

Tabitha was glad the art class she volunteered for fit snugly into her weekly schedule. She'd been asked very nicely by one of the professors that taught it if she could start modeling for him weekly, since one of his previous models was going to graduate this year and was too busy with their senior coursework to take time away to model. Tabitha didn't mind it at all! She couldn't turn away the money, and she had come to really enjoy modeling for artists.

Modelling was basically her full-time job now that she'd quit her job as a cashier and was spending all her extra time doing photoshoots. She'd posed for so many photoshoots and artists now that it was like second nature. The vixen was now making more money by doing less work, which gave her more time for her studies and let her spend more time with her boyfriend.

She quietly walked up the steps of the art building and through the large glass entry doors. There was student artwork hung all over the walls for display, and she knew she had enough time to spare to admire the different pieces of art her fellow classmen had made. The art was all landscape paintings from one of the painting professors, whom she thought she knew. She'd modeled for a figuring painting class two or three times before.

Today she was modeling for a figure drawing course, and she'd arrived early. Dressed in her most modest dress she wouldn't have looked too out of place at all if she'd been at church. Slung over her shoulder was her purse and a small duffel bag she used to carry around her modeling equipment. It felt silly calling it equipment since all she had in the bag was a rolled-up bath robe and a spare change of clothing in case she needed to wear something different than what she arrived in.

Generally, she posed nude or in her underwear. The professors she'd modeled for never told her what to wear apart from requesting nude if possible. When she'd first started modeling for the art students, she'd done so with her underwear at first, out of her modesty and her guilty conscience. What would Jesus think, that sort of thing. It embarrassed her a lot more back then than it did now.

Today, she was prepared to model however the professor wanted her to. She'd elected to wear a very plain light blue dress with a white button-down blouse over it. She looked positively pleasant, she thought! Under that she wore her usual modest plain white underwear, but in her duffel bag she had more interesting items. She liked keeping a fancier pair of lingerie in the bag along with a spare change of socks in case the classroom floor was especially dirty. She usually went barefoot, but sometimes the floors were so nasty with charcoal soot she'd pull her socks on to walk the floor and then take them off once she was ready to be posed in the middle of the classroom.

As she made her way down the halls towards room 122, she wondered if her other outfit items were good for figure drawing. Her bag wasn't that big so she could put everything she'd want in there, but there was enough room for a black tank top and short skirt. That was her 'sexy' option in case the professor seemed to have something more modern or risqué planned for his students. She was ready for anything, or so she hoped. If she was a good model, they'd keep asking her to come, and she'd keep getting that extra money!

"Good afternoon, Tabby! I'm glad you could make it." The professor greeted her in his classroom. There were already a few other students in place, some she'd seen before in other classes, but had never spoken to. It was weird knowing so many of her fellow classmates had seen her naked and yet hardly knew anything more than her nickname.

"Hello! I'm glad to be here. I know I'm a bit early, but do you mind if I go ahead and get ready?" She asked him.

He told her he didn't mind at all, but before she wandered off behind the wooden partition erected in the corner of the classroom, she asked him what he planned on having her do today.

"I'll start them with some warmup gestures before switching over to long poses for the rest of the period. Could you model nude for us, or near to it?"

"Of course, I don't mind." She smiled, and quietly stepped behind the partition that was the model's changing room. She quickly stripped, feeling upbeat about the work she was about to do, patiently folding her dress neatly before letting it come to rest in the seat of a folding chair. Her underwear quickly joined it, along with her purse and duffle bag.

She pulled her bathrobe out of the duffel bag and slipped it on, cinching the drawstring belt so the robe was tightly shut to preserve her modesty. Leaving her socks on she padded out into the classroom and moved to the center of the room where a low table sat. It was a few feet wide on all sides and only stood about two feet off the floor with a small wooden box next to it for use as a step stool.

Tabitha stepped up onto the table and sat down in the middle to make herself comfortable, making sure her robe didn't have any malfunctions that would break the illusion of her modesty. It was hard for a vixen like her to be modest when the Lord had blessed the women in her family with so much. Now that she was off the floor she slipped out of her socks and folded them neatly and sat them down on one of the table's far corners.

When the class was due to start in five minutes the majority of the students piled in all at once. By the time the professor shut the door and locked it they were a few minutes past the hour with the professor explaining to everyone to get ready for some warm up sketches. Seeing everyone here left Tabitha feeling a bit more comfortable since there were more familiar faces now than when she'd first arrived. She noted a zebra whose face she could recall, and a donkey named Brandon who she remembered drawing her really well in a previous class, and then a beagle whose name she couldn't remember but he was really talented, too. Most of these artists were probably very talented, since this wasn't a freshman course.

The professor asked her to stand up so they could begin, and she did, untying her belt and letting the robe drop from her shoulders and onto the table. Once nude, she didn't feel any embarrassment or shame. She was in a comfortable place now, and soon there would be lovely art being made from her and she was proud of that. The professor gave her the freedom to do any pose she liked, and laid a broom stick down on the table next to her in case she wanted to use it as a prop.

Not for her first pose, so she moved her body into an S curve with weight on one leg and her arms up lifted, hands behind her head and clasped together. It was an easy pose, but the professor didn't complain and started an egg timer. Once the class began to draw with their pencils, she shut her eyes and zoned out to the white noise of graphite scratching across paper. For the next ten minutes eighteen pencils rendered a loose gesture of her body on the page, capturing the essence of her pose, and when the timer buzzed she relaxed and the artist all hurried to finish their last strokes.

He had her do two more poses, and once they were done the professor felt the class was sufficiently warmed up for longer drawings, and so she steeled herself for her first hour long pose and picked up the broomstick and started thinking of how to use it.

She stood it upright and held it at the top so she could rest her chin over it, again shifting her weight to one leg and bending her free leg at the knee and drawing it close to the other. She was trying to create a pose that did more with her legs and arched her back a little, letting her heavy breasts hang naturally beneath her chest without obscuring them with her arms. Some of the students wouldn't get a clear view of all of her, since they were arrayed around her in a circle, but even the student sitting directly behind her would surely still catch the sides of her breasts. She was too busty to ever hide them with only a back turned.

Her pose was almost agonizing to maintain, with too much of her weight, and all of her breasts, putting an enormous amount of strain on her hands and chin as she clung to the broomstick. When the timer started buzzing, she was so relieved, and instantly broke the pose and shook out her hands, vowing not to do that one again. The professor gave her a few minutes to rest, and she asked if she could do a seated pose, and he agreed. He brought her a small folding stool and popped it open and handed it to her on the table. The petite stool was awfully small for a rump as wide as hers, but she could balance on it just fine. It felt good to sit and give her legs a break.

She had an idea for a new pose that might be interesting to draw, and so she reached back behind her head and started undoing her braided hair. Once she was finished, she shook it out and started braiding it again like she did every morning, but stopped herself halfway and assumed an elegant pose with her hands holding her hair over her shoulder, frozen in time like she was doing her morning routine.

"Ready to go again, Tabby?" The professor asked, and she nodded, and the egg timer was set again.

The second hour went by much easier than the first with her staring down at her hands as she pretended to braid her hair, blinking every now and then to keep her eyes from getting dry. When the timer buzzed again to signal that the pose was done, she finished her braid then tossed it back behind her. She'd been modeling nude for two and half hours now, so she expected another 30 to 45 minutes before class was let out.

The professor gave her a few minutes to rest while he prowled the classroom and checked over the work his students had done. He'd already been making rounds in a circle around the class checking on them as they worked, but now he appeared to be instructing them on what to do with it all.

"Tabby, how about we do a fifteen-minute pose. I'd like you to pick a pose, then after five minutes I'll tell you to change to a new pose. You'll do three quick poses."

"Ok!" she replied, and decided to stand, picking up the stool and setting it down next to the table, being careful not to tip over as she leaned down to sit the stool on the floor. Her top-heavy figure left her vulnerable to gravity far too often.

When she was back to standing in the middle of the table, she shook herself out and stretched, not minding the way her body moved in front of a crowd with the breasts swaying the most actively. It was just how her body had been sculpted, and she wasn't ashamed of it anymore.

She started her first pose by mimicking a curtsy with a hand on her hip with the other resting atop her bare breast. The timer was set for fifteen minutes and after the first five the professor told her to change, so she quickly shifted from a curtsy to a yoga pose she'd seen before, legs spread, and arms outstretched. After another five minutes she was asked to change again and she dropped into her final position for the afternoon, which left her hands clasped behind her head with the vixen standing on one foot while she lifted her leg up and bent it at the knee, leaving her struggling to keep her balance as her breasts threatened to leave her tipping over.

When the cooldown session was done the professor thanked her and told her that she was done for the day and could dress. Tabby picked her socks up off the table and slipped them on but didn't bother putting her robe back on. She'd been naked in front of the class for nearly three hours, so it didn't matter if they saw her nude for another couple of seconds as she made her way back to the wooden partition.

Once she was dressed again, she stepped back out and sat down next to the professor's desk by the door. She wanted to watch as the students all pinned their drawings up on the far wall. The professor was overheard telling the students to put on the wall both hour long drawings, the cooldown, and their favorite warm up drawing of the three she had posed for at the start of the class. When they finished pinning everything up on the wall there was an awful lot of Tabitha Carmichael on display.

She liked seeing all the artwork of her! Each set of four drawings was unique, drawn by a different artist and from a different angle. It was delightful. She sat and watched the professor go over everyone's work, encouraging critique and giving praise where it was due. Tabitha wasn't an artist so she couldn't do anything like what she was seeing on the wall, so it all looked wonderful to her.

When they were done the professor made sure she was paid the thirty dollars she was owed, and she had to ask the students if she could take photos of the drawings before they took them down off the wall. She was allowed to, and she quickly snapped photos of every set of art with her phone before thanking them all and stepping aside to gather the last of her belongings to leave.

She'd done a good job today, and she could look more closely at the artwork once she was back home in her dorm. Tabitha wished she'd started taking photos of it all when she first started modeling but she'd been too shy and feeling guilty over it at the time. She had a lot of growing to do before she reached this point.

The vixen stopped by the cork board in the front lobby to see if there was anything for her on the board. Sometimes professors and students would pin want ads on the board for modeling gigs, and so she liked to see if there was something she could do. There was a new paper pinned to the board, and it was a nice image of four glamorous looking people, two men and two women. It was a simple want ad for models but didn't look like it was for anything related to the college. At the bottom were some tear off slips with a phone number and the name of the studio that posted the ad.

"Amour & Passion." She whispered the name of the studio before reaching up to tear off one of the slips. She wasn't the first one to do so, since half the slips were now gone. It was an ad, but you had to call them to inquire about an interview. She could do that, feeling curious as to what sort of modeling it would be for. They certainly had a better name for their studio than many of

their other places she'd modeled for. They were usually so sterile with bland names, but Amour & Passion sounded much more interesting!

As she walked home, she sent her boyfriend a text to let him know that she'd finished up her modeling and asked if he wanted to meet up on campus later in the evening to have dinner. Since it was getting late, she could call the studio tomorrow to see about that interview, but she was in good spirits so felt confident things would go well for her!