

Kelly

(Inspired by Mike C, based on characters in his novel: "**James**"
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Chapter 12

"Wheee..."

"Laura! Watch out for that pedestrian!"

"Why?" she asked Todd, "he could see me coming."

Todd looked back and shrugged an apology to the man. After calling Kelly he had called the desk clerk about securing a ride to the Clubhouse and had been told a golf cart would be available to them. It was one of the perks for those staying in the executive suites. To his regret he had agreed to let Laura drive.

The clerk had told them to head south and they would find it easily enough. What the clerk hadn't counted on was Laura's belief in the philosophy that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and as such she barely stayed on any path long enough to see a direction marker.

Footpaths or paved paths, it made no difference to Laura.

"Come on Todd, keep score for me! 100 points for every pedestrian in funny pants that I can get to jump! 500 points for every other cart I can get to swerve."

"Laura... this could be dangerous."

"Todd, I'm going maybe all of eight miles an hour."

"I know," he said, "but this isn't a bumper car arcade!"

Laura bore down on another golfer walking along a footpath. He was wearing loud plaid pants. The golfer looked at the oncoming cart like a deer caught in a truck's headlights. She was twenty feet away when he jumped to the side cussing and swearing.

Todd hunkered down in the seat. "How much further," he wondered, before they found the Clubhouse or Laura managed to wrap the fiberglass cart around a tree.

"There's Kelly!" Laura shouted. "I found it. Hmmm ... I wonder if this thing has brakes?" She let go of the wheel and was waving with both arms.

Todd closed his eyes. After all the years of risking his neck to get the ultimate picture, he was going to end up in a wreck in a golf cart going slightly faster than a good jogger. He laughed at the irony.

Kelly saw Laura coming and waved back. She noticed that Todd looked a bit stressed.

Kelly, Jules, Sara and Sherri along with Lucy had arrived a few minutes earlier and were waiting for Todd and Laura to arrive before going in to meet the parents.

“That’s my Laura,” she said to the group.

“She’s not driving on the path,” Lucy said. “She’s just cutting across everything!”

“Maybe that’s because she doesn’t seem to have her hands on the wheel,” Kelly ventured.

Sherri laughed. “She looks like a fun person.”

“She’ll fit in fine with us then,” Sara added.

Much to Todd’s relief, Laura managed to stop the cart barely a yard from the group waiting for them.

Kelly gave them both a kiss and introduced Laura to the girls. “Ladies, I would like you to meet Laura Williams, daredevil, and...” she shot a glance at Lucy, “a very special friend.”

The girls gave Laura hugs, making her feel right at ease.

“And this is Lucy, her dad owns the marina.”

“Lucy, this is Todd, my partner. The face that goes with the name you saw on the picture.”

“Oh God, Yes!” said Sara. “When you guys called about me being a centerfold, I figured it was a nice picture, but I never imagined this!” she said as she wrapped her arms around Todd’s neck.

Todd blushed.

“Okay... So the only ones I haven’t met are...” Laura thought hard, “Celeste, Nicole and James himself, right?”

Jules laughed. “You might have seen them if you had looked up. I believe Celeste was joining the ‘mile high club’ about the time you were driving over.”

“What’s a mile high club?” Lucy asked.

“Oh, I know!” said Laura. Jules coughed discreetly while Sara and Sherri started to squirm. It wouldn’t do to have Lucy burst out with that information during lunch with the parents.

Kelly winked at Jules as Laura knelt down so she was at face level with Lucy.

“The reason I know is cause I just joined it yesterday. It’s when people fly higher than a mile for the first time ever.”

A visible wave of relief washed over JulieAnn’s face.

“That’s no big deal,” Lucy said. “I’ve been higher than that.”

“So you’re an old pro at flying then,” Laura said to her. “But yesterday was my first trip up in a plane ever!”

“Oh. Did you like it?” Lucy asked.

“Very much. I had a really good pilot and he made me feel as safe as riding in one of these carts.”

“I hope none of the security staff saw you driving like that,” Lucy said solemnly. “You can get a ticket for that! Didn’t you see the signs?”

“Signs?” Laura asked.

“They’re all along the road.”

“Road? You mean there was a road?”

Lucy gave her one of *those* looks.

Laura bowed her head contritely. “Next time I’ll try to stick to the pavement.”

“Next time my butt!” said Todd, smiling. “You’re a menace to golfers and photographers! From now on, I’ll drive.”

Laura pouted for a minute, then smiled. “Good, that leaves my hands free to do other things.” The older girls laughed knowing full well what Laura had on her mind.

“We better get in there before they send out a search party for us,” said JulieAnn. “Okay, girls. Final inspection. All buttons and such done up properly? Good. In we go.”

Lucy led the way through the main dining hall to the outdoor patio. Al spotted the girls of the ‘James Gang’ first. He stood up and waved them over.

After the introductions, Al insisted they sit and order.

“So,” Al said to Todd, “IC sent you up here to take pictures of the Cuddy for the press people?”

“Actually, it’s for IC themselves. IC will invite the press here for this, but Peter will probably use my pictures for the magazines, advertising or whatever.”

“Careful Al,” said Sherri’s father laughing. “You’re not talking to a regular photographer. Todd’s an artist with a camera. He gave up full time fashion photography to pursue his own dreams. He and Kelly opened their own photo agency.”

“I’m sorry, Todd,” Al said. “I meant no offense.”

“None taken,” said Todd. “I earned my way through university doing press shoots. No shame in working for a living.”

“Fashion photography eh?” Al was looking at Kelly. “You look familiar. I just can’t place where I’ve seen you?”

“Here we go again,” chuckled Todd quietly.

Sherri’s father leaned over and whispered in Al’s ear.

“Really? I’ve got all the back issues!” Al said. “Maybe you could autograph that one for me?” he asked Kelly.

Kelly blushed.

“It’s not polite to whisper at the table, dad,” Sherri said.

“Well, Honey, your friend Kelly is quite famous. She was chosen as the centerfold model for Sports International’s 1995 Swimsuit Edition.”

“Yes... we all know that Kelly was a model,” Sherri replied. “That was something you needed to whisper to Al?”

Sherri’s mother spoke up. “She was only wearing a mono-kini.”

“A what? What’s a mono- ...oh...OH! ... Oops. Sorry, Kelly. I guess I just advertised you to the whole world,” Sherri said.

Her father spoke up again. “Todd was the photographer for that shot. It’s one of the reasons we decided to let Sherri try modeling. He’s a hell of a photographer, don’t you agree, Al?”

Sherri’s mother punched Ron in the shoulder. “Behave yourself.”

“Speaking of which...” said Sara, “Mom, dad, I’m going to be a magazine centerfold as well!”

Sara’s father choked on his water and her mother’s eyes grew as round as saucers.

“And Todd took the picture!” Lucy said.

The eyes of eight parents turned on Todd.

Kelly laughed. “No.. No.. Not that kind of centerfold. Sara, you better show them the photo.”

Sara opened the envelope, pulled out prints and quickly handed them out. “Kelly brought these down this morning. Chuck suggested I might want to autograph them.”

Among the sounds of admiration and compliments for Sara, Al looked one of the pictures over carefully. He turned to JulieAnn, “So you kids worked with old man Regan?”

“Actually, we still do. Amanda and Brenda are down there right now.”

“Think you can put in a good word for me? I’d love to handle his boats.”

“Actually Al, it won’t be Chuck you’ll need to talk to about that, but I’m sure I can put in a good word for you with the new GM.”

Al looked confused.

“Don’t worry about it Al, we can go into more detail later this afternoon when we talk a bit more about having Celeste and her crew quote you on the maintenance of the properties here. She’s concerned the conventional metal facings and the base fastenings have inadequate protection from the salt and wind. By the way, did I tell you she was recently featured in Architect’s Digest for her innovative construction achievements and is the winner of the Inaugural Mueller Architecture Award?”

Al squinted with one eye at Jules. “Young lady, if I thought that I could afford to, I’d steal you away from JamPC. You are a shrewd businesswoman!”

Jules laughed. "But we can work together, Al. That way everybody wins."

Al looked at her a few moments longer and then nodded. "You're right. Win-Win. I like that idea."

"I have a special surprise for the golfing fathers," Jules announced, "PhaseMetal drivers from CE! They're waiting for you inside."

"Really?" Al was impressed, "Is that the thin head driver Paul Azinger used to go 520 yards at Ryder?"

"Yes," Smiled JulieAnn, "But with a 9.5 head for a higher loft."

"I heard about that! Didn't they want \$2,500.00 for that club?" Dr. Prevan asked.

"That was when the metal had to be hand shaped and drop-quenched. The process is much more refined now - they'll be going to market at about a tenth of that price."

"Still very impressive!" Al shook his head, "And you have connections to CE, no doubt!"

"I know someone on the board," answered JulieAnn cryptically.

Sara got up, "Well I hate to eat and run, but I promised Dave I'd help him out this afternoon."

Sherri got up as well. "And I really need to get back to the boat. More testing and adjustments to make."

"I'll give you a hand," said JulieAnn.

Lucy gave her father a kiss. "I'll be at Salty Dave's with Sara."

With Lucy's mother offering to be their guide, the wives decided to do the tourist thing and visit the town and craft-market. The fathers kissed their wives goodbye saying they would catch up to them after a bit of practice on the driving range with the new drivers. They invited Al to join them.

"Sure wish I could," Al sighed, "but duty calls." He stood and shook hands all around. After returning to his chair he turned to Todd. "Can I talk to you about commissioning some new pictures of the island, Todd? I'd really like you to do them, but if you can't, could you suggest someone?"

"Well, Al, Kelly takes care of all the business. I just do what she tells me."

"I wish," Kelly laughed. "Al, you do mean the marina, don't you?"

"No, the entire island. I have a few business interests here, but I'm asking as the Mayor of Brookhaven."

"But wouldn't Brookhaven's official photographer's nose be out of joint if I infringed on his territory?" Todd's voice had an edge to it that brought a shiver to Kelly, and she looked carefully at Todd, whose face was carefully set in a mask of non-emotion.

She looked at Laura, the question in her eyes. “I’m afraid that we had an... unpleasant encounter with ‘Stan the Man’ this morning,” Laura explained.

“I might have to get back to you on this, Al,” said Kelly, “once I find out the details.”

“I’d like to know myself,” said Al. “Maybe I can help. As the Mayor, an’ I ain’t bullshittin’, I have a duty to make sure no one is jeopardizing our reputation or good will.”

They looked at him in mild shock at his language.

“Yeah, no foolin’, guys. This island has got a budget close to one of the smaller states, and I’m not about to allow anybody to jeopardize the wellbeing of the people who live and work here.”

Todd and Kelly sat back and looked at each other for a moment, and then Kelly nodded, silently telling Todd of her unwavering support.

Todd asked for and got a beer; while Kelly and Laura were sipping on ice cold Evian and they all listened to Todd’s version of what had happened at “Reliving History.”

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“He called them WHAT?”

A few minutes had stretched out to fifteen, and Al was livid.

“That’s what he called them. I didn’t want to let the girls know, so I wasn’t going to say anything, but then you asked about me taking pictures here and not knowing you were the Mayor... I would have waited and told Kelly to pass on this. We’ve got enough work to keep us busy, and I didn’t want there to be a conflict.”

“I heard most of it,” Laura added, “and what I heard would have upset their parents.”

Todd turned to Kelly. “Sorry, babe... you were with the girls when we pulled up so I couldn’t say anything.”

“Al, those girls are under contract with TKO as models, and we have a reputation to maintain. Whether they heard it or not is beside the point. The fact is that your official Brookhaven photographer will never get to take a picture of any model we have,” Kelly said.

“I understand, Kelly, but this ‘official photographer’ bullshit is just that. He runs a tourist shop that he rents from us. I’ve never been keen on the way he does business. It’s almost a bait and swap scam but so far we haven’t had any real complaints.”

“And we aren’t filing a complaint either,” said Todd. “I just felt you were owed an explanation as to why Kelly would have turned you down for our services.”

“I respect that and I won’t try to dissuade you if you decide to turn me down. But give me a minute to offer a alternative.”

“We’re open to suggestions Al,” Kelly said, “right, Todd?”

“My ears are always open,” Todd said. “I like this place. I actually got some great shots this morning of Laura with the dolphins at the end of your pier.”

“So, what do you have in mind, Al?”

“JulieAnn will be here quite a bit this summer. I thought that just perhaps if she was here when you have some free time to take pictures that ‘Reliving History’ would be closed for maintenance work, and its owner encouraged to holiday off the island. And,” he said with a little smile, “that establishment will not appear anywhere in the new brochure.”

Todd was trying to hide a grin.

“We look like we’re laid back here, but we’ve got a good advertising budget, and we can afford to get the best man,” with a glance at Kelly and Laura, “or woman, for the job.”

“And that is why I sure would like for Todd to do the pictures for a new brochure!”

Kelly looked at Todd who nodded.

“Why is JulieAnn going to be here a lot?” Kelly asked.

“She’s got me switching all of our phone systems and computer services. Now she’s got me looking at some design work her sister did and wants me to consider letting her renovate some of the older properties on the island.”

“You know, Al, if I were you, I’d go for it,” said Todd. “They get results from whatever they touch. You should see the changes at Regan’s Boats, and I’m sure that Peter wouldn’t have arranged for me to be here this weekend if IC wasn’t going to make some major announcement.”

“Okay. I laugh a lot and put on a happy face for the people that come here. But I’m running a multimillion-dollar business, and I’ve seen their work! Do you know what they have done for this place? What they’ve done for InterCoastal?”

“Well, we know that IC’s stock has climbed nearly 60 percent this week alone, and I’ve got a feeling that after Monday, it’s going to go higher yet.” Kelly said.

“It has?” asked Todd.

“Damn right it’s going to go higher.” said Al. “I know that these girls are doing things. Aside from blowing my mind with their new technology, JamPC is going to shake up the boating scene this weekend.”

Kelly laughed. "They are very motivated, Al, and goal oriented."

"So, for the pictures of the island, your idea sounds like it could work, Al. What else is there for Todd to do besides the golf courses and the marina? I need an idea of how much time we'd have to book."

Al smiled. "Thanks. I'm glad that one bad apple won't ruin what I hope will be a long term relationship."

"Besides the golf and the marina, and they are the major attractions, we have our own airstrip and 14 major hotels on the island. Across on the other side there's a nature preserve that's really popular with the environmentalist groups and has been heralded for helping to bring back the sea turtle population. There's even a full time staff there to monitor their activity and protect the eggs."

"We've got bike concessions for those who just want to ride around and an equestrian center. You like horseback riding?"

Laura nodded eagerly, and Todd rolled his eyes. "Why did I just get the feeling that I'm going to be in the saddle this afternoon?"

"But Sweetheart, you like being in the saddle," Laura said.

Kelly and Al laughed, while Todd blushed.

"The off shore fishing is popular," Al continued, "and so is the scuba diving - there's some good diving wrecks in these waters. We've got craft shops and we even allowed a few fast food outlets to open up here. There are karaoke bars and regular bars and a main street with grocery stores and even good old soda shops."

"But what's unique here, at least in my opinion, is the houses. We have a lot that were built in the early 1900s and some even before that. Most of them are smaller versions of grand old plantation mansions and the grounds have oak and willow trees that are over 100 years old, covered with Spanish moss. The island owns a lot of them now, and Celeste is right, some of them are overdue for repair and renovation."

"Okay, Al, I'll work out a timetable and a price for you and then you can decide if you still want TKO to handle this."

Al stood up, shaking everyone's hand. "Thanks. Now I better get down to my office and see what JulieAnn is planning to sell me on next."

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"Where to ladies?" asked Todd as he got behind the wheel of the golf cart.

Kelly looked at Laura's eager face. Her honey brown hair framed her face and the sun seemed to be absorbed in it. "So much joy, so innocent and so loving," Kelly

thought. “This girl who can absorb so much pleasure out of the simple things and give so much love in return...”

“Better head to the equestrian center, Todd. We don’t want to disappoint our lover, do we?”

Laura beamed!

Todd looked at her for a minute, and then looked at Kelly. He smiled. “Okay, but if I get a sore ass...” he let the statement hang.

“We’ll kiss it and make it all better, right Laura?”

“Absolutely!” said Laura.

Todd followed the directions on the road. “Our Lover,” he thought. That’s what Kelly had said. Never in his wildest dreams had Todd ever thought he and Kelly would ever become intimate, and now they were and they shared a lover as well. Todd smiled again. Life had certainly changed.

Renting the horses was easy and after Todd showed he was familiar with them and Kelly had ridden before they were allowed to ride on their own. Though not before Laura insisted on buying all of them cowboy hats. Kelly picked up a few cold bottles of fruit juice and some granola bars which she stuffed into Todd’s saddlebag.

Todd rode easy in a western saddle and they set off at a slow gait, giving Laura a chance to get a feel for the gentle mare the stable hand had recommended for her. Kelly was comfortable with her horse even though it had been a few years since she had last ridden.

“Gitty-up horse!” Laura was saying to her horse.

Todd and Kelly both laughed.

“Okay, you guys. I know how to steer him now, but I can’t find the gas pedal.”

Todd was laughing loudly now.

“Maybe she’s upset you called her a him,” Kelly said, “and if you want her to move a bit faster you just give her a light nudge with your heels.” She demonstrated and her horse started off on a brisk trot.

Laura leaned forward and apologized to the mare for her indiscreet sexual remark, which only got Todd laughing harder.

“Well, I didn’t know,” said Laura and inadvertently she gave the reins a shake just as she gave the horse a nudge. Between the two signals, the horse started to gallop. To her credit, Laura didn’t panic and kept her seat. As she passed by Kelly she hollered out, “I found the gas pedal!”

Todd stopped laughing and with a flick of the wrist was in pursuit of Laura. As he passed Kelly he hollered back, “I hope she can find the brakes!”

The mare only ran for a short distance. She was a gentle beast and totally familiar with the grounds. As she approached a fork in the path without receiving a signal from her rider, she slowed back to a walk.

Todd caught up to her and asked if she was okay. Kelly rode up and asked the same.

Laura laughed. "I'm fine but my knees are a little weak."

"Did it scare you?" Todd asked with serious concern.

"Oh no!" said Laura, "my knees are weak because I nearly had a climax while the horse was running! God, I am so wet! If she had gone a minute longer I would have cum all over the saddle!"

Kelly laughed. "Maybe we should have stayed at a cheap motel with vibrating beds! Bet you'd like that!"

"Only if one of you were lying on top of me," Laura said.

Todd dismounted and helped the girls get down as well. They walked for a bit until they found a clump of old trees where Todd allowed the horses to graze as the three of them sat down in the shade. Kelly pulled the bottles of juice and a handful of granola bars from Todd's saddlebag.

Todd pulled off his T-shirt and laid back on the ground pulling his new hat over his eyes to keep the sun out. Kelly and Laura sat with their legs crossed sipping on the juice and munching on the snack bars.

"You guys are so good to me," Laura finally said. "I've been on a plane, a luxury boat, got to touch a dolphin and ride a horse. All in one weekend. These are things I've read about and heard people talk about but I never thought I'd be one of the lucky ones to do any of them."

"And the weekend's only started," Kelly said as she lit a cigarette and leaned back against the tree.

"We should have some of Delton's grass with us," Todd said. "We could really mellow out tonight watching the sun set."

"Oh no you don't, mister! I want to have some fun tonight and I need you to be alert for what I want to do!"

Kelly's ears perked up. "What do you want to do, Laura?"

"Well... if you guys are up for something a bit kinky..."

Todd rolled on to his side looking with interest at Laura.

"I thought we might pick up a few bottles of olive oil and do a bit of slip sliding tonight."

"You are so wicked, Laura!" Kelly laughed. "And I love you for it!"

"Does that mean you'd go for it?"

“Sure, why not? I’m game for something new. How about you, Todd?”

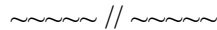
Todd grinned. “A chance to see you two glistening with oil? Count me in! But I think we better get some rubber sheets before we get all the bedding saturated.”

“Don’t worry, Todd, olive oil is polyunsaturated!”

“Where and when did you become such an expert on sex games?”

“She gets it from the internet,” Kelly said with a smile.

Carefully picking up all their trash they rode out again and stayed to slow gaits and brisk trots before returning to the stables an hour later. Both girls were getting a bit sore in the thighs from straddling their horses.



Todd steered the cart back to the hotel where they dropped it off, and went for a stroll down to the main part of the tourist area.

It was too early to eat again so the threesome went sight seeing. An old warehouse had been converted to a craft mall and for an hour they browsed the stalls, watched an older woman carving driftwood and Todd bought Laura a beautiful hand polished dolphin.

Back on the main strip, they decided against a tour of Ripley’s. As Laura said, “Nothing can be as unbelievable as my life has been since I met the two of you.”

They did however stop at Loretta’s Condiments for a taste of the island’s famous Sweet Potato ice cream.

“Hmmm,” said Laura. “It’s yummy.”

“Very different, but tasty,” said Kelly.

“It’s an outrage! Making ice cream out of potatoes,” said Todd with a smile.

They strolled along a bit further when Todd spotted a T-shirt shop with Trek decals on the window.

“Time for me to stock up,” he said with a grin. “What I don’t understand is why you girls, with all of the fashions you have to choose from, insist on wearing my clothes!”

“That’s because we love you,” said Laura.

“And besides, we know you like it,” added Kelly.

Todd shook his head and entered the store.

It had looked like a small store from the outside but Todd was surprised to see the size of the interior. The front half of the store was filled with standard tourist T’s and the common concert and music T’s, but the back half of the store was strictly Trek!

Eric Kunzel and the Cincinnati Pops were playing Trek themes from the series and movies in the background. Todd knew he was in a store run by a kindred spirit.

The selection was more than Todd could have dreamed of. He soon had a dozen assorted T's on his arm along with some assorted sweatshirts.

Having two gorgeous models on his arm didn't hurt Todd's image and it obviously impressed the young man working the store! Not having a change room the clerk quickly offered the office for the girls to change in, and to model the various shirts. "It should be you trying them on, Todd," Kelly said.

"Why? I never see them on myself. Besides, I think the customers would prefer to see them on you girls anyway."

Laughing and giggling the whole time Kelly and Laura tried on one shirt after another. Pictures of Trek logos on white or ash, Klingon tri-foils in blazing red on black. Schematics of various ships such as the Romulan Warbird and the Klingon Bird of Prey, a beautiful Romulan logo in multi metallic colors and even new T's of the Enterprise NX.

Business in the store was picking up, as the girls appeared two at a time with various T's. It was obvious neither girl was wearing a bra and the excitement of the novelty and a desire to make Todd happy had given rise to two pair of very stiff nipples. The store's air conditioning only helped them stay that way.

As each T was tested and approved, Todd added them to the growing pile, and customers who straggled without buying were asked to make room by the happy owner. Many customers started to buy the T's the girls modeled and Todd was happy he had placed his on the counter. It looked like it was going to be Trek festival on Brookhaven today!

Kelly realized that they were presenting an impromptu fashion show, and gave Laura tips on how to present herself and the clothes as they changed. The owner was delighted as they appeared in outfit after outfit, and quickly moved some racks back against the wall to give the girls plenty of room to strut their stuff.

Laura came out wearing a white T with the letters "Boldly Go..." Her nipples were clearly outlined and the bounce in her breasts caused a collective sigh. Kelly was equally impressive in her copy of the new "Enterprise Crew" T in bright orange on a navy background.

Next the girls came out wearing identical sweatshirts that read "Property of Starfleet", and minutes later in identical "Property of the Federation" but what stirred the crowd of onlookers the most was when Kelly and Laura finally appeared in the bluish gray tanks and tight shorts that featured prominently on the show as issued underwear.

Knowing their sizes, Todd had picked garments a size smaller than their measurements and they fitted like a second skin, clinging in the crotch and highlighting the curve of breast.

Todd turned to the enthusiastic group of mainly male onlookers. “Ladies and Gentlemen! Let’s have a great round of applause for Ms. Kelly Jennsen and Ms. Laura Williams!”

Kelly gave a cute bow acknowledging the whistles and applause but Laura blushed and managed only a quick curtsy before ducking back into the office. A few minutes later they stood by Todd’s side as the clerk rang in all of the items. He had been happy enough with the brisk pace of business even without Todd’s purchase, and was shocked when Todd said he would take them all. When Todd declined a discount, the clerk grabbed two more sets of the Enterprise undergarments and put them into the bag for Laura and Kelly.

“Please,” said the owner, “you guys... well actually the girls, made my week!” He looked at the beaming faces of Kelly and Laura. “You know, you girls look like models!”

Kelly was the first to burst out laughing.

“What did I say?” the clerk asked, totally bewildered.

“They both are,” chuckled Todd. “Kelly’s retired now and Laura’s under exclusive contract, so you won’t get to see this too often!”

The owner’s jaw was still agape as he promised to have the clothes delivered to the hotel.

They had spent over an hour in the Trek shop, and the three wandered hand in hand down the sidewalk.

“You looked like you enjoyed that, honey,” Todd said to Laura.

“Oh yes!” she replied. “It’s a... strange feeling, like... like exhibitionism, somehow!”

“Oh yeah, honey, you got that right!” exclaimed Kelly, then Laura spied a small grocery store.

“Honey,” she said, smooching up against Todd, “would you like to get slippery?”

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He was laughing as he came out of the store with three liter bottles of virgin olive oil.

“I just got the strangest look from the clerk – I asked how they knew the olives were virgins. Then I asked him where I could get some plastic drop sheets. Turns out they have them in stock!”

“Well, they won’t be virgins after tonight,” said Laura.

“And you’ve never tried this before?” asked Todd.

“Nope, I just read about it in a story on the ASSM newsgroup,” said Laura. “It sounded like fun so I thought it might be worth trying. I know how much you like things to be slippery.”

Kelly laughed. “She’s got your number, Todd! Now I need to find a drug store or a good cosmetic outlet. We’re out of sunscreen and we ladies need to protect our fragile skin.”

“God, that was only yesterday,” sighed Laura. “I can’t believe we used up the whole bottle!”

“It was fun, wasn’t it?” Kelly said with a smile of fond memories. “I was sure my nipples were ready to start squirting it back out the way you slathered it on me!”

“I love your itty-bitty titties Kelly,” Laura said. “I wish that mine weren’t so big.”

“Hey,” said Todd, “I just realized you weren’t wearing a bra when you modeled the T’s. I know you were wearing one at ‘Reliving History’. Where and when did it disappear?”

“Oh, I’ve got it back on now,” said Laura. “Kelly said that if I’m going to be moving around a lot, I should wear one so I don’t end up all saggy when I’m 30. But it’s a nice light one with lots of support. When we were trying on the T’s I just slipped it off. God, could you imagine what that horse ride would have done to me if I hadn’t been wearing it?”

Laura gave Kelly a kiss. “Thanks for watching out for me, Sweetheart.”

“I’ve got to protect my favorite toys,” Kelly said with a smile.

They passed a small movie theatre that was showing the latest Brad Pitt flick but neither girl seemed interested.

“Why waste time in a theatre looking at Brad, when we have a hunk like you to get our hands on?” asked Kelly.

“My thoughts exactly,” said Laura, “next to you, Todd, he’s just too bland.”

Todd blushed. “Okay guys, quit with the sucking up. What do you want?”

“To go dancing,” said Kelly.

“Ooh! Sounds like fun,” said Laura, “But where?”

“I saw an ad for a boat that’s been converted to a restaurant that’s anchored off Shrimp Cove. It’s got a bar and a full menu. Live music as well.”

“Maybe we should call ahead and make reservations.”

“Good idea. I’m thirsty so why don’t we stop for a bit, get a drink and then call them up?”

“That sounds like a plan to me,” said Laura.

“Oh, wait... I see a drug store,” Kelly said. “You guys get drinks from one of the outdoor vendors and I’ll run in and get the number and the sun block.”

Todd put the packages on a bench and asked Laura to sit with them while he got them something cold and fruity. He was back in a few minutes with three bottles of Sobey’s Pina Colada coconut drinks.

Kelly returned a few minutes later carrying a bag and wearing a smile. “I’ve got sun block and a very large bottle of moisturizing lotion. I figure that with all the showers we’ve been taking and after washing off the olive oil tonight we should really rub ourselves in. I also called the hotel and they’re going to make sure we have reservations for some time after eight.”

Kelly took her drink and gulped half of it down in one shot. “Damn, but I like this stuff! Tonight though, the real thing!”

Kelly sat back on the bench with Todd and Laura, lit a cigarette and spied Lucy walking towards them. A big burly official looking man wearing a Brookhaven security T-shirt followed her. “Oh oh. Looks like trouble heading our way!”

“I’m sorry,” said Lucy, “but one of the golfers said you tried to run him over and he filed a complaint.”

Laura shrunk down on the bench.

The security guard spoke up. He looked at Kelly and then at Laura. “Hmm. The man identified the cart as belonging to the Hampton and that it stopped at the Clubhouse. Based on his description I checked at the Clubhouse and was told that a lady had arrived with a man but had entered with the Mayor’s daughter. I already made one mistake today regarding the driver of a cart, but she was a blonde, though judging by her driving I was sure I had the right girl.”

“A blonde reckless driver?” Kelly asked with a knowing smile.

“Yes, Ma’am. But then I remembered the description said it was a brunette. That’s when I decided to get Lucy.”

“I didn’t want to tell him,” Lucy said. “I told him you were sorry and that you wouldn’t do it again.”

“But we do have rules,” interrupted the security guard, “and we do have to follow up on complaints.”

“I’m sorry, officer,” Laura sighed. “There goes my perfect driving record.” She held her hands out like she was waiting to be handcuffed.

“Was I talking to you, Miss?” he asked. “Seems I was just explaining out loud what my predicament was.”

Laura quickly dropped her hands.

“Now, Lucy verified she had lunch with a gentleman and a brunette who are staying at the Hampton.”

“So what’s the problem, officer?” asked Kelly.

“It’s clear to see there are two brunettes sitting with this gentleman. Lucy, can you tell me which of these ladies you had lunch with?”

“I had lunch with both of them,” said Lucy.

“Just as I figured. I can’t make a positive ID, so I’ll just have to mark it down as driver not found.”

Todd was laughing. “Okay. How about off the record? We both know you could ask Lucy who was driving. Why aren’t you? I’m really dying to know.”

This time the security guard laughed. “Okay, you got me. It’s barely a speeding ticket. A \$25 fine with a warning. If you get too many of them you lose the right to come to Brookhaven for a year, but you have to be a really bad driver or just plain malicious to gather up enough warnings. No golf game was interrupted which we would take very seriously, and no one was hurt. But the guy who filed the complaint is a real jerk. Thinks he’s somebody special ’cause he’s an exec with an insurance company. He’s a pain in the ass is what he is. But I can’t give him a ticket for that.”

“Thank you, officer,” said Kelly.

“You all have a good day now,” he said as he walked away.

“And I have to get back to Dave’s,” said Lucy. “See you guys later!”

“Don’t say it!” said Laura.

“Say what?” asked Kelly.

“I told you so!” said Todd.

“Okay, I think we should head back to the hotel,” said Todd. “I want to stretch out for a while before supper.”

“Good idea,” said Kelly.

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Todd put the bags down to open the door. He had the bag from the drug store, a bag of drop sheets and a bag with three bottles of olive oil from the grocery store. He was glad the owner of the T-shirt shop had arranged to deliver his purchases.

He waved the door open and bent to pick up the bags when the sounds of delight from Kelly and Laura caused him to look up.

There, on the center table, were two vases with fresh cut flowers courtesy of the owner of the T-shirt store. A note was attached. "To the most beautiful models to ever grace my store! Thanks for making my sales week one for the record books. Sincerely, Ray."

"Aren't they beautiful?" said Laura.

"It was a very kind gesture on Ray's part," said Kelly.

Todd, seeing Laura notice Kelly's lack of enthusiasm, explained about models and their superstition about cut flowers. "See, Sweetheart, cut flowers will wither and die in a few days. No matter how much you feed them, once they are cut from the plant, they can't survive and their beauty fades too quickly. Models think it's a reminder of their own short careers. I know that whenever Kelly gets cut flowers at home she takes them to a nursing home for the residents."

"Oh. I never thought of that," said Laura.

"That's the biz, Honey," said Kelly. "But it was awfully kind of Ray, and he didn't know. I doubt we'll be able to find a nursing home around here that needs cheering up so let's enjoy them."

"Todd, those pictures you took last night of Laura and I in the bathtub covered with bubbles... If one of those turns out good, how about we send Ray an autographed one for his store? One that doesn't expose our better qualities?"

Todd chuckled. "Let's see when we get back to Charlotte. I'm sure that I can find a 'decent' picture of the two of you cavorting in the bubbles!"

"What I don't understand," said Laura "is how he got these into the room."

"Don't worry, Baby," said Todd. "One of the bellhops would have brought all this stuff up."

Grabbing a bottle of Evian from the fridge, Todd headed out to the balcony and sat back in quiet contemplation of the day and the possibility of spending a couple of weeks on the island doing a massive photo campaign.

Kelly joined him after putting away the clothes. Lighting a smoke she sat down and said, "a dollar for your thoughts."

"A dollar? It used to be a penny!"

"Eh, times change and you have to take inflation into account!"

Todd laughed. "It's okay, Kell, this one is free. I was just trying to figure out how much time we would have to spend here to do this place justice. I'm thinking about 10 days of good weather, but it will mean breaking it up into two or three day shoots. I'll have to be out in the morning for the dolphins and the fishermen. Midday for the mansions, and judging by the sun, late afternoon for the hotels, that's going to make for long days."

“You can probably do the mansions through the week,” said Laura who had just joined them on the balcony, “but for the fishing, you’ll want the weekends.”

“That’s what I was thinking as well,” said Todd. “Same as the dolphins... best to do it through the week when there aren’t as many tourists around. I’ll have to check with the people at the wildlife preserve to see when would be a good time for them, but I think the rest can be done on weekends. It would help to show the marina full of boats and the shopping area full of people.”

“Do you want the job, Todd?” Kelly asked.

Todd took a long swallow from the bottle before he answered. “It’s what we talked about, Kelly, when we started this. It’s a great place to do a variety of pictures, and no hassles with models. Yeah, I want this, but I’m thinking that there will be a lot of flying back and forth, and expenses staying on location.”

“Wouldn’t it be the same for any other photographer of your caliber? Or reputation?” Laura asked.

“There’s your answer, Babe,” said Kelly. “This place is money with a capital M. If you swing this deal to Al’s satisfaction, there are going to be a lot of people here from the big corporations that will see what you can do.”

Todd nodded his head slowly. “You realize that if we keep growing at this pace, I’m going to have to take on a full time assistant?”

“That would be good for you, Todd. You’ve been working way too hard these last few years. I mean, I can still help out with moral support and fix up the models that you use, but we can certainly afford to hire on someone to lend you a hand. Even if all they do is load film for you, it will still take a burden off your shoulders.”

“Yeah,” he said grudgingly, “It’s just going to be hard finding the right person.”

“Don’t you worry, Sweetie, I’ve got a feeling that the person you need is going to find you.”

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They took a quick shower and changed before heading to the restaurant. Kelly and Laura wore shorts and blouses, while Todd slipped on a pair of scrub pants and one of his new T-shirts.

“I’ve eaten on a boat before,” said Todd, “but not one that was permanently anchored.”

“I’m sure it will be fine,” said Kelly as they made their way along the wooden boardwalk that crossed over the marsh to the converted boat.

“Place looks big,” said Todd.

“I think I read that it’s licensed for 100 so it’s a fair size,” said Kelly.

“Hey!” said Laura, “Listen to the band! It sounds like they’ll be good.”

They could hear the steady beat of a bass guitar throbbing.

“Well, at least it’s not rap or punk,” said Todd.

“Sounds like soul music to me,” said Laura.

As they got closer they could hear the strains of “Chain of Fools” coming from the boat.

“Yay! Dance music!” said Laura.

Their reservation was confirmed but it would still be a 20-minute wait until their table was ready. The maitre d’ apologized for the delay and suggested they wait at the bar. Kelly and Laura ordered Pina Coladas while Todd settled for a Screwdriver.

“Need my vitamin C if I’m going to keep up with you girls tonight,” he said.

“Isn’t that sweet?” said Laura to Kelly, “he’s always thinking of us.”

The band was a four-piece combo consisting of drums, bass, keyboard and a beautiful airbrushed Lado. All four of the musicians were miked and sung in a smoky harmony. The music was varied and mixed, and the band were obviously pros and used to working a mixed crowd. They played classic rock, country rock and some newer top 40 pop songs and were just breaking into The Doors’ hit “Light My Fire” when the maitre d’ told them their table was ready.

Carrying their drinks with them, they wound their way through the crowd and sat. The band finished the Doors classic and took a break.

“Eat slow, girls,” said Todd, “we have all night and I like live music.”

“Oh, good! We can dance then,” said Laura.

Kelly just laughed. “We can, Sweetheart, but Todd won’t get up on the dance floor. He’s too shy.”

“I’ll bet we can fix that, Kelly,” said Laura with a wink.

A waitress came to take their order. Todd went for the pan-fried butterfly shrimp in butter and garlic with rice, Kelly decided on “Shrimp Creole” while Laura chose the house specialty of shrimp scampi on a mixed pasta plate.

“Appetizers?” the waitress asked.

“Yes, by all means!” said Kelly. She looked at Todd and Laura. “Shrimp cocktails?” Receiving nods of approval, she turned to the waitress and asked for three shrimp cocktails, and a fresh round of drinks.

“Are you trying to get me drunk so you can have your way with me?” asked Todd.

“Ha, it would take a lot more than a few drinks,” said Kelly.

“But vee hav udder vays!” said Laura trying hard not to laugh.

The waitress returned with hot garlic bread and a basket of clam cakes along with their shrimp cocktails, then a few minutes later brought a fresh round of drinks.

They ate in relative peace until the band came back on, relaxing, just enjoying each other's company.

"This is a group with class," said Todd as the keyboard player started on familiar strains of "Highwayman" by the Highwaymen. "No talking about their latest CD or telling jokes, just music. And damn good music too," he added as all four of the players lent their vocals to the song made famous by Willie, Waylon, Kris and Johnny.

Their meals arrived along with ice-cold bottles of Perrier as Kelly had requested. They ate while tapping their feet to selections of cover songs from famous groups. Todd even got a taste of his Beatles. They could feel the gentle swaying of the boat as it seemed to move along with the up tempo beat of the bass guitar and the primal sounds of the drums.

An hour later and the dining crowd had thinned out. Tables were pushed clear from the front opening up the dance floor, and as more people got up to dance, the band switched to more pop tunes.

Todd took the last of his butterfly shrimp and making sure he had Kelly and Laura's attention examined it closely for a minute before he let his tongue slide out and he licked it slowly down the middle. He repeated this sexual suggestiveness twice more before popping the entire shrimp into his mouth with a grin.

Both Kelly and Laura had their legs clamped tightly under the table.

"That's it for me," he said. "I'm finished!"

"Like hell you are, mister!" said Laura. "You've got me hot for that tongue right now!"

"Likewise," said Kelly, "don't be planning on falling asleep too soon tonight!"

Todd just smiled at them.

Kelly pushed her plate away. "I'm just pleasantly comfortable, so I'm going to quit while I'm ahead."

Laura placed her fork and knife on the plate in the same manner as Kelly had done, then whispered to Kelly, "Why'd we do that?"

Kelly leaned towards Laura and explained it was the polite sign for letting the waitress know they were finished and that the table could be cleared.

Sure enough, the waitress appeared and asked if they cared for dessert. Todd shook his head no as did Laura.

"But I could do with a double of Baileys Irish Cream over ice," she said to the waitress. "Laura? Todd?"

"Sounds good to me," said Todd.

Laura frowned and slightly shrugged her shoulders.

Kelly ordered three doubles. “Trust me, Hon, this is something you will really enjoy!”

The drinks arrived with the check. Todd barely glanced at it, and then pulled out two hundred dollar bills. When she came back with his change and a receipt he just took the receipt and thanked the girl for the great meal and service and to keep the change.

Laura took a sip of the Baileys. “Oh, I could get hooked on this!”

“That’s the problem,” said Kelly, “so could I, which is why I order it after a meal. Not only does it taste great, but it helps to digest what you ate and settles the stomach.”

They sat back hooked on the music when the band started on a trio of Blue Rodeo songs. The lead guitarist plucked the opening strains of “Rose Colored Glasses” on his custom Lado and by the time he had sung the intro and the rest of the group had joined in on the chorus, both Kelly and Laura were swaying in their seats.

As the group broke into “Floating” both girls were out of their chairs and on the dance floor moving to the very liquid beat, swaying gently with the music.

The music carried them away and with gliding limbs they gyrated slowly in the center of the dance floor. With lust and love filled eyes, they moved towards each other mirroring the other’s movements. The guitar picked out a distinctive sexual sound above the beat of the drum and the bass surpassing even the excellent vocals of the band. On the midsection of the song the keyboard player took over with a series of riffs like a heart racing towards orgasm.

It was a long limb limbering song, but both girls were in excellent shape and kept to the liquid passion of their movements that had not gone unnoticed by the crowd. Todd smiled looking around at the crowd. It looked like most were newlyweds on their honeymoon or young executives enjoying the fruits of their labor.

As the song came to an end, the band didn’t even pause. They too had noticed the unusual mating ritual on the dance floor and slid effortlessly into “Try” as the girls were preparing to leave the floor.

Kelly and Laura stopped and looked at each other. Keeping beat with the band they slid up to Todd and tried to convince him to join them on the floor. Todd was laughing and shaking his head no. Shrugging, the girls went back to the center of the floor that magically opened for them. This time though they weren’t as subtle in their movements.

Hands locked and fumbled as they moved like fire and ice against each other. Fire slowly melting ice, and ice cooling fire. By the time the band hit the second verse, Laura had locked legs with Kelly and the two of them moved like the bubbles in a Lava Lamp. Slowly Laura unbuttoned a few of the buttons on Kelly’s blouse as Kelly did the

same to her. Since Kelly was braless, Laura tied the bottom of Kelly's blouse before undoing the last button. Laura was wearing one of the fancy bras she and Kelly had picked up at "Victoria's Secret," so she unbuttoned Laura's entire blouse letting it move with the music.

The song was drawing to a close with more applause for the two girls than for the songs themselves and Todd was making his way to the dance floor.

The keyboard player saw Todd moving towards the girls and quickly slipped into a song recently revived by Tom Jones on the soundtrack of "The Full Monty." With his keyboard set to brass, he started the strip song, "You Can Leave Your Hat On", getting grins from the other band members, the drummer coming in at the end of the first bar. By the time Todd had made it to the girls the entire band was in sync and the entire crowd was swaying along and clapping along to the beat.

Kelly and Laura trapped Todd between them and continued their gyrations but against him and moving around him forcing him to either dance along or physically carry the girls off.

Letting the beat take him, Todd started dancing along with the girls. Kelly was in front of him, facing away, and he was slowly running his hands over her body. She felt his hands slide from her shoulders, across her breasts and downward to where at the last moment he teasingly slipped his hands around to cup her butt. Giving her cheeks a gentle squeeze he turned and did the same with Laura. She responded by grinding her butt back against his groin while the band did their best to extend the song. Finally the girls turned and with Todd between them they slid their hands over each other and over him.

Laura slipped her arms underneath Todd's forcing him to raise his arms. Kelly slipped her hands under his T-shirt and slowly peeled it upward and over his head. Todd's well-muscled and tanned chest was a perfect stage for the girls to play on and against. The song ended with many whistles and cheers from the crowd.

Todd blushed and escorted the girls back to the table.

"And now it's time for the band to take a break," said the bass player.

"We all hope you'll come back tomorrow and maybe our mystery dancers will make another appearance," said the lead guitar player.

"And I think it's time we head back to the hotel," said Todd. "We've got three bottles of olive oil waiting for us, and some unfinished business," he winked, nodding at his groin, which was visibly tented.

Carrying his T-shirt in front of him the three hustled out of the restaurant and hit the wooden walk way laughing.

"I hope Al doesn't hear about this," Todd said. "I'm not sure they have a category in their law books to cover this!"

Kelly laughed. "It was worth it! I didn't think I'd ever see you on the dance floor. Bet a lot of women in there were wishing they were the ones dancing with you tonight."

"Yeah, and I'm sure that every guy in that place is going to dream about that little show you two put on tonight as well."

As the lights from the restaurant faded behind them and the peacefulness of the island enveloped them, Todd spoke again.

"You two looked really, really hot on the dance floor. I'm the luckiest man alive."

They stopped to sit on one of the benches along the pathway back to the hotel. Kelly lit one up and took a deep drag.

"I don't know what happened in there," she said. "Laura and I got up to dance and the next thing I know, I'm ready to tear her clothes off right then and there."

"You too?" said Laura. "I was listening to the music and all of a sudden I could feel you inside of me. Like I could read your mind and feel your desires and I wanted you so bad!"

"I don't want this to sound mystical or anything," said Todd, "but you guys looked like you weren't even there at one point. You moved with each other like a hot knife slicing through butter. That smooth. Everybody saw it, but your eyes, they were just..."

"In love?" asked Laura, reaching over to kiss Kelly.

"Yeah, that and more."

Kelly kissed Todd and then Laura. "We better button up before we go inside."

Todd slipped his T-shirt back on while Kelly and Laura did up their buttons, but not before Kelly opened her blouse wide, exposing her hardened nipples to the cool ocean breeze, and to her two lovers.

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There were an unusual number of hotel employees in the lobby when Todd, Kelly and Laura entered. As they parted to make way for the happy threesome, the reason soon became apparent. On the front desk, sitting in very conspicuous sight was a gentleman's formal top hat.

Kelly and Laura giggled as they ran for the elevator while Todd blushed a beet red.

As the elevator doors closed they could hear the staff singing, "You can leave your hat on."

Back in their room, Todd said, “Still think we should quote on the job for Al?”

“Hell, yes!” said Kelly. “This is the stuff that legends are built on!”

“And I’ll bet we never have to look for a place to eat again,” said Laura.

Todd grabbed more Evian out of the fridge and offered a bottle to each girl. After a bit of group kissing and groping, Todd broke away and excused himself.

“I’d like to brush my teeth before we get down to the fun and games.”

“Yeah, we should as well,” said Kelly.

Todd headed off to one bathroom while the girls used the other.

Kelly and Laura were undressed in seconds, and kissing and hugging each other.

“God, I’m so horny,” said Kelly.

“Oh Jesus, Kelly, I know what you mean,” Laura said as she lightly pinched Kelly’s nipple. “I could have sucked on these right there on the dance floor.”

She took Kelly’s hand and put it between her legs. “Feel how wet you got me, Babe?”

Kelly grabbed Laura’s hand and put it to her own sopping vagina. “Feel what you did to me!”

They kissed a little bit longer grinding against each other and then reluctantly parted so they could relieve their bladders and wash themselves up on the bidet. After they finished brushing their teeth they headed back to the main room where Todd had pushed the furniture aside and spread the plastic drop sheets on the floor.

The bottles of olive oil were on the floor as was Todd who was totally naked, his erection very prominent.

Kelly found a contemporary rock station on the digital satellite feed then turned down most of the lights and opened the blinds and the glass doors leading to the balcony allowing the moonlight to spill in along with a gentle breeze through the screen.

Laura meanwhile took the bottles of olive oil and warmed them in hot water in the sink.

Leaving two of the bottles in hot water she poured one over the plastic sheets and gently pushed Todd back. Kelly joined her on the plastic and kissed Laura again.

“Look at that hard throbbing cock,” she said to Laura. “He’s not going to last long in this condition,” as she squeezed the base of his shaft.

“Maybe we should take the edge off first?” Laura asked. She pushed him on to his back into the warm olive oil then straddled his face. Todd pulled himself into a comfortable position and spreading Laura’s lower lips started to lick away at her labia in earnest.

“You’re right, Kell,” Laura said. “He’s too far gone for us to tease him for long.”

“And whose edge are we taking off right now?” Kelly asked as Laura squirmed under Todd’s delicate probing.

“Ah ah, Todd needs to cum now.” Laura panted. “I’m just thinking of how he teased us at the restaurant.”

Kelly smiled and knelt down on the oil-covered sheet and bent forward to engulf Todd’s cock in her mouth, having a hard time finding a secure hold on the oil covered plastic till she finally gave up and put her now slippery hands on his washboard stomach, her head bobbing up and down.

“Oh yes, God that’s good, Kelly,” said Laura who was feeling every stroke of Todd’s willing tongue. “Suck that cock!”

Kelly mumbled out a response that only served to heighten Todd’s enjoyment. Long slow slurping kisses around the crown of his cock, which was now so hard that his foreskin was too tight to move. She could feel his cock head swelling in her mouth and with one oily hand gripped his ball sac and gently massaged it and him over the edge. Laura screamed out in delight as Todd’s thrashing head brought her to the point of climax, while Todd just continued to buck his still hard, still shooting cock into Kelly’s mouth.

Laura collapsed forward on Todd as Kelly was slowly backing off his cock dragging her teeth lightly over his sensitive glans. The two girls met in the middle and shared a kiss and his cum. They swapped it back and forth until finally Laura pressed Kelly onto her back and slid between her legs.

“Poor baby,” she cooed as she gently stroked Kelly’s labia, spreading them to expose her inner lips. “You’re so hot and I was so greedy getting off first.”

Laura gently nibbled on Kelly’s thighs and inner lips until Kelly couldn’t take any more teasing. Grabbing Laura’s hair with oily hands she pulled her lover closer to her tunnel of love and cried, “Eat me now! I’m so fucking close!”

Laura didn’t hesitate a second. She could feel the heat coming from Kelly and expertly dove her tongue in to scoop up a mouthful of Kelly’s juices before smearing her now wet mouth over the pulsing vagina in front of her. She flicked her tongue like a whip over Kelly’s engorged clit sending her friend and lover over the edge with a blood pounding orgasm and a scream to match.

“Mmm, tasty!” said Laura raising her head. “A touch of balsamic vinegar to go with the olive oil and I could live on this!” She dove back down and with long wide strokes of her tongue cleared a path up again and again over Kelly’s throbbing clit. The strokes got longer as Laura used her nose to nuzzle Kelly’s clit while her tongue dove in deep to bring more of Kelly’s natural juices out, smearing them over her lover’s pubic hair. When she felt Kelly ready to burst again she placed her slippery lips around Kelly’s

clit and gently nibbled with her teeth and sucked with her lips until Kelly was thrashing like a landed fish, her hands still locked in Laura's hair.

Finally, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, Kelly released her grip on Laura's hair and gently pulled her up on top for long, soul deep kisses.

Todd, having regained some blood in his upper head had retrieved the other bottles of olive oil and picked up some more towels on his way back. Though he had been quickly sated, the sight of the two girls loving each other brought his prick back to attention.

He sat on the oily plastic watching the girls kiss and maul each other and then poured one of the bottles of oil right over Laura's exposed back.

With the oil dripping down her back and sides, Laura moaned into Kelly's mouth. "Mmm... this feels like heaven," she said to Kelly. "Now I know why it's such a fetish!" She slowly slid off Kelly landing on her stomach pulling Kelly over to do the same giving Todd a chance to pour the other bottle over Kelly.

Kneeling between the two girls he used a hand on each and started to rub in and rub over every exposed inch of their bodies. The girls just lay quietly moaning as his hands worked their magic. With both of them in such a restful relaxed state and with their legs spreads wide, Todd slid a thumb from each hand into two puckered rectums, and let his fingers find their way into two very moist and hot vaginas.

"No," he said as he slowly pumped his fingers and thumbs in and out of the two delectable babes lying on each side of him, "this is heaven. No guy in the world is as lucky as me!"

The plastic sheeting was totally covered with the slippery oil as the girls maneuvered their legs to keep Todd's hands where they were doing so much good and scooped oil up and over each other and over Todd. In short order he was nearly as coated as the girls were as they spread more and more oil on his chest, stomach and cock, which was now at full staff.

With a sigh the girls pulled out of Todd's grasp, and pulled him down to the oil soaked floor. Laura had her hand on Todd's cock and slowly pumped it as the three of them kissed. Kelly and Todd, Kelly and Laura, Laura and Todd. Nobody kept count. Three lovers were just enjoying the totality of the sensations of full love.

"You know," said Kelly between kisses, "I've always been shy of anyone touching my ass, but with you two, I get the most delicious pleasure from feeling a finger in there..."

"I know," said Laura as she gave Kelly another series of gentle kisses. "The first time Todd slipped a finger into my butt I thought 'Oh No,' but now it's 'Oh Yes!'"

Todd laughed as he nibbled on one set of eraser hard nipples and then another softer but extended set on the other side. "It all depends on what's going in and who's trying to put it in. Done properly, a bit of anal insertion is fun and harmless, but if there's resistance from your partner, it's better to leave it out of the playbook."

"You hear that, Kelly?" asked Laura in mock shock. "To him this is just a sport, why... he's even got a game plan!" she exclaimed.

Kelly struggled to get to her feet, and then helped Laura up while pressing one foot on Todd's chest.

Facing her lover, she said, "He can keep his playbook, we can invent our own rules can't we, Babe?"

"Oh, you bet we can!" said Laura drawing Kelly closer for a kiss.

"God, I'm sorry about your hair," said Kelly looking at Laura. "You just had me so wound up that I needed to hang on to something or I would have shot into orbit."

"It's okay Sweetheart. It didn't hurt and I'm sure my hairdresser will understand!"

The two were standing over top of Todd now who was relaxed and lying with his hands behind his head, oil from the two hot bodies above him dripping down on him.

A soft and slow dance song was playing and the two girls danced to it like they had at the restaurant though not moving their feet much in case they should slip. Over top of Todd they ground their bodies against each other crushing breasts and kissing the way they never could have on the dance floor.

Kelly's hands stroked every part of Laura's body while Laura did the same to her. Stepping back just slightly Kelly reached for her favorite toys, Laura's boobs and massaged them till they shone in the moonlight, her thumbs constantly flicking and nudging Laura's nipples.

Laura reached down and started to stroke Kelly's vagina with one hand as her head bent forward to suck a nipple into her mouth. Kelly moaned. Though they were her itty-bitty titties, they were *so* sensitive to the touch of her lover. Slowly the girls lowered themselves back down beside Todd.

Kelly grasped Todd's cock in one hand feeling its hardness. "Think he's ready for more?" she asked as she dipped her head down to suckle on one of Laura's nipples.

Laura reached for Todd's cock and fingered the head, sliding her thumb across his slit and felt it pulse in her hand. "Mmm, yeah, I think he's ready for more now."

Kelly lifted her head from Laura's nipple. "You're right. A bit of balsamic vinegar and this is a feast!"

Both girls giggled as they moved down beside Todd so that their heads met at his cock and their legs by his head and hands.

“Thank God I’m ambidextrous,” said Todd as he reached out and strummed two clits with his thumbs.

The girls joined in a kiss over top of his pulsing cock and then slowly opened their mouths allowing the hard tip to enter. Gently sliding their teeth over his engorged prick they slurped their way down to the base and back up to the top again where they swapped some more saliva before heading back down his shaft again.

They repeated this move a number of times while Todd continued to caress their vulvas and clits with his hands and thumbs.

They could feel him twitching with anticipation. Kelly’s eyes were half closed with that look of sensuousness and promise. Turning her body around she slid over Todd and positioned herself over top of Laura in a sixty-nine position, pulling Laura’s legs up at the knees and herself kneeling over Laura’s head giving Laura free rein with her hands.

Slowly Kelly lowered her head to Laura’s delicious cunt and wrapping her hands around Laura’s thighs separated her lips from the back, allowing her clit to stand out. She blew softly on Laura’s clit before slipping her tongue into the slit before her.

Laura reached over with one hand and pulled on Todd until he was behind Kelly, his legs between hers and with insistent hands Laura guided his hard cock into Kelly’s sheath as she continued to broad stroke Kelly’s love button with her tongue.

Wrapping his strong arms around Kelly’s tiny waist, Todd slid in easily and felt Laura’s tongue swiping not only Kelly’s clit but also his shaft and balls as he slowly but surely pumped in and out of her.

Kelly moaned into Laura’s cunt as the feeling of being filled to the brim overwhelmed her. Kelly started in earnest licking and loving Laura’s hot box, taking extra care and time to feast on the rubbery lips that surrounded her clit. Laura, for her part, was having a hard time concentrating on both her lovers at the same time.

Kelly began thrashing in earnest as she came close to her peak and Todd let go with one hand and slipped his still oily thumb back into her anus which caused Kelly to rise up, arch up under the tremendous pressure of her orgasm, and scream into Laura’s cunt.

Laura continued to lick away and a second orgasm took Kelly away, jerking so violently that she slid off Todd’s iron hard cock and probing thumb and shot forward on the oily plastic sheets.

With barely enough breath to get the words out, she said, “Fuck her, Todd, get down here and finish Laura off!”

Todd quickly scooted down and slid between Laura’s legs. He would have climaxed already but the mix of the Kelly’s wetness and the olive oil had reduced much of the friction. Stabilizing himself on his elbows so as not to crush Laura he easily slid

into her willing cunt. A few strokes later and Laura came with an earth shattering orgasm, but Todd was still too slippery to gain the friction he needed even though Laura's vaginal muscles convulsed around him. He kept pounding away lifting Laura's ass right off the sheets.

Todd was pile-driving Laura when he felt an intruding tongue reach his anus and a hand slide between him and Laura grasping the base of his shaft. At the same time Laura felt a finger slide into her butt and she climaxed again and again. Todd could feel the pressure building and the tongue that had tickled his anus was now replaced with a finger that probed deep and with a low growl he let loose his torrent of cum deep inside Laura.

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A sensation of satiation permeated the room, three lovers' breathing quieting to the muted sound of Dolly Parton singing "Knocking on Heaven's Door" on the stereo in the other room. The full moon shining through the glass balcony doors glistened silver highlights from the three lying exhausted on the plastic sheets

"Am I still alive?" Laura finally managed to squeak out.

"I don't know, Babe," came an answer from Kelly.

"Not me," said Todd. "I know I'm in heaven, and I refuse to come back."

Kelly chuckled softly. Laura could manage nothing more than a weak smile.

"I am such a slut," Laura said after about ten minutes.

"Why's that, Sweetheart?" asked Kelly.

"Cause I can barely move and I'm already thinking of the next time we can do this!" she laughed weakly.

Kelly laughed as well. "I guess then I'm a slut too. Fuck, that was good."

"You guys are going to insist on bringing me back from the dead aren't you?" Todd said slowly moving. He pulled the girls close to him and kissed them one after the other over and over again. "What did I do to deserve you two?" he mumbled between kisses.

Kelly curled up next to him in a fetal position and buried her head on his chest. He could feel her hot tears falling from her eyes.

"Are you okay, Kelly?" he asked with a tenderness she had never experienced before in her life.

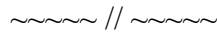
Laura crawled up on his other side and slowly stroked her head. "It's okay, baby, you go ahead and cry... I understand."

Instantly Todd understood the emotions Kelly was going through. To have been bargained like used furniture at such a young age and to have been so used and abused for so many years... He realized even though he had been her one true friend for all these years, she had never truly been loved. Until now.

He hugged both girls to him tightly and softly, quietly, tears formed in his eyes as well. He was a few years older than Kelly, and his life had been no bed of roses either but he had fought his way out, and he had ended up on the other side of the camera. As a male he hadn't been sexually abused like Kelly had at the hands of the scum her parents had sold her to, but like her, he had never known real love until just recently. He had always loved Kelly, but not as a lover, and then Laura had come along and seen through the mist and haze, the smoke and mirrors of their relationship and had brought them together the way they were meant to be.

"It all feels so right," he said, stifling a sob.

Laura could see the moisture in his eyes and cradled his head in her one arm while pulling Kelly closer with her other. She understood.



An hour later and they had mopped up as much of the olive oil as they could. Todd had carefully folded the plastic sheets up and disposed of them in a garbage bag he found in the kitchen area.

They showered together in a strangely quiet way. Loving embraces and caresses but with hardly any words. Todd and Kelly had scrubbed Laura down from head to toe and then Laura and Todd had done the same for Kelly. When the two girls were finished with Todd, the warm water was still cascading over them. They stood together silently hugging. The three hugged as one.

At Kelly's urging they did not dry off but helped spread the moisturizer she had bought that afternoon all over each other leaving not a spot untouched except their hair.

Satisfied they had undone any damage from all of the showers and the oil bath Kelly wiped her feet on a towel and headed out on to the balcony. Laura joined her and took one of Kelly's cigarettes. Todd pushed the furniture back to where he thought it belonged. They had turned up the lights to clean up, but Todd had turned them down again. He went out to join his lovers on the balcony. Both Laura and Kelly were sitting on towels smoking. All three of them were nude.

"It feels good out here," said Todd leaning against the railing.

"I felt good inside as well," said Kelly.

"Hell, I just feel good all over!" laughed Laura.

Todd asked if anyone cared for a drink, and after a moment's thought, Kelly nodded yes and then Laura did as well. He went back in and opened the mini bar and found an assortment of spirits, but no Baileys. Settling on vodka, he poured three glasses full of orange juice and added a liberal dose of vodka to each. It was nearly two in the morning.

"Gee, I've been mixing my drinks tonight," said Laura as she accepted her drink from Todd. "I'm going to feel terrible in the morning."

"No, Honey," said Kelly, taking her hand. "We had maybe a total of 3 ounces of rum at dinner, and that was six hours ago. The Baileys was a mixed drink anyway, and we had it with ice."

"People get sick from drinking because they don't know when to call it quits," said Todd. "Mixing whiskey and gin with soft drinks causes the queasiness that people experience which is why we only drink fruit juice drinks."

"And hangovers are caused by dehydration of the body," said Kelly. "We had Perrier with supper and a bottle of Evian when we got back here, so I doubt if you'll feel a thing in the morning."

Todd leaned against the railing again. "Of course personally I like a beer and some good grass, but that's for at home only. You can never forget that you're a public figure. The minute your picture ends up in a catalog or on a billboard or in a magazine, you become fair game. That's the way it works."

Laura sipped her drink slowly as they sat listening to the insect sounds from the grounds below. Kelly lit up another and asked Todd what he was going to do in the morning.

"Wait for Peter to show up and shoot a bunch of film of the boat he's so excited about."

"Hmm, I've seen it," said Kelly. "It looks like a nice boat to me, but what do I know from boats? It seems a lot of people think it's something special 'cause when I got down there this morning, people were lined up trying to get autographs from the girls and James. I think it has something to do with the speed."

"Well, I guess I'll find out in the morning," Todd said. "How about you girls? What do you plan to do?"

"I haven't given it much thought," said Kelly, "have you, Laura?"

"Nope. I lived so much today that I can't even think about tomorrow."

"Maybe we'll go down and see what the big deal is," said Kelly. "Maybe we can go for a bike ride later in the afternoon. Kind of tour around and get a better idea of what Al will be looking at for his brochure."

“That sounds doable,” said Todd, “but now I think we should try to get some sleep.”

“Now that is something I could really go for,” said Laura.

Todd turned off the stereo while Kelly closed the blinds and the glass doors. Laura took their glasses and washed them up in the sink. Ten minutes later, the three were cuddled in bed kissing each other good night slowly, leisurely, thoroughly, then doing it again.

“Thanks, Laura,” said Kelly. “That was a great idea you had.”

“Shucks, it wouldn’t have worked if we weren’t all so in tune,” she replied.

“Yeah,” Todd added. “We really are, aren’t we?”

“Thanks guys,” Laura said. “I don’t think I’ve ever felt so alive before. I love you both so much.”

“I love you, Honey,” said Kelly, “and I love you too, Todd.”

“Oh, now you guys are going to make me cry,” Laura said. “I love both of you so much that I’m scared this might end. I couldn’t live without either of you now.”

Todd wrapped a strong arm around each girl and squeezed. “I couldn’t go back now if I wanted to,” he said.

“Neither could I,” said Kelly. She was staring up at the ceiling thinking back to just a month ago.

Laura was looking at the hand carved dolphin Todd had bought her that morning and could barely remember the life she had led before finding true love. Not just with one person but two. She felt so fulfilled.

Todd glanced at the two brunettes in his arms and realized he was in a position that most men could only dream about. He had two women who loved him, and who he loved with equal passion. He wasn’t going to let this go. For the first time in his life he understood what love meant.

“Let’s get married,” he said softly.

Kelly lifted her head. “Who to whom? I want both of you.”

“That goes for me too,” said Laura, finally knowing that her feelings for Kelly went much further than just lust and affection.

“All three of us,” said Todd.

Kelly laughed. “Yeah, right!”

Laura laughed as well. “It’s a great idea, but I don’t think it’s legal in Charlotte.”

“You can be such a dreamer, Todd,” said Kelly with a smile and a kiss.

“And such a goofball,” Laura said with affection and another kiss.

As Kelly turned off the light, Todd thought to himself... “It could happen. I could make it happen.”

***To be continued...***

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