

Kelly

(Inspired by Mike C, based on characters in his novel: “James”
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Chapter 7

Laura arrived home a little after 6 o'clock Monday afternoon. Laura and her three younger siblings lived in a modest but friendly home on the south side of the city with their parents. Her dad was a policeman and her mother worked part time in a grocery store to help make ends meet.

After liberally applying Aveeno on her butt to soothe the burning, she had supper with the family. As usual, it was a lively affair during which the family shared the news of the day. As the dishes were being cleared away, Laura brought out the portraits she and Todd had chosen as being presentable for family viewing.

“Mom, Dad, I need to talk to you about a few other things that have happened over the weekend.”

Hearing the seriousness in her voice, her mother told the younger kids to scoot, leaving just the three of them in the kitchen.

Laura explained she had lost her fast food job, but she had been offered an opportunity to be a model.

Her father was disappointed.

“Laura, I see this scam all the time. Girls are told they should be models and then end up shelling out a few thousand dollars for a portfolio and never getting any work. We get complaints about this racket all the time.”

“It’s not like that, dad,” Laura said. “I didn’t quit my job, I was a little bit sick this morning and I was fired. But Kelly, she’s one of the owners of TKO, she called her lawyer for me, and...”

“Did you say TKO?” her dad interrupted, “I KNOW them!” Besides Kelly’s contributions to the police safety committee, TKO also sponsored a summer day camp for the less fortunate kids of Charlotte. “If they’re the ones who offered you a modeling job, then I’m not going to worry. They’re highly respected in the business community.” Turning to his wife he said, “I’ve told you about them before, remember?”

“But Laura, what will you do about money until you actually start modeling?” asked her mother.

Laura explained how Kelly had managed to get her six months of severance pay. Her dad whistled through his teeth. It was a hefty sum for a family that usually just managed to make the paycheck last through the month. Since Laura had started work, she had been giving her parents a portion of her pay to help cover the expenses, plus she was a frugal girl and had purchased all of her own clothes as well as the six year old Honda Accord she drove.

“Mom, dad, this is an opportunity for me to get my education and make enough money so I can finish school. I’m getting enrolled tomorrow, and I promise I will make you proud of me. If it all works out, I will continue to help here with the expenses, but I have to be honest and tell you that I won’t be spending much time at home anymore. It’s not that I love you any less, but between school and work, it would just be easier for me to be able to spend more time at the studio or at Kelly’s.”

Her father looked at her mother. The spark that had been missing from their daughter’s eyes for so long was back and she was charged with excitement. Both of them realized it was more than the lure of a career as a model that had lit that spark but as open minded as they were, neither was willing to ask about the obvious fact that Laura was in love.

Laura’s mom was more excited about Laura returning to school.

Laura had always been a bright girl, but her disastrous affair with the jock had destroyed her chances at a scholarship, and even though her mother worked part time to supplement the family income, it was still a struggle. They simply couldn’t afford the extra money for university.

“Just you be careful honey,” her mother said. “We don’t want to see you hurt again.”

Understanding this was their subtle consent Laura kissed them both. “Don’t worry about me you two. I’m never going to let anyone use me again.”

With a deep sigh, her father asked if she would still be coming home regularly to visit and maybe spend a night or two. Laura had laughed, and giving her dad a big hug said, “Of course I’ll be coming home to see you and the family. I love you guys. I wouldn’t have made it through this last year without your support!”

Laura went to bed early that night after making a quick call to Kelly and a call to Todd to let him know she would be spending the night at home instead of returning to the studio.

“It was a bit of a shock to them,” said Laura, “but they seem okay with the fact I won’t be living at home full time anymore. I figured another night in my own bed for

their sake would help. Promise you'll dream of me tonight, and I will see you early in the morning. I love you Todd."

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Laura woke up early Tuesday morning. Packing a small travel case with some essentials, she gave her mother a kiss.

"Don't worry about me mom. For the first time in a long time I finally feel like I can have the future you wanted for me." Turning to her sister she gently reminded her that her side of the bedroom was still off limits. "Maybe if I end up getting a room at UNC, I'll move some stuff out and pack the rest and give you a room of your own," she said laughing, "but that won't be for a little while yet!"

Her mother walked her out to her car and giving Laura a big hug reminded her to be careful.

"Don't worry mom," she said, "I've got both my eyes wide open. And I'll be checking in on a regular basis."

There were tears in her mother's eyes as Laura drove off. Her first-born was leaving the nest. She hoped she would fly like an eagle.

Laura's eyes were still misted as well when she pulled into the studio parking lot just after 8 o'clock. The home she had grown up in and had been loved in was now part of her past. She felt confident of the future ahead of her, but as much as she would miss seeing her family on a daily basis, she knew her destiny lay before her.

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Todd was extremely pleased to see Laura at the door and after taking her travel case, he handed her a key.

"Laura Williams, I am delighted to share my home with you for as long as you will have me." With those words, Todd led her up the stairs to what was now their apartment and she unpacked.

Since they had a full day of appointments and errands to run, they decided to take a quick shower first. Laura had a mischievous smile on her face as they stepped into the shower. Placing her hand on Todd's chest she pushed him back until he was forced to slide down on his back in the tub. Straddling him Laura spread the lips of her pussy with her hand and though a bit embarrassed by her own boldness, she aimed a stream of urine at him. It quickly turned into a full blast and she manipulated herself so she could spray

Todd from his cock to his chest. Todd developed an enormous erection much to his own surprise.

Her bladder had been full since she woke up, and as she blasted Todd, it seemed like there would be no end to the flow. Still spraying, she lowered herself till she was squatting right over his stomach, drenching him as the excess ran down his sides and into the drain.

As the flow finally slowed she stood again and placed a foot on his chest holding him in place. With one hand she turned on the water setting the temperature and then removed the showerhead bringing it down with her as she knelt resting her butt on his thighs. The showerhead had a built in flow switch and after rinsing Todd lightly she grabbed the bottle of liquid soap and started to wash his chest, moving in long stroking motions dragging her nails across his hard stomach and building up a soapy froth in his pubic hair. Todd's cock was twitching with excitement, the head turning a deep purple. Stroking his soapy cock with one hand, Laura lathered her own pussy and then using Todd's cock like a dildo rubbed the head back and forth over her now blood engorged clit.

This sensation was too much for Todd, feeling his swollen glans scraping first against a patch of pubic hair and then sliding between her slick lower lips. As she stroked his cock faster and faster against her cunt lips to achieve her own orgasm, it finally became unbearable, and Todd arching up in a spasm of ecstasy felt his cock slip into Laura who sank down on him as she reached her own orgasm. They both shivered in the afterglow of the sensory overload.

Laura finally pushed her way up saying, "Damn, that's hard on the knees!"

Todd laughed and promised next time he would get on top which sent Laura into a giggling spasm. They washed each other properly and after drying off headed to the kitchen for breakfast. To Laura's dismay, she watched as Todd brought out two bottles of the 'go-juice' and the same vitamins she had taken at Kelly's, but at least he offered her cereal and whole-wheat waffles. With a sigh, Laura passed on both and stuck to celery stalks and a grapefruit.

They both heard the studio door open and Todd said, "That'll be Vanetta. Kelly rarely makes it in before 10."

"Todd, do you think my check will be at the lawyers today?" asked Laura. "I don't want to seem in a rush, but I only brought a bathing suit, a pair of jeans and a few pairs of panties. I thought maybe I could buy myself some new clothes today."

Todd looked at her for a moment, slapped his forehead and said, "Damn, I keep forgetting this is all new to you. Okay. Clothes are going to be the least of your worries."

Besides what you saw downstairs, we have other rooms filled with everything from jeans to business suits. About the only things you'll need are underwear and shoes."

"Maybe I can get Kelly to go shopping with me," Laura mused. She pulled on jeans and a t-shirt as Todd called the lawyer and then the University.

"Okay, we can go now and get you enrolled and pick up your course material," Todd said. "First we stop at the lawyers."

They headed down the stairs to be greeted by a smiling Vanetta.

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Kelly managed to roll out of bed around nine. After "breakfast," she made the bed, slipped on comfortable slacks and sleeveless top, locked the house and walked down to the studio.

The walk was Kelly's respite from the hectic life. For ten minutes she could enjoy the world without feeling like it was exercise. It allowed her to breath fresh air and gave her a chance to meet and greet the mailman and neighbors and shop clerks. Driving to work was saved for rainy days or if she was in a hurry. Besides, she always carried her cell phone if she was needed.

There was a fruit stand on the corner just before she entered the industrial park, and Kelly was friendly with the operator. As she was almost always a daily customer, he knew what she liked and would tell her honestly what was the best and freshest, so it was rare for Kelly to arrive at work without something for them to eat. Fresh mangoes, passion fruit, papaya and grapefruit would do it today.

Kelly walked into a room of smiling faces. Todd and Laura were sitting with Vanetta swapping stories.

"Good morning Kell," said Todd, who took the bag of fruit from her arms and carried it to the kitchen.

Laura kissed Kelly on the cheek and said, "Hi, I missed you." Kelly blushed a bit but kissed Laura back and whispered, "Not as much as I missed you."

Vanetta said "Good morning" and handed Kelly her morning stack of messages. Flipping through them quickly Kelly pulled a couple of important ones out and set them aside for first response.

Since it was nearly time for a morning snack anyway, Kelly tugged Vanetta away from her desk and all four ended up in the open kitchen. While Todd brought out the juicer, Kelly and Laura scrubbed the fruit Kelly had picked up to remove any pesticides. Some was placed in the draining tray to be transferred to the fridge while others were sliced to add solid snacks to go with the mid morning juice.

Todd had taken four large beets, six large apples and two bunches of celery out of the crisper and was feeding them into the juicer. Vanetta crushed ice while Todd added eight carrots to the mixture. Finally, he peeled and quartered a large Spanish onion and added a bulb of garlic.

Todd stirred the mixture and poured out four tall glasses, putting the remainder in a glass pitcher. He quickly and efficiently cleaned the juicer and placed the left over pulp into a bag for Delton's mulch pile.

Finally, all seated at the table, Vanetta recounted for Kelly what she had been telling Laura about the staff and environment at UNC's Applied Health department.

"She's going to love it in the Psych department," Vanetta said. "Everybody's afraid to talk to the psych students because you always get the feeling you're being analyzed!" Vanetta was laughing as she continued telling about various professors and the on campus activities along with the pranks played.

Laura was looking cautiously at her glass of juice. The beets had given the mix a deep red color.

"What's the matter Laura?" asked Kelly.

"Well," said Laura, "Nothing is really the matter. I mean... I like a garden cocktail as much as anybody, but I always thought they were mostly tomatoes."

Todd laughed. "The name brands are, sweetheart, but the beets are better for you. Lots of natural iron and vitamins, it's really good for the blood. Another lesson learned from 'doctor' Kelly."

Laura tasted it and looked surprised. "Hey, this is really good!"

Everyone laughed and Laura pretended to pout.

"I can't help it," she said. "This healthy living is all new to me."

Kelly reached over and put an arm around her. "It's okay Laura. We know it takes some time to get used to, but trust me, in a few weeks you will really see the difference and you will wonder how you managed to get through life without it."

Kelly went silent for a moment. What had she just said to Laura? ... "Trust me." She thought of Brenda, and how Brenda asked her: "Do you trust me?"

Kelly's thoughts were interrupted when Laura spoke up.

"Todd's going to take me to the university in a bit after I make one other stop, but I was wondering Kell if you would mind going shopping with me this afternoon. There are some things I need to get, certain things that I don't want to be picking out with Todd waiting or seeing."

Kelly laughed. "Sure Laura. How about we treat ourselves to a visit at the spa as well?"

Laura's eyes lit up. "A spa? I've never been to one."

“You’re going to love it. It’s nice getting pampered.”

“You’ve got a date,” said Laura winking at Kelly, “Right after I get enrolled.”

As they finished their juice break, Kelly headed to the correspondence she had to deal with. She said to Todd as she headed to her desk, “John wants to know when he can deliver the gym equipment.”

“Damn. I hate to clutter up the place with it and we still haven’t seen the two girls JulieAnn was talking about. Tell him he can deliver it in two weeks. I’ll just have to get busy and hope that JulieAnn has a good eye.”

“I wouldn’t worry too much about JulieAnn’s taste. I doubt she would even have given them any false hopes if she didn’t find them attractive, though you could always call James and get his opinion.”

“Nah,” said Todd. “You’re right. They might be a strange group, but they definitely aren’t stupid.” He stopped at Kelly’s desk and giving her a kiss on the cheek said, “Okay, if you need me, give me a call. I’m going to take Laura to Steve’s and then to the university.”

“You two have a good time,” Kelly said with a smile. Laura gave her a big smile in return.

“I’m so excited,” she said. “I thought my chance for an education and career was gone.”

Vanetta took Laura by the arm and walked with her towards the door as Todd headed out the back door to get his Chevy Tracker, his “in town” vehicle.

“Laura,” said Vanetta out of earshot of Kelly, “It might not be my place to say, but I’m going to tell you anyway. Todd and Kelly... they’re really special people, the world would be a nicer place if there were more like them. It’s not often they get this involved in other people’s lives. I know. I was lucky. My mom said the best way I can show them how much it means to me is to get the best grades possible, and make the most of my life and the opportunities given to me, so I’m going to pass the same advice on to you.”

Laura looked at Vanetta for a moment and then her face lit up with her open honest smile. She hugged Vanetta and said, “I know what you mean Vanetta. I thought this was all lost to me. I intend to make the most of this opportunity.”

Vanetta smiled back at her. “Mom said you were the sunshine that was missing from both their lives. I think I can now see why.”

Laura blushed. “I’m flattered, but really, I’m just a girl who was lucky enough to meet them.”

Vanetta bit her tongue. She didn’t want to tell Laura her mom had consulted the “Obi Man” after the incident on Sunday, and he had told her Laura’s arrival had not been

a coincidence. While Vanetta herself didn't place much faith in the old Shaman, her mother still followed the old ways. For the young kids in Jamaica, Obeah was more myth and folklore, but even Vanetta had to agree there was something special about Laura.

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Laura climbed into Todd's Tracker.

"Nice" she said.

"It gets me around town," said Todd, "but for longer trips I like the Hummer. This is just the right size so I can see and be seen and it's got enough room so I can toss my equipment in the back."

"Well," said Laura, "I like it."

The first stop was at the lawyers where Laura signed all the forms swearing her to non-disclosure and waiving any future legal action and received a check for just slightly over \$10,000.

Laura was hopping with excitement when they got outside of the law office. "I've never held this much in my hands at any time in my life," she said to Todd. "God, I hope it's enough with my savings to pay for the first year at the university."

"Well, most of your school work will be off campus for the first year anyway, so it's a lot less expensive right off the bat."

"Oh, I know," said Laura, "but what if there isn't enough modeling work for me to keep up the payments?"

"Don't you worry sweetheart, I've never been wrong when it comes to knowing what the camera likes."

"Okay," said Laura, "I'll trust your camera eye," but there was still a hint of hesitation in her voice.

Todd pulled over to a nearby park and stopped the truck.

"Honey, you're thinking about the wrong thing," Todd explained. "I think you are beautiful, but the jobs you'll get, and I am sure there will be a lot of them, aren't about your beauty. It's more about how good you can make the clothes look; they're the real stars in a catalog. It's also one of the reasons you need to take care of your body now. Make-up can only hide so much, so no more digging in the dirt for you, Princess!"

Laura laughed, "Yes my lord, I will obey. Now can I play with your royal scepter?"

"What? Here? In a public park?"

“Well,” said Laura kissing him deeply, “if you act natural like you’re just taking a break from driving, no one will see me.” With that said, she ducked down and disappeared from sight.

Slowly she undid his zipper and pulled out his rapidly growing cock. “Hmm,” she mumbled from below. “Somebody is happy to see me.”

Todd just gasped as she engulfed his cock in a big wet swallow. He raised his butt slightly as Laura tugged at his pants trying to get access to his balls. With them firmly held in one hand and the other putting a tight grip on the base of his cock, Laura started to lick up and down the sides with a wet yet coarse tongue. It took only a few minutes before Todd was bucking in his seat begging for release.

Laura slowed her pace and bobbed up and down on his blood-engorged prick with a calculated measure. She knew he was close, but wanted his climax to be really strong. Swirling her tongue around the head she felt the skin of his glans tighten ever more. Wrapping her lips around the head she ran her tongue back and forth over his slit trying to drive it into the little hole. She could feel his cock twitch in the hand that was still holding tightly to prevent him from coming while her other hand felt his balls shrink down to a tight package little larger than a golf ball. With a perverse pleasure she slobbered all over the head of his engorged cock and started to rapidly bob up and down and then released the pressure grip on his shaft which caused Todd to buck in his seat as shot after shot of cum went down her greedy throat, not a drop spilt.

Finally Todd slowed and his thrashing and twitching settled to random spasms. When Laura was satisfied that she had emptied him and captured every drop she sat up, surprised to see tears in Todd’s eyes.

“Did I hurt you?” she asked with concern.

Todd shook his head no, panting. He had no strength and no breath left to talk. Laura leaned back against her door and put her feet up on the seat, giving him time to compose himself. She sat quietly watching him as he slowly came back to earth.

“That... that was... that was so fucking good,” he finally managed to get out.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it,” said Laura with a smile, “But I’ll bet I enjoyed it more!”

“Not a chance,” he said. “That felt too good.”

“Ah, but to have that kind of power over you... To decide when you can cum and how long to make the pleasure and agony last, that’s the greatest thrill.”

“Look,” said Todd. “I’m still seeping cum!”

Laura bent quickly and licked up the glob forming on his cock head. Todd grabbed her and crushed her to him as he asked, “Do you realize how much I love you?”

“Yes I do,” she replied, “You show me every single day.”

Reluctantly Todd pulled up his pants and started the Tracker back up. “We actually have a semi fixed appointment at the registrar’s office,” he said apologetically.

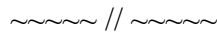
Registration didn’t take long nor did it cost Laura half as much as she expected. What she didn’t know was that when Todd had called and set up the appointment, he had also arranged a good portion of the bill to be sent to him. They spent nearly an hour picking up Laura’s course outline and meeting some of her professors and picking up the textbooks and online material she would need. Though she was getting a late start on the semester, she was quite sure she could catch up quickly. She had been a good student once and vowed to be one again.

After a visit to the main building where Laura got a chance to see the portrait Todd had done for the benefactor, they headed to a small diner Todd favored for lunch.

“Doesn’t this food go against all the health stuff you take?” Laura asked.

“Nope,” said Todd, “I guess I’m a Buddhist at heart. All things in moderation.”

“Now that’s a philosophy I can live with,” said Laura digging in.



Kelly had turned on a Bonnie Tyler CD after Todd and Laura had left. The music soothed her as she typed out replies to the morning missives. Other data she entered on her computer and with Vanetta’s computer programmed to share files, she had Vanetta proof and file them on the office server.

It was a quiet and peaceful day and Kelly was still feeling good from last night. She told Vanetta that a shipment would be arriving any day from Buffalo, and put \$1,500 in the petty cash box to cover the costs. Vanetta was used to these shipments as they occurred about once every four to six months.

“Make sure you tip the driver well if he brings it all in okay? They’re having a rough time with a crack down in Canada, and I don’t want my supplier to think this is a waste of his time.”

“No problem Kelly,” said Vanetta. “I don’t have classes today so if you like, I could stick around here while you and Laura go out.”

“Thanks Vanetta, that’s nice of you to offer, but Todd will probably close up and just work out this afternoon. There’s not much on the go right now. Well, actually there is, but we need release forms signed and after Todd prints up the Regan pictures, we’ll be gone again. However if you’re free tomorrow, it would be nice if you could be here as long as possible since Todd and I have to go out of town.”

“Sure, no problem,” said Vanetta.

They ate a quiet lunch together and afterwards when Vanetta left for home, Kelly logged on to her home account. She was pleased to see a letter from Brenda waiting for her.

Dear Kelly,

I was sorry to hear that Jules called you on the day I arrived back at the Eyrie and I didn't get a chance to talk to you personally.

Life is so busy right now that I barely have time to think for myself before something else pops up. But I would and will always find time for you.

In a way I think it was a smart move to drop your boyfriend. Just based on our "discussion" last Thursday, I think you are not appreciating the finer things in life.

I would like to discuss more of this in person since it seems there is more to the story than what you have written me.

As for Todd's new girlfriend, aren't Todd and you the best of friends? Don't best friends share? Look at my situation! <G>

And I honestly don't know why you are reluctant to pursue the change in your relationship with Todd.

It's pretty hectic here at Max's and I will be heading back to Regan's Thursday morning. I think I will be there for most of the month, or at least shuttling back and forth. I wish we could get together for a real sit down talk, face to face. Are you guys still planning to attend the grand opening of Mueller's Wheel? Let me know if you are, because then I can plan on some private time for you and me to talk.

Affectionately,

Brenda

Kelly filed the letter away. She would have to ask Todd if they were still going to the opening.

"Damn," she said out loud. "Time seems to be my greatest nemesis."

Kelly thought over what Brenda had said. Share with your best friend. "Hmm... I wonder how Laura would feel about that," she thought. Then as quickly she shook her head. It might work for the "James Gang," but they were just teenagers. And yet... there was no denying they loved each other, and shared James. Her thoughts were interrupted by the return of Todd and Laura.

Kelly was about to get up to greet the smiling couple when the phone rang. It was Jorge. Kelly waved at Todd and Laura as she spoke with Jorge.

“Well of course I knew she would look good to you Jorge,” she said. “That’s why we haven’t shown her to anyone else. You are one of our most valued customers.”

Jorge told her the pictures had arrived and he was smitten. Laura was just the kind of girl he was looking for and had called Mike in for a professional opinion. Then after being reassured by Mike, he had shown the photographs to his marketing people. The excitement had really grown, and some wanted to start production on the new lingerie line immediately. But first Jorge had some questions for Kelly.

“Yes Jorge, natural. 34B, no silicone in any of our models, you should know that. Yes, a student at the university down here. No, not a scar on her, and no tattoos.” Kelly looked at the contract Laura had signed.

“No Jorge, you know we don’t allow our models to use any drugs. Yes, the pictures are very recent. Last week. Five foot eight,” Kelly said. “120 pounds. No, the hair has never been colored. Jorge... you are wearing me out here. What you see is exactly what you get. She’s gorgeous, clean and natural.”

Kelly quickly scanned through her customer database. “Jorge, in your last catalog you used 78 of our models for your beautiful clothes. You paid over \$100,000 for their time. That was just one catalog Jorge. Do you want to know how much you paid for our models for entire year?”

Jorge was busy blustering when Kelly said, “Look Jorge, you were the only one either Todd or I thought of, and we thought of your lingerie line, and how long you’ve been looking for the right girl to bring it out. She’s a natural; you can see it in the pictures, that smile is going to do it for you my friend. She looks mature enough and yet innocent, but more importantly, she is a totally virgin face. Okay, twice, yes...” Kelly fired up her calculator and started punching in numbers, totally in business mode now. As Jorge continued to ramble on about hours, Kelly kept on entering numbers.

“Okay Jorge, plus a waiver that she is exclusive to you for a year, renewable with a 33-1/3 percent increase for each successive year as long as both parties are in agreement? All travel costs to be paid by you? Okay, because you’ve been good with us, let’s try this. I think we can talk her into five hundred per for the first year, and if you supply the travel and accommodations, I’ll see if I can convince her to do the two big conventions a year for free.”

Kelly laughed. “You like that eh Jorge? Well, I’ve gotten nothing but positive responses from every model who ever worked for you, and customers like you we want to make happy. Let me run it by her and I’ll get back to you in about an hour.”

Kelly hung up the phone smiling. Both Todd and Laura were waiting for the news with their breaths held.

“YES!” Kelly shouted. “Full page ads, a special flyer at Valentines, the Bridal issue and both catalogs.”

“Is that good?” Laura asked.

“That’s damn good,” said Todd who was figuring in his head.

“It means you will only work about eight weeks out of the year,” explained Kelly, “but you will be the exclusive model for the lingerie line. You will also do two trade conventions in the year, one in New York and one in L.A., and you will do them for free, but in the first year alone, after TKO’s fees, it means you will earn over 60 thousand before taxes!”

Laura fell into the closest chair, her mouth open.

“And if it goes as well as I think, your modeling fee will increase from five hundred an hour to six hundred and fifty per in the second year. If you work hard and manage to stick it out for four years with Jorge, you will be pulling in over one thousand an hour!”

“By the time you finish the third year towards your PhD, my dear, you will have earned...” Kelly stopped to punch in some numbers, “four hundred and thirty thousand dollars!”

“Oh my God!”

“But” said Kelly, “for you to actually earn that just from Jorge, you have to remain in pristine shape, and you have to make the clothes come alive. Jorge is aiming at the young newly married women, so you have to make them believe they will look as good in those outfits as you do. The first year is already guaranteed thanks to Todd’s magnificent photography.” Kelly smiled at Todd. “But keeping the job will depend on you.”

“I understand,” said Laura going quiet.

“I might have been able to get you the same kind of money elsewhere,” said Kelly, “but not with the repeat work and you would have to put in a lot more hours. This way you only need to be on the job about two weeks per season.”

Laura started to cry.

Todd looked bewildered.

Kelly understood and moved in close to Laura pulling the sobbing girl to her chest while patting her gently on the back.

“It’s okay baby,” whispered Kelly. “You deserve it. Every bit of happiness you can get.”

Todd finally realized why Laura was crying. He remembered the shy hurt girl he had met nearly a month ago and how last week she had transformed before him like the proverbial duckling. She was still the same girl, right down to her dimples, but now she saw her life opening before her, with dreams and goals unimaginable to that Laura who just last week worked at Arby's.

An hour later, after Kelly had confirmed with Jorge that Laura had accepted, and a call to Steve to check and formalize the contract that would be sent via courier to his office, the three of them had another glass of the juice Todd had made that morning.

"How can I ever thank you two for what you have done for me?" Laura asked.

"By being as good for the catalog shoots as you were for me when you weren't thinking about being a model. Make Jorge's clothes come to life. Get that second and third year rolling so you can go on for the fourth and fifth when you will really be making good money," said Todd

"Earning your doctorate in Psychology so you can fix up my life," laughed Kelly.

"Seriously though," Kelly continued, "You are now going to have to take solid control over your lifestyle. Stick to the vitamins, no sun-tanning beds, always wear sunscreen when you go to the beach or plan to be outdoors for any length of time, and don't cut your hair unless Jorge requests it and then only if you approve. Jorge won't be ready for you for about a month at which time we will go with you for moral support for your first week on the job. That gives us a month to get you prepared and coached."

"Uh oh," said Laura. "It sounds ominous."

Kelly laughed. "It's not as bad as it sounds, you just need a few lessons in posture and walking, and there are some female issues we need to discuss. But we can do that while shopping, if you still want to go."

"Oh yes," said Laura. Turning to Todd she said, "Promise you'll miss me?"

"Miss you?" he asked incredulously, "after this morning, I'm going to go to the gym and build up my strength before I come back here for a well deserved nap!"

Laura laughed and to Kelly said, "I'm afraid that's one little lie you told Jorge. About me having a virgin face. Todd simply couldn't make it to the university this morning with out stopping for a blow job!"

Todd flushed with embarrassment, but Kelly and Laura just laughed.

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The two girls headed off in Laura's Accord. Laura asked if Kelly would mind if they took a little side trip to her parent's house before they went shopping and to the spa. Kelly agreed. She was curious as to what kind of family Laura came from.

Laura's dad had finished work and was home as well. As they entered the house, he looked up, noticed Kelly and said jokingly, "Well if it isn't the speed demon herself!"

Laura looked perplexed until her dad explained that every precinct in town had an autographed poster of Kelly in her safety gear, and he had been at one of Kelly's school lectures about the importance of wearing safety gear.

"Why Officer Williams, how sweet that you remember," Kelly said with a smile.

"Call me Harry," he replied. "This is Meg," he added as his wife came into the room and gave Kelly a big hug. "So you're going to have my baby go back to school. I can't thank you enough."

Kelly was starting to feel a bit embarrassed. "Really, it has little to do with me or my partner. We offered Laura a chance and she took it. Personally I was glad to hear she plans on going back to school. We like all of our models to work for a higher goal. Modeling is just a means to an end in our company."

Meg sat the girls down and offered them coffee, but both declined.

"No coffee?"

Laura laughed and said there were a lot of lifestyle changes she had to make now she was officially a model.

"What?" her father asked. "You've already got a job?"

"Actually, it's a contract for a full year for Laura," Kelly said. "She has been signed to model exclusively for a client of ours." Kelly mentioned the catalog and Meg recognized the company name immediately.

"Exclusively for this catalog? Isn't that going to cut into her school time?" asked Laura's father.

"No daddy," Laura explained. "I'll only be working eight weeks out of the year for them."

"Humph. I can't see you paying your way through school on only eight weeks worth of work."

"Actually daddy, I don't want to make you feel bad, but I'll make \$58 thousand the first year, and if they renew the contract for another year, I'm guaranteed a 33 percent increase."

"Sweet mother of Jesus," said her mother.

"Holy shit!" said her father.

Kelly noticed a distinct family trait in the way the Williams' jaws dropped, and smiled.

"And," added Laura, "I wanted to let you know that I am now officially registered as a student in the psych department at UNC."

Meg pulled Laura to her in a big hug and said, "I'm so happy for you baby."

“Thanks Mom. Kelly and I were just about to go out shopping but I wanted to tell you both the good news first.”

“I’m glad you did,” said her father. “Now I know my little girl is going to be okay, I’ll sleep better.”

“I think it’s wonderful what your company does for the underprivileged kids of the city,” Meg added.

Kelly was feeling less than comfortable with the praise. She could never explain to anyone why she and Todd were so actively involved with the lonely and the impoverished children. It was something even she and Todd rarely spoke about.

As the girls got up to leave, Meg gave both girls a kiss on the cheek and a big hug. Harry gave Laura a big hug lifting her off her feet saying, “You make us proud now, ya’ hear?” Then with an awkward look held out his hand to Kelly who leaned over to give him a kiss on the cheek.

“I’m really glad to have met you Mrs. Williams,” Kelly said. “I can see where Laura gets her qualities and caring traits, and Officer Williams, it was a pleasure seeing you again.”

“Harry!” he replied. “The name’s Harry!”

“Ok, Harry,” Kelly said with a smile.

“I’ll call soon,” Laura said as they stepped out the door.

As they got into the Accord, Kelly lit up. Her nerves were starting to fray.

“I don’t need a PhD to see you aren’t very comfortable with intimacy or family situations,” Laura said as she drove to the South Park Mall as Kelly had suggested.

“Don’t get the wrong idea Laura. I think your parents are terrific, and they obviously love you very much. It’s not something I talk about, but I want to tell you how lucky you are. My parents sold me to an agent when I was twelve. I had no say in the matter at all and when I turned 14 I sued to liberate myself from them and the agent. He was not a nice man; let’s just leave it at that. By then I was getting some good reviews and the job offers kept on coming. I shopped around for a decent agency and over the next few years started to build up a tidy sum. They weren’t easy years Laura, and I learned early on that the only person who was going to look out for me was me. There were lots of people who were willing to use me, and being young and naïve, I didn’t know any better but I was also growing up. I had missed most of my education so I started taking off campus courses to get my high school diploma. I guess you could say I enjoyed learning and went right from that to a Bachelor’s in Fine Arts. Now I only take a single class at a time because I do have a full life, but I’m well on the way to a Masters in Business Administration. Seems I have a head for business,” Kelly laughed.



“I never realized,” said Laura. “But if you were on your own all that time how did you hook up with Todd?”

“Ah, now that’s where life gets interesting,” said Kelly. “I had just finished a cover for one of the monthly’s when I got a call from my agent asking if I would be interested in a special swim suit edition for a popular sports magazine. The money was nice, I was 18 and it would give me a month in Jamaica, all expenses paid. I had been in the biz for six years and had never had a real holiday. We were flown down to Jamaica on an executive jet. There were twenty-six of us, twenty-four who would be in the mag, and two alternates in case someone got sunburned, stung by a jellyfish or something like that. It was my first time doing a high profile shoot and it was also going to be my first time doing a topless shoot. I quickly discovered most of the girls who did these top-line shoots were pill pushers or ‘Snow Bunnies.’” At Laura’s enquiring look Kelly explained that a “Snow Bunny” was a girl who snorted coke.

They had made it inside the mall and had found a fresh fruit juice specialty kiosk and with a tall fruit drink each they sat at a small relatively secluded table.

“So to continue with my tawdry tale,” said Kelly with a smile, “The magazine had us all booked into a fancy hotel in Mo-Bay which would be used as our center of operations since we were going to be shooting at Dunn’s River and the famous beaches of Negril etcetera. I didn’t want to stay at the hotel with the other girls and took a room at a guesthouse just outside of Mo-Bay, and made myself comfortable for the month. That’s where I met ‘G,’ and as fate seems to have planned it, Todd was staying at the same place. I didn’t know it at the time, but aside from the money being paid to pose, there was a hefty bonus for whichever girl made the center spread. So Todd didn’t want to stay in the same hotel with the girls who would do anything to influence the photographer. Besides, having been to Jamaica many times, he preferred the guesthouse.”

“I won’t say we hit it off right away cause I think he felt I was going to try some of the same stunts. It was a week before he realized I wasn’t offering to hop into bed with him and he started to talk to me anywhere other than on location. He totally cracked up when he found out that I didn’t know about the bonus. I think that’s when he let his hair down and let himself be who he really was and we soon found out we had a lot in common. He was the first man who didn’t try to get into my pants after sharing a beer.”

Kelly smiled with fond memories. “We went out dancing at night and I found I could have a good time with him. Though it was never planned, and nobody would believe I hadn’t slept with him to get it, his one photo of me was chosen for the center spread. I think you’ve seen it in the dark room?”

Laura blushed remembering how hot she had gotten looking at that poster.

“Our paths crossed about a dozen times over the next couple of years and we used to call each other just to talk. We grew to be real friends, and one day we were talking and I was bitching about how the agencies treated the models like select cuts of meat with no brains. Todd was getting pretty tired of nothing but model shoots and wanted to spend more time taking quality pictures that didn’t necessarily have a person posing in front of the camera. I had been real careful with my earnings over the years because I knew one day the ride would stop and I wasn’t sure what I wanted to do next when Todd suggested I should be an agent. Well we talked about it for a few months and I convinced him we should start our own business that would specialize in product advertising and handle models as a sideline. That way we could make sure that the ‘real people’ models we wanted to specialize in would be treated properly and with respect. As we grew, we hand picked the best agents to handle the daily modeling assignments, and we moved to Charlotte. Todd is the only family I have.”

“What about Todd?” Laura asked. “Doesn’t he have any family?”

Kelly sighed. “It’s not something I would tell anyone else,” she said, “but Todd is alone as well. His real name isn’t Ayres, or it wasn’t when he was born. He’s had it legally changed. It used to be Vanden Ayres. He was born in Holland to very strict Catholic parents. His mother was very abusive and his father had a mean temper. They emigrated here when Todd was only seven and his life was pure hell. His salvation came during a grade eight class trip to a university campus photo lab. He became interested in photography and saved his paper route money to buy himself a camera. By the time he finished high school, he was earning enough money taking pictures for the local paper that he could afford to pursue his dream through university. By the time he was finished he had already established a good reputation and ended up working for an ad agency. He hasn’t seen or spoken to his parents since he left high school. It’s not a good topic of conversation with him.”

“Okay,” said Laura. “I won’t mention it to him, but why did Jorge call him a crazy bastard on the phone yesterday? That kind of bothered me.”

Kelly laughed. “In the inner circle of modeling, Todd has a reputation as being one of the greatest fashion photographers of our time. Jorge tried to hire him full time for his company and Todd told him that he couldn’t afford him. Jorge said you haven’t heard what I’m offering yet, but Todd just laughed and said that it didn’t matter cause it still wouldn’t be enough, and that’s the same answer Todd has given every company since then who has tried to hire him full time. So that’s why Jorge calls Todd a crazy bastard. He means it affectionately though. He’s a good client and all of our models enjoy working for him. He’s a bit strange himself. He was a top fashion house designer and one day walked out and started a home-based business where the average woman

could not only go into the clothing business for herself, but with affordable fashions that last. In ten years he has become bigger than Mary Kay or Avon in direct sales.”

“Wow,” was all Laura could say. “I never realized what a different life it is for other people.”

“It’s not so scary though,” said Kelly, “Todd and I are exceptions when it comes to family problems. You’ve got good family behind you and that will help a lot, plus you have the best damn agency in the world looking out for your interests! Now how about we get some shoes?”

Kelly totally ignored the Sears Laura was familiar with, and steered her to a high-class shoe store.

“When possible stay away from any heel over an inch high,” said Kelly. “It will save you a lot of grief and varicose veins if you don’t wear heels other than for work.”

Laura was a bit awe struck by the attention of the sales attendants, and after measuring her, the manager personally brought out samples for Laura to try. Various offerings of Amalfi and Munro and other fine Italian leather slid effortlessly on her feet.

An hour later and with three pairs of “must have” shoes for Laura, two pair of low heels and a pair of sandals, all designed for comfort, light as air and hand stitched quality, they finally left and headed directly over to Victoria’s Secret.

“I’m not sure what to do about a bra Kell,” said Laura. “I don’t like wearing one, but I don’t want my boobs all floppy when I get older either.”

“Well,” said Kelly, “you’re more blessed in that department than I am but I do know what I tell all our female models. If you wear a bra and when you take it off your boobs feel like they’ve been freed from captivity, you need to wear one when you are active, but if all you are doing is sitting around, then you don’t need one. But, that doesn’t mean it has to be a uniform bra. There are a lot of good support bras in here that will make you look even sexier than you are now.”

Laura giggled. “Can I get the kind that lets my nipples show?”

Kelly laughed with her and took her to the back and knowing the sales girl who was working, explained to her what Laura needed and that they had to be perfectly form fitting and extremely sexy.

Laura blushed, but her embarrassment evaporated quickly as the girl measured her and then returned with half a dozen different styles, all of which were light and extremely gorgeous. At Laura’s request Kelly stayed in the change room with her as she tried them all on. Two styles in particular really gave Laura extra lift and support and cleavage, and Kelly called the sales girl to see if those models came in different colors. After selecting six new bras, it was time to find some panties. Kelly suggested high-rise French cut with full cotton inserts.

“Thongs look good on models,” Kelly explained, “but for everyday use they aren’t as practical as a good secure fit. It’s like the low-rise panties. Unless you need them for belly baring jeans or shorts, it’s just a nuisance as they keep sliding down. Better to settle for comfort.”

Laura insisted Kelly stick around, and that’s when Kelly brought up the thing that had been on her mind all afternoon.

“Laura, I can tell you shave your legs, but how long can you go between shavings?”

Laura blushed and said she realized she was starting to show a bit of stubble but that generally she could go for four days before it became really noticeable.

“Honey, can I suggest you stop shaving and go for waxing instead? After the first few times you can go for months without repeating the process, and your legs will become softer for it and if you do it regularly, the hair growth will slow down to nothing. Less hair grows back every time after waxing, and if you keep it up, eventually you won’t have to do it at all anymore. I only get mine done once a year now.”

As Laura tried on the panties, Kelly brought up the other issue.

“Laura, I hate to be the one to bring this up, but you’re going to be modeling a lot of lingerie...” With that Kelly reached down and pulled lightly at Laura’s tufts of pubic hair left exposed by the underwear.

“Oh no.” Laura wailed. “I shaved it once to... you know... see what it was like but it was so itchy when it grew back in.”

Kelly was shaking her head no, but smiling.

Laura’s face showed the fear and dismay. “Not waxing!”

Kelly nodded. “Right to the fold between your leg and groin. Trimming the length will be up to you.”

Laura had a dejected look on her face and settled on a dozen pair of assorted high cut panties as well as a silk camisole and matching boxers. As she paid for her purchase, Kelly told her the waxing wasn’t that bad if done right, and by trained professionals.

“You’ll see sweetheart, as soon as we get to the spa. Besides, if it hurts I’ll kiss it and make it all better for you.”

No sooner were the words out of her mouth when Kelly and Laura both realized what she had said. Kelly was the one blushing now while Laura smiled with the thought.

They sat in the car for a few minutes while Kelly called ahead to the spa arranging two mud baths and a leg and bikini wax for Laura and a massage to follow. Since it was Tuesday, there would not be a long wait. She then called Todd letting him know that she and Laura would not be back till around 10.

Following Kelly's directions, Laura drove them to the secluded spa. From outward appearances it looked like a very large, well-designed and maintained old mansion, with only a small brass plaque at the gate announcing 'Members Only', but was one of the few remaining exclusive women's clubs left in the Carolinas.

Kelly flashed a smile at the security guard as Laura stopped at the security gate.

"Good afternoon, Jim"

"Good afternoon, Miss Jennsen", he replied, looking in the window, "It's nice to see you again." He stepped away from the car and made a note on his clipboard as the barrier rose.

As Laura drove up the winding driveway to the parking lot behind the main building, she realized how private this place really was. A very old and thick hedge surrounded the buildings and the well-manicured lawn, backed by trees that further blocked prying eyes. As they walked to the private side entrance, Laura realized how her old Honda really stood out amongst the sleek assortment of Mercedes, Jag's and Porsches.

Getting fresh robes and towels from the front desk after signing in, the two girls headed to the locker room which seemed much more like an elaborate dressing room complete with recliners and sofas and a bar. All of the staff knew Kelly by name and greeted her as an old friend and she introduced Laura as her very close and dear friend. The implication was not lost on the staff, and they treated Laura like a visiting dignitary.

After changing into the gowns and leaving their clothes in the side-by-side hand finished oak lockers, they headed to the common area with their towels in hand. They had no sooner settled into comfortable leather chairs before a young blonde girl came in to take their drink orders.

"I'm feeling like something fruity tonight Amy," said Kelly, "How about a cold strawberry daiquiri?"

"Fresh today Miss Kelly," said Amy. "And for you Miss?" she asked looking at Laura.

Never having tried one, Laura smiled at the girl who was probably the same age as she was, and said she would have the same.

They barely had a chance to settle in to a conversation when another Scandinavian blonde walked in and announced that Mistress Helga had suggested a steam bath to open Miss Laura's pores before waxing. Kelly thanked her and asked what time Mistress Helga would be ready.

"In about 45 minutes Miss Kelly," she responded and left the room.

"Mistress Helga?" asked Laura with a raised eyebrow.

“Oh, I doubt it’s her real name,” said Kelly, “but she’s the manager here and runs this place like a well oiled machine.”

Amy returned with their drinks and a plate of fresh strawberries on a bed of chopped ice.

“The steam bath will help this drink feel like you’ve had two,” said Kelly. “Suck it through the straw and you’ll think you’ve had four!”

“If this is going to hurt a lot, maybe I better have a couple of these,” said Laura.

Kelly laughed. “It won’t be that bad Laura. Just think of it as ‘training’ for your chosen career.”

“Will you stay with me Kelly?” Laura asked, suddenly serious.

Kelly could see the uncertainty in her eyes and reached for Laura’s hand. “Don’t worry baby. I’ll be with you every second and I’ll hold your hand.”

They finished their drinks in relative quiet and headed for the showers.

The showers themselves were something to behold. It was like a giant dorm shower with multiple gold plated heads spouting water from the walls. Gold grate-like racks lined the walls holding top name shampoos, conditioners and natural hand made soaps. There were a few privacy curtains for those who desired it, and slip proof benches both in and out of the line of the spray. There were about a half dozen women already in the showers, but Kelly just took off her robe, hung it with her towel and walked into the room. After a moment’s hesitation, Laura followed suit.

There were two women in a corner soaping each other’s bodies using their bodies more than their hands. Laura thought she recognized one as the publisher of Charlotte’s newspapers, but it couldn’t be. She must be mistaken.

Kelly saw Laura look and laughed quietly. “It must be something about communal showers,” she said. The ladies soon moved to an area where they could pull a privacy curtain across.

“Not to worry honey, they just don’t know who you are and this is a very discreet club.”

They showered quickly, scrubbing each other’s back before walking into a cold rinse stall. From there they retrieved their robes and towels and headed for the steam room.

Though Laura felt very comfortable being naked with Kelly, she was a bit self-conscious walking into a room where the better part of all the clients sat around in a semi fog of steam totally nude. Following Kelly’s lead, Laura had left her robe in the short hallway and wrapped the towel around herself, but was surprised to see Kelly remove hers to lay it on the marble surface that served as wall to wall benches around three sides of the room. Many of the women were sitting or laying on the higher of the two-section

platform. The cloud of steam only offered slight coverage. It was one thing to be in a shower with other women as that was reminiscent of her junior high school days, but to just sit or lay openly was disconcerting. Suddenly it dawned on her that shortly, another woman would be looking very close at her genitals, and stripping away the light furry covering from most of it.

“Kelly,” Laura whispered softly, “I’m not sure that I can go through with this. I thought I was prepared for this, but I haven’t been naked in front of more than a few classmates years ago, and then only for a few minutes.”

“I understand sweetie,” Kelly said. “Try not to think of yourself nude, but instead you are dressed just like everyone else. Wouldn’t you feel out of place if you were wearing a bathing suit in here?”

Laura laughed. It did seem pretty funny and would attract a lot more attention than just being in her birthday suit. She settled back like Kelly and just closed her eyes letting the steam open up the pores on her body. She was nearly dozing when an attendant came in and gently shook her telling her that Mistress Helga was ready for her. Wrapped in their towels and carrying their robes they were escorted to a private room with a very professional and gleaming gynecologist’s chair.

Laura disrobed and sat in the chair as directed by another Scandinavian blonde who said she was to prepare Laura. Kelly was sitting on a stool beside her, holding her hand, when Mistress Helga entered the room.

Mistress Helga was a pleasant woman with a distinct accent and the demeanor of a professional. She quickly explained the process and that it would not be a hot wax removal as done in beauty salons, but rather a warm wax based solution of herbs and other ingredients that would make the process less painful and quicker. It would also greatly reduce the number of times Laura would have to have the procedure repeated before all of the hair follicles were totally removed.

“My dear,” said Mistress Helga, “in ten years you will appreciate what you start today.”

Laura nodded nervously.

“Underarms?” she asked.

“Yes,” answered Kelly for Laura.

Quickly and with the aid of the assistant, she used a soft brush to spread the solution on Laura’s underarms and then her legs, right down to her toes. As the solution went on under her practiced strokes, her assistant applied sterile strips of what appeared to be a stiff gauze material pressing it firmly into place.

With Laura’s legs completely covered, Mistress Helga used a remote control to electronically open the stirrups spreading Laura’s legs wider and wider. Slipping on a

pair of latex gloves, Mistress Helga applied a different solution to those tender areas Laura needed permanently nude. She asked Laura if she had a particular form or style she preferred, but Kelly intervened and told Mistress Helga that Laura did not want to be completely bare, nor did she want a fancy design but instead something that could be easily covered by a small bikini brief.

Mistress Helga nodded her understanding and applied the new solution to the inside of Laura's groin, completely denuding her of any hair below or beside her vagina, leaving just a three inch triangular shaped patch right above her labia folds. More solution over the patch went right to Laura's belly button, and with the gauze firmly pressed into place, the assistant started applying a layer of another sealant to the exposed gauze being very careful not to spread it past the material.

Finally satisfied, Mistress Helga said, "Well now, Miss Laura, this is the only really uncomfortable part of this procedure. I would ask that you remain motionless in this position for ten minutes at which time I will return.

Though she was in an awkward position, Laura was no longer self-conscious about her current state. Mistress Helga had been very professional in her manner, much like a doctor. For the next ten minutes with Kelly still holding her hand, the two girls made small talk.

"What I don't understand," said Laura "is why it will take two weeks to shoot the catalog. I figured it out and working four hour days, five days a week Jorge must have a few hundred designs he wants me to pose in."

Kelly laughed and explained that she might be lucky if she tried on two outfits a day. "It will take Mike about an hour and a half shooting off a lot of film on each outfit hoping for that one special shot. Don't you remember how much time Todd took with you in the two outfits?"

Laura remembered. Doing a bit of mental gymnastics she finally said, "Wow. I never realized how much work goes into a catalog."

"Advertising is the first and most important step on the way to a sale," said Kelly. "Between Marge redoing your makeup and Mike wanting to change backgrounds, I doubt you'll see more than 15 outfits introduced by you in the fall catalog."

"Out of curiosity," Laura asked, "why did you tell Mistress Helga to leave my pubic hair in such a basic pattern? It's really not much different than what I had to start with, I would have thought something more exotic would be called for."

Kelly laughed. "Styles come and go, but you want to look like everyday people which is why you are forbidden under our contract to get any tattoos or body piercing other than the single holes in your ears. You can always shave a pattern into the basics, hell you can even shave it all off in the future if you like and you aren't going to be



required for a shoot for a few months. Shaving lets it grow back in, but this waxing will be permanent in a few sessions. The really nice part is you won't have to worry any more about razor nicks or itchy bumps. Your legs will look and feel so smooth."

"I don't understand Kell," Laura said. "If this is such a miracle cure, why don't more women do this instead of shaving?"

"Simple economics my dear. A pack of razors costs less than five dollars and will last you nearly a year. This on the other hand costs \$800 a treatment not including membership fees."

"Oh my God! I can't afford this!"

"Relax Laura" said Kelly. "Take this as a gift from someone who cares for you."

"Kelly, I can't let you do this. It's too much."

"Laura... too much is a relative term. Why were you worried about telling your dad how much you were going to make this year?"

"Well, you know," said Laura. "It's more than he will make in a year in a dangerous job. I didn't want to embarrass him or make him feel bad."

"There. You see? You're starting to understand and get some perspective on what's too much. Besides you're going to have to save up enough to pay for your education."

"Okay, then I will graciously accept with my heartfelt thanks," said Laura, "but if it's not getting too personal, can I ask you why you have a guest membership to this place. I mean... it's for women only. Do you have friends you bring here?"

Kelly dropped her head for a minute and then looked Laura right in the eyes. "I guess it's always been my wishful thinking that I could share this place with a close friend, but in the four years I've been coming here, you're the first person I have ever shared this with."

Laura was about to say more but was interrupted by Mistress Helga's return.

"It is nearly time," she said. "I know you are worried about pain, but let me assure you that it will be little more than a slight stinging sensation. The formula is my own, and it includes special herbs that have numbed your skin and dilated your pores loosening the follicles." She checked the gauze all around to verify it had taken evenly and had dried completely before she pressed on a button on the desk. In less than a minute, her assistant and another girl entered the room.

"Now then, if you are ready..."

Laura nodded squeezing Kelly's hand. As the two assistants took their places on each side of the chair, Laura asked Kelly if this really was painless.

Mistress Helga stood between Laura's legs and grasped the top of the gauze in two firm fisted hands while her two assistants stood on the outside of Laura's legs each holding a double handful of the cloth.

"I'm not sure sweetheart. I had my first ones done in New York. Mistress Helga has only done a bit of touch up work on me these last few years."

"Kelly..." said Laura with anxiety in her voice.

"It's the first time that's a bitch," said Kelly nodding to Mistress Helga.

With a nod from their mistress, all three pulled downward at once.

**"Holy Fucking Jesus Christ!"** screamed Laura.

As she sat forward in the chair the two assistants quickly and deftly pulled off the short strips still under Laura's underarms.

Laura didn't even notice this last bit. She was looking forward at her vagina checking carefully if it was still where she had seen it last.

Her eyes were moist, but not as much from pain as shock.

"You see," said Mistress Helga. "It stings a little the first time because there is so much to remove, but next time it will be much easier."

Mistress Helga left the room as her assistants gently rubbed a cool herbal lotion into the parts of Laura that were bright red. Kelly herself took on the task of smearing lots of the lotion around Laura's vagina and soft belly. With long deliberate strokes she applied the lotion using the whole of her hands to smooth it in, rubbing well beside and past Laura's exposed vulva and right to her butt. As the assistants finished her underarms, legs and feet they left Kelly to finish the job she had started. Laura's skin was no longer red and the stinging sensation was soon replaced by arousal as Kelly's hands continued to slide back and forth beside her enlarged clit now easily exposed in the hairless region.

It was sensory overload. Between the tension and anxiety and the application of the wax compound and the removal of it to the constant sliding of Kelly's hands over her sensitive vulva, it was not long before Laura was breathing in short shallow breaths. Seeing Laura on the verge of a climax, Kelly extended her thumbs so that as she stroked she deliberately pressed against Laura's clit. Within seconds Laura was panting and with a deep groan achieved a massive orgasm before collapsing back into the chair.

Kelly continued to rub softly and gently slowing her motions down and retracting her thumbs, though she was fascinated with the size of Laura's clit and how it seemed to pulsate.

Finally an embarrassed Laura grabbed her towel and threw it over her head giggling.

Kelly stepped back and took a seat again.

From under the towel a quiet voice said, “Kelly, will you still respect me in the morning?”

Kelly laughed and pulled the towel from Laura’s face. She was surprised to see a blushing Laura underneath it. Giving her a gentle kiss on the lips, Kelly said, “You earned my respect long before this. You are a loving soul and if Todd hadn’t found you first maybe I would have.”

Pulling on her robe, Laura followed Kelly out to the covered patio. This area was reserved for the clients who smoked. As soon as they seated themselves, Amy was at their side. She placed a tray of assorted imported cigarettes on the table and lit the one Kelly chose, before asking if the ladies would like another drink.

“I certainly would,” smiled Kelly and ordered another strawberry daiquiri. Laura felt she deserved one as well.

As Amy walked away, Laura said, “You know that’s the first time another woman has touched me in that way, and the first time another woman has ever given me an orgasm?”

“Are you bothered by it?” Kelly asked.

“No, just amazed. It was so overpowering.”

“I’m sorry if I over stepped the bounds of friendship Laura, I think it was just the heat of the moment. It won’t happen again.”

Laura looked at Kelly with puzzlement in her eyes. “Why?” she asked.

Kelly sighed. “I’m not going to interfere with you and Todd.”

“Kelly Jennsen. I swear you are the most difficult person to get close to. I’ve already told you that I *told* Todd about my feelings for you. He doesn’t feel threatened by my attraction to you and before I met you, Kelly, I have never had any feelings for any other woman.”

Amy returned with their drinks and Kelly took the opportunity to grab another cigarette. When Amy discreetly left, Kelly looked at Laura and asked why.

“What do you mean ‘Why?’” Laura asked.

“I mean why would you bother to explore any feelings you think you might have for me when you have Todd? I know Todd and he’s a great catch. I’m sure from what I have seen of you two that he satisfies you in bed, so why bother with me?”

Laura’s eyes misted over for a second. “Because I love you Kelly.”

Kelly pulled Laura into a close embrace and whispered, “I love you too baby, more than you know. So much more than you know, but I can’t take anything away from Todd.”

Laura could see a soul in turmoil in front of her as Kelly settled back into her chair. Finally she said, “Kelly, can you tell me how high is up? How long is forever?”

Kelly looked at her with a confused expression.

“Don’t you see Kelly? That’s like Love. You can’t measure it. You can’t limit it. Just think on that for a while. When I was with you Sunday night, I didn’t feel less loved by Todd, I just felt twice as loved.”

They sat in silence for a while as they finished their drinks and then it was time for Laura to shower off the soothing balm. Out of habit or for the sheer enjoyment of it, Kelly showered with her.

*To be continued...*