

Kelly

(Inspired by Mike C, based on characters in his novel: “James”
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Chapter 3

The sun was streaming through the windows and as morning moved towards noon, the light shifted across the room slowly revealing Kelly’s nude body, lighting first her hair and then sliding like a silent intruder over her eyes. She brushed her hand across her face trying to shoo away the invader, but it was too late. The light had stirred something in her subconscious and it slowly turned on her other senses. Disoriented, Kelly, eyes still closed, tried to place where she was and why Aaron Neville was talking to her.

*“That’s the way she loves,
That’s the way she loves,
That’s ... the way ... she loves.”*

Ah, that’s what it is she thought. Aaron was talking about Brenda. That explained why there was a bright light in the room and she was feeling warm all over.

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Kelly woke up slowly, content to let the fantasy continue. She had reached the point between sleep and consciousness where she realized it was the stereo still playing from last night, and the warm light was the sun touching her skin. She had fallen asleep in her chair after last night’s break up with Mark. With a deep sigh, she opened her eyes and looked at the clock.

Jesus! It was nearly 12:00. With some effort she made the move to get out of the chair, picked up her wine glass from last night and tried to remember if she had more than three. The glass was half full, and she didn’t have a headache, so she had only had enough to chase the blues away. Kelly grabbed an over sized t-shirt from the bedroom, slipped it on and switched off the stereo as she walked to the kitchen. Kelly dumped the wine down the sink, rinsed the glass and put it in the dishwasher. She opened an ice-cold

bottle of mineral water and gulped half down before grabbing her morning supply of vitamins, natural herbs and supplements. This along with a couple pieces of raw vegetables would be her normal breakfast, but since today was Saturday, she decided to make something a bit more substantial.

From her fridge she grabbed a couple of eggs and three strips of turkey bacon. Kelly liked to cook when time allowed for it, and her stove was a deluxe model with a built in natural gas grill which could, by placing the cover over it, be converted to a griddle. She fired up the burners and laid the healthy bacon in the center, then, as soon as they started to sizzle, flipped them, moved them to the side and cracked the eggs on the cholesterol free grease spot.

With her spatula she broke the yolks and spread the eggs into a large circular pattern while the bacon continued to do a slow cook on the side. She grabbed the jar of “Taco Pete” salsa sauce from the fridge, and poured it generously on the eggs as they started to bubble. Returning the jar to the fridge, she started rolling the eggs into an instant Spanish omelet. After carefully lifting the omelet from the griddle and snatching the mock bacon, she quickly wiped down the griddle with a damp paper towel. In all it had taken her less than five minutes to create a healthy breakfast. She put the plate on the center island in the kitchen where a couple of bar stools also stood. Something was missing.

Orange juice! While Kelly preferred to squeeze her own, it wasn’t practical most of the time and she relied on jugs of “Tropicana” pure OJ with pulp. A large glass was called for to help counter the use of real eggs instead of the cholesterol free substitute. Kelly was a health nut, but an intelligent one, and some things she would not give up.

As she dug into her breakfast she remembered she had smoked quite a bit last night and took a couple of straight vitamin A capsules to compensate. No bread with breakfast though. As much as she loved fresh bread, the carbs would be pushing it.

Kelly finished her breakfast with the radio tuned to the news and was just sitting back finishing her juice when she heard the back door open. Kelly smiled. She had not seen Gloria in a week.

“Cha’ you home already?” Gloria asked. Her eyes spied the roses on the counter. “Did you come home for Mister Somebody?” she asked not bothering to hide her disdain.

Kelly gave G a big smile and said, “Don’t worry G. You won’t be seeing Mark around anymore. I broke it off last night.”

“Good riddance to bad news girl,” Gloria said turning the kettle on for coffee.

“Let’s not talk about him today okay G?” Kelly asked. “I’m not happy with the way things ended, but it is over for good.” Kelly watched as G got a mug from the cupboard and grabbed the jar of Blue Mountain instant coffee Kelly stocked just for her

friend. Kelly had an espresso machine, a coffee maker and a coffee bean grinder all for those who liked real coffee, but G preferred to drink the instant stuff with lots of cream and sugar. The two friends sat and talked for nearly an hour. Gloria had come by to pick some herbs from the garden out back, and to watch the latest Brad Pitt movie on one of Kelly's premium channels.

Kelly laughed. She knew about Gloria's infatuation with "Brad."

"It's a pity I won't be able to watch it with you G," Kelly said, "But I have to get some exercise. I'm going roller-blading at the studio."

Kelly liked blading at the industrial park. The roads were pretty well deserted on the weekend and very well paved. She kept all of her gear stored at the studio for convenience. No use hauling it all around when Lakeview was the only place she used it. Besides, she usually had a quick shower there after her workout.

"And I've got a few errands to run as well, so if I don't see you later, we'll catch up later this week," Kelly said.

"You tell Mr. Todd me glad he be back," said Gloria. She had a soft spot for Todd and couldn't figure out why he and Kelly never got together. In her opinion they were made for each other but instead her friend seemed to get involved in one doomed relationship after another.

Kelly cleared away her dishes. The dishwasher was not full enough to bother running it yet. She was sipping slowly on what was left of her mineral water and writing a list of essentials when the phone rang.

"Tony," she said a happy lift in her voice when she heard who was calling. "What brings you to our neck of the woods?"

Tony was an old friend with whom she'd had a fling a few years back. It could never be more than just a fling because Tony was a model and too much in love with himself to share with anyone else, yet he was a damn good lay!

Tony explained he was on his way to a shoot in Florida and had chosen to drive down. "I don't like it Kelly," he said. "All the new security at the airports these days. Besides, I figured I could stop off and catch up with you before I head out. Are you free tonight?"

Kelly smiled. Yes she was free, but she had to exercise first and do a bit of shopping for vitamins. "How's about I pick you up later?" Kelly asked. "I can cook you up something here and we can ... talk."

Tony was justified in his self-admiration, even if it was a vanity streak. He worked out like a demon possessed and had a magnificent body. At 6'3" and maybe 160 pounds he was a superb specimen of a man with short dark curly hair and a complexion that bordered between Greek and Italian. It was probably why he disliked airports so

much these days. Profiling had become an accepted practice. Though she had not seen him in three years, she had seen his recent pictures in GQ and in a few high-profile ads. It was just as well, Kelly thought, that he was represented by another agency. His ego was too big for her and Todd's select group of models.

Tony readily agreed and they made arrangements. "Hmmm," said Kelly out loud, and blushed. Things were starting to look up.

She went to her bedroom to change and for the second time in less than 24 hours changed the sheets on the bed.

Kelly apologized to G for having to rush off, but Gloria just brushed it off. "I'll see you soon enough. You be careful girl. You listen to what Gloria tells you. You be careful."

Kelly nodded in understanding and made a mental note to pick up a fresh supply of condoms.

Just the lightest touch of makeup after a quick facial scrub and a thorough brushing of her teeth. Kelly dressed modestly by her standards. Plain white slacks and a bright hand painted t-shirt and running shoes. One more stop in the kitchen where she mixed up a small concoction for herself to help cleanse her system of the meat she had eaten last night and her indulgence this morning. Three ounces of prune juice with two teaspoons of soy lecithin granules and two of milled flax seed. That should purify her system she thought as she swallowed it down in one gulp. She made this up for Todd every week, and though he drank it without question, he never asked what was in the mixture.

Kelly picked up her keys and grabbed her purse and cell phone along with the vase of roses and headed out the door with a final wave shouted to G, "See you later!"

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Kelly backed her two-year-old Artic Silver Hyundai Elantra out of the garage. No use in taking the Cherokee for driving around town.

Her first stop was at Lakeview Lodge, the local nursing home.

Sheila was on duty at the main office as Kelly came through the door. Sheila had modeled for Kelly and Todd for a uniform supply catalog a couple of years back. Like Todd said, use people who wear them all the time and you will have a much more natural model. Sheila, who was in her late 20's, fit the bill nicely and had managed to pay off her car loan with the money she earned. She still did the occasional catalog updates, but now she saved the money for special vacations with her husband to places like Hedonism III.

“How is she today Sheila?” Kelly asked when they got beyond the usual pleasantries.

“Still healthy and active,” Sheila said. “Her memory is really starting to slip, but she asked about you this week which is a good sign.”

Sheila and Kelly were talking about Muriel, a resident who had celebrated her 100th birthday last year. Her husband had died long before Kelly was born, and her only son had died in the Second World War.

Kelly had met Muriel on her first visit to the nursing home shortly after she had moved to her house on Jane. For most of her adult life, Kelly had made it a habit to drop off flowers she received from clients and admirers to the closest nursing home hoping it would cheer someone’s day, asking only that it went to the woman who had the least amount of visitors. When she had first found Lakeview Lodge, bringing two-dozen white, long stem roses, and had stated her request, it had been Sheila who had pointed out Muriel and explained her unique situation. Muriel had moved in when the Lodge first opened. She was just in her early eighties but could no longer take care of her own needs. Not one member of the staff could remember her ever having had a visitor. Kelly’s heart had gone out to the woman the first time and now made it a point to spend time visiting with her when she could.

This was one of the things Kelly did out of pure enjoyment. Kelly had been the one to throw Muriel’s 100th birthday party and had arranged for the Mayor to personally present her with a certificate. Muriel had thanked him, calling him ‘Sonny.’

Though three quarters of a century separated them, they were more alike than different. Neither had family. Kelly had literally been sold at the age of twelve to a disreputable agent much like the actress Patty Duke had been. She had gone to court for, and won, her independence when she was fourteen and had not had contact with her parents in the years in between. She understood the feelings of being alone in the world and could empathize with the older woman.

Kelly shook the thoughts of being alone out of her head. If Muriel could make it on her own with just a little help from caring individuals, then so could she, but she was starting to see why the “James Gang” could be so motivated. They were in many ways a family of their own choosing.

Kelly said goodbye to Sheila and headed down the hall to Muriel’s room. She had almost cried on her third visit when she saw the photo of herself beside the old pictures of Muriel’s husband and son. It was an old magazine picture taken from one of her fashion shoots, but she had since replaced it with one of Todd’s favorites

Putting on her best smile she stuck the roses through the door while hiding outside.

“Kelly!” shouted Muriel from in the room. “I’m so glad to see you. I was worried when I heard the news,” she said.

Kelly put the flowers on the dresser beside Muriel’s bed and as usual Muriel fussed over them. “What news was that Grandma?” Kelly asked. It was an honorary title, but one that pleased Muriel to no end.

“I heard about this big party in some place called Woodstock that all you young people were supposed to be at, and you ran out of food and toilets and all kinds of bad things were happening there.”

At first Kelly thought Muriel was referring to the 25th anniversary of the legendary concert and then realized by the description Muriel was referring to the original Woodstock in 1969, long before Kelly was born.

“It’s okay Grandma,” Kelly said. “I didn’t go. I had to work.”

“That’s my good girl,” Muriel said. “I even heard things were so bad the kids were smoking the grass right from the ground. Why on earth would they do that?”

Kelly could barely contain her laughter, but answered with deadpan face that she didn’t understand it either.

For the better part of an hour Kelly and Muriel reminisced about the strange ways of young people these days, with Muriel referring to the ways of the early 70’s. Kelly was glad she had some knowledge of the years preceding her birth. Sheila was right. Muriel, though totally knowledgeable about the facts of the era was lost in that particular decade at the moment. They talked about how the war was going in Vietnam and the protests, and the newest scandal to hit the White House. Watergate.

In many ways, Kelly enjoyed these trips in the past because although for Muriel it was just happening now in her mind, it was a history lesson for Kelly she could never get out of a textbook. Sadly though she had to leave.

“I’m sorry Grandma,” Kelly said, “but I have to do some grocery shopping and I have a date tonight.” As she gave the old lady a kiss goodbye and a promise to try and get back sooner next time and stay a bit longer, Muriel asked out of the blue, “Are you going to marry this man sweetheart? You need someone to love you the way that you love others.”

Stunned and shocked, Kelly just managed to get the words out... “I’m working on it Grandma. I love you.” and slipped out the door before the tears could start.

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Kelly maneuvered her car through the parking lot at the mall and found a shady parking place close to the health food store. Kelly went in and wandered through the

aisles of vitamins and supplements. The staff knew her well and with a friendly greeting to holler if she needed anything, they left her alone to her shopping.

After a bit of browsing and reading, Kelly headed for the manager. Together they double-checked her order. She filled up on both her own and Todd's needs for the next month. Bulk jars of multi-vitamins especially for the heart and blood. Bottles of vitamins A, C, and E. More yet of Garlic, Halibut oil, Celery seed, Cayenne pepper and two cases of natural prune juice. She bought her lecithin granules by the pound bags and fresh milled flax seed in airtight pouches. Ordering an additional ten cases of bottled mineral water, she made arrangements to have it all delivered to the studio on Monday.

Kelly signed for the purchase and left. She walked the few doors down to the drug store where she had her birth control pills refilled and looked for a discreet container of quality condoms.

The condoms she chose were in a round plastic container made to look like a small stack of gold coins. Verifying the manufacturer, the date and the quality, she picked up four packs each containing three condoms. As she paid for her purchase she said to the girl behind the checkout, "Wishful thinking or what?"

Finally, all done with her errands, and still with five hours left before she had to pick up Tony, Kelly headed for the studio to get her blades.

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While Kelly had been busy shopping, Todd had been busy as well.

With thoughts of Laura on his mind he had woken up to a beautiful day. After breakfast he had jogged down to the lake and back, spent a half hour with free weights and after a short break had done a half hour with the advanced Tae-Bo video.

"Damn!" he said as he looked in the mirror after his shower. "I should have looked this good when I was still in university!" Through the week Todd worked out at a local gym, but enjoyed his own workout routine including running outdoors when the industrial park was pretty well deserted.

As he waited for Laura to arrive, he emptied the A-12 magazines of exposed film and reloaded them with fresh rolls of 120 high-grade professional stock. He hated being interrupted during a shoot and had dozens of preloaded magazines so he could just pop one off and slip another in its place. The film from the Regan shoot, on positive film designed for brochure printing, was still locked up in an airtight vault in his dark room. The rolls from yesterday's shoot with Laura he put aside so she could watch the entire process from start to finish.

With still an hour to go before Laura's much anticipated arrival, he sat at his workbench with a can of compressed air and cleaning solutions. He dismantled his two working Blads, cleaning and checking everything right down to the Lithium batteries and power winders.

He was repacking his cases when the doorbell rang.

Laura looked radiant in shorts and sandals and a loose fitting T. She also had a small overnight bag with her, Todd noticed, and he smiled. Laura laughed.

"I thought if you didn't have any plans, and you extended the same invitation I should be prepared," she said in the way of an explanation.

"What about your mother?" Todd asked.

"It's covered," she said. "My friend who set this all up has her own apartment and I told my mom I would be spending the night there. I think she was so happy to see me smiling that I could have just come right out and told her I was coming back here to fuck your brains out and she wouldn't have blinked. Actually she might have called to thank you!" Laura laughed again. Todd just lifted her up in his arms and kissed her deeply.

"Even if I had plans," Todd said, "I would gladly change them for a chance to spend an entire night with you." He was pleased to feel she had left her bra at home.

After a few minutes of affectionate and tender kissing, Todd broke the embrace and said, "While I could do this for the rest of the day and night with you, I really think we should make some prints first. What do you think?"

Laura giggled with glee and blushed remembering how far she had gone with her posing the day before.

"Let's," she said. "I want to see how I looked for you!"

Todd smiled. "Okay," he said, "but a few ground rules about the dark room. Do you want a soda or mineral water while I explain them to you?"

Laura opted for a bottle of mineral water and Todd took one for himself. Sitting side by side on the same couch they had made passionate love on the day before, Todd explained.

"These aren't rules I made for you Laura," Todd said. "These are ground rules for myself and anybody else that enters, though not many people have been in there," he added. "I never go in after drinking, not even one beer. No soft drinks, no smoking, nothing except pure spring water that I keep in the fridge inside. This is my business and I can't afford to take any chances with it. Don't touch anything until I tell you, and I'll tell you how to touch it. I work with chemicals that really aren't dangerous, but they can cause problems like staining if not handled properly. Those films are the only record of a moment, and I can't go back, so every one must be treated as the unique thing it is."

Laura nodded somberly and said, “that makes perfect sense to me Todd.”

Todd smiled again. “Good,” he said. “Then let’s drink up and we can throw the film in the soup.”

Laura looked at him oddly, and Todd laughed, explaining that’s what photographers called the mix of chemicals they used to develop film. He got up and led Laura by the hand to a man-sized opening set into the far wall. It opened into a small circular tube made of the same black plastic as the frame. It hardly seemed big enough for the two of them.

The lightproof door went from the floor to the ceiling and had an opening about three feet wide and seven feet high.

“We step inside, and then spin the inside drum until it opens on the inside.” He explained. Seeing her puzzled look he said, “Think of it as a rotating wall. At no point can light ruin the film inside.”

Todd explained this to Laura as he demonstrated how the chamber turned by giving it a spin effortlessly with one hand. It spun around silently on well-lubricated bearings.

“It’s totally lightproof and the only access to the darkroom. It’s nearly like being inside the womb.” He continued. “It’s a very private place closed off from the outside world.”

Laura rubbed herself against Todd, “Wow! A ‘womb’ just to neck in, our own secret world! Away from everything!”

Todd laughed. He could see Laura had grasped the idea.

“And we always flip this switch on to turn on the red light above the door so people will know I am in here working.”

Stepping inside, Todd gave the drum a gentle spin and the silent heavy door opened to a strange world so much different than the casual atmosphere of the studio or Todd’s apartment. What Todd had not noticed while explaining the workings of the door was that even though he had flipped the switch to turn the red “BUSY” light on, the bulb was burned out.

As they emerged from the revolving door, Laura was surprised to see it all lit up inside. It looked very much like a laboratory, all very neat and organized.

“I have a stereo in here we can listen to when the film has been processed,” he said, “but I leave it off till that point. I tend to get a bit intense when the film is most vulnerable to accidental exposure. I’m a bit of a stickler for doing things by hand,” he continued. “No film transfer machines for me. I want to feel it going on the spools” indicating a stack of black plastic contraptions.

“The smell might be overwhelming for a few seconds,” he said, “but I have a good ventilation system and it will clear up in less than a minute.”

“And finally,” he said peeling off his t-shirt, “you should take a look around now and get yourself oriented because in a few minutes the regular lights go off and the safeties go on, and they will only be on for a few minutes while I mix the soup. While I load the film on the spools, we will be in total darkness for about ten minutes. There’s a flip down cover over the regular light switch that is held in place by a clasp so they don’t get turned on by mistake. You should also sit here,” he said indicating a stainless steel lab stool. “That way you won’t get tired or disoriented standing in the dark.”

Laura took some time examining the darkroom. Besides the spools, there was a row of tall black canisters with funny lids, like inverted funnels. As a matter of fact, Laura thought, nearly everything in the room was black or an industrial dark gray. She noted the triple sink and the fridge and heavy steel cabinets lined against one wall were either all heavy plastic or stainless steel. Overhead were giant round light fixtures with what appeared to be orange bulbs inside them. On same wall the sinks were on, there was a huge contraption that she knew to be an enlarger and behind it was something that appeared to be a large hospital x-ray viewer, with large spring loaded clamps on all four sides.

Then she saw the poster. It was nearly life size. She was surprised she hadn’t noticed it at once. It was a picture of a beautiful girl about her own age, topless with only the smallest thong bottoms standing in the surf at some exotic beach.

Laura was speechless. This girl was really beautiful. Warm brown hair highlighted by the sun and a gorgeous tan without the hint of a tan line, a self-assured look of confidence nearly overshadowed by the brightness and sexiness of her smile. Full sensual lips on a very kissable mouth, and a figure any women would die for with small but well-defined breasts topped with dark brown nipples that stood out and seemed to be in a state of full arousal. It was so erotic and sexy. A look of smoldering sensuality mixed a dash of mystique and yearning. Laura felt a momentary pang of jealousy. Whoever she was, she obviously meant a great deal to Todd.

Todd noticed Laura staring. “That’s Kelly, my partner,” he explained. “You’ll be meeting with her if you decide you want to try your hand at modeling as a career.” He kissed her tenderly. “I have a feeling you’ll be meeting her soon.”

“This is her?” Laura exclaimed. “The one you’ve never ... umm...”

Todd laughed. “That’s right,” he said. “My best friend and partner, who I have never had sex with.”

“Jesus Todd,” Laura said. “I wouldn’t be able to keep my hands off of her if I was a man.” But as she said it, she felt herself growing aroused. “It would be hard even for a woman,” she thought. “God, she’s beautiful.”

“Well,” said Todd, interrupting her fantasy, “if you’re ready, we’ll hit the lights and start developing.”

Laura nodded and sat down as Todd turned off the regular lights, closing the safety catch, and flipped on the amber safe lights Laura had noticed earlier.

The light in the room was a dark amber glow now with just enough light to see the bottles of chemicals he pulled up from a cabinet. Large Pyrex beakers and measuring cups appeared from another cabinet.

“For you Laura, because you are so special, all fresh soup made just for you.”

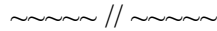
She laughed with him not really understanding the cost of the chemicals. She noticed many of the switches had markings on them now. “They must be covered in that glow in the dark stuff,” she thought. Todd asked her to flip on the one marked ‘Vent’ and she did. As he opened the first dark glass bottle she understood what he meant by the smell. Mixing up various chemicals, Todd went through his routine and when finished returned the bottles to the cabinet. In front of him were six large eight cup Pyrex measuring containers. He slowly poured the contents of two into two of the tall black tubes she had seen earlier.

“You don’t want to spill this stuff on you,” Todd said. Checking to see they were sufficiently full, he put the two, now empty, measuring cups into the far sink. He stood the two tall tubes back against the wall and laid the inserts he had removed from them on their sides in front of him. Picking up eight of the plastic spools, he said, “now for the fun part. This is when everything we do is by touch, totally in the dark.” He placed the rolls of film he had shot yesterday on the counter and asking her if she was ready, he turned off the lights.

For the next ten minutes Laura listened as Todd worked silently. He unwrapped each roll of film that he then carefully wound onto separate spools. He was used to this but it always gave him a thrill. When all the film was loaded on spools he slipped them over spindles from the developing containers and slowly lowered a spindle into each container. Checking to make sure the top assemblies were on tight, he started the precision clock whose numbers glowed eerily in the dark. Not enough light to see by, but the numbers were bright enough to help him find it in the dark. He had counted the seconds between immersing the first spindle and the second and set the timer accordingly.

Laura had sat quietly, but with a devilish streak of bravery, she had pulled off her own t-shirt in the dark. When Todd turned the safety lights back on, he was very

pleasantly surprised and gave her one of his big smiles and a hug that lifted her off her the stool. The touch of skin against skin was electric and they shared warm kisses as the clock ticked off the seconds. They had 7 minutes of quality time, and neither of them wanted to miss out on the opportunity. Todd only broke the embrace long enough to place the developing containers into an automatic rocking cradle so the chemicals would be sure to be evenly distributed and all the film would be processed, then he turned back to Laura's waiting arms.



Todd and Laura were lost in their own little world. Their soft moans of mutual pleasure masked the muffled sound of the back door opening. While Todd was toying with Laura's puckered nipples, and she was stroking his ass, Kelly entered the studio.

Pulling up and locking her Elantra at the rear door of the studio, Kelly had unlocked the studio door and let herself in. She looked all around for Todd but he was nowhere to be seen. The light above the darkroom wasn't on, so she knew he wasn't in there. The upstairs was deserted as well. She wrote a quick post-it note and left it on the fridge saying she had come and grabbed her gear to go blading.

She changed in one of the supply rooms in the back into spandex shorts and a matching top. Very carefully she fastened her knee, elbow and wrist pads and made sure her helmet was on good and tight before slipping on the blades, finally pulling on a pair of kid-hide bicycling finger-gloves. As much as she loved to go roller blading, she was not going to take any chances with her body – a habit she learned while modeling.

Kelly had learned how to blade for a sport shoot a few years before she left that part of the business and loved the feel of speed and the tone it gave her legs. As usual the company had given her all she had worn in the shoot, and except for replacing the wheels twice a year, having switched from the factory issue ABEC-3 to the ABEC-4 bearings, everything was still in top condition. She stepped out the back door and heard the lock click behind her. Then she hit the streets with a vengeance!

Starting out at a slow glide she quickly felt herself loosen up and started pumping her legs and swinging her arms. One time, a few years ago, a traffic cop had clocked her coming down hill towards the lake doing over the posted speed limit. Seeing she had all the protective gear on that should be used, and not really having a basis for giving her a ticket, he tried to warn her about her speed. She in turn got his badge number, his name and precinct and had a copy of her original photo enlarged, framed and sent to his precinct with the caption, "Speed Demon". It had gone over well with the local unit and all the officers on the force now knew about her and Todd and the business they had

established and brought to Charlotte. It was an added bonus having local law enforcement watch out for your interests, and they in turn had talked her into doing a once a year talk at local schools about good safety practices.

After an hour, Kelly had pretty well worked any stiffness from her body and felt loose and limber. The blading had been a good idea and a good way to clear her head of the residual frustration following last night's break up with Mark, but now she was ready to hit the showers and slowly skated her way back to the studio.

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Todd and Laura reluctantly broke their embrace as the clock ticked off the last 15 seconds. After he drained the chemicals into specially labeled plastic jugs, Todd attached a hose to the top of each container and twisting it once to allow water to flow out, he turned the taps on high to thoroughly rinse the residual chemicals off the film. Thirty seconds was all he allowed for the rinse and then, while the containers were still in the sink, Todd dumped the water and filled the containers with fixer until the solution overflowed. Dumping a bit out of each, he resealed the containers and placed them back in the cradle for a three-minute cycle - time not wasted by either of them. Their arousal had increased a lot and Laura had dispensed with her shorts and underwear and Todd was fingering her to a hot and fast climax while they continued to neck. Laura just made it before the timer went off and once again Todd drained the chemicals into appropriately marked plastic jugs. Laura was starting to realize Todd had been very serious about his comment about her being worth the fresh 'soup.'

Attaching the hoses once again, Todd started the final ten-minute rinse. He turned the stereo on, already tuned to an easy listening station, and took a bottle of spring water for them out of the fridge as they waited for the final rinse to be complete. Laura sat quietly and watched transfixed as Todd meticulously washed the Pyrex containers and dried them before returning them to storage. Between the little chores, Todd took swallows of the cold spring water and suckled on Laura's nipples, sending more spasms of pleasure through her body.

He opened up the containers, hoping for the perfect result he had worked so meticulously toward. As each roll unfurled he used a soft rubber double-sided squeegee to remove the extra water and flipped on a light table to inspect the negatives with Laura waiting anxiously for the verdict. She tried to look at the negs, but she could make no sense out of the reverse color patterns. Fortunately Todd seemed quite pleased with the results and the clarity. He took them to a drying cabinet and set the heat and the timer explaining there would be a 20-minute wait before he could start to print. He turned the

regular lights back on so he could see what he was doing and started to get the printing trays out when Laura stopped him in his tracks. She literally pushed him onto the counter pulling his pants off in the process, exposing a healthy hard-on.

Grasping his tool firmly in her hand she stroked his balls with her other hand as she got to her knees between his spread legs, then started softly kissing the head and blowing cool puffs of air on his rapidly swelling organ. She teased the end of it with soft sucking on the tip and alternating by driving her tongue into the slit. Todd's hands were in a white-knuckled grip on the edge of the counter and his sack had tightened with the full load that had been building since her arrival.

Pulling his foreskin forward, Laura managed to get her tongue between his foreskin and his glans and was swirling her tongue around his now raging cock head. Between Todd's moans and groans of appreciation and the radio, neither one heard Kelly re-enter the studio.

Kelly removed her blades and started for the shower when she heard music playing in the studio. Calling out Todd's name got no response, so with curiosity she entered the main part of the studio.

She realized the music was coming out of the darkroom but the light still wasn't on. She guessed Todd must just be doing some cleaning up in there and stepped into the roll around door.

Laura was now working feverishly on Todd's swollen cock, which had expanded, to a deep purple, pulse pounding, ready to erupt weapon when Kelly stepped into the well-lit darkroom.

"Oh, excuse me." Kelly said as her eyes took in the scene.

"Oh fuck," gasped Todd.

"Oh shit," cried Laura, who in her shock had removed her mouth from Todd's cock, but there was no holding Todd back.

His cock twitched and started to spurt. Thick streams hit Laura smack dab in her eye, followed by more streams in her hair, in her ear and her cheek while other smaller spurts landed on her tits and legs. It was an intense climax for Todd made more so by the abrupt stop and the unexpected audience.

"Oh Jesus!" exclaimed Kelly.

With an eye full of cum, Laura fell back from her kneeling position right on her ass and ended up rolling on the floor now laughing hysterically. Todd was trying to find something to cover himself with but had his hands full trying to hide his still twitching cock from Kelly.

Kelly thought she should politely back out. It would be the proper thing to do, but she was strangely fascinated. She looked at Laura admiring the girl's body and her total

abandonment of pretense. She looked again with interest at Todd's toned body and when he saw her looking he blushed. A bemused smile played on Kelly's face.

"Well Todd?" she finally asked, "Are you going to introduce me to your lady friend?" But she could not hide her smile any longer and while Todd was blubbing something about not expecting her today, Kelly walked over and helped Laura off the floor.

"Hi," she said. "I'm Kelly." Pulling tissues from the container on the counter, she carefully wiped Laura's cum filled eye. "Let me wet this," Kelly said, "or it will get all dry and crusty." Kelly ran some water in the sink and wet another tissue returning to administer aid to the young beauty.

Still giggling, Laura introduced herself, but made no move to cover up.

"Contrary to popular myths," Kelly said, "Cum does not make for good conditioner for the hair. Let's go and get you cleaned up proper." Taking Laura by the hand she led her upstairs to the shower.

Kelly sat on the john while Laura started the shower and the two girls exchanged small talk. Kelly, knowing where all of the supplies were in the apartment bathroom handed Laura bottles of her own shampoo and conditioner she kept there for those occasions when she stayed over or had needed a rinse down after a sweaty day. A whiff of herself reminded Kelly why she had chanced on the scene downstairs in the first place.

Laura was washing her face when Kelly asked, "Would you mind if I shared the shower with you?"

An image of the breathtakingly sexy model flashed through her mind and Laura instantly became wet between her legs again. The woman she had so admired in the poster downstairs wanted to join her in the shower.

"Er, oh yes!" She stammered.

Kelly sensed a bit of hesitancy in Laura's voice and said it would be okay if Laura wasn't comfortable with the idea, to which Laura quickly and rather enthusiastically confirmed it was fine by her if Kelly wasn't uncomfortable.

As Kelly peeled off her spandex, which she tossed into Todd's clothes hamper, she said. "After years of modeling, you get to the point where you don't even notice or pay attention." It was a lie, but Kelly believed this little white one could be forgiven. She was attracted to Laura in a strange way. She reminded Kelly of the innocence and free spirit she had admired in the girls of the "James Gang."

For the next ten minutes the two girls helped each other wash and rinse off. Kelly enjoyed washing Laura's back and it just served to arouse both of them, though neither was yet ready to admit to their Sapphic feelings.

As the hot water started to run out, the girls climbed out of the shower and helped dry each other off. Kelly expressed admiration for Laura's boobs, while Laura said she would love to have Kelly's build.

"Well," Kelly said, "this is turning into a mutual admiration society. How about we raid Todd's fridge for a beer? Are you up for one?" Laura nodded enthusiastically.

"But what about Todd?" Laura asked as they seated themselves at the kitchen table.

"He'll probably use the time to compose himself and clean up a bit," Kelly replied. "He's actually quite shy."

Laura laughed and said he didn't appear that way, especially not yesterday.

"Oh," said Kelly, "You were his portrait yesterday? You must have made quite an impression to get an invite back."

"Actually an invite for the night," Laura said and then suddenly blushed.

With an effort Laura looked Kelly straight in the eyes and asked, "Are you okay with this? I don't want to be stepping on anyone's territory."

Kelly thought for a minute keeping Laura's honest gaze. "Yeah, I'm totally cool with it," she said. "I recently learned a lot about sharing someone you are close to. Todd seems to be quite happy and he's been my best friend for a lot of years now, so if you make him happy, then I am happy for him and thank you for it."

They finished their beer in silence, both thinking about the comment Kelly had made about sharing. Finally Kelly took Laura to the closet in Todd's bedroom and said, "Feel free to help yourself to something to wear."

Laura took a look and finally grabbed a t-shirt and pulled it over her head. She started to say she had other clothes downstairs, but Kelly just hushed her and said, "It's okay. It's more for Todd's benefit than yours. I doubt you'll be keeping it on long anyways, but at least you can be comfortable while he tries to talk his way out of this!" Kelly laughed.

They laughed again as Kelly pulled a matching Star Trek t-shirt out of Todd's closet.

"Now let's see if we can't put some bounce back into your hair." With that the two girls headed back downstairs to the makeup table.

Todd had managed to get his pants back on but it was obvious that he was still seeping from an awesome climax. For a moment Kelly felt a pang of jealousy, but remembering how Brenda and Sara and Sherri had watched her hump James, she brushed the thought aside and on impulse leaned over and gave Laura a kiss on the cheek.

Laura was surprised but not repulsed, and out of some primal instinct returned the kiss on Kelly's lips. Laura suddenly blushed out of confusion with her current feelings.



She had only just an hour ago met Kelly under the most bizarre circumstances and yet she felt a bond with her.

Kelly felt the hot rush and squelched a desire to devour the young girl. She knew Todd had plans with her and it would not be right to intrude. It also went against her nature, or at least it would have before the days with Brenda and the girls from the “James Gang.”

Telling Todd to go and get himself cleaned up and changed, Kelly started to work with Laura’s hair.

After applying some styling gel to her hair, Kelly took the blow dryer and with a brush working feverishly, quickly styled Laura’s hair.

“I do hope Todd has offered you some work modeling for our agency,” Kelly said between strokes. “You really have a beautiful face and figure and you could make some good money at it.”

Laura confirmed that Todd had mentioned it and was all set to ask Kelly details.

With a gentle press of her finger to Laura’s lips, Kelly said, “I don’t think now is the time for this. Didn’t you have other plans for today?” she said with a smile.

Laura giggled and said, “That’s right! I guess the shock scrambled my brains.”

Kelly laughed with her and asked if she could come by on Monday and she would explain it all in detail if Laura was still interested. “It’s not as glamorous as it looks,” Kelly said. “It’s hard work but it can be fun and rewarding.”

Todd rejoined them as Kelly finished applying light makeup to Laura’s face, and Kelly announced she had to get moving, telling Todd that Tony was in town for the night, and adding Gloria’s welcome back.

“How did your date go last night?” Todd asked as an afterthought. “Is our future Governor still as interesting as ever?” he asked with a touch of sarcasm.

Why was it that everybody seemed to know Mark was a jerk except for her, Kelly wondered?

With a sigh she gave a quick run down of the disaster of the previous evening’s date.

Todd could see the uncertainty in Kelly’s eyes, and reached out for her and hugged her. “It’s for the best Kell,” he said. “Your lifestyle would never have met with his approval.”

Kelly just nodded.

Taking a deep breath, Kelly turned back to Laura and said, “So I’ll see you here on Monday?” Laura nodded and Kelly gave her another kiss on the lips, whispering, “Enjoy yourself tonight.”

Then Kelly gave Todd a kiss on the lips, the first time ever and said, “Be good to her, and have a great time.”

Kelly changed back into her traveling clothes and with a fond look back waved goodbye and left.

As they stood in a lover’s embrace, Laura said, “You know she loves you don’t you?”

Todd nodded slowly and thoughtfully. “I always knew she did, but I’m not sure now in just what way. She needs somebody special in her life, and I don’t think she knows herself yet just who.”

Laura wondered about that herself, the taste of Kelly still on her lips. “Just as long as you leave a bit of love for me Todd.”

Todd lifted Laura’s face to his and said, “There will always be love for you Laura.” Then he kissed her. “Now how about we print some pictures and then make some happy love?”

*To be continued...*