

Doctoral Studies, Part 9: Doubt

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Written by R.A. Blackpaws

(The last week of the third term...Friday...9 PM)

...

"Out!" Brenda yelled, slamming her card on the stack.

Dan stared in shock. "Again?"

Shari just flipped her cards onto the table. "Three straight hands..."

Brenda smiled. "Just lucky, I guess." She held up the scorepad.

"Thirty," Dan said.

"Eleven," Ariel muttered, sliding her cards to the center.

"Seventy-two," Shari said.

"Nine," Theresa said.

Everyone looked at me...and I sighed, sliding my cards in.

"One-o-four," I said solemnly.

"Ouch," Shari winced.

I nodded...then looked at Brenda. "So...who do I go home with?"

Brenda tallied the figures...then looked up, surprised.

"Ariel," she said.

"What?" both Ariel and Theresa yowled.

Brenda looked over the numbers again...then nodded.

"Ariel had the lowest score...by one point," the black rabbit stated.

I looked over at Ariel, who actually seemed disappointed that she'd won.

"You...wanna help me pack?" I asked her.

The grey wolf nodded...and silently got up, following me into the bedroom.

...

(Half an hour later)

...

"Ariel, you've been kinda quiet all night," I said as I followed her into her apartment. "Is something wrong?"

She walked over to the worn brown couch and sat down, silently.

"Ariel?" I asked as I sat next to her...then froze as the grey wolf started crying.

"Ryan...Ryan and I...broke up," she said, tears falling into her fur.

"Oh, God..." I breathed. "Why?"

"*sniff* I...I caught him...with another woman..." she said. "I...I went down to the gym, to surprise him...and there he was, in the therapy room...having sex with a hot young squirrel..."

I rested a paw on one of hers...then pulled her close, letting her cry on me.

"I'm so sorry, Ariel," I said...then winced as she hugged me back, squeezing my ribs.

...

A few minutes later, she stopped crying...and I patted her back.

"Now, what should I do first, hmm?" I asked.

She looked at me, confused.

"To help you get over him," I said. "You won me, remember...so I can do anything you want." I smiled. "Except have sex, that is. That's..."

"...not an option," Ariel finished...then sighed. "To be honest, Rob, I just wanna go to bed."

"Together?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No...you sleep in the bed. I think I'll just crash here."

"Ariel, it's your house..." I said. "Take the bed. I can sleep on the couch."

She shook her head. "You're the guest, you get the bed."

"But, that's not fair to you, Ari..."

I fell silent...as one of her paws clamped over my entire muzzle.

"I won you...that means you do what I say," Ariel pointed out. "Take the bed."

She let go of my muzzle...and I looked at her, debating whether or not to argue the point...

...then decided not to...and hung my head.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said...and shuffled off to her room.

...
(Around 1 AM)

...
The apartment door opened, silhouetting a lean form for a few seconds before the door slid silently shut.

The newcomer lurched around the living room...and staggered down the hall toward the bedroom.

It paused for a second...then slowly opened the door and crept inside, sliding into the bed next to the occupant...

...and began fondling it, gently, under the covers.

...
"Oooh...Ari..."

Ariel's ears twitched at the sound, rousing her from her slumber on the couch.

"Ari...I'm suh-sorry..."

Is that...Ryan's voice?

The grey wolf looked around the living room.

Aside from her, no one else was there.

If he's not here...then...

Her eyes went wide.

Oh, fuck!

She sprang off the couch and ran to the bedroom, flicking the light on as she slammed the door open.

"Hey! Turnnoudatlight!" a male voice slurred.

Ariel looked...

...at the brown and white furred ferret, slowly rubbing its eyes with a paw...

...and the red and white furred fox, who fell out of the bed at the sound of the door.

"Ryan, what the hell are you doing?" Ariel barked.

The ferret blinked a few times...then looked up at her.

"Ari? Izzat..." he began...then thought for a sec. "If dat's you...then who...?"

He looked off to the side of the bed...

...and saw a female red and white furred fox slowly get up, obviously still half-asleep.

He looked from the fox...to Ariel...and slowly staggered out of the bed.

"You fuggin dyke!" he screamed. "I'm not gone a week an you've got some dyke in your bed!"

Ariel inhaled...and felt her blood stir a bit.

He's drunk...figures.

"Who I sleep with is none of your business, Ryan," she replied. "We aren't a couple anymore."

"That's right!" Ryan snapped. "I ain't beddin a fuggin dyke!"

...

Dyke? What the hell...?

I shook myself awake...and spotted Ariel standing in the doorway, arguing with some ferret.

"No. You'll just bed anything else with a pulse...like that squirrel I caught you with at the gym, right?" Ariel asked.

I saw the ferret clench his right paw.

"I'll show you, you..." he began.

I clamped a paw over his wrist.

"Hey, now look...there's no need for..." I began.

"Get off me you **dyke!**" he yelled, shoving me back.

I fell backwards...

...then felt my head hit something, causing all sorts of colors to flash in my eyes...

...then it all went black.

...

Ariel watched as the fox's head hit the nightstand...then saw the fox slump to the floor...and lie still.

No...

Ariel balled her paw into a fist...and glared at Ryan.

"That's one down..." he said...and turned around...

...then went flying over the bed, after Ariel's fist slammed into his muzzle.

He bounced off the dresser, hit his head on the mattress...then thudded onto the floor.

"That's for my friend," she growled...then crouched by the fox, holding it gently.

She ran a paw along its head...and felt a lump on the back of its head...

...then grabbed her cell phone, resting the fox's head on her lap.

"Hang on, Rob," Ariel said softly. "I'll get help..."

...

(An hour later)

...

Ariel watched as several gurneys went by...and squeezed the small duffel bag tightly.

Please...let him be okay...

"Ariel!"

She looked up...as Shari, Dan, Theresa and Brenda mobbed her.

“What happened?” Theresa asked, sliding next to the wolf.

Ariel hunched over, tears beginning to soak her fur.

“Ryan...Ryan came over...thought Rob was me...*sniff*...” she said. “Tried to snuggle with him...I cau-caught him...he and I...we...*sniff*...we started yelling...”

She wiped her face with the back of her paw.

“Rob...stopped him from hitting me...” Ariel said. “N’Ryan pushed him...he...he fell ‘n hit his head...”

The wolf stared at the bag on her lap.

“All the way here...all the questions the cops had...and all I could think of was making sure he had his bag,” she said...then let out a light chuckle.

“I’m sure he’ll appreciate it,” Dan said, resting his paws on top of Ariel’s.

“Miss Sanderson?”

All five of them looked up...at a brown and white collie in a set of blue doctor’s scrubs...and a grey, white and black furred female raccoon in a rust-colored three-piece suit.

“Yes?” Ariel asked.

The collie smiled.

“Your friend’s going to be just fine,” he said. “Just a slight concussion...he can go home in an hour or two.”

All five of them breathed sighs of relief.

“Good thing Rob’s got such a hard head,” Dan said, smiling.

“However...there is something we need to discuss,” the doctor said.

The five of them looked up...as the raccoon stepped forward.

“I’m Doctor Santhorn, from the psychiatric ward,” she said. “I was called down for a consult because of Mr. Blackpaws’s...condition.” She eyed all of them “Are any of you his family?”

Dan nodded. “I’m his boyfriend...and they’re friends of ours.”

The raccoon nodded. “Exactly how long has Mr. Blackpaws been taking hormones?”

“What?” Dan asked, shocked. “What are you talking about?”

“Given Mr. Blackpaws’s current physical state, I need to know how far along he is in his transition,” Doctor Santhorn stated.

“Transition?” Shari asked. “Dan, what’s she talking about?”

Dan balled his fist up, feeling his blood start to boil.

“If he’s far enough along, we just need your consent to book him for SRS,” she said...then froze...

...as Dan stuck a finger in her face.

“You listen to me, dammit!” he snapped. “My boyfriend isn’t on any hormones...he’s not transitioning...and I sure as hell am not authorizing SRS or anything else!”

“But...?” Doctor Santhorn began.

“I’ve known him for almost ten fucking years!” the snow leopard roared. “I know him a hell of a lot better than someone who just saw him today.”

Dan took a breath...then let it out, slowly.

“In addition to being his boyfriend,” he went on, “I am also a doctoral student at Ayerdale Academy...specializing in abnormal psychology...” He glared at her. “I can state, for a fact...that he is **not** a candidate for transitioning or SRS...and **that is final!**”

Doctor Santhorn flinched at the vehemence of Dan's protest...then regained her composure.

"In the event you change your mind, I have an office here," she said...then turned and left, the doctor in tow.

"Fucking bitch," Dan growled once they rounded the corner.

"Dan...what was she talking about?" Theresa asked.

Dan sighed...then sat in a chair near Ariel.

"She thought...that Rob was taking female hormones," he said. "Altering his body...preparing for a transition into womanhood." He looked up. "That SRS she mentioned...stands for sexual reassignment surgery."

Shari's eyes widened. "You mean...they wanted to...?" she began...then cupped her paws over her crotch.

Dan nodded. "If they'd done that, he'd look just like you, Shari."

The vixen swallowed...and they all were silent...until...

"Well, I can see why they'd think that," Brenda said.

Everyone looked at the black rabbit...who shrugged.

"You have to admit, he looks a **lot** like a vixen," she added.

Slowly, Dan nodded...then sighed.

"He's not transitioning..." Dan said uneasily...then shook his head. "Look, one of us should probably go see him..."

"Go, Dan," Theresa said.

The snow leopard shook his head. "I can't. I have to fill out the paperwork..."

"Ariel should go," Shari said.

The grey wolf looked up, startled.

"I'll help Dan with the paperwork..." Shari said.

"...and we'll hit the gift shop," Theresa piped in, clamping a paw over Brenda's right paw.

Ariel looked at them...sighed...then got up, still clutching the duffel bag in her paws.

...

Ariel eased the hospital room door open...and peeked inside.

Sterile white walls and white tile covered the room, forcing her gaze up...

...and she felt her heart twist at the sight of Rob's red and white furred body, resting in the lone hospital bed, eyes closed.

Slowly, Ariel padded over to the bed...and pulled a chair over to the bed...and took Rob's left paw in both of hers.

"I...I'm so sorry, Rob," she said, tears starting to fall.

...

"Ooohhh..."

I felt consciousness return very slowly...and painfully.

I winced at the starbursts behind my eyes...then felt someone above me.

"Rob?" a voice asked.

I forced my eyes open a little...and made out a blurry, grey shape above me.

"Rob? Are you okay?"

I blinked several more times...and the blurry shape slowly became a familiar grey-furred wolf's face.

“Ariel?” I asked.

She nodded, smiling...and I saw that some of her fur was glistening, like she’d been crying.

“Wha...what happened?” I asked.

“Ryan...he shoved you...and you hit your head...” she said. “I...I thought you... might’ve...”

I moved a bit...and felt pain shoot through my skull, causing my eyes to close.

“Here...let me fix the bed...”

I felt the bed slowly move into an elevated position...then the pain abated enough to where I could open my eyes...

...and saw that Ariel was the only one in the room.

“Where’s...everyone?” I asked.

“Dan and Shari are filling out your paperwork,” the wolf said. “And Brenda and Theresa are in the gift shop. They’ll be waiting for us outside.”

I looked at her...and smiled.

“Once I’m...all better...I owe you a weekend,” I said.

Her ears shot up. “Rob...no...that’s not...”

I hauled my paw up to her muzzle, silencing her...and smiled.

“I insist,” I said. “Since this one got ruined...I owe you one.”

I watched...as she slid my paw off of her muzzle...and smiled.

“Okay,” she said.

...

(Monday...around noon)

...

“Hey, hey! Look who’s finally up and about!” Theresa declared as I sat down at the table. “How’re you feeling, Rob?”

I managed a weak smile. “Still a little woozy...but other than that, okay.”

“So...does that mean you’ll be at our workout session tomorrow?” Shari asked, smirking.

I chuckled softly. “I’ll try to be there, Shari.”

I grabbed my chicken sandwich...then noticed that they were all looking at each other, uneasily.

“Something wrong?” I asked, setting down the sandwich.

All of them glanced at me...then back at each other, blushing.

“What?” I asked.

Brenda sighed...then swallowed.

“Rob...one of the doctors at the hospital said something...” she said.

“Something?” I asked, suddenly very nervous.

Brenda nodded. “She...she thought you were...transitioning...”

I blinked. “Transitioning?”

Brenda nodded again.

“Cause...of how you look...” Theresa said.

“How I look...?” I began...then remembered where I’d heard the term before.

“She...she thought...I was having a **sex change**?”

Brenda nodded...then rested her paws under her chin. “If a guy looked as you do, wouldn’t you think that?”

“Well, yeah, probably...” I said...then trailed off. “You...you guys don’t think...”

I felt paws slide over mine...and looked down...

...and saw orange paws over mine.

“Rob...”

I looked up...at Shari.

“...if you want to...go through with it...we’ll all support you,” she said.

I glanced around the table...and saw all of them nod...

...and tore my paws away from Shari’s.

“I don’t believe this...” I said, horrified. “You...you all think I’d do something like that?”

“Rob...” Theresa began.

“How could you think that?” I snapped. “You’re my friends! You’ve known me for years! How in the fuck could you think that?”

“Rob...not many guys have natural, B-cup breasts,” Brenda said.

I stared at them...feeling shocked and betrayed...

...then stormed out, tears falling into my fur.

...

Dan looked over all the paperwork from Ayerdale Hospital...and frowned.

All the tests they did...they all seem consistent with...

Chunk-clunk...**SLAM!**

Dan looked up...as Rob slammed his backpack onto the floor, looking very upset.

“Rob? What’s wrong?” Dan asked as the fox sat on the couch.

The fox ran his paws over his eyes...and Dan saw that the fur there was wet.

He slid over to the fox...and held it in his arms, patting its back tenderly.

“What happened, Rob?” Dan asked.

The fox sniffled...then coughed a bit.

“They...*sniff*...they thin...I-I’m having a sex change...” it said.

Dan tensed...as the fox looked up at him.

“They’re my friends...and they think I want a sex change,” Rob said. “They said...*sniff*...some doctor said I was transitioning...and they believed it!”

Rob pulled away and got off the couch.

“I mean, they’re my **friends**, Dan! They **know** me! How could they think that, Dan?” he asked.

Dan started to reply...then glanced at the table, where the test results were...and stayed silent.

“Dan?”

Dan felt his heart wrench at the pleading tone of the fox’s voice.

“Oh, God...you...you believe that doctor, too?”

Dan dug his paws into his legs.

“Rob...the test results...” he began.

“Fuck what their tests say!” the fox roared, the anguish clear in its voice. “You know I’m not taking any hormones or crap like that! If I were, you’d know it!”

Dan stared at the table, silent.

“Oh...you...you actually think I’m...”

The fox fell silent...and Dan forced his eyes up...

...and saw a look of complete despair on the fox's face.

Rob stared at him...eyes wide, cheekfur glistening with tears, his ears flat on his head, muzzle open, his Adam's apple bobbing...but no sound coming out.

"Rob...I..." Dan began.

"How **could** you?" the fox asked. "You...you of all people?"

Dan flinched at the pain in those words...and fell silent.

"You...you son of a bitch!"

His head shot up...as a now-furious fox glared at him.

"You, of all people...you would **know** if I was going to do that!" it snapped.

"I'd've **told** you if I was going to do that!"

"Rob...I..."

"Shut up!" the fox snapped, tears flying off its fur. "Shut up!"

It tore out of the apartment, slamming the door behind it.

Dan sat there, in stunned silence...

...then he broke down, sobbing into his paws.

...

(An hour later)

...

I...I can't believe it...

I wandered through the mall, arms wrapped tightly around myself...cheeks still wet with tears.

They...they all think I...wanna be a girl...

I ambled over to a bench and sat down, staring at the tile.

Even Dan...he...he thinks I want to be a girl...

I closed my eyes...and rested my muzzle in my paws.

What am I gonna do...

I looked up...and stared at the store in front of me: the only store in the mall I'd never been in, an upscale lingerie store called Fur-Elegance.

I stared at the store...then nodded.

Well...if they think I want to be a girl...then, dammit, I'm gonna be the sexiest girl I can be!

I dried my face as best I could...then got up and walked into the store.

...

I wandered among the racks and displays, completely mesmerized.

Wow...some of this is...

I looked at some of the racks...and picked up a pink bra with white lace on the edge...and smiled.

Dan'd flood the apartment if he saw me in this.

My smile faded monetarily...then it returned as I picked up a matching boy-cut panty.

*This isn't for him...or about him. This is for **me**.*

"Miss? Can I help you with something?" a female voice said.

I jumped, startled...then turned...and froze.

Standing there, in a blue dress...was a female skunk who could've been Llyese's twin sister...only this one didn't have the dyed headfur.

"Oh...I'm sorry if I startled you, Miss," the skunk said.

I blushed a little. "That's all right..."

She looked at the items I had in my paws...and I looked her over.

Her name badge read, "Sarah."

"Is that for your boyfriend?" Sarah asked with a wink.

I blushed, feeling my ears heat up. "No...it...it's for me..."

"Well, then...would you like to try it on?" she asked. "That way, we can make sure it fits just right."

"We?" I asked.

Sarah nodded. "Here at Fur-Elegance, we pride ourselves on our clothes. After all, everyone should have a touch of elegance in their wardrobe, right?"

I smiled, and nodded.

"Good. Now, let's make sure that fits you in all the right places," she said...and led me toward the fitting room.

...

Sarah smiled as she shut the curtain...then turned to the fox.

"Okay, why don't you take off that top and we'll slide this on," she said, taking the bra off the hanger.

She glanced up...and saw that the fox hadn't moved...and that it was blushing.

"Oh, come on, sweetie," Sarah said. "It's just us girls, here. Besides, you..."

"I'm not a girl..."

Sarah paused, surprised. "I'm sorry...what was that?"

The fox looked up...and it seemed sad. "I'm...not a girl..."

Sarah looked at the fox for a second...then smiled.

"So what? You wouldn't be the first guy I've helped try on a bra before," she said. "Now, let's see that chest of yours, hmm?"

That's right...keep your cool...he's just a customer, not some sick fuck...

She watched as the fox slid its top off...and her eyes widened at the sight of a minimizer wrapped around its chest.

With ease, the fox popped the clasps on the minimizer and slid out of it... revealing two firm, B-cup breasts.

She stared in shock for a second...then looked at the fox.

"Are you **sure** you're a guy?" Sarah asked.

The fox looked away, obviously embarrassed.

"Could...we just get this over with, please?" it asked softly.

Sarah kicked herself as the fox turned around.

*Dammit! I know some foxes get female parts...but I've never actually **seen** one before,* she thought as she slid the bra on the fox and secured the clasp.

"There...how's that feel?" she asked.

The fox looked at its reflection...and frowned.

"Feels a little loose," it said.

Sarah grabbed one of the straps...and shortened it a bit.

"Look...I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable..." she began as she fixed the first strap. "It's just that...well, you're the first fox I've seen with...those...and actually say he's a guy..." She adjusted the second strap...then stepped away. "Now?"

The fox took a breath...and Sarah looked it over.

He had a slim, athletic figure...almost an hourglass body...

She smiled.

And a nice ass, she thought.

"Feels...very cozy," the fox said. "Thank you."

Sarah smiled and nodded. "Y'know...a lot of girls would kill for a figure like yours..." She chuckled. "I just can't believe you're a guy..."

She looked up...and fell silent at the flash of sadness that crossed the fox's face.

Then, it turned away, ears drooping.

"Yeah...I've heard that a lot, today," it said softly...then undid the clasp and slid out of the bra. "I'll take the set," it said, securing the minimizer back across its chest and sliding the top back on.

Then, silently...it picked up the bra and panty...and slid out of the fitting room.

Dammit, I did it again! I can't believe I was that stupid!

Sarah looked up as the fox stepped up to the register...and sighed.

...

"Hey! Wait a sec!"

I froze at the entrance to the store, and glanced back...

...as the skunk from the fitting room walked over to me.

"I...was a real jerk in there..." she said, "and...I wanted to say...I'm sorry."

I shut my eyes...and looked away.

"You look like you need someone to talk to," she said. "How about you wait here, okay?"

I looked at her, confused.

Why does she want to talk to me? Her job's done...

Then I looked at her eyes...and saw actual concern there.

"Wait here, okay?" she asked again.

Stunned a bit, I nodded...and she headed for the counter.

...

"Zhierrah, can you and Keiko handle things for a bit?" Sarah asked as she grabbed her purse.

The orange-furred tigress looked up at her. "Sure...but why?"

"I've got some personal business to take care of," the skunk said. "I'll be back in a couple of hours, okay?"

Zhierrah nodded. "All right, Boss."

"Thanks, Z," Sarah said...then walked off.

Zhierrah watched as Sarah walked up to a red and white furred vixen...and walked off with her, chatting away.

The tigress smiled.

Personal business, huh?

...

"Look...I really am sorry for how I acted in the fitting room," Sarah said as we sat at a table. "It's just..."

"I know...and it's okay," I replied...then fell silent.

"I guess...a lot of people have hurt you...cause of your..." She pointed at my chest.

I nodded...and sighed.

"The worst...was today," I said. "I'd been in the hospital over the weekend...and one of the doctors said that I was..."

"Ladies, are we ready to...ohmiGod! Rob, is that **you**?"

I looked up...and saw a familiar gold cheetah with black spots...and nodded.

"Hi, Thomas," I said sullenly.

The cheetah looked at me...then frowned. "Where's the rest of the gang?"

I sighed, looking away.

"Uh-oh...that bad, huh?" he asked.

I nodded. "Yeah..."

He patted my shoulder, tenderly. "I'll get you one of your comforters, okay?"

I patted his paw. "Make it a double."

"A double?" he asked...then nodded. "Okay...but I wanna know what caused this, okay?"

I nodded...and he looked at Sarah. "And for you?"

"I'll try one of those comforters...but a single for me," she said.

Thomas nodded...then patted my paw. "I'll be back after I drop your order off."

He scampered away...and I blushed a little.

"I take it you've done this before," Sarah said.

I sighed...and nodded...then Thomas flopped into the chair between us.

"Okay, Rob, spill," he said. "What happened?"

I sighed...and stared at the table.

"I got sent to the hospital over the weekend," I said. "One of the docs there told them...that they thought I was transitioning..." I took a breath and clenched my paws, "and...they all believed it."

"No way...even Dan?" Thomas asked.

"Who's Dan?" Sarah asked.

"My boyfriend...of ten years," I said. "Even...even he thought I was...doing it..."

"Oh...Jesus, Rob...I..." Thomas said. "I can't believe...even Dan..." He patted my paw...and got up. "I'm gonna go speed that order up, okay?"

I nodded...and he took off.

"I...I had no idea..." Sarah began.

I looked at the table, eyes shut.

"My boyfriend...all of my friends...they don't believe me..." I rasped...then felt tears hit my cheekfur.

A set of paws held mine, gently...and I looked up, to see Sarah looking at me.

"I believe you, Rob," she said.

I looked at her, surprised. "You do?"

The skunk nodded. "I do...and, if your friends don't believe you, then maybe they're not good friends."

I sighed. "No...they're good people...so's Dan...it's just so rare for a fox to...well, be like me..."

"Sure is," Sarah said, pulling her arms away. "If you hadn't told me, I'd've thought you were a vixen, Rob."

I blushed, my ears turning pink.

“So...aside from home, where else do you...” she paused, searching for the right words, “dress up?”

“Um...with my friends, mostly...” I said.

Her eyes narrowed. “They don’t **make** you do it, do they?”

“No...but I kinda **have** to...” I said.

“Why?” Sarah asked.

I sipped my water. “I’m a cheerleader at Ayerdale Academy.”

“So? That doesn’t require you to dress up,” the skunk said. “Plenty of schools have male cheerleaders...”

“Not mine,” I said.

She looked at me...then her eyes went wide. “You mean...?”

I nodded.

“In...in front of crowds? With all those stunts?”

I nodded again...then smiled.

“Been told...I look pretty good in the uniform,” I said.

“I’ll bet,” she said, chuckling...then looked at me. “I know this’s gonna sound really sudden...but how’d you like to work at Fur-Elegance?”

My eyes shot wide open. “Are you **serious**?”

“Yes, I am,” Sarah said. “I think you’d be perfect for the store...” She smiled.

“And, it’d give you somewhere a little lower-risk to dress up.”

I stared at her, shocked. “But...I’d need to change clothes...”

“Use the office in the back...or one of the fitting rooms,” she said.

I looked at the table...and thought for a second.

“There’s also a twenty-percent discount for employees,” Sarah said.

I took a sip of my water...then looked at her.

“Who do I talk to about an interview?” I asked.

She smiled. “I **own** Fur-Elegance, Rob. There is no interview.” She leaned forward. “So...what do you say?”

I took a breath...let it out...then nodded.

“Okay...but I can only work a couple of days a week...” I said.

“Not a problem,” she said...then extended her right paw. “Welcome to the Fur-Elegance staff...Robbi.”

I chuckled...and shook her paw. “Thanks...Boss.”

“And, here we are,” Thomas said...setting down two hot fudge and butterscotch sundaes in front of us...then sitting back down. “So, what’d I miss?”

I stuck my spoon into the sundae. “Not much...I just accepted a job at Fur-Elegance, that’s all.” I popped the spoonful into my mouth.

Thomas’s eyes widened. “Are you **serious**?” He looked at Sarah. “Is he **serious**?”

Sarah nodded, her eyes never leaving the sundae.

“Is this...?” she asked, pointing at the sundae.

I nodded, sticking my spoon back into the sundae.

“Hot fudge and butterscotch sundae,” Thomas said. “We call it “The Comforter” cause a lot of people order it after having a break-up or something...” He pointed at me. “Rob’s ordered about ten in the time I’ve worked here.”

Sarah looked at me...then smiled. “When can you start?” she asked, dipping her spoon in and taking a bite.

I dipped my spoon back in. "Wednesday, okay? Say...noon to six?"
She nodded...then moaned.
"Oh, God!" she declared, the spoon still in her mouth. "This is wonderful!"
"The sundae?" I asked.
She nodded, slowly pulling the spoon out of her mouth...then diving back into the sundae, taking a big spoonful up.
"Think it's done its job," Thomas said, smiling.
Both Sarah and I nodded...and proceeded to devour our sundaes.
...
(6 PM)
...
I sighed as I opened the door to our apartment, the bag from Fur-Elegance in my paw.
A job...in a lingerie store...
I chuckled at the thought as I shut the door...
...then felt something latch onto me, resting on my waist.
"Oh, God, Rob! I'm so sorry!"
I looked down...and saw Dan crouched on the floor, his arms wrapped around my legs, head on my waist, bawling his eyes out.
"I'm so-sorry!" he wailed. "I...*sniff*...I should've listened to you...should...
snort...should've believed you. I'm so sor-or-reeee!"
I looked at him...and sank to the floor, holding him close...and crying as well.
...
Dan sniffled...then looked up at Rob, his ears flat.
"Can...can you forgive me?" he mewled softly.
The fox smiled...and ran a paw along the snow leopard's head.
"Of course I can," he said...then frowned. "And...I'm sorry I blew up..."
Dan shook his head. "No, I deserved it...you were absolutely right about it. Fuck that shrink and her ideas about you."
He slid his paws over Rob's...and his ears twitched when he heard paper crinkle.
"What the...?" Dan asked, pulling the fox's paws up...and seeing the pink bag in its paw. "Fur-Elegance? You went **there**?"
The fox blushed. "I thought...that since everyone thought I should be a girl...I should at least look good..."
Dan frowned...then hugged the fox.
"I love you just the way you are...boobs, cock and all," he said. "Don't you dare change a thing!"
The fox nodded. "Okay," he said.
Dan let go...and smiled at the fox. "So...can I see what you bought?"
"Don't you want to hear the rest?" Rob asked.
"Rest? What rest?" Dan asked.
Rob smiled. "I got a job."
Dan's eyes went wide. "A job? Why? Where?"
"Well, a little extra cash won't hurt," Rob said. "As for where..." He fell silent...and held up the bag.
Dan stared in shock.

“No...fucking...**WAY!**” he declared. “You’re working at Fur-Elegance?”
The fox nodded. “I start Wednesday.”
“H-how...?” Dan asked.
The fox got up...and Dan followed it to the couch.
“Well, I was pretty upset after...” the fox said.
Dan nodded.
“So, I went in there...and found this,” he held up the bag. “One of the salespeople offered to let me try it on...we got to talking...and it turned out she was the owner...”
Rob smiled. “She offered me a job there...and I accepted.”
“You’re...you’re working...at Fur-Elegance...” Dan said.
Rob nodded. “There is one catch, though...”
Dan looked up.
“I have to stay “dressed up” as a girl at work,” the fox said.
Dan’s eyes widened. “You mean...you have to be a girl there?”
Rob nodded. “I just bring a change of clothes and switch there...then go to work.”
Dan exhaled...then took the fox’s paws in his. “You...want to do this?”
Rob nodded...then smiled.
“Besides...employees get a twenty-percent discount...and I saw something there you’d look great in,” Rob said.
Dan flashed a smile...and held up the bag.
“I’d like to see **this**, first,” he said.
Both of them laughed...then gently kissed each other.
...
(Wednesday...11:50 AM)
...
Sarah sighed as she waited outside the front doors of Fur-Elegance.
Where is he? she thought.
“Morning, Boss,” a light voice said from behind her.
She turned around...and spotted Rob standing there, clad in blue jeans and a green top, a duffel bag under his right arm.
“Morning, Rob,” the skunk said, opening the door and stepping inside, the fox right behind her.
“So...are you ready for your first day?” Sarah asked.
The fox smiled and patted the duffel bag. “Just need to change.”
“Well, let’s go to the back then,” the skunk said, sliding a paw around the fox’s shoulders.
...
“Hey, Zhierrah?”
The tigress looked up at the cream-furred, seal-point Siamese. “Yeah?”
“Isn’t that the same fox from Monday?” the Siamese asked. “The one Sarah left with?”
The tigress looked up...and saw their boss escorting a red and white furred, black-pawed vixen to the back of the store, the two of them gabbing like old friends.
“Sure looks like her, Keiko,” Zhierrah rumbled. “Wonder who she is?”
Keiko leaned on the counter, a sly smirk on her face.
“Maybe the boss’s wanting some fun before work?” the feline asked.

Zhierrah snorted derisively.

"We'll just find out the same way we always do," the tigress said.

Keiko let out a purring chuckle.

"Grill her till she talks," they said in unison...then giggled.

...

"All right...let's see how you do this," Sarah said, parking herself on the bench in the fitting room.

"Do what?" I asked.

"Pass for a vixen," the skunk said.

My eyes went wide. "You mean...in front of you?"

She nodded...and I sighed.

"Guess this's my initiation, huh?" I asked, chuckling.

She nodded, smiling.

...

Sarah watched as the fox slid off its green top...revealing the same slim body she saw on Monday...and smiled.

*God, I wish I had his body, she thought. He probably **lost** weight after eating that sundae.*

Then, she looked at the fox's chest...and noticed that its breasts were being supported by the same pink bra he'd bought Monday.

"Wearing our product, I see," she commented.

The fox shrugged. "Thought it was a good idea," he said...then slid out of his jeans.

Sarah stared at the fox's lean, toned legs...and sighed.

"Man, I wish I had your figure, Rob," she said.

The fox let out an embarrassed chuckle...then unzipped the duffel bag...

...and Sarah noticed the matching panties the fox was wearing...and the lack of a bulge in the front of the panties.

"Um...how do you...er..." she began.

The fox looked up...and she pointed at its groin.

"Oh...I just...y'know...tuck it under," he said, his cheekfur turning pink. "And I wear a pad...just in case..."

He reached into the bag...and pulled out a knee-length black skirt, which he promptly slid on...

...then a light pink, short-sleeved top...

...and finally, a black, three-quarter sleeve wrap sweater...and smiled.

"Well?" he asked, turning a slow circle.

Sarah stared, amazed.

"Good God..." the skunk said...then met the fox's gaze. "You really could be a vixen, Rob."

The fox let out a slight giggle...then looked at her.

"Shall we?" he asked, pointing at the exit.

"Hold on...I almost forgot," Sarah said, reaching into her pocket.

...

I looked as she slid something small out of her pocket...then placed something into my paw.

I looked...and saw a Fur-Elegance name badge...a gold oval with silver script inside it.

Then, I blinked.

It read, "Robbi. Sales Associate."

"Hope you don't mind..." Sarah asked.

I shook my head...and attached the name badge to the left side of my sweater.

"Ready?" Sarah asked.

I nodded...and we walked out of the room, onto the sales floor.

...

"Girls, I'd like to present the newest member of the Fur-Elegance family," Sarah said...then gestured at the fox. "This is Robbi. Robbi, this is Zhierrah and Keiko."

Sarah watched...as the fox blushed slightly.

"Hello," it said softly.

"Hi, Robbi," Keiko said. Zhierrah simply nodded.

"All right. Let's get the doors open." Sarah looked up...and saw a customer waiting outside, a svelte white malamute.

"Robbi, why don't you..." she began...then paused...

...as the fox walked over to the doors, opened them...and greeted the malamute warmly.

...

(An hour later)

...

Keiko watched as Robbi escorted a tan and white vixen to the fitting room...and chuckled.

"She's pretty good, isn't she Zhierrah?" the Siamese asked.

The tigress looked at the fox...and nodded.

"She's good..." Zhierrah said.

Sarah walked up to the counter, smiling.

"So...what do you think of Robbi?" the skunk asked, leaning on the counter.

"She's pretty good, Sarah," Keiko said admiringly. "She's practically handled every guest herself."

Sarah nodded...and looked at Zhierrah.

The tigress met her gaze...then smiled.

"She's good..." Zhierrah stated. "Very good."

Sarah smiled.

"Yes...he sure is," the skunk said.

Zhierrah and Keiko looked at her, shocked.

"No way...Robbi's a guy?" Keiko asked.

Sarah nodded.

"Uh-uh," Zhierrah said. "She can't be a guy. Not with that body."

"Yeah...you're pulling our legs, Sarah," Keiko declared.

Sarah flashed a smirk.

"Twenty bucks says he is," Sarah said.

"You're on," Keiko said...and Zhierrah nodded.

"All right. We'll ask him after closing," the skunk said.

...

(6:05 PM)

...

I breathed a sigh of relief...and wiped my eyes with the back of my paw.

Whoo-ee! What a first day!

I walked over to the counter...and the three ladies at it...and smiled.

"So, Boss...how'd I do?" I asked.

Sarah smiled. "Outstanding. Right, girls?"

Both the Siamese and the tigress nodded...and I blushed a little.

"Thanks, Boss," I said...then sighed. "Well, I guess I'd better go change..."

"Just a second, Robbi..."

I tensed, staring at Zhierrah.

The tigress looked at me, studying me intently for a few seconds...then she asked, "Robbi...are you a guy?"

"Whu-what?" I asked, looking at Sarah.

The skunk smiled.

"We have a bet going as to whether you're a guy or a girl," she said...then nodded.

I took a deep breath...shut my eyes...and nodded.

"Yeah...I'm a guy," I said.

"No way," Keiko said. "You can't be..."

"I don't believe it," Zhierrah said...then looked at Sarah. "Is this true?"

The skunk nodded. "His name's Rob...and he's one of those foxes that got some female qualities at puberty."

Keiko looked at me...then slid around the counter...and stood in front of me, looking me over.

Then, she slid a paw under my skirt, feeling my groin...

...and I watched as her eyes widened in shock.

"You **are** a guy," she declared.

Zhierrah shook her head. "No way. No fucking way."

Keiko looked at the tigress. "It's true. There's a cock there...not a pussy."

"Told you," Sarah said...then held out her paw. "Pay up."

Keiko slid a twenty onto the counter...and Zhierrah reluctantly did the same.

The skunk smiled...and reached for the cash...

...until I put a paw over the bills, causing her to look up at me, confused.

"I think these are mine," I said, smirking. "After all...you cheated."

"What?" Zhierrah asked. Keiko looked at me, whiskers twitching.

I nodded. "She knew I was a guy before today. I actually told her while I was trying on clothes the day I came in here..." I looked at them. "She acted just like you did...but she eventually accepted it."

I slid the two twenties over to me. "So...unless there are any objections..." I looked at Sarah.

She chuckled...and shook her head...and I pocketed the \$40.

"Not a bad first day..." I said...then smiled. "Who's up for some dinner? My treat."

...

(Twenty minutes later)

...

Zhierrah chuckled. "I just can't believe it."

I looked at the tigress...who smiled.

"I still can't believe you're a guy, Rob," she said.

Keiko nodded. "I know...he looks just like a hot little vixen."

"Probably why you hired him, right Sarah?" Zhierrah asked.

The skunk sighed...then looked at me.

"Actually...I hired him...because I thought he needed somewhere he could let his hair down," she said...then chuckled. "Little did I know he was a cheerleader for Ayerdale Academy."

Zhierrah's eyes widened. "You're a cheerleader?"

I nodded...and took a sip of my soda.

"Sure am," I said. "Wear the same uniform...change in the same locker room as the other girls...even shower with them..." I sighed...and felt a frown cross my face.

Sarah rested a paw on one of mine. "Were they...your friends?"

I nodded.

"Something happen between you?" Keiko asked.

The skunk nodded.

"They all thought he was getting ready for a sex change after a doctor talked to them," she said...then looked at me. "Have you talked to them yet?"

I shook my head. "No...but Dan and I made up that night."

"Who's Dan?" Keiko asked.

"My boyfriend," I replied, then sipped my soda.

"Lucky bastard," the tigress huffed...then sipped her soda.

Sarah nodded...then looked at Keiko and Zhierrah.

"You think I should ask him?" the skunk asked.

My ears shot up. "Ask me? Ask me what?"

Keiko frowned. "I dunno, Sarah...it was only his first day..."

"True...but I think he'd be great for it," she said. "Zhierrah?"

I looked at the tigress...who simply nodded.

"Yeah...I think he'd be perfect," Zhierrah said.

"Perfect?" I asked...then looked at Sarah. "Perfect for what?"

She smiled...and leaned forward.

"You know that Fur-Elegance puts out a catalog, right?" the skunk asked.

I nodded. "Yeah. I've seen it."

"Well, what you may not know...is that the employees pose for the pictures in that catalog," she said.

I looked at her...then it finally clicked.

"You mean...you want **me**...in the catalog?" I asked, stunned.

Sarah nodded. "You bet we do, right?"

Both Zhierrah and Keiko nodded.

I took a deep breath, stunned. "I...I dunno..."

"Look...if you can fool us, you can definitely fool a camera," Keiko said.

"Plus, you'd get to keep whatever you model," Zhierrah added.

I looked at my paws, unsure.

"Rob?"

I looked up at Sarah.

"If you want...we can take some pictures in the store...sort of like a trial run," she said. "If you like how they turn out...and if you're okay with it...then we'll talk modeling, okay?"

I felt my ears twitch...then sighed.

"Okay," I said...then smiled. "If nothing else, it'll be a nice gift for Dan."

"It sure will," Sarah said.

...

(Twenty minutes later)

...

"Okay," Keiko said. "Camera's all set."

"All right...lights are ready, too," Zhierrah said.

Sarah nodded. "Okay...is our model ready?"

"Just a second...what am I supposed to do again?" a voice called from behind a curtain.

"Just come out from behind the curtain...walk slowly toward us five steps, stop...turn slightly to your left...then walk back along the same path and back behind the curtain," Sarah stated. "Got it?"

"Yeah...I hope," the voice replied...then exhaled. "Ready."

"Okay...come on out," Sarah said.

The three ladies looked at the curtain...then stared, amazed...

...as Rob came out...and slowly walked toward them...in a sky blue push-up bra and bikini panties.

"Oh...my..." Zhierrah breathed as Rob stopped at the end of his path...and did his partial turn, hands on his hips, chest and body exposed.

Keiko snapped a couple of pictures...then one more as he turned and walked back to the curtain, tail swishing provocatively behind him as he vanished behind the curtain.

"Well?" he asked from behind the curtain.

No one replied...so he peeked out from behind the curtain. "Girls? How'd I do?"

All three women began applauding.

"Encore! Encore!" Sarah called.

Rob slid back behind the curtain...then stepped through the curtain, boldly walking down the path.

Keiko snapped several shots as Rob posed at the end of the path...then slowly walked toward them.

"Did I do good?" he asked.

"Good? Try unreal," Zhierrah said.

Keiko nodded. "Just like a pro, Rob."

"Really?" he asked, sitting in a chair. "Man, now I can't wait for those pics."

"Neither can I," Sarah said...then grinned. "And I bet Dan will love them."

Rob chuckled. "He sure will," he replied...

...then jumped after the camera went off again.

"Sorry," Keiko said. "Just wanted to finish the roll."

He nodded...then looked at Sarah. "So...when can I get them?"

"Next work shift," Sarah said...then reached over and took the tags off the bra and panties he was wearing. "Enjoy your new clothes."

He blushed...but nodded. "Thanks," he said.

...

(Friday night...9 PM)

...

Brring! Brring!

"Just a second!" I yelped as I walked into the kitchen.

Brring! Br-chik!

"Hello?" I asked.

There was silence on the other end.

"Hello? Is someone there?" I asked.

"Hu...hi, Rob," a female voice softly said.

I felt my body tense once I pegged the voice.

"Hello, Shari," I said icily.

"*sigh* Look, I didn't call to fight with you," she said. "I...I just want to get together and talk, okay...please?"

I shut my eyes...and thought very hard.

"Rob? Rob, are you still there?" Shari asked.

I sighed. "Okay...where at?"

"Casteller's," she said. "We'll have some comforters...and we'll talk, okay?"

"Fine. When?" I snapped.

"Noon," she said.

"I'll be there," I said...then hung up and walked back into the bedroom.

"Who was that?" Dan asked as I slid into bed next to him.

"Shari," I said. "She wants to get together and talk."

I shut my eyes...and felt Dan nestle up against me.

"Are you going to forgive them?" he asked.

I sighed...and didn't reply.

"Rob...they didn't mean to hurt you," he said. "It was just the stuff that doctor said, that's all."

I felt a frown start to form...then felt something slide on top of me.

"Look at me."

I opened my eyes...and saw Dan's face right in front of mine.

"Are you going to forgive them?" he asked again.

I looked at him...then sighed.

"I...don't know, Dan," I said softly.

"You forgave me," Dan said, "and I think...my doubts hurt you a lot more than theirs."

I laid there, still and silent...eyes shut...until Dan slid his muzzle under mine.

"Forgive them...for me?" he mewled, gently running a paw under my left breast.

I sighed...then rolled onto my side, away from him.

"We'll see how I feel about it...once I see them," I said.

Dan sighed...and soon I heard the light switch off, plunging the room into darkness...

...

(Saturday...noon)

...

“Rob, there you are!”
 I looked up...and blinked, surprised. “Thomas? Isn’t this your day off?”
 “Ah, I’m covering for someone,” the cheetah said...then took my arm. “Right this way.”
 I half-stumbled, half-lurched after him past several tables...until he came to a halt.
 “Here you are, Sir. Your table,” Thomas said.
 I looked...and saw Shari, Ariel, Brenda and Theresa sitting there, looking at me.
 I glared at them...then took the empty seat and sat down.
 “Thanks, Thomas,” Shari said.
 I heard him walk away...then grabbed the glass of water in front of me.
 “What did you want to talk about, Shari?” I asked...then sipped the water.
 Shari sighed...then glanced around the table.
 The other women met her gaze...and nodded.
 Shari sighed again...then looked at me.
 “Rob...we’re...we’re sorry for doubting you,” she said. “We were your friends...and we should’ve believed you...”
 “It’s just that...she was a doctor...and was pretty convincing,” Theresa added.
 I felt a paw rest on one of mine...and looked up at Ariel.
 “Rob...we’re really sorry,” she said, looking at me. “We never meant to hurt you...”
 “...and we want you to know...that we love you...just the way you are,” Brenda added, a tear falling into her fur.
 I took a deep breath...then felt the first tears fall...
 ...and felt them hold me close.
 “We’re sorry, Rob,” Shari whispered in my ear.
 I nodded. “It’s...okay,” I said. “I’m sorry too.”
 “Nah. Don’t be. We deserved it,” Brenda said. “That’s what we get...for hurting our best friend.”
 I let out a crying chuckle...then sniffled as they let go of me.
 “So...are we friends again?” Theresa asked. “Cause...we really missed you.”
 I sniffled...then nodded.
 “I missed you guys, too,” I said. “It really hurt not having you around.”
 Ariel slid an arm across my shoulders, smiling...her cheekfur wet with tears. “We felt the same way. We missed our other sister.”
 I laughed at that...as did Brenda and Shari.
 “Ladies...and Rob,” Thomas said, setting a Comforter in front of each of us.
 “You enjoy your comforters now.”
 We all dug in eagerly...and within minutes, the sundaes were gone.
 “So...*urp*...scuse me...what’s next?” I asked.
 “I think...a little make-up shopping is in order,” Ariel said.
 “On us,” Brenda said, Theresa pointing at Brenda and mouthing, “On her.”
 “And...I think that a special occasion demands a special store,” Shari declared...then walked around the table and grabbed my arm.
 Ariel gently yet firmly grabbed my other arm...pulling me out of the chair.
 “But...the bill...the food?” I balked as they dragged me away from the table.

“Already paid for,” Theresa said...then added, “Relax.”

I struggled a bit...only to have Shari and Ariel both tighten their grip as we walked on.

“At least tell me where we’re going,” I pleaded.

“You’ll find out when we get there,” Brenda said, pushing me along.

I looked up...and noticed where we were headed...and my eyes widened.

Oh, shit! I thought...as we walked through the front doors...of Fur-Elegance.

“Ladies, welcome to...oh, hi Rob!” Zhierrah said as we entered...then looked confused. “Who’re these people? They friends of yours?”

I blushed, feeling the girls glare at me.

“Um...yeah, Zhierrah,” I said. “They’re the friends I mentioned...before...”

“Oh...” the tigress said...then looked at each of them...then back to me, a scowl on her muzzle.

“It’s okay. We made up,” I said.

Zhierrah looked at me...then nodded. “All right...I’ll buy that. Oh, Rob...Sarah’s been...”

“Rob! What are you doing here?” a female voice yelled...then a black shape hugged me.

“*u!nph!* Uh...hi, Sarah...” I said...then glanced back behind me.

Shari and the others were all glaring at me...although Theresa seemed to be smiling.

Sarah pulled back. “I was hoping you’d come by. I wanted to...”

Then, she noticed I wasn’t alone...and looked at me, puzzled.

“Who are they?” the skunk asked.

I sighed...and slid next to her.

“Sarah, Zhierrah...these are my friends. Shari, Ariel, Brenda and Theresa.”

Sarah looked at them...then at me. “Your...friends?”

“It’s cool, Sarah,” Zhierrah said. “They made up.”

Sarah looked at me...and I nodded.

She turned to them...and smiled.

“Well, you ladies are welcome here in Fur-Elegance,” she said. “Please, feel free to look around...”

“Hold it,” Shari snapped...then glared at me. “Rob...care to explain how they know you...and us?”

I sighed...then looked at them.

“After...what happened...I went home...only to find out that Dan thought the same as you guys did,” I said.

“Oh...Rob...” Brenda said, her paws sliding onto mine.

“I left...and just wandered around the mall for a while...” I went on. “Then, I looked up...saw this place...and decided that, if all of you thought I should be a girl, I might as well look good.”

Theresa stifled a giggle...then blushed.

“I helped Rob try on an item,” Sarah said, “we started talking...and then, I offered him a job.” She smiled. “Robbi here is our newest Fur-Elegance worker.” Her grin grew. “And...there’s more. Wait here, okay?”

I watched as the skunk headed for the counter...then looked at Zhierrah.

“You’ll see,” the tigress said with a wink.
 I watched as Sarah walked back to us, a folder in her paw.
 “Here they are,” she said...and handed me the folder.
 “They...” I began...then my eyes went wide. “Oh, you mean...?”
 Sarah nodded. “They look great, Rob.”
 I opened the folder...revealing a set of 8”x10” photos of me, modeling a sky blue bra and bikini style panties.
 “Oh my God! Rob, is that **you**?” Shari yowled, causing me to blush.
 “Holy shit!” Theresa said, leafing through the photos.
 “Wow,” Ariel said, looking at one photo.
 Brenda just stared at the one she held, in shock.
 “Looks good, doesn’t he?” Zhierrah asked.
 All four women nodded, in shock.
 “Think his boyfriend’ll like them?” Sarah asked.
 “Are you kidding? He’ll hump Rob from dusk till dawn if he sees these!” Theresa said.
 Sarah slid an arm around my shoulders, smiling.
 “So...what do you say,” she said. “Do you want to be one of our models, Rob?”
 “**Model?**” all four women yelped, stunned.
 I blushed...then picked out one picture from the stack.
 There I was, half-turned away from the camera...right arm just under my breasts...tail just barely sliding around my left leg...and my left paw resting lightly on the waistband of the bikini.
 I looked at it...and was blown away.
 “Rob?”
 I looked up at Sarah...who smiled warmly at me.
 “You were a natural out there,” the skunk said, tapping the photo. “Just like a real professional model.”
 I looked back at the photo...then up at my friends.
 All of them were leafing through the other photos.
 “Oh, wow...” Brenda said.
 “This one’s better,” Theresa said, holding up another picture.
 “No, this one’s the best,” Ariel said, plucking a photo from the stack.
 I smiled...then looked back at the photo.
 “Damn...I do look good,” I said softly...then looked at Sarah. “Okay. I’m in.”
 “In? In what?” Shari asked, finally noticing that something happened.
 Sarah smiled...then patted my shoulder.
 “Girls...let me introduce...our newest Fur-Elegance model,” she said.
 All of them looked at me...then thrust out the pictures they were holding.
 “Can we get your autograph?” they all asked.
 ...
 (Three weeks later...on a Monday evening)
 ...
 “Dan? I’m home!” I called, shutting the apartment door.
 “Rob? How was work?” he asked, stepping into the living room.
 I smiled. “I have a surprise for you...”

“Surprise?” Dan asked, sitting on the couch.
I nodded...and handed him the latest Fur-Elegance catalog.
“Turn to page 5,” I said.
Dan looked at me, puzzled...then turned to page five...
...and his eyes shot wide open.
“That person look familiar?” I asked, peeking at the page...
...and seeing myself there, clad in a jet black lace bra and matching hi-cut panty,
lying on a pink bed, looking at the camera upside down.
“Is...is that...you?” he asked.
I nodded, smiling. “Surprised?”
“I...I don’t believe it!” he said. “That...that’s really you? But...how? Why?”
“All Fur-Elegance employees can model for the catalog,” I said. “My boss said I
was the best one at the shoot.”

...
Dan stared at the image of Rob in shock.
*Oh, my God! I can’t believe he did something like this! I can’t believe he looks so
fucking hot!*

“Oh, Daaan...”
Dan glanced to the side...then blinked, confused because Rob was gone.
“Rob, where’d you...?” he began...then froze, staring.
Rob had moved to the hallway...and was standing there, clad in the exact same
outfit from the catalog.
“Oh, God...” Dan breathed, staring, his sheath beginning to strain at his shorts.
Rob smiled...and leaned against the wall, smiling.
“Which do you like better?” the fox asked. “The photo...or the real thing?”
Dan stared at Rob for a few seconds...then got up and hugged the fox tight,
planting a firm kiss on its muzzle.
“Why didn’t you tell me?” he mewled as they walked to the bedroom.
“Well...I wasn’t sure you’d approve...” Rob said, his ears flattening.
“Rob...I don’t know what to say...” Dan said...then looked at him. “Other than
you look...incredible.”
Rob blushed and smiled...then kissed the snow leopard on the cheek as they slid
into bed.

“Thanks, Dan,” he said...then nestled against Dan, sliding his arms around the
snow leopard.
Dan wrapped his arms around Rob...and gently kissed him between the ears.
My boyfriend...a lingerie model...he thought...then chuckled.
And he’s hotter than all the women in the catalog combined!

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