

Kelly

(Inspired by Mike C, based on characters in his novel: “James”
Characters and situations copyright by Mike C, 2002)

Chapter 24

“What are your chances of landing a teaching job, Robert?” Todd asked.

Bobby grimaced. “With the hiring cutbacks, and the economy the way it is, I’ll probably still be doing bookkeeping at the realty office for at least another year!”

“So, why not stay in school?”

“Hell, Todd, I’ve already got my Master’s. Studying for my PhD would be great and then I could teach at a post-secondary level, but it all costs money and I’m just scraping by with what I’m making now. If I went on, I’d have to do it part time, and that would be at least another four or five years. There’s just not a lot of call in the business world for a guy my age without any experience – all my training has been for teaching, even my vacation jobs.”

Vanetta was getting nervous. She had told Bobby that Todd could be intense. Having finished the pizza and wings, the seven of them were comfortable in the chairs around the great couch where at least five of them had made love. Bobby was on his third beer, which was two more than he usually had.

“So working there isn’t paying enough for you to stay in school?” asked Todd from his seat between Kelly and Laura.

Robert looked back at him, irritated. “Yeah, that’s what I said. It’s a catch-22 – I can work there the same number of hours and take longer to get the degree, or I can work more hours and take even longer to get the degree ‘cause I’d have less time to study.”

“Okay,” said Todd, “so how attached are you to that job?”

“It’s a waste of my time, training and talent,” Robert replied shortly. When Todd continued looking at him, he went on, “Look, I’m supposed to be a teacher for Chrissake’s! I should be teaching high school kids to do that sort of job! The money would be all right for a high school graduate, but I can’t even afford to move out of my home! If it weren’t for my folks, I’d be screwed!”

“So, how would you like to come work for TKO?”

Robert gave a short bitter laugh. “Thanks, Todd, but I’m not looking for charity. I want to teach, I want the chance to help kids make the world a better place and I admire what you all do, but I couldn’t take money for doing something I’m not qualified for.”

“But you’re qualified to be a teacher,” Kelly said, cluing in to what Todd had in mind.

“Yes, but you aren’t running a school here,” said Bobby.

“But we do have two high school seniors who need to finish off their last year, and they both have jobs as well. Aren’t you qualified to help them finish off their last year of high school?”

Cara’s eyes got as big as Ami’s. Kelly was talking about them!

“Yeah, I’m certified as a home study instructor and as a tutor, but it would still be charity if you paid more than the going rate for home study.”

“We don’t do charity,” said Todd. “At the risk of pissing you off totally, are you always on such a high horse? We only pay what we think a person is worth, or what the job is worth.”

Robert was steaming up, and Vanetta could see it. She had been afraid something like this would happen if Bobby didn’t get a chance to get used to Todd’s often-blunt manner of speaking. As far as Todd was concerned, he was just asking for information, but people tended to take his questions as criticism.

Kelly could see Vanetta looking worried, and was about to speak up when the phone rang. “I’ll get that,” she said getting up.

“Bobby, I don’t think Todd is talking about giving you charity, honey,” said Vanetta. “I know for a fact that they pay fair market value, and you have some unique talents. Why don’t you just listen to what he has to say?”

Robert looked at her for a moment, taking in the worry in her eyes. “Yeah,” he replied, and then looked at Todd and Laura sitting on the couch. “Look, would you excuse me for a moment?”

He got up and went to the bathroom where he relieved himself, absently watching the stream of piss foaming the water in the bowl as he thought.

She was right, he thought, he hadn’t listened, just got on the defensive when Todd started talking about a job. He had done the same thing a few times when offered work by friends of his folks, especially when he found that they were offering him make-work. He wanted to *teach*, not work in an office, or sell insurance. Sure, he had gotten the job

at the realty office himself through the student employment office, but it barely paid a student wage and he knew he couldn't take much more of it.

He washed his hands and splashed water on his face and considered himself in the face reflected in the mirror. He chuckled to himself. *Where's your manners, idiot?* It's got to be better than a time-share presentation. These people just fed you and they want to give you a job! The least you can do is listen to them!

"That was Reuters," Kelly said coming back to the couch. "They wanted exclusive rights to Ami's pictures, but I told them they could only have first run rights or they could settle for worldwide outside of the North American market."

Robert came back in at this point. "Hey," he said. "I want to apologize for being such a hemorrhoid. I guess that Netta's right. I get a bit defensive and then I get offensive. Instead of shutting you out, I should have heard you out."

Todd laughed. "That's okay, Rob," he said. "Sit down, relax. Kelly's just about to break the news to my star apprentice that she has sold her first international shoot."

Ami looked up hopefully.

"So? What did you tell them, Honey?" asked Laura.

"Ah, well, you know... I wanted to hold out for more, see what AP was offering, but I decided that Reuters would give it good coverage, and start a good name for Ami, so I let them have the exclusive publishing rights."

Todd laughed again. "How much did you soak them for, Kell?"

It was Kelly's turn to laugh. "Full credits, Ami Phillips, TKO Photography, six pictures for three fifty each."

Ami looked crestfallen. "I can't make a living off that. How many pictures did you take while you were going through school, Todd? Did you ever find time to study?"

"I took a lot of pictures, Ami." Todd said. "Sports, news, you name it, wherever a camera could tell the story, I was there, but I had plenty of time to study."

Laura started laughing and everyone turned to look at her, which only caused her to laugh harder.

Kelly's eyes crinkled in a smile as she realized why Laura was laughing.

"I wouldn't complain too much about the pay, Ami," Kelly said. "After the studio percentage, you'll still have about nineteen to spend on what you want."

“I guess that’s about fair,” said Ami. “I only spent about an hour taking the pictures and another one developing them. I just thought there was more to be made, and if I had to travel down there on my own... I don’t see how you can make any money at this.”

Laura was laughing so hard the tears were running down her face as she clutched her sides trying to keep from hyperventilating.

“I don’t think it’s *that* funny,” said Cara. “Ami worked hard at getting the right shots and *I* don’t think that it’s fair that she only gets nineteen dollars for her effort!”

“I think Laura is laughing because she’s been where you are right now, Ami,” Kelly said. “When I first offered her a job as a model I said she might make four fifty an hour, and she said she might as well keep her fast food job.”

“Models make more than four dollars an hour,” Cara said. “We know that... oops.”

Ami’s eyes got big again. “Did you mean three fifty as in three hundred and fifty, Kelly?”

“But of course, my dear. Did you think I’d let the first Todd Ayres apprentice ever get less than what she was worth?”

“Oh, shit,” said Ami.

“Holy shit is more like it!” said Cara.

Vanetta smiled, shaking her head and remembering what it had been like when she first arrived in Charlotte.

Todd and Kelly had arranged her enrollment at the university, paying for her tuition and textbooks and it had taken her three months to find out. Up till then, she had been in awe of the ‘free’ American education system. On top of that, they had employed her to give her practical business experience.

In the beginning it had all seemed so overwhelming. Big dollars coming in and big dollars going out. She knew that Todd and Kelly owned stocks and real estate jointly above what the business they had started provided. Vanetta had been to the New York office, but more importantly, she saw the money that the modeling agency generated. Todd’s photography, the stuff he liked to do, that brought in incredible amounts of money on its own. In her time as Kelly’s assistant, she had seen cars in the big bay, motorcycles, and all sorts of strange products that you’d never find at a Wal-Mart. But Todd had grown restless in the studio in the last few years and has started going out on jobs that appealed to him more than staying in the studio. He rarely did portraits any more--no

matter that the people who wanted them were offering well over a thousand dollars an hour for his time. He wanted to be creative. How could she ever explain this to Bobby?

She had seen Todd and Kelly the consummate professionals in their fields and the quiet unhappiness of their private lives.

Then Laura came into their world.

Now, the pieces just seemed to slot into place. Todd and Kelly had found that with Laura, each other *was* their family, Kelly was coming out of retirement, and Todd had a renewed interest in his work and a new apprentice!

And now, three years later, she had money in the bank, was about to graduate as MBA with honors, and had been offered the presidency of a multi-million-dollar business.

She would have to ask Mama if the Obi-Man had said that Laura was an influence in her life as well!

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

After the excitement of Ami's first sale had settled down, Laura had put on a pot of tea, and Todd was explaining to Robert just what he wanted from him.

"What we want to do," said Todd "is to bring kids into nursing homes. We think it will be good for both the kids and the seniors, but I know that it won't come easy. Kids need a contest or a prize to get them motivated these days. I've got a plan in mind, and I want to hear from you if it's feasible and if it will work. Then, if it's doable, I want you to run it. On top of that, if their parents allow it, I want Ami and Cara to stay in Charlotte so Ami can be my full-time apprentice, and Cara to work with Kelly. They have a year of high school to finish."

"And then there is the coordination and scheduling of the Williams Sisters and the boys you know to provide musical backup for them, and getting them to nursing homes, hospitals and all charity functions," added Kelly. "And you will be responsible for paying for their lessons as well as insurance and all the trivial details that come with it."

"Don't forget fund raising," said Todd. "We'll pay for the first year, but we need you to shame some corporations into parting with some of their money for the future. Remind them that one day it might be them on the receiving end of what we are trying to establish."

"It wouldn't hurt to get the turtles into this as well," said Laura.

Ami, Cara, Vanetta, and Robert all looked at Laura like she had just landed from another planet.

“Janet’s turtles,” said Todd. “That’s a good idea, Laura. A hands on approach would be much better for the kids than giving money to one of the so-called wildlife preservation associations.”

“Yeah,” said Kelly. “She could come up here and talk about it, hell, why limit it to Charlotte? If Robert can set up a speaking tour for her, she could talk to a lot more kids.”

“You have connections to all the school boards, right, Rob?” asked Todd.

Robert sat still, his eyes wide open, the alcohol long since evaporated from his brain. “I’m really sorry for suggesting that you were looking at me as a charity case,” he said. “You’re talking about real work here.”

Todd chuckled and said, “and you haven’t even heard our main idea yet!”

Over the course of the next hour, Todd laid out his plan for convincing the school kids of Charlotte to visit nursing homes, while Bobby used Vanetta’s pad and pen to scribble notes.

“Chuck me, Farley,” said Bobby after hearing Todd’s plan. “You certainly weren’t talking about charity. This is a full time job!”

Todd just smiled.

~~~~~ //

“So, if I got this right,” said Bobby, consulting his shorthand notes, “You want to sponsor a contest starting this September for Junior High students in Charlotte.”

For the moment, they were all sipping mineral water, having decided the wine would wait until later.

“The basic rules are that each volunteer student will represent his or her class ***and*** the school they attend.”

Todd nodded.

“You want the students to make three visits of an hour each to the closest nursing home from where they live. Okay, I’m going to change that right off the bat,” Bobby said. “Five visits minimum and brownie points for more visits.”

Kelly started to say that was too much but Bobby raised his finger and continued. “Three visits of an hour each, Kelly, and the contest will be over in a week. I’m going to make sure that every nursing home is well covered, and restrict it to one visit per week.

That way we'll get at least a month and a half out of your prize money, and I think I'll push for an essay after each visit. Just a short one, but listing who they spent time with and what they learned. It would make me feel better as a teacher knowing the kids would be doing some writing, and I already see taking all the good essays and printing them for distribution and possibly running it in the papers. I know from my dad that newspapers love this kind of human interest stuff."

"Okay, Robert," Kelly said. "I see your point, and it would make for some interesting reading if we published it as a 'free for donation' book to help keep the program alive."

"That's sort of what I was thinking, Kelly, though I'm not so big on the 'free for donation' as I am for a set price. I might be a qualified teacher, but remember that my specialty is business."

Vanetta ruffled his hair affectionately.

"Now these prizes," Bobby continued. "That's quite a list. We might have to set a cut off date or some ambitious kids are going to go once a week right up till the end of the school year!"

"What's the down side?" asked Kelly.

"Short attention spans for most, and consequently a less than enthusiastic turnout," said Robert. "I'd suggest running it the first semester. The prizes are well worth it to the students, and four months isn't too long. It also limits the visits to a maximum of 15 weeks, and the grand prize will go to the most ambitious student. Hell, even the second prize is worth fighting for."

Bobby read the list out loud. "First prize for an individual effort: A brand new computer system! 10 second place prizes: 20" color TVs. 50 third place prizes: Sony Portable CD players **and** two free CDs. 100 fourth place prizes: \$50 Gift certificates."

"You think that's enough incentive, Rob?" asked Todd.

"It sure as hell is," said Bobby. "And the added incentives for the classes and the schools is going to ensure the teachers are behind this one hundred percent!" He consulted his notes again.

"1st prize for best school effort: A one day trip to Carowinds for the grade 7 and 8s! 5 second prizes for best class efforts: A movie followed by lunch at Pizza Hut. 15 third place prizes for class effort: Pizza Hut delivers lunch." Bobby took a deep breath. "And then the bonuses for schools, every school that participates receives \$1000 towards their arts program. Excuse me for being so blunt, but that is a shit pile of money you're talking about here." He did some quick calculations on his pad. "You realize you're

talking about a non profit, no return project here that is going to cost you in the neighborhood of **forty-five thousand dollars?**”

“I’ve always admired a man who is good with numbers,” said Todd. “What do you think, Kell, run it both semesters?”

Kelly thought about it for a minute. “Sure, why not. We said we’d do it two years at our cost anyway. This way we can start showing results in five months and start collecting from other companies to pitch in for the third year, and hopefully it will be self sustaining after that.”

“You realize you’ve just upped the cost to close to a quarter million, don’t you?” asked a befuddled Bobby. No one else spoke.

Finally Laura said, “You’ve never visited a nursing home have you, Robert? My sisters and I have, lots of times. It can be a very lonely place for those who gave so much. Old people shouldn’t be discarded, they should be cherished. Everything we have we owe to them.”

“Laura’s right,” said Kelly. “They fought the wars, they made education possible for all these kids, they built this country. As for the cost, we buy bulk and save up to fifty percent on the prizes, but you forgot to add your own salary in the final figure, Robert.”

“Yes,” said Todd. “This project will be running at the same time the others are. You’ll coordinate the entire thing and act as liaison between the schools etc. Let the teachers monitor visit times. You’ll be teaching Ami and Cara, **if** their parents allow them to stay in Charlotte, and coordinating the music program and arranging transportation etc., but I think that’ll leave you enough time to go back to school as well.”

Ami was already thinking of how to convince her parents to allow her to stay.

“So, Rob?” asked Todd, “sound appealing to you? Willing to take on the job?”

Bobby nodded enthusiastically. “This is a challenge, it uses all of my skills and training. And it sounds like fun as well!”

“And how much do you expect to be paid for having all this fun?” asked Kelly, suddenly serious.

“Ah, I’m not sure,” said Bobby. “Whatever the position pays, I guess.”

“It’s a new position,” said Todd. “There’s not another like it. Be kind of hard for us to put a value on your time.”

“Just tell us how much you want,” said Kelly.

“Can I talk this over with Vanetta for a minute?” Robert asked.

“Sure,” said Todd, “but we’d like to have an answer tonight.”

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

As Robert and Vanetta wandered off, Ami spoke up. “Todd, Cara and me were doing some mental gymnastics earlier.”

Laura and Kelly laughed. Cara scowled at them.

“When you were deciding on the Star Trek pictures, we realized that in our case, what you need us for is to sell the clothing. You need the props to make it legitimate, and of course for us to validate that.”

Todd nodded. Ami had his full attention.

“So,” continued Ami, “after seeing how much film you can shoot in one day, we’ve got a plan that will let you do the entire CrossTrain shoot in one day.”

Todd was smiling. Kelly and Laura were no longer laughing.

“We know you need to show off as much of the suits as possible,” said Cara, “so we figured, rather than go through routines with you snapping pictures when you think something looks right, we’ll stick to just those poses that are more full body rather than tucks and curls. It’ll take less time, and we can hold the poses without breaking into a sweat. We figure that between changes, we can give you a new pose in a new outfit every 90 seconds between the two of us.”

“That’ll be a lot of running back and forth to the change room,” said Kelly.

“That’s the beauty of it, Kelly,” said Ami. “We won’t be! We’ll change right there at the equipment. That gives both of us a three-minute break between shots, and with a bit of help from you and Laura on our hair and make-up, we should be fine.”

“It’s not like Todd hasn’t seen us without clothes before,” added Cara.

“Think about this, Todd,” said Ami. “I can get into a handstand on the uneven bars with my back to you, with spread legs. You shoot, I turn, and you get a frontal shot of me with my legs closed. Perfectly normal poses for the bars, and after you get the two shots, instead of a fancy dismount, I just let myself swing down. I help Cara up, she does two different poses while I change.”

“That might actually work,” said Todd, “and I like the idea that I won’t have to wait around between pictures.”

"I'm impressed," said Laura.

"I'll say," said Kelly. "You two are learning more about this business than most of our regular models!"

"It would be perfect," said Todd. "Then I can call CrossTrain and have them pick up their equipment, and we can hit the road."

"Hit the road, Jack," the two gymnasts started singing.

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

"I don't know how much to ask for," said Bobby to Vanetta. "Can't you give me some idea?"

"And where should I get this idea from?" asked Vanetta. "I had no idea they were going to pop this on you. I mean, I knew that Todd wanted to ask you about the boys you tutor, but I had no clue as to the rest of this. But wouldn't it be perfect? That's at least two years work for you, **and** you can work on your doctorate at the same time!"

"But what if I ask for too much? I'd feel stupid saying that I think my time is worth this amount only to find out that they have another figure in mind much lower."

Netta took his head in her hands. "Bobby, I love you, but this charity thing is getting a little tired. If you ask for too little, you'll only get upset and you'll come to hate the job in the long run. Ask for too much and that's just plain greedy. Figure it out. What do you need, how much time will be involved, and what will you be doing? Then come up with a figure that will reflect what you are worth. If they think it's too much, then you just turn them down. You have the talents and the skills they want. Now sell yourself on the idea that you are worth a good salary for your time."

They could hear the laughter coming from the other side of the studio as Ami and Cara started singing.

"Okay," he said, and pulled out a piece of paper laying out what he figured he would need which included an extended full size van for ferrying the musicians around. He calculated what he would normally receive for home schooling a student for a year and then doubled that figure. He turned the paper so that Netta could see.

"Don't forget insurance and gas and maintenance," said Vanetta. "And this is going to be your full time job... no more moonlighting for you, mister, so you better ask for a salary and a contract for two years that will reflect what you are worth."

"Well," said Bobby, "a full time high school teacher gets around twenty-eight grand a year..."

“Yes,” said Vanetta, “but they only have to work 200 days a year, straight days. You’ll be working evenings and weekends and holidays.”

“Right,” he said. “Can I use your computer for a minute, Honey? I want to type up a formal proposal.”

Vanetta fired up her computer and left Bobby to type up his worth.

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

“Have we scared him off?” asked Kelly as Vanetta rejoined them.

“Not totally, so I guess that’s a good sign,” said Vanetta. “He’s just putting it to paper now.”

“Good,” said Todd. “I’m about ready to head home.”

Both Kelly and Laura looked at him.

“Yeah, yeah, I know. I live here, but... let’s face it. I live with you two now. I’m not going to be apart from either of you any more.”

“Does that mean you’ll be renting out your apartment upstairs?” asked Vanetta.

Todd laughed. “Not to strangers, Sweetie, but if you want it...”

“It sure would make life easier on me,” said Vanetta.

“I guess that answers your question, Todd,” said Laura.

“Kelly,” said Ami, “do you think we could get an appointment at that hair salon we went to? Cara and I could use a touch up, and we’d really like it if we could get that girl to work on our feet again. That stuff we got has done wonders for taking the color out of the calluses, but we’d like to get another buffing with that stone.”

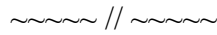
“Sure,” said Kelly. “Todd and I have to go see our lawyer anyway to get some paperwork done up, so how about tomorrow I see what day is good?”

“Thanks, Kelly,” said Cara.

“And I think you and I,” said Kelly to Laura, “should pay another visit to Mistress Helga!”

“Oh No!” said Laura with mock fear. “Not the dungeon again!”

They were laughing as Robert came back looking solemn.



Bobby held the sheet of paper in his hands. It was folded in half, hiding the figures inside. He sat down and took a gulp of his bottled water, then told them he had added the van and the reasons why.

Todd and Kelly both agreed on the need for the van and said they would provide one along with the insurance and a gas credit card. Then Todd told him the dealership would bill all the maintenance costs to TKO's new venture, but that Bobby would be required to take it in as needed.

"New venture?" Vanetta asked.

"We can't have our main company taking on a blatant money losing proposition," said Kelly. "People would think that it's only to pay less taxes on the business."

"Kelly and I will fund it," said Todd, "and give it a new name as well so as to keep it separate from the photography and modeling."

"And," said Kelly to Bobby, "we don't announce our involvement in this. This will be your project, your responsibility, we'd rather keep our names out of it unless it's for legal matters."

"Okay," said Bobby. "I don't know why you wouldn't want the credit, but, hey, if that's what you want, I'll just refer to you as 'benefactors who prefer to remain anonymous'." He held the paper out to Todd. "But maybe you want to see what it will cost you for my time."

Todd took the paper but didn't open it. "Will you be happy with this wage, Rob?"

"Very," said Robert.

"Are you worth it, Robert?" asked Kelly taking the paper from Todd, but still not opening it.

"I think I am. Some people might not agree, but that is what I think I am worth."

"Good," said Todd getting up to shake Robert's hand. "Welcome aboard. We'll tell you the name of the company you'll be working for by the end of the week."

Kelly still hadn't opened the paper and Bobby was feeling a little unsettled. She folded the paper once more and slipped it into her pocket before standing to shake his hand as well. "Welcome to the family. We'll have the lawyer draw up the contract and have it all set for the end of the week as well. Guess you'll have to give your notice at that realty office."

Laura smiled and gave Robert a hug. “Weird, isn’t it?” she whispered in his ear.

Robert laughed, looked at Laura, and said, “Very. But I think I can get used to it.”

“Now if you two will excuse us,” said Todd, “we have to get home. Rob, you’re probably stone cold sober by now, but why take a chance? I think you should camp out here tonight.”

Robert blushed, but nodded and said it would probably be the best thing.

Vanetta hugged Todd and then Kelly and whispered, “thank you.”

Kelly took one of the bottles of wine that Robert had brought and said they would drink it at home tonight and suggested that Robert and Vanetta open the other and celebrate.

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

Kelly, Laura, Ami, and Cara were sitting on the couch back at Kelly’s house. Todd was sitting on the floor. All of them had a glass of wine in their hands, as they tried to think of a name for the new non-profit company.

“All that keeps jumping through my brain is song titles,” said Laura finally.

“And I don’t want to focus on the age factor,” said Kelly.

“I can’t get off the ‘Precious Memories’ thought,” said Todd

“You guys are getting yourselves all tied up in knots over this,” said Ami.

“That’s cause they’re the tie that binds,” said Cara giggling at her own pun, then stopped as she realized that silence had descended on the room and that Todd and Kelly were staring at her.

“By George, I think she’s got it!” said Kelly.

“Got what?” asked Cara cautiously.

“It’s the common tie that binds us,” said Todd. “We will become them, they created us.”

“So, what are you thinking, Todd?” asked Laura. “Seniors, the next generation?”

“Oh, if only I could get away with that,” laughed Todd.

“Why not?” asked Kelly. “The bulk of what we’re doing is for seniors.”

“And you could do a nice paint job on the van in a Trek font,” said Laura.

“I guess I was thinking more along the line of ‘School Ties,’” said Todd, “but that sounds like a bad teen movie.”

“We can think about it tomorrow,” said Kelly. “I need to steal Cara for my skin care, and then I have to wait an hour before I can get to bed. It’s been a busy day.”

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

Todd had just released another pleasure load into Laura’s inviting mouth. Her skills at taking him into the back of her throat were improving so much that her trick of swallowing while his cock was seated in her throat milked his cum out at a dizzying speed. He would have said so too, except Kelly was still riding his face, just cresting her own peak.

After Kelly had given Laura a treatment of what she had gotten from Todd, and the three of them were lying in bed, Laura said, “It’s just not fair that Todd is such a total and natural blonde. You can barely see his pubic hair till it gets caught in your teeth!”

Kelly laughed. “Maybe we should take Todd in for a wax treatment!”

Oooo! Todd cringed at the imagined pain of having his pubic hair ripped out!

But Laura said there was no way she was going to change Todd. “I don’t even notice most of the time,” she said. “Just the odd occasion when I catch one.”

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

It had been a very emotional day for all of them, and Cara and Ami only spent a little time pleasuring each other in their bedroom before they cuddled together for the night.

“Have you thought about moving up here full time, Cara?” Ami asked.

“Are you serious?” asked Cara. “That’s just about all I could think about!”

“How do you think your folks are going to take it?” asked Ami.

“I think pretty well. They want me to go to university so I can get a good job, and now we’ll have a private tutor to help us finish our final year of high school, plus I already have a job. I don’t think my parents would stand in the way of this kind of opportunity for me. What about you, Ami?”

“Pretty much what I thought,” she said. “Not only will I be going to university, but I’ll be apprenticed to one of the best photographers in the business.” She wriggled with excitement. “God, it’s amazing! I’ve been doing this for, like, a week? And my first real pictures are going international! That’s going to amaze Mom and Dad! And they’ll be happy with you here.”

“Just think, babe,” said Cara. “We won’t have to hide our love from anybody living here.”

Ami snuggled closer to Cara. “Yeah, that’s something I can really live with. Having you in my arms every night.”

~~~~~ //

Meanwhile, just a few blocks away, Robert had spewed his load inside of Vanetta, and both of them were hot and sweaty. They liked their sex physical and Vanetta loved being on top. To make sure he would last through a good and thorough fucking, Vanetta had first gone down on Bobby and then a glass of wine later he had returned the favor, savoring her dark skin and feasting on the pink inner delicacy. Vanetta, once she started cumming, could achieve orgasm more rapidly on her next ones and being on top let her drive her clit into his pelvic bone.

What made this encounter special and different was that they had made love in Todd’s bed. It was *so* much more comfortable than the couch.

“I wonder if he’ll leave it furnished for me?” she asked out loud.

“You’re serious about moving in here?” Bobby asked.

“Oh, yeah!” said Netta. “Mom won’t mind. What about you? Are you going to stay at home with Mom and Dad or are you going to take the plunge and move in with me?”

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