

Kelly

(Inspired by Mike C, based on characters in his novel: “James”
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Chapter 2

Kelly arrived at her modest rancher around nine o'clock Friday morning. She had been gone for five days, two of which had been the most sexually exciting days of her life. It was funny, she thought, but the more good sex she had, the more she wanted. She was hoping her evening with Mark would fill her needs.

Mark worked with the Charlotte Tourism & Convention Bureau, helping film and TV people find shooting locations in the city. She had met him about a year ago when she and Todd had been hired by the city to do a brochure for the bureau.

At 6'1", Mark was an imposing figure. Granted, he was slightly overweight and six years her senior, but they had shared some good times, and for the most part Mark was a considerate lover. At least according to the standards she had been used to before last week.

Kelly dug through her purse for a cigarette. She seriously considered calling Mark and canceling tonight, but she hadn't seen him in two weeks, and another night without a full eight hours sleep wouldn't hurt her. And maybe, hopefully, the sex would be good tonight.

It was unbelievable how dramatically her needs had changed in the last week. In two days she had become fully aware of her own sexuality, her total erotic realm. It was a startling revelation for Kelly. She now recognized her needs and desires, and she was wondering if Mark could learn to satisfy those needs.

Shit, there was no escaping it. Mediocre sex was no longer going to cut it with Kelly. Hell, not even 'good enough' sex would be good enough anymore. Her mind was filled with memories of every half-assed orgasm she had ever had and how they compared to the truly perfect ones she had experienced those two days.

Kelly took a deep drag on her cigarette. Damn Todd and his 'aversion' to runway models. After four years of constantly working side-by-side, he should have known that she sure could have used some friendly affection last night. Maybe it was the grass that made her horny, but even now, stone cold sober, she still felt aroused.

“Ah fuck it,” she said as she ground out her cigarette. She hadn’t slept well on the road and crashing on the studio couch for a few hours hadn’t helped. She wanted a proper bath and she needed her breakfast. But still... the horniness was not to be denied and she headed for the bedroom shucking her clothes along the way.

Her own bed felt comfortable and she pulled her Hitachi Magic Wand out from underneath the box spring. Always plugged in and ready to go, this marvelous little toy had always made for a very satisfying substitute. Spreading her legs wide, bending and raising her knees, just the buzz of the vibrator kicking into life turned on her juices. The hum of the strong electric motor made her wet with desire, and the first touch on her clit made her gasp. Her hand grabbed a breast and surprisingly, an image of Brenda popped into her mind.

Grasping at her tits with her free hand she let her eyes close and felt herself drifting off to a familiar peak. Kelly didn’t normally fantasize when masturbating, but her mind was filled with visions of Brenda. And the buzz from the vibrator seemed to become more powerful as she gave herself over to this fantasy.

Brenda. What a beautiful name for a beautiful girl. Flaming red hair and freckles and skin the color of milk. She had shared of herself with Kelly, triggering tremendous orgasms just by her touch.

It wasn’t a gay thing. It was a love thing.

Kelly’s hand drifted down from her nipples to her now drenched pussy, her head pressed back into the pillows, she could almost feel Brenda’s touch on her face and on her skin. She used her free hand to spread her lower lips while her other hand switched the vibrator on high and slid it back and forth over her enlarged, blood engorged clit increasing in speed and pressure until a shuddering orgasm overtook her. Her juices sprayed out of her like a crashing tidal wave, covering her short-cropped pubic hair and soaking the sheets beneath her.

Basking in the afterglow of a fantastic climax she turned the vibrator off and carefully cleaned the unit.

Sliding up to a sitting position, she scrounged around the nightstand for a new pack of cigarettes. Finding her “duty-free” wrapped pack of Cameo’s, a personal favorite she had become hooked on during a shoot in Montreal, she lit one and inhaled deeply on the acrid smoke.

“Damn it anyway,” she said out loud to an empty room. “I’ll quit again next week.”

Grabbing the remote for her CD player she flipped through her five favorite CD’s, finally settling on Alanis Morissette belting out “All I Really Want.”

*“Do I stress you out...
And all I really want is some patience
A way to calm the angry voice
And all I really want is deliverance...
You must wonder why I’m relentless and all strung out
I’m consumed by the chill of solitary...
I’m frustrated by your apathy...
What I wouldn’t give to find a soul-mate
Someone else to catch this drift
And what I wouldn’t give to meet a kindred.”*

The song had always been a favorite of Kelly’s but now she believed the Canadian singer/songwriter had written this one specifically with Kelly in mind.

By the time she was half way through her cigarette, she stubbed it out, picked up the pack and still naked, slowly danced her way to the living room.

Feeling the beat of the music and moving slowly, emphasizing and exaggerating every move, brought back memories of her modeling days.

She had been good. At 5’ 6” she had been just a bit too short to crack the ranks of the top catwalk models but had been close enough to get a taste of the life. Good locations and good money. The six-inch heels had helped, but she knew she would never be a household name. She had more than a few covers in her portfolio, but had accepted the fact she would never be a ‘Cosmo’ girl.

God, it seemed like a lifetime ago. But it had been her decision to quit the race at 21. Stealing Todd, one of the best magazine photographers in the world, she had gone into business with him forming a photo/talent agency that specialized in “real people.” Great looking models, but still someone normal people could relate to. In the four years they had been working together they had built up an excellent list of models and clients. Their list of clients included many big name retail companies who needed good-looking people to make their products look good. Having Todd do the specialty shoots not only insured the quality, but kept their reputation very much in the forefront of ad agencies.

Todd and Kelly had settled comfortably in Charlotte, North Carolina. It was a good location for their business and a climate they both enjoyed. It gave them a freedom for travel they would never have had if they had remained in New York.

Kelly smiled to herself. Todd had bought an old auto detailing shop in the Lakeview business area. Crosspoint Center Line. They had both laughed at the irony of the street name. In many ways it represented where they had arrived in their lives. He had taken the main floor, which already had two large auto bays, and converted it into

their studio. Not only could they do most model shoots in the large airy studio, but it could also handle vehicles and elaborate sets as well. The upstairs offices he had torn out and converted into a private apartment for himself. How he could live in an industrial park was beyond Kelly, but there were advantages. Todd was able to park his 'Hummer' inside and store their travel trailer behind the building. And as Todd had so often said, nights and weekends were especially quiet and he had no neighbors living for blocks around. Like most artists, Todd valued his privacy and was a bit of a recluse.

The Lakeview district wasn't the elite neighborhood of Charlotte, but Kelly had found a real deal on her rancher within walking distance of the studio. It was a steal at \$85K for a three bedroom with lots of yard space. It also made practical sense for them to settle in this area as it gave them easy access to Interstate 85. Add the proximity of I-77 as a bonus, and getting the trailer out to the open road was a breeze, plus they were close enough to the airport for quick trips to New York or other places.

They did have an office in New York, staffed by good people from Kelly and Todd's past. Most of the day-to-day work went on in the New York office, and their company was a regular supplier of models for department store catalogs. Large or small, young or old, Kelly had an excellent eye for photogenic people. Kelly also had a knack for gauging people, and though they only represented around 200 people so far, they were loyal people who enjoyed a good steady income and the working conditions Kelly demanded for all her models.

The major catalog work paid the rent. The agency supplied the models, and the catalogs had their own photographers. The modeling part of the business provided them with a healthy stable income and Kelly and Todd were both happy. For Todd it was because he was left free of the daily grind of shooting clothes horses allowing him to concentrate on individual shoots. For Kelly it was living her dream of being free and independent while still in the business. For real excitement though, the thrill was in things like the advertising brochures for big-ticket items, like the week's shoot at Regan's Boats.

Todd had been ecstatic. Action shots and posed shots all mixed in for one brochure. Since the company wanted to use a lot of it's own workers as background models, Kelly had gone along on the pretext of teaching amateurs how to pose and dress while appearing to be casual, though in all honesty, she had looked forward to seeing the "James Gang" again, as she affectionately liked to call them.

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At first the “James Gang” seemed like a joke. A bunch of school kids playing adult games. When she had first met James, Amanda, JulieAnn and Celeste at the marina just three weeks ago, they had struck her as smart and vivacious.

The three girls were real knockouts, and apparently hooked on this one guy. She was knocked for a loop however when the youngest one, Amanda, made it very clear Kelly was not to get any ideas about ‘their property.’ It was the self assured way this girl, who was maybe old enough to be in Junior High, had said it. No threats but simply a declaration of fact. And she had made it stick too! But, they had posed like they had been born into the business, and were easy to guide and direct. Todd had signed the girls on the spot.

Kelly shook her head. It was that and other little things during the day that began to convince her these kids were on to something big... something she was not privy to. It was love, a sharing and something else that Kelly just couldn’t put her finger on. She found their joy infectious and had spent the day laughing with them and their good-natured pokes at James.

At first glance, James was just another good-looking jock, an inch shy of six feet but comfortable with his size. But when he smiled at her, she was sure he could see right through the air of competence she had carefully woven around herself. She found herself wanting to pour out her heart to him, to tell him she too could give and share, if only she had the chance.

With an effort she killed the thought. After all he was not hers, and never would be she realized with a sadness that was almost profound. It was made even worse the next day when the other three girls arrived and Kelly discovered another one was on her way!

She had quickly become friendly with the girls once Amanda had explained to them that the ground rules had already been established regarding James and that Kelly posed no threat. The girls were easy to get along with. Funny and sassy, they had a carefree attitude about life. Brenda and Sara, two of the new arrivals were as stunning as the other three. Nicole, a bit older, was definitely high-class model material but seemed to have no interest in modeling what so ever, but Brenda and Sara had signed on as well.

Then, this last week at Regan’s, Kelly had met Sherri. Wow!

Sherri was one of those creatures born with the look and the attitude to make it on the runway. She was an innocent beauty, but sensual as sin.

Kelly had of course signed her on the spot, waiting now only for the parental consent. She had vowed never to take on a runway model. Knowing all too well from first hand experience how quickly these girls became addicted to themselves and amphetamines. That never ending battle to stay slim pushed by an ego that was built on

nothing more than their looks made runway models a real pain. The only reason she had considered Sherri at all, for anything other than regular model work was the support group she had in the “James Gang.”

Kelly had been there once, the so-called ‘glamour’ world, and had nearly been caught in the trap. It was seeing her friends slowly entering a darker world away from the footlights that was one of the main reasons she got out when she did. The travel and the money had all been good and the parties were lots of fun as long as you kept it within limits. But the ever-increasing use of drugs by her friends bothered Kelly. It seemed, as they got older - as if twenty was old - the fight to keep the extra pounds off was a war that could be battled with pills, if you didn’t mind losing yourself in the process. It had not been worth it for Kelly. If, and that was still a big if, Sherri should enter into the world of the highly paid models, Kelly was going to stay by her side and keep that part of the ‘glamour’ world away from her. Besides... James and the other girls would never forgive her if something happened to Sherri.

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Kelly hit replay on the CD player. The Morissette CD “Jagged Little Pill” seemed to echo her feelings. This CD, once a mantle of her independence and accomplishments, now seemed to reflect her solitude in an oppressive light. No longer a badge of honor, her newly acquired sense of loneliness only served to remind her of the emptiness in her life. The parties, the boyfriends had been merely smoke-and-mirrors, distractions in her path. Grabbing a pillow, she waltzed in the room, her mind drifting back to the two days at the Regan shoot. A crossroad in the path of her life had revealed itself that would lead her to something new, something more personally satisfying. A successful career was not enough any more. Kelly had discovered a part of her had been missing. She wondered if she would ever find it.

It had been twilight on the third day of the Regan shoot. Joking with Brenda and Sara, she had wrangled a chance to try out one of “his” kisses.

“Hah!” She had thought. She’d been kissing since she was 13; there was nothing she didn’t know about *that*. She’d show them! She was certain she could and gave him one of her best, but he had stopped her, halfway, with her mouth gaping and her tongue hanging out.

“No,” he said, quietly, tenderly, “Let me kiss you.” And he did.

Kelly shivered just remembering the moment, and her nipples, dark as chocolate and the size of large pencil erasers, puckered with the memory.

It was not just a kiss; it transcended that. Kelly was no virgin and no stranger to sex, but what his kiss did to her! It shouldn't even be called a kiss. He had licked her lips and nipped at her tongue, nibbled at the soft nape of her neck, kissed her eyes and softly bitten her ears. He had stroked the inside of her teeth with his own tongue and lightly, lovingly bitten on and sucked on her lips. He engulfed and entrapped her senses and emotions. She was powerless, already too far lost in his tender caress.

Kelly moaned and clutched her pillow harder. It had been like nothing she had felt, it was warm, it was love and she wallowed in it. It lasted forever and it was over much too soon. She had found herself wrapped round his leg, grinding away as the lust boiled and exploded in her. She had never climaxed like that, not fully clothed and certainly not with such intensity, her whole body had been one orgasmic mass.

Kelly's eyes closed as she fell into an armchair, the memory bringing a tremulous smile to her face.

She had been shocked, not just at her feelings, but that she never once felt dirty or lewd, humping like a bitch in heat on the boy, out in the open, as three of his girlfriends had looked on. Instead she was made to feel good, and natural, as Sherri and Sara smiled softly at her, their eyes saying they understood the joy she had just experienced.

Then Brenda had asked if she trusted her. All Kelly could do was nod yes, knowing at the time she would give anything to experience the rapture again. And then Brenda had shown her. Kelly now realized that was when the big change had occurred.



Peeling the sheets off the bed and picking up her discarded clothes, Kelly dumped them in the laundry room. Gloria would take care of the laundry Monday. It wasn't that Kelly was lazy; to the contrary, she tended to work herself too hard. Gloria was there to give her house a lived in look as much as the little cleaning Kelly required. Luckily Gloria liked working in the garden as well and in the past few years had turned Kelly's plain grass lawns into a beautiful landscaped front and an all natural herb garden in the back.

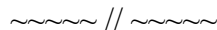
Kelly had met Gloria in Jamaica. Gloria had been working at the guesthouse in Mobay, (the local name for Montego Bay), where Kelly and some of the other models stayed for two weeks while doing a swimsuit "special edition" for a sports magazine. It was also where she had first met Todd.

Gloria was a large black woman, who spoke not only with her hands and eyes, but when excited dropped to the native patois. Though cultural differences should have set

them apart, Kelly and Gloria became close friends and had stayed in touch since the shoot.

Gloria had one habit that never failed to crack Kelly up. She would watch and talk back to the television soaps to which she was thoroughly addicted. It had been a pleasant surprise when not long after Todd and Kelly had moved to Charlotte, Kelly got a phone call from her friend. Gloria was in the states and looking for work. Kelly didn't have much to offer at the time, but Gloria gladly took the job of housekeeping and house sitting. Kelly always paid her in cash out of her own pocket and never asked Gloria about how she wound up in Charlotte. Now she could well afford to give "G" a real job with the company but "G" insisted she liked taking care of Kelly. "Cha, me no go no where. Me place here by your side, somebody got to watch out for you." Over the past few years, more of her family started to arrive and where they could, Kelly and Todd helped them find work or get enrolled in schools.

One of Gloria's older daughters, Vanetta, manned the phones on a part time basis at the Charlotte studio. Todd had helped her get enrolled in an MBA program at the University of North Carolina, and this gave her a chance to earn some money on the side. For one of Gloria's sons, they had fronted the money for the young man to start his own landscaping business.



Kelly put fresh linen on her bed and headed for her bath.

Feeling a bit more settled, Kelly grabbed one of her 'sometime' favorite CD's out of the rack beside the high tech Pioneer stereo unit and slipped the disc in. She was in the mood for something from the former bad boy who knew all about broken hearts and wasted lives. As she headed into the bathroom, Larry Gatlin started to cry out "Broken Lady" from the big surround sound speakers, and Kelly cried right along with him, though just slightly off key. Sometimes, she thought, only Larry could understand what real life, Kelly's life, was all about.

Out of habit, after emptying her bladder, Kelly got on the scale and made a mental note. 112 pounds and holding steady, barely two pounds over her weight of four years ago when it really mattered. It was funny she thought. She could eat what she wanted and didn't need to watch her weight anymore, but old habits are the hardest to break and Kelly just preferred to be careful with her weight and what foods she put into her body.

She started the water, adding some herbal bath crystals and organic sea foam and sauntered out to the kitchen for something to eat while the tub filled. Grabbing a couple of stalks of celery, an orange and a bottle of mineral water from the fridge, and a banana

from the counter, she next stopped at the kitchen island for the rest of her real morning meal. Two large multi vitamins, three cayenne pepper capsules, two celery seed capsules, a garlic capsule, ginseng, a handful of vitamin C's, a couple of lecithin capsules and most important of all, her birth control pill.

By the time she made it back to the bathroom, the tub was nearly full and she had swallowed most of the pills. The banana helped the pills go down better than the water.

Testing the temperature with her foot she climbed into the tub. Setting the jets on the Jacuzzi to a muscle-relaxing pace she slowly munched on the celery. Kelly believed in preventative maintenance. Taking a long leisurely soak was one of the few real pleasures in her life and as she continued to listen to Larry Gatlin croon out hit after hit, she slowly peeled the orange and savored it piece by piece.

Kelly played little games in her mind as the jets washed the tension out of her body. A fit body was nothing without a fit mind, and Kelly enjoyed solving complex math problems in her head while the jets did their job on her muscles.

Then it was time for the serious business of bathing and shaving. While Kelly preferred to keep most of her body waxed, there were always a few strays that needed attention, especially around the bikini line.

Satisfied with the effort she took a sea sponge and proceeded to scrub every inch of her body until her skin was a bright pink. With thoughts of Brenda on her mind, she draped one leg on the edge of the tub giving one of the jets a direct path to her vagina. Turning the pressure setting up just a couple of notches was a sure fire way to guarantee quick satisfaction.

Shuddering in the aftermath of a wicked orgasm, made more delicious by the thought of her red headed friend, she struggled to her feet, drained the tub and turned the shower on so she could wash her shoulder length brown hair. A few minutes later and a quick wipe down of the tub and Kelly was wrapped in a big fluffy towel.

Kelly padded back into her bedroom where she had a custom built vanity with an over size mirror and all her personal make-up.

She dropped the towel and did a turn in front of the mirror closely examining her reflection with a critical eye. Not bad for 25 she thought. A nice tight 35" ass that nicely filled out a pair of shorts or jeans, slimming to a 24" waist and swelling back up to a respectable 31" A cup. Thank God she didn't need a bra she thought. She hated the confinement and preferred the free and easy feeling of her breasts moving with the rhythm of her body. Pulling slightly on her nipples confirmed they were as sensitive as always and would stand out nicely against a white blouse or a t-shirt. The darkness of her nipples gave ample proof to anyone looking, and many people did, of Kelly's disdain for confining her mammary treasures.

Drying her hair took little time as she was blessed with fine hair, and just a touch with a curling iron gave it enough body to accentuate her face. A little bit of make-up, just enough to add depth to her brown eyes and add a bit of color to her cheeks and she was ready to get dressed, though preferred not to until absolutely necessary.

It was nearly noon so she decided to give Todd a wake up call to make sure he was ready for his afternoon sitting.

Kelly chuckled as she hung up the phone. Ever since she had turned Todd on to the natural vitamin supplements, he was forever thanking her. She knew the Cayenne capsules increased the blood flow and could imagine how it affected Todd. Her own labia lips swelled when she was aroused and this had started after she herself had started adding Cayenne to her regular regimen of vitamins.

All the mail from the past few days was neatly piled on her desk in her office. The regular utility bills had been paid by Gloria whom she trusted implicitly, and Kelly knew stubs matching payments were filed. There were a few post cards from around the world from old friends still in the business, some advertising flyers that she promptly filed in the waste can after a very quick glance, and a new stack of the magazines she subscribed to so she could keep track of current trends.

It was nearing one and she still had four hours to go before Mark would be stopping to pick her up. While Kelly had installed a satellite dish with a subscription to nearly every channel available, she rarely watched the tube herself. She had done it more for Gloria than herself, though with a small smile she had to admit she did enjoy a few shows such as “Queer as Folk” and “Six Feet Under,” and on the odd night she would watch a blue movie.

Knowing she had time to kill she booted up her P-4 with the 20” monitor and checked her e-mail. There wasn’t much since this was her personal account. Business correspondence was routed through the studio.

Kelly smiled with delight to find a note from Brenda who it appeared was still at Regan’s. Though it was carefully worded, Kelly could read between the lines and sent a short reply back.

Dear Brenda,

I also found ‘working’ with you a real pleasure. I sincerely hope we get more opportunities in the near future to ‘work’ together again. You are a beautiful ‘model’ and I am pleased we can be friends as well. I hope you are not working too hard and enjoying every minute of your time.

Fondly, Kelly

There were a few other short notes from others and as usual a pile of 'Spam.' She quickly answered the other real letters and deciding against surfing, shut the computer down. She read the postcards but none were of any real importance. Mostly they were updates on who was where and doing what. Nothing that required a response though she did note one of her model friends was getting married again. This she put aside so she could send a gift, the rest she filed away.

Picking up her magazines Kelly strolled back into the living room and flopped into her favorite piece of furniture, a large, overstuffed leather swivel recliner that nearly swallowed her up. It was one of her simple pleasures to curl into that chair and relax. The feel of the leather against her nude skin was cool and comforting.

She had planned to read until four. When she finally heaved herself out of her comfortable chair she realized she had drifted off to sleep. There was just enough time to touch up the makeup, freshen herself up and get dressed. Mark would be here in less than 20 minutes.

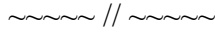
Kelly had decided on something semi dressy. Mark had said it was going to be a special evening but had refused to elaborate. He could be a bit controlling that way.

Before putting any clothes on, Kelly applied a light touch of "White Witch," a Jamaican perfume she had fallen in love with. Friends would bring back bottles for her whenever they went to Jamaica, and of course Gloria could always make sure a fresh supply was available within a day. Gloria seemed to have some good connections.

Knowing the evening would end in sex Kelly applied a few extra drops on her breasts and her pubic hair.

Slipping on a cream-colored knee length dress with a deep cut "V" both in front and back and ruffled shoulders; Kelly inspected herself in front of the mirror. The dress had a long slit up the side and though she hated to wear them, she slipped on a pair of French cut thong panties of the same color. Mark was going to freak when he realized her nipples would be discernable to anyone looking closely, but the dress was sheer enough that without the panties, her pubic hair would be visible as well! Thank God she no longer had to wear those heels from her runway days and she slipped on a pair of beige sandals. No pantyhose, just her natural tan. A matching clutch bag from her wardrobe finished her outfit. She deposited her essentials such as her keys, cigarettes, her cell phone and a wallet into the bag and was just closing the clasp when the doorbell rang.

Mark was so predictable this way. Kelly figured 5 o'clock meant 5, but Mark was always early.



Mark checked his reflection one last time in the tinted glass of Kelly's storm door before ringing the bell. He was dressed in a full three-piece suit despite the warm weather. Mark always wore a suit, a necessity for a civil servant with aspirations of moving up the political ladder. At 31, he figured he had better make a start in the next round of municipal elections. Kelly would make the perfect partner for a potential candidate. Great looking former cover girl model, now successful businesswoman she was the perfect match for him.

He clutched the roses behind his back with a tighter grip. They had been dating casually for a year now, and Mark had decided they should become more serious. He disliked these trips she went on with her partner, but had used the time to set up this special evening.

Before he could give the bell another push Kelly opened the inside door.

"Hello Darlin'," he said in his southern drawl. God, she sure looked stunning.

"Hi Mark," she replied, letting him in. She had never gotten into those endearing terms with him.

Mark kissed her on the cheek as he handed her the roses.

"Mark, you shouldn't have," she said. She had tried to explain to him once about the superstition models have with cut flowers, but he laughed it off and said she deserved beautiful flowers. "Come on in, while I put these in water," she said. "Do you want something to drink before we go?"

Mark looked around carefully as he stepped into the house. "Gloria's not around is she?" he asked.

Kelly stopped on her way to the kitchen, turned around and said "No, why?"

"I stopped by while you were gone to drop off something as a surprise and she was watching some soap on TV. I could hear it all the way out here, which is as far as I got because she said that if you weren't home I couldn't come in. I think maybe you should have a talk with her and remind her she is only the cleaning lady and she shouldn't be watching TV on your time."

Kelly resumed her trek to the kitchen and smiled to herself. "Good for you G," she silently cheered. She trimmed the ends of the stems under water and placed them into a vase. When she finished she added a spoonful of natural sugar crystals to the water and left the vase on the counter.

"You know Gloria is not my cleaning lady Mark. She keeps my house for me. There is a big difference," Kelly said. And though it was not quite true she added, "and Gloria has orders from me that no one comes in if I'm not home." Changing the subject

before he had a chance to question or harp on it more, she again offered a drink. Mark glanced at his watch and said that if she was ready they really should be leaving.

“Well, I’m all set,” Kelly said, grabbing her clutch.

“Ah, honey, don’t you think you should wear a bra?” Mark asked. “I can nearly see your nipples.”

“Mark” she sighed, “you’ve been staring at them which is why you think you can see them, but with all this material gathered in the front, no one else will see anything unless they are really being impolite. You *know* I don’t wear them.”

Mark was not content to let it rest however. “How about for health reasons then?” he asked. “You don’t want them to start drooping because you don’t support them do you?”

Kelly was starting to lose her patience with him. “Mark, the day my tits sag to my belly button I will start to wear a bra. Satisfied?”

“Do you have to be so coarse with your language sweetheart?” he asked trying to calm the brewing storm. But Kelly was not so easily calmed and rebuked his patronizing tone.

“Assuming that in few days I was gone you actually earned a medical degree, I would have thought you had learned the chances of an A cup sagging are nearly non-existent.”

Mark tried to stammer out an answer, but she opened the door and waited for him to exit so she could lock it behind her. Knowing that arguing with her was useless he went to the car and opened the door for her. She was a great woman, he thought, but she needed to be tamed a bit.

Kelly slid into the leather seat of his Cadillac as he gently closed the door.



The first ten minutes of the ride into downtown Charlotte were uncomfortably quiet. Maybe I’m just stressed from lack of sleep Kelly thought. Trying to put some cheerfulness into her voice she asked, “So, what’s the big surprise tonight?”

Thankful that she seemed to have gotten over her mood, Mark took one hand off the wheel and threw it back behind Kelly’s seat. Feeling in control again he told her it was a multi part surprise, but hoped she was hungry.

Playing it up, Kelly pretended to pout. “I rushed to wrap things up early and drove half the night just so I could be home for you for a special Friday night date and I don’t even know where we are going,” she said.

Mark laughed and said, "Okay, I managed to scoop two courtesy tickets out of a package for the Convention bureau for the premiere of 'The Pirates of Penzance' at the Belk Theatre. Box Seats," he said with a smile of self-satisfaction.

Kelly managed to avoid rolling her eyes. "You're taking me to see a movie?" she asked incredulously.

Mark laughed again and said, "You really haven't been in Charlotte long have you honey? The Belk Theatre is the performing arts theatre in the Blumenthal Center. This is a live production. Real opera, everybody important will be there tonight."

Kelly bit her lip to refrain from telling him it was not really an opera and the question about the movie was rhetorical since it would be a few years late for it to premiere. Instead she smiled sweetly trying to see his good intentions. She wished though that he hadn't told her that he hadn't paid for the tickets. It made her feel like a charity case or even worse, a thief.

Fifteen minutes later and Mark had parked the car in a secure lot just off of Church Street. He announced with pride he had reservations for them at Sonomo's.

It was a short walk to the restaurant and before the maitre d' finished asking "smoking or non," Kelly announced "smoking" and that she preferred the patio.

"Honey... Kelly," she heard from behind her as she followed the maitre d' to the patio, "I thought you were going to quit that dirty habit."

The look she shot him was enough to end that discussion before it began.

The maitre d' seated her and asked if they cared for a drink while waiting for their waitress. Mark suggested champagne, but Kelly said it would give her a headache and instead opted for a glass of the house white wine. As the man left to get her wine and a martini for Mark, Kelly lit up. "Damn," she thought. "This is not starting out good tonight. It seems fitting I have to watch the 'Pirates of Penance' on top of everything else."

Mark was very quiet, realizing he had been overly critical of nearly everything in her life tonight. This was not going according to plan.

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Mark had a second martini while Kelly slowly sipped her wine. The waitress had come and taken their order and Mark had a dozen raw oysters in front of him insisting that Kelly didn't know what she was missing. Kelly for her part was on the verge of telling him he was eating mucus, when her own order arrived. A six-ounce porterhouse steak medium rare with rice pilaf and a Caesar salad was just right for her. For his main course, Mark had chosen a large T-bone with baked potato and green beans. Kelly

watched in amazement as Mark heaped the potato with butter and a large helping of sour cream with chives. Added to the oysters he had earlier, Kelly felt nauseas. This meal was costing Mark a fortune, all in vain, in his attempt to impress her. Out of the blue her mind snapped back to Thursday morning. She had been served breakfast in bed by James, Sara, Brenda and Sherri. That had impressed her!

Was it just her imagination or had Mark changed? She used to enjoy going out with him on a casual basis usually ending up in her bed. He really didn't share any of her interests like biking, roller-blading or her all time favorite of building kites and flying them down by Wateree Lake.

Kelly lit another cigarette, half wishing it was a joint, as she watched Mark polish off everything on his plate and cringed when he ordered a slab of New York style cheesecake.

She was beginning to see that he didn't care for her as a person as much as he liked having her on his arm for others to see. Why hadn't she realized this before? For Mark it was all an investment. He was not overly generous though he tipped big and opted for expensive public places. Kelly realized he was investing in his future, but also, sadly she knew that she could never be a willing partner to that future.

Dinner over, they walked to the theatre and after a lot of handshaking and mutual back patting with the collected dignitaries, they were seated, the lights dimmed and the show began. Kelly was tempted to sleep through it, and was grateful when the intermission came. Mark ordered champagne and strawberries but Kelly only ate a few berries, while trying to drown out his suggestions about moving to a "better" neighborhood than her house on Jane Ave. She was really starting to resent his invasion of her personal life, trying to take it over like he knew what was best for her. She had been on her own since she had started modeling at 12, managing both a career and graduating school. She had traveled most of the world and had experienced life first hand in places that Mark had only seen on TV.

Kelly tried to talk with Mark about this after the show was over but he was all full of his plans and trying to convince Kelly she played a major role in them. They took a carriage ride to the Dixie Tavern where Mark knocked back another plate of oysters.

Kelly just had a diet 7-UP wishing the evening would end.

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The ride home was uneventful. Mark, having had just a bit too much to drink was talking non-stop about his plans for the future and how much he wanted Kelly to be part of that future.

Out of habit, Mark parked his Caddy in the driveway and after opening the car door for Kelly, locked the car and headed towards the house with her.

Dark thoughts were rolling in Kelly's mind. It was pretty presumptive of him to invite himself in she thought, and if not for her sexual desire, a carry over from the last four days, she would have told him to go home. But maybe there was a chance he could bring her the satisfaction she needed.

Mark accepted the offer of a beer from Kelly and said, "I'll be with you in a minute honey. I just want to see how our Panthers are doing." And with that he headed to the living room where he turned on her 36" screen. Kelly brought the beer to him and noticed he had taken his shoes off and dropped them on the floor. He told her there were just a few minutes left in the game and if she didn't mind he wanted to catch the end of it. Kelly told him to relax, that she wanted to change anyway and left him sprawled on her sofa, shoes on the floor but still wearing his suit.

In her bedroom, Kelly slipped out of the dress she had worn and put it aside for dry cleaning, her thong underwear she stepped out of, and slipping on a silk robe took them to the laundry room. She returned to the bedroom and lit up another of her Canadian cigarettes while sitting in front of her vanity. She looked into the mirror as she exhaled a large cloud of smoke. She could hear Mark fidgeting and commenting on his football game as she drank from her bottle of mineral water and spoke to the reflection in the mirror.

"Even if he satisfies you in bed," Kelly told herself. "It won't change him as a person." The 'James Gang' had fun outside of bed, doing things together and sharing in all kinds of stimulating things she realized. "This is not working Kelly. It's time for you to make a change."

Her reflection just stared back at her without judgment.

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The few minutes of football managed to drag into a half hour, but finally Kelly heard the TV go off. She put out the latest cigarette she had lit and tried to put a smile on her face. Mark swaggered into the bedroom. He had gone as far as to unbutton his vest, but still had his suit jacket on over top.

"There's my sweetheart," he said, moving over to her. He picked her up effortlessly and spun her around. "That's a great team we've got," he said, "If they keep on playing like tonight, maybe we'll be at the Super Bowl."

"Mark," she started to say. But he hushed her with a sloppy kiss and apologized for being a self-centered jerk.

“But, my dear, I am going to make it up to you right now!”

Mark laid her on the bed and started to remove his suit. Carefully. He hung his jacket over the back of her chair and folded his vest over top of it. He undid his tie and laid it over the vest and then took off his pants folding them neatly. Kelly thought how silly a man looked wearing boxers, a dress shirt and socks. Finally the socks were off as well as his shirt. He left his boxers on till he made it to the bed where he slipped them down and presented his cock to her face like a reward. Kelly did not feel flattered, as it was still soft and limp. “Don’t I even inspire you to a hard on?” she thought.

Mark started rubbing his cock over her face and hair, making suggestive motions towards her mouth, but Kelly wanted to be satisfied. She opened her gown and pointed to her mound. “Eat me Mark,” she said.

Though obviously less enthused by giving then receiving, Mark slid on the bed between Kelly’s legs. He had done it to her enough times, but this was the first time she had told him what she wanted. Pushing her legs apart further he lowered his mouth to her pussy. Had he been a wiser man, Mark would have realized something was not quite right for she was as dry as those roast beef sandwiches they sold in the cafeteria vending machines. Nonetheless, he started stabbing at her clit with his tongue waiting for her reaction. He was surprised to feel her hands on his head guiding him. Mark was immediately annoyed that she felt the need to show him how to eat pussy, but her grip on his hair was secure and reluctantly he allowed her to move his head side to side and up and down. At least this was starting to get some response out of her he thought.

Kelly was biting her lip trying to focus on her arousal, but it was slow in coming. She had to take matters into her own hands and finally started to guide him in what she thought would help, but it was slow going. Finally she told him to spread his tongue and apply saliva across her dry hole. It helped some, but it was still a long climb. Kelly tried to think of erotic thoughts hoping it would help but suddenly Mark stopped what he was doing and said his jaw was getting tired. His cock had at least inflated and though she wasn’t thoroughly lubricated she guided the head of it towards her cunt.

It was a rough entry and seemed only to please Mark who whispered in her ear how tight she was and how he loved being inside her. His breath on her face reminded her of all the oysters he had consumed and whether they were really an aphrodisiac or not, this was a one-sided pleasure trip and not what Kelly had bargained for.

Moving carefully she rolled them over while he was still inside her and with cat like movements positioned herself so that she was kneeling over top of him as he attempted to continue to thrust into her. With her hands free, she started to massage her own clit while slowly sliding up and down on his cock. Mark tried to grab her ass to set the pace but she brushed them aside and continued at her pace. Sighing, Mark just laid

back letting her bring him off. It took a bit even under her own power, but eventually Kelly had a small orgasm and then rode Mark hard until she could feel his cum start to spurt. She waited until he started to go soft and then just rolled off of him and got off the bed. There was no need for after-play. He had not bothered with any foreplay and Kelly had finally made up her mind. She went to her vanity where her mineral water still sat along with her cigarettes. As much as she knew he hated the smell of them, she lit one anyway.

Mark got up and did what he normally did. He went to the bathroom to wash himself off like he had been inside something dirty. This only strengthened her resolve. When he returned from the bathroom she was dressed in jeans and a t-shirt.

“Well,” Mark said, “I guess I better head home.”

“I think that would be a good idea as well Mark.” Kelly replied.

“Is everything okay sweetheart?” he asked. “You seem different.”

“I am different Mark,” she said. “And it’s time I changed to suit my own plans. I’m sorry but I won’t be in yours anymore. Its time to call it quits before either of us wastes any more time on a relationship that is headed nowhere.”

“But honey, we just made love. How can you do that and then say it’s over?” he asked.

“No Mark, we didn’t make love. You just fucked me. That’s what you don’t understand. There’s a big difference.”

“Is there somebody else?” he asked.

Kelly smiled and said, “No Mark, it’s not ‘a’ somebody else. It’s a whole bunch of people and they make love. I might not ever get to have them, but I’m going to try and find what the magic is.”

“But Kelly... how can you just make love to me and then tell me it’s over?”

“Call it a goodbye fuck Mark.” Kelly said. “But what ever you want to call it, it is goodbye.”

Mark finished dressing and Kelly followed him to the living room so he could retrieve his shoes.

“Can I call you next week to see if you feel better?” he asked hopefully.

“Please Mark,” she said, “Don’t call. It wasn’t a bad year. Try to hold on to the good thoughts and find yourself somebody that will be for you what I can never be. I’m not willing to change.”

Dejectedly he walked out to his car. Kelly locked the door and waited 15 minutes before tearing her jeans and t-shirt off. She had only put them on to make sure Mark knew the night was over. She went in and took a shower as if she could wash away the

disappointment. The tears flowed from her like giant raindrops, mixing with the water from the showerhead, and cutting across her skin like thousands of tiny razor blades.

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Mark had left before midnight. It was now three in the morning and Kelly was on her 2nd glass of wine listening to Whitney Houston singing:

*“Bittersweet... Memories,
That is all... I’m taking with me...
So goodbye, please don’t cry
We both know, I’m not what you need...”*

“Do you trust me Kelly?” That was what Brenda had asked.

Kelly had. It was the reason she had broken it off with Mark and why she was left unsatisfied, sitting in near darkness listening to love songs.

To be continued...