair's hair and makeup. All of them were either naked or in their underwear.

"Ladies, this is Tabitha Carmichael, she'll be filming her first solo today." Victoria introduced her, stepping around to stand at the fox's side with both hands on her shoulders like she was showing her off. Tabby felt herself go beat red as the five other women all turned their attention to her. She was so embarrassed! These women were all very beautiful, and she was nervous to even look at them with how naked they all were.

"I think you're going to give her a heart attack, Vicky." One of the women that was actually doing makeup replied, a naked Irish setter with her fur fluffed up like a poodle's, the girl setting the compact in her hand down on the nearby counter and began to approach. The two girls on stools both hopped up as the gathered women began to crowd around the new girl, giving her a heart attack.

"This is her first step into erotic media so do not bully her any, ladies." Victoria told them, the donkey leaning down to give Tabby a smile while the vixen looked positively nervous, sweating bullets.

"Welcome to the club, hun!" Another of the girls, a lanky lizard with large implants told her. This one had been getting her hair done up like she was from Texas. All of the girls introduced themselves like there wasn't anything unusual about a group of women chatting and gossiping while naked. Even at the dorms in college girls weren't this liberal with their bodies, at least not outside of the showers.

Victoria directed her to an empty stool while shooing the other women away to get back to what they were doing, except for the Irish setter who was going help Victoria prep Tabby for her debut. Tabby was asked to empty out her duffel bag so Victoria could see what she had in mind. What she produced was a tight red sleeveless dress that when worn would stop just above her knees. She'd packed with it a pair of black lingerie and some plain matching heels that she picked up at a thrift store.

The donkey looked over the dress, holding it up in the air and then pressing the fabric against Tabby's shoulder while she made a thoughtful face.

"No." She replied, then quickly folded it over her arm a few times until it was in a neat bundle, then dropped it into the opening of the duffel bag that now rested on the floor.

"We have a few things here you can try instead. Let's not go with red, that's a bombastic color. It's too strong for a debut like you." She started to say as she turned and stepped away to the other side of the room where rack after rack of clothing stood. The collection of items looked like a piece of a department store had been transported into this room by magic, but every item was glamorous or sinful and in every color you could think of.

"Vicky knows best, she dresses up everyone at least twice a week before a shoot." A girl in another stool said.

"She's like big a mamma." Another laughed.

"Let's go with a nice baby blue ensemble, something that pairs with your fur." Victoria said out loud, loud enough to overpower the gossip, as she pulled a dress off the rack, then checked the tag. She made an ugly face and put the dress back, then rummaged through the rack in search of other blue items,

checking their tags until she found one that satisfied her. Pulling the dress free, it was revealed to be a small blue rectangle of fabric.

“Try this one on, it’s a poly rayon blend so it should fit you snice and nug.” Victoria told Tabby as she walked back to her and the stool. Handing over the item, Tabby took it, feeling confused as she’d never seen something like this in the store before, it was like someone cut the sleeve off a giant-sized shirt, but the fabric was silky smooth to the touch and felt heavy in her hands.

“This is a dress?” She asked.

“A tube dress.”

“It’s like cutting off the end of a condom and wearing it like a dress.” Someone from behind her giggled.

“Shush. Just try it on please, don’t be shy.” Victoria told her and then walked away to rummage through a chest of drawers that was tucked away in the corner next to all the clothing racks. Being left alone with the dress, she was suddenly aware that there did not appear to be any changing rooms? She looked around, sheepishly, saw nothing but the clothing racks, the other girls and their stools, the mirrors and vanities. There was a storage closet.

“Do... do you have a changing room?” She asked, looking to someone, anyone, for guidance.

“You’re in the changing room, honey.” One of the girls replied. Tabby blushed, realizing that maybe girls like these just... changed out in the open. This was like the girl’s locker room in grade school, and she hated it. She was the most faithful religious girl in her grade, and she got teased a lot when adults weren’t around. Sometimes it was because she was a preacher’s daughter, and the stereotypes that went with it, but usually it was because puberty hit Tabby like a whirlwind and she was the bustiest, girl in not only her grade, but the grades above her, too. She was more voluptuous than most of their teachers before even completing middle school.

She sighed, accepted her fate, and started undressing herself. Slow like cold molasses, but steady. When she was down to just her plain underwear Mrs. Victoria had returned with some underwear.

“You change at the speed of sound, honey.” She said with a smile and handed over two navy blue items. One was a thong that a dentist would recommend as floss, and then a skimpy bra that probably wouldn’t have enough fabric to cover her nipples fully. Tabby was mostly just holding a handful of string.

“I don’t normally change out in open.” She admitted, looking at the underwear in her hands with uncertainty. Even during her sexier shoots in the past she’d never worn such scandalous underwear.

“In this industry you’ll be seen doing a lot more than swapping outfits. If you can’t handle being looked at by your peers, then you can’t handle being looked at by thousands of horny men.” Victoria told her, leaning in with a fair measure of gravity in her voice. Tabby looked her in the eyes, understood what she meant, then looked back down at the skimpy underwear.

She sighed, nodded, and tried to steel herself. When she started to remove her bra, Victoria backed off and waited for the vixen to change. Down went her panties, leaving the fox naked for all to see and she felt bright red knowing it wasn’t just Mrs. Victoria watching her. She felt like she was being scrutinized.

Tabby put the thong on easily, but the bra was a challenge. There was so little to the item that she didn't know how to get it into place without her breasts falling out, which they did. Repeatedly. It was impossible.

"Hold on, girl." One of the other girls told her from behind, and suddenly there was a pair of hands at her back grabbing at the shoestrings of the top. She felt so embarrassed as a stranger started shifting and adjusting the straps until they appeared to be falling into the proper place. To make it worse Mrs. Victoria, who'd continued to scrutinize her appearance, stepped in from the front and slipped her fingers under the tiny triangles that were the 'cups' of the scant bra.

Two women were now 'groping' Tabby by the breasts trying to get this tiny bikini top bra into place so her boobs wouldn't pop out the moment she took a step. When they were finished the girl that was helping from behind took a few steps around to check Tabby out from the front.

"Why'd you pick such a tiny top, Vicky? Her girls aren't staying in that top for long." She said, looking over to her boss lady.

In reply Victoria made a somewhat ugly, displeased face, then stepped close to Tabby and grabbed the shoulder straps and pulled them down her arms.

"Off with it. You can just go braless in the dress." She told the vixen, and so now all that work was for nothing because her breasts were too big.

At least the dress was easy to put on. It was just a stretchy tube of fabric that she stepped into and pulled up her body. The fabric easily stretched to wrap around her curvy figure and once it was up past her navel it was easy enough to wiggle and shimmy her breasts in and under the stretchy fabric. When she was done Victoria grabbed her by the shoulders and led her away until she was standing in front of a full-length mirror elsewhere in the changing room. Tabby took a good look at herself, Victoria looking over her shoulder from behind.

The donkey started moving her hands over Tabby's body, grabbing and tugging at the dress here and there until she was satisfied. The fabric of the dress felt snug and tight, and almost uncomfortable. The girl that had called the dress a condom was right, this outfit was like she'd been wrapped in saran wrap with a blow dryer used to shrink wrap it onto her figure.

"She looks good, Vicky." One of the girls said, but Victoria did not seem satisfied.

"If you do more work with us then I'm going to need to have someone take your measurements. Your tits are going to be a problem with most of our wardrobe." She told Tabby, then grabbed her again by the shoulders.

"I'm sorry." She replied, not knowing how else to respond.

"Not your fault, some of girls just have gifts that keep tailors in business." She replied and led Tabby back to an empty stool at a vanity. When the vixen was instructed to sit, Victoria told her it was time to do her makeup and hair.

She nodded and was grateful that she could now relax while something normal happened. Mrs. Victoria grabbed one of the other girls that wasn't doing anything important, and the two women each started their work on turning Tabitha Carmichael... into a porn star. The transformation took some time, her hair being unbraided, then straightened to perfection, then a curling iron brought in to give a perfect wave to her long hair.

"You have so much hair, honey."

"It's, uh, kind of a thing we do." She replied, knowing that all the women in her family and her church wore long hair.

"Can be a good thing. It's great for grabbing." One of the girls from behind them laughed, and Tabby blushed bright pink knowing exactly what she meant because... Gerry had done it before.

When her hair was done, they moved on to her makeup, dolling up her lips, her lashes, brushing the fur of her face before dusting her with a hint of blush, not that they needed it with how pink her cheeks felt.

Tabby looked like a completely different woman once the work was done. Her long braid of hair were now wavy seductive locks, bangs hanging lusciously across one side of her face. Eyeshadow and lipstick made her sultry, and the shade of lipstick she'd been given left her lips looking like she was pouting, almost innocent when her outfit suggested anything but.

"Now you look like a star." Mrs. Victoria told her from over her shoulder. "Now let's move you to the casting couch."

The girls around them all started chuckling at that.

"Gonna pull Alan in for this one, Vicky?" One of them asked.

"No, this is a solo debut. Her boyfriend will be watching just out of frame." She replied.

"Oh, get him to join, honey! We've never done a straight casting couch scene before!"

"Yeah, it's always us girls pretending to be gay!"

Tabby was frozen in place, overwhelmed.

"Ladies. Our guest here today is a virgin in front of the camera, so if you would so kindly save the banter until after she's comfortable spreading her legs on film, I would appreciate that." Mrs. Victoria spoke up loudly, and the girls all went silent or muttered apologies. Then the donkey gave Tabby a swat on the butt to urge her off the stool and then directed her to exit, stage left, and out the door they went.

Gerry was waiting for them on one of the couches, looking bored out of his mind as it'd taken a while for her to get ready in the changing room. When he looked up, reacting to the noise of people leaving the room, Tabby watched his eyes go wide like saucers.

"He looks impressed." The donkey told her.

Tabby just felt herself turn several deep shades of red.

"Well, come along, we've got filming to do." She tells both of them, and Tabby and Gerry both followed. The vixen could feel Gerry looking at her with shock and awe, and she was unsure how to feel about that. She looked so different in the mirror, and she felt so different walking in this tight stretchy dress with her hair and makeup so different. Did she even look like his girlfriend anymore?

Victoria led them down a new hallway and finally to an open door that led into an office. She urged them inside, then promptly shut the door behind them. Tabby scanned the office they were in, saw it had a black leather couch pressed to one wall with a bare desk sitting across from it. There were obviously fake plants in the corners of the room and generic artwork hanging on the wall. This wasn't a real office, that she could tell at least.

"This is our casting couch set; we'll be filming your debut here." Victoria told them both, pulling out her cellphone to type a message to someone before tucking it away again.

"Normally, we'd be doing a duo, where one of our female actors plays the role of a recruiter, then you would be the girl that's auditioning, but we're scrapping that angle for this. Unless you want to join?" Victoria turns to look at Gerry who nervously shakes his head.

"I'm good." He whispered.

"Suit yourself. We normally don't do straight casting couch scenes." She replied.

"But that means, and what I think we'll do, is have you start by sitting in the middle of the couch, no not yet honey. We'll have you start there while I film a silent pan in. I'll bring you into the frame, and all you have to do is look nice and pretty, eyes on the camera like you're making eye contact with someone who just walked in. Then we'll have you introduce yourself. Once the audience knows your name, we can begin filming different sequences of pinup content and striptease. Have you settled on a stage name yet, Tabitha?" Victoria asked her, and Tabby felt herself becoming warmer just from listening to the explanation of everything.

"I, well." She tried to reply but was interrupted by a knock on the door.

Victoria gestured to Gerry and commanded him to get the door. He obeyed, opening it. There was another man, the first they'd seen, standing in the hallway.

"Got it, Mrs. Hamilton."

"Thank you, Harry, can you grab that for me, boyfriend?"

"Oh, yeah." Gerry took the offered camera, then the other man left, and Victoria gestured for the door be shut again, which Gerry did. He brought the camera over to her and she took it. "My name's Gerry, also. Not boyfriend."

"You shook my hand over an hour ago, which would have been a good time to tell me that." She told him with a smile, and Tabby could see her boyfriend looked embarrassed. "Did he take that long to tell you his name, or is he just good at giving women the cold shoulder?"

"Oh, no, he was, uh, quicker with me." She replied.

"I see how it is, Mr. Gerry. Well, what name did you pick for yourself, Tabitha?" Gerry looked awkward and just said nothing, confused as he didn't know what to do. Tabby didn't know what to do either. They were both out of their element even though they'd both done different kinds of modeling before. Just nothing like... this.

Tabby inhaled and exhaled to steel herself, recalling the ideas she'd thought up for a 'stage name'. All she had was a first name, but she didn't know if that would be enough.

"I liked the name Melody. It sounded nice and wasn't crude." She told the donkey, who nodded.

"Surname? We like having a first and last name for our actors. It's also less confusing. A lot of people in the industry use the same first or last name, so it helps in the search bar if the person you're looking for has a unique pair of names. If you want to be successful you need a name that makes it easier to find you." Victoria told her, and Tabby nodded. That all made sense.

"I couldn't think of anything that I thought sounded nice." She confessed.

"Monroe, like Marilyn Monroe." Gerry suggested.

"No. We've got too many Monroes in the industry we don't need another one. How about..." Victoria shut that down quickly and leaned back on the desk, looking towards the ceiling with shut eyes as she concentrated.

"You walked into this building looking like a preacher's kid, Tabitha." She began to say, and Tabby immediately frowned, but Gerry made a curt little laugh that he'd tried to hide. Little did Mrs. Victoria know...

"What?" Victoria shot a glance at her boyfriend, boss lady mode activated, it seemed! Gerry was taken aback.

"My father is a preacher, ma'am." She came to his rescue, and Victoria's eyebrows went way up her face.

"Well, that explains more than a thing or three. That's good though, it gives some authenticity to my idea. How about we make your stage name Melody Modest? Most people at home won't understand the reason for it, but we will, and it might help you out when people search for you specifically." She replied, explaining all of her reasoning.

Mrs. Victoria had mentioned searches twice now.

"Searches?" Tabby asked.

"When this debut goes live it'll include your name, and if people like you they will type your name in their search bars hoping to find more of your content. Of course, they won't, since this will be your



debut, but in the future, they will use your name to find more of your work if you produce any additional content.” She explained.

Ok, Tabby understood. She was nervous thinking that people would be searching for her like that. She nodded, she understood.

“You ok with that?” The donkey asked.

She took the opportunity to think about it and nodded again after a moment.

“I’m wearing your clothes and makeup, ma’am. I’m not gonna give it all back until we’re done.” She replied, trying her best to steelman her conviction. In reply, the donkey just watched her for a moment, then nodded.

“Ok, go sit in the middle of the couch for me, dead center.” She started directing Tabby, and this part she was used to. Every photographer and director she’d been in front of liked ordering people around so she’d gotten used to being given lots of instructions.

She sat down in the middle of the couch and was quickly told not to sit like she was in church. She didn’t know how to not sit like she was in church, so she tried spreading her legs, since this was a sleazy film and maybe that would be ok, but Mrs. Victoria put a stop to that too.

“Knees together, then twist to the side so your legs swing until they bump into the couch cushion, here like this.” Victoria sat the camera down, and manually grabbed her by the knees and twisted her around, now Tabby was aimed at Gerry who was across the room next to the desk. The donkey then told her to keep her butt still and took her by the shoulders and twisted her, so she was looking back straight at the desk across from her.

“One hand on your knee, other on the couch, out straight, like that.” She continued to direct, then she grabbed her by the chin and tilted her head until she was looking Victoria in the eyes. “How we’re going to start is you’re going to follow the camera like you’re looking at someone that wants to hire you to do porn, which should come naturally to you since that’s why you’re here.”

Tabby felt herself turn red again.

The donkey freed her chin, then stepped away to retrieve the camera from the desk, then turned it on. After the donkey checked the camera for a few other things she slipped her hand into the little strap so she could easily hold it in one hand, she walked over to the door that led back out into the hall, then opened it.

“I’m going to start filming outside the hall, then walk in while I film at eye level, Gerry, get out and stay behind me so you don’t ruin the shot.” She instructed, and Gerry quietly, and quickly, left the room.

“When I walk back in, Gerry will shut the door behind me, and then he will hide over there out of sight and mind. I’m going to walk in to approach you, and you will follow the camera like you’re looking a man in the eyes. I’m not going to say anything, this will be a silent point of view for the viewer so they can self-insert. When I stop in front of you, I’m going to make a hand signal.”

Mrs. Victoria then flashes a peace sign with her free hand.

"When I do that, I want you to smile real pretty up at the camera, then introduce yourself as Melody Modest."

"Yes, ma'am." She replied with a nod.

"Say it for me." The donkey told her, and she froze for a moment, then snapped out of it. Rehearsing?

"Hello, my name is--"

"No. Not like that. You sound too much like you. You're Melody Modest now, what does she sound like?" The donkey asked, lowering both her hands and putting them on her hips.

"I... I don't know? I sound like me."

Mrs. Victoria made a dissatisfied face, then tilted her head.

"Do you know who Lauren Bacall is?" Tabby listened and thought about it. She thought she'd heard the name before, but it didn't really ring any bells. She shook her head, and the donkey's eyes opened wide like that was a surprise to her.

"Do you know who Humphrey Bogart is?" She asked then.

Tabby knew who that was!

"He's an old actor! I can't talk like him though, Mrs. Victoria."

"I, no, I don't want you to talk like him, that's his job." She shook the camera in the direction of the door where Gerry was still hiding outside, probably confused as to why no one was coming out to join him. Tabby couldn't imagine Gerry ever sounding like Mr. Bogart, his voice was too different, but he would look handsome in those old suits men used to wear...

"You know the women in his movies? The one with the husky voice?" She asked, hands back on her hips.

"You mean like in Casablanca?"

"No, that's Ingrid Bergman. Lauren, ok, she's one that says 'you know how to whistle doncha? You just put your lips together and blow.' You know that one?"

"Oh, yes! I've seen a clip of it once, but I don't know the movie at all." She replied.

"Ok, well that's Lauren Bacall, can you recall her voice? Can you deepen how you talk and be all sultry like you're trying to seduce a cold-hearted detective?" She asked.

Tabby was stunned, confused, and very uncertain. She thought she was going to be filming some striptease, and yet here she was being coached in how to act!

"I- well." She stopped herself, inhaled and exhaled while closing her eyes. She opened them again and trying her best she deepened her voice.

"I can try, Mrs. Victoria." She spoke, and the donkey straightened up her posture and narrowed her eyes.

"Ask me if I know how to whistle." She instructed, and she closed her eyes again and tried to remember the clip she'd seen. It was a while ago, but it didn't seem that hard to recall her voice. She relaxed and opened her eyes again.

"You know how to whistle, don't you, Mrs. Victoria? You just put your lips together and blow." And then she whistled like a bird, which was something she actually knew how to do. Victoria's eyebrows lifted again, and a smile crept across her face.

"Good. When I give the signal, give me your best introduction so I don't have to start over from the hallway." She told her, then pivoted on her heel to join her boyfriend out in the hallway. She shut the door behind her.

A few moments went by, and then Tabby heard the doorknob twist. She looked over to the door, waiting for the camera to come into view. When Mrs. Victoria stepped inside the vixen locked her eyes onto the camera lens and watched as the donkey entered the office, Gerry sneaking in behind her to shut the door before stepped far and out of the way to stand on the opposite side of the room.

When Victoria stopped in front of Tabby, she was looking up at the camera and waited for the signal. She flashed the peace sign, and then Tabby batted her eyes and gave a warm smile.

"Hello, my name is Melody. Melody Modest. It's nice to meet you." She improv'd the whole thing, unsure of how a porn star was supposed to sound, but with a name like Melody Modest, she just didn't sound... Tabby didn't think a woman named Melody Modest would just talk trashy. She'd talk... modestly? Wouldn't she?

A moment or two later Victoria gave another signal, then lowered the camera down.

"Ok, that was very good! Don't move from that pose." She was told, and Tabby obeyed. Victoria lifted the camera again, but now she was staring into the little flip out screen, and a few moments later she heard her own voice. Mrs. Victoria was watching what she'd just filmed!

It looked like she was studying it intently.

"I don't like how I entered the room, but your introduction was good. That's more important than my walk in, we can keep this cut." She said aloud, then looked up at Tabby with a frown. She stepped to the side, examining the vixen, then stepped to her other side.

"I'm going to have you tell the audience that this is your first time on film, that it's your debut. Do you know what a jump cut is?" She asked.

"No, ma'am." She admitted.

"It's when a video you're watching suddenly jumps to another scene. That's how I'm going to film this first part of your debut. I want to capture you from a few different angles, and in post my editors can stitch the footage together all nice. I think I'm actually going to give them some extra material to work with. Don't say anything, just follow the camera when I start filming again." Victoria told her, then stepped back over towards the door and gave a signal that she was now recording again.

Tabby did as she'd been told, watching the camera with a smile as the donkey slowly moved in front of her, carefully filming Tabby in different angles, capturing her from different sides. She stopped filming after a moment, and then told her to look away at the wall and keep still. She obeyed, and Victoria filmed some more, then she had her break from her pose and sit with her legs together in front of her, hands on her knees.

"Look cute." And she filmed some more, Tabby turning her head to follow the camera. "Ok, that's enough."

"This is all going to be in the video?"

"No, just what the editors think is good. They're going to carve this recording up into pieces and stitch it back together until it starts printing money. They'll also add some music. I'm going to have to sit with them later to help pick out a sound that fits your persona." The donkey replied.

"Oh, ok." Tabby replied, not realizing so much work would go into this by other people.

"Stay in character, keep talking like your Melody." The donkey lightly chastised her.

"Yes, Ma'am." She replied, in her other voice. It was strange trying to talk in a different voice, but she guessed this was better than everyone watching knowing what she actually sounded like.

"Now I'm going to move over to your left side, and when I give you the signal you're going to look into the camera, smile like you did before, and then tell the men watching that this is your first time on film, that's it's your debut. Ok?"

"Yes, ma'am." She replied, and quickly began to think of what, or how, she was supposed to say all of that. She was so nervous still that she hoped it wasn't obvious. She knew she'd seen herself in photos before looking awkward or shy, but that'd gotten so much better now that she'd done so much real-life modeling.

But this was different. This was pornography she was filming.

Mrs. Victoria moved to her side, dropping a knee onto the couch next to her so that the camera was at a comfortable distance and angle from Tabby, and then she remembered she was supposed to actually look at the camera when she was given the signal, so she tilted her head forward towards the empty desk in the room. Next to her, Mrs. Victoria whispered the word 'action' and Tabby drew in a nervous breath before gently turning her head and shoulders towards the camera.

"Today is my first time." She started without a script, doing everything off the cuff only to realize she was probably supposed to actually tell the audience what her first time actually was.

“Being on film, that is. I’ve never done this before.” She replied, accidentally explaining herself both in character as well as in truth.

If this was the first time ‘Melody’ was going to be on film, then she was right. But this was also Tabby’s first time doing anything like this at all! The audience might not understand the true weight of her words, but she suddenly realized it herself. She remembered it was also her debut, but wasn’t sure if she was supposed to blurt out who was debuting for? Normally her professional modeling gigs always had her with products, either on display or she was simply wearing them. Brands always liked having their names in view, but here Tabby was wearing a dress from some unknown brand name with nothing on the couch to explain what studio was producing anything.

Today, the product being sold was Tabitha, under the label of Melody Modest.

“This is my debut. I was invited to come by Amour and Passion, and I really hope you like seeing me today.” She finished with a smile.

The donkey let the shot linger before moving herself off the couch.

“You didn’t need to name drop the studio, but it’s fine. You didn’t move much while you were talking so we’ll either leave it in or Todd can cut it out without anyone noticing.” She replied, looking down at the fold out screen.

“I’m sorry.” Tabby said.

“No, you did great! I didn’t give you much direction, but your modeling experience is helping you out. I like how you puffed out your chest a little at the start, made your breasts look bigger.” The donkey told her, and Tabby flushed. That’s not exactly why she’d taken that first deep breath. She hadn’t even thought of it that way!

“Thank you.” Was all she decided to say in reply. She looked over to Gerry who was still standing near the door to keep himself out of the way. He silently gestured to her with a thumbs up, and she smiled back at him.

“Ok, now we will roll into the strip tease. You’ve only got two... You’re barefoot, honey.” The donkey suddenly frowned, looking down at her feet. “I forgot to give you matching heels.”

Tabby looked down at her own feet. She knew she’d been barefoot since she changed clothes but had just assumed that Mrs. Victoria had wanted her to be barefoot, that’s why she hadn’t said anything about it before. It totally wasn’t because the author of this story completely forgot about her shoes when he was writing the dressing room scene.

The donkey quickly turned in a pivot, looking at Gerry who was still standing by the door.

“You, boyfriend! Go outside and run back to the dressing room and tell the girls to find a pair of blue high heels! Same size as whatever she walked in wearing!” She told him, and then he shot upright from his slouch and grabbed the door handle and made a hasty exit.

“I’m sorry.” Tabby told her.

"No, I was preoccupied with other things. I should have noticed it in the dressing room." She replied and sat down on the couch next to her and started reviewing the past footage.

"You're not wearing shoes in the first scene. Your feet are briefly in view in a few others. We can fix that in post. We can probably crop some of these shots to hide the mistake. I don't need a trio of middle-aged men critiquing my studio's ability to maintain continuity in porn." She sounded frustrated.

Gerry returned with a pair of little blue high heels and walked them over to Tabby who tried them on. They weren't comfortable, but they fit her feet well enough, and they matched her dress.

"We will carry on undaunted!" The donkey proclaimed, standing back up. "Gerry, back by the door."

Gerry removed himself from the couch's territory and stopped by the door. The donkey then moved about the vixen, Tabby watching her carefully until the other woman found herself a spot she liked, camera at the ready.

"Ok, let's do it like this. I'm going to have you start off with a little dialogue, then I'll move in towards your feet for the fetishists, then pan up your body to your breasts. Your face won't be in shot but pretend your face is always in frame. Be sexy at all times even if the camera isn't looking. I'll give you a little signal with my hand, then just ignore what I'm doing and pull the top of your dress slowly down your boobs until they pop out. This is the first time they're going to see your breasts so pretend it's the first time he's ever got to see them. Show them off nice and pretty." She explained, gesturing to Gerry with her thumb.

Tabby nodded, taking in another big breath for confidence and bust enhancement, then let it out.

"You ready?" She asked. Tabby told her she was. "Ok, on my mark, just say something to the camera to let the boys know you're about to give them a show."

She froze for a moment, thinking that so many other men were about to see her like this. It made her face flush. Mrs. Victoria muttered action under her breath, and Tabby had no choice but to look at the camera and smile like she'd done before.

Being naturally modest herself, it wasn't difficult for her to act modest on camera. Even while wearing such a tight dress, it would have been clear to anyone that this was her first time. She lifted her hand and delicately touched it to the top of her breast, thinking that this was the moment when the world was going to see them all on display, to see them in porn.

"I've never done this before. This will be the first time anyone has ever gotten to see them like this." She said, pausing not out of skill or for effect, but out of indecision. It took her a moment to think of what to say since the air felt empty without anything else having been added to it. "I hope you like them."

It was the best she could think up without any coaching.

Mrs. Victoria didn't seem to be bothered by any of it, or if she had been she didn't reveal it. The donkey began to move, shifting the camera until it was clear she was running it down the length of the vixen's body towards her feet. Knowing that she was supposed to strip, she carefully popped the first heel off

her foot with the other foot, then pushed the other heel off with her big toe. With the heels off her feet Mrs. Victoria drifted the camera slowly up her legs.

Tabby kept her knees together, the tight embrace of the dress hiding what was between her legs from view. As the camera rose up to capture her breasts in frame Tabby continued to smile. She trusted that there was a reason to always look sexy even when the camera wasn't on her, so that's what she did.

After a moment the donkey made a gesture with her free hand and the vixen knew that now was the time to start taking off her dress.

She lifted both hands and cupped the bottom of her breasts, then slowly slid her palms up and over the swell of her bust until she knew her hands were resting right over where her nipples were. Since the dress was like a big tube shrink wrapped around her body, she would have to pull it straight down to do what Victoria wanted of her, so she slid her hands higher, hesitating a moment as her fingers found the top of the dress.

She took a deep breath to prepare herself, then she glanced at Gerry. She saw he looked excited, her boyfriend being easy to read now that they'd been together so many times. It gave her some confidence seeing him looking at her with desire. He believed she was beautiful, and so she looked down and stared between the cleavage of her breasts, hooking the fingertips of her middle and index fingers just under the taut blue fabric.

When she tugged them down, there was resistance. Her ample bust did not want to let the dress slide down, so she tugged harder until the fabric finally began to give. The tops of her breasts swelled up and out of the dress like the tops of a pair of muffins, until at last the fabric shot down below her bust like an elastic band, her huge breasts popping out of the dress like a cork from a gun.

Tabby shivered, wrapping her arms instinctively around her chest, hardly hiding them from view, but at least she'd done as she'd been asked.

Mrs. Victoria had been carefully filming her the entire time, and now that her breasts were free, she took a step back from the vixen and suddenly stood up.

"Ok, that was perfect! For an amateur you sure know how to tease, Ms. Modest." She teased while she reviewed some of the footage she'd just taken.

"Now, I'm going to film a few different angles, so just keep your hands on your breasts, massage them, knead them, play with them. The editors need something to play with." She told Tabby who nodded.

Mrs. Victoria lifted a hand, then flashed the sign. When she began filming again Tabby did as instructed, playing gently with her breasts. She wasn't sure if her face was in the shot, so she did what she'd been told and tried to stay sexy the entire time. When she thought of pinching her nipples between her fingers, she remembered the times Gerry would do this to her. He'd told her once that he loved the look on her face whenever she'd bite her lower lip.

She bit her lower lip carefully, almost sucking on it before letting it go.

The donkey finished filming, rising to her feet.

“Love the lip play.” She told her, then explained that what Tabby needed to do next was to stand up and push the dress down her legs to strip the rest of the way.

“After you have the dress on the floor you can sit back down, but I want you to sit with your knees together like you’re doing right now, but when I give you the signal, you’re going to open your legs again. Just like with your breasts, pretend it’s the first time he’s getting to see you naked.” Mrs. Victoria told her. Tabby nodded.

The donkey moved into position, then gave the signal for her to stand. Tabby did, carefully rising onto her feet with her hands covering her breasts, palms over her nipples. She’d not been told what to do with her hands before stripping off the dress, so she kept pretending she was letting Gerry see her for the first time. When she was upright, she bit her lip again, running with the theme since Mrs. Victoria had complimented her for it.

She dropped her hands from her nipples and let her palms glide down her breasts until they were reaching under the deep crease of her bust. She found the taut bundle of fabric and grabbed it, then slid her fingers along underneath the band until her hands were at her sides, then she pushed. When her thumbs touched the straps of her thong she let them wiggle under the strap.

The dress was reluctant to let go, and she had to wiggle her hips back and forth to help work the elastic material over her curves until finally she was able to bend down. The dress dropped low, lower, then finally it fell loose over her knees and to her feet along with the narrow string that had been her thong.

Before she stood back up, she placed a hand over her crotch, then stood erect before carefully sitting herself back down like she’d been before, knees together and legs twisted to the side. With one hand covering her crotch she lifted her other arm and tried to cover her chest but failed. Her breasts were too large, but she still tried. If she was supposed to be Melody Modest then she’d try to be modest no matter what, just like Tabby would have.

Mrs. Victoria gave the signal again, and she hesitated. She was about to show off her pussy to a camera! She remained still, then swung her leg out, letting her hips twist as necessary until she was spread eagle on the couch with her knees as far apart as they could go. Her hand was still covering her crotch but knowing that this was her chance to show herself off for the very first time, she hesitated. Her hand finally lifted, drawing up her stomach until it joined her other arm in covered her chest.

The donkey moved the camera in closer, then carefully knelt down to film her crotch up close, then panned the shot up the vixen’s body to capture everything in detail until her face was looking straight at the camera lens.

“I’m trying my best.” She said, feeling pressured to say something to the camera.

The shot lingered for a moment, then the donkey abruptly stood up.

“Excellent! We can certainly use this, honey.” Mrs. Victoria replied, staring down at the little fold-out screen.



“Now, what I want to do is take a full reel of photos with some naughty clips intermixed with them. What I’m thinking would work great for you, is to draw most of the focus to your breasts and nipples. Do you think you can do something playful with them?” The donkey asked.

Tabby asked what the donkey had meant by ‘playful’.

“Masturbation, honey. Play with your breasts like you’re showing off for boyfriend over there.” She replied.

Now, that was a lot more clear, and the vixen was still clutching at her breasts protectively. She looked down at herself and was at first at a loss of what she could do, at least until she started thinking of Gerry. Tabby knew what he liked! The problem was that she didn’t really ever have to play with herself like this, since he was always the one doing it on his own. The only time she ever found herself doing the work was when she’d use her breasts on him so he could ‘finish’ that way.

“You two surely have done something, right?” The donkey asked incredulously, revealing that Tabby must have been lost in her reverie for a lot longer than she realized. She sat upright quickly, looking back up to the older woman with the camera.

“Yes!” She replied, then lowered her voice before speaking again, now feeling embarrassed.

“Yes, we have. I’m just trying to think of how I should do it, since normally Gerry is the one doing it.” She replied.

“Oh, so that’s how it is. You fancy yourself a breast man, is that right Mr. Gerry?” Mrs. Victoria said, asking Gerry a question.

Tabby looked at them both, saw that now her boyfriend was looking embarrassed as he shrugged his shoulders in an awkward affirmative.

“Then don’t worry about it, honey. Just close your eyes, stick out your chest, and grab yourself the same way he grabs you. It’s that simple. The men that are going to watch this video or look at the photos are going to want to put themselves in the same shoes as you. When they see your hands touch yourself, they want to imagine their hands being there on your tits instead your own. So, just think about what your boyfriend would be doing to you and do exactly that. I won’t even start filming you at first. You can just get started until you’re feeling comfortable. Sound good?” She asked.

“I... I think so.” Tabby replied, thinking all about what she’d said.

In response to that she looked down at herself, and moved her arms until the only thing left touching her was her palms, covering the large ovals that were her nipples.

Thinking of all the things Gerry had done to her, she drew in a deep breath and let it out slowly, then started rubbing her nipples. She had to close her eyes at first, just to try and get her head in the right place. She needed to pretend she was Gerry, or as best as she could do with only her hands. She let her fingers rub big circles around her areola until she felt comfortable grabbing both nipples with her fingers.

Holding on tight to her nipples, she lifted her breasts into the air, then let them both drop. The great weight of her breasts shook her upper body while her bust clapped together like a pair of hands. She grabbed her nipples again, and twisted them, mimicking the things Gerry had done to her, lifting her breasts high again before letting them drop. Her boyfriend liked watching them drop and shake.

The third time she grabbed ahold of her nipples she pulled her breasts out to the side and then quickly moved them back together, making her breasts clap. She repeated this, doing the silly thing Gerry would sometimes do when he was just admiring her body.

She opened her eyes, and found Mrs. Victora no longer looking at her, instead she was staring at Gerry, who looked extremely embarrassed.

"You play with your food like a child." The donkey said, turning back to face the vixen.

"Honey, I'm going to start taking photos and footage, just put on your best face and keep playing with yourself." The donkey told her, then lifted the camera back up to begin.

Blushing, Tabby bit her lower lip gently and started rubbing her nipples again, the twin nubs now thoroughly erect as her fingers brushed past them and over them again and again. She shut her eyes, sucking on her lower lip as she imagined her boyfriend. If this were a private moment with Gerry, he'd have done more than just tug and pull at her breasts.

Once, she'd always felt uneasy with men admiring her breasts, but now that she had a man in her life that meant the world to her, she loved that he admired what God had blessed her with. Tabby wrapped her hands firmly around her nipples, catching the whole of her areola deep in her palms to squeeze. She had two handfuls of breast now, her erect nipples poking firmly out through the hole formed by her thumb and index finger.

Thinking of her boyfriend, she lifted kneaded and massaged herself with those tight handfuls, timidly at first, but getting rough and rougher with herself the more she went, trying to mimic what Gerry would have done in her stead. She let go of her lip, a wet smack as she gasped at the roughness of her own hands, biting down on her lip again while tossing her head to the side. Her legs were squirming.

At this point, Gerry would be...

He'd be rock hard and dry humping whatever part of her body was closest, and her heart would be racing quickly with anticipating of his lovemaking. She lifted one breast and twisted her head down to meet it.

She dared not open her eyes; the embarrassment was too much! She opened her mouth and found her own nipple. She'd never done this before! As soon as her tongue touched her own delicate flesh she shivered, a sudden rush of excitement hitting her as she began to nurse at her own plump nip. Gerry loved doing this to her, and so she was trying to do it to herself. This is what men would want to see, isn't it?

Her heart fluttered; people were going to see her do this to herself! Tabby shuddered again, squirming on the couch as she trembled for a moment. She briefly felt like she'd been caught in the headlights of a

car, but quickly reassured herself that she looked and sounded nothing like the Tame Tabitha that everyone knew at college or even back at home.

It wasn't Tabby Carmichael, a Christian and daughter of a preacher, that was sitting on this couch making love to her own body. It was Melody Modest, a beautiful red vixen with a sultry seductive voice! She was a woman that no one knew, making her first ever debut on film. She was a completely different person, a more confident person, someone whose morals were loose enough to allow herself to sit naked on a couch in front of a camera, but also someone whose morals were tight enough to put a limit on how and when she let her body loose for another's enjoyment.

This is what it was like to be an actress. You had to know how to play a character, and Tabby popped her lips off her nipple to give herself a chance to lick her lips, tasting the bright red lipstick she was wearing. What would Melody Modest do if she was real, and sitting on this couch? She tried to think.

She opened her eyes and found the donkey with the camera, holding the lens steady as she aimed the device at her chest.

"Are you filming right now, Mrs. Victoria?" Tabby asked Melody's voice.

The donkey looked up from the small screen and nodded at her. Tabby looked down into the camera lens, making it clear to the older woman that she seemed to want to address the camera.

"Sometimes I like to pretend I'm someone else, and I'll ask..." She said to the camera in Melody's voice. "What would they do?"

And she put her nipple back into her mouth, thinking of Gerry. She rolled her tongue wetly around her nipple until she was sure she'd covered it in her spit, then pulled her nipples free with an audible pop, leaving her bare nipple glistening with spit and a trace of red from her lipstick.

"Is this what you would do?" Melody asked the person on the other side of the camera, then men that would be watching this at home. "Or would you be greedy?"

She thought of the times Gerry got greedy, and she pulled both breasts up to her face, slowly opening her mouth and letting herself engulf both nipples at once, awkwardly swirling her tongue around both squishy nubs like she was eagerly dissolving a hard candy. When she was finished, she popped them both out of her mouth, loudly making the popping noise for the benefit of the audience.

Then Melody looked back at the camera.

"I haven't been with very many men. I'm awfully picky." She added in her sultry tone, roughly squeezing her breasts and squishing them tightly against her chest to hug them firmly, wrapping her arms around them while her thumb and finger squeezed at her nipples.

She let go completely, with everything, and let both tits drop heavily. They shook and jiggled, and she thrust her chest out slowly for the camera, offering her tits to the crowd watching with their hungry eyes.

"Not many men have gotten a chance to show me how greedy they can get." She then told the camera.

"This is only my debut, but I feel like you want so much more, like a naughty bunch of boys that can't keep their hands to themselves." She said, then spread her legs wide, leaning back against the couch. Melody thought of what Gerry would enjoy seeing and decided to let her butt slide down to the edge of the couch, her shoulders digging into the couch cushions behind her while her huge tits hung heavily down her chest and to the side, showing a perfect happy freeway from her cunt all the way up to her red painted lips.

She lifted her legs and did that 'thing' most people didn't know she could do, because it wasn't important enough to share and she never had any reason to do it, even around Gerry.

She did the splits.

One leg up, nice, and slow, drawing the camera, and audience's attention away as the leg went to her right side until it was stuck out straight along the edge of the couch cushions, and then she did the same with the other. Melody could not have put herself on any more display as she was right now. Ah, but no, that wasn't true at all. There was still more she could show an audience full of lustful men.

"Too bad you're only watching me right now. Can you imagine what it must feel like to be the one holding the camera? To be so close to me like this?" She said, reaching out towards her knees, and touching her fingertips to her inner thighs so she could slowly tiptoe walk them back together and towards her crotch.

When her fingers reached the sides of her mound, she began to massage her pussy, just at the sides without ever touching a finger to her lips. She was acting so shameless, putting herself on such wanton display. She was Melody Modest; the keyword was being modest! She couldn't rush or be too eager. She had to practice moderation, restraint, even as she indulged herself and others.

"You boys aren't even here and yet you've gotten me to go overboard. This was only supposed to be a debut, and yet... Here I am doing things I shouldn't be doing." She scolded the camera, letting her fingers tiptoe to her labia. If only the crowd watching knew how true her words were!

Gently, slowly, she pulled her pussy apart, tugging at her delicate flesh until it was spread wide and inviting, showing everyone exactly what they'd be getting if they could ever put a ring on her finger.

"I've never let anyone ever get this far. It's a special place I reserve for only the most special of people." She practically purred as she began to stroke the sides of her cunt.

Melody wasn't just modest; she was a teaser. She knew what people wanted, had known it her entire life. Every day the stares, the wide eyes, the lustful glances. She knew all too well how many people desired her, how many more felt envy in their hearts, that scorching burn of jealousy. She'd long since learned how to hide it all, to mask it well, act as if it was nothing at all. Every piece of her that inspired sinful thoughts had been buried behind the chaste face and attire of a good woman who knew better.

But now Melody was the one sitting on this couch and giving it all up, but only on camera. No one was allowed to touch her, especially not allowed to stroke her petals, much like what her fingers were doing right now. They could only dream of what it would be like, just like they'd all dreamed of before when she'd walk through life feeling the lingering gazes of passersby.

"How do you think I feel? So nice and soft, so inviting." She said, using one hand to begin stroking her pussy across her clit, one finger to either side so everyone could see her gently rubbing her delicate and sensitive nub.

She lifted her other hand up to a breast and grabbed herself around a nipple, squeezing with her full hand before switching to just using her fingers on a nipple.

"Pretend you're here with me." She shut her eyes and began to masturbate herself more vigorously, fully intent on bringing herself to orgasm, popping her cork for the first time on camera and giving all these men what they came for.

She bit her lip and let herself moan, unfiltered, hugging her tits with one arm while she mauled her cunt with the other. No holding back, it was just her on this couch, pleasing herself for the eyes of others. Melody was alone after all; she didn't need to be too chaste! Chastity was when she was with someone else, someone that needed to be made to wait until she was ready to offer herself up to them. Giving her partner a lovely, juicy reward for being someone so special that she'd let them fuck her.

Normally, Gerry wouldn't be there in front of her, squatting down to gawk and stare as she fingered herself. His way was to pounce her, kiss her, to cram his thick cock up under her tail and make her scream and shout and he ruined her asshole with his lust. Melody had to tolerate having only her fingers today, finding her own pleasure all by her lonesome for the amusement of others.

She tilted her head back, quickening her pace with her hand as she clung tightly to her tit with the other. Faster and faster, she let go of her lower lip to let out a husky groan of pleasure as she rapidly approached her peak, imaging Gerry throwing her down to the couch, pressing her face into the cushions as she shoved himself inside her. Just the thought of Gerry making her his, giving her everything she wanted from a man, got her off hard.

She shouted in climax, a loud melody that surprised everyone in the room except Gerry, the donkey only barely able to hold the camera steady, as she wasn't expecting the sudden explosion of volume as the vixen on the couch howled out an orgasm. And then Melody smiled, the shuddering climax ripping through her body unleashing the biggest explosion of them all as her cunt tensed up, squirting violently.

This was the part that embarrassed her most, but Melody wasn't the sort of woman that would ever be embarrassed. She was too confident, so when she finally felt her body calm down, relaxing against the couch from the intensity of her orgasm she just happily patted and slapped her pussy, like she was telling it that it'd done such a good job.

She opened her eyes and looked at the camera, saw it dripping wet with the donkey behind it staring blankly at her in confusion as she too appeared to be dripping wet.

"Oh no! I'm so sorry! I've never had to warn anyone before!" Melody shouted, thankfully still in character enough to maintain her sultry voice.

"I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to do that!" Tabby said in her own voice, dropping the act, pulling her knees back together so she could rise to her feet, shooting a look at Gerry to say. "Go get something!"

“Towels in the desk! In the desk!” Mrs. Victoria said, now standing up, reaching a hand up to her face to wipe at one of her cheeks before shaking her hand.

“I’m so sorry!” Tabby continued; Gerry meanwhile began hastily searching the desk until he produced a plain white bath towel.

“It’s ok! It’s ok! I’ve been pelted with worse and by much more, honey! Calm down!” The donkey tried to say, taking the towel from Gerry to start dabbing her face with it.

“Honestly, I should have known better, but I was so caught up with filming that I didn’t consider that I might be in the blast zone.” Mrs. Victoria told her, drying her face off a little more before beginning to dab the towel over the camera.

Melody Modest was gone now, 100% evaporated into mist as Tabitha Carmichael stood there naked and nervous even though Gerry was coming around to comfort her by putting his arms around her to whisper to her that’d it’d be ok, that the lady wasn’t mad.

“Honey, honey! I said you’re fine!” Mrs. Victoria told her again, pulling Tabby, who was now on the verge of tears, away from her boyfriend with a gentle grip.

Taking the vixen by her shoulders she looked down at her firmly.

“Just shush, honey. You did a wonderful job for your first time! I was very impressed by your performance!” She continued, Tabby shutting her mouth and sucking in a deep breath through her nose. She slowly breathed hoping to calm herself down, but she was now a jittery mess that could only wring her hands.

“I wasn’t expecting you to suddenly cut loose like you did. If you can bring yourself to come back to the studio again, I think there’s a place here for you. Go, sit.” The donkey told Tabitha, and she turned and found a spot on the couch and sat.

Soon as her butt hit the cushion Mrs. Victoria joined her, keeping a polite distance while pointing up at Gerry.

“Boyfriend, sit next to her, she needs your emotional support.” She said, and Gerry sat down next to Tabitha and wrapped an arm around her back and hugged her tight.

“You did great!” He told her, rubbing her shoulders.

“Ok, so now that we’ve reached this point, I’m not going to ask you to do anything else. I think I’ve got enough footage and photos to cover anything we’d need. My editors will work their magic and turn this into something nice and polished, and then I’ll give you an update over email when it’s ready, including an estimate of when the debut will go live on our website. Would you like a copy of the final? It’s as much yours as mine, though you aren’t free to distribute it on your own, obviously.” The donkey started talking business.

“Um, I...” Tabby started, still trying to calm herself down.

“Go ahead and send it to her. She keeps a copy of all the modeling work she’s done.” Gerry spoke up on her behalf and she nodded in agreement.

“Ok, we’ll do that then. Now, a reminder that once the video goes live, we do track revenue earned per item on our website and that you’re entitled to 10% of anything your video debut brings in on top of the upfront payment of \$1,500 I’ll be giving you today. We don’t have your information on file, so we can continue this discussion in my office where I can get your banking info, and then have you paid out for today’s shoot.” She finished.

Tabby heard the number and blinked.

“\$1,500?” She asked.

“Yes, normally we pay less for a solo debut, but considering that this debut has evolved into a full performance I’m fudging the rules and giving you the standard rate for a gig. I’m proud to say that Amour & Passion does well enough in the industry to afford \$1,500 per performer on top of the revenue sharing.” Mrs. Victoria replied.

“That’s a good thing!” Gerry reassured Tabby.

“It pays better than art students, doesn’t it, honey?” The donkey asked, then stood up from the couch to offer Tabby her hand. She nodded, stunned at the reality that she was now actually going to be paid a four-figure sum! She took the woman’s hand and stood up along with Gerry.

“Get dressed, honey. We can get you sorted out in my office and then back into your day clothes where no one will be the wiser.” The donkey told her with a smile.

Tabby was paid by direct deposit, the account sending the funds being named something boring and innocuous as to allow performers some privacy about their professional activities in the sex industry. A week and a half later the debut video was finalized by the editing team, and then a download link was sent to Tabitha’s email address for her private copy. After Victoria Hamilton settled on a date for the video the drop, Tabby was notified of when to expect, and then all that was left was to wait.

The debut hit the website and was quickly viewed and shared by the fans of Amour & Passion. Shockingly, despite being a shorter video, it proved to be very popular with the two biggest points of praise being directed at Melody Modest’s enormous tits, and that the video had an authentic and humor ending by squirting all over the camera lens, and presumably the cameraman. The top comment was ‘God I wish that was me’.

The author had delivered the goods, and Tabitha Carmichael was now a porn star.