

Kelly

(Inspired by Mike C, based on characters in his novel: "**James**"
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Chapter 14

Vanetta heard the phone ringing.

"Oh no," she thought to herself, "Not now, Kelly!"

"Shouldn't you answer that?" asked Bobby lifting his head from her damp curls.

"Damn it, Robert!" she said swinging her leg over his head. "I was so close!"

Still nude she padded across the office floor, reached across her desk, and picked up the private line. "Yes, Kelly?" she asked.

Kelly laughed on the other end of the line. "Did I call at a bad time?"

"More than you'll ever know," said Vanetta starting to smile.

"How did you know it was me?"

"Because Todd never calls on this line," Vanetta said, "and I don't think Laura knows this number yet."

"I'm sorry about that," said Kelly, "I'll let you go back and try to finish what you started. I just wanted to let you know that we'll be back before noon tomorrow."

"Okay," said Vanetta. "I'm sure that Bobby won't mind starting over. By the way, that special shipment you were expecting arrived Friday afternoon."

"Great!" said Kelly, "say hi to Robert for me, and I'll see you tomorrow."

Vanetta laughed. "Right! Let **him** know that **you** know he's here. I don't think so!"

"Have a good night, Vanetta," said Kelly warmly.

Vanetta hung up the phone and walked back to the studio couch. She had turned on lights in Todd's apartment earlier to give the appearance he was home, but downstairs in the studio, a dozen coconut-scented candles cast a warm glow over the cream satin sheet covering the couch – and Bobby, waiting for her and wearing nothing but a smile.

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Robert Payne had been her boyfriend for nearly a year. She had met him two years ago at the university when he was a TA for one of her business courses. He had shown an interest in her from the start, but Vanetta had been leery of his attentions. During her few years in North Carolina, she had twice dated white boys only to find their

interests no deeper than the allure of her coffee colored skin. It brought back disturbing memories of the rich men who visited Jamaica to rent young dark girls.

Her mother had warned her about dating outside of the still visible color bar, but for some reason that bar had never excluded Todd and Kelly. It was through Kelly's help that her mother had managed to secure landed immigrant status, and allowed Vanetta and Delton to follow shortly afterwards. With the help of Todd, Vanetta had been accepted to UNC and Delton had been able to start his own business.

Todd and Kelly, what a combination. Not once in all the time she had known them or worked for them had she felt or seen any signs of being different. Todd had never once suggested anything sexual towards her, though she knew she was not unattractive. Actually, Vanetta was very attractive, but Todd treated her more like a sister than an employee or even a co-worker, and Kelly had always been just like a sister to Vanetta.

Vanetta remembered fondly the "family" trip Todd and Kelly had taken them all on to visit "The Home of the Rat," the first year they had been in Charlotte. Before Vanetta had taken on such a heavy course load at UNC, she had gone with Kelly on trips to Canada, New York, and even California.

Perhaps it was the fact that Robert reminded her of Todd that, after a year of excuses, she finally accepted a date with him. Robert had picked her up at the door of her mother's house and taken her to a movie followed by a pizza. He had been fun to talk to and after the date officially ended, he had walked her back to her door and hesitantly placed a small kiss on her cheek.

Vanetta couldn't understand why Robert had persisted in asking her out when he could have his choice of women. Two years older, he was over six feet tall and weighed in at all of 145 pounds. He had thick dark hair, which he kept fashionably short, and a neatly trimmed beard. Like her, he was an honor student bent on doing his best, and had a thirst for knowledge. He was in his final year at the University and planned on teaching high school business after he graduated, but for the time being worked part time for a realty firm.

They had dated all of six times over a two-month period of time, and he had never tried to go further than the kiss on the cheek at the end of each date. After the third month he had brought her home to meet his parents for a holiday meal. His mother was a teacher and his father an editor for the North Carolina Nation. After a few more visits with his parents and seeing no sign of being anything other than a girl whom their son was seriously pursuing, Vanetta eased her guard.

Vanetta had expressed her concerns to Kelly, who had really listened. Kelly had said, "You can't love if you're afraid of being hurt." Two weeks later after another

movie, Vanetta had slid closer to Robert and instead of a pizza they had gone parking. He gave and received a lot more than a kiss on the cheek that night and afterwards they had both laughed about how they were acting like teenagers necking in a car.

Though it was obvious that they both intended and hoped to take their physical relationship farther, they had still taken their time. Robert was fun to be with and the two of them spent many hours just talking and laughing.

In the month that followed their first serious necking session, Robert had moved slowly and carefully. His first foray had been to slip his hand on to her hard and flat stomach, stroking it slowly and had lovingly played with her belly button, which had given her the giggles. On their next date he dared to venture his hand up farther and had cupped her breast in his hand over top of her bra. Vanetta took the initiative that night and undid her bra to give him free access to her 36C breasts, her nipples the size of pencil erasers and hard with desire. She... the memory still made her nipples pucker thinking about it... she had gently pressed on his head letting him know she wanted them suckled.

Things had heated up from that point and they started to date weekly, sometimes skipping the movie all together. In time, Vanetta had allowed Robert to go farther and the night he finally slipped his hand inside of her jeans and panties it took very little manual stimulation from him to bring her to a climax. That was the night she first undid his jeans and let his rock hard cock spring forth to her gaze. It looked so needy, all pink and with a ruby red head that she took it in her hand and gently stroked it. She was not prepared for how quickly he ejaculated or how strongly. Some landed on her blouse and some on his shirt, before she tried to stop the flow by placing her palm over the top of it feeling more spurts hitting her hand. As he slowly breathed back to a semblance of consciousness he started to apologize, but she hushed him with a kiss. She looked at her dark hand holding his baby pink cock and laughed at the cum seeping out over and through her fingers. Cream to go with her coffee colored skin.

Robert had confessed that night to Vanetta that she was the first girl to ever have seen or touched his penis. "I had once promised myself I would be a virgin on my wedding night, Netta."

She had smiled at him. "I understand Bobby. You're the first man who has ever touched my boobs much less down there! I wasn't saving it for marriage, but I promised myself that my first time would be with someone who loved me, and who I loved."

"And I do love you, Netta," he had said.

They continued the weekly visits to their private lovers lane for another month, necking and petting, masturbating each other to the point of climax. They were comfortable with each other at this point in their sexual discovery, and often had multiple

climaxes in an evening. The time in between was spent snuggling and hugging and making sweet love talk.

While they had both been total virgins, they were not stupid and knew what the next step would be. Nearly nine months after their first date, Robert asked if she would consider spending the night with him at a Holiday Inn.

The virginity she had protected for so long she surrendered to Bobby that night, a special night for both of them.

Bobby took her out to a fancy restaurant, and then dancing.

Shortly before midnight, they arrived at their room and stood for long minutes kissing just inside the doorway, neither wanting to rush the moment. Robert slowly undid her top, kissing each square inch of skin as it came into view, then helped her out of her shoes and nylons, leaving her clad in just her lacy black bra and panties.

Vanetta pressed him back towards the bed, slowly undoing his shirt buttons, slipping it from his shoulders, tossing it aside then undoing his belt, unzipping his pants. He stepped out of his slip-on shoes as she slid down his pants to join his shirt in an untidy pile. She had pressed him back on the bed and pulled his socks off, and then reached forward to pull his shorts off. He actually blushed.

"You're going to blush now?" she had asked in surprise. "I've seen him in all his glory and he sure is in his glory right now!" she said as she looked at his obvious excitement.

Vanetta sat down next to him on the bed and after a few more deep soul kisses she moved back and gently nibbled her way down his chest. "I know guys are supposed to really like this," she had said as she raised her head over his throbbing cock, "but while I have an understanding of what I'm supposed to do, you'll have to let me know if I'm doing this right." With that she lowered her lips to his cock which twitched wildly in response.

"Oh God, Netta," he moaned. "This is my first and I don't know what it's supposed to feel like but whatever you're doing, it feels so good!"

Vanetta had heard enough talk from the girls in her classes to know she should wet her lips and suck and slide on his shaft and swirl her tongue around the head. All this she did to please him.

"Oh Jesus, Netta... I can't hold back," and no sooner were the words out of his mouth when he fired his first load into her.

The first splash of his thick hot cum nearly gagged her but she instinctively swallowed. She found that aside from tasting a bit salty, she didn't mind it at all and continued to suck on his cock until it softened in her mouth.

Bobby clasped her to him and kissed her deeply whispering repeatedly how much he adored her and would do anything for her. They lay together for a while letting Bobby get his bearings back and then he undid her bra and slid off her panties, seeing her nude for the first time ever with the lights on. He was transfixed by the darkness of her desire-puckered nipples against her skin, and laved his tongue across the nearer, then sucked it gently. The other received the same attention, and then each firm globe was subjected to his butterfly-light kisses. He slowly kissed his way to her navel, her moans, and quickened breathing encouraging his efforts, then on towards the source of the musky aroma filling his nostrils. He nipped at the short crinkly hair of her mound with his lips, then changed position and was facing her pussy for the first time ever. Gingerly he spread her labia with his fingers, gazing in wonder at the moist complication of her pink center, and then touched his tongue to the wetness of her arousal. The taste of her, along with the pheromones inflaming his senses finished him and he dove right in, licking from her oozing hole to her swollen bud.

That first lick nearly lifted her off the bed! It was so much better than his fingers. And then he did it again and again! Vanetta was bucking her hips off the bed to meet the flat of his tongue as he slid it from her vagina across her clit in steady long strokes, until finally she could take it no more and grabbing his head ground her pelvis against his face until she saw fireworks!

Bobby continued licking, avoiding her sensitive clit until her breathing quieted, his cock engorged almost to the point of pain, and was surprised when she pulled him up to cover her. She kissed him deeply, tasting herself on his lips and tongue, then pushed him away a little to look into his eyes. "It's time, Bobby. Tell me you love me, and then *fuck* me. Take my virginity, drive your wonderful cock into me and make me cum!" Bobby reached down to socket himself in her hot hole, smearing their juices onto his stiff shaft, then pushed in a little until the head of his cock was pressed against her maidenhood.

"Darling, I love you with all my heart," he whispered, then with a single slow stroke drove his manhood to its full depth into her, feeling her hymen tear and coming to rest with his mound tight against hers. Vanetta's eyes opened wide at the fleeting pain, but it quickly faded at the sensation of her virgin sheath stretched around the shaft buried deep within her.

He looked down at her, concerned, but was relieved when a smile of lust spread across her face. "Oh, yes, Darling, fuck me!" She wrapped her legs around his hips, feeling his cockhead pressed against her cervix deep inside. With painstaking slowness, he pulled back until the head of his cock was once again spreading the lips of her cunt, and without stopping slid back into her.

“Oh, God! That feels incredible!” she exclaimed as her hips swiveled, trying to get him deeper. He withdrew again, and then pushed into her faster, mashing her swollen clit between them. Having cum earlier from her oral attention, Bobby’s climax was slow in building but Vanetta quickly found herself climbing toward another orgasm. His powerful, rhythmic thrusts never stopped as she writhed beneath him, gasping for air, then as he approached his peak, his grip shifted to her shoulders pulling her down onto his steel-hard shaft as he lunged into her. She soared toward another peak, even higher than the last, wrapping her legs tight around him as her greedy cunt tried to suck him in. Her moans were words now, a chant of “Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” in the same cadence as his balls-deep strokes, getting louder as she got closer.

Then he lost it. He was *MAN*, and nothing existed in the world save for the woman beneath him, slamming into her and locking her body to him as he spurted his life-giving essence into her sucking cunt, frozen in the endless instant of their shared nirvana.

He collapsed panting onto her, the blood roaring in his ears, then after a few minutes pushed himself to the side still sheathed within her so he could see her eyes, and the love they held for him.

“Oh fuck!” he whispered when he could speak again. “That was incredible!”

Vanetta smiled weakly. “That was *way* beyond expectation,” she whispered in return. “I love you.”

“I love you,” he said, and pressed his lips to hers in a long, loving kiss, then they lay for a while just looking at each other, caressing and sharing little smiles and kisses.

His cock eventually shrunk from its warm nest, to a disappointed “Ohh!” from Vanetta. “Never mind Darling,” he smiled, “Give it a few minutes to rest, and it’ll be as good as new.” He reached to grab a handful of tissues from the bedside cabinet and gently cleaned their combined juices from her as he looked closely at her swollen mound.

“Mmm, that smells good!” he exclaimed.

“What?”

“Fresh-fucked woman!” he grinned up at her.

“Oh, you!” she laughed. “C’mon here!” and pulled him up to kiss him fiercely.

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They made love twice more that night before they were both too exhausted to try any more and went to sleep cuddled against each other.

That night had confirmed their true feelings for each other and they dated as frequently as possible. While making love was not always possible, they did it every opportunity they had. They sat in the library at the university, sitting on the floor in the back rows looking at sex guides and manuals, making mental notes of what they wanted

to try next. They still went to the movies and had their pizza nights, but neither had much spare money. It had been Vanetta's idea that Bobby come by the studio on those nights when Todd and Kelly were out of town. While he left at a reasonable hour, Vanetta remained the night, sleeping on the couch where they had made love earlier.

Tonight was the first night the phone had ever rung.

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"Anything important?" Bobby asked as Vanetta slid back on the satin sheet.

"Just Kelly letting me know that they'll be back around noon. That means you can spend the night if you like," she added shyly.

Bobby smiled at her. She was stunning. Her skin was flawless and looked darker and richer on the cream colored satin. "I'd love that, Sweetheart," he said as he bent over her to suckle on her firm breasts and large puckered nipples.

She gently pressed on his head reminding him where he had been when the phone had interrupted them. Licking his way down her flat stomach he soon slid back between her spread legs and deftly parted her labia exposing the pink tender flesh inside. He loved the taste of her and eagerly worked his way into her with his tongue. Soon she was gasping for breath as Bobby took her over the edge twice.

Vanetta was kissing Bobby, tasting herself on his tongue. "I love you, Bobby," she said.

"And I love you, Vanetta," he said with the tenderness that comes with sincerity.

Since they no longer had to worry about Bobby leaving, they took the time to fix something to eat from the studio kitchen, listened to some music, and cuddled. They had time, and the tender and loving words and gestures and touching stoked their fires again.

Vanetta gently pressed on Bobby's chest until he was reclined on the couch. Kneeling between his legs, Vanetta took his semi stiff cock in her hands, the pale skin of his cock contrasting with her dark skin. As she gently played with his prick it began to swell and Vanetta slipped it into her mouth. She loved to feel it grow and brushed the tender glans with her tongue, sucking as much of him into her mouth as she could before he was fully hard.

Her hands moved down to stroke and caress his scrotum and thighs as his cock became fully rigid. Allowing her teeth to gently scrape his engorged member she alternated between wrapping her lips around and sucking as she slowly bobbed her head, and teasing him with the scraping of her teeth, swirling her tongue around his glans.

Vanetta could feel his balls tighten and she knew he was close to coming. Gently cupping both his balls with one hand she wrapped the other around his pulsing shaft and slowly pumped it up and down while she sucked on him wetly. She had learned it was

his favorite way. Soon he was moaning out his love for her and his total devotion as his hips bucked and he let loose with a torrent of cum that she eagerly drank.

As Bobby lay there panting in the afterglow of his climax, Vanetta continued to gently pump his semi-engorged prick with one hand as she straddled him, rubbing the head of his cock against her wiry pubic hair. She knew that he especially liked that and soon his cock was almost as hard as before. Vanetta continued to stroke his cock against her cunt with one hand making sure that she brushed it across her clit as well. Moving forward she slipped his new erection right inside of her hot vagina and she rode him until she climaxed, falling forward on him and planting kisses all over his face and neck, and of course nibbling on his ears.

Bobby loved the feeling of Vanetta's tongue in his ear and it brought him close to another orgasm. Wrapping his arms around her he thrust up with a manic pace as his breath became ragged. Vanetta herself was rapidly approaching another climax as well and ground her cunt against him on every stroke until both of them crossed the point of no return.

Moaning softly, Vanetta let her legs splay out keeping him trapped in her hot box, her tits mashed against his chest. Wrapped together, they fell asleep to the sound of each other's gentle breathing.

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Todd woke up early Monday morning and quietly slipped out of bed leaving Kelly and Laura clutched in an embrace.

After relieving himself, he splashed his face to finish waking up, and then packed up the last of his camera equipment and moved it and the girls' packed cases to the door. They were leaving with considerably more than they had brought with them, most of it Star Trek T's. Laura had refused to pack the dolphin he had bought for her, insisting that she wanted to see it through the night. He smiled at the thought of how pleased she was with small mementos that would remind her of special times.

Todd brushed his teeth and took stock of the suite. No visible damage, but he left a sizable tip for the housecleaning staff, much larger than the day before. The Hampton had been good to them and he intended to spend more time there in the future, especially if this deal with Al went through.

Satisfied that he could do no more, he returned to lean on the balcony, looking at the island. It was still early, but he could see the golfers heading out for an early morning start. Unlike the previous night, Todd had slipped on a pair of scrub pants and one of the new t-shirts. All the dirty laundry was in a bag waiting for the last items that Kelly or Laura might add.

Though he didn't want to leave, Todd knew that IC was depending on him to deliver, and he would. He was anxious himself to see how the shots turned out, but his thoughts drifted to what he had said to Kelly. He had the love of two beautiful women, and this last month had been the happiest of his entire life.

"Hey sailor! Looking for a good time?"

Todd laughed as Kelly joined him on the balcony. He gave her a kiss. "Nope, sorry lady," he said. "It can't get any better than what I have now! This is as good as it gets!"

Kelly smiled at him. Like Todd, she had cleaned up, brushed her teeth, and for the first time since they had arrived at the Hampton she was on the balcony dressed. Barely.

"I could get used to this," she said to him. "I'm thinking of asking Al about buying a cottage out here if we land the job. What do you think?"

"I think the chances of getting a cottage here is going to be somewhere between none and not a chance in hell!" he laughed. "But it wouldn't hurt to ask him. Maybe if we suggest opening an office down here the chances would improve though."

"Are you serious?" she asked.

"Not really," he said. "But it would be a nice place to come to when we want to escape."

"Yeah, it never hurts to dream does it? I see you left a nice tip for the staff, and all the packed stuff is by the door. Are you getting psyched to start printing?"

"Yeah, I guess," he said. "I've got a lot of film to process, from Regan's to the bubble bath pictures. Might as well run it all through at once, it won't take much extra time."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Kelly said. "When I was talking to Vanetta she said our Canadian beer had arrived." She took out a cigarette and lit it. "Just in time too. I was nearly out of my favorite vice supply."

"When will the plane be here?" Todd asked.

"In about an hour. I figured I'd let Laura sleep a bit longer and then if she hasn't woken on her own, I'll just have to help her." Kelly smiled. "She's a real sweetheart isn't she? I can't remember ever being so happy."

"That's funny," said Todd, "I was thinking the same thing before you came out. I can't remember ever being so at peace with myself."

"Are you guys talking about me behind my back in front of my face?" came a sleepy voice from behind.

"You bet," said Kelly as she gave Laura a good morning kiss.

“We were just saying how lucky we are that you came into our lives,” said Todd as he kissed her.

“Luck? Or Kismet?”

“Maybe a little of both,” said Kelly. “Are you nearly ready to take another flight?”

“Yep. Got all my stuff ready to go. You think the pilot will do what Chris did for me on Friday?”

“If he does,” said Kelly, “he’ll never father another child! Speaking of flying, I better take a Gravol now.”

Laura looked out to the pier hoping to catch sight of the dolphins once more before they left but it was a bit late in the morning.

“Don’t worry, Sweetheart,” said Todd reading her expression, “next time we come, we can get up really early and go down and visit your friends.”

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Half an hour later, a bellhop came up and carried their bags down to a waiting golf cart. Kelly settled the bill for the room and asked the manager about the availability of rooms should they land the contract to do the new brochures.

“Well, we always keep a few rooms open all the time just in case,” said the manager. “Like when Mr. Regan called. Some people you never want to turn away. I’ll be sure to add your name to the list.”

Kelly thanked him and left a few business cards for him.

She saw Todd and Laura waiting in the cart wearing the cowboy hats Laura had bought them and remembered to slip her own on. “Might as well go in style,” she thought.

Kelly recognized the pilot who had come for them as the same one who had taken them to Laurel Canyon to visit the Prevans. He gave a friendly smile and wave as they pulled up, and helped Todd stow the luggage on board.

“I’ve just got to top up the tanks,” he said, “So we should be ready to take off in about 15 minutes.”

Laura went with him, fascinated by the bigger plane. Kelly moved off the runway and parked herself in the grass lighting up her last before she would be airborne.

Shortly, the pilot motioned them over, and, after an uneventful flight in smooth air; they landed in Charlotte shortly after 10 o’clock. Kelly couldn’t hide her smile at Laura’s enthusiasm for flying, feeling some of her lover’s excitement herself, and saw the same smile on Todd’s face.

While Laura fetched her car from the parking lot, Kelly went to talk to Chris about another round trip to Laurel Canyon on Wednesday for Laura to pick up the two girls.

Laura parked the car close to the office and Todd shifted the baggage from the plane to the Honda. Laura dashed in long enough to thank Chris once again for the fantastic flight he had given her on Friday, and then they drove back to the studio.

Vanetta was waiting for them. Bobby had left before eight. She had arranged for Delton to pick up fresh fruit and vegetables and he had dropped them off that morning.

While Todd unpacked his camera and carried the film into the darkroom, Kelly and Vanetta set about making a large pitcher of juice and Laura made a phone call to her mother letting her know she was back safe and sound.

“So the weekend was successful?” Vanetta asked.

“Very,” said Kelly, “Probably as good as last night was for you!”

Vanetta ducked her head slightly. “Hush now, Kelly. That’s supposed to be a secret.”

Kelly laughed. “Don’t you worry, your secret’s safe with me.”

Laura came back in time to help clean fruit for a midmorning snack. “I’ve got all the dirty clothes in a bag,” she said to Kelly, “can we wash them at your place?”

“Of course,” said Kelly. “I’ve just got a few things to take care of here and then we can head out. I’m sure Vanetta’s anxious to get home as well,” she said with a smile. “There’s nothing else planned for today, and Todd’s going to be in the darkroom for quite a while. We’ll stop and get you a cell phone of your own, and come back after supper to make sure that Todd has something to eat.”

Todd came back out after 15 minutes, just in time to join the three girls for a morning juice break. Laura got the vitamins and the go-juice out and the four of them discussed the day’s activities.

“I’ve got about 100 negatives to develop,” Todd said, “so if Vanetta is heading out, could you forward the calls to your phone, Kell?”

“No problem. Laura and I are going to stop off and get her a cell of her own, and then we figured on doing the laundry. How long do you think before you’ll be able to come out and eat?”

“Hmm, fresh soup, developing time, drying time... give me about two hours, okay?”

“It might take a bit longer than that before we can make it back,” said Kelly, “but if you print the contact sheets, we should be back in time to feed you and to take a look at the master’s work!”

Todd laughed. "I can only hope I got a few decent shots out of the whole weekend."

"Now you're just being humble," said Kelly. "I'm looking forward to seeing the ones you did of Anna and Laura."

After drinking a double serving of the fresh juice, and downing the vitamins chased back by cold fresh fruit, Todd gave his two lovers a kiss. "See you guys around 2 then."

"I should get running too," said Vanetta, "I might make it in time for afternoon classes."

"You go then, girl!" said Kelly. "I can tell you all the sordid details of Todd's strip dance tomorrow."

Vanetta raised her eyebrows at Todd who just sighed.

"You might not have time tomorrow," said Vanetta. "There's a note on your desk about a big shipment of equipment coming tomorrow afternoon along with some burly men to unload it all and set it up. I guess it's pretty heavy."

"Perfect timing," said Kelly. "Thanks, Vanetta."

"Oh, and I filled the fridge with beer, the rest is in the back room along with your cigarettes."

"What a wonderful way to start out a new week," said Kelly. "I'll have to take a couple of cartons home with me!"

"And on the subject of good news, Delton left a package for you as well, Todd. It's in the crisper in your fridge upstairs."

Todd gave her a big smile. "Be sure to thank him for me if I don't see him in the next few days." With that he turned and headed back to the darkroom.

"Did I leave enough money for the Canadian delivery?" Kelly asked.

"More than enough," said Vanetta. "Remember their dollar is only 62 cents US."

"And you made sure his trip was worthwhile?" Kelly asked.

"He was more than happy," said Vanetta. "I asked him to stay for lunch and I cooked him up one of those nice thick steaks from the freezer."

"Was that a smart idea?" asked Kelly. "Being alone with him in the studio?"

"No worries, mother dear," laughed Vanetta. "He called ahead to make sure that somebody would be here so I had Delton stop by and he helped unload the truck while I was cooking lunch. After he finished eating he stuck around a while to chat. He said it was nice not to have had to run down empty. Said his next stop was to pick up a trailer full of oranges. Would you believe he gets seventeen dollars wholesale on a ten pound bag?"

Kelly laughed. "Yeah, 17 Canadian!"

“Still, it’s a worthwhile trip for him,” she said. “But, I have to run. See you tomorrow!”

“Have a good day, Vanetta,” Kelly said.

Laura said goodbye to Vanetta as well and silence descended in the studio.

“I’ve just got to check my email,” said Kelly, “and then we can head out ourselves.”

“Okay,” said Laura. “I’m going to put my dolphin in the bedroom upstairs and I’ll be ready.”

Kelly quickly skimmed through her mail and email, entered the numbers from the last few days on who had been where and the feedback. There were no complaints and more than a few compliments towards clients from the models. Kelly brought her database up to date and then shut off the computer.

Setting the studio phone to forward calls to her cell, she and Laura left the studio locking the door behind them.

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“Kelly, I need to stop at a drugstore as well,” said Laura as she eased her car out of the parking lot.

“I should stock up as well,” said Kelly. “I shouldn’t need them for another week or so, but it’s not like they’ll go to waste. There’s a good store near my place so we can stop there on the way home. First let’s head into town and get you a phone.”

Laura found a parking spot near the corner of South and Euclid. Locking the doors, and dropping money in the meter, the girls entered the At-Comm store that serviced TKO’s cell needs.

“Hiya Kelly!”

Kelly turned to see Benny coming out of the back office.

“Hi Benny,” she said. “We need to get a third cell on our plan for Laura here,” introducing Laura to the manager.

“Okay, something small and compact?”

“Preferably.”

“Well we have a special on right now on this Sony Ericsson T68i with a camera attachment for only \$199.99,” he said lifting a small palm size phone from the display stand. “The T68 is a triple band phone with a full color screen and is packed with features. It has GPRS, Bluetooth, and EMS and the T68 has advanced calendar and contacts features that you can synchronize data with your PC. It comes complete with a hands free ear bud, an in-car charger and a belt clip.”

Kelly laughed. “Now don’t try too hard to sell us on it, Benny!”

“But Kelly, this is a great phone! Color display with voice activated dialing, voice recording and voice command. The Lithium Ion batteries will let Laura talk for up to six hours without recharging or stay on in stand-by mode for 144 hours! It’s even got a 500-name phone book and an additional 250 on the included SIM card.”

It was Laura’s turn to laugh. “I don’t even know 100 people!”

“My dear girl, someone as pretty as you will soon need all 750 slots!”

Kelly sighed. Benny was really into the latest electronic gear.

“You’ve not only got text messaging, but predictive text input! An internal antenna, an alarm clock with a snooze button, a silent vibe mode, but best of all, it weighs only three ounces.”

“Okay, enough already,” Kelly laughed. “How long will it take Laura to learn all the features?”

“About an hour, if she’s half as smart as she is good looking, to get the basics, and then the other features will come quickly as she needs them.”

“Do you like it, Laura?” Kelly asked.

“It’s beautiful,” said Laura. “I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“Okay Benny, we’ll want a message center for her and call waiting as well. Can you set it up so we can walk out of here in the next half hour?”

“For you, Kelly, I can walk on water. Let me get right to it. And you want this as part of the TKO plan?”

“Yep.”

“Give me 15 minutes, and I’ll have it all set to go.”

“That’s great, Benny, we’ll be back shortly then. We’re going to grab something to drink from the deli across the road.”

As they headed out of the store, Laura asked about the silent vibe.

“You use that when you’re someplace where you don’t want the ringing of a phone to interfere with whatever is going on around you. It’s quite a powerful vibrating unit too!”

“Maybe I should slip it into my panties and have you call me a few times,” sighed Laura.

Kelly laughed. “Don’t you have a regular vibrator for those special times?”

Laura looked dejected. “I bought one of those ‘pocket rockets’ that were all the rage a couple of years ago, but it irritated me more than it ever gave me pleasure.”

“Ah, I know the one you’re talking about. Trust me, if you want to enjoy a vibrator, you are better off with one that will guarantee results!”

“And do they come with a written guarantee?” joked Laura.

“Not quite,” said Kelly, “but Carol Queen endorses the one I use as does Dr. Betty Dobson, author of ‘Sex For One: The Art Of Self Loving’ and you can’t get higher endorsements than from those two ladies!”

“I’m surprised you use one, Kelly.”

“Before you, Sweetheart, I didn’t have much fulfillment from my partners. I read Betty’s book and learned that I could and should take matters into my own hands if I didn’t want to settle for being a frustrated sexual being.”

“Well, who’s this Carol Queen you mentioned?”

“Ah, she’s one of the founding members of ‘Good Vibrations’, a minority and women owned company that specializes in the sale of aids for females. They also give lectures. I’ve had the good fortune to meet both Betty and Carol over the years attending their seminars. It looks like we’ll have to get you the Cadillac of personal fulfillment for those times when you want to just have a solo session or when neither Todd or I are around to fill your needs.”

They entered the deli and ordered a Hero, which they split, and two iced French vanilla cappuccinos.

“It’s the ‘Hitachi Magic Wand’ and I just happen to know a store downtown that stocks them!” Kelly said as she sat down.

“Kelly, I can’t walk into an adult store here in Charlotte! Somebody might recognize me and tell my dad!”

“Don’t you worry, Babe. It’s a special lingerie shop that just happens to carry toys for grown ups!”

“But if it’s so good, why do you want a partner?” Laura whispered.

“Oh Laura... As good as the results are, and let me tell you they are really good, there’s nothing that beats sharing sex with someone you love.”

“Yeah, I can understand that. One of the things that made the last few nights so special was being able to cuddle next to my lovers.”

Kelly smiled.

They finished their drinks and sandwich and headed back to At-Comm. Benny had the phone programmed and had even entered some quick dial numbers for TKO for Laura.

“Do you want that wrapped or are you going to start carrying it now?” Benny asked.

“I might as well get used to keeping it on me,” said Laura as she clipped it to her waistband.

“I thought as much. I’ve got all the instructions in the bag with the warranty.” To Kelly he gave a few cards that had Laura’s new number written on them.

“Just bill it all to our account, okay, Benny?”

“Will do, Kelly. If you need anything else, you know where to find me!”

“Thanks Benny,” Kelly said as the girls left the store.

“Since we’re downtown anyway, let’s drive over to the lingerie shop before we head home.”

“I’m going to feel so weird shopping for a vibrator,” said Laura.

“Relax Sweetie, you’ll see real quick that they treat this very seriously, and nobody is going to give you a second glance.”

Twenty minutes later they were driving back to Kelly’s, Laura still blushing from the experience, but she had a Hitachi Magic Wand of her own.

They stopped at the drugstore in the strip mall where Kelly bought her supplies and after stocking up on some essentials and a couple of boxes of panty liners and four boxes of Tampax Compak Multipax, the ones that fit discreetly in the palm of the hand, the girls returned to Kelly’s.

“I like the multipax,” said Kelly. “I don’t have to bother buying separate boxes for heavy days or light days or for through the night.”

“I’m just glad we both use regular absorbency,” said Laura. “Otherwise we would have had to get two stashes and we wouldn’t be able to help each other out.”

Kelly and Laura tossed the dirty clothes into the washing machine and then retired to the kitchen with a bottle of mineral water.

“What should we fix Todd for lunch?” Laura asked.

“Hmm... He’ll probably end up snacking all night on it so how about we make him some chicken fingers on a bun and leave him enough chicken so he can snack when the urge hits him?”

“That sounds good,” said Laura.

The buzzer went off on the washing machine and Laura went to transfer the clothes to the dryer. Kelly had taken a few cartons of her Cameos from the studio and packed them away in her closet after taking a couple packs out for her immediate use. The girls sat and waited for the dryer to finish and then folded the clothes and sorted them. Laura packed most of her new clothes with Todd’s to take back to the studio but left some at Kelly’s knowing she would be spending a lot of time here. She also left her Magic Wand in the other nightstand beside Kelly’s bed.

Kelly and Laura stopped at the supermarket where Kelly did her grocery shopping and picked up a large package of fresh boneless, skinless chicken breasts and a bag of Kaiser buns before they headed back to the studio.

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Todd had processed the film and the negatives had looked promising. He set up his large trays for printing and ran off contact sheets of everything he had shot. He knew that Kelly would like to see them when she and Laura came back.

While the contacts were drying Todd got on the phone. He had done a shoot for a diamond wholesaler a year back and had been fascinated with the entire process of the cutting and polishing. He had absorbed enough information about the four C's of diamond quality that he could speak about them with some knowledge. He called the president of the company and laid out his request.

"That's an unusual request, Todd," said Johan. "We've never tried mounting three hearts on a ring before. If the stones are too small, you won't be able to see the cut, and if you make them large enough to see that they're hearts, you'll be looking at a mighty big ring. I like the way you think though."

"Damn," said Todd. "I really want something that says 'I love you' but not garden variety."

"Ah, I must have misunderstood you when you first said what you wanted. I could have sworn you said two engagement rings, identical."

Todd laughed. "That's what I did say, Johan."

"And do you plan on marrying two girls?"

"I'm not planning it, Johan, I'm going to do it!"

Johan laughed at the other end of the line. "Then might I suggest you get a set of three rings?"

"I only need two," said Todd.

"No, my friend," said Johan laughing. "I meant two sets of three rings: One engagement ring with two interlocking wedding bands. I could design you a custom set that would have a large heart on the engagement ring with small stones on the sides and for the two wedding bands we could put a smaller heart on each of them with say a cascading cluster of stones falling away from them. That way, when your 'brides' are wearing all three rings you would have a diagonal line of hearts."

"That would work!" said Todd. "How long would it take you to make that up?"

"We could probably make them in about a week depending on the size of the stones. We can mount them here and I can give you the name of a good jeweler who can size them for you in Charlotte or you can send me the sizes and I will have them made right to size here. What kind of band were you looking at? Did you want to go with the platinum? It's quite popular right now."

"No, I think I would prefer to stick to 18 karat gold bands," said Todd. "Platinum is nice, but I want something a bit more traditional."

"You want traditional? And you plan on marrying two women?"

“Yeah, I know, so I’m an oxymoron in the flesh,” laughed Todd.

“And how large would you like the main diamond?”

“What size would you recommend, Johan? You’re the expert.”

“Yes, I suppose I am,” he sighed. “For a heart shape I think you will have to go at least one carat to show the stone off properly. But you realize this is an expensive cut.”

“How about bigger?” Todd asked.

“If we go much bigger, they won’t be practical to wear, Todd.”

“Okay, you got the idea of what I want. I’ll get their sizes here and let you know by the end of the week if that’s okay.”

“That will be fine. Just out of curiosity, if you don’t mind me asking, is one of the brides to be Kelly?”

Todd laughed again. “Yep, sorry Johan, but I am taking her off the market!”

“Congratulations, Todd. I’ll send you over a copy of the design once I have it drawn up. Then you can tell me if you like it or want to change it in any way.”

“That would be great, Johan. Do you want the number of my bank?”

“Todd, I know you, that’s good enough for me.”

“Thanks, Johan. I’ll look forward to the artwork and I’ll get those sizes to you this week.”

After he hung up the phone, Todd was humming to himself as he slid the negative of Chuck into the enlarger. Seeing it in full size, Todd knew he had really captured the real essence of Chuck. He maneuvered the sliding table around until he had a cropped image he felt would do the most justice and still humming turned off the lights and pulled out a sheet of 8 x 10 matte finish paper. As he looked at the picture of Chuck caught unawares with that thoughtful gaze, Todd remembered the man who last Friday had said he would be proud to call Todd his son. Todd slid the exposed print into the developing solution and reached for his special 11 x 14 stock.

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“Oh Todd! She’s gorgeous!” said Kelly.

“Wow... look at her eyes,” said Laura, “they totally dominate the picture!”

Todd was smiling. Taking a drink from his mineral water he asked, “What feeling do you get when you look at her?” By “her” he was referring to Anna. He had finished the pictures of Chuck and Anna first. He wasn’t sure why he wanted to do these first, but it seemed more important to him than InterCoastal’s paying job.

Kelly and Laura had arrived back at the studio a bit later than they had expected. Their two-hour trip had turned into a four-hour excursion, but Kelly knew that Todd would not be waiting to eat. He was more than capable of finding something to snack on

if he got hungry, but she also knew that he probably would continue working in the darkroom till they got back. And he had.

Todd had printed 8 x 10's of Chuck and Anna and 11 x 14's on his special stock. He hadn't even bothered to start printing any other pictures until he had the 11 x 14's mounted on a foam core back.

"I'm not sure," said Laura. "I feel like I'm looking at a beautiful young girl, but those eyes... they're haunting. It's like she knows something I don't and she's telling me with her eyes."

Kelly rubbed Todd's shoulders as he took another bite of the chicken breast bun. "I feel a bit sad," she said. "Maybe sad isn't the right word but solemn, serious. What ever did you say to that girl to get that expression?"

Todd was smiling from ear to ear. When he took a picture that could evoke such emotion, he knew he was in his groove. He pointed to the one of Chuck, making sure he didn't touch any of the finished prints. After he had heard Kelly calling him to come eat, he had finished off the Cuddy shots and hung them up to dry. He had covered his chemicals and come out of the darkroom carrying the finished pictures between two hands, touching only the sides and stood them up on the display case in the reception area of the office where the lights were set for best exposure.

"And this one of Chuck, the profile, it's something else altogether. When did you take that one?" Kelly asked.

"While you and Brenda were making supper Thursday night. Chuck and I were just making conversation, talking about Brenda and the rest of the 'James Gang' and I was just cleaning my camera. Amanda was kind of cuddled up to him and he was just sitting there, calm and serene, just as you see him. Something we were talking about, times changing, or something and he got that look of a man deep in thought. Actually he was so deep in thought, he didn't even see me raise the camera or focus in! I doubt I could get a look like that if he knew a camera was around."

"Well, I think we should pack them up proper and ship them down to him with a personal letter of thanks for his hospitality and kindness," said Kelly.

"That's what I was thinking as well, Sweetheart." Todd finished his second chicken bun and headed over to his workbench where he had the contact sheets of all the film he had exposed that weekend. He washed his hands and picked up the red wax pencil he used to write on the 16 x 20 thin glossy sheets. Using the larger sheets he could put a roll of film on each sheet and after he was done with them, they would get stored along with the negatives in a fireproof cabinet. After a year, they would be transferred to an old fur storage vault he and Kelly had bought. With fur being out of politically correct season, they had really lucked into the purchase and it was located in a warehouse they

had bought outright. The space they didn't need they rented out to Steve who had bought a very large old safe and placed it in the building to house his important legal documents. Through Steve they had rented out more of the space to other legal firms that wanted to keep important papers like wills, or in some extreme cases, valuables that belonged to clients. The other renters paid for the elaborate security system and Steve and TKO split the small profit.

Todd picked up the sheet of the two girls in the bathtub from their Friday night romp. He had already circled four shots that he thought were exceptionally good, but none of them would ever be seen by outsiders. They were just a bit too revealing. Kelly and Laura looked over the sheet with the large round lighted magnifier mounted to the bench and finally decided on one that would be appropriate for Ray from the T-shirt shop.

"That's another one to mail out," said Kelly. "Laura's going to sign her first autograph!"

"Here's some that Laura hasn't seen," said Todd pulling another sheet out. It was the pictures Todd had shot from the balcony of their suite of Laura and the dolphins. The water, though a beautiful array of blues and greens, seemed transparent and glistened from the early morning sunlight. The sun also picked up the golden highlights in Laura's hair. They were beautiful shots and innocent, the model not even knowing she was being watched. Todd had selected a few that would be good for stock photos and ones to add to Laura's portfolio. Her expression told an entire volume of stories.

Next they looked at the pictures of Laura taken at "Reliving History." They agreed with Todd's choice of pictures, including a fabulous one of Laura in a confederate soldier's uniform standing slightly sideways, rifle in hand with the butt grounded.

"But what about the ones for Peter?" Kelly asked. "That's what I thought you would get to first!"

Todd had purposely left this one turned upside down on the table and with a smile turned it over. Because of the set up time for each shot he had only shot off one roll of film that Sunday. Of the shots he had taken, all were good, but four really stood out. The first was a close up of the wing as it cut through the wake the tug had generated, the silver gleaming in the sunlight. The second one Todd had circled showed the wing exposed but the bulk of the hull out of the water, but it was the third that made the girls laugh. It looked like Sara had been skating with the boat and at the last moment turned her blade to send a cascade of ice slivers flying. Except in this case it was a side view of the Cuddy as it skidded towards them and the wing, the hull and the screws were exposed through a sheet of water that was crystal clear in the focus. Individual drops seemed to

blast out of the picture towards the viewer and the girls remembered Peter and Al's response to Sara's little stunt.

As they laughed with the memory, Todd pointed to the one he thought was the best of the bunch. It had been Sara's last run and with the power opened up on the Cuddy, after the tug had totally churned the water, the Cuddy was captured in all its glory with the entire hull out of the water as well as the wing and screws, water running off the side of the hull and from the wing. The boat was literally flying much like a dolphin breaking surface on the run.

"That's a great shot, Todd," said Kelly. "Peter should be real happy with any of these, but I think this one is the one they'll use."

"Am I missing something?" Laura asked. "You don't seem as excited by these pictures as you do about the ones of Chuck and Anna."

Todd gave her a sad smile. "This is my work, Honey, I liked the ones I did for Regan's more because they didn't put the pressure on me like Peter did. From the beginning when Peter called, this was a production shoot with deadlines and lots of pressure. The ones I took of Anna and Chuck, that's my life. When we were at Chuck's, the first time, it was also a paying job, just catalog work, but Chuck left me alone and didn't ask for anything special. Then when I got the shot of Sara, it was unique and special and made it all worthwhile. And Chuck was as thrilled with it as I was. I can't impress Peter because he expects more than the best, and specifies exactly how it should look. It doesn't leave much room to be creative."

Laura thought about that for a minute and slowly nodded her understanding.

"Anyway," he said, "I've printed these four on good stock so you can call Peter and tell him that they're ready."

Kelly looked at the time. It was only four o'clock. "If they're dry, I might be able to get them to him with UPS or Fed-Ex overnight. Let me call him and see where he wants them sent."

Laura and Todd went back to the kitchen to clean up the remnants of their late lunch.

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Kelly lit up a cigarette as she sat down at her desk. She dialed in Peter's cell number and waited for an answer.

"Hi, Peter," she said when he answered. "How did the press shoot go today?"

"Poorly," he said. "We'll get the headlines for setting a new speed record, but they were more intent on shooting the boat as it broke the speed record. It doesn't show the modifications of the boat, so for all intents and purposes it just looks like a boat in the water. I was watching the photographers and it could just as well have been going 50 and

nobody would know the difference. I'm really starting to appreciate Todd's vision. Dare I ask how things are coming at your end?"

Kelly took a deep drag and said, "You not only may dare, but I'm pleased to tell you that Todd was so thrilled about our vacation courtesy of IC that he went right at it and he has them done. I was just calling to see where we should deliver them?"

"They're done already? Damn, Kelly, if I can get my hands on them now, I can get them digitized and sent to the papers. How do they look?"

"Better than even you could have hoped for, Peter. Todd got four really excellent shots out of the day, and if you want them digitized, we have the equipment for that here."

"Well I was just getting ready to fly out myself and head back to Rhode Island but I'll need to catch a local flight to get to a major airport. Any chance I can fly to Charlotte and send the digitized images out from your end and pick up the finished prints?"

Kelly looked over at Todd who was smiling, talking to Laura. "I think that would be safe, Peter. We'll get them digitized so all you have to do is contact the various papers and send it out from here. Call me when you land and I'll come and pick you up at the airport."

"Thanks Kelly!"

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"So his newspaper photographers didn't quite deliver on what he wanted to sell eh?" Todd smiled smugly.

"They didn't know anything about the boat or the wing, Todd. They thought they were just looking at a boat that went faster. Can we get the negs scanned in Tiff format so he can send them to the papers from here?"

"Are we going to get the credit for the photographs?"

"I'll insist on it," Kelly said.

"Sure. I can fire up the Nikon transparency scanner and give him high resolution images." Todd said. "You know, as much as he pissed me off, I wouldn't want his job. I promise I'll be nice to him!"

Kelly laughed. "What, and spoil your reputation?"

Todd fetched the dried prints and the corresponding negatives and started to scan them into files. Kelly and Laura took the clean laundry upstairs and put everything away. They were going to sit and watch TV while Todd finished his printing when Kelly thought of something and headed downstairs again.

"Todd, when you finish scanning the prints of the boat can you scan the ones of Anna and Chuck for me? I told Jules I'd send her copies of the Cuddy but I think they'd like to see what you did for Chuck and Anna as well."

“Sure, once this workhorse starts going, it’s no problem doing a few more scans.”

“And I might as well get the ones of Chuck and Anna packed up now and call for a pick up. There’s still time to get them out today.”

Kelly sat at her desk and wrote a nice personal note to Chuck thanking him and offering these pictures as a way of friendship. She prepared the shipping box and packed the pictures so they wouldn’t be damaged and then called Fed-Ex to come pick them up.

Laura was starting to miss Kelly’s company and came downstairs to offer to watch for the courier if Kelly was called to the airport.

Todd returned to the darkroom to print out the one for Ray and another of Laura with the dolphins that he would send to Al.

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Peter hadn’t called yet when Todd emerged once again from the darkroom. He had the picture of the girls in the tub for Ray and the one of Laura’s early morning close encounter.

Kelly and Laura both laughed as Laura practiced signing her name on photographs with a special pen. When she finally had it right she and Kelly signed the one to Ray with “Love and Kisses.” Todd scribbled underneath their signatures, “Live Long and Prosper!”

Kelly got out another shipping envelope and wrote a note to Al regarding the picture of Laura and asked him to deliver the bubble bath print to Ray. She simply addressed the envelope to the Mayor of Brookhaven.

The envelope had just been sealed when the phone rang. Peter had arrived.

“I can pick him up,” volunteered Laura. “I’m getting to like that airport!”

“That would be great, Laura. That way I can write up a contract for him to sign about our vacation.”

Laura had just pulled out of the driveway when the Fed-Ex truck pulled in. Kelly signed off on the shipment and for a moment there was silence in the studio.

“What have you got left to do, Honey?” Kelly asked Todd.

“Just the ones of Laura from ‘Reliving History,’ but you know Kell, all of a sudden I’m just beat.”

“I know, Sweetheart. You push yourself too hard. Look... there’s only the three prints you want, you’ve got the chemicals out now, why not run them off and then pack it all away? I’ll even give you a hand.”

“Thanks Kell, but you’ve got to write up a contract for that vacation, remember?” Todd smiled. “I guess that’s incentive enough for me right now!”

Todd went back to the darkroom once more.

Kelly returned to her computer and pulled up one of the standard contracts Steve had created for them, changed the fee from dollars to “two week vacation in Jamaica via boat large enough for seven passengers, all inclusive.” She added a line regarding time and with proper notice as she had promised Peter. Satisfied this would more than cover their needs, she printed off three copies, one for Peter, one for their own records, and one for Steve.

Laura still wasn't back from the airport so Kelly took the time to convert the Tiff files Todd had scanned to smaller Jpegs, and then composed an email to JulieAnn.

***Dear JulieAnn,***

***As promised, here are the pictures that Todd got of the Cuddy with the wing. I'm sure you and the rest of the gang will be as excited with these shots as Todd and I were.***

***I've also attached two pictures that Todd took while we were at Chuck's. These are two of Todd's best shots in the last year. I know you guys are pretty involved with Chuck, so I thought you would like to see them. We've already sent the originals to Regan's.***

***I hope that now the speed trials are over, you can relax a little bit, but knowing the “James Gang” I'll bet you are already working on another project.***

***Best of luck and much success in your ventures.***

***Hugs to all!***

***Kelly***

Kelly had just pressed the send key when Laura pulled in with Peter. It would be cutting it close, but if Peter called the papers first and told them he was sending the files, they should be able to replace the pictures to go with the story.

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“Hi Peter,” Kelly said as he entered the studio. “Care for a drink before you get on the phone?”

Laura smiled. All Peter had talked about on the drive over was the pictures. He so badly wanted to get something that would boost interest in the boat, and had been disappointed in the news photographers who were more interested in the speed than in the stability. Though Laura had been there, she really didn't understand the reason for his concern, but she did realize this was an important thing for Peter. She had tried to assure him saying how impressed she was with the pictures, but Peter wanted to see for himself.

“Please, Kelly,” he begged, “Let me see at least one picture that will show the wing. It’s the most important part of the boat and what allows it to utilize the full power of that monster motor we put into it.”

Todd picked that moment to re-emerge from the dark room, having cleaned up his chemicals and washed and put away his trays. The last pictures he had developed were in the dryer.

“Hi Peter,” he said, “Want a beer? It’s the good stuff.”

“No thanks, Todd, all I really want is to see a picture that will capture the boating world’s imagination, then I can catch the next flight out and report with good news to the board.”

Todd laughed as he pulled one of the Molson bottles out of the fridge for himself, asked Kelly and Laura if they wanted one, which they declined, and said to Kelly, “Why not give him his package, Honey?”

With a smile Kelly handed Peter the protective shipping envelope. Peter opened it with shaking hands. His hands steadied, as did his breathing, as he saw the first picture. By the time he had all four spread out on the desk he was beaming from ear to ear.

“Thanks Todd,” he said. “You’ve saved what was nearly a disaster. And you have these scanned already?”

“They’re all set on the computer,” said Kelly. “All you need to do is call the papers that were there this morning and get their email addresses and you can send them out right from here.”

“Maybe I will have that beer after all,” said Peter. As Laura went to get him one, Peter got on the phone and started to call the big daily papers that had shown up at Brookhaven that morning.

Before he could get through to the first paper, Kelly slid him the three contracts for the vacation as well as a note stating that Todd would receive the credit for the photos. Peter signed the contracts with pleasure, and as he spoke with each of the papers, he made it perfectly clear that the photos would be credited to Todd Ayres.

Kelly helped him enter the various newspaper emails and they sent one different picture to each of them. Most would run similar pictures, but this way all four pictures would show up in different papers.

As he sat back, finally satisfied that only good pictures would be shown in the papers, he took a long swig of his beer and leaned back in the chair. “So,” he finally asked, “When did you guys buy in?”

Kelly laughed, said it had been Todd’s idea, and told Peter of the Friday morning decision.

It was Peter's turn to laugh. "Al was a bit pissed that he didn't get his buy order in until just before the market closed Friday. I'll bet he paid a lot more for his shares than you did. I'm nearly certain that between last Friday morning and this Friday, the value will double. That Cuddy was nearly a white elephant until JamPC fixed the problem. We couldn't do a thing with it, and we had some of the best engineers working on it."

"They are an amazing group," Todd said. "They seem to brainstorm as one and find alternate solutions to conventional problems. I wish they were a public company!"

"You and me both!" said Peter. "Thanks for getting this done for me so fast, Todd. I'm really sorry for being so callous back at the island. Sometimes I open my mouth before my brain kicks in. I hope you understand that I have a board to answer to."

"It's okay, Peter," said Todd. "Kelly helped me to see what kind of bind you were in. I only have to answer to these two women. I'd hate to have to answer to a board!"

"And speaking of the Board," Peter said, "I'd love to stick around for a while but I have a meeting with them first thing tomorrow morning. I better get on a plane."

"We'll drive you back to the airport." Kelly said.

"No thanks, Kelly, if you can call me a cab, that will do just fine. I'm not in panic mode now, so I can relax and fly home."

Laura called a cab for Peter and fifteen minutes later he was gone with the pictures and the contract Kelly had drawn up.

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"Anybody hungry?" Todd asked. "I'm beat and I thought we could order something in and go sit on the roof and pretend we're still at the island."

"Miss it already, Sweetheart?" Kelly asked.

"I think it's all the fresh air I miss," laughed Todd. "I've been in the darkroom since we got back this morning!"

"This is shaping up to be a busy week," Kelly said. "The gym equipment will be coming tomorrow, and I have to clean up my guest room for Cara and Ami."

"I'll be glad to give you a hand with that, Kelly, if you can wait until after my morning classes. God, I'm going to have to really study now!"

Kelly laughed. "It's okay, Laura, you just take your time and get as many hours in as you can. Gloria will be there to give me a hand, and I don't have that much to move."

"No kidding," said Todd. "I think half of your stuff is here anyways."

Kelly pouted. "Just my sports equipment."

"Are you guys sure you don't need me tomorrow?" Laura asked.

"Baby, we want you," said Kelly, "but we think your studies should come first."

Kelly phoned in an order for a bucket of chicken wings and a large pizza then went out to pick it up. While she was gone, Todd rolled a couple of joints and then with Laura's help, wiped down the patio furniture on his roof.

When Todd had remodeled the upstairs into his personal living quarters, he had replaced the large window at the end of the hall with a solid, steel cased fire door. It opened onto the fire escape that ran across the back of the building, ending on the flat roof. Over the years he had built a small, enclosed sundeck with screening to keep the mosquitoes at bay, and furnished it with comfortable patio furniture, though he hardly used it. On those occasions where he had wanted to enjoy the outdoors he had mostly gone to Kelly's house where the back yard had been transformed at the hands of G and Delton.

Kelly returned with the chicken wings and pizza. She knew that Todd wanted to light up and mellow out, which is why she had ordered the chicken wings. Laura helped her carry the food up to the roof and Todd brought along an Eskimo chest filled with cold beer on ice.

Todd opened the beers and passed them around and then proceeded to light the first joint. After taking a deep hit of the potent grass, Todd said, "This would have been good in Brookhaven!"

"Yes it would have been, Todd, but we have our own rules to follow." Kelly gently reminded him as she took the joint from his hands and took a deep hit herself. Rather than exhale she moved to Laura and with an open mouthed kiss exhaled into Laura's lungs.

"Wow! That's a turn on by itself!" said Laura after she exhaled.

They passed the doobie around and around until there was nothing left but a small roach that Kelly shoved into the end of one of her cigarettes. Then they dug into the pizza.

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By the time the pizza was demolished they were feeling a nice buzz and Todd opened another three beers.

They nursed the second beer as they watched the stars brighten the crisp, clear North Carolina sky. They talked of life and love and the important things that lovers often do. An hour passed and Todd lit the second joint. By the time the roach had found its way into another of Kelly's cigarettes, they were all pleasantly buzzed and soon the munchies hit.

Between chicken wings, Todd mentioned how quiet and peaceful it was. Even though it was a weekday, the industrial park was pretty well deserted this time of night.

Regrettably, they all had early morning schedules and decided it would be smarter to call it an early night.

Cleaning up went quickly and without effort. Todd locked the sundeck and the door to the fire escape making sure to turn the alarm back on, while the girls disposed of the garbage and put the empty bottles away.

They had a communal shower that night, all three of them trying to fit into the shower at the same time. After the other two promised not to look, Laura pulled out her tampon and quickly wrapped it in toilet paper and tossed it into the wastebasket.

Though it was crowded with three bodies, they managed to soap each other up and Kelly and Laura managed to have a mutual climax through their locked legs. Todd's erection was at full mast, and shyly, Laura invited him to slip his hard cock into her wet and very juicy cunt. As they were all still nicely stoned, Todd was able to hold back on his own orgasm and lifting Laura so that her legs encircled him drove her over the crest again and yet once more. His stamina was flagging though and he let her down gently on quivering legs. It had been the first time she had been loved while on her period. Both Kelly and Laura noticed that Todd was still hard.

Turning Todd into the water, Kelly washed off his prick and then sat on the side of the tub to suck him to a well-deserved climax. He was a good man.

Todd was the first to dry off after stepping out of the shower and after he left the bathroom, Laura inserted a fresh tampon and slipped on a pair of panties. Not wanting Kelly to be left out, Laura led her to the bedroom and proceeded to give her a wicked tongue-lashing that left Kelly writhing and claspings at the sheets. A few more minutes of kissing, and the fatigue that had followed them all day took its toll, and soon all three were fast asleep, the two girls cuddled to Todd. It was just 10 o'clock.

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The alarm went off at 8 the next morning and after they brushed their teeth, dressed and had their vitamins, go-juice and a simple, very healthy breakfast of raw vegetables and mineral water, Laura offered Kelly a ride back to her house.

"I can walk, Sweetheart," Kelly had protested, but Laura had been adamant.

"Nonsense. I know you can walk it and usually do, but you have work you want to do and I have to leave anyway or I will be late for class. You said yourself there was little to do right now, so why not let Todd get his equipment set up?"

Kelly relented. Though she had slept well, she was still a bit tired and a ride sounded real good.

Laura made sure her new phone was turned on and attached to her waistband, grabbed her books and after she and Kelly had given Todd lots of kisses to last him the day, they took off.

Todd settled back in Kelly's office chair and waited for the delivery van to bring the equipment. He was glad there were professionals coming with the delivery to set it all up as he was not quite caught up on his rest.

Laura dropped Kelly off at her house and they shared a few quiet moments necking in the driveway before, with a deep sigh, Laura said, "I love you, Kelly."

"I love you too, Laura," said Kelly. "Try to get done what you can because you'll be off flying again tomorrow."

"I will, Kelly, I promise. I haven't forgotten that this is my chance."

Kelly rewarded her with a big smile. "I know you haven't forgotten, Honey, I just think that we sometimes expect too much from you."

Laura's eyes misted. "You could never ask too much of me, Kelly. Love has no limits."

Laura backed carefully out of the driveway and Kelly waved at her as she drove away.

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