



Claire Unconventional Aunt

Author's Notes

I met a young man Daniel almost three years ago. He told me a story I found hard to believe. He assured me it was true. Since then I know it to be. I have met almost his entire family. Daniel put me in touch with others he learned of over the years. I don't know how, I asked, he didn't say.

They all have in one way or another committed incest. I doubted Daniel and others I talked to at first. I soon learned how naive I was. Over the last three years I decided to put them to paper. There are ten stories in all. I started submitting them here for your consideration.

I am not a writer, far from it. Except for the names and places, the stories you read are for the most part true. Still they are not biographies. Artistic license has been taken to enhance or in some cases minimize the events described. All sexual situations were between consensual adults within the framework of their story.

The stories are somewhat long. Most of these stories cover several years. I will try to keep the chapters short. I suggest you save one for reference. None of the stories are mine, any personal friend, or relative.

Daniel insisted I talk to one person before any others. That person was JB.

This story is one that almost never saw the light of day. Jay at first rejected any attempt to publish this. Clare on the other hand encouraged it. They are two of the nicest people you would ever want to meet.

Chapter 1

OOH! I thought as our starting safety got beat yet again. He picked himself up and looked to the sideline.

"Brown get your ass over here" Coach yelled. Then he called time out.

I ran down the sideline past my teammates and stood beside him. He grabbed my pads and held me close.

"I know you're just a sophomore but I need you to play like a pro." He was yelling at me to pump me up. "Now look at the clock. They don't have much time left. But damn if that

quarterback makes one more run like that they're going to be in field goal range."

I looked at the scoreboard and then the position of the ball on the field.

"Jay! I want you to do one thing, and one thing only..." He jerked me closer. "You go after that quarterback and don't let him make another play! Forget about anybody else! You go after him and put him on his ass every chance you get!"

I looked at the other team and the quarterback looking at me. I saw him smile. He knew I was coming in. He was taunting me.

"Can you do that son?" Coach challenged me.

"Yes sir!" I yelled through my helmet.

"I don't care what anybody else does but that quarterback better not make another yard!" He pushed me to the field the other safety came out.

When they lined up the quarterback looked my way as he went through his reads. He looked right at me and smiled again. The first play they ran was a quarterback option. He headed my way, I dodged a block, then headed straight for him. With no choice he tossed it. They gained two yards. The next play he threw a pass and gained four more. I was standing in front of him when he let the ball go.

"Not going to happen bench boy!" He sneered at me. He was at least four inches taller and maybe twenty pounds heavier. He had that 'I am entitled look' as he brushed up against me as he walked back to huddle. His ego was too big to let me win. I hoped to use it against him.

"I'll be back!" I did my best Terminator impression.

"Fuck you bench warmer!" He yelled.

I was ready for him. I knew he would run my way. Mr. Ego had to prove he was he was better than me. They hiked the ball I moved behind our tackle. I saw him sprint out. He was looking for me but I was hidden for just a moment. He cleared his tackle our linebacker had the tail back wide. I sliced through the line and with my shoulder pad in his chest I picked him up and drove him in the ground.

"OOOOMMMPPHH!

I heard the air leave his lungs. He lie motionless on the ground! Oh fuck! Did I kill him? Panic set in for the first few seconds. His eyes looked up at me as if he was dying. I started to move closer hoping to help him. Someone pulled me to my feet. It all happened so fast. Then he gasped for air!

I stood over him briefly. His eyes still locked on mine he was no longer so smug. With a startling twitch he curled up desperately gasping for a second breath of air. His teammates pushed me away. The medical staff was on him as I walked back to our huddle. They led him off and punted. We held onto the lead and closed out the game. I remember that game for several reasons, first, it was the first time I was actually in a game that counted. Second, I became a real member of the team. I had made the plays. I had proven I belonged. Lastly it was the start of series of events that altered the rest of my life. A life that changed in a way I could have never imagined.

My name is Jay Brown. JB to my friends. I am a sophomore in a medium size college. I play football, my position is safety. I am five eleven and weigh just over two hundred pounds. My dad was white. He died shortly after my younger sister Jessica was born. My grandfather on my mom's side is white and my

grandmother is black. My mom is one of their children. After my dad died Mom married a black man, Mike. I call him dad. This story is not about race but it plays a part to some extent. I am one fourth African American but to look at me you would think I am white. My skin is fair, I just look lightly tanned. No blond hair but you get the picture! My mom, Rhonda looks black, but her skin is really more caramel colored. My step dad is 100% African American and much darker. He is by far the best man I know. He has been everything a father should be and more. We are close and have been since the beginning.

It was a home game. After taking a shower and getting kudos from my teammates, Rhonda, Jesse and Mike were waiting for me. It was a glorious reunion of sorts. Being a sophomore it was the first time they got to watch me play in college. They live about ninety miles away. I play for school Mike graduated from. He comes up for all the home games when he can. We went to a restaurant close to the dorms and spent some time before they headed home. Mom asked to talk to me before they left. While Jesse and Mike were waiting in the car, mom asked me if I could go see her sister Clare the next day. I agreed to but wasn't sure I should be the one to go.

My aunt Clare is mom's younger sister by twelve years. Where mom is average in height and weight, Clare is tall and slender. Mom has big full breasts, and a bit of a rump. Clare's tits are small and delicate. She has a small tight ass, not that I noticed.

Mom is medium skinned. Clare is dark skinned with big brown doe eyes. Mom is outgoing, enthusiastic and sassy. Clare is quiet, reserved and timid. As I stated earlier mom is married to a great guy. She loves him and he loves her. My aunt is married to a man I have never trusted. His name is Odell. He is six years older than Clare, and yes he is black too.

Odell and Clare live in the town where the college is located. He is in finance at a big bank in town. Clare works at one of the branches. I am not sure exactly what she does. Up to now we only see them occasionally. Odell will not let her see the family unless he is with her. My mom has a strong dislike for Odell, and as such, she does not see Clare as often as she would like. It ends up being mostly on holidays or at my grandparents. They do talk at times but Odell is so controlling even this is monitored.

I once asked my mom why Clare ever married him. But since mom was so much older than Clare she explained that she and her sister were from almost different generations. Mom had me when Clare was only eight, which makes my aunt almost my sister. They are close but the difference in age prevented them from sharing the bonds sisters might have if they were just two or three years apart.

When Clare married Odell mom was just beginning to rebuild her life. I always wondered if Clare's scar played any part in their marriage, but that is a topic we just do not discuss.

They tell everyone that it was a car accident. Maybe it was. I doubt it. Regardless Clare has a scar that starts from her upper lip on her right side across her cheek and ends at her ear. The lower tip of her ear is missing. Not much but noticeable the few times I have seen it. She wears her hair long and pulls it across her face to hide the scar. It's a shame because she is so beautiful with or without it.

I asked why I was going to see them. Mom thinks something is wrong. Either Clare won't tell her or can't. She is hoping if I stop Clare will tell me or I will figure it out on my own. I agree to stop by Sunday after work.

Back at my dorm I slip in bed and replayed the game in my head. I was great for those few plays. When I saw him gasping for air I was repulsed. There is so much I like about playing sports. The camaraderie, the physical demands, and the satisfaction of winning verses the disappointment of losing. But as good as I am I just do not have that killer instinct. Playing hard is one thing but hurting someone, or even worse maybe even paralyzing someone, would devastate me. I just

can't stand to see someone in pain. I know it and my coaches know it. Because of that I sit on the bench.

The door opened and closed. I heard the rustle of clothes and then she slipped under the covers beside me. I turned and kissed her full lips her massive tits pressed to my bare chest.

"I saw you play!" She whispered as our lips parted. "Drill me just like you did that quarterback! Take my breath away!"

There was no foreplay this time. She was ready and so was I. I rolled her over and with one smooth thrust I was in her. She whimpered just slightly as I started to fill her.

"Is it me or do you feel bigger tonight?" She teased.

"Oh you are going to pay for that!" I teased back.

"Promises, promises." She squealed as our pelvises met.

I lifted her legs in front of me and against my shoulders. I drilled her hard between her shapely thighs. Angie was anything but quiet when we fuck. Not a screamer but always

vocal. It was a good thing my roommate was gone for the weekend otherwise he would get an earful tonight. She whimpered and whined, giggled and squealed, and then just before she climaxed she would go completely quite.

"Now JB..." She groaned. Her pelvis shifted her legs clenched. I knew she was close.

"Not yet!" I teased. "Wait for me!"

This drove her crazy. I knew she would wait. Tonight she was fucking the star football player! The one night hero and this is all she wanted. We both knew it. This, a bit more than friends with benefits. This was stature in her mind. Well at least she was somewhat honest about it. But now she was totally quiet. Angie was focusing on her own pleasure.

"Come for me baby!" I whispered. "Just think I won the game for us tonight!"

"Yesssssss... Oh! JB you are the MAN!" Angie cried out as I fucked her through her first orgasm. Her hips rolled up as I plunged down. Angie was gasping for air her moans filled the room. I was starting to slow down as the remnants of her

orgasm subsided in her body. Letting her legs down she pulled me in for a kiss.

"I know I can't say I love you, but that was awesome!" Angie pulled me in for a kiss. We did care for each other but we agreed for now to keep the word love out of it. We were exclusive but we both knew the day would come when we would move on. I turned her over and drilled her pussy from behind. I loved to watch her massive tits swing as we fucked. Angie always came the second time just as I did. Tonight was no different.

Just as my balls boiled I would reach down and flick her clit. She responded by clenching her pussy, and slamming her ample ass back into me. I filled her pussy as she hissed in approval. This was our way, or better still, her way of having sex. We tried oral once. Angie refused to try it again. Anal was a non-starter and kinky sex was not to be discussed. What she lacked in variety she made up for in enthusiasm. Still you can only eat vanilla ice cream only so many days.

I earned a partial scholarship for college. With Mike being a past student I got some breaks as well. Mike has been very helpful financially, but I decided a job was needed if I did not want to get buried in debt. I work for a roofer. You know, stripping roofs, carrying shingles and nailing them down.

Hard, hot, back breaking work. It pays well and it keeps me in shape. I wouldn't say I love it but there are aspects about it I find helpful even in school. I am going for a business degree and this has been a real learning experience.

I was invited over to my aunt's house for supper Sunday. After cleaning up a job we finished the day before, I stopped at the dorms and showered. I called Clare to make sure it was still ok if I came by. I knew the minute I walked in the door something was off. Clare didn't have to say a word. Odell was loud and boisterous, even more than normal. He had been clearly drinking.

"So the new football star can't even afford to feed himself?" He yelled as Clare opened the door.

"Don't listen to him. You are always welcome here JB." My aunt said softly so he couldn't hear.

"Well they don't pay us to play but they do feed us pretty well!" I said loud enough so he could hear. I tried to lighten the mood.

"Oh so you're here to gloat?" He growled.

"I am sorry?" I asked. "Gloat about what?"

"The fucking game!" He yelled.

"Well we won it but I am not sure there is much to gloat about. It wasn't a blowout or anything. In fact we almost didn't hold on for the win!" I replied not sure what he was talking about.

"Fuck yes you won! Cost me five large you fucking losers!" He turned to my aunt. "Get the boy a beer and refill this glass!" He bellowed.

My uncle bet on the game? He lost five hundred bucks on us? Serves him right I thought.

"Thanks but I will pass on the beer. I am driving and have classes in the morning." I explained.

He gave me an evil look but Clare came back with his glass filled with booze so he was happy about that. It was going well through most of the dinner. I stayed away from sports, and we couldn't talk about family. So I stuck to school. Clare was passing me a dish for seconds when she knocked a spoon off

the table. It was by my foot so I started to reach down and pick it up.

"Let the bitch do it!" He yelled. "She knocked it there."

"It's ok, It's right here." I smiled as I started to reach down again.

"I said let the bitch do it!" He yelled louder as he wavered in his chair.

Clare grabbed my wrist and stopped me. Her eyes told me I would only make it worse if I continued. She picked it up and set it aside. I could see the embarrassment in her face as she looked at me. It haunted me the whole way back to the dorm. I didn't know why I let him do that to her but I knew I would never let it happen again. Mom was right, there was something going on, I just didn't know what. Even for Odell this was out of character.

I had dinner with them several weeks later and the mood was closer to normal. Still there was this tension in the air. Clare did not say anything to me but you could feel it in the house the

whole time I was there. Odell was just as demanding as before but there was never a need to challenge him.

I was in the locker room the several months after my big game. The season was now over and I was here for conditioning. One of the seniors came up to me. He was a good player, not a superstar but someone we all looked up to. He was smart, tough and best of all he led by example. He said very little unless asked and then he was honest and right to the point.

"Jay is there a night you might have free this week? I would like to talk to you about something?" Randy asked.

I looked around to make sure he was talking to me. I was the only Jay but still we were not what you would call friends.

"Sure I guess. Tomorrow I have the whole night open!"

"Great I will pick you up around seven." He explained. "Oh and if you have some black slacks and a white shirt that would be nice."

He turned and left as quickly as he came. I had black slacks and decent shoes but did go and buy a new white shirt and

undershirt. At seven I was outside looking like a dork but when he pulled up in a big black limo I didn't feel so stupid.

"Hop in!" Randy said.

I opened the passenger door and sat up front with him. "Nice car!" I explained.

"Thanks but it is not just a car JB, it is much more than that." He smiled.

"How so?" I asked.

"Later. I brought you a jacket try it on." Randy replied.

He handed me a jacket like the one he was wearing. It was a bit snug in the shoulders but otherwise it was perfect.

"Not bad!" He looked over. "Now you don't need to do anything but watch. I thought it best if you looked the part just in case."

We headed out of town to the airport. Once there he picked up four guys and ushered them in the direction of back door. He explained some things to them and checked their ID's. When they were all seated we took off for the new casino on the shore of the river just outside town. Dropping them off Randy pulled into an area for limos and turned off the engine. We got out and walked to the bank of the river. He handed me a cold water and a snack bar.

"JB the reason I asked you here is to see if you were interested in a job?" Randy asked.

"Well I have a job when I have free time so I am not sure." I replied honestly.

"Yeah I know about that. But this would be something different. This job you can do after classes, and at the same time get your studying done." He looked at me. "JB that and it pays real well."

"Well I guess I would be interested in learning more. Is it some kind of multi-level marketing? You know Amway?" I asked. Randy just laughed.

"No. Nothing like that. You may have to sell yourself at times, but that is not the job." He replied.

"Well what would I have to do?" I asked. He looked over the river and looked back at me.

"You're doing it!"

"Doing what?" Not sure I was clear. "You mean ride with you?"

"Be the limo driver! A chauffeur!" He explained. "Look I have a client that has particular tastes, and demands that go with it. I am leaving after this year to get my masters. I have been looking for someone to take this job for over a year. You are the only one I have suggested taking it over."

"Really? But why me?" I asked stunned.

"I have been watching you JB. You are quiet, you keep your mouth shut, and you don't complain. After your big game, you came back to the team and worked just as hard, maybe harder than before. I asked around. There is not one guy on the team that knew you were fucking Angie. Hell some guys thought

you were gay! Even when I had a couple friends pump you for info not a peep."

"So it was you that put them up to that?" I asked stunned. I remembered now the constant questions about my sex life. "So how did you find out?"

"Let's just say she is not as private with her sex life as you may think. From what I hear she cannot say enough good things about you. Especially after your big game!" He smacked me on the back. "What do you say are you interested?"

"Well I would like to learn more, but to be honest this is a bit of a surprise." I tried to be honest but confident. "What can you tell me?"

Randy explained that he wanted me to spend a few nights with him seeing what he does. Then he will give me some simple runs and see if I think I want to continue. After that we would get into the details. When he handed me \$200 for the night I knew I was interested. He left me explaining that I would need to get my driver's license upgraded before I could sit behind the wheel. I had one for driving the roofing trucks and the add-on for a chauffeur was a breeze.

The next several weeks I went with Randy as he showed me the ropes. Each night we went he handed me another \$200 in cash. We were not allowed to accept tips, no exceptions. The company thought it looked like we were begging. A tip was charged for our service and the company paid us directly. There was so much to learn. So many rules on how the job needed to be done. This was no normal limo job this was an exclusive clientele that he catered to. High profile clients from around the world. Many that I had seen on TV. From sports to actors, business people and politicians. If they wanted to be driven and did not want publicity we drove them around town.

The secret nature of the business also meant that few people used the service. Because of that there were only maybe two or three nights of work each week. The owner of the company, who I had not met yet, had another car that was available if needed. I learned it was driven by a woman. So far I had not met her yet.

As Randy explained I was able to study as we waited. Randy was a determined student and as such we both took advantage of the solitude between trips to do homework. Since all the trips were at night, I was able to still work at the roofing company as time permitted.

Things were going great. I called mom and dad and told them what I could. Mike was very impressed with my ambition.

Angie and I were still seeing each other but Randy warned me against telling her anything for now. I was going to tell her maybe we should move on from each other. I loved the sex but I felt maybe I was starting to use her just a bit. I dropped a few subtle hints, but fortunately she herself asked to end it. It was after we fucked one night that she mentioned she had been asked out by a student who was planning to become a lawyer. I knew then she had moved on from jocks to find a man to marry.

House, kids, the white picket fence kind of man. Like the gentleman that I was, I allowed her to let me down gently. We then fucked again that morning. I knew if she ever needed to get laid she would make the trip down one floor and visit me again.

As it turned out it would not happen but for reasons that only fate decided. It was my aunt and uncle. They were having financial troubles. I don't know how mom found out but she did. Rhonda and Mike came down to see me one weekend so we could talk.

Refusing to tell me why they were having problems mom asked me if I would consider moving in with them for a few months. I would pay them what it cost me to live in the dorm. I would have my own bedroom and bathroom. Aunt Clare would cook for me when I was home...

I stopped listening at cook, but the list went on. Dorm food is ok but my aunt can cook!

I knew better than to voice my concerns. Mom and dad knew what they were. I figured this one of those questions that was more like a request. Let me correct that, in this case I was pretty sure it was a command. Against my better judgment I signed on.

With just one more month until my last class would finish it was decided I would move in then.

Randy called one day and asked me if we could meet up for a few hours. We set a time and I met him where we parked the cars. It was just a commercial building on the outskirts of town. It was big enough to house both cars and two more if need be. There was an area where they would get washed, and places inside to park our cars when we were out driving. There was a

fenced-in lot outside that we did not use. There was even a motorized chain link gate that secured the lot.

Security was tight. In the back of the building was a sort of safe room. This is where we would bring clients if security or privacy was breached. It was really just a very nicely decorated lounge with a bar. I never saw it used for real but we did have guests stop buy for various reasons, sometimes for meetings. There is also a driver's lounge and also showers and changing rooms. Randy and I went into the customer lounge.

When we walked in Butch was already here. Not her real name but she dressed and looked the part. I was afraid to call her that but Randy assured me she would not take offense. Butch is a good five nine maybe more. Jet black hair, cropped like a man's. Blue jeans, a deep scooped neck tee shirt showed off her massive tits. This was covered by a sleeveless plaid shirt open at the top. With no sleeves her tattoos were clearly visible. The piercings in her ears were the only ones visible.

Butch looked like she could kick my ass. She was big but not fat. This babe definitely worked out. If I had a bar she could be the bouncer. Randy told me she was a sweetheart when you get to know her but she would decide that.

Butch sat beside me, Randy on the other side of Butch. We faced a one way window, when a woman spoke up.

"Randy tells me you have learned quickly." The voice stated. I looked at him and he nodded.

"I hope so. There are many rules but I think I am catching on." I replied.

"Are there any rules you think are unnecessary?" She asked.

"I don't think there are any I have a problem with. I assume they are there for a reason." I explained truthfully. "I hope that answers your question."

"Randy will be leaving soon. Do you think you would like to take his place?" She asked.

"I can still go to school? Play football? Work during the summer if I am free?" I asked.

"You may!" She replied. "Unless an emergency comes up we will work around your schedule. As you know most of our guests are night people."

"Well the money is good. The work is great. I say yes." I tried to be excited but not giddy.

"Good. For the next month you will work with Butch. She will be monitoring you. You will not get out of the car for any reason unless she allows it." The voice explained.

"I understand." I looked at Butch she did not seem to care one way or the other.

"Butch will have some papers for you to sign and we will call you shortly." The voice ended on that note.

"Come with me Jay." Butch said.

"JB is what my friends call me." I offered.

"This way Jay." She made it clear we were not yet friends.

The next few runs I made were with Butch riding shotgun. She never said a word except to make suggestions or corrections. One rule we had was no people in the car under twenty one if liquor was available. The city was cracking down on underage drinking. That and prostitution since the casinos opened up. As such ID was required for every passenger. This was not a popular policy for some but few truly protested.

If ID was not provided we were to lock up the booze and ask the guest to relinquish theirs. Losing a one hundred thousand dollar car was just not worth it.

Aside from that rules were pretty lax. There were stiff penalties for soiling the car. We had a crew available at a moment's notice if it did happen. And it did happen. I did not lead a sheltered life but I did not expect to see half of what goes on in the back of a limo. Randy was a great teacher. Butch is a great enforcer.

Randy taught me early on to never date a stripper while I was a driver. From experience he knew that if you did it was for money, usually for college. Worse yet many are girlfriends of motorcycle gangs, pressed into prostitution to support their old man. If you did pay they would black mail you, if you didn't you would get the shit beat out of you. I saw many

young ladies I wanted to take home. I had offers to do so. Randy's stories and those of others persuaded me to stay clear.

I had started dating again but nothing serious.

Butch must have been impressed since I was making more runs by myself. Randy was gone now and I was moving out of the dorm to my aunt and uncle's house. Odell had been mostly silent about me moving in. Clare welcomed me in her own way, by helping me move. She was not a talker, never had been. Even when Odell was not around she did not have much to say. Maybe she didn't think she could trust me.

The first week after school let out I was put in charge of running the crew that was redoing the roofs on the city buildings. I had been working for the company for three years now and was the senior foreman on the crew. Others had worked here longer but none wanted the position. I found it a challenge. It was hard dirty work to begin with but we were also on a tight schedule. I worked long hours each day. If I had a run that night I might get off at six to go get cleaned up. Many nights I would get home after midnight and be back at work at six.

I didn't see much of Clare or Odell and if I did only briefly. Clare would pack a snack for me when I drove if she knew ahead of time. Dating was all but impossible but one day I did meet a waitress while I was waiting for a client that was at a concert. We struck up a conversation, innocent at first. When I felt she was spending more time than needed I made my move. I asked her out. She accepted but only after she played hard to get.

Melody and I went out several times. Our schedules did not allow for daily visits but she occasionally met me when I was waiting for clients. Things progressed quickly and soon we were intimate.

At work one morning the whole crew was distracted by something. I was soon made aware of what the commotion was about. There was a new face in the courtyard at the city hall. I will have to admit from our vantage point she was a looker. I chastised the guys for stopping to stare. Then I took a second look myself. The police office was facing one street. The city hall faced the opposite. The library was on the street connecting the others. There was a courtyard behind the three with the river on the open end. With trees and benches it was common to see people around at lunch but mostly city workers. She did not look or dress like a city worker.

That night I took Melody out to a concert. It was late and offered for her to come home with me. She was more than eager. The fact I had never brought a girl home since I lived with my relatives did not even set in until I pulled up to the house.

I ushered Melody to my room quietly as I knew they would be in bed. I turned on some soft music. We started to make out. She was a minx once we got started. Melody soon had my pants off and was stroking me gently as we kissed. I removed her top and bra then started kissing her breasts and nipples. Angie was never big in oral sex, giving or receiving. Melody took to it like a fish to water. Before long she had me covered and moaning. She looked up at me there was happiness in her eyes. There was passion in mine. I enjoyed every minute of her efforts. She varied her approach to prolong my pleasure. I voiced my approval encouraging her on.

Finally I could take no more. Pulling her mouth off me I coated her ample tits with ropes of white gooey cum. Melody leapt up to kiss me proud of her accomplishment. My shirt absorbed the majority of my seed. I removed it and wiped the remainder with a tissue. I helped her undress and offered her my services. Melody was eager to say the least. I had a feeling this was not something she had experienced much herself.

I was no expert on this, but I was motivated to return the favor. Sliding between her legs I started slow and steadily to get her turned on. Knowing I was inexperienced I tried to get a sense of what she wanted most. Melody didn't seem to mind at first but soon her hands guided my head to where she wanted me. Not a word was said but her moans and whimpers told the story. I was learning and she was teaching me.

Melody even gripped my wrists and pulled my hands to her tits. Unable to hold back any longer she mashed my face to her pussy as my lips sucked on her clit. Her hips bucked her pelvis pushed hard against my mouth as the waves of pleasure released inside her. The bed creaked on the hardwood floor.

"YES!" She whispered.

When she was all but spent she released her grip. I tried to kiss her but she would have none of that until I was properly cleaned. I let her use the bathroom first. I followed when she was through. I washed my face and brushed my teeth. She allowed me to kiss her but with her panties now back on told me fucking was off limits. I find it interesting how women can get a point across sometimes without a word. I was a bit disappointed but only slightly. She did stay the night which meant there would be another night together in the future.

Melody was not happy when I woke her early in the morning. I went to the bathroom first to allow her some extra time to slumber. Clare was in the hall when Melody went to use the bathroom. They quietly acknowledge each other. Clare glanced at me as Melody closed the door behind her. We were both caught off guard, it was an awkward moment.

"I hope you don't mind?" I offered not knowing what else to say.

"She is cute." Was all Clare said as she turned and walked to the front of the house.

It was not like she walked in on us fucking but I felt an uneasiness inside me just the same. I pay rent I told myself. I deserved to have my own life in their house. Thinking of Clare's point of view, being put in that position, was not fair on my part. Melody finally appeared and we headed to the kitchen. Clare had coffee and croissants laid out. She even packed my lunch. Melody thanked her for the coffee. When I finished the pastry we started to leave. Clare handed me my lunch. I don't know why but I leaned over and kissed her on the left cheek.

"Thank you Clare." I said. It was just a peck. We had done this before when we greeted each other, but this one seemed to have taken her off guard. I could tell it affected her. She locked onto my eyes. Her gaze was searching for something.

"You're welcome JB." Clare replied. "Nice to meet you Melody. Come back anytime."

I thought that was so nice of her. She gave me another glance just as I closed the door.

"Your aunt is black?" Melody asked. It was the way she asked it. Like she was shocked. It was then I realized she had never met any of my family.

"So is my mother. My grandfather is white, my grandmother is black. My birth dad was white. My step dad is black." I said it so matter of fact. "Does it bother you?"

I have dealt with this my whole life. To be honest it's getting old. Like I said this is not about race, but it does affect my life.

"I am sorry JB. I didn't mean it that way!" Melody defended herself. "It is just you are not as dark as your aunt."

"I get that allot. My mom is not quite as dark as Clare." I explained. "That and I am not ... you know..." I looked at my crotch.

Melody seemed confused for a minute. Then broke out laughing.

"JB that is so wrong!" She blushed as she scolded me. "You have nothing to worry about in that department."

We laughed together. She seemed to have taken it all in stride.

"Well it is a tough myth to measure up to!" I teased.

"I guess for women it is breast size. Bigger is not always better. Sometimes average can be an advantage." She teased back.

"So I am just average am I?" I continued to tease as she was still laughing with me.

"Well maybe above average can be a good thing too!" She replied with a wink. We were almost to her apartment.

"So should I call you again?" It was serious question. Melody seemed to understand the implications.

"I will be gone today and tomorrow for a friends shower. Monday would be a good time to call.

Melody kissed me when I dropped her off at home and headed to work.

There is not much business happening at the job site on weekends. Except for the police and EMS, the city hall is closed and the library is usually quiet. This allows us to get some of the dirtiest work done without disrupting normal activity. Today I was wearing casual clothes.

I was doing some measuring and calculating supplies for the upcoming week. We had a full crew workin, so I kept an eye on them, I had to inspect earlier work including any damage that may have affected the interior. I was eating lunch in the courtyard alone. The young lady walked by with what I assumed were police officers. We looked at each other briefly. She was striking. She looked young but she dressed older.

They moved across the courtyard and sat a picnic table. With three buildings containing the sound and with no activity in the area some words were clear if not loud. The young lady was brought in for undercover work, which I learned as they talked. I grinned knowing some unsuspecting liquor stores were going to be tested. We wrapped up the day's work I headed home. It had been a long week and I was ready to just chill.

Clare was home alone when I arrived. She was dressed in her sweat pants and oversized tee shirt. I found this unusual since Odell never leaves the house without her on the weekends. Since she was not dressed nicely, as she does when he takes her, I figured he was not coming back to get her. Clare's wardrobe is in serious need of updating. Even her work clothes are frumpy. At home her attire is downright pitiful.

"I was not expecting you to be home!" Clare mentioned.

"I wasn't either, Melody is with some friends setting up for a shower tomorrow." I explained as I flopped down on the couch. She looked at me as if she wanted to say something but hesitated. "Would you rather I go to my rooms?"

They had a three bedroom home. They used the master suite of course. There was a long hall with two bedrooms and a large bathroom. I used one as my bedroom the other was sort of my own personal den/office. I was taking one class over the summer just to keep moving forward. It was online so here is where I kept my computer as well. Separated from the rest of the home it allowed us both a certain amount of privacy.

"NO!" Clare said just a bit too forcefully. "I was wondering if you wanted to join me for dinner that's all."

She tried to play her outburst down.

"Better still. Let me take you out for dinner." I offered. "You cook all the time for me. Let me make it up to you."

I was not prepared for the way she reacted. In fact it shocked me.

"Jay I can't go to dinner with you." Her eyes went to the floor. I noticed she did not call me JB.

"Sure you can. Any place you want. It's ok I can afford it." I reassured her. What she said next stunned me even more.

"Jay. I am not allowed to leave the house alone." Clare still looked at the floor. "I'll start dinner." Clare slipped past me into the kitchen.

What the fuck was she talking about? I so wanted to ask her, this is unbelievable. She is a grown woman not a teenager. It was all I could do to not go in and confront her and try and figure this out. I looked in the kitchen and saw her standing at the sink her shoulders shook. She was crying. I walked behind her and slipped my arms around her waist. I held her gently for just a moment.

"I'll be in my den when dinner is ready. I am sorry I didn't know." I kissed the back of her head and left her standing there. I went to my den and thought about calling mom but decided against it for now. I thought it best to wait a bit, get some perspective on this.

"JB! Dinner is ready." Clare woke me from my nap.

"Oh! Yeah. Be right there, just going to wash up." I blurted out as I jumped up. She smiled and went to the kitchen.

It was quiet at first but we soon found subjects we could discuss without ruffling any feathers. I learned Clare was in the loan processing department at the bank. She handled paperwork for incoming loans and kept the company updated on the follow-up for bad loans. I talked about school and work. I don't discuss limo job, Randy suggested I didn't. Too many friends and family looking for free rides. I helped with the dishes. We did them by hand since it was only the two of us.

I went to take a shower and then to bed. Odell came home late. I know because he stumbled through the house drunk on his ass.

Sunday I got a call I was needed at the limo service. It was a bummer since I was not scheduled to work and want a day to just catch up on life. I agreed just the same. At two I was in the locker room changing into the suit provided by the company. Grabbing the bag with some food and text book I headed out.

The white car was prepped and waiting, the engine running. I had never driven it, Butch drove it exclusively. An attendant opened the driver's door and motioned for me to get in. I tossed my bag in and slid behind the wheel. The GPS indicated where I should go.

"Please take your time I want to see the river today." The speaker squawked.

"Slow it is." I replied cheerfully.

The division window was blacked out. Not just dark tint like the black car. It felt heavier but had more power. I traveled the route indicated and an hour later pulled under a car port at a huge mansion. A butler (I guess that is what you called him) opened the door to the limo. A tall person wearing a long hooded gown exited the car and ducked into the house. I turned off the engine and waited.

Not sure why all the cloak and dagger stuff? I had been here before to fix the roof just two years ago. Tree limb fell and punched a hole in it. Damn roof is so steep had to hang by a rope most of the day. If I remember some lady doctor owns it. I remember her having a party planned. Paid big money to get the job done fast.

I dragged my book bag over and started studying. I then took a break and walked around the car. Bored I went back inside and started checking out all the buttons. There were several that were not in the other car so I didn't touch them. There were two division windows buttons instead of one. I pushed them but they did not work. I pulled my pocket knife out and using the screw driver blade popped the switches out. The wire was disconnected. I attached it and the window went down. When

I pushed the other one a tinted window came up. Pleased I had fixed it so easily I returned it as it was and went back to studying.

I had just finished eating when the back door opened and the figure reappeared. The butler indicated I should leave. Starting the car I pulled out. The GPS showed the same route back so I started following it.

"Can you pick up the pace I am running late!" The speaker squawked again.

I pushed the button lowering the privacy window.

"If you are going home I know a quicker way Dr. Nelson."

"How did you do that?" She looked livid that the window was down.

"The wire came off the switch. I fixed it while I waited." I calmly explained.

"How do you know who I am?" She was still upset about something.

"Fixed your roof two years ago. Just before some big party I think?" She sat back and smiled slyly at me in the rear view mirror. Deep in thought for just a minute she looked up.

"Take me home please." She asked amused at something. "Did you ever think I didn't want that switch to work?" The window closed.

Truthfully I didn't. But the suggestion got me to thinking. This car was laid out differently than the other. Dr. Nelson sat in the back in what looked like a love seat with two armrests littered with controls. The door was just in front but there was a wraparound bench in the front with a U shaped table. It was almost as if she was setting in a private theater seat.

I stopped in front of her apartment in town. Getting out I opened the door for her and then offered my hand to help her out. Standing in front of me I could see her up close for the first time. She was as tall as me in her heels. Mid-forties I would guess but looked younger. Stylish blond hair, fit but not athletic, impeccably dressed for a day at the cottage. Her figure was seductive and inviting, her demeanor cold and aloof. She

was the definition of a MILF. Not sure if she had kids. Call her a WILF I thought to myself. She offered me a tip.

"Thank you, but it is against company policy." I replied happily.

"Jay take it." She insisted. I closed the door to the car and handed her off to the doorman for the building.

"Not a chance Dr. Nelson. My pleasure to serve you." I put my hands behind my back and bowed. "My friends call me JB, please feel free to do so." She handed the tip to the doorman. He was happy she was not.

I returned the car and then started to wonder what happened to Butch? Wasn't like her to skip work. I returned the limo and drove home. Back at the house Odell was on the couch. Clare on the chair just to the side.

"Clare tells me you had a whore in the house Friday night?" He bellowed. I looked at Clare her eyes told me that was not her words. He seemed a bit loopy so I decided to brush it off.

"I brought a date home." I explained.

"Who said you could bring a whore into my house?" His head fell over the back of the couch so he could see me.

"Who said I couldn't?" I chose not to challenge his choice of words. His brain was mush, Odell was searching for an answer.

"It is late. I have to go to work early. Goodnight Odell." I walked around him and bent over and kissed Clare on the cheek. She was mortified by my boldness.

"Goodnight Clare." I said softly. I turned to leave,

"What the fuck is that all about?" Odell yelled.

"What about what?" I glared at him. He could intimidate her but he was no going to do the same to me. "Oh you mean the kiss on the cheek? It is a sign of affection and respect. That is called polite manners. Something you should work on!"

He tried to stand and challenge me but he was too drunk. He then thought better of it when I walked his direction.

"Fuck you!" He yelled as I headed to my room.

I was in my den on the computer working on the next week's schedule. Rain was looming so we needed to be careful about leaving the roof exposed. I heard Clare help Odell to their room. Just as I turned off the computer I saw her at the door of my den. I walked to her she looked shaken.

"I never called her a whore..." Clare started to explain.

"I know that. And don't worry that you told him. I would have myself." I took her hand she avoided my eyes.

"JB. You should not provoke him like that." She whispered.

"Aunt Clare I did not start that. I will not back down if he does." I lifted her chin so I could look into her eyes. She was scared.
"Has he hurt you over this?"

"NO." She quickly replied. Too quickly for me. "He hasn't I promise."

"If he ever...I want to know!" She saw I was serious.

"I will, he won't..." She looked at me. "Not with you here."

Those words struck me to the core. I will never forget that moment, for that and what I did next. I raised my left hand her face flinched. I stopped and held it still Clare relaxed. I moved my hand to the right side of her face and swept her hair back exposing her scar. I kissed it tenderly then left her hair fall back in place. Tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Why did you do that?" Clare asked. She was an emotional wreck.

"Never again! Do you hear me?" I locked on her eyes. "Not as long as I am alive."

Clare bolted from in front of me. I was going to go after her but decided to let her have some space. It was then it dawned on me Odell was left handed. He did that to her! In my heart I knew it.

The next day I called mom and told her some of what I knew. I did not throw Odell under the bus for now but he was

standing in the street. Mom knew most of it I think, but getting a second opinion was helpful. She asked if I would bring Clare up to spend the weekend soon.

I told her I would ask.

I talked to Mike mostly about work and next year's school schedule. I brought up how I might pass on football this year. Mike didn't seem happy but said we could talk about it. I even talked to my sister Jesse. She will be a senior in high school this year and looking forward to turning eighteen.

I went back to work Monday the conversation with Clare still on my mind. We hustled to get the roof sealed up as the next couple of days it was supposed to rain. I saw Melody that night and caught a movie after dinner. I dropped her off and headed home.

Tuesday I was called inside to look at a leak in the police station. With the help of a crew member we located the leak and patched it up for now. While in the building I noticed the young lady was still working with detectives. I could not help but think that the way she dresses makes her look older than she probably was. That and her stunning good looks would distract any clerk male or female.

Tuesday night I made another run with the doctor. This time she had just the tinted division window up. She had several female friends with her. They seemed to be having a good time. The women all looked in their thirties and forties. Dressed professionally, I assumed they were colleagues. The doctor sat back alone and looked on as the six of them laughed and joked. Occasionally she would look at me in the mirror.

I could not hear the words. Just the mumble and roar as they enjoyed themselves. Dr. Nelson was like a queen sitting on her throne while her pawns played. She is so stately. Erect and shoulders square, a sly grin on her face was the only emotion she showed. She looks even better than the first day she was covered in that ridiculous cape. Her breasts high and firm, her hips a nice flare to them. Her legs long and fit her face was once a thing of beauty now has aged gracefully, making her even more sophisticated.

I pulled the car into her country home. Actually just on the outskirts of the town along the river. This time I opened the door and assisted the ladies exiting. The doctor was last to emerge.

"You are welcome to come in." She explained.

"Thank you but I have some studying to catch up on." I replied.

"Suit yourself!" She seemed just a bit miffed.

I was in the car. It was raining softly but steadily outside, I was under the car port. There was a knock on the window. It was the doctor. I rolled the window down slightly.

"Please come in Jay if just to use the restroom." It was a command as much as a request. I rolled the window up and opened the door. I grabbed my book and followed her into the house.

"Thank you Dr. Nelson." I was really fine but it seemed I would have been rude to refuse.

"Please call me Nancy, all my friends do." She snickered as she said it.

"Thank you Nancy." I repeated. "Nancy Nelson, bet you were never teased as a kid?" It was a joke. I hoped she took it that way.

"That was a long time ago Jay. I suggest you don't go there again." She grinning as she put me in my place.

"I doubt it was that long ago!" I teased back. "You are what maybe twenty nine?"

"Does that work with all older women?" She asked still smiling.

"Don't know any 'older' women so I couldn't tell you!" I teased again. She knew I was not going to give in.

"Albert is in the kitchen. He will get you a snack. You can study in the den, it will be quiet there." Nancy turned to leave. "Thank you for coming in."

It was such a simple sentence but it was delivered with meaning.

I stopped and washed up then headed down the hall. Albert was waiting in the kitchen. He sat with me as we snacked on fruit and cookies. We talked, he was very nice. He was not that old, maybe in his early sixties. He was quiet and attentive,

refusing to let me carry my plate to the sink. He escorted me to the study. I studied for a couple of hours and then laid my head down and took nap.

"Mr. Brown." Albert was shaking me gently. "You will be needed soon." I looked around remembering where I was.

"Thank you Albert. Please call me JB." I suggested.

"I could not. Ms. Nelson would not approve." He explained.

"In that case I insist." I said. He smiled.

I knew she was not married he referred to her as Ms. and not Mrs. I would talk to her about Albert. I escorted the ladies back in the car, they were much the worse for wear. Drunk and unruly. Nancy seemed pleased to watch them carry on as we headed back. It was such a distraction I closed the privacy window. Nancy glared at me as it started up. I dropped each woman off at their house or apartment. I dropped Nancy off at her apartment. She left the car without a word. She seemed upset with me now. When I got home the house was quiet. Clare was already in bed.

It rained all day Wednesday. That night I was called to drive again. I changed and was waiting at the car when Nancy showed up. I opened the door and offered her my hand to help her in. She took it seemingly over her attitude from the previous night. As I drove her to the house she watched me in the mirror the whole way. Both windows were down she had a clear view. Helping her out she asked me to come in. She led me to the den.

"Jay. I want to offer you a new position." Nancy started. So Jay it was. "I would like you to be my driver for the foreseeable future. Would you like that?"

All things considered it was a better gig I thought. No more arrogant movie stars, no more stupid rich athletes, and no more drunk broke gamblers. The best of all no more sleazy predators like the 'Silk Sultan'. I know kind of stupid but when you are rich and you have connections you can call yourself anything you want. He always wore silk, always. Late forties I'd guess, dark hair, short beard.

Like to prey on exotic dancers. Groups of them five or six at a time. Since we could not card them the liquor was locked up. But he always had some sort of drugs on him, ecstasy or whatever. Doled it out freely. Then would take them home and fuck their brains out. Even got a bit rough a few times. Rumor

has it his brother is in a biker club. Provides him protection if he steps over that line a bit too hard.

Randy told me once that Butch had a word with him about his activities in the limo. He cleaned his act up there so we kept him as a client. He pays great but is still my least favorite customer. I would be happy not to drive him ever again.

"I can still go to work and school during the day?"

"With a few exceptions. You will know in advance." She explained.

"Weekends?" I asked.

"Occasionally. Usually drop me off Friday night. Take me home Sunday night."

"Any other conditions?" I asked.

"Just your loyalty and of course your discretion." Nancy explained as she came closer. Her eyes locked on mine. I was getting a weird vibe.

"I can live with that. Oh and Albert can call me JB?" I added. She seemed amused at my attempt to be demanding.

"He can call you Jay. I find JB childish." She countered.

"Agreed." I held out my hand. Nancy seemed taken back by my gesture. Slowly she shook my hand. Hers was warm and firm.

I will be back in an hour so make yourself comfortable.

I did not see Albert that night. She came back as promised. I took her home and after parking the car headed home myself.

As soon as I walked in the door I knew there was a problem. Clare was in the kitchen crying. Odell was nowhere to be seen.

"What's wrong?" I asked her. Her eyes were blood shot.

"He is,... is drinking again!" She stammered pointing at the living room. I walked in as he staggered from the bedroom.

"I said go get me more booze whore!" Odell yelled as he held some money in his hand. He stopped abruptly when he saw me.

"If you want more booze go get it yourself!" I said forcefully to him. "But if you do, expect to go to jail as I will call the cops on you!"

"Get the fuck out of my way punk!" Odell yelled. He was pissed now. "You're going to move, or else!"

"Or else what?" I blocked his way to the kitchen. "You going to cut her again?"

He sobered up quickly with that. He stopped in his tracks and looked at me like he was going to throw a punch.

"You don't want to do that!" I warned him. "Take a minute and think about what you want to do. Maybe you have had enough to drink for tonight."

"Get the fuck out of my house!" He yelled backing up.

"NO!" Clare yelled. She moved behind me.

"Shut the fuck up bitch!" He yelled over my shoulder.

"This is as much of my house as yours!" I reminded him. "I pay rent here. Without it you would not be living here."

"Fuck you!" He was frothing at the mouth.

"Clare get your stuff you are sleeping in my room!" I turned to address her.

"The fuck she is!" Odell took a step forward.

"Clare go now! Odell. She will be alone. I will sleep on the futon in my den." With much hesitation Clare slipped from behind me and went to her room. I saw her pass the opening in the hall heading to my room. Odell was physically drained.

"Go sleep it off." I turned from Odell and headed to my den. He fumbled his way to his room and slammed the door making his anger known again.

I checked on Clare before making my way to the den. In her quiet way she did not say a word, and struggled to look me in the eye. She had opened the futon into a bed and made it with clean sheets and a blanket.

I had put her in the middle and knew it. Tomorrow I would need to see what I could do to get her out of that position. I had just closed my eyes and started to drift off when I felt a presence in the room. Thinking it was Odell I bolted up ready to defend myself. It was Clare.

"It's ok he is passed out now. He will not be up until I wake him." Clare whispered in the dark. I could see her silhouette from the small amount of light coming in the window. She stood there not moving.

"Are you ok?" I asked not sure what she wanted.

"He never wakes up...but if he does..." She was scared to death I could feel it.

"Here. Join me. It's not very comfortable but there is plenty of room." I guided her between me and the wall.

"Are you sure JB?" She asked.

"Positive. He won't dare go after you if he has to go through me." Then for some reason something Dr. Nelson said popped into my mind. "Clare I would like you to call me Jay."

I had never had an intimate thought about my aunt until the minute she lay beside me. Clare leaned over and kissed my cheek.

"Thank you Jay." Clare turned so her back was to me.

I positioned myself behind her. Clare curled up inside my body. She smelled and felt wonderful. I wondered how my uncle could treat such a special person this way.

Thursday morning she tried to get out of bed without waking me. I looked up at her as she hovered over me. Her face just inches from mine.

"Sorry! I didn't mean to wake you!" She looked embarrassed.

"Well I am not. I should be so lucky to have someone so beautiful spend the night with me!" I teased. If she was white she would have been red. Instead her face just got a shade darker. My hands moved to her waist keeping her from leaving just yet.

"Jay! How can you say that?" She scolded. "Besides your girlfriend is very beautiful."

"I say it because it is true!" I said truthfully. She still hovered over me. I raised my left hand and gently pushed her hair from the right side of her face. I lifted up and kissed her scar one more time. "You are the most beautiful person I know."

Clare shocked by my kiss and bold talk jumped free and headed for the door. She stopped at the door and looking back she looked me in the eye to see if I was serious. I could see tears starting to roll over her cheeks.

"You know I would never tease you about that?" I said unwavering. "Everything else, but never about that." I smiled lightening the mood.

"Thank you Jay." Clare wiped her cheek. "I better get him up for work."

"Clare! Don't get him up. Get dressed yourself, if he wakes up fine, but don't wake him up!" She started to protest but thought better of it.

"Yes sir." She went to her room and left the door open so I could see if he woke up. Moments later she came down the hall with all her stuff and went into the bathroom I used. Half hour later she emerged ready for work. She started to gather her toiletries up to take them back.

"Leave them. There is enough room for both of our stuff." I thought she smiled as she set it all down but her hair was blocking her lips.

We ate breakfast together not saying a word. I could tell the tension had lifted dramatically already.

"You go to work I will wait here until he gets up." Again she wanted to argue but thought better of it.

"Will you be home for dinner?" Clare asked. I thought about it and figured it would be best.

"Seven?" I asked if that was too late.

"Seven." Clare cleaned the table and then in a surprise move she leaned over and kissed my cheek. "Just a sign of affection and respect!"

I don't know what came over me but when she walked by to leave I gently smacked her ass. Shocked at my boldness Clare turned and smiled showing me all her pearly white teeth. I have never seen her smile like that. I knew I wanted to see it more.

I made a few calls and dressed for work. I waited for Odell to wander out from his bedroom.

"Clare!" He bellowed. There was no answer. "Clare!" He shouted as he entered the kitchen.

"Clare is at work." I said quietly.

"What the fuck! Why didn't she wake me?" Odell was holding his head now, his yelling was paying him back. I kicked a chair to him it slid across the floor and stopped when it hit his leg.

"Sit down we are going to talk!" I said firmly.

"Fuck you!" He spat back looking for Clare still.

"Sit or we are leaving." I said so he knew I was serious. Reluctantly he sat. More because he didn't want to stand than give into me.

"That bitch ain't leavin me you stupid fuck!" He spat.

"Odell if you call her one more derogatory word in her presence. If you threaten her in any way. If you...

"Blah, blah, blah," He mocked me. "You will do what? You are just a punk!"

"Think about this dumb ass! You're broke, you have a gambling and a drinking problem. Without Clare's income and my rent you are all but on the street." I had Odell's attention.

"She wouldn't leave me?" He bluffed.

"Maybe not? I'm not asking her to yet. Maybe even then she won't leave you?" I let him think he was still in charge. "But she didn't sleep with you last night did she?"

"You mother fucker if you laid a hand..."

"Whoa big fella! She slept alone." I lied. "She's my aunt. She's family. I'm just looking out for her. All I am asking is you do not demean her around the family. She has a name, use it!"

"Fuck you I have to get to work!" He avoided the subject.

"Odell if you do not change your life you will lose everything. Think about it." I tried at least. "You will need to get a cab I am going in the other direction."

He cursed under his breath but I couldn't make it out.

"I am taking her home this weekend. And you are not invited" It wasn't a question it was a statement. I got up and went to the

door to leave. "Odell this is your second chance, you will not get another."

Mom was ecstatic when I told her Clare and I were coming up Saturday morning. At seven I was setting at one of the three place settings at the table. Odell was not home. Clare made one of my favorite meals. Mom's southern fried chicken, mashed potatoes and sweet corn. I had been salivating since I walked in the door. Clare seemed to be in an especially good mood.

"You look happy." I offered.

"I talked to your mom today." She grinned waiting for me to confirm my secret.

"Can't trust a woman!" I teased. "Would you like to go visit for the weekend? Just you and me, no Odell?"

"But what about Odell" She became suddenly worried. "What if he says no?"

"Clare, I told him this morning we are going." I explained. "You will decide if you want to leave this house, not him. So do you want to go?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" She was beaming. That infectious smile showed itself again. "When do we leave?"

"I have to check my schedule Friday late or Saturday morning. I will probably need to be back Sunday."

"I will be ready." Clare was just glowing.

We were eating when Odell walked in. The air turned chilly instantly.

"Clare!" He bellowed.

"In here dear, dinner is ready." She informed him.

"Dear my ass! I will fucking kick you're dear..." Odell stopped the moment he saw me sitting at the table.

I knew this was a pivotal moment in his life, her life and my future. He was not drunk now. Odell was pissed and either he was going to back down or there would be hell to pay. I hoped for the best and prepared for the worst.

"Oh. I thought you were on the phone talking to someone else."
I offered him an out.

"So you cooked for him and didn't wait for me? You fucking..."

"Now, now Odell!" I cut him off again. "Clare and I were just saying how we missed you. Please sit down. Here let me pass you the potatoes."

"Fuck you asshole she is my wife! I will talk to her anyway I want to!" He stood challenging me.

"Odell I will not tell you again. You speak to her with respect or there will be consequences." I did not back down.

He raised his fist shaking it in my face. He was big, I was bigger. He was a coward hiding behind a bully's bluff.

"Clare if he strikes me call the cops, then leave. Get the phone now." She grabbed the phone ready to dial.

"You think you are so smart!" He waved his fist.

"I know if you hit me I am within my rights to defend myself and my aunt." I explained clearly. "I also know you will spend the night in jail. After showing up late for work today that would not look good for anyone."

"You smug little bastard!" He swung at me but was slow and out of shape.

He missed. I popped him in the nose. Not hard just enough to stagger him. He fell back on his ass. Clare started dialing the phone. I grabbed it gently and hung it up.

"He will need some ice in a towel."

Clare gasped as a crimson fluid ran from his nose. She ran to him and started to blot the blood dripping over his mouth and chin. After all the abuse she still cared for him. He ripped the towel from her hands and held his head back.

"Some fucking ice bitch!" He demanded. I stopped Clare,

"Ice please Clare!" I corrected him. He looked at me then at her.

"Ice pleeaasssee, Clare!" He snarled. I released her.

"See that wasn't so bad, was it. Didn't hurt you to say it, did it?"
Again I tried to make light of it.

I reached for him, he flinched. I grabbed him and helped him to the chair. Clare brought him some ice in another towel. I finished eating eventually the bleeding stopped. Then the most extraordinary thing happened. He scooted to the table and started eating. Clare looked at me the significance was not lost on her. It was just after eight when I got a call. Excusing myself I left the two of them together.

I called Melody and told her I was tied up. She thought I was blowing her off. I offered to have her spend the night again, instead of explaining to her why I was going to be late.

I made my way to the house. I parked the limo under the carport. The light was on over the back door. I knocked. No one answered. I let myself in and headed to the kitchen.

"Its Jay I am here!" I called out.

"Just a minute." It was Nancy.

She came in the kitchen dressed in what I can only describe as a comfortable, very comfortable, long flowing robe. The lapels that started at her neck and ended just past her waist hung open. Her pajamas were satin and clung to her tightly. She was creature of beauty.

"Jay would you like some wine?" She asked. Clearly she had one glass too many.

"Thank you but I am driving and I can't drink." I politely explained.

"You could spend the night?" She replied.

"I have plans later." I replied not wanting to offend her.

"I see. Am I interrupting those plans?" Nancy teased.

"Not really. I have made flexible arrangements." She seemed impressed I would accommodate her. "Take your time. But I do have to go to work in the morning."

"All work and no play makes Jay very dull!" Nancy moved to in front of me and stroked the lapels of my suit. "Do you want to play?"

"Thank you Dr. Nelson but I think maybe you have had a bit too much to drink." I gently and slowly moved her hands down.

"Be that way. You can wait then." Acting offended she walked away. I waited in the kitchen for her.

I was surprised when she showed up just an hour later. I drove her home in silence. Nancy watched me in the mirror often. I delivered her to the door man as usual. She seemed to have gotten over my rebuff. As I went to drop off the car I wondered how she got there.

I called Melody and asked if she could meet me at the house. It took longer than I expected, she was there with Clare when I arrived. They had been talking and stopped when I entered, never a good sign. Odell had left hours ago.

Melody was not excited about sleeping in the den but when I slipped between her legs she was soon thinking of other things. I took my time. It had been almost a week and I wanted to make it up to her. I licked and probed, nibbled and sucked. Each time she started to push back I changed to keep her wanting more. She moaned loudly at times. Melody groaned in frustration. She whimpered for me to let her cum.

Finally she grabbed my hair and forced me to finish her. It was the most intense orgasm she ever had while we dated. She refused to kiss me until I washed my face but she was willing to suck my cock. This was one wacky woman. Sometimes her rules just didn't make sense to me. But hey who am I to complain I thought. If she was willing to go down on me, I can wash later!"

We had just gotten started when of all things Odell comes home. By all indications he is drunk. I hear him stagger his way through the house, Melody does too. It was just getting interesting when she stopped. Asshole must have bounced off of every wall. I tried to coax her back to my dilemma but even I have to admit it was even difficult for me to concentrate.

"Clare!" He bellowed.

"That was all Melody could take. She got up and started dressing.

I tried to persuade her to stay but Odell was just getting louder.

"I am going home." She said firmly. I started dressing too.

"I will drive you!" I offered.

"JB my car is here!" She snarled.

"Oh, right, sorry." I was so pissed I had forgotten all about it.

"Is it safe to go out there?" She looked terrified.

"Let me see." I opened the door and looked just as Odell entered his bedroom and closed the door. "He just went in the bedroom."

I led her through the house and just reached the front door when Odell came out and saw us.

"Is that the whore you brought in my house?" He yelled as I opened the door.

"Don't you dare call her that!" Clare screamed. "She is a guest in this house!"

I looked back at Melody, but she was gone. By the time I reached her car she was pulling away. Dejected I went back inside.

"Jay I am so sorry." Clare said from the hallway.

Odell had gone to his room and closed the door. Probably a good thing. I walked past her and went into the den. With nothing left to do I stripped to my boxers and went to bed.

I saw the door open and she walked in standing like before. I opened the covers she moved over me and laid beside me.

"I really am sorry Jay." She turned to me in the dark.

"I know. It is not your fault, goodnight."

"Goodnight." Clare kissed my cheek in the dark close to my mouth. It hit me the same time it hit her.

"Clare no!" I tried but it was too late

"JAY!" She did not yell but it was surely a shock. "Is that what I think that is?"

"Melody?" In all the drama I had never washed up. I started to get up. Clare grabbed me.

"No stay here." She held me firmly. I didn't know what to do. She kissed me on the cheek again. Still holding me from moving.

"Jay?" She whispered.

"Yes?" I replied just as quietly.

"Will you kiss me?" She cooed.

"Now?" I asked like an idiot.

Clare did not wait for an answer. She moved above me and soon her lips were mashed against mine. Suddenly her tongue probe deeper. I let her in she was a woman possessed. She let me up for air, only to kiss and lick my entire face. Then she mashed against me again.

When she was finished I could feel her tits press against my chest. Fortunately her waist was at my side or she would have felt something else as well.

"Thank you Jay." She grabbed my arm and rolled over taking me with her. Soon she was pressed up against my body cock included.

Clare started to get up but this time I was awake. She moved over me. Seeing I was awake she started kissing my face again.

"I think I missed some?" She shocked me again as she teased me.

I moved her hair from the right side of her face and kissed her right cheek again. It was a long and meaningful kiss right on her scar.

"Good morning beautiful." I replied.

I don't know what came over her but she laid on top of me my morning wood clearly pressed against her thigh. She kissed me on the lips her tongue searched inside again.

"Sorry morning breath!" I apologized

"With just a tinge of Melody I think." She jumped up before I could stop her.

"That is none of your business!" I exclaimed.

"Clare!" Odell bellowed.

"Jay can we leave tonight?" Clare opened the door to see where he was.

"I have to work late but after that I promise." I replied.

"I will be ready!"

All through the day I thought about last night. Melody, my aunt. Damn it JB she is your aunt. And she is married! I tried to tell myself I didn't start this. I especially didn't encourage her to start kissing me like that. But we are two adults in the same bed. What do you expect knuckle head.

When I arrived at work there was complete mayhem. The owner of the roofing company was nowhere to be found. Payroll was due, and there was no money to pay the workers. Contractors refused to work unless they were paid up front for the work already completed.

The city manager called me with a few of my other senior staff in his office. He all but confirmed the owner skipped town. Word is he gambled most of it away Took a girlfriend and split. We knew what and why but now they wanted to know how. How could we fix this? Time was running out. Half of the buildings were in tear down the other half not yet finished. He knew the city was in a tight spot. They could come up with the money but they needed a contract or couldn't pay out. They had made some calls but everyone wanted to start from scratch which meant the price with the theft would be almost double.

We talked a bit but what it came down to was this. Someone needed to step up and run what was left of the company and

finish the job. That would take capital and someone to shoulder the responsibility. The room was silent. Some of these guys were veteran roofers, many the best around. If we could find an investor I knew we could make this work. But who. I asked to make a call. Several minutes later I asked if we could have to Monday.

The city manager welcomed any chance to get this fixed, and quickly. My only problem was today's payroll. I made another call.

It was almost noon before I had the answers but I had a plan. I talked to the foreman and he agreed to give me until early next week. Everyone went back to work. By two I had written my last check and everyone was paid. The contractors agreed to work until Tuesday at the latest. I paid them what I could. The on top of that the rains came.

It was a cold and windy rain that settled in that afternoon. I should have canceled my driving for the night but I had hoped to talk to Dr. Nelson about the business, surely she had money.

I was nervous as I changed into my suit. Timing is everything. I needed to remain patient and not push things.

The drive out was uneventful she seemed as preoccupied as I was. Albert was nowhere to be seen. I waited patiently as she did whatever she did. It was getting later than I hoped but still earlier than normal. Actually I needed a break from the day I had. I spent my time crunching numbers. The rain was still coming down steadily outside the wind kicked up at times.

"Jay will you come here?" Nancy called out.

"Sure." I answered. She was in the study my favorite room.

I entered the lights were low, she was standing in the shadows.

"Jay I need to talk to you!" She stepped out in a sheer nighty.

"Dr. Nelson..."

"Jay do you like what you see?" My mouth was dry, my palms sweaty. I could see her tits clearly, her pussy was shaved, just a small triangle above it. Her body was smoking hot, her makeup impeccable. Everything was perfect. Except me.

"I think you are one of the sexiest women I have ever laid eyes on." I replied.

"You can have me you know. Jay please fuck me!" It was an offer no fool would turn down. I rather thought of myself as more than a fool.

"Nancy, Dr. Nelson, I am sorry if I have mislead you." I started to explain.

"Jay I insist." She started to get offended by my explanation.

"Well as tempting as that may be, I don't think this would be a good idea." I tried to reason.

"I am not asking you I am telling you. I paid you for the night. I want you!" She insisted.

"Well with all due respect. I quit." She had gone too far. I tried to be polite but I was not her chattel.

"You can't do that! Those are my clothes you are wearing!" She was only making me madder.

"Fine I will leave them here then!" I started undressing in front of her.

"What are you doing? Don't you want to fuck me?" She was getting loud now.

"What I want to do and what I am willing to do are two different things entirely." I was getting really mad now.

"But you are hard! I can see your cock pushing your briefs out!" She was only making it worse.

"Look Nancy you a very desirable woman. Yes I am excited. But I am not going to fuck you. Goodnight!" With only my briefs on I grabbed my wallet then headed to the back door.

"Jay come back! It's raining out!" She yelled as I opened the door. I was walking down the drive. "Ok you win! Please come back! Please Jay!"

I should have but after my day it felt refreshing to be alone and free from drama. I had forgotten all about asking her for

money. I bet if I would have fucked her she would have loaned me some. It was a long walk to the nearest anything. All but naked I hoped I could call Clare and have her pick me up. I need to find a phone. Damn was it cold out at night!

Just then headlights came up behind me. Fuck her I thought. Fire me if you want. I should sue you for sexual discrimination. The car stopped and the window rolled down.

"Jay! She asked me to drive you home." It was Albert. "Please get in. No sense getting sick over pride."

If it had been anyone else I wouldn't have gotten in. Well maybe. It was cold and I was only wearing underwear. Did I mention it was raining?

"Thank you Albert." I said.

"I hope you will not hold this against her, she has been under allot of stress lately."

"Albert she wanted me to fuck her!" I blurted out.

"She did?" He started chuckling. "Really? She said that?"

"Her words, not mine." I explained.

"And you said no?" He chuckled again.

"Albert I am almost naked walking at night in the rain!" I reminded him. "I hoped she would have planned for a more appropriate setting had I stayed."

"Well you never know? That daughter of mine..."

"Nancy is your daughter?"

"Sorry. Probably shouldn't have told you that." He seemed completely flustered now. "Well like I was saying with the baby and all of that she just hasn't been herself of late."

"Baby what baby?" This day is just getting better and better.

"Butch's baby. The one they are going to raise!"

"Butch is having a baby?" My head was spinning. "And 'they' are going to raise it?"

"Oh guess you didn't know that either?" Albert said to himself as much as to me.

"Albert are you telling me that Nancy and Butch are lovers? And Butch is pregnant? AND they are going to raise it together?"

"Well the doctor says things look much better now that Butch stopped driving." He looked at me. The cagey old bastard was playing me. He knew exactly what he was saying.

We pulled into the garage. I went to the lockers and changed my clothes.

"She has Monday off but will need a ride home. I will make sure your clothes are ready." Albert said. "And Jay? I will ask her about the loan. I have an idea she will look forward to talking to you."

I watched as he pulled away. Looking at the clock I knew Clare would be anxious to see me. I walked in the door Odell was in the living room with a couple of buddies. I looked for Clare.

"Where is she?" I demanded.

"Fuck you!" He snapped back.

"Odell if you ..."

"She locked herself in the bathroom." His buddy offered.

I went into the hall by my rooms and knocked on the door.

"Clare it's me."

She opened the door and flew into my arms.

"Can we go?" She was desperate.

"I need to pack then we can go. Sorry I am late."

She pointed to the bedroom my bags were packed setting beside hers. I thought about leaving through the window but

decided against it. I was not slithering away. Besides I doubted he wanted to let his friends see him back down in front of me.

We walked through the house I was not going to start anything. We reached the door I looked at him I could see he was terrified I would belittle him in front of his friends.

"See you Sunday. I will tell mom you said hi." I thought I was being polite.

"Whatever." He brushed me off with his hand. With the day I had it was everything I could do not to go over and make him cower. Clare pulled me outside.

We had a long ride ahead of us.

"Are you sure about this roofing job? That is allot of your inheritance." Clare asked.

"Well the numbers add up if I can just get the job completed on time. This rain has not helped." I explained. "Thank you for helping me get it so quickly."

"You better thank your mom." She reminded me.

"Oh, I will." I am not yet twenty one and needed her permission to take a loan out against my trust. I had called Mike as well he promised to help also.

We just listened to music for a while.

"Jay, can I ask you a personal question?" Clare asked, her eyes cast down.

"Sure. Go ahead we have time." I replied.

"Did you make love to her?" For a moment I thought she was talking about Nancy.

"Melody? Yes and no." I looked over she was still looking down. "Oral yes. Intercourse no."

"Why not that?" She looked up briefly.

"Melody wanted to wait for the right guy I think."

"And you are not the right guy?" She seemed confused.

"Well I am thinking for her that means after marriage." I tried to explain more clearly.

"But you, you know... to her?"

"Yes as you know." I laughed.

"Sorry about that."

"Why? It seemed to turn you on." I looked over. Clare was looking at me now but did not seem embarrassed.

"And that was ok with you?" She asked. It was a question I did not see coming on so many fronts.

"I think we both know that answer." I replied. She blushed. There was a long silence.

"Did she you know, oral you?" I tried not to laugh.

"She has. Not last night. She was interrupted." We both laughed.

"Does that feel good to you?" Clare asked. The way she asked these questions was incredible. Clare seemed so comfortable talking about these subjects. It was like she felt she could ask me anything.

"Sure! I mean it is nice of course." I tried to be subtle.

"But not as good as, you know..." She looked down embarrassed to say it.

"Intercourse?" I said for her. "I think for me that is the best. But everyone is different."

Clare was quiet again but I could tell she was not done asking questions.

"Spit it out. We aren't there yet." I teased.

"Have you ever done, you know, the back?" I was confused for a moment but figured it out quickly.

"You mean anal?" She just nodded. "Not yet I think it would take the right person for that. I know everyone thinks about it but...maybe someday." I replied honestly.

She was still not done.

"What else?" I pried.

"When you know oral her, do you like doing it?" This was an intriguing question.

"If I do it correctly, and that is a big if sometimes." I laughed, but she was focused on every word. "If I am doing it right. Her body almost tells me when I am right. When she is lost in what I am doing for her, there is a certain amount of pride and accomplishment involved. When she cums, there is almost as much pleasure for me as there is for her! Almost."

I could see her eyes glass over her breathing getting quicker.

"Jay would you do that for me?" She whispered.

"Clare." I whispered. "You are my aunt." The words escaped before I could stuff them back in. It was the truth but the bluntness killed the mood.

"I am sorry Jay. That was inappropriate." She replied.

"What about you? Tell me what you like most?" I asked.

"No!" Was her firm reply. We had the open and intriguing discussion but that all changed instantly. Somehow I had offended her and now she was mad.

I reached over and took her hand. Clare hesitated at first but I could feel hers melt into mine.

"Ok. We will forget I even asked." She held my hand. Somehow I was starting to understand.

Mom and dad's was approaching fast. It was late and I was tired.

As we pulled in the drive Clare held my hand firmly. Using my other hand I turned off the engine. We sat in silence looking at the house.

"Jay can we get a hotel room?" She looked terrified. "I want to sleep with you! I don't want to sleep alone."

Just then mom looked out the window and saw us sitting there. I knew we had to go in now. It was after midnight.

"I am not sure mom will allow that?" She gripped harder. Total fear filled her eyes. "I will work it out." I reassured her.

"I don't want to sleep alone!" She protested.

"Ok. We will work it out." I assured her again. I knew mom and there was little chance of making it happen.

My family was pretty open about sex, not walking around naked stuff, but respectful of it.

Between Mike and mom they always found a way to explain things in an honest way. It was always done privately and

discreetly. I remember the first time I came home with a hickey, Jesse wanted to know what happened. Mom took her aside later and explained it to her.

Jesse teased me for weeks, mom and dad just laughed. But sleeping with my aunt would not go over well. Mom was too conservative for anything even remotely taboo. I could only hope to explain it was not sexual.

Dad opened the door as I carried in the bags. He hugged and kissed Clare on the cheek and hugged me. Mom was waiting inside the door and did the same.

"We were starting to worry." Mom explained.

"Sorry I was delayed." I explained.

"Come sit down." Mike offered.

"If it is all the same to you I think we would like to head up to bed now." They looked at each other. "If that is ok with you?"

"Let me go get Jesse up and tell her Clare is here." Mom suggested. Clare grabbed my hand. Rhonda and Mike noted that also. I had tried the subtle approach and it failed miserably.

"Mom please don't do that!" I blurted out. She turned back shocked at my tone. "Don't take this the wrong way. There is nothing going on but Clare wants to sleep near me."

I used the near me word hoping to soften the blow. Mike the quiet and analyzing one stood silent. A slight grin the only response to my explanation. Rhonda was the firecracker. I knew the fuse was lit now.

"JB! That will just not happen! Clare is your aunt!" Mom started ranting. "There is no way..."

"Rhonda! I am sleeping with Jay or we are leaving now!" Clare said loudly and clearly.

This from the woman that would not say shit if she had a mouth full of it. The room fell eerily silent. The three of us in complete shock. Clare clamped down on my hand I could feel

her need to run. I gripped and pulled her closer letting her know she needed to stand firm.

"Clare. He is my..." Mike gripped Rhonda's shoulder and stopped her mid-sentence.

Mom looked at him. He nodded in Clare's direction. I didn't have to look I knew she was crying. I could feel her body tremble. Mom looked back to Mike.

"We will see you two in the morning. Good night." Mike said turning to leave. Mom was so stunned she couldn't move.

"Thank you Rhonda." Clare managed to get out her head bowed. She could not face her sister.

"Rhonda come with me now. It is time we leave them get some sleep." Mike said quietly coaxing her to go with him.

Mom looked at him and then to Clare. Then she did something that shocked Mike and I. She went to Clare lifting her chin she looked her in the eyes. She kissed Clare softly on the lips still holding her face.

"Jay. Please watch over my angel. Protect her from everyone...including me." Mom looked at me. "Will you do that for us?"

They both looked at me, I could only nod.

"There you have it Clare. It is settled. Not another word about it. I promise." Mom kissed her cheek, then kissed mine. "Goodnight to you both."

She joined Mike and the left us standing together. I carried the bags up to my room. Clare was sitting on bed in the dark when I came from the bathroom. I sat beside her. She wanted to say something. Taking her hand, I waited for her to tell me.

"Jay would it be ok for me to kiss you?" It surprised me at first. We had kissed before but then it dawned on me that she was in her sister's house with her son.

"I think that would be permissible. I know I would like it." I replied. Clare had put a lot of thought in this. She was serious and I did not want to make light of it, yet.

I actually kissed her. The passion from the other night was still bubbling under the surface. Clare was relentless. She pushed me back on the bed just like before her chest pressed to mine. She broke the kiss and hovered over me for a few moments.

"Missing a little something? Needs some seasoning?" I asked teasing her.

"Jay Brown!" She scolded me. "You are so, so bad!"

I pulled her back down for another kiss.

"You have no idea!" I teased. I smacked her ass. Clare squealed, just a bit too loud I thought. "Now get some sleep."

We moved to spoon. Clare pushed back against my hardon and wiggled her butt seductively. It was all I could do not to respond. Totally drained I started to drift off.

"You could add it if you wanted." Clare whispered.

"Add what?" I was brought back to the present.

"The spice. I would let you!" Clare explained. "We both might like that."

"I am sure that would 'not' be permissible!" I said half asleep.

"Too bad." Clare pushed back harder against my renewed erection wiggling once again.

I close my eyes and started to drift off thinking about what she just said.

Mom was waiting at the table when I got up. She looked up as I poured a cup of coffee. She looked to see if Clare was with me.

"Jay about Clare." She checked the door again. "Are you sure there is nothing going on?"

"Mom we kissed goodnight. That is all." I explained clearly. I was not going to have this conversation.

"It didn't sound like it was just a kiss!" She said before she knew it.

"You listened at the door?" I asked not really surprised. She started to blush. "I smacked her ass, she squealed. I am not going to say another word about this. I told you we kissed, that's it, and this conversation is over."

"You would not lie to me about that?" Rhonda asked. She was not giving up. I glared at her. "Ok, so you kissed her, was it a big kiss or a little kiss?"

I just glared at her.

"Kissed who?" Jesse walked in rubbing her eyes. She was dressed in a soft cotton muscle style tee shirt and what looked like jogging shorts. Man how she has grown since I left for college. She saw me gawking and grinned, then stuck out her tongue. "You kissed who?"

She repeated it. I looked at mom. She started this I would let her handle it.

"Nothing dear!" Mom tried to blow it off, but Jesse knew better.

She looked at me. When I didn't respond she knew she was on to something. She looked back at mom who was trying to avoid her eyes.

"Wait! Wait a minute. If you are here where is Aunt Clare?" Jesse looked at me. I glanced at mom. She looked at her and knew she was hiding something. "Mom where is Aunt Clare?"

"Jess, they came in late. I didn't want to wake you..."

"Jay slept with Aunt Clare?" Jesse squealed. Yep college material I thought. Not sure I would have put that one together that fast. "And you kissed her? I big kiss or a little kiss?"

"See what you started?" I looked at mom. "I am not saying another word about this are we clear?"

The both looked at me. I must have looked mad.

"Now since you are both here I would like if you took her shopping today." I asked.

"Shopping?" Jesse asked.

"Clothes shopping. Her clothes are, well they need updated. Work clothes, casual clothes, pajamas. You name it." I looked at them both. "I will pay for it all, just help her out. Oh and mom, no offense but Jesse picks out the casual clothes You can help with her work clothes."

"Yes!" Jesse shouted. "Told you I was in style!" She looked at mom.

"Work clothes? Am I that bad" She acted hurt.

"You are twelve years older. Just think younger and more stylish, that's all. She works at a bank. Think sophisticated, powerful, and confident." I offered.

"Oh aren't you the fashion police now." Jesse teased.

"I know what I like." I replied. Just then Clare walked in. We looked at her pajamas, they looked like what my grandmother wore. "Are we clear?"

"Oh I think we know what you want!" Jesse spoke up first. She wiggled her ass at me behind Clare's back.

"Exactly!" I replied. Mom almost choked.

Mike and I spent most of the day working on the roofing company books. I called the city manager and several contractors. I talked to my crew foremen also. By late afternoon we had come to a decision. It could be done. Mike committed funds. With access to my inheritance and commitments from sub-contractors it would be close. If it all came through we should have a fair profit. We committed to buying the equipment from the old company to pay off debts. What we really needed was a lump sum loan to pay everyone and then pay it off when the city paid the final bills. I was going to apply for a SBA loan but that would take months. We had just weeks.

Mike did ask about Clare but unlike mom he was more concerned with Odell. I laid all out for him, everything but the pussy face kissing. He did not say much. It wasn't like him to do so unless he felt strongly about something. He did remind me Clare was my aunt but more importantly she was married. That point he repeated again. It was a sobering situation.

Mom called and said they were still shopping and we should pick a place to eat out. A nice place. Jesse's eighteenth birthday was just a week away and were celebrating early.

Tired I lay down to take a nap but on top of everything else I started thinking of Dr. Nelson and how I last left that situation.

Clare kissed me waking me up. "Do you like?"

She stepped back showing me her new dress. It was a beautiful yellow with big bright flowers in the print. The neck scooped daringly to highlight her modest breasts. Ending several inches above her knees it was alluring but modest at the same time. She had on new shoes with a conservative three inch heel. It was her smile that made it all worthwhile. Her teeth could almost blind you when she smiled like this. Clare twirled, the dress raised, from my vantage I saw sexy yellow panties only briefly. The back was scooped like the front. I could see the impression of a bra strap. I could only hope to see her without that someday.

"You look beautiful!" I honestly told her.

"Jesse and Rhonda took me shopping today!" Clare was bubbling over.

"I think we nailed it!" Jesse spoke up. Mom was with her.

"That looks nice on you." Mom agreed.

"Come on Clare lets change for tonight. JB will really like that one." Jesse teased.

"I don't know this is pretty nice..." I could not help but comment.

"I am going to take a shower and change. Don't leave without me!" Clare was giddy.

"Not a chance." I said standing up.

Forgetting who was there. Clare pulled me into a sensual kiss.

"Thank you Jay!" She looked around and saw mom and Jesse looking on. "And thank you for taking me!" She was embarrassed now.

Jesse took her, Rhonda stayed with me. She closed the door. This was not a good sign.

"Thank you, Jay! You have made me a very proud mother. Thank you for bringing her. I love you." She hugged me. "Tomorrow we will talk."

Then she left. Who was that woman impersonating my mother? I think she surprised me more than I was surprising her. Tomorrow will tell.

Clare looked stunning in her new black evening gown. The fact was all three women looked great. Even dad was impressed into making a comment.

Dinner was an absolute success. Jesse took a bit of a ribbing but it was all in fun. I hoped we could come back for her actual birthday.

Clare was the perfect date if you can call it that. I think we were all surprised at how engaging she could be. Jesse could not stop looking at mom as if asking if it was in fact Aunt Clare. Even at home over dessert she was outgoing and happy. When the time came for bed there was an awkward moment or two but otherwise went without comment.

"She is a different person!" Jesse said when we cleared the dishes. "I never knew she was so smart."

I finished in the bathroom first. Back in the bedroom I was looking over some figures from this morning. I waited to turn off the light. Clare walked in I was in awe. Jesse took me literally. It was almost the exact same outfit she had on only in yellow. I would be surprised if mom knew about this. She stood just inside the door. Looking down at the floor she seemed unsure.

"Clare I don't know what to say..."

"Jay. If you want I can change?" She looked up innocently.

"If you did it would ruin perfection!" I stood to greet her.

"Really? You don't think it is too..."

"Too what? Perfect? Provocative? Sexy?" I leaned down and kissed her gently. "I may not be able to keep my hands off of you!"

"Thank you Jay." She moved to the bed and slipped in under the covers. At first I thought I may have offended her. But then she looked back at me and lifted the covers exposing herself to me again. "Are you just going to stand there?"

I joined her and soon we were in the mostly dark room. A small nightlight illuminated the room by the door.

"Thank you for all the gifts." Clare said as we lay beside each other.

"You're welcome but I was expecting a bit more than a thank you!" I teased.

"You were, were you? Just exactly what were you expecting?" She asked hesitantly.

"Oh I don't know? Maybe a good night kiss?" I teased.

"Are you sure that is all?" Clare moved above me like she always did.

"Just a kiss! On the lips of course!" I teased her even more.

"You are such a bad boy!" Clare pressed against my lips before I could respond.

She kissed me deeply. Our tongues danced. The thin material of her top felt like she was almost naked. Clare's hard nipples pressed against my chest. When she raised up even in the dim light I could see the yellow material drop and her tit's hanging free inside.

"Still need spice?" I teased.

Clare didn't answer. She kissed me one more time. I knew the answer. Clare moved closer and rested her head on my shoulder.

"I had a wonderful day. Thank you Jay." She kept her head there.

I don't know what came over me but I decided to take a chance. It had been on the back of my mind since the first night she slept with me. I shifted positions pulling the covers off. I moved between her legs.

"Jay what are you doing?" Clare asked.

"Ssshhhh my angel, let me do this." I reached for her shorts and started to slide them down. Her hands gripped my wrists.

"Jay!" I could hear the tremor in her voice.

"I will be gentle I promise." I whispered. Leaning forward I kissed her softly.

"Jay?" She was almost begging me to stop.

"Please Clare. Just spice, that's all!" She hesitated then released my wrists.

Raising her hips I slid the bottoms off. Moving further down I caressed her legs, then kissed inside her thighs.

"Oh! Jay!" Her body quivered.

Her hips swayed not knowing what to expect. I knew then it was her first time. I had heard black men thought giving oral sex was disgusting. Thank god I had white blood in me. I could smell her aroma as I got closer.

"Jay! Maybe you should stop..."

I licked along her slit her pussy was dripping wet. Her hands gripped my head. Clare started pushing down. I think she changed her mind. Working between her pussy lips I found her opening.

"Jay!" She was panting already and now her inhibitions had turned to passion. Her hands stayed on my head but she was letting me please her. I spent just enough time visiting each spot letting her learn what she liked best.

"Oh god Jay!" She was quivering even more. Clare was under my control now. Placing my hands behind her knees I spread

her legs out wide. I plunged my tongue deep in her pussy. She bucked back.

"I...had... no... idea..." She stammered. Pushing her legs up towards her chest I licked along her perineum sending shock waves through her body.

"Jay!" I licked her asshole.

"Jay!!" I probed just slightly.

"JAY!!" She was moaning still quietly.

Her hands gripped firmly pulling me up I lowered her legs and move back to her slit. Clare relaxed her hands but her body was a spring under tension. She was going to cum! My face was a sopping mess with her excitement. I knew the time had come. I flicked her clit with my tongue just once.

"OOOHHHH!" Clare gasped. Her hands instinctively guided me back to that spot. I flicked it again and she mashed my mouth over her clit with both hands.

"JAAAAAYYYYYY!" Clare screamed bloody murder!

She was so lost in her orgasm she didn't even hear the voices in the hall. I tried to pull my head free in case they knocked, but she held me firm. Clare raked her pussy over my nose and mouth.

Then it happened! I heard the knock. It was all I could do to break free. I knew the door was not locked.

"Is everything ok in there?" It was mom. Thank god! I knew she would respect our privacy.

"Yeah! Clare just stubbed her toe." I yelled out my voice unconvincing. Stubbed her toe? God JB couldn't you do better than that? Bad dream maybe?

"Are you sure? Do you need some ice?"

"No we're fine. Just go back to bed." I winced as I said it. Damn that sounded guilty.

"Mom that did not sound like she stubbed her toe." I heard Jesse say.

"Jesse! Please go back to bed." Mom said just a bit too loud.

I listened for just a second then took a deep breath hoping it was all over. Just as I was feeling confident about the situation...

Clare reached up and pulled me along her body.

"Kiss me Jay! Kiss me now!" I figured if I didn't she might yell out again.

Clare desperately searched out my lips and kissed me like she did the first night. The fact that it was her pussy didn't seem to bother her. She was a woman possessed. Rolling me over Clare laid on top as always her waist at my side. She cleaned my face several times before she kissed me so hard I thought our lips would fuse.

Clare then rested her head on my chest. The way she was laying was awkward. I shifted her so she could lay on top of me. I felt her crying on my chest.

"I am sorry. I whispered. "I thought you would like that." I had an overwhelming feeling of guilt.

"Jay that was the most incredible feeling I have ever felt in my life!" Clare sobbed as she lay on top of me.

"So you're not mad I took advantage of you?" I was confused now. These were not tears of happiness? She wouldn't even look up at me. She kept her head on my chest.

"Jay." She sobbed even more now.

"Clare what is it?" I was starting to feel even worse now.

"That is the first orgasm I've ever had!"

Chapter 2

"That is the first orgasm I've ever had!"

Clare continued to weep. I had a feeling she was somewhat inexperienced but this was a shock. I was afraid mom or Jesse would come back if they heard her cry.

"Shhh, it will be ok. I promise." I whispered. I rolled her to the side and just held her. Eventually she became very still. Then it dawned on me she was asleep. I closed my eyes and followed her. I was sleeping in the wet spot and was happy to do it.

"Jay I don't know how to say this..." Mom stopped to collect her thoughts. "I don't remember ever seeing Clare this happy. I am thankful for what you have done. She has never had anybody treat her like this. Be careful JB. Think this through before you take this too far."

"I understand." I replied.

"No I don't think you have." She corrected me.

"Mom. I think I may have already done that? I said. She looked confused. "I went too far."

I looked at Mike for backup. He knew better than get in the middle of this.

"Did you?" Mom asked stunned.

"No. But, well I guess you can say I helped her out!" There was no way to put it mildly.

"Did she help you?" Mike asked so mom wouldn't have to.

"No. It is the only time, but..."

"What? Jay just say it." Mom was pissed and impatient.

"She told me it was the first time she ever, you know...climaxed."

"Oh. Oh dear!" Mom grew silent.

"That was what Jesse heard last night." I explained. "I thought I was helping."

"Maybe you were, but JB, this has got to stop. And stop now! I am worried just as much about you as her. You can get hurt too you know?"

"What do you mean?" I had never thought about that.

"Jay she is married. I will not have my son be a home wrecker. As much as I hate that man, and I do hate that man, I will not allow it!" Mom stared me down. "She under his spell. She always has been. My bet is she will not leave him willingly."

"But mom he abuses her!" I protested. Mike was taking this all in silently analyzing it.

"That is exactly my point. You are smart see for yourself. Read about it." She was challenging me. "If she leaves him freely you have my blessing. But if you, if you cross that bridge."

"What are you saying?" I was confused now.

"I believe what your mother is trying to tell you is you need to expose Odell for what he really is. A bully and a fraud." Mike stated.

"But how do I do that and not turn her against me?" I protested.

"Maybe you can't JB. Are you doing this for you or for her?" Mike asked.

He was one of the smartest people I knew and had he had just put me in my place. Was I really helping her, or just using her against Odell? I did not feel so smug right now.

Mom went up to see Clare. She was gone for almost an hour. When she returned she had the sheets from our bed and headed to the basement. Clare finally came down. She sat beside me but I could tell she was upset. Dad left us alone.

Jesse made it down at the crack of eleven and pranced in the kitchen.

"How is your toe?" She asked Clare. Oblivious to the drama unfolding she was trying to be funny.

"My toe?" Clare looked at me.

"Yeah you know, Jay, JAY, JJJJAAAAYYYY!!" Jesse teased. I thought Clare was going to cry but just then mom came up from the laundry.

"Jesse!" What they were doing is none of your business!"

"Doing? What they were doing? Oh you two kids!" Jesse teased.

"Jesse!" Mom warned.

"Well all I can say, from what I heard, I hope to stub my toe that hard some day!" Jesse continued.

I couldn't help it. I started laughing and so did Clare. Only mom seemed not to find it funny. All I know is it weren't for Jesse the day would have probably turned out much different. It was out in the open. Now it was a matter of where to go from here.

Sunday Clare and I started back, it was a beautiful evening. After last week, the business, Dr. Nelson and now Clare I felt I was sinking in quicksand. I needed a break. I just needed something to go my way. I felt closer to Clare than ever before and now today it was like the rope was covered in grease and she was slipping away and I was helpless to stop it.

I look over at her. I wonder if Mike is right. Am I doing this for me? Is it out of pity? Am I helping her or using her to make myself feel better about me? Am I trying to take her from Odell just so I can say I won? Then what? Toss her aside? Would I be happy to fight for her just to leave Odell? I do care! I want her to be happy, but happy without me? That I can't say.

"You ok Jay?" Clare was in her new yellow dress, she looked lovely.

"I'm fine just a few things on my mind I guess."

"Am I one of them?" She asked. It was an honest question.

"You are." I replied.

"Are you going to leave me?" Clare sat up and looked my way.

"Do you want me to?" I was rude answering a question with one. Clare did not answer.

Neither did I.

"I am not like your mother. I was always shy. I still am." Clare started. "I didn't date much. Odell was different. The others all they wanted was sex and more sex. I was afraid. I can't explain it."

"Clare you don't have to..."

"Yes I do, you need to know. With Odell it was more about being together. At least at first. He didn't ask and I didn't offer. Sex was always so distant." She stopped to collect herself. "I don't know why I said I would marry him but I did. At first he was the same but then he started going out at night. What I feared most was being alone, and now I was."

She stared out the windshield. I was going to say something but she let me know she was ok.

"I got pregnant once. No one knew then. Not even your mom. I don't know how? I wanted a baby but we rarely had sex, and never for more than a few minutes. I told Odell and he got mad. Very mad." Clare touched the scar on her cheek. "I lost the baby. We told everyone it was a car accident. That way if they found out about the baby, it would cover that too." Her hand never left the scar.

"Odell did it?" I asked.

"He didn't mean to." She looked at me scared. I knew better than to question that. She would just need to defend him further. "Anyway, I can't have more kids. When Odell found out I was pregnant he sent me to see Dr. Abu. Then I had a miscarriage, something went wrong I guess. He was the doctor that told us. I will never forget that day. I have been alone ever since. Until you came that is."

"And Odell where does he go at night?" I wasn't sure I should ask.

"I'm not sure. I really don't care." Clare was clearly affected. "He hangs out with buddies, drinks and gambles."

"Will you leave him?" I didn't want to ask but I needed to know.

"Rhonda asked me the same question." Clare said. That was no surprise. "He is my husband. I promised through better or worse." She looked at me. "What we did last night can never happen again as long as I am married to him."

And I thought it was me who would say that to her. But then it occurred to me. Clare didn't say never, just as long as she was married to him.

"What if he leaves you?" I asked.

"He won't, he can't!" She looked at me in a telling way.

"What would he have to do to change your mind?" I pried.

"If he was unfaithful to me. That would be different." She gave me that same look. She was protecting him. I don't know why but she was. And she was telling me how to fix it.

"So are you going to leave me now?" Clare asked.

"Do I still get a kiss good night?" I teased."

"No spice?" She asked smiling now.

"If you insist." I replied.

"What about Melody?" She asked.

"I think that ship has sailed. She won't answer my calls." I said.

"Looks like we both go without!" Clare teased.

She seemed pretty happy for the moment. I decided to let her enjoy the rest of the ride.

We talked about the roofing business for some time. Clare was actually quite helpful. Then as we neared home she asked me a question.

"Jay where do you go at night?" It was me that was on the spot.

"I can't tell you right now. But if you want I would like to show you. Would you like that?"

"You cannot tell me but you will show me?" That doesn't make sense." Clare said confused.

"Tomorrow after work? Ok?"

"Deal."

Fortunately Odell was not home. I made some calls and found Clare waiting to join me in bed. Gone were the new outfits back to the old.

"You don't like them?" She asked. "Nothing can look different. I went to see my sister and came back."

I knew then in her own way she was helping me. Clare was drawing the lines I just had to stay between them as I colored them in. We kissed goodnight and promptly went to sleep.

God smiled on me the next day. The sun was out and workers were roofing buildings. I was in meetings most of the day, but

was able to make some more calls. Financing was still tight. The sub-contractors were getting nervous. They were spending money with no guarantee. I called Mike he said he was working on it. My funds were dwindling fast.

I thought of not going to Dr. Nelsons but I gave Albert my word. Today he said he talked to Nancy and I should bring Clare. I picked Clare up from work remembering to bring her black dress. If I was in a suit she should look nice too. We waited at the car. Albert called and said there would be a delay. I showed Clare inside the limo and she was thrilled. I sat in back and looked at all the knobs and buttons Nancy had. I noticed two similar to the two up front that did not work.

Looking around I saw the reason why. They were connected to a camera and a small monitor. I went back up and popped the switches. They too were disconnected. I hooked them up. Turning one switch on opened a panel in the dash, there was a monitor hidden inside. The other knob determined which camera angle was chosen, there was even one pointed at the driver. By pure chance I pushed it down and a red light came on, 'rec' was in the corner of the monitor. There was a CD or hard drive some place recording the selected angle.

The more we played the more I learned. Soon I figure I knew as much as I could without tearing the car apart. The driver

could control it but Nancy could override it. Albert called and said I needed to pick her up at the apartment. There would be a second stop and then to the house.

Clare and I pulled out. And headed to the apartment. I warned her this could be dicey based on last week's drama. I of course did not tell her what started the drama.

"Dr. Nelson!" I greeted her as I helped her in. She ignored me clearly not happy to see me. She kept the privacy window up as I headed to the next stop. I was so distracted by Clare I did not even see the address until we were blocks away.

"Is this the right address?" I called back.

"It is." The speaker squawked. I knew instantly this was trouble. God why did I come? I pulled up to the back door and got out. Six scantily clad girls started to climb in the back of the limo. I was at the Pussy Cat strip club. Six sexy hard bodies in clothes so revealing even I blushed. Tits and asses bent and twisted. Hair flung, makeup highlighted, anyway you look at it they were hot.

Nancy was up to something and she was not playing fair. Only when the last one stepped in did it occur to me that something was wrong. I knew one of them. I had seen her and she was out of place.

I started driving to the house it was only fifteen or twenty minutes away. I had a bad feeling. The privacy window went down and only the tinted window remained. I could see the girls, some only from the back. Nancy glared at me.

She was punishing me. I could see right through this. She was showing me if I would not give in to her, maybe I would to them, or she would. Maybe she just wanted to tease me hoping I would cave in to her. Regardless I didn't care. Something was amiss. I saw her sip some wine.

Nancy always had wine, good wine, expensive wine. And she liked to share. With the roofing job and Clare, Nancy and Albert I wracked my brain. The city hall. The girl in the back was from the city hall. If she offered her a drink! Fuck that! If she offered her money for sex!

Fuck! As much as she needed to learn a lesson she was a good person. Arrogant maybe but not a criminal in a city of criminals.

"Dr. Nelson I will have you home soon. Please be patient." I said over the intercom. The light went out. She turned it off. I tried to roll down the window that too was off. I even tried the security window. Still off. I turned on the camera and chose the one on me. But she turned that off too. She was in control and she was flaunting it to her own peril.

"In an act of defiance she downed the wine and started to pour another. The girls were getting touchy feely moving to the music Nancy had blasting. She pretended to toast me. Nancy drank and then looked like she was offering it around.

I applied the brake firmly shifting them all to the front. Dr. Nelson looked pissed.

"Clare don't ask any questions just do as I say. Go in back set beside the doctor. And do not let her give anyone a drink. I said. "Or give them any money."

I ran and opened her door and pulled her out. Tell them I tried to grope you. You don't know me you were just here for a ride."

"Remember. Don't let them drink. Spill it, drink it yourself but not them."

I opened the rear door.

"Sorry doctor, a dog ran out! Clare would like to sit back here. I think she is drunk."

I saw Clare take the glass from her and down it. Nancy was shocked as Clare sat down.

I hopped in front and could see Clare demonstrate how I tried to touch her leg as I started to the house. Nancy looked in the mirror. She knew something was up. She also knew I would never take advantage of a woman like that.

Then slowly the plant looked forward too. Her eyes caught mine through the tinted glass, she knew her cover was blown. But what she couldn't figure out is why I just did not come out and say it.

I pulled under the carport and went to the back door. Albert was waiting but I motioned for him to let me get the door. When I opened it the music was turned off.

"Ms. Clare sorry for the bumpy ride." I helped her out noticing the dress slip up her leg. Clare flashed me her panties. Nancy noticed. "Doctor I will be back for her after I deliver these young ladies to the requested parties address."

I helped her out taking her hand firmly. She knew enough about me to know something was wrong. I reached in and turned off the master override then closed the door.

"Albert call me in five. Nancy call your lawyer. Tell him everything that has happened. This is my Aunt Clare. I will be back to get her." I stopped for a moment. "Did you record tonight?"

She looked at Albert then Clare. "No."

"Ok . That may be good or bad tell your lawyer. He may want to talk to Clare." I better go. Now hand me some money. Nancy dug in her wallet and handed me fifty bucks.

I drove slowly out of the drive and down the street. I rolled down the tinted window.

"You girls celebrating anything special?" I tried to sound interested. The plant kept an eye on me.

"We just want to party!" One girl yelled to a chorus of 'party'!

The phone rang it was Albert. I faked a conversation.

"Sorry girls that was your stop calling. They have a problem and will need to reschedule." The plant sneered. "Well looks like you get a free limo tonight! You want to go back or is there a place you want to go? There and back is paid for!"

"Hey let's call Silk!" Someone suggested.

"You mean the Sultan?" Someone asked.

"Yeah! He knows how to party! Besides I could use a trip or two after this last weekend."

Someone dialed as I drove back to the club. A short conversation later she hung up.

"Hey driver can you take us up the river a bit?"

"Your wish is my command!" I turned the car around cranked up the music and headed to the address they supplied. The gates opened and the security guy checked them out. His smile said everything. I pulled up where he pointed me to. I helped each lady out making sure the plant went last. I ducked inside.

"They will not let you call out for help. Take my card. Ask to call me so you can tell me whether to wait or go pick up my next fare. Make it late. Any time with a thirty I will leave and call your boss. They have been tailing me all night. If it is on the sixty I will come pick you all up. None the wiser. I take all or none so make sure they are ready." I said quickly. "Oh and do not eat drink or smoke anything you do not open yourself. The guy is a slime bag. Now go."

I waited outside the car so they could see me. I brought a book on spousal abuse to study.

The guard walked over and wanted to chat. He asked me who I drove around."

"I don't know, and don't want to know. I don't know who lives here. I never met you." He laughed.

"Yeah I guess not knowing is better. Same here." He replied.

"That's why I don't ask questions. Then I don't know the answer." It took a while but he caught on. I think. Maybe he just left. She had been in there an hour and I was starting to get worried. I kept reading not even looking around. Then the phone rang.

"Limo!" I answered.

"Who is this?" A male asked.

"This is Jay, I drive the limo." I replied.

"You're here?" He asked.

"Well I am at a house outside. Waiting for a fare."

"She wants me to tell you one o'clock!" He said.

"No! I said twelve thirty." I could hear her scream.

"The boss says one o'clock it's one o'clock!" The asshole said.

"Look. I can take a fare home and then be back by twelve thirty. I can wait until one. Will that work?"

"She says twelve thirty, but they don't leave before one!" He repeated.

"I got this. Please tell your security people I need to leave and will come back."

He hung up and soon the security guy wave me over.

"He says you will be back to get the bitches?"

"Yeah, I will be back." I answered.

He opened the gate I drove out slow and steady. I headed down the direction I came. The tail was still with me. I went a couple of miles just to be sure. I stopped behind a gas station.

They pulled up beside me.

"Call the captain. Your gal is inside the house. She has what you need. There is a gate and security. I will be back at twelve thirty to pick them up. Don't call me, don't follow me. I will be down at the station in the morning if you do not raid the place tonight.

I left them stunned as I drove off.

I left the gas station and headed back to Nancy's house. I was taking no chances. This could be our lives. I pulled in and Albert met me at the back door

"Jay come in." He offered.

"Albert I don't think I should." I explained. "Is the other car still at the shop?"

"I think so?" Nancy and Clare moved in behind him. I could see they were concerned.

"Can Clare spend the night?" I asked Nancy.

"Sure." Nancy readily agreed.

"Good. Here or at your apartment?" I asked she pointed to here.
"I will take Albert to get the other car."

"I will be right with you." He explained.

"Jay what is going on?" Clare asked.

"Later not now." I explained as Albert joined me setting in front.

Albert didn't ask and I did not tell him. I knew the less he knew the less he could tell.

I dropped him off at the building and made sure he drove off in the other car.

I drove back to the place I dropped off the girls it was about twelve fifteen when I pulled up. There were two cop cars in the driveway, I was told to pull up and park.

"What are you doing here?" The cop in charge asked me. I could see they had a couple of the security guards I had seen earlier in cuffs setting on the planter. He took my driver's license.

"I dropped off a fare earlier. I was to pick them up at one." I offered.

"What fare?" He asked.

"That is private." I replied defiantly.

"Well it is not private now." He growled. "What fare?"

"You arresting me?" I asked.

"Bill cuff this smart ass and hold him until I figure out if he is involved too." I locked the car and turned off the remote.

They put me in cuffs and put me with the others. I sat silently as they did their thing.

"What the fuck you doing here?" The guy I had talked to earlier asked.

"Picking up my fare." I replied.

"Well dumb ass they aren't here. They got busted along with boss and half of his friends!" He informed me.

"Guess I'm not making any tips tonight." I smirked.

I waited for almost two hours for them to release me along with the others. The cops called Albert to verify I worked for him and not the Silk Sultan. They threatened to tow the car but Albert said if they wanted to look it over he would have me drive it down to the precinct with an officer.

We were milling around waiting for a decision when the head of security the guy that had them open the gate for me to leave walked over.

"Limo driver let me see your phone." He threatened.

"I don't have one. Not allowed one when on duty. The only phone is the companies. It's in the car." I knew what he wanted.

"Get it." This was a command.

I unlocked the remote and unlocked the car. I pulled the phone out and started back.

"Hey what are you doing?" A cop asked.

"Just the phone. I just need to check in and let my family know I am ok." I explained.

He was satisfied with that but kept a watch on me. The security guy knew he could lose his chance to see the phone so he played it cool. I went back to him.

"Turn it on." He demanded. "Show me the call history!"

I pressed recent calls there was only two for the entire day.

"What are those numbers?" He knew he had me.

"Well the only other call I received tonight, except from your friend telling me when to pick up the girls, was from my boss." I explained truthfully. I showed him the business card with the company phone number. I pointed to the only other number. "He called you to open the gate, so I am guessing you know who it was."

He pulled his phone out and saw the same number within minutes of my call.

"If I find out you are a cop!" He threatened.

"A cop? I go to school, I am a roofer, and drive a limo part time just to make ends meet. When do you think I have time to be a cop?" I snarled. "Now they want to impound the fucking car because I came back here."

He seemed satisfied with the explanation. It was another thirty minutes before the decision was to take the car downtown.

"Limo driver!" The head cop called out.

"Here!" I waved my hand.

"Get in your car, it is going downtown. You drive but we are going to follow you."

"I need my license back to drive." I challenged him.

"You will get it back when I say you do." He snapped. "Take these two also. They want to talk to them." He said to another officer. The head security guy and another were put in cars and we all caravanned back to the police station.

I was put in a holding cell with the other two and several other guys I had never seen. Jerome, Dr. Nelson's lawyer was waiting for me. Getting my release was easy. Getting the car back intact was the hard part. They had cops and dogs go through the whole thing but came up empty. It was a mess but they allowed me to drive it out.

I went back to the shop and dropped off the car. Taking a shower I put yesterday's clothes on and headed to work! If I was being watched I dare not go get Clare yet.

The sun was just coming up. It looked like it would be a perfect day to make progress. I was not ready for the storm that was to follow. Word was out that I had been arrested and was part of some big drug bust. Nothing was further from the truth.

By ten I had talked to all the contractors and assured them I had not been arrested. I explained I was not part of the drug bust. The problem is little was getting done. They wanted assurances they were going to get paid. And if they did it was not drug money they were getting paid with! By noon even with the city managers assurance they were balking.

I was tired, cranky, and worst of all broke. Then the mayor wanted to see me. Her name is Rebecca Howe.

We had never met but I did vote for her!

The Mayor would like you to join her for lunch her assistant explained. She gave me a card with an address. Exhausted I drove to a quaint restaurant downtown. I explained who I was

and why I was here. They led me to private room. The Mayor was alone.

"Jay I presume?" She stood.

"Mayor." I replied.

"Please Becky." She insisted. "I hear you had a busy night!"

"Well if I live through it, maybe I can tell my grandkids." I joked.

"I don't think you have to worry about that. He is not really all that connected. He just wants everyone to think he is. In fact the cartels are probably happy he is off the street. He is too high profile for them." She replied.

"Seems to have allot of security for a guy that is not connected." I explained.

"They aren't security they are just morons. He pays them just so he looks like the man. A week ago he brought in a bit of a

haul so he had more than normal." She informed me. "They are scattering like rats now that we have him."

"Jay I cannot tell you anything else but I want to thank you." She shook my hand. "The reason we are here has nothing to do with that. The chief will be in touch in a few days but we want to avoid exposing you." She still held my hand and gripped it firmly. "I hear the contractors are not happy."

"They think I am paying them with drug money. They are afraid they will be forced to give it back or get in trouble."

"The city cannot loan you money. But I have a friend that has offered to help." Letting my hand go she stood and opened the door. Nancy and Clare stepped in. "I think you know these two ladies."

"Jay!" Clare ran to me and hugged me kissing me quickly.

She held me tight for just a moment. Becky and Nancy seemed surprised by the outburst. When I wrapped my arms around her Nancy gave a knowing grin.

"I think I owe you an apology?" Nancy said. I let Clare go she moved to let Nancy kiss my cheek. Clare still held my hand.

"Are you ok?" I ignored her offer. She nodded. "Albert and Butch? The baby?"

Nancy was taken aback by the question. Becky looked at her as if she knew that I was not supposed to know about the baby.

"How...?" Nancy started to ask. "Albert!"

She and Becky both knew she was right.

"I'm sorry. Did we get together to talk about our personal lives or is there something more pressing that we should be talking about?" I asked. My crankiness started to come out.

"Jay is right." Becky indicated we should sit down. "Jay. Clare says you need \$100,000 to shore things up? Is that right?" I looked to Clare. She still held my hand.

"That would keep things moving on schedule." I agreed.

"Nancy has deposited that amount in security against a loan from the bank. You have that amount as a line of credit for your business account at the bank. She also has commitments for another \$250,000 if it is needed. All you need to agree on is the amount of interest." Becky explained.

"I think 10% is fair." Nancy offered.

"6% is the going rate."

"9%, you are a high risk borrower."

"7%, you are a high risk lender!"

"8%, and you still drive for me." Nancy grinned. "Oh and you bring Clare for dinner one night!"

"Deal." I said as Clare squeezed my hand. "Great! Now that we have that done let's eat I am famished."

That afternoon I met once again with all the contractors. I explained I had secured a loan from the bank. Within an hour they all called and verified that the bank itself was supplying

the money. That afternoon work resumed at full speed. I did catch a nap but when I got home at seven it was all I could do to eat the dinner Clare cooked. I did not see Odell that night. Clare followed long after I fell asleep. I faintly remember her giving me a kiss.

Wednesday I called Mike and told him the turn of events. He congratulated me on following through with my dreams.

It was not until Thursday that Nancy asked me to drive. I picked her up at the apartment and drove her straight to the house. When we got there she invited me inside. Taking my hand she walked me through the massive house and started upstairs.

"Where are we going?" I tensed up stopping a step behind her.

"Trust me." She looked back down the step I was standing on. There was a different look in her eyes than I have ever seen. I pulled back slightly. "Please trust me." She repeated.

It was the way she said it as much as the way she looked. For the first time she seemed vulnerable. I moved to the step she was on and let her guide me up the stairs. We passed several

rooms I could hear faint talking. At the end she opened the last door on the left.

"Jay!" Clare ran to me and hugged me before she kissed me.
"Have you met Butch?"

I looked to a hospital type bed in front of a large window. The sun was just setting.

"I have. Hello Butch." She was setting up Albert was at her side a woman dressed as a nurse was setting on a chair in the corner.

"Hello, JB!" Butch smiled. Nancy walked over to her and gave her a luscious kiss.

"How are we doing today dear?" Nancy asked.

"Little bastard is kicking up a storm. I think he wants out as much as I want him out!" She joked.

"Patience luv. He will be here soon enough. We just need to keep you healthy." Nancy kissed her again.

"So JB can you tell me what is going on?" Butch asked. "I think I owe you an apology and a thank you."

Butch gripped Nancy's hand and gave her scolding look. Butch looked rather more feminine than I was expecting. Her large belly was obvious. Her tits which she always concealed below her former clothes were large and drooped noticeably. Her legs and hips were shapely indeed. If it weren't for her butch haircut and lack of makeup she could be quite stunning.

"Yes Jay tell me what happened?" Nancy motioned for the nurse to leave. We all took seats close to Butch. Clare sat on my lap instead of the empty chair. They all noticed.

"I recognized one of the girls from the police station. I figured she was an undercover cop of some sort." I explained. "I was afraid Nancy might serve her some wine and get busted."

"Is that all Jay?" Butch probed. There was no way I was telling her what else they may have been in the car for.

"Yep." I lied.

"Then as we were leaving..."

"It's ok Jay. She knows why I was bringing the girls home."
Nancy announced.

"Well I don't?" Clare blurted out. Butch looked to Nancy and then back to Clare before she looked at me.

"Honey I will explain later." I said. I expected her to drop it.

"Why? I want to know now!" She really was clueless.

"Nancy was bringing them home for company." Butch started explaining. She tried to be subtle. Clare was still clueless. "Clare I can't satisfy Nancy's needs right now. So ..."

"So they came? Well if you knew it why is that so bad?" Clare asked. Butch looked at Nancy.

"Honey, they pay the girls for their time." I tried to explain.

"I was going to pay them for sex!" Nancy just came out and said it. Clare still looked confused.

"So? They get paid. Everybody wins." She looked at us all. We knew she was still in the dark.

"Clare, honey. In the eyes of the law that is prostitution. Nancy, or maybe even Butch and Albert could have been arrested along with the girls." I explained further.

The light finally went on. "If that happened, think how it would affect her reputation as a doctor. Her standing in the community?"

"Oh shit!" Clare exclaimed! "You mean Jay ..."

"Saved my career and likely my life. I was stupid!" Nancy agreed. Everyone looked at Clare as she started to understand what I had really done. Clare kissed me passionately.

"What about old Silky?" Butch asked. Changing the subject.

"Well the girls wanted to go someplace. They called him up and I took them there. I knew there was a plant among them. Let's just say I helped and keep it at that. The less you know..."

"The less you can answer!" Butch filled in. We winked at each other.

I told them some of the rest but not much. I am sure her lawyer Jerome filled in some of the blanks.

Butch was looking noticeably tired now. Clare and I walked over to say goodbye. She grabbed my hand and placed it over her stomach. I could feel the little person kicking inside. Excited I took Clare's hand and set it there too.

"That is so amazing" I said. We looked to Clare to see if she felt it. Her hand suddenly pulled back.

"Jay we need to go." She announced. I could see the pain. I had forgotten all about her loss.

"Thank you Butch." I leaned over and kissed her forehead. "See you soon."

"Thank you both for coming!" Nancy said. She hugged and kissed us both. I shook Albert's hand and we left.

On the way home Clare was very quiet. I thought it was about the baby. But she had that look as if she wanted to say something.

"What's bothering you?" I asked softly.

"Jay..."

"Yes?"

"Why did Nancy say she was going to pay them for sex? They were all girls. How does that work?" If I didn't know better I would have thought she was messing with me. But somehow I knew her world was still one of controlled innocence.

"Well there is getting spiced you know?" I said. That brought instant understanding. "Then there are other ways,"

"Other ways?" She was so clueless it was sweet.

I explained concepts avoiding details just to ease her into it. She listened without interruption and then asked questions. It was like seeing a deaf person hear for the first time. I could not love her more than I did at that moment.

There is so much to Clare I still did not know. Each day was another kernel of who she was, and what she could become.

Days passed. Odell was staying out later and drinking more. At home he was less abusive at least when I was home.

The weather was holding and progress was for once moving ahead of schedule. The police station was completed. The library was wrapping up and the city hall was moving along. I had even started getting the draws against work completed and money although still at a premium was at least flowing.

Mike and I talked. I told him school this fall was out of the question. I even forfeited my scholarship to play football so they could use it on another player. I felt good knowing someone that needed it was going to benefit.

My plate was still full but the situation with Clare was getting tenuous. I had read several books. I was understanding more but feeling less confident I would succeed in breaking her free from his grasp. I knew I had to try for her sake. I knew there was a risk she would reject me in the process. I was prepared to lose her if that was the case. I was now confident the reason I was doing it was for her.

When we were together she was a different person than if she spent time with Odell. Missing just one day with her was like starting all over. She still did his laundry, cleaned the house and even made his bed! In all ways but one she was still his devoted wife.

Even though we still sleep together. And that seemed to be a different world for her. Clare would fall under his influence. Maybe Odell was smarter than I was giving him credit? Maybe he figured he could wait me out. Let me find someone else. I would not underestimate him any longer.

I had some leads but no evidence. I needed help professional help. I knew where to start. I called in a favor, actually two. Tuesday night we met. When I arrived they were already there. I went in back Nancy introduced me.

Captain Henry was there and so was Susan. Not her real name, I am sure as she was still undercover.

"Jay before you tell us why we are here let me thank you for what you did for this community." The captain offered me his hand again. "We caught him red handed. Drugs, guns, contributing to minors, the whole ball nicely handed to us by the two of you!" He looked over to Susan and nodded.

"So are you going to tell me how we ended up there?" Susan looked at Nancy then me.

"I took you there remember?" I said coyly.

"You knew from the beginning. Why not just tell your boss I was undercover. If she would have passed me the drink..."

"Yeah. Sorry about that. She is a pretty special person when she is not out trolling!"

Nancy was shocked I would say it, but smiled knowing she deserved it.

"I knew even if she did her lawyer would probably get her off. Your cover would have been compromised and all the time and money the city invested in you coming here would have been wasted." I explained. "We need people like you. I figured if you went home without my boss at least you would be out the next day getting the really bad people."

"So you would not have told her even then?" Susan asked.

"About you personally? No. About you being in her car? Yes." I answered honestly.

"So how did you pick Silky?" She asked.

"I didn't. Someone in the car did. I warned you what you were getting into and told your pals there what I knew."

"Damn good job you did too!" The captain beamed. "Now how can I help you?"

"Do you know a man named Wrecker? Home Wrecker? Something like that?" I asked.

Susan looked at the captain. "We do, why?" She asked.

"My uncle is mixed up with him in some fashion. I want to meet him." I explained.

"Son that would not be a good idea!" The captain explained.
"What do you want to see him about?"

"Well for now that is private. I have no proof just rumors. What can you tell me?" I said.

"He is a loan shark, a bookie, and well, let's just say he has a unique lifestyle." Susan offered. The captain gave her a not so happy look. It was clear she was trying to pay me back.

"Is he gay?" I asked.

"To just say yes would be an insult to the gay community. Think a little more leather and no lace." Susan answered.

"Thank you." I believe I have it now. "Do you know where I can find him?"

"I can't tell you that. Not that I won't but I can't." The captain explained.

"Thank you for helping me but we better get going. Nancy has an appointment to keep." I explained.

We were driving to the house. Nancy was sitting beside me for the first time. She sat quietly for some time. She looked deep in thought.

"Did he do that to her?" She asked out of the blue.

"He did." I replied firmly.

"And you want to hurt him?" asked.

"I could have hurt him by now if I wanted to." I looked over she knew I was serious. "I want him out of her life."

"You love her! She is your aunt and you are in love with her!" Nancy was giddy over it. "Does she know you love her?"

"Look. I love her. I think she could love me. And no we have not fucked. Ok?" I was getting frustrated. "He abuses her. I just

want her free of him. Then she can meet some real men. Normal men."

"So you are willing to give her up?" She asked. Nancy was serious.

"I want what is best for her. She is so brain washed by him she does not even know what real love is. She does not even feel she is worth loving." I confided to her.

"How could I have sat in the back of this car and not seen how special you are." Nancy replied. She sat quietly for a long time. When we reached the house she rested her hand on mine. "Jay when you get the call you must come. No matter when you must come. Make sure you use the cameras and record it."

Nancy kissed my cheek and instead of waiting for me got out of the car.

When I got home Odell was yelling at Clare calling her names. He had been drinking and was feeling no pain. It was all I could do not to deck him. She was on her knees cleaning up a drink he spilled from what I could see. She was sobbing and he was constantly belittling her.

I finally got him in his room without incident. But it was almost one before I could convince her to join me in bed to go to sleep. It was the first night she did not kiss me goodnight. I was losing her and she was right beside me. The rope could not have been slipperier.

The next day I came home early. Clare was moody.. I could tell she had something on her mind. Odell stayed home all night and found ways to get under her skin without being obvious. He was learning. He was treading the line between annoyance and abuse. A line he knew he dare not cross.

I hoped he would leave so I could help her but he found pleasure staying knowing I wanted him out. The only revenge I got was not allowing him to drink. That night she did not sleep with me. Nor did I get my kiss. She at least did not sleep with him. She slept in my bedroom.

Thursday I was a wreck. Thankfully I have a great crew and things were progressing. I was even in negotiations for additional jobs for the city, county, and other businesses. When I got home Clare was still in a sour mood. I asked her to go to mom's for the weekend just to get away. She refused telling me Rhonda hated Odell and she could not leave him. I was trying

to soften her up and was making progress when my phone rang. It was the call.

"Clare I have to leave. Do you want to go with me?" She thought about it but said no just in case Odell came home early.

I met them at the agreed location. Albert slid from behind the wheel I gave him my keys. On the dash was a note. 'The white guy is the Wrecker, also known as the Home Wrecker, the Mouth Wrecker, the Ass Wrecker. Do not cross him. The flash drive is new and under the passenger seat. Call me before you remove it or it will erase. If this works out we are even, almost! Nancy'.

Driver take us for a long slow drive!" The speaker squawked. I pulled away, I knew the perfect place to go. Flat, smooth and with no stop signs. Just miles of endless streets. I took them to the park! I turned on the monitor and saw a tall slender white man sitting in Nancy's spot. There were three other men two black one looked Latino. I switched angles and lo and behold Odell was one of the men. Music was playing softly, a sort of sexy jazz. They were drinking. Wrecker was joking. They started talking business. I was in the park now, speed limit was fifteen. The car just idled along.

"Oh he will make your balls quiver! Wrecker said. I pushed the record button. The Latino was well dressed sitting there stroking his cock over his suit.

"One thousand. I guarantee he will light up your world!" Wrecker said pushing for a decision. The man handed him cash and Wrecker looked at Odell and pointed. Without hesitation Odell removed his suit coat and tie, then his shirt. With only an undershirt he moved in front of the Latino. Unzipping him Odell lowered his mouth over the Latino's cock. The other black man moved to watch his fat head occasionally blocking the camera's view. I switched cameras but none were better. I could only hope he kept moving his head.

The audio was crap but I heard Wrecker encouraging Odell on. He kept reminding him what the man paid. The Latino was moaning throughout and speaking in Spanish. The other man was cheering on his buddy. Since there was nothing to see keeping on track was easy. It was fifteen minutes and counting. Then the Latino started to stiffen in his seat. He thrust up his hips and pushed down on Odell's head. He was cumming! The black guy sat back in the seat and I could see Odell making sure the Latino was completely drained. He pulled out what looked like a hanky and dried the man's soft cock off and then his lips. He had swallowed it all.

"Well partner you up for one?" He looked at the black man.

"I ain't got a grand." He said.

"Tell you what you give me eight hundred. I will give your buddy back a C note and you both get a deal!" Wrecker was a negotiator.

Eight hundred changed hands. One was given to the Latino and before long Odell was sucking another cock. Again the camera angle was crappy but at least this time I could see his head bobbing if not the black man's cock. I searched one more time and when I did I noticed Wreckers hand moving. Changing camera's I saw how he got his name.

He was a tall skinny man. Maybe six foot. Couldn't weigh 175 and twenty of it must be his cock. He stroked it slowly his long fingers did not reach around the girth. One hand did not cover half of it. It was long and fat and it didn't look completely hard. The moans became more desperate. I switched back to Odell just in time to see the black man and his sizable cock cum in his mouth also.

"You do that so well I swear you lose just so you can suck cock!" Wrecker said. "Now strip my little puppy!"

"Please sir not here!" Odell pleaded. Switching cameras I found the perfect angle. Wrecker was stroking his cock and Odell not two feet away looking in his eyes. Without a word Wrecker slipped his shoes and pants off, spreading his legs wide he released his cock. The flesh pipe fell hanging over the edge of the cushion. Odell was now focused on his master's cock just inches away. I looked up and made sure the road was straight and clear.

Looking back to the screen I could see Odell struggle to resist. A drop of pearl precum glistened on the tip. It was so small on the huge mushroom head. Like a magnet it drew Odell in. His lips covered just the tip the flare still exposed.

"Strip before you get desert!" Wrecker commanded. With renewed desire Odell stripped naked. His cock was pitiful in comparison. Not with Wreckers, that is unnatural, but by any average man. Odell was not blessed to say the least, and it was hard. I would bet my pinky could give it competition!

"Now you may please me puppy. He is a Black Lap breed." Wrecker joked. His guests laughed. I almost felt sorry for him for a moment. Almost.

Odell moved back to the object of his desire. The embarrassment behind him. Odell was free to do what we all knew what he wanted to do. Wrecker guided his cock to Odell's waiting mouth and fed it to him. Slowly he went deeper and deeper in his mouth. I could hear him gag. Snot dripped from his nose. Spit ran over his chin. I was so hard myself it was all I could do not to whip my own cock out and stroke it.

I was constantly checking the road ahead. If I even hit a curb they might know I was watching. Deeper and deeper, inch by inch Wrecker's cock disappeared. Odell was pulling all the way out taking another breath and attacking it over and over again. Soon you could see the snake expanding his neck. There was no way he could take it all I thought. But he was not to be denied.

With one last intake of air he thrust her face over Wrecker's cock, just inches short. Using his lips he pulled his mouth taking it all in. Wrecker for the first time put his hands behind Odell's head and pulled. Odell looked up at him his eyes straining! He was turning a deeper shade of black. I almost

stopped the car and then Wrecker pushed him off. I could hear the rush of fresh air fill his lungs and return his color.

Wrecker was not done he stroked his cock.

"On your back!" Wrecker laughed. "Now cum like a good puppy and maybe I will fuck your ass."

Odell laid back and within minutes he was cumming on his lower belly. A small white glob lay on his dark brown belly. There was so little he easily cleaned it up. Then Wrecker looked down at him.

"Good puppy now come get your treat!" With that he grabbed Odell's ear and forced his cock down his throat one more time. You could see the jism force its way past Odell's lips and his mouth and throat fill beyond capacity. He tried. He really did, you could see him gulping and then forcing his mouth deeper to clean the sticky fluid from dripping off Wreckers cock. He almost succeeded. Sadly, for him at least, he failed as two globs fell to the carpet.

I turned off the monitor. I knew I had enough although watching him get his ass fucked might have been fun. I

continued on. Instead of getting his ass fucked it sounded like Odell sucked the others off again.

"Driver take us back!" The speaker squawked.

At the next exit I pulled off and returned them to the place I picked them up. Odell was dressed and slightly drunk. Still he noticed I was the driver when he exited. He said nothing and neither did I. Wrecker even tried to tip me.

I hoped I had what I wanted. Proof. Nancy was waiting with Albert back at the shop. I thanked her for her help. On the phone Butch explained how to get the thumb drives out so they would not get erased.

"Jay you can't let Odell see the video, That could lead to serious charges for us both." Nancy explained.

"But I can show Clare? Right?" I asked just to be clear.

"You can but there is good chance she won't believe you!" Nancy remarked.

"I have to try it is getting worse each day!" I protested.

"Go then. But be gentle. This may be too much for her. Let her decide if she wants to see it."

"I understand!" I handed her one copy and took the other.

"Oh and Jay if you are thinking about blackmailing Wrecker with this, forget it! This would be just the kind of publicity he would enjoy!" Nancy explained.

"Then how?"

"He is a business man..." She hesitated. "What do business men want?"

"Money!" I shouted.

"Money and power. Power over others. That's what motivates Wrecker." She winked.

"Thanks Nancy!"

The whole way back to the house the only thing I could think of is how to convince Clare to watch the video. Then she could see he was unfaithful to her!

She was waiting up I was not sure if it was for Odell or for me. We talked for almost a half an hour. Slowly and gently I brought her back to the point she would consider leaving Odell if he had been unfaithful to her.

"There is no way. He can't have been unfaithful to me!" She finally said. She was still in denial.

"But if he was? What then?" I was so close. "Would you leave him?"

"I would need proof!" Clare was getting more agitated. I think she knew I had proof and she was conflicted about knowing about it.

"If I had proof now? So you could see it, would you?"

"NO!" She shouted.

"Ok." I am not going to force you.

"But if you ever want to see it I will show you." I replied gently.

"He did not cheat on me!" She screamed at me. Then Clare ran to Odell's room and slammed the door.

I waited for quite some time then went and took a shower. I was dressing and in the den starting to turn out the light. Clare peeked around the corner.

"I want to see it!" She nervously requested.

"Are you sure we could do it tomorrow?"

"I need to see it now!" She had made up her mind.

We sat at my desk together her to my side. I keyed up the video and started from the beginning. I skipped the parts that were not obvious but she got to see Odell serviced two men before the main event. When she saw Wreckers cock the first time she grabbed my wrist and gasped. She looked at me to see if it was

real. I nodded. We sat in silence as she watched Odell service Wrecker. There was no sound just video.

Wrecker had him lie on his back and Odell started to stroke himself. Clare did something she had never done before. She reached over and grabbed my cock through my boxers. Stimulated from the video of course I was semi hard but my cock swelled in her hand. She looked at me then down to her hand. She looked at Odell and his poor excuse for a penis and then back to her hand.

I stopped her and slipped my boxers down. I guided her hand back to my cock. She looked at it then back to Odell. We never said a word. As she stroked me slowly I grew even bigger. It felt so good. I was going to cum if she keeps this up I thought. Then Odell came! Wrecker pulled him up and filled his mouth. The video ended at the point I turned it off.

Clare looked at me and then her hand. She released my throbbing cock like it was a searing bar of steel. I groaned in surprise.

"You made that!" She yelled. "You computerized that just to make Odell look bad!"

"Clare I swear. That is real! It is inside Nancy's limo. You have been in there yourself."

"You set this up! You tricked him into this!" I pulled my shorts up obviously not going to finish my pleasure now.

"No. I didn't. I don't even know these other men. I've never seen them before in my life!" I tried to remain calm.

"Well all he did was to get spiced!" She yelled filled with confusion. "If that is cheating then I did the same to him!"

"Clare honey he does not love you he is using you!" I was lost about what to say.

"How do I know you are not using me too? Oh what a fool I am!" With that she ran down the hall and locked herself in Odell's room.

I waited until Odell came home he was plastered as usual. Fortunately he passed out on the couch. I slept with my door open just in case.

Friday morning Clare was standing inside my door when I awoke. She looked weary. I started to get up but she motioned me to stay.

"Why did you show me that?" She whispered.

"I didn't want to, but you need to know." I stood wanting to hold her to ease the pain.

"Why do you care so much?" Her eyes turned glassy.

"I just do." I replied.

"But why?" She was making this difficult. This whole time I had avoided telling her and now here I was so close to losing her and it really didn't seem to matter.

"I think I am in love with you!" A single tear rolled over her cheek. I moved to comfort her.

"NO! Please don't come any closer!" She begged. "You can't love me like that I am your aunt."

"Still I think if you left him we would be free to find out if that is what I am feeling." I offered.

"I can't leave him! Not over a video." She repeated what she said last night. Oh how I wished she would have gone with me last night.

"What would he have to do walk in here and do it in front of you?" I replied statistically!

She stood silent I was not sure what she was thinking. But she seemed to come to understand the impossibility of that.

"I don't deserve you?" She said defeated.

"So you won't leave him?" I asked again. She stood mute unwilling or unable to answer.

"And he won't leave you! Maybe you should just call me if you need me!" My frustration was getting too me. "Maybe I should just leave you to each other!"

"Maybe you should!" She lashed out. "Who asked you to get involved in the first place?"

Turning she ran down the hall and slammed the bedroom door.

I wanted to break that door down and just carry her away but I knew unless Clare made the decision to leave him she would never really be free. It was like she was in quicksand and I had to slowly watch as she went under.

I was leaving for work Odell was in the kitchen. I looked in on him. His eyes lowered at once. I left without saying anything. I wanted so much to let him know about the video but knew that was not possible. Being in jail would only make it worse.

Friday night I came home early hoping to see Clare before Odell came home if he did. I waited until seven before I started to worry.

Odell came home looking for dinner.

"Have you talked to Clare?" I asked.

"What your little play thing wander off without permission?"
He must have had a few drinks already. He was feeling bold.

"Odell do you know where your wife is?" I asked firmly.

"I know where the bitch is supposed to be! He yelled. "She is supposed to be here cooking my fucking dinner!"

"Have you talked to her?" I pressed.

"Why would I want to fucking 'talk' to her?" He spat. I moved in his direction. "Hell no!"

"I am worried!" I said, more to myself than him.

"Good you be worried I am going out!" He flipped me the bird and left.

I knew the bank was definitely closed and she would not have a reason to work late on a Friday. I called Nancy but she knew nothing. At that moment I realized I didn't know if she had a

single friend who she would go to. Odell had such a grasp on her life I doubted it.

Desperate I called mom. I filled her in on the important details including the essence of the video. I told her of our conversation this morning. We talked for a few minutes. I laid out all my motives and feelings for Clare.

"Jay, you told her you loved her." Mom asked without judgment.

"I told her I 'thought' I was in love with her." The phone was silent.

"Jay...? Are you in love with Clare?" I could hear mom's voice quiver as she asked.

"Mom, I know you do not want to hear this. But I am in love with your sister Clare!" I could not make it any clearer.

There was another long pause. I was worried she might have fainted or something worse.

"Mom? Did you hear me? Are you still there?" I knew she was I could hear her weeping.

"Jay I am coming down!" She sniffled. "Jay when you find her. Be honest this time. Tell her I said the answer is no."

With nothing to do but wait I thought about what Clare would do. But more about how she would get around. I called all the limo companies. I called the taxi companies. I put out a reward to find her. I called the chief of police. I knew he could not do anything officially but he could put the word out.

I knew mom would not get here before midnight so I drove around a few spots looking myself. Then just before twelve I got a call. A limo driver had just picked up a fare and took her to a male strip club for women. She asked him to call me and was in the club looking for someone.

My mind went back to this morning. It was the first time we had ever fought. At first I thought that was a bad thing but now I was not so sure. It was the first time she had really shown this much emotion over the situation with Odell. Maybe mom was right. Maybe I need to tell her the truth. I never did answer her question.

Racing across town I hoping it was not too late to stop her. I knew the first shift got off at midnight and the second shift was now on stage. It was common for the dancers to escort women home or to a hotel for a price. Friday night was a busy night especially with bachelorette parties. It would be nothing for twenty women to fight over five or six well sculptured studs for the night. The losers would then have to wait until the next shift ended to get their shot.

I pulled up just as the driver was escorting several guys in the back. I ran to the car and looked in. I saw two women inside but Clare was not there.

"Still inside. Better hurry the guys just came out of the showers." I handed him a c note.

I went in the back door as another dancer and a slightly heavy black woman exited. I knew there would be few dancers left. This was an ugly scene for the remaining women. You see the guys had their pick of the litter so to speak. The scene could ugly as the women vied to be the chosen few selected. Of course money talked. With peer pressure and an abundance of booze anything could happen, and usually did.

It was a busy night. Five dancers strolled through the crowd of prospects. Women whispered offers as they ran their hands over chiseled bodies. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Clare.

She was still dressed in her business suit. A stark contrast to the party women. She was so out of her element but had drawn the attention of a dancer. I moved several feet behind her with a view of the stage to see what she was offering.

"I like the business look." The dancer said.

"How much for you?" She whispered.

"What are you looking for?" He rubbed up against her ignoring me.

"Sex!" She blurted out. He reacted instantly. He was startled with her brazen frankness. His instincts told him this was not normal. He moved on quickly. With his appearance the gaggle of women moved closer to Clare. There was always mocking at these cattle calls. Friends would degrade the other women to bolster their own standing it could get cruel. Everything was game, height, weight, chest size. Hell they even pointed out women with fake hair.

"Do you see her scar?" One woman said to another.

"Yes! He would have to put a bag over her head to fuck her!" Her friend laughed. "Scarface lives!"

"Maybe it is Frankenstein's wife?" Her friend teased cruelly. I knew if I heard her so did Clare.

She turned to run to the bathroom I think. When she turned she stood face to face with me. I could see her pain turn to surprise as she almost ran me over. I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her close.

Feeling rejected and humiliated she tried to pull away.

"Why did you come?" She struggled feebly. We both knew I was not going to let her go and deep down inside she didn't want me to. "How long have you been here?"

"Long enough to see and hear." I replied. I waited for her to look up at me.

"Then you heard what they said!" Clare cried out. The two girls heard her and looked at me. I brushed the hair from Clare's cheek and kissed her scar. They knew it was for their benefit.

"They are just drunk and desperate for someone to love them."
I glared back. "You already have what they want."

I kissed her scar again letting her know, even in public I wanted to be seen with her. We started walking out when the dancer that approached her earlier stopped me. He grabbed my arm.

"Hey you can't just come in here and work these women this is our club." The room fell silent.

"Tell you what, you take your hand off me and I will not rearrange your face!" I said calmly. "I may spend a night in jail but you my friend will not work for a month."

He removed his hand. I knew he would. He was a lover not a fighter. Clare and I walked to my car. I looked at my watch and saw the time.

"I have a surprise for you at home." I said happily.

"Not another video I hope?" I thought she was joking but when I looked over she seemed scared.

"Nothing to do with Odell if that is what you are worried about." That seemed to relax her a bit. We rode in silence, for quite a while.

"Jay why did you come?" She whispered.

"I told you this morning to call me if you needed me." I teased just a bit.

"I didn't think you would come. Not after this morning." She replied.

"Clare I lied to you this morning when I said I think I am in love with you!" We pulled up to the house and into the drive. I put the car in park but left the engine running.

"I don't think I am in love you I know I am." I stopped and let her think about that. "Clare I would marry you if I could!"

"But why?" She was tearing up again. I loved that she was so emotional.

"So we can live together and have kids and make love!" I explained.

"But I can't have kids!" She wailed.

"Honey we can adopt then. As long as I am with you it won't make any difference to me!" I looked at her. "You will make a wonderful mother!"

"But we can't Rhonda won't allow it!" She sobbed.

"Well about that. I am supposed to tell you she said the answer is 'no'." Her eyes spread wide open.

"You are lying she would never allow that!" Clare shot back. I turned off the car.

"Well I guess you can just ask her yourself. Rhonda is inside!" I pointed to her car beside mine.

"She came here? But she never comes here! She hates Odell." Clare replied.

"But she loves you more. When you did not come home for dinner I called her. She insisted on coming. Let's go, she will be worried about you."

I opened the door and Rhonda ran to embrace Clare. She pulled her tight and kissed her cheek repeatedly.

"Oh Clare I have been such a fool!" Mom said holding her at arm's length. "I should have stopped this years ago. It took Jay falling in love with you to open my eyes."

"Rhonda he said you told him the answer is 'no'?" Clare for some reason needed to know the answer.

"The answer is no. Mike and I will not forbid Jay to be with you. In fact based on what you told me and what he has demonstrated we will encourage it. If that is what you want!"

This was a complete shock to me. She had already talked to mom about being with me? I mean of course they talked when we were home but for the future? I was more confused than before.

"But what about Odell?" Clare asked. I could see it. She was still struggling to let go. Mom saw it too. She looked at me and nodded. In my head I could hear the words Mike had always drilled into me. If you are going to do it do it right, follow through to the end.

I left them and made the phone calls I dreaded making but I knew there was no other way.

It was getting late so mom suggested we go to bed. Clare and mom slept in the master bedroom I slept alone. The only sign of hope was Clare did kiss me goodnight.

I woke Odell up from the couch for a phone call he received. He glared at me so I left him alone and walked in the kitchen.

"Hey fuck head where is Clare?" He asked.

"She went shopping with mom. Won't be back until late afternoon they said." I replied.

"What is she doing here anyway?" He asked pissed.

"Not sure. She came late last night to see Clare." I lied.

"Why aren't you at work?" He asked.

"I have been working all morning getting prepared for a meeting." I explained.

"Well aren't you the industrious one?" He smirked.

"I will be leaving soon. Someone is stopping by to collect some money. Then I will be out of here." I walked past him and into my den.

Odell was none too happy but held his tongue. He was in the master bedroom when my guest arrived. He was taller than I expected probably six three which made him look skinnier than he probably was.

A short goatee on a well weathered face belied his broad white smile. Dressed in a nice slacks and a polo shirt he looked comfortable. I didn't think I would like him but something told me we would hit it off. He was a reasonable man on the phone. I hoped he would stay that way today.

"So you're the young man that has been stirring the pot?" He asked.

"That wasn't my intention. I just want what is best for Clare." I explained.

"So let me get this right if he takes the money I get a grand. And if he doesn't I get twelve thousand?" He laughed.

"Only if you win the bet! I reminded him.

"Young man you make sure it is in C A S H!" He snickered.
"What about the twelve grand he owes me?"

"That sir is between you and Odell!" I said clearly. "We agree on the conditions?"

"Are you set up?" He asked.

"Ready and waiting." I pointed to the equipment.

Well let's get this over. Time is money!" He grinned.

I went to the master bedroom and knocked on the door.

"What the fuck you want asshole?" Odell yelled.

"There is a man here to see you." I replied.

"To see me?" He spat. "No one knows I live here! Who is it?"

"Actually to see us." I answered. "Some guy named Wrecker!"

He almost turned white. Not literally white but a dark gray. He was stunned to say the least.

"Here? To see us? Now?" He was clearly rattled.

"In the living room right now." I explained. I turned and left him standing in shock.

"Bill what brings you here?" Odell asked as he came out. I stood by the video camera and recorded him walking in.

"Just some business with JB!" Wrecker said. "Please sit down right here Odell."

"Hey what are you doing with that camera?" Odell looked at me.

"Well let's just say I want to make sure there are no misunderstandings between us on the deal we are going to discuss. So I am recording this. You can have a copy if you want?" I offered.

"What deal?"

"The deal where you tell Clare you are leaving her!" I said.

"Fuck you! I'm not leaving her and you know it!" He laughed.

"You have not heard my offer." I replied.

"I said fuck you asshole! I am not leaving the bitch and that is final!" Odell cursed.

I didn't even look at Wrecker I wanted Odell focused on me not him, not now. Still I knew he was helping me make my case.

"Surely I can persuade you to let her go. You can find another woman to beat up!"

"Look shitwad, don't you tell me how to keep my woman in line! That dumb cunt is lucky I let her live here with me." He snarled.

"Is that why you cut her face? I bet she felt lucky that day?" I snapped back.

"If she wouldn't have gotten pregnant that would have never happen..." He looked at me and then at the camera. "That was an accident!"

"Gentleman as much as I would like to stay and watch the Jerry Springer show, let's get on with it!" Wrecker cut in. "Odell just listen to what he has to offer!"

Odell turned to me. "Ok asshole! What are you offering?" I knew he was just asking to please Wrecker.

"I will offer you twelve thousand dollars..."

"No fucking way!" He interrupted.

"I will offer you twelve thousand dollars." I started over. "AND you can have the house. Clare will give up claim to any equity..."

"You are not even close!" He replied with a smirk.

"AND the car." I finally finished. "From what I can tell that is about all of the real assets you have."

"Well sonny boy that may be but when you are finally out of my life she will still be my wife!" Odell basked in his triumph. I looked at Wrecker he was unzipping his pants.

"Odell I am going to ask you one last time. Just for the record. If you say no I will withdraw the offer!" I explained "Will you take the offer?"

"Fuck you JB. The answer is no!" Odell said defiantly.

"I am sorry to hear that my little puppy!" Wrecker cut in. "You just cost me twelve thousand dollars. If you had taken the money we would be even! Now that you defaulted you now owe me twenty four large!"

Wrecker had his pants off and was stroking his massive cock slowly. Even half hard it was hard not to look at. Odell was now completely stumped. Having just learned he was further in debt he was now distracted by Wreckers cock.

"Come here puppy, Big dog needs you!" Wrecker said as he stroked his cock.

"Please not here!" Odell whimpered. I could see Wrecker's cock grow fatter.

"Yes here. Now come show me what a good puppy you are!" His voice was low and soothing. There was just a hint of authority the rest was masterful confidence.

"But JB is watching!" Odell protested.

"Oh my puppy has sucked many cocks and had many spectators! Haven't you? That is why you are my favorite puppy!" A drop of pre-cum became visible on the end of Wrecker's cock.

"But he is recording this!" Odell whimpered again. I could tell he was almost ready to give in.

"Yes I know! I asked him to record your final submission to me!" Wrecker explained. "Now cum my puppy today you become a dog!"

There was a slight hesitation Odell looked at me for sympathy.

"Please don't make me do this. Please stop recording this!" Odell had lost all he had been clinging to just moments before.

"Come now puppy there is no use resisting. What you want is right here!" Wrecker wagged his cock at Odell.

Even as I watched it seemed like slow motion. Odell moved to Wrecker without the slightest hesitation his lips slipped over his cock. Wrecker was naked from the waist down and soon Odell would be the same. His big black lips wrapped around the massive white cock was even more erotic than on tape.

I thought this would just be a repeat of the limo but Wrecker had other ideas. Odell had worked most of his cock down his throat. He was gagging and moaning at the same time. He was lost in pleasuring Wrecker. His little prick was hard.

"On the couch puppy! Over the arm!" Wrecker demanded.

He pulled his cock out of Odell's oral orifice. After this long you forget how much is really inside. Odell shifted he laid on his back his ass hung over the arm. Wrecker pushed his legs up and slipped a couple of pillows under his ass and then spit at Odell's' asshole.

I couldn't believe my eyes. Wrecker was going to fuck his ass. From the camera's angle all we could see of Odell was his hands holding his legs up and his ass cheeks hanging over the arm of the couch. His head and torso was hidden by the back of the couch. Wrecker was in full view.

There was no way that cock was going to fit in that ass I thought. Then Wrecker started pushing!

"Here is the part you love puppy? You love a big dog cock up your ass don't you?"

"Ahhhh, yyyeessss!" Odell groaned. "Give it to me! Hurry!"

Unfucking believable! Odell was begging for it! This he has definitely done before. From this angle I watched as Wrecker steadily pushed in. If there was any resistance it was minimal. When he bottomed out Odell moaned then begged for more. I watched Wrecker fuck his ass for a few minutes before I heard them come in.

Clare and mom were in the basement watching on the TV I hooked up to my computer. I looked to Clare she was mesmerized by the scene in front of her. She grabbed my arm and pulled me close. Mom stood behind her arms wrapped around Clare's waist.

"You're supposed to be in the basement!" I whispered.

"I had to see it for my own eyes!" Clare whispered back.

"Oh my! He is big isn't he?" Mom said loudly. "Even bigger than Mike!" She whispered. Clare and I looked at her as she blushed not realizing she said it out loud.

Wrecker looked over. He never stopped pumping in Odell's ass.

"Ladies." He nodded.

"Who is that?" Odell squealed.

"Your ex-wife and ..."

"My sister!" Clare said clearly.

"And you're ex sister-in-law!" Wrecker explained. "Cum for them puppy! Let them see how much you love my cock and then you can have your reward.

"Please." Odell begged.

"Don't be shy now! I said cum! The girls moved closer I brought the camera and just as I rounded his thigh I saw his little cock spew a couple of strings of cum on his chest.

"That's a good puppy now here is your reward! Wrecker said. He pulled out of Odell's ass. I recorded his gaping hole. It was clean and red inside. He must have prepared for this in the morning I thought. I moved around and watched as Wrecker milked his cock so we could see the copious amount of cum fill Odell's mouth. With the last few spurts he coated his face. It was just like a porno. A perfect money shot! Unfortunately it would be my money.

I knew it would hurt but for me it was worth every dime.

I moved to the girls who were still in disbelief over what they just witnessed. Clare stood over Odell.

"I am filing for divorce you miserable excuse for a husband!" Even when she was this pissed she didn't swear. "I want you out of this house tonight!

"Ladies I think it best you go!" I walked them to the door and kissed them both on the cheek. Clare seemed miffed but I had my reasons. "I will call you tonight."

I watched as mom drove off with Clare. Mom and I talked about this. It was hard to see Clare leave but I agreed to give her some time alone.

I led Wrecker to my bathroom so he could get cleaned up. Odell found us in the kitchen drinking a beer. Beside us was another man. All signs of the camera were gone.

"This is Odell." I said to the man.

"Who are you?" Odell asked.

"I am the person that is serving you with this." He handed Odell an envelope.

"What is this?" Odell asked.

It is a personal restraining order for you sir. It says you cannot come within five hundred feet of this dwelling. Your wife or her place of work."

"But this is my house!" Odell protested.

"That may be sir but as long as your wife resides here you are barred from the property, including the house." The process server thanked me for my help and left.

"You! You did this!" Odell pointed to me.

"No actually you did it." I replied happily. "Now with you as my witness I need to pay off a bet I won!"

I handed Wrecker twelve thousand dollars and a copy of the video.

"Thank you Jay, and thank Nancy for me when you see her." Wrecker smiled.

"I will I said happily." I replied.

"But I thought you said you won a bet?" Odell asked me.

"He did you idiot!" Wrecker smiled at me. "He just won your wife!"

Odell just now realized what he lost.

"Get your bags packed puppy you owe me twenty five grand. You aren't leaving my sight until that is paid!"

I went to lunch and stopped by the job sight. I helped the crew until they left.

I went to visit Nancy, Albert, and Butch, and actually stayed for dinner. Butch still mostly bed ridden did sit and eat with us. She was ready to give birth any day now. We talked briefly about Odell. I felt it wasn't appropriate to get into details while we ate. The rest of the night we talked about the impending birth and how this was affecting their relationship in a positive way. Albert seemed especially happy that he would finally be a grandfather. Butch seemed tired so Nancy escorted her up stairs. I kissed them both goodnight.

Albert offered me coffee before I left. We sat in the kitchen and talked about nothing in particular. I asked him what he did for a living. Albert explained he was a commercial insurance agent for years. He became a consultant for the state police on building code violations. He then became an arson investigator for both government agencies and insurers.

When he lost his wife several years ago he retired and started driving limos just to stay active. Now in his late fifties he lives at the house and is the caretaker of sorts. He still oversees the limo business, the house, and now Butch.

We talked a bit about the roofing business. Albert was interested to know if that was now my future. When I left I thought about it. I really didn't see that as my future before now. But it seemed to be what I knew.

I called home Saturday night. Mike answered the phone looking forward to talking to me. We talked about work at first and how the business was progressing. I told him about my conversation with Albert. He knew why I was calling and let the conversation move that way.

Mom and he decided it would be best if Clare stayed for a few days. I asked to talk to her but he explained that it was best I

wait until tomorrow night as she was sleeping. He did say mom wanted to talk to me.

"Jay!" Mom answered excitedly. "How are you holding up?"

"I am fine, how is Clare?" They left in such a hurry I really didn't have time to talk to her.

"She has been through so much these last few days honey. I just think she needs time to process it all." Mom said with some concern.

"She hasn't changed her mind about the divorce has she?" I almost was afraid to ask.

"No honey I think after today that is as good as done. You know her. Once she makes her mind up...well you know better than anyone." Mom explained.

"What about me? When can I see her?" There was a long hesitation on the phone.

"Jay, I know you want to see her but this may not be the right time." Mom hesitated again. "Soon honey. As soon as she is ready."

"Well whatever you say. I just want what is best for her." I replied my heart breaking as I said it.

"I know you do honey, I know you do." Her voice trailed off when she repeated it. "I love you Jay. I am so proud of you!"

"Goodnight mom I have to go!" my voice breaking up as I said it.

It was only eight thirty. I decided to start some laundry. Between loads I started cleaning my bedroom and then the den. Next I cleaned my bathroom. Clare was a neat freak probably because she was always alone with nothing to do. There was really not much to do. Motivated I walked in the master bedroom. It was all I could do not to burn the room down. Instead I went shopping. The big box store is open all night so loaded the back of my car as well as the trunk.

Back in the master bedroom I stripped the bed of all bedding and placed them in the trash bags I bought. I remade the bed with all new linens and a bedspread that closely matched the original. I opened every drawer. If it looked like Odell's I

placed it neatly in the boxes I bought. If it was Clare's I threw it in a trash bag. She was not going to have one thing left he bought her if I had any say. I processed the closet the same way. I even went in the bathroom and packed his stuff in another box. I again threw hers away.

I was a man on a mission. Room to room I went packing and throwing away anything that would remind her of the past. It was midnight when I finally sat down in the kitchen for a late night snack. I looked out to the living room when it struck me, I wasn't done. Don't ask me how I did it but I drug the couch and the cushions out to the curb. Inspired I pulled the carpet and padding up as well. I was finally satisfied as stood there on the bare wood looking around. With the boxes stacked in the garage with the trash bags I made the bed in my bedroom with the sheets I just washed.

Taking a shower I was headed to the bedroom. Walking past the den I saw the futon still opened up and decide to sleep there instead.

It seemed like I just fell asleep when my phone rang. Looking at the number it was Mike's cell. I looked at the time it was two thirty.

"Mike?" I asked still groggy.

"Jay can you open the front door Clare doesn't have her key?"

"Mike you don't have a spare? It would take me over an hour to get there!" I replied wiping my eyes.

"Jay we are outside your front door!" Mike laughed.

"Here now?" I jumped up and slipped on a pair of sweats and a tee shirt. I went to the front door and turned on the lights. Mom, dad, Jesse and Clare were standing on the small porch. I opened the door. "Please come in."

"Thanks." Mike held the screen door open while I held the main door.

"Why are you here?" I asked confused.

Mom walked past me then Jesse both giving me a sly look but saying nothing. Clare stood on the porch looking at me as emotional as I had ever seen her. She was tearing up. Without further hesitation she move quickly in my direction. Instinct

took over as I caught her as she jumped into my arms. She didn't even kiss me she just wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me tight. I could feel her tears against my cheek and neck. I held onto her as I looked at Mike. He just grinned obviously happy about something.

I could feel Clare's body shudder as she kept crying. She kept pulling me tighter.

"I love you Jay!" She whispered in my ear. Her voice fighting through the tears.

"I love you too!" I whispered back. She pulled her face from me. Her big brown eyes pierced mine.

"I don't deserve you Jay Brown but I am in love with you!" She said so everyone could hear.

"Finally she tells him!" Jesse always the comedian joked.

"That!" Jesse looked at me. "Is why we are here!"

I was too busy kissing my new girlfriend to respond. It was a long sensuous kiss. Clare could not have responded any more passionately. Mike came in and stood with mom. Jesse was looking at the missing carpet and couch.

"Why did you come at two in the morning?" I finally asked as I sat Clare down. She refused to let me go latching onto my arm.

"Well. Clare woke up and said she needed to tell you something." Mom started to explain.

"She couldn't have called?" I asked.

"That is what I said!" Jesse quipped.

"She insisted she need to tell you in person." Mom continued.
"And you know when she gets something in her mind..."

"Yeah she hasn't stopped talking about you since we left!" Jesse complained.

"Then why did 'you' come?" I asked Jesse.

"Are you kidding me? And miss that entrance? That kiss?"
Jesse teased.

"Jay! Where is the couch?" Mom asked.

"Out at the curb with the carpeting!"

"There is no couch. Just the carpeting." Mike was looking out the door. Clare, mom and I all looked at each other knowing what had taken place there just hours ago. "Ladies we should get going it is a long ride back."

"Oh honey let's just get a hotel room and leave in the morning. You look tired." Mom said. "I packed a change of clothes for us just in case."

"Better yet just stay here." I offered. "I just went out and bought all new linens for the master bedroom. I cleaned the house and washed the sheets on my bed!"

Everyone looked at me as if I was some kind of alien.

"You did all of that tonight?" Clare asked. She looked at mom.

"Well I did a bit more than that. Not sure it will be up to your standards!" I said humbly.

"Let me get some stuff and you two can have the master bedroom." Clare said to mom and dad as she started walking to the hall. "Jesse you can sleep in Jay's room!"

"Clare!" I called to her.

"Just a minute Jay I will be right back." She called out.

"If I am sleeping in your room where are the two of you sleeping? Jesse asked. I held up my index finger indicating I would answer her in a moment.

"JAY!" Clare yelled from the bedroom.

"I may be sleeping in the dog house!" I joked. "And we don't have one."

Mom and Jesse looked at Clare as she came from the master bedroom staring me down. Clare glared at me. Then she looked at the bare floor. Next Clare looked out the window to the curb.

"Is everything ok?" Mom asked looking at me then Clare. I waited for her answer.

"Everything is just as I want it." Clare smiled at me. "I will see you in bed!" Clare turned and went to my bedroom to change.

Mike went to the car and brought in two bags handing one to Jesse and taking the other one to the master bedroom. Mom and I were alone.

"You better be sure about how you feel about her..." Mom started to get weepy. "Jay, I know you love her but that may not be enough. She still has issues."

"As long as you will support our decisions, I know the four of us can help her through them." Mom tilted her head surprised by my answer.

"You are wise beyond your years. I believe we can since you put it that way." She left me standing alone.

I was not naïve. I knew there would be times that Clare would need help I could not give her. As I walked to the den I could hear Jesse and Clare laughing in the bedroom. All the clothes they had bought when they went shopping were in that room. It was all the clothes Clare had for now.

She turned the main light off when she came in the room. I reached up and turned the desk lamp on. The soft glow added to the atmosphere. Clare was stunning in the same outfit she wore before. She set some items on the stand at the end of the futon. I admit I didn't know what they were, maybe a robe. I was too busy checking out her ass as she bent over. Turning to me she slipped in closest to the wall and pulled me in with her.

Her lips instantly were on mine. I pulled her on top so she could control the action. The lamp was still on, the light highlighted her rich dark skin. We kissed softly to at first then started to pick up the tempo. My hands drifted down and cupped her ass cheeks. She ground her pussy on my stomach. I wanted her to move lower but she started to move higher. It dawned on me what she wanted. I hooked my thumbs in the waist of her shorts and pulled them down to her knees. She did

not want to give up kissing me but she was forced to decide. Her pussy was at my chest when she finally freed her legs.

She wanted me to turn over so she could lie back but I held her hips and forced her above my mouth. Her heady aroma brought back some of the best memories of my short life. The moment I lifted up and licked her slit she knew what I was trying to accomplish.

"Jay!" She murmured. I was going to stop and remind her Jesse was next door. I decided not to for two reasons. I liked Clare to express her pleasure and knew if Jesse was listening it would make it worth coming along tonight.

Clare's juices flowed freely. She been waiting for this so long and knew what she wanted this time. Clare now knew what the prize would be. She had orgasmed once not knowing what she was missing. This time she knew what was waiting on the other side of the curtain.

I gripped her hips and held her off several times just to prolong her pleasure. She groaned in frustration when I refused to lick her clit but moaned in pleasure when I rimmed her asshole. She had held off being too vocal but her desperate quest to cum

was taking its toll. When I thrust my tongue deep in her pussy she could not stay silent any longer.

"Jay PLEASE!" She cried out loudly. Then as if to defy me she grabbed my hair and mashed her pussy hard against my mouth. Her clit found my nose. Clare rubbed her nubbin against it. I released her hips and let her bring herself off

"SPICE YOU!" Clare wailed. Her orgasm washed though her body slowly then hit like a tornado! She bucked against my mouth and nose. Drenching my face with her 'spice'. "I spiced you!" She giggled as her body quivered above me.

"Yes you did! Spiced me really good!" I cooed. From the light on the desk I could see her inner pink pussy still twitching above me. Clare moved down to kiss me. She was licking my face and enjoying her juices. Her leg brushed against my serious hard on. Maybe it was her orgasm that made her think of it. Maybe it was seeing Wrecker's eyes roll back in his head when he came in Odell's mouth. She stopped mid lick.

"JAY!" It was a sudden outburst.

"What honey?" I asked thinking something was wrong.

"Do guys like to spice too?" Clare asked seriously. It was all I could do not to laugh. Was she really that innocent? Then I thought about the absurdity of the question. With Odell as her only lover most likely the answer was yes.

"We love to spice also!" I replied with big grin. With a move that would impress most wrestlers she was pulling my boxers off and stroking my cock. She wiggled between my legs and with a big white toothy smile most of my manhood disappeared inside of her mouth. She gagged immediately. Obviously she had never done this before. She looked up to see if I was mad.

"Slowly for now." I whispered.

Clare smiled my cock still in heaven. I moved my hands to the side of her face gently guiding her. I knew she wanted to please me it was just a matter of experience. Now it had been many weeks since I had been with a woman. I am not against masturbation it is just not something that I do all that much. A guy has to do what a guy has to do. I guess women too. It had been almost a week since I had relieved my tensions. After eating Clare and my desire to be with her I knew this would be short experience. I held off as long as I could. But even her

awkward approach was effective enough to accomplish the desired effect today.

"Clare!" I tried to warn her. She was oblivious to the pending outcome. She was so erratic in her efforts it was hard to keep in time.

"Clare!" I am going to cum!" She looked up still not understanding common slang. She hit my stride as I bucked against her mouth.

"CLARE SPICE!" I groaned so loud I heard it fill the room.

I wanted to push her off and jerk my cock myself. She was completely out of rhythm but I clenched my fists and let her finish me off. The effects were less than perfect but watching her gobble all of my seed made up for any personal disappointment. I close my eyes as my cock deflated. It was the worst and in so many ways the best blowjob I had ever received. I felt her stir. I should have known! I mean she did the same when she spiced me!

Clare scrambled up as fast as she had moved down and pressed her lips on mine. How could I stop her now?

With no other choice I let her slip her tongue in my mouth. It was not gross. Knowing it was mine and how it was delivered made up for any internal embarrassment. Her passion was unbridled. I knew she felt me go through the same wonderful experience she had earlier. There was no way I could tell her now. I knew as long as she was my lover we would do this again. Accept it Jay. Get over it and move on. So I did. Clare licked my face cleaning the remnants of her pussy.

"You spice me!" She beamed. "You have so much spice! I almost couldn't swallow it all. It is a good thing you warned me!"

"That was so nice of you to do that!" I praised her.

"Can we do that again?" She asked. Clare was giddy! I was spent and tired. Any other night I would have been up for it. But this was not that night.

"Sure another time would be great!" I let her down gently I thought. "I am kind of tired now. If it is ok with you I would like to go to sleep."

"Promise?" She asked.

"Promise." I replied dead tired.

"Ok let me clean you up!" Clare sat up and reached for the supplies she brought. She wiped my face with a wet cloth then dried it with a fresh towel. She even gave me a mint. She did the same to herself. She then reached up and turned off the light. I rolled to face her my semi hard cock pushed against her bare ass. It was the first time we had been in the bed semi naked.

"I love you Jay. You make me happy!" She whispered.

"I love you Clare. Please don't ever leave me again!" I replied.

"I won't."

"Promise?" I asked. She turned to me and kissed me her minty breath mixed with mine.

"Promise." She turned and pulled my arm over her and pressed her ass back against me again. I fell asleep a very happy man.

Chapter 3

Breakfast was really more like brunch. Clare was up and showered by the time I headed that way. Mom and dad were in the kitchen when I came in. The coffee smelled good but I decided on orange juice. Clare was serving pancakes and crisp bacon. The conversation was centered on the weather, and prospects of the upcoming football season. I had just finished eating when Jesse walked in. I cleared my plate and offered her my seat. I even poured her a cup of coffee. Clare stood up to serve her breakfast.

"You still tired?" Mom asked Jesse.

"Yeah a bit. We need to buy these two steeled toe shoes!" Jesse looked at Clare and me. "These two keep stubbing their toes!"

Mom looked at me first then at Clare.

"I thought we agreed you two would take it slow!" Mom scolded Clare.

"We did at first..."

I don't know what she was going to say after that because Jesse and I burst out laughing.

Jesse actually slipped off the chair and was on the floor balled up she was laughing so hard. Even dad was cracking up now, at least until mom gave him the evil eye. Clare even caught on after a few minutes.

When the meal was finished I showed everyone Odell's boxes and all of Clare's old clothes. Mom and Jesse readily agreed to take her shopping again. Dad went with me to look over the job we were doing for the city. It was almost completed. Mike and I made a list of details we thought should be handled. Some were small but he always said under commit and over achieve. With the next job lined up I intended to do that.

Mike took us all for dinner. He and I just sat back and listened as the girls dominated the conversation. It astounds me they can be together all day and still have something to say all through dinner.

With the family gone Clare and I were home alone. She started washing the sheets all over again and cleaning the house. I

went to my office and started to fold the futon up when she walked by.

"What are you doing?" Clare asked.

"Just folding it back to a couch." I explained.

"Aren't we sleeping together?" She looked at me oddly.

"Well I thought we would use the bed in the master bedroom!" I said confused.

"Jay I will never sleep in that bed again!" Clare informed me in no in certain terms.

She need say no more I lowered the futon and then went in the master bedroom and started removing the bed. Clare just looked on and smiled. When it was at the curb with the old carpet I came back in the house to face her.

"Is there anything else you don't want?" I asked.

"Follow me!" By the time we were done the front yard was filled with stuff for the garbage truck. The house was empty but Clare glowed in happiness. I had spent part of my inheritance on Wrecker and now it look like a large part of it would be spent on furniture.

Sweaty from moving the furnishings out she took a shower in the master bath while I took one in my bathroom. Meeting me in the den she kissed me then instantly curled up inside me. I was happy to have her with me. I just held her. I wanted to initiate sex but she seemed intent on sleeping.

Monday dinner was on the table when I came home. With Odell gone Clare didn't have a car to drive. She had been taking the bus or carpooling. I was driving a car but really with the business a truck would be more practical. I called Mike and he said if the business owned it we could use it as a write off on the taxes.

The next day I found a good used truck from an older man. It was nicer than I need for a work truck but it had low miles and was in perfect shape. That night I took Clare out in the new truck to shop for a bedroom set. I dreaded just the thought of it. High pressured sales people and an innocent woman. I could not have been more wrong. Clare was steadfast in her decisions and ruthless in negotiations.

I probably would have bought her anything but Clare chose a very modest but quality ensemble. When we were done I almost felt bad for the sales lady. More than that I was proud of Clare. She kissed me and rolled over to go to sleep again. I was a bit horny so I pulled her on top of me kissing her again. Clare seemed surprised by my attention.

"Jay what are you doing?" Clare asked seeming surprised.

"I am kissing you is that ok?" I pulled her close and kissed her passionately again.

"Yes!" She hissed as she broke loose from me. 'Kiss me Jay!"

Just like the other night we started kissing. She took the lead her passion building quicker than mine. I reached for her ass she ground her pussy against my stomach just like before. She started inching up but this time I wanted all of her naked. I started pulling off her top and latched onto her tit. With my hands behind her back I sucked her nipple firmly.

"Jay! What are you doing?" Clare whimpered her breath sort and shallow. I pulled her top off.

She was straining to get free I moved my hands to her shorts and slipped them down her legs. She knew what this meant and soon she was sitting on my mouth all over again. With no one in the house but us I knew she could be vocal and vocal she was. The empty house echoed with my name as she came flushing my face with her cum. She moved back slowly recovering from her orgasm. I once again latched onto her tit and suckled as she quivered over me.

"Jay! Why are you doing that?" Clare asked her breathing coming in gasps.

Letting go I asked. "Does it feel good?" Before moving to the other one.

"Yeeesss!" She hissed. Clare offered her tit deeper in my mouth.

"That's why!" She moved down to kiss me as I knew she wanted. She was a creature of habit. When she had cleaned my face and kissed me several times she slipped my boxers off raking her nipples along my body.

With limited experience she attacked my cock much like last time but now at a less frantic pace. Knowing this would be unorthodox I just laid back and let her bring me off. I warned her like before. Clare ignored it and swallowed all that my cock could give.

She moved up to kiss me like before. I thought of stopping her this time and explaining what she was doing. She looked at me with those big brown eyes I knew then this would be something I would do as long as she wanted me to. We shared cum like we shared our love, unconditionally.

Clare curled up inside me not even putting her pajamas back on. That night we slept naked together. Alone just the two of us. We did the same Wednesday night without any other activities to mention.

The new bedroom set didn't arrive until Thursday afternoon. I left the job sight to let the movers in and help them set up. Clare arrived to make dinner but I offered to take her out for dinner and to shop for carpet. Once again she proved she was more adapt at buying than I was. Clare had been learning all about carpet, thread count and all that stuff. Again she purchased practical and durable instead of expensive.

I was planning on breaking in the new bed properly. Clare snuggled up to me, we were both naked like the last two nights. I had it all worked out. I started kissing her then slip between her legs to get her wet with my tongue. After she was thoroughly lubricated we would have real sex for the first time!

"I told her how nice the bed was she picked out. How it was big and comfortable. Clare turned to face me happy for the compliment. I figured she didn't have too many with Odell, so I did every chance I got. I started kissing her. She wanted to say something but I held her lips.

Soon she gave into my manly advances and was kissing me with the passion I was accustom to. When I felt the time was right I slipped down and nipped her tit she groaned in response. My goal was lower so I moved down and with my hands under her firm ass lifted her pussy to meet my mouth.

"Jay!" Clare squealed. Her legs opened giving me greater access. I buried my tongue deep in her pussy.

"Jay!" Her hands gripping my hair. She was responding to my efforts. I almost had her where I wanted her.

"JAY what are you doing?" She yelled. I let her ass down and moved over her. She kissed me then licked my face. My hard cock poised to finally find comfort started to drag along her upper thigh.

Clare's eyes opened wide. Her mouth opened but nothing came out! She was as desperately waiting for me to take her for the first time. Right here in our new bed. It was perfect!

"STOP NOW! It was an earth shattering scream that I feared would leave me deaf.

She was pushing me and trying to get away. My cock had just grazed her pussy lips so I know I couldn't have hurt her. I move off her as she scampered to her feet.

"What were you trying to do to me?" She screamed. More than upset she was terrified.

"Clare I just wanted to make love with you!" I tried to remain calm but how could I? She looked at me like I broke in the house to attack her.

"You wanted to have intercourse?" How could you be so cruel?" She screamed.

"Clare please calm down. I thought you would like it?" Still stunned I couldn't even comprehend what she was saying. All I know is she was now crying.

"Don't you tell me to calm down!" She yelled back but more quietly. But mostly because she was crying now. "You know I can't have kids! Why would you try to do that?"

Oh my God did she just say what I think she said? Never in a million years would I have guessed that. I was so stunned I was speechless. What could I say? Sorry I didn't know you are so messed up? She went to the dresser and grabbed some pajamas and stormed out the room. I heard a door slam.

I sat weighing my options and none of them were good. I knew leaving her alone wasn't going to happen. I slipped on my boxers, and headed down the hall. I knocked on the door and waited for her to answer.

"Jay?" It sounded like a question. Who else would it be I thought? I turned the knob it was unlocked. I found her setting

with her knees pulled to her chest her body shaking. I looked down the hall and saw I left the lights on. I went and turned them off and came back to join her. I turned the light off in the office and moved to hold her. Clare flinched at first but then clutched me tight.

"You never have to do anything you don't want to. Ever." I whispered as I held her tight.

"You mean that?" She whimpered.

"I do. Clare, I am not him" I moved the hair that always hid her scar from her face and kissed it. "I should be mad at you!"

"Why?" She seemed surprised.

"You promised not to leave me alone." I was teasing just a bit, but deep down I was serious.

"I am sorry." She was still weeping.

"Clare you can talk to me about anything. I will do my best to listen. We can work this out."

"I love you Jay Brown but intercourse is for making babies!"
She repeated again.

"I love you Clare." I knew now wasn't the time or the place to have this discussion. In fact I wasn't sure there ever would be. I pulled her against me and there we slept sitting upon the futon. The new bed sat empty. I guessed it might be some time before that changed.

I was up first and was showered and in the kitchen when she came out to go to work. The night's sleep had done wonders for her. She kissed me as she sat down to eat.

"Jay?"

"Yes dear?" I called her. It was a tease but she loved it I learned.

"Why did we spice Sunday 'and' Tuesday?" She asked. For a moment I thought it was a trick question. But when I glanced over I saw that innocent look. She really was that clueless.

"Well Sunday was great and I thought you might like to do it again Tuesday." I tried not to laugh.

"And last night? You wanted to do it again?" She didn't bring up the drama. I guessed in her mind she explained it and that was that.

"Of course! You are a very sexy woman!" I laid it on thick hoping to build up some points. But when I looked at her she was deep in thought.

"So we can do it more than once a month? Like maybe once a week?" Then she stopped and thought about it once again. "Wait! This has been three times..."

"Clare we can do it whenever we want!" I sat down and held her hand. "Although when you are on your period it can get a bit messy so we may have to do something else for that week!"

"Oh...OH! Jay you are such a bad boy!" She kissed me, then jumped up to leave.

"Anytime?" She asked just to make sure.

"Anytime you want!" I replied. She turned to leave not saying a word.

Friday night I had a business appointment, in the direction of Dr. Nelson's house along the river. I thought I might bring Clare along and let her visit Nancy and Butch while I was in the meeting.

I had talked to Nancy during the day asking her if I she would be around and she simply gushed at the idea of Clare visiting. Butch was due any minute and Nancy knew Clare would cheer her up. One thing led to another and I started to explain to Nancy Clare's views on intercourse. We both knew Odell was behind this but as my parents found out, once Clare gets something in her head it is difficult for her change it.

I asked if she had any suggestions for professional help. Nancy assured me she would talk to Clare and explain what she was missing. Clare and I had dinner before I dropped her off. The ride was short and the meeting took much less time than I expected. Thrilled to have a contract in my hand I headed back to Nancy's. I pulled up just as Albert was carrying in some groceries so I helped him.

He wondered why I was here and I explained that I dropped off Clare for a visit and was picking her up. We finished unloading the car putting the packages on the counter. Albert starting putting groceries away and I walked upstairs assuming they would both be with Butch in her room.

"Jay!" Butch called out as I walked over. "It is so good to see you!"

"You look...look big!" I teased her.

"Thanks, I needed that!" She teased back.

"So when is the big day?" I asked.

"Well the doctor says if it is not here by Tuesday he is going to induce labor." She looked scared.

"A tough broad like you! This will be a piece of cake!" I teased her.

"Easy for you to say!" She sneered.

"Ah, we'll make a man out of you yet!" I teased hoping I didn't go too far. Butch looked at me for a moment not sure if I was making fun of her or not.

"Jay if it was anyone else but you I would get out of bed and fuck you up!" She glared at me. "But you really do care don't you?"

I realized at that moment something I had never thought about. Butch really doesn't have any friends. She had no one to tease her, put her in her place. No one that accepted her for who she is. I could see she was affected and now so was I.

"Of course I do! If I didn't care I wouldn't tease you!" I bent over and kissed her forehead. "You deliver a healthy baby and after you heal you can kick my ass then? How about it?"

"Deal!" She was getting all emotional.

"So where is our significant others?" I teased again. Butch gripped my wrist firmly but not hard.

"So Clare is your aunt? And you fell in love with her?" Butch asked now seriously.

"She is and I am."

"Do you really love her?" Butch still held firm.

"More than I can stand. I know I shouldn't but I do." I replied assuring her I was serious.

"Jay she is in love with you too. She really is. But she is confused. I was like that before. Before Nancy that is." Butch was looking at me making sure I understood what she was saying. "If you really love her remember she will test your limits, but in the end she will reward you!"

Butch released my wrist and she rubbed her belly. Her point was well taken but I didn't have the nerve to tell her Clare could never repay me in the way she was repaying Nancy.

"So do you know where they are?" I asked again.

"If you want to go look you might start in the sun porch. They went to go talk about something." I knew what that was.

As I started to the door Albert walked in with some fruit for Butch.

I went downstairs and was heading though the house in the direction of the sun porch. I could see Nancy laying on the wicker couch looking flush. Clare was standing over her saying something. Clare saw me through the window. She burst through the door walking quickly in my direction. Something was amiss even though she was grinning. Her bright white teeth contrasted with her dark skin and lips. She looked absolutely giddy.

"Jay...!" Nancy called out. She looked stunning in her short summer dress. I noticed the moisture on Clare's face just as she pulled me down for a kiss.

"NO! Clare!" Nancy yelled from the other room.

It was too late! The tangy taste hit me first then the aroma of another female filled my nostrils. Locked in a kiss with the woman I loved my mind was spinning out of control. What had she done and why? Clare broke the kiss and pulled me close.

"Nancy spiced me!" Clare was so proud! The twinkle in her eyes let me know she had been successful in her efforts.

"Really?" Still shocked I was searching for words. "Did she enjoy it?"

Pretty lame I agree but it was the best I could come up with on such short notice.

"I think so. She spiced me all over!" She looked back at Nancy.

Nancy was already blushing before now. There was no way of knowing if she was doing it again.

"It was perfect!" Nancy smiled at Clare as she approached. She then turned her gaze on me.

She dared me not to say anything. Nancy had the way of letting you know what she wanted without words. I ignored her suggestion but accepted the message. I kissed Clare again. Not taking my eyes off Nancy. I then licked her cheek.

"Honey why don't you go say goodnight to Butch," I said to Clare. "She looked tired. We should go then. I will wait for you here." Nancy gave me a wicked grin knowing she had made her point.

"Ok, I will be back soon." Clare bound upstairs as I waited for Nancy to explain what just happened.

"Not sure that was the conversation I was expecting you to have with her?" I started.

"Now before you jump to conclusions...well it did take a turn that I wasn't expecting." Nancy began. "I was asking about what you two did. You know kind of starting off slow. She said you spiced each other."

"I am listening." I said as I moved closer.

"Well I figured I need to know what that was before I could go further. Clare said she couldn't tell me." Nancy's hands were waving around in excitement. "Then she said she could show me!"

"So you expect me to believe that? A horny lesbian with an innocent woman?" I teased her. We both knew she was bi.

"Jay I know you and I had a misunderstanding but I am telling you the truth!" She was defensive now, and vulnerable. "Before I knew what was happening she was between my legs licking my pussy!"

"Really? And you resisted?" I challenged her.

"Jay she ...wanted to do this." Her eyes cast down. "And I wanted her to! She is so ...unconventional! It was so frustrating it was so good!"

I moved closer and took her in my arms and kissed her passionately. Nancy was flustered all over again as she looked to me for an explanation.

"That is to let you know I believe you and thank you for letting her pleasure you." Nancy seemed relieved that I wasn't mad. "And I want you to know that her blowjobs are just as frustrating...and appreciated."

"So you're ok with this?" Nancy was confused.

"This who she is. Who am I to change that?" I tried to explain.
"I just worry she has no filter. She may do something with someone that will take advantage of her innocence."

"Jay you know I would never do that!" Nancy defended herself.

"I know. Now what about this other issue?" I inquired.

"Jay I am so sorry I never had a chance to talk to Clare about it!" She replied meekly.

"Talk to me about what?" Clare appeared from the stairs.

"Jay and I were just talking about having you come over when the baby is born. Would you like that?" Nancy lied but was trying to be nice. Clare looked at me I could see the anxiety well up inside her.

"I was going to tell her we would discuss it and let her know. Would that be ok?" I said. Clare immediately calmed down.

"Can we do that?" She looked to Nancy. Picking up there was a problem Nancy just nodded.

"Did you say goodbye to Butch?" I asked.

"I did. In fact I kissed her and Albert both goodbye." Clare declared.

"Come honey we need to go." I laughed.

Nancy moved closer and kissed me on the cheek and then Clare. Her eyes opened wide in shock.

"I told you!" I laughed. Nancy was speechless as we let ourselves out.

In the car I could still smell Nancy on Clare's face. I knew Nancy wanted Butch to know what they had done, but it never occurred to Nancy that her dad would know too.

We were almost home, again I knew she wanted to say something.

"What do you want to know?" I asked. My guess is Odell would not let her ask questions, and she was waiting for permission from me to do so.

"Last night you said we could talk about anything..." Clare hesitated.

"I would hope we could talk about anything. If I don't know the answer I will help you find out."

"You said we could, you know, do it anytime. Did you mean that?" She asked meekly.

"I did."

"Can we do it when we get home?"

"I think I would like that!" I smiled. We drove in silence for some time. There was more, I knew it when she kept looking at me. This time I decided to let her ask when she was ready.

The moment we walked in the door she drug me to the den and stripped me and herself. She was extremely passionate this

night and justifiably so. Clare want to do me first. She started working me over but the thought of her and Nancy kept flashing in my brain.

"Jay what are you doing?" Clare complained as I shifted our positions.

"I thought you might like to try this! It's called 69," I explained as she now faced my feet lying on top of me. "Tell me if you want to stop."

The moment I spread her legs and licked her clit she pushed firmly against my mouth. I knew there would be no stopping her now. I was right! She came quickly pulling off my cock to announce her shattering climax. With renewed vigor she latched back on me urging me to cum. She came so quickly I started back on her pussy.

"Jay what are you doing?" Clare sat up as she cried out startled. I ignored her question. I licked her asshole as she presented it to me. "OH! OH!OH! JJAAAAAYYYYYY...!"

With my arms I pushed her back to my cock I was getting close before she stopped. Clare raked her pussy over my nose and

mouth took my cock deeper than she had ever attempted before.

With anyone of even the slightest experience, I would not have lasted until she was ready to cum again. But just knowing Clare would cum again was enough to keep me in the game. My jaw was sore my tongue was rubber, but I was going to follow this through.

Just as she started to peak again Clare gripped my cock with her hand a jerked me with her mouth just over the head. I was in heaven at last! When the first squirt left my balls I sucked on her clit and Clare had her second orgasm for the night. I wiggled below as she trembled on top. I thrust up she pushed down. When it was over we were completely spent.

Clare didn't even move to kiss me. I gently rolled her off. Clare laid on her back her eyes shut. I kissed her belly and then licked and sucked each tit. She responded only slightly. I made my way to her lips. I kissed the edges of her mouth and worked out. I kissed her scar.

"I love you pretty woman." I whispered.

"Why do you love me?" She was crying again.

"Don't you worry about that just know I do!" She opened her eyes and looked at me.

"Jay!" She sniffled.

"Yes love?"

"I like your spice better than Nancy's..." I grinned from ear to ear. "Do you think I will hurt her feelings if I tell her?"

"I think she will understand." I said. "But maybe you shouldn't tell her unless she asks you to do it again. Just in case." I suggested.

"You are so smart!" Clare smiled.

With that she pulled me and started kissing and licking me like she loved to do. I tasted my cum yet again. I realized it wasn't just her juices she desired. She licked me to clean my face and show me she loved me. We fell asleep on the futon in each other's arms.

It seems every day with Clare is another learning opportunity. It was just the next day when my love for her was tested yet again. I had not lived with women for some time since I left home for college. My antennas were not as sharp as they were in the past. Clare was moody all day. When it came time to go to bed she kissed me good night and went to the bathroom. She would occasionally do this during the week when she figured I was tired and had to work the next day.

I was on the futon waiting for Clare to come in when I heard my old bedroom door close. Confused I went to see where she was. I knocked on the bedroom door.

"Clare?"

"Yes?" She replied.

I opened the door to see her lying on my bed going to sleep.

"Did I do something wrong?" I asked as if I wouldn't remember it if I did.

"No, Why?" She seemed completely calm.

"Can I ask why you are sleeping in here and not with me then?"
I tried to be neutral.

"I can't." She said plainly. I was still confused.

"Can you tell me why?" I still tried to stay on the level.

"I am dirty." She said matter of factually. I was really stumped now.

"Couldn't you just take a shower?" I couldn't fathom what she did to get dirty but if she felt that way ok.

"No silly, I am menstruating!" She explained as if I was a child.
"I am dirty."

I stood in utter silence for the longest time. Walking to her I sat on the bed with her.

"Remember we said we could talk about anything?" I asked.

"Yes."

"I think this is one of those times." I tried to be gentle. "There is nothing 'dirty' about menstruating. In fact it is just the opposite. It actually flushes out your system and cleans it for another month."

"But it is messy!" Clare explained.

"You do use feminine products right?" There was just no delicate way to ask that.

"Jay don't be silly of course I do, I am a woman!" She replied.

"Clare you need to trust me." I stood up and held out my hand.
"Come with me."

"But Jay we can't spice!" She sat up but didn't take my hand.

"Well we could but we won't. Now please come with me. Please trust me." Clare took my hand and followed me to the

den. We laid down with her in my arms. "Good night honey, I love you."

"Jay?"

"Yes?"

"Why do you love me?"

"Don't you worry about that just know I do!" I repeated.

"Why won't you tell me?"

"I will someday. Just not today." I pulled her close and kissed her shoulder.

We slept together every night. I hoped Clare would offer to get me off but it wasn't in her nature. Still I had won a minor battle. I feel good that her trust has been rewarded.

Monday night news arrived that Butch delivered a healthy baby girl. I offered to take Clare to go see her but she asked if

we could wait and go when they left the hospital. I didn't want to push, and besides I was swamped at work.

All the work was done except the inspections and any small details. We had to replace some bushes and re-sod some spots but damage was minimal. We were on to the next job starting all over again. When it was all said and done all the loans except the business loan was paid. After replenishing my trust fund and paying interest, I stood to make a fair sum. I paid good bonuses to those that stuck with me. That and I paid myself a fair wage.

It is amazing how many people need to get paid on a job like this. Insurance, workman's comp, contractors, vehicle maintenance, cost overruns, waste, trash pickup, payroll and so much more. I felt like we worked to pay bills for everybody else. College never prepared me for all of that. Fortunately I had Mike and some company men to help me along.

Odell didn't go away quietly as you can imagine. As I laid out for him there wasn't that much to split up. It will be months before its final but we came to an understanding.

Fortunately Clare's one major investment, her retirement account at work, she was allowed to keep. Odell had cashed

his in for gambling debts. Clare did get the house but the mortgage to go with it, in exchange Odell kept the car, and the payments. Since he is no longer sucking her dry Clare started a savings account for herself. It's not much right now but it grows every week.

Friday night we went to see the baby. Clare she was apprehensive but agreed to go. Nancy greeted us at the door Butch and the baby were relaxing in the den. Albert ever present. I had asked Nancy not to try and hand the baby to Clare but to offer to bring it to her if she felt it was right.

Alice was her name. She was small and beautiful from where I stood. Clare held me like she thought I would run and leave her. We sat on the love seat and listened as they told the story of how it all took place. When the baby started fussing Nancy handed her to Butch to feed her. Expecting Butch would want some privacy I started to look away but she pulled her bra flap down and a large milk filled succulent breast with the biggest nipple I have ever seen came into view. Quickly I looked at Clare. She was engrossed in what I would guess is the first time she saw a baby suckle.

I looked back many moments later expecting Butch to have a blankest covering her breast but she didn't. She saw me staring.

"Never seen a breast before?" Just like I zinged her she was getting me.

"I have. But never one so big on a guy!" I teased. I thought Nancy was going to faint.

"Well now you have. Pervert!" Butch zinged me again. "Take a picture it lasts longer!"

Alice was latched on and sucking so we all could hear. Starting and stopping she attacked then rested.

"Is she going to save any for me?" I teased. Nancy again was shocked.

"Dream on pervert! You couldn't handle these tits!" Butch challenged me.

"Well if you feed her enough maybe she will grow up and be as beautiful as her mothers." I replied. Butch wasn't expecting a compliment. She started to reply but was truly taken back by what I said. She was at a loss for words for the first time I had known her.

"Butch I think he really means that!" Nancy added.

"Of course I did." I looked over at Clare she was still mesmerized by Alice nursing. I got her attention. She looked at me. "Clare and I are so happy for you all."

Alice had finished nursing and had drifted to sleep. Nancy picked her up and walked around with her resting on her shoulder.

"Clare would you like to hold her while she is sleeping?" Butch asked. I could feel Clare tense up she gripped my wrist.

"May I?" I looked to Nancy she knew what I was doing.

"Only if Butch says you can." She teased.

Nancy walked to me and gently handed me the baby. I laid her along my thighs supporting her head. She was a beautiful baby. She fussed a bit in her sleep waving her arms. Clare had a death grip on my wrist. I knew better than to spook her by

offering her to hold her. Butch and Nancy looked on. Albert stood and moved next to Nancy.

Then the most amazing thing happened. Alice jerked her arm near mine and her tiny hand grabbed Clare's thumb. She opened her eyes and looked right at Clare for several minutes then closed them.

It was then I saw something. Alice looked so much like her mother. Names at times elude me but I recognize people instantly. I had seen those eyes before and they weren't Butch's.

With Alice holding her thumb Clare suddenly relaxed melting in beside me.

"You are such a cutey, aren't you?" Clare whispered. The room was suddenly quiet.

Taking a leap of faith I slowly lifted the baby and placed her in Clare's arms. Alice cooed the moment she took her further bonding them together. Nancy started talking just to break the silence. Not knowing what to say she asked if I would consider driving again. With work and all the drama. The situation with

Clare. We both knew the answer but I said if she got in a pinch I might drive on occasion.

"Alice was starting to fuss just a bit. Clare started to get nervous. Nancy wanted to step in but I spoke up first.

"Maybe she is not full just yet." I said to Clare. "Maybe Butch should hold her for now?"

Clare stood up and walked across the room. This little pink baby cradled in her rich brown arms. Nancy seemed concerned. I myself thought she might bolt with the baby. Instead she kissed Alice in the forehead.

"You drink up sweetness. You will be beautiful. And if you are lucky you too might find a guy like Jay!" She handed Alice to a stunned Butch.

She walked back so matter of factly it was like she spoke so only Alice could hear. Nancy looked at me then Albert and Butch. Of all of them I was shocked the most. I thought we would stay but Clare made it clear she was ready to go.

We said our goodbyes. Butch asked if I wanted wait and see her other breast. I told her I wasn't gay. Nancy was now almost in tears laughing. Albert escorted us to the door. Clare stepped out. I turned to Albert and looked in the same eyes I looked into earlier that night.

"You have another beautiful daughter Albert. You should be proud." Shocked he sized me up then his tight lips turned to a slight smile.

"Good night Jay, please come again soon."

We rode in silence like always it seemed. Clare deep in thought.

"Why did you hand me the baby?" She didn't wait for me to ask her now.

"She wanted you to hold her, not me." I answered. Clare stayed silent for another mile.

"Jay you know I can't have children?" She was getting upset with me.

"First we have covered that. So you can't give birth to a baby. But you 'can' have a baby. Second I don't love you any less. I am in love with you not your uterus." I said firmly. "I think you would make a wonderful mother if you chose to be. But if not I respect that too."

"She is so beautiful." Clare said mostly to herself.

"I am proud of you for being happy for them. That was difficult I know. I am proud of you for doing it." She looked at me. Something had changed in her tonight. I don't know what but I felt good about it."

Clare was just finishing her period. I knew this would be another dry night. I cleaned up and was sitting on the futon waiting for her when she came in topless. She always insisted on wearing the top and shorts while she was on her period. A sign she was off limits I guess. She even made me wear boxers as if that would stop me. Still I decided to choose my battles and this wasn't one to take arms up over.

Clare moved between my legs standing before me.

"Suck my tit's!" I was caught off guard by her language as much as her request. "Suck them Jay!"

She gripped my head and pulled me to her chest. My mouth encircled her nipple and most of her tit. Clare is not busty, a small C I would guess, but her nipples are large in comparison. I had lavished attention to her tits before but never as the main focus. Clare was responding to my efforts pushing her pelvis to my stomach. I could feel her needs rise. I slipped her shorts off and she didn't even protest. Turning her slightly my hand found her furry cunt.

"No Jay!" She moaned. "I am still dirty!"

I ignored her pleas and continued to massage her pussy. Her legs widened and started bucking. I switched tits and continued to tease her nipple. Her tits may have brought her here but it was her pussy that would get her off.

I could feel the string dangle from her lips. I knew she had a tampon in, but her clit was unprotected. The time had come to bring her off. I wet my fingers with saliva. I rubbed her clit side to side gently. Clare she thrust against my hand.

She pressed her tit to my mouth.

"Milk me baby, milk your mama!" She moaned. I flicked her clit and nibbled on her long rubbery nipple and she started cumming. Clare wanted me to please both places so she alternated grinding them into me. When she had enough she grabbed my wrist and pulled it from her pussy. Clamping her legs shut I sat her on my thigh.

Clare desperately kissed me as her orgasm continued to find the outer reaches of her body.

"Oh, Jay how did you do that to me?" Clare whispered in my ear.

"Well I think you helped." She kissed me again then looked down at my hard cock.

"Maybe I should help you too?" She was catching on.

September was almost upon us I felt conflicted about not continuing my college degree, I received my associates but wanted that BA certificate on the wall. Mike and I talked about it. I decided to take a couple of night classes.

The new bed stood unused a testament to my lack of progress and Clare's stubbornness to intercourse. By now we were regular visitors to Butch and Nancy's house. They both broached the subject lightly but were unsuccessful. Fearing Clare would lash out at our only real friends, I asked them to drop it for now.

Clare and I went to visit mom and dad for Labor Day weekend. The weather wasn't cooperating so I gave the guys the three days off. I had no real agenda going up. I went just to relax and enjoy some time with Clare and my family.

The Friday night and Saturday were pretty uneventful. Sunday the weather turned out nicer than forecasted. Jesse invited Clare and I to go the beach with her and her new boyfriend Evan. Clare and I didn't have suits so we stopped to buy some. We picked Evan up on the way since he lived in that direction.

Evan was a very nice twenty year old student. Jesse didn't tell me he was white. Not that she should have. But this was the first white guy I had ever seen her with. Jesse herself is much darker than me. More like mom and lighter than Clare. Jesse introduced us as Jay and Clare. I assumed he at least knew I was her brother if not that Clare is our aunt.

When we hit the beach Evan could not keep his eyes off Jesse or Clare. Clare was a bit self-conscious over the suit Jesse picked for her. It was a bit smaller than I am sure she would have picked out for herself, but it was no way inappropriate. Jesse on the other hand was pushing the boundaries for a public beach. We all spent time in the water and of course on the towels in the sand. Clare offered to go to the truck and bring the cooler and snacks. Jesse went with her leaving Evan and I to follow them with our eyes.

Clare looked beautiful as she walked away. Everything was in proportion, the suit accentuated every curve. Her butt had just the right amount of contour, her breasts just the right amount of fullness to fill her top. Her long slender legs moved gracefully her hips swayed provocatively. She and Jesse were talking the whole time.

"So what is it like to date a black woman?" Evan asked a bit nervously. It was a plain simple question asked without lewdness.

"They are just like any other women, I guess." I replied. Obviously Evan didn't know Jesse was my sister and I was just as African American as she is. The second part I could understand. As you know I honestly don't look black.

"Clare seems very nice. Have you known her long?" Evan was just being polite.

"She is like part of the family you might say." I said almost truthfully. "We have known each other for years but just recently started dating."

"She is pretty. She has beautiful eyes." Evan said respectfully.

"How about you and Jesse. How long have you two been an item?" I asked.

"Not long. I guess you could say we were friends of friends." He explained. "Then she broke up with some idiot. So I asked her out."

"Some idiot?"

"Yeah some douche bag just wanted to put a notch on his belt!" Evan looked to see if they were coming back. "I'll tell you she is lucky to be rid of him."

"What about you. You and her..." I goaded him.

"Dude don't go there!" He was pissed.

"Sorry wasn't looking for details just wanted to know if this was serious!" I tried to calm him down.

He looked at me sizing me up and saw I was truly apologizing.

"Well for me it is. She is the smartest girl I have ever met. That and she is the funniest person I have ever been with!" Looking back to me he seemed to know I cared about her.

"We'll get there when she is ready. I am in no hurry for the right girl." He added.

"Right answer!" I replied quickly. He smiled with me. He looked back again to see if they were coming. It had been longer than I would have expected. I could see, like me with Clare, Evan wanted to spend every minute with Jesse. I knew nothing about him and already liked him.

The girls did return and Evan quickly got up to help.

"Jesse what are your plans for the rest of the day?" I asked as Clare handed me a lemonade.

"Nothing really, why?" She asked.

"I just wasn't sure when you told mom and dad we would be back." Evan spun around and looked at me then Jesse.

"You...!" Evan pointed his finger at me and laughed.

"What?" Jesse asked.

"Nothing. Just some guy talk." I laughed. "Thought Clare and I could take you two out for dinner."

"I would appreciate that but I have to work tonight." Evan said.
"College doesn't pay for itself even with scholarships."

We spent the afternoon relaxing. Clare never left my side, so I had ample opportunity to watch her just relax and enjoy. She entered most conversations adding to the experience with her unique personality. Evan was taken in by her. Jesse already knowing her just marveled at her transformation. Jesse kept

glancing at me when no one was looking. I wanted to tell her Evan was ok by me but never got the chance. We dropped him off on the way home. Evan was so outgoing now and insisted we meet again even offering to bring Jesse down to visit.

Back at the house Clare was taking a shower. Mom and dad were in the family room. Jesse knocked on my open door as I was checking e-mails.

"Can we talk?" She asked seriously.

"Please come in." I figured Evan had spilled the beans on our little conversation. "Ok! I know I busted his balls a bit but Jesse it was all good!" I started defending myself.

"What are you talking about?" She looked at me confused.

"You know? When I asked Evan about his intentions with you. You know, is he serious, or just fishing!"

"Well I appreciate you butting into my love life but that's 'not' what I wanted to talk to you about." She chided me.

"Oh!" I said embarrassed. She looked down the hall and to the bathroom.

"Clare tells me the two of you haven't...you know ...?" She was looking to see if I would acknowledge her.

"Yes." I played dumb.

"Fucked! Ok! I said it. She said you two don't fuck!" Jesse said exasperated.

"Now who is butting their nose..."

"Jay this is not the same!" I looked at her with a smirk. "Ok. It is the same but this is serious. What are you going to do?" Jesse asked excitedly.

"Well what I have been doing hasn't worked." I raised my hands letting her know I didn't have the answer. "I am open for suggestions."

We talked like adults for the first time. She was as concerned about it as I was if not more. I wasn't sure if she knew about the miscarriage and sterility but she learned that today also.

"You need to talk to mom!" Jesse insisted.

"Oh really mom, our mother? Think about that! Ask her to talk her sister into having intercourse with her son?" I would have laughed if it weren't so absurd.

"If you don't I will!" She gave me the evil eye. I knew she wasn't bluffing.

"Ok I will ask her tomorrow." I agreed.

"Tonight Jay. She will need to sleep on it. Tonight!" Jessie demanded.

"Ok tonight. You take Clare someplace and I will talk to her then."

"Great!" Jesse replied happy she got her way. "Now about Evan. What did you to talk about?"

"I can't tell you but from all indications he seems to be a great guy. I like him." I offered. "What about you?"

"Oh Jay. He is everything a girl wants. Smart, hardworking, polite, funny and it doesn't hurt he is handsome!" Jesse gushed. "He's a keeper. He is so shy, I am not sure he could keep up with me?"

"Oh? I don't know about that. Sometimes the quiet one's surprise you where you least expect it." I looked out the door. "There is one way to find out. Better you than someone else."

"I can't believe you just said that!" Jesse teased. "What kind of a girl do you think I am?" She said acting all innocent.

"The kind of girl that understands what's at stake. And how to take advantage of men." I replied.

"Well you are a predictable breed. Food, sports, and sex is all you think about and not necessarily in that order!" She explained.

That night she took Clare to go see Evan at work for a short visit. Grasping the opportunity I pulled mom and dad aside. As you could imagine the conversation was filled with emotions.

Nervously I explained what I had told Jesse earlier. Mom was aghast I would tell her such things. Mike as usual just sat back and took it all in. When I asked mom if she would talk to Clare I thought she was going to ask me to leave. I pleaded passionately for her to understand this was for Clare but she kept telling me she could never do it.

We argued back and forth briefly but civilly. I was getting nowhere and she was just getting madder.

"Rhonda, JB has done remarkable things in his life and Clare's. I know you would rather this all go away but look at him. He is in love. Clare has never been happier." Mike stopped as my mother's heated gaze turned on him.

"I will not do this!" She protested one more time.

"If you love your sister you will." Mike said. That one simple sentence stopped her in here tracks.

"Mike! How can you say that?" Mom was pissed but intrigued.
"You know I love her!"

"Rhonda, if she has these notions, and we all know how stubborn she can be, then what happens if she and Jay don't stay together? "He looked at me letting me know I should not respond to that remark. "If she meets another man and has the same rules then what? Are you willing to watch man after man leave her knowing you could have addressed this now?"

"Mike! How do I ask Clare to let my son fuck her?" I was shocked for two reasons. First her language and then how fast she accepted his argument. "She is my sister!"

"Rhonda, who better than Jay to deal with this? Do we hope she doesn't find another Odell?" Mike was playing hardball now. Then he let her down gently. "Rhonda you are her best hope to get her through this. You love her and she knows that. I know you will find a way to help her understand that Odell is to blame for this."

We talked further but the tide had turned. I explained that she didn't need do it tonight but would hope she could do it before we left tomorrow afternoon.

Clare was especially quiet on the way home. I knew she and mom had talked for some time that afternoon. It was hard to read her feelings on what they had talked about. I did ask several questions about the weekend. Casual stuff, mostly about Jesse and Evan. Clare answered them happily but she would not reciprocate like she usually did. The drive is almost two hours and to be honest it was an uncomfortable one for me. We were pulling down the street to the house.

"Why did you tell Jesse and Rhonda I will not have intercourse with you?" I pulled in the drive and placed the truck in park but left the engine running.

"I am sorry for that but I needed some advice." Clare looked at me in a way I had never seen before. She was serious and focused. "I hoped mom could talk to you and help you understand..."

"Jay, I want to know 'why' you did it?" Clare interrupted.

This was one of the few times she showed that she could take control. I saw it when we went shopping for furniture. Clare could be ruthless when she wanted.

"Clare intercourse is not just for having kids..."

"JB, I want to know 'why' you did it?" She repeated firmly. She was looking for something else.

"Clare I did it because I love you!" It was the best I could come up with.

I turned off the truck and went around to open her door. She was crying when I got there. I opened the door and she waved me away. I stood there stunned and confused. Not wanting to make matters worse I opened the back door of the house and went inside. I grabbed a soda and sat down on the couch. I heard the back door close and Clare walked in the room.

"I want to know why you love me and I want to know now!" Clare sobbed. Clare stood in front of me making it clear she wasn't backing down.

I held out my hand for her to take. Clare refused to give me hers. I took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

"I am sure you don't remember the day, but I do clearly. You were over for Thanksgiving. I had just been rejected by a girl I had a crush on." I started to explain. "She told me she couldn't date me because I was African American."

"I remember!" Clare replied. "She was African American herself."

"She is. She told me she would only date a white guy because the black men she knew didn't respect women." I explained. "I remember what you told me that day. You told me you would..."

"I would do anything to be with a man as nice as you." She repeated what she said years ago.

"You kissed me on the cheek. I still remember how you made me feel. How you smelled, how much I wanted to kiss you." I continued. "I had a dream that night and in that dream I saw two things. You and I together, was one of them."

"You saw us making love back then?" Clare asked shocked.

"No, not having sex. Just us together. I knew then I was in love with you and now I know it more than ever."

"Come with me Jay." Clare held out her hand.

"Where are we going?" I asked confused.

"I am going to keep my word." She replied.

"Your word about what?" I asked.

"To do anything to be with a man like you." She smiled.

Clare led me to the master bedroom and started to undress me. Catching on slowly I undressed her. It sent chills down my spine as I peeled her clothes off. It always did but today more than ever. Her chocolate skin was soon the only thing she was wearing except for a nervous smile. Clare pulled back the covers and moved onto the king sized bed. This the same one we had abandoned weeks ago. We kissed passionately I moved between her legs my arousal brushed over her.

Clare sensing the inevitable closed her eyes and gritted her teeth. Laying back on the bed she looked like she was ready to face the firing squad. Then it all made sense. Odell.

I kissed her softly and moved down to her breasts. Taking one then the other nipple I tugged and teased her until her back arched. Moving further down I tickled her navel. Clare giggled slightly. I traveled down to her moistening pussy.

I knew Odell cared little about Clare's pleasure. My guess is he plunged his wimpy cock in her dry pussy caring little about her discomfort. I can only guess about the pain she must have endured and how she must have dreaded these attacks.

She was braver than I gave her credit for and vowed she would never be treated like that again. I thought of bringing her off but decided that if I did I might abuse her pussy trying to get her off with me inside. I didn't teased her either. I wanted her aroused not frustrated. My only goal was to make sure she was sufficiently lubricated.

I could feel her respond her juices started to seep. I moved back up, her mouth open now from voicing her pleasures. Her eyes were still closed tightly. She smelled herself on my face and pulled me in for a lusty kiss. Her pussy was now brushing the

head of my cock. I moved to the entrance and stopped. Clare winced her eyes closing harder. Her upper teeth resting on her lower lip.

"I am ready!" She whispered.

I wish I could have taken a picture. Clare was so scared and tense. Odell had a very small penis. I can only imagine the pain she was expecting when she felt my cock. I eased in slowly, she was tighter than I expected. I stopped just a second then eased further. Her lips parted a small whimper escaped. Feeling her pussy give way I gently applied pressure. Oh god was she tight! I almost expected her to be a virgin. I knew that wasn't true but that made no difference to how she felt.

Delving further I moved about three quarters in. I hesitated she took a gasp of air. I started to pull out.

"NO!" She yelled!

What's wrong? I thought. She looked up at me as if I was going to leave her. "Why are you pulling out?"

"Look!"

Clare's eyes followed mine. My almost white cock was pulling out her pink lips gripping my cock stretching from her dark brown pussy. When just the head was left in her grasp I changed motion and her pink lips followed my cock back inside her waiting pussy.

"Jay that feels so good!" Clare moaned.

I picked up the pace. Clare had at least one mini orgasm maybe two. It was hard to tell as she moaned and called my name so many times. I was close but she was closer. I was most of the way in, but this was all about her pleasure, not mine. I dare not thrust deep, I kept a steady but quick pace. Her nails dug into my back. Clare tried to raise her hips to meet mine. With me on top there was little she could do.

"Cum in me JB!" She pleaded.

Her breath was shallow her nipples hard she looked up at me wanting to know when she could cum. There was a noticeable sheen on her dark skin. She looked like a goddess. Clare was desperate now. I could have held on longer but knew her needs outweighed my ego.

"Clare I am going to cum!" I whispered.

The first word sent her over the edge. Clare pulled her pussy up as much as she could. I could feel her cunt contract over my cock. I plunged down pinning her ass to the bed and my first jolt of cum seared her inner walls.

"Fuck me Jay!" She squealed.

My ears were ringing, she was convulsing below me, my balls were in hyper drive trying to deliver my cum deep in her pussy. I could feel the moisture between us as sweat continued to coat our bodies. Clare babbled through it all. She had pulled me down but now I was supported by my elbows hovering over her. My body was weak from my orgasm but my cock was still semi hard inside of her. I could feel the occasional contraction of her pussy sending electric jolts through my body.

Clare's eyes were closed she looked satiated but tired. I am sure the mental stress was now taking its toll. I hunched my back to kiss her. My cock dug deeper in her gushing pussy. I thought I would pass out from lack of air she kissed me so hard. I

grabbed her and rolled us to the other side of the bed. With her on top I could relax and let her rest as well.

Her head was resting on my chest. My cock still imbedded in her cunt. Clare moved up to kiss me.

"OH! Jay you're still hard!" She seemed surprised. She looked up I had a happy grin. "That can't be? I felt you cum!"

With her light weight on top I thrust up. My cock was growing harder. Clare spread her legs and moved lower on my body.

"Jay are we still fucking?" She was almost in tears she was so confused.

"Only if you want to." Clare pushed up, her arms extended, her pussy slipped further over my cock. She was still tight but there was so much cum and she was so excited it felt like soft velvet.

Slowly she started to rock over my cock. Before long she was setting a tempo faster than before. Her tits swayed and her nipples danced for my enjoyment. I let my hands rest on her hips just so I could learn what she wanted. Occasionally she

would slam down pressing her clit against me. She ground her clit for just a moment then she proceeded to abuse her pussy on my cock.

Even though her eyes were closed her head was pulled back and she had the happiest look on her face. Her body told the story. Clare loved being fucked. I could have lasted another thirty minutes at least. I had a massive orgasm the first time. I knew the second would be just a nice pleasurable glowing feeling. I was enjoying the warmth start to build.

Clare opened her eyes she looked at me her eyes filled with passion.

"Jay I need to cum!" She could hardly breathe. The perspiration collected on her skin.

She looked down and saw her pussy slamming against me. My cock disappeared on each down stroke her pussy slurped on each up stroke. There was copious amounts of fluid dripping between my legs the bed was saturated.

"Come for me love. Cum for yourself!" I whispered. Her eyes closed her head thrust back. I could see her nostrils flare

hoping to get enough air to fill her lungs. Clare was lost to me in the minutes to follow. I didn't care. Lowering a bit, I raised my head and sucked a nipple. The reaction was instantaneous.

"I love you Jay, I love you, I love you, I love you!" Each proclamation coincided with a jerk of her body as a massive orgasm raced through her core. So overwhelming was her passion I myself came filling her cunt with spurt after spurt. The remaining cum splashed against her cervix. I doubt she even noticed I was so focused on her. I barely knew myself.

Totally spent I lay back as she continued to quiver above me. Slowly she moved up her lips finding mine. My cock slipped from her pussy a trail of cum oozed from her as well. Clare kissed me relentlessly a clear sign she was happy. I caressed her back and squeezed her ass cheeks. She giggled as she continued to kiss me.

"Jay that is the best sex I've ever had!" She gushed.

"I am glad you liked it." I squeezed her ass again.

"Can we do it again?" Clare squealed. A day ago she was against it and now she wants to do it three times in a row? Then

I thought about the last time she learned she could do something more than once a month.

"When were you thinking of doing it?" I asked slyly.

"Could we do it next weekend?" She asked a bit embarrassed.

"Maybe sooner?" I suggested. Clare looked at my wicked grin and knew there was something she was missing.

"No! You don't mean we could do it again tonight?" I could feel her body respond as she asked the question.

"Well we could. I may need a couple of hours to recover." I teased.

"You mean we could really do it again tonight?" He body shuddered above me.

"Yes dear. Maybe we should wait and see how you feel." I swept the hair from her face and kissed her softly. "You may be a bit sore. I don't want your first time to be a bad experience." I warned her.

"If it was any better we would be getting married in the morning!" Her words took me by surprise.

"Do you mean that?" I quickly asked. The sudden response must have frightened her.

"I am sorry! I was wrong to say that!" The mood turned serious just like that.

"Don't be I am flattered." I kissed her. I decided not to say anything else about it. "Maybe we should rest?"

I pulled Clare down and she rested her head on my chest. We were both physically and mentally spent. I fell asleep quickly.

I was having the most incredible dream. Warm moist lips around my cock soft hands over my balls. Suddenly I heard Clare calling me.

"Jay! Jay!" I looked up and Clare was looking at me with a wicked grin. "I need you inside me Jay!"

The fog had hardly lifted when I felt her pussy slip along my throbbing prick. She hugged me and whispered in my ear.

"Your cock is so big it feels so good. Please fuck me!" She grunted with the first thrust. "Deeper I want to feel it all!"

I rolled her over and planted my cock deep in her pussy. Clare moaned loudly. I knew what she wanted. She wanted to experience hard passionate animal sex. I pulled out and drove in hard and deep. Her moans were urging me to continue. This was a whole new game. Wide awake and thoroughly aroused I fucked Clare fast and hard.

"Oh God Jay don't stop!" Her pussy was gushing fluid. The noise as loud as her moans.

She was getting close I was nowhere near. I knew she would be hurting in the morning so I decided to send her over the edge.

"Cum for me love! Be a good wife and cum for me!" Clare's eyes went wide open in surprise.

"Yes Jay! Fuck me! Make my pussy yours..." Clare started cumming in mid-sentence. "AAHHHHHHH!"

I didn't stop slamming in her until she begged me to stop and pushed me away. I rolled off and moved to her side. Clare was lying still, her legs clamped shut, her breathing started to return to normal. I ran my finger along her stomach and around her tits. She was content to let me caress her. I was loving every minute. She looked down and saw I was still hard.

"My pussy is too sore. I want you to spice me!" Clare quickly move to take me in her mouth.

We finished with me filling her mouth. Clare of course swallowed it all. And of course she kissed me afterwards. It was a small price for her happiness.

The next day she was sore and I was beat. The day dragged on but when I came home and she was waiting for me with dinner I felt like a king. She ran to the door and jumped into my arms. I kissed her as she kissed me.

"I love you!" I said.

"I know! My pussy is still sore from you showing me!" She had never been this happy the whole house was a different place.

That night we were lying in bed. We agreed not to fuck so we could both sleep.

"Jay? Are there more things I don't know about?" She asked nuzzled against me. I looked at her confused. "Sex things." She clarified.

"Yes I believe there are." I kissed her head. "Things we both don't know."

"Will you teach me?" She looked up shyly. "I want to know."

"Well how about we take it slow for now. Then we can experiment if you want." I was still dealing with the question. I suspect this woman was a closet nymph waiting to be let out.

"Promise you will be there with me?" She asked.

"Promise."

She cuddled up again satisfied she would learn one day.

"Jay you said there were two things that made you love me... what's the other?" Clare may be a meek person but she doesn't miss anything.

"I can't tell you now but I will write it down and give it to you if you promise not to open it before I tell you." Clare wasn't happy but agreed.

We spent the night in each other's arms then fell asleep.

Clare and I have made many strides since Odell left. As with any relationship there are always circumstances when things don't go so well. We have had our share most of them involve others. We have visited Nancy and Butch several times but it's hard for Clare. Alice is such a cute baby and Clare holds her every time we visit but I can tell she is still affected by her loss and medical condition. I have been holding off talking about the alternatives until we have a more solid relationship.

I will tell you one little story about the life Clare lives. It is not easy being a black woman in our town. Being a disfigured black woman is infinitely worse. She gets her shares of cat calls.

Even double takes but if they see her scar the attention is usually short lived. She is so self-conscious almost half her face is shrouded in a wave of black hair.

We were in line at the grocery the white woman in front had a young girl riding in the cart facing us. Cute as button she was getting restless. As mom was unloading the cart she wriggled loose and was standing on the higher rear platform. Mom was busy dealing with the cashier. She pulled the cart forward just inches. The little girl started to fall over the handle of the cart. Clare's reaction was instant and effective. She grabbed the girl before she could fall to the ground. It was all I could do to just sound a verbal alarm for the mother.

She turned to see her child in Clare's arms. Not knowing the pain Clare just saved her child. Her first reaction was to protect her child at all costs. She must have thought Clare was going to abduct her. I explained what happened to the mother. Clare was helping the girl back in the cart now. Her hair shifting during the process the little girl now looked directly at the obvious scar.

"Mom she is has boo boo." The little girl pointed out. Clare now froze in fear. I knew she wanted to run and hide. The mother and cashier could not help but look. Seeing Clare's predicament I stepped in.

"She did but it has healed now." I explained to the little girl.
"Would you like to touch it?"

I knew the mother would find this objectionable so I gave her a stern look. Clare looked at me like I was crazy. The little girl slowly moved her finger and gently touched the bump along her cheek.

"Does it hurt?" Her voice was so tender and filled with concern. Clare looked at me expecting me to answer. I nodded that she should.

"Not anymore." Her emotions were welling up her eyes started to get damp.

"Can I kiss it and make it better?" The little girl asked shocking us all. Clare was too ashamed to answer.

"I think she would like that!" I offered looking at the girl then her mother. She too was now affected as was the cashier. The girl leaned closer Clare holding her steady and planted the cutest little kiss right where I have so many times before.

"There all better now!" She turned to face her mom who lifted her from the cart. Clare clung to me as we headed to the car. It was all she could do to hold it together as we paid for our groceries.

"Thank you Jay. That was nice of you." Clare whispered.

"Clare did you ever think that by hiding it, it only make people want to look more?" I asked. She stopped at the back of the car not letting go.

"But what if they see you with me?" She asked. It never occurred to me she would ever think that way. All this time she was dealing with the embarrassment about herself and now she had the burden of protecting me as well.

"Well if you love me enough, how I look shouldn't really matter!" I replied sarcastically. "But if you are embarrassed to be seen with me I guess I could walk behind you!". Clare didn't care for my attempt at humor but I think she got the point.

"The benefit of that is I could also watch that sexy ass of yours!" I added.

"So is that all I am is a piece of ass?" Clare said as we got in the car. It was one of the few times she teased me about sex.

"Oh I would never fall for just a piece of ass!" I teased. "I want it all! That includes those tits and pussy!"

"Well they belong to you so you better treat them right!" Clare looked at me seriously to see if I understood what she just said. "I am in love with you Jay Brown."

"I would never do anything knowingly to hurt you Clare. I am in love with you too." I brushed her hair from her face. "Just the way you are. And I mean that."

She kissed me, that night we expressed our love one more time.

Chapter 4

Around Halloween Jesse and Evan came to visit for a weekend. Nancy invited us to a costume party at the house. They arrived Friday after school and we all dressed up. Alice was dressed as a little kitty. It was a small but fun party. Clare and Jesse both held Alice. Evan even took a turn. On the way home they were all pretty happy. I had to work Saturday so I stayed sober and drove.

Back at the house Clare checked on the spare room to make sure they had everything they needed. The futon was long gone the room now just an office. We had purchased a new queen bed for the guest room and some night stands. I headed to bed as the others sat in the living room talking.

"Jay!" Clare was shaking me and whispering. "Jay! Hurry!"

"What!" I woke startled. Clare was over me in her spaghetti strap satin top and her skimpy satin shorts. I could see her tits as she leaned over me.

"SSHHHH." Clare silenced me. "Come with me."

Pulling me she dragged me down the hall outside the spare bedroom. Inside we could hear moaning and muffled talking.

"They are sexing!" Clare whispered.

"Great. I'm going back to bed." I whispered. Clare gripped my wrist and pulled me back.

"Hold me." She moved in front of me I wrapped my arms around her. We stood silently in the hall. The noises on the other side of the door were steady and becoming recognizable. Jesse was clearly in the throes of passion. Her voice clear if not the words. Clare pushed back my cock starting to rise against her back.

Clare guided my hand under the waist of her shorts to her pussy. She was wet and on fire. Pushing urgently into my palm I snuck two fingers in her pussy. Clare quietly moaned and started to rock against my hand. My other hand slipped under her top and found her breast.

Thoroughly aroused you could hear her pussy sloshing on my fingers. Twisting just her face she searched for my lips. She was mine to do with now and we both knew it. Jesse was getting louder in the bedroom. Clare's arousal was building at the same rate. She pushed her shorts off and spread her legs open further.

"Cum Jesse! Cum!" Clare hissed through gritted teeth. Her pussy started to drip.

Clare reach behind and gripped my cock stroking it inside my boxers. Jesse was even more vocal I moved my thumb to Clare's clit. Clare groaned in response.

"Evan!" The first clear words we heard from behind the door.

"YES!" Clare moaned much too loudly.

"FUUUUCCCCCKKKK MMEEEE!" Jesse cried out.

I couldn't be sure but that is what it sounded like. Clare must have thought so too. She squeezed my cock with one hand and pressed my hand against her pussy with the other. Her body started to shudder. Her lips pressed hard against mine. It was all I could do to keep her in my arms. Clare was cumming! At the same time the noises inside the room suggested they too were climaxing.

"I need you in me!" Clare hissed. Like the quick little minx she was Clare pulled my boxers down and jumped in my arms.

"Here?" I whispered as we stood in the hallway.

"In my pussy now!" She was getting louder. I held her ass cheeks and lowered her on my cock. Her arms around my neck her chin on my shoulder. "Take me to our bed and fuck me!"

With my boxers still dangling from one foot I waddled to our bedroom. I fell on top of Clare my cock still deep inside her pussy. She was a woman possessed that night. When she came she came loudly. With the door open I am sure her cries echoed down the hall. I myself enjoyed filling her pussy knowing that she was just starting to find herself sexually.

I was up early and was just getting ready to leave for work when Jesse and Clare rounded the corner from opposite directions.

"I think you left something in the hall outside our door!" Jesse twirled Clare's skimpy pajama bottoms.

"Not mine!" I teased. "Better talk to the voyeur in the house."

"Jay! You stinker. I thought you loved me?" Clare acted betrayed. "Besides I thought she stubbed her toe!"

"See what you taught her?" I quipped looking to Jesse. "Serves you right."

I left them both embarrassed and yet happy knowing they both had gotten laid last night. Jesse was like a little sister Clare never had. I think they both enjoyed each other immensely.

We all went out to dinner that night Evan and I got to talk quite a bit. He is still a bit quiet but I believe Jesse is good for him. Keeping him on his toes so to speak. We talked late into the night. It was Jesse that suggested we head to bed.

Before I cuddled up with Clare I went and checked their room. I could tell they were at it again. I went to my office and left them a gag gift. Clare wanted to know if they were 'sexing' as she calls it. I told her they were. She made it clear we were going to do it again as well. Oh darn.

It was Evan that was up first in their room Sunday morning. He came in the kitchen asking about the steeled toed boots he found in the hall. I explained Jesse thought he may need them. I was able to not smile until after he left the kitchen.

"JAY!" Jesse yelled from the hall. It was all I could do not to roll on the floor laughing. "This isn't funny!"

Clare was following as Jesse carried in the boots, she too was amused.

"Quite the contrary. It is very funny!" I explained.

"What's funny?" Evan asked innocently enough.

"My brother thinks I am a noisy lover!" She dropped the boots with metal plates over the toes at my feet.

"Well you kind of are!" Evan replied. Evan knew the minute he said it he was toast. I couldn't stop laughing. Even Clare and Evan joined in.

"I like this guy!" I was able to get out between laughs.

"Just you wait Jay Brown! I will get you back!" Jesse tried to be serious, but was now laughing herself. "And you ..."

Jesse looked at Evan. He was no longer laughing. He was giving her that look like the whole world had just stopped and she was the only one in it. Jesse moved to him and straddled his legs and started kissing him.

"I love you!" She told Evan. It was the first time I had ever seen Jesse allow herself to be vulnerable.

"You don't know how long I have waited to hear you say that." Evan kissed her tenderly. "You know I love you too!"

Evan and I talked before they left I explained the joke about stubbing her toes. I then explained that if he played loosely with Jesse's heart he would have to answer to me. He assured me he wasn't, and I believed him.

I talked to Jesse as well about Evan. She explained that she was falling in love with him and it scared her. I told her to trust her heart. She then explained that Evan was everything in bed and more. She thanked me for encouraging her to give him a chance.

Later that week Clare came home from the salon with a new haircut. Gone was the long flowing wave of hair that covered

her cheek. The new cut was short and sassy. So short she couldn't cover her cheek if she wanted. It suited her well. The moment I saw her I knew she was terrified she had made a mistake. I ran to her and swept her off her feet kissing her scar and then her lips.

"You have never been more beautiful!" I praised her. The excitement of having made the decision fading with the realization she was now stuck with her new look she held me close.

"Jay I am scared. What if we're wrong?" Her fears now resting on both of us.

"Clare you have survived much worse than impolite people. You are a strong woman. You can do this!" I reassured her.

"I love you Jay." She kissed me.

I sent flowers the next day to her work. She told me later it reminded her what I had said. It took a few weeks of adjusting, and a few tear filled nights for her to get through it. I could tell after the first few days she had changed. Even the people at

work noticed, she had received many compliments and support.

Business was steady, we picked up some big jobs but getting supplies at a good price was getting harder. The local wholesaler was struggling. It wasn't so much for lack of business but low inventory and poor service. The rumblings of other contractors verified my experiences. Deciding I had nothing to lose I contacted the owner. Well into his seventies he had left the running of the business to his only son Ward. It didn't take long to learn he wasn't happy with the way the business was managed either. Losing money he had considered selling the business but didn't have a buyer. I called Mike.

Within days he and Albert were on site looking over the books and the facilities. The reports from them as well as the bank and others was just as I suspected. The place had just been neglected under his son. I knew Ward he was a very good salesman. He knew the industry inside and out, he just didn't like the responsibility of running the business.

Days later the owner accepted my low ball offer with the assurance his son would stay on as part of the staff. We set up a ten year land contract at a fair interest rate. What was left of my inheritance after paying off Wrecker was once again gone

for now. The business was housed in a commercial area with access to the main road. There were three large buildings on the property. For now the business was now housed in just one. The other two no longer used since their heyday had just been left derelict with mostly junk housed inside.

I turned running the roofing company over to my head foreman. He and I even talked of him buying the business. It didn't take long to figure out the issues of the new building supply business. Working day and night, with help from Clare and Mike we started turning things around. Free from the burden of running a business and now working regular hours Ward became an asset to the company.

Metal roofing was becoming popular again so we brought in a premium line to fill that void. Blowing out old inventory and bringing in lines of the newest products we saw our sales steadily improve. Clare took pride in running the books. She worked tirelessly to get them back in shape. It would be months before I could take a paycheck from the supply store. I sank most of my income from the roofing business into the store as well.

Thanksgiving was coming up and I decided to take Clare to mom and dads for the weekend. I would stay Thursday and return early Friday. Saturday after we closed the store I will

drive back up and bring Clare home Sunday. I was feeling good about life in general. Clare and I had settled into a comfortable place. The bills were paid and we each had a small amount in savings if we needed it. Our relationship was stronger than ever. Clare's divorce from Odell was finalized without too much drama. Clare kept things 'spiced' in bed on a regular occasion, her libido maybe even higher than mine.

We had not experimented much of late concentrating on the basics for now. Clare seemed to be happy knowing we could have sex whenever we wanted. She was still the same shy introvert from before in public. Only when we were alone did she let loose. The only other people she seemed comfortable around was Jesse, Rhonda and Mike. With Nancy and Butch it depended on the situation.

The ride up to moms was filled talking about the new business and seeing Jesse and Evan. If I didn't know better I would think she was hoping to listen to them having sex again. Clare even slept for about thirty minutes something she had never done. I chalked it up to her working so hard lately. I let her doze off. Mom and dad greeted us Wednesday night. Jesse was out with Evan. It was the first time mom saw Clare with her new haircut. I could see Clare beaming with confidence as mom complimented her. That night before bed mom pulled me aside and told me how proud she was of me and how happy she was for Clare.

"Jay you have given her the life she deserves." Mom gushed.
"Thank you son." She kissed my cheek and hugged me.

Evan joined Jesse and us for Thanksgiving dinner. Jesse and I teased each other entertaining the others. The meal was great. The guys were just setting down to watch football when mom asked if we wanted desert. Of course we did. When Clare brought out a plate for Mike and Evan she looked a bit tired to me. She returned with a plate for me. Clare sat on the arm of the chair with me, I noticed she felt a bit warm. I took a bite of pumpkin pie with a generous portion of whipped cream. Man was this good!

I offered a piece to Clare. She took my fork as I held the plate for her and turned back to the game. The next thing I know the fork is hitting the floor and Clare is running down the hall. Setting the plate down I follow her while everyone is looking to see what is going on. Clare is in the bathroom getting sick. Mom walks up behind me and moves me aside.

"Jay leave her to me." I quickly agreed. We both know I don't handle throwing up well. I am likely to end up in the same position if I stay.

Concerned, I wait at the end of the hall as mom took her to our room.

"She is sleeping now. She probably picked up a bug." Mom consoles me. "You go watch the game and I will keep an eye on her. There is nothing you can do now anyway."

That night it was decided I should sleep on the couch. If she was contagious it would be better if I didn't get sick. The next morning I was up early and so was mom and Clare.

"Should I stay?" I offered.

"I am feeling better." Clare explained. Mom gave me a concerned look.

"You should go. I will be with Clare. We may stop in and see the doctor while she's here." It was something in the way she said it that told me she had concerns. "Maybe she will just need a flu shot."

"Call me if you need me. Ward said he will be home if I need him." I looked at mom letting her know I was concerned as well.

Friday was more hectic than I expected for a holiday weekend. The word was getting out that we offered counter sales to the general public. At first the contractors complained about this, they feared it would cut into their work. I explained that we made more money than on wholesale and if we were to stay profitable then we needed the business. What we all learned was it was a small part of the business and the public would also ask us for referrals to reputable contractors. It worked out well for all as long as the vendors did good work.

I called home Friday night to talk to Clare. Mike answered the phone. I found it odd since mom always answers the phone. He said Clare was resting, they went to the clinic where they checked her out. She seemed fine but they ran some tests just in case. He promised to have her call if she got up at a reasonable hour. The call never came.

Saturday at the store was blur. We sold more that day than any other. Normally we close at two but it was three before I locked up. I stopped at our house and took a shower and changed. I tried to call home but the line was busy. I left a message I was on my way. I pulled in the drive and walked to the front door. Mike was waiting for me.

"What's up pops?" I greeted him.

"Jay your mom got some news today that has her quite upset." Mike didn't seem particularly concerned. If anything he almost looked happy. "Please try and understand her position."

"Any heads up on what it is?" I asked a bit bewildered.

"No JB, I am afraid you are all alone on this one!" He gave me a sly grin. Mike then opened the door as I walked in.

"JAY!" Clare yelled as she flew into my arms. In no time she was kissing me like I had been gone for a month.

"Clare please!" Mom scolded her. She glared at me like I was ten with my hand in the cookie jar before dinner.

"What's wrong?" I had a bad feeling about this. Mike moved behind mom Clare dragged me over to the couch to sit with her.

"I took Clare to the clinic yesterday. They ran some tests." Mom continued to glare at me. For some reason she was pissed.

"They called today and confirmed my suspicions." She almost growled at me.

"Oh Rhonda stop!" Clare now scolded her sister. "Jay! We're having a BABY!"

Clare hesitated only long enough to see me smile then pounced on me a second time. She was still kissing me when I looked up at Mike. He was grinning ear to ear. Mom was another story.

"That's great..." I blurted out. I was going to ask how that could happen if Clare was sterile. Obviously she wasn't.

"NO! It is definitely not GREAT!" Mom shouted her voice raising to levels we all knew was beyond normal. "Don't the two of you know what birth control is?"

She was in a pickle. She had allowed us to stay together against her better judgment, and now her worst fears were coming true. My mother was no prude or bible thumper. She was a hard working honest person that tried to live a good law abiding life. How could she possibly approve of her sister carrying my child?

"Mom! I have always been responsible. Clare and I didn't...well...because this wasn't supposed to be possible!" I explained. I looked to Clare just to reassure myself. I knew she would not have lied about something like this! We all knew she didn't have a dishonest bone in her body.

"I tried to tell her!" Clare was getting upset with her sister.

"Jay! She is your AUNT!" Mom repeated it like we didn't know that. I moved to mom and took her hands in mine.

"No she isn't! She is the woman I love and is in love with me." I squeezed mom's hands gently. "She just happens to be your sister. Can you find it in your heart to be happy for us?"

"Jay you don't understand!" She protested.

"Yes I do. You are going to be a grandmother!" I kissed her cheek. "When you hold that little girl in your arms you will forget all about this moment and know it was meant to happen."

"A girl?" Clare squealed. "You said a girl how do you know that?"

Clare and Rhonda looked at each other in disbelief. I looked up at Mike he gave me a confused look as well. I had never told anyone that this was the second part of my dream.

Rhonda had no choice but to let Clare tell Jesse. The idea of an abortion wasn't even a possibility. It was never mentioned. Overwhelmed by the rest of us mom reluctantly accepted it was going to happen. She wasn't happy about it. But she knew she couldn't stop it either. Sunday she kissed me goodbye on the cheek.

"Jay, I love you, but you are making me grey before my time." Mom said.

As Clare and I drove home we couldn't have been happier. Clare was beyond excited. The whole way home all she did is talk about the baby and what we need to do in preparation.

We agreed for now we would tell no one about her pregnancy. Only family knew. Mom had suggested it for now as we looked into all the legal issues that may arise. Clare agreed immediately. Maybe she was afraid she would lose this child as well. Maybe she didn't want Odell to find out.

I was in the office at home when Clare walked in wearing her newest lingerie. She knew it drove me crazy. Sheer and just barely covering her ass, she leaned against the door opening.

"Are you going to be long?" Clare teased.

"Maybe thirty minutes?" I looked up just in time to see her turn.

"Don't be too long or I might start without you!" Her voice trailed down the hall.

I looked down at the papers I was working on and decided they could wait. I bound down the hall to our room and she wasn't there. I looked in the living room then found her in the kitchen. Her back to me she was reaching for a glass in the upper cupboard. The teddy raised up and I could now see she wore no panties. I moved swiftly behind her reaching around grasping her tits.

"Jay!" Clare squealed startled. She tried to turn but I held her tit's firm. Without a word I moved her a step to the side and pushed her over the counter top.

"Jay?" She struggled mildly as her chest rested on the counter top. I moved my one hand behind her shoulders and held her in place as my other hand found her pussy. For the next several minutes I fingered her cunt as I pressed her tight against the counter. Moaning she spread her legs her toes just touching the floor. The wiggling stopped and her ass moved up and down with my fingers.

"Jay please!" Clare hissed. I knew what she wanted. I removed my hand from her back to slip my slacks down. She started to get up. I pushed her back down.

"Stay!" Moving my hand she tried again to get up again.

"I said stay bitch!" I repeated sternly.

"JAY!" She protested. I had never called her anything like that before. I was always sensitive to any abuse from her past. I pulled my hand from her pussy.

"No! Please!" Clare protested.

Pushing my slacks down I slipped my cock in her pussy swiftly.

"Ohhhhhh, Jay!" Clare grunted. I moved my hands around her and gripped the front of her hips. Pulling her ass up and back so I could fuck her hard. We had never fucked doggie style before. Clare responded with a happy moan. I could feel her cervix with each thrust. Her face pressed on the counter her tit flesh mashed to each side. Clare was mumbling something I didn't understand.

"Yes!" Clare yelled.

"Yes what?" I asked.

"Yes! Fuck your bitch's pussy!" Clare yelled louder. The sounds of our coupling were echoing in the kitchen. "Jay I am going to cum!"

She didn't need to tell me. I could read her like a book by now. But I knew she loved telling me anyway. I have to admit it added something when she did. Clare was like no other.

"Cum for me bitch! Show me what a good bitch you are!" I had barely gotten the words out when her body started to convulse.

"Yes come for him. Come for Jay!" Clare repeated as her climax reached its peak. Her pussy clenched my cock sending the first cum bomb bursting in her pussy. As I filled her I leaned over her body. Clare twisted so she could kiss me.

"Was I a good bitch?" She whimpered. Pressed on top of the counter with me draped over her back my soft cock slipped from her cunt. We were both catching our breath.

"Sorry I guess I got carried away." I apologized as I moved to the side. "I didn't mean that, it just came out."

"Oh Jay that was so hot! I will be whatever you want me to be as long as you love me!" Clare moved to kiss me again. "Can we do it from the back again?"

"You liked that?" I asked just to make sure.

"I love it any time you are in me!" Clare smiled. "Now take me to bed and make your bitch beg for it!"

"My pleasure 'mom'." I teased.

"I love you daddy!" Clare jumped into my arms. I kicked my slacks off my feet and took her to bed.

I fucked her a second time from behind until she climaxed again then flipped her over missionary style. I loved to watch her face as she cums. She did the third time as filled her again. I was drained but it was Clare that fell asleep first. I went to the bathroom and cleaned up then locked up the house. Heading to the bedroom I stood at the door as a soft light cast its rays over her sleeping body.

A father I thought. Here I was with the most unlikely of women and we were going to have a baby. I looked at her lying there the reality sinking in for maybe the first time. Clare wasn't what you would call a beautiful woman, scar or no scar, but she was strikingly pretty. Her body would never grace a magazine but she could make you look twice when she dressed nicely. Her dark skin contrasted against the beige sheets made her look even more desirable to me. What brings people together? Why do we fall in love with one person over another? I am not old but I have dated better looking women. I have had relations with sexier, more voluptuous and, more experienced lovers. Still there is something about Clare that just feels right.

I know mom thought it may be some infatuation based on saving the damsel in distress. I have contemplated that very

question myself. But for me I can honestly say it is more than that. Yes I may have helped her out of an abusive relationship, but she also helped. You can lead a horse to water but you can't make them drink. It's an old adage, but Clare did drink. In fact at times she guzzled. No there is something more. Maybe it is her almost childlike innocence. As if she were just reaching puberty for the first time.

She looks so peaceful laying there, happy comes to mind. I think what I love about her most is her strength. Her persistence and resiliency. Through it all she rarely complained. Clare has never lost her sense of humor. She is still willing to learn and grow. Quirky as she may be, she is always surprising me in some way or another. Clare is truly special. I am a better person when I am with her. She keeps me grounded. She makes me want to be a better person. But most of all she makes me feel loved.

"Are you coming to bed?" Her eyes were closed a smile crossed her face. "Do you like what you see?"

"I love what I see!" I replied turning off the lamp.

"Well you better take a picture because this is the best it will ever look after what you did to me!" She teased.

"I don't know? You could stand to add a few pounds. Besides I might just like big tits!" I slipped in behind her as she turned away. My hand gripped her tit squeezing it lovingly.

"Well those will be for the baby so you can forget that daddy." Clare giggled.

"We'll see about that!" I pinched her nipple.

Clare rolled over to face me. She stroked my face her hand nervously moved about.

"Jay? Can we go see Butch and Nancy?" She was getting emotional for some reason.

"Sure I can call her up, or do you want to?" She pulled me to herself I could tell she was crying.

"Would you please?" She asked. Her voice cracked as she cried. I knew better than to ask why.

"Of course."

"I love you Jay!" With that she kissed me.

It was the middle of the week before we could get together. Clare and I drove out to the house. She was nervous about something. I didn't ask why, maybe it was because we had not told them she was pregnant. If she wanted me to know she would have told me. Albert met us at the door happy to see us. He led us to the back of the house to the family room and the glassed in porch. Nancy and Butch welcomed us. Albert excused himself but not before asking to have a word with me before we left.

Alice was crawling by now and walking wasn't too far in the future I would guess. She looked healthy and happy Butch glowed in pride. She herself was getting her form back with the exception of her massive tits. Nancy was telling us all about Alice since we last saw her. The infant could not ask for more loving parents. We talked for some time. Alice came to visit me I played with her. Clare looked on still tense.

When Alice started to get a bit grumpy Butch picked her up from me to feed her. As usual when we were there she showed no modesty and simply pulled her blouse off, lowered her bra and let Alice latch on. I was long past being polite and looked

on happily grinning as her massive tit came into view her large nipple protruding.

"Dream on buster!" Butch teased me. Knowing Clare wanted to say something, I wasn't in the mood to respond in kind.

"Well I will just keep dreaming then!" I replied letting her know I was done. "I am going to go see Albert."

I left the women and headed to the den where I expected to find Albert. He was reading in a chair and looked up as I entered.

"Jay, glad you stopped by. I was going to call you myself." He offered his hand as he stood. We shook then he offered me a seat next to his.

"What can I do for you?" I asked.

"Well I have a business proposition if you are interested." He stated.

He went on to explain that he was bidding on a contract with the state for a storage facility. He knew I had two buildings and they would meet their needs with some renovation. We talked for almost an hour. Time seemed to slip by so fast. Based on our conversation I was very interested and asked if I could call Mike and get back with him. Albert the perfect gentleman insisted I do so. He was even willing to drive up and meet with Mike. I noticed Nancy at the door patiently waiting as we finished discussing one point. I motioned to Albert she was behind him.

"Yes dear?" He asked.

"May I have moment with you?" She looked at her dad.

"Excuse me a minute Jay." They stood in the hall just outside the opening. Nancy talked, Albert listened. There he did it again. I smiled deep inside knowing I was right. He tried to hide it but I knew what to look for. Besides I found it odd he was rarely in the same room with either Nancy or Butch when he had visitors.

Albert looked at me a couple of times smiling. She showed him something he nodded in agreement. They walked in together I stood up. Nancy walked to me and before I knew what was

happening she pulled me down to a very sensual kiss. I responded in kind more out of instinct than desire. I guess I gave her a good enough effort.

"God I have wanted to do that for so long!" Nancy announced.
"That is from me and Butch!"

"What?" I asked puzzled. "What did I do?"

"A baby? Clare is pregnant? And I am the last to find out?" Nancy faked being hurt. "I knew the moment we met you would be someone special."

"She told you?" I asked knowing we agreed not to.

"She didn't. But you just did!" Nancy gave Albert a knowing glance. "Jay she is a child in a woman's body on things like this."

"I know, but what did she say?" I questioned.

"Clare apologized for being rude to Butch and Alice when she was born. She has so many questions now. It was clear from

the start why she wanted to know." Nancy hugged me. "Come I will show you."

Albert and I followed as Nancy walked to the back room. We stopped before entering Clare was holding Alice making baby talk. I could see she was relaxed and truly happy. Butch caught our presence first. She looked on me then pointed to Clare. I nodded in approval. She stood up and motioned me over. I went near her she took my hand and pulled me close. Then Butch shocked everyone in the room. She kissed me like Nancy had done earlier. Her massive breasts pushed against me. Her lips were soft but pressed hard.

"I am proud of you JB." Butch whispered in my ear. "You better treat her right or I will kick your ass!"

She was crying now as she held me. We both knew what she meant. Her hard exterior melted away. I knew she was a big marshmallow deep inside.

"I expect you to keep that promise." I said half-jokingly.

'Hey get your hands off of him! He's mine!' Clare teased. She moved over handing a sleeping Alice to Albert.

"You can have him I have a vibrator if I want that!" Butch teased looking at me knowing I would respond.

"So you're a back door kind of guy?" I teased back. Nancy and Albert were cracking up. Clare smiled but seemed confused.

"Clare. Why don't you tell them the good news?" She looked at me uncertain if she should. "It's ok, they're friends."

Clare looked around and seemed hesitant. Then ...

"I'm pregnant!" Clare just blurted it out.

"Clare! That is great! Who's the father?" Butch was in rare form, on top of her game. The pregnancy had been hard on her but she was back better than ever.

"Jay is!" Clare replied before she caught the joke.

"Clare congratulations!" Nancy stepped forward and hugged her, acting like it was new news. "Jay I am so happy for you!"

"I'm not. It can't be his..." Butch replied dryly. "...I doubt he could do that with the pencil dick he has!"

"He doesn't! His cock is almost too big! Odell had the pencil dick!" Only after she defended my honor and everyone got over the shock of what she just said did the room erupt in laughter. Even Clare laughed knowing Butch had goaded her on.

Before we left Nancy gave me a couple of names. One was the name of a doctor she wanted us to call. She was a close friend that had experience in pregnancies like ours. Nancy assured Clare she was the best. She also recommended a lawyer I should call. He was a specialist in family law. She would call them both and let them know we would be contacting them.

That night Clare and I were lying in bed. I was checking over some reports for the morning. Clare had been reading a brochure Butch had given her about what to expect while she was pregnant. She laid it down and in her not so subtle way she let me know she wanted to talk to me.

"What is it?" I asked as I put the reports down.

"How do you know that?" She asked surprised.

"I just do. Now spill the beans." I replied.

"Why did Butch kiss you like that?" Clare looked apprehensive as she asked. "Are you in love with her?"

I was shocked at first but then remembered who was asking. This would be tricky.

"She did it to make a point. Nancy did it also. It was the first time for them both. It held a special meaning." I looked to see if she understood what I was saying. "I am in love with you and only you."

Clare smiled nervously.

"What point?"

"That you and I are having a baby together." I replied. She looked confused.

"But I hadn't told them yet?" She thought back to the series of events.

"Ah, but you did by your actions. They guessed." Clare looked surprised. "That's why I had you tell them. Besides I could see you wanted to anyways!"

"And you're not upset?"

"Clare they are our friends, of course not. They care about you!"

Clare was affected by that. She pondered it for a few minutes. I think she has a hard time understanding people like her just as Clare. Before now all she really had was family. The concept of friends is foreign to her.

"Are you mad I told them you have a big cock?" I almost choked she said it so bluntly.

"How could I be mad at you for standing up for me?" I stroked her cheek. "I was proud of you?"

Clare gripped my hand at her face and held it there proud of herself.

"Why do you make fun of each other like that?" Clare asked puzzled. She had seen this countless times and just now she was asking?

"When we first met Butch didn't want to like me. Maybe she felt insecure? Maybe she had bad experiences with guys? Maybe she thought Nancy would leave her for a guy and I might be him. But over time she started liking me. It's hard for her to say that." Clare looked like she could relate.

"So we tease each other. It's her way of saying I like you but stay away from my lover. I tease her letting her know I will but you better stay vigilant!"

"Have you ever fucked either one of them?" Clare looked scared.

"No. Never." I kissed her lips softly. "You are the only woman I need."

"I love you Jay"

Clare kissed me back. She moved back a bit. That nervous twitch of her lip told me there was more.

"What else do you want to know?" I asked. Clare looked surprised again but then very nervous. She swayed not sure if she should ask. "When you're ready." I added.

"Jay, when I was a teenager Rhonda was gone. Mom and dad worked and I didn't have many friends." She looked away and took a breath. "I went to school and got good grades."

"Clare what is it?" I asked politely.

"When I met Odell he was nice. We kissed but I was a good girl." She looked down at her hands now nervously rubbing her thighs. "Jay I don't know about sex like you do. I never..."

"Darling its ok!" I lifted her chin and kissed her she wrapped her arms around me and pulled me tight. "I don't know everything but we could learn together."

I tried to play down what I did know. Clare was weeping now.

"I don't even know what a vibrator is!" She sobbed.

I knew it was bad but not this bad. Was she locked in a closet? Didn't she read women's magazines? I mean even at the doctor's office? I need to settle her down.

"It's ok we have the rest of our lives to learn those things." I tried my best to comfort her.

I started taking off the sexy top she always wore to bed. Clare tried to fend me off but I knew this was just for show. I slipped the bottoms off as I kissed her and she started kissing me back. Nibbling her nipple she arched her back offering me her charms.

"Jay where are you going?" Clare hissed.

Without a word I moved lower sending a clear message. It was the first sex act we ever performed and I knew it still held special meaning for us both. Whenever she was down I did this for her and she would know I loved her. Her trimmed bush tickled my nose as my tongue found her sensitive clit. I teased her as always. Clare knew I was just getting her attention. She

loved it as always knowing I would explore before coming back to send her off with a bang.

I pushed her legs up to her chest and lavished her slit from top to bottom. Tonight I gave her a special treat and rimmed her ass. She loved the feeling but thought it was wrong. She usually pushed my head away grumbling something about why I would do that. Clare's hands pushed between her legs and gently pushed on my forehead.

"Jay why back there?" He voice trembled with desire. I ignored her suggestion to leave and plunged my tongue in her ass. She bucked up and pushed my head at the same time.

"Backdoor?" She asked.

The tone of her voice changed she had an epiphany! I teased Butch about it. It was all adding up as I rimmed her again. Clare grabbed my hair and forced my mouth hard to her ass.

"Lick my back door you dirty, dirty man!" Clare growled.

I did my best she squirmed but I knew she would not orgasm like this so I moved back to her pussy. She moaned in disappointment until I spread her legs and teased her clit.

"I'm going to spice you!" Clare cried out.

Her pelvis pushed up my tongue flicked her clit. Then out of nowhere I probed her asshole with a finger.

"JAY!" She squealed. Her pussy pushed up, I flicked her clit. She forced her ass down on my finger it slipped into the first knuckle. "OOHHH JAY!"

Her clit was desperate for contact she rolled her hips up so I could lick her clit again. Clare slammed her ass down on my finger until it was completely engulfed. Her hands forced my head back to her clit and this time as soon as I flicked it fireworks exploded in her pussy. I felt a small amount of liquid hit my chin as I held on for dear life. Only when she straightened her legs and released my head did I withdraw my finger from her ass. Buy this time she was all but a pile of jelly.

"You fucked my ass?" She lifted her head just enough so I could see her bright white teeth as she smiled.

"Well actually I just fingered your ass." I tried to be accurate but polite.

"You mean ... in my ass?" The wheels were turning as she looked at me in shock.

"I think you get the picture." I said smugly.

"Can we do it?" Clare squealed.

"Maybe sometime but not tonight. I think you should look into it first." Clare scrambled around instantly and started licking my face.

She usually refused to do it if I licked her ass but tonight she was insatiable. She sucked me off, swallowing of course, and then rode me until I filled her pussy. Only after she cleaned my cock of our juices did she drag me into the shower and made me fuck her from behind. I almost thought she would make me take her ass.

We were both late for work the next day. Little did I know that Pandora's Box was opened that night.

The time between Thanksgiving and Christmas was filled with activity. Clare and I would consult with several doctors and the lawyer Nancy provided. With Clare's and the babies health our first priority, any thoughts of marriage were soon dismissed. Legally it was just not an option unless we decided to move to another state.

Clare was busy decorating the house for Christmas. It was the first time ever. She was also spending considerable time with Nancy and Butch. Albert and I talked almost daily. His proposal to rent the other two buildings looked good. He offered to bring them up to code for the intended use. Mike came down a couple of times, mom came with him once. She was still not happy but seemed to be accepting it so far. Evan and Jesse were doing well. They came the weekend after finals and seemed committed and happy.

I had sold the roofing business to the foreman. He secured financing and would be completed by years end. I broke about even which meant he got a good deal. I was able to re-fund my inheritance from the sale. That and he was paying me for some equipment over the next two years. He is a good man and friend. I expect he will do well.

Clare and I agreed to spend Christmas Eve at our house alone. Christmas day we would drive up to mom and dad's and spend some time with the family. The days before were an exciting time for Clare. Mom and Jesse both took her shopping to buy presents? Odell never really recognize the holidays. Clare was forbidden to buy presents before now. She was making up for lost time. The area under the tree in the living room swelled with boxes of every size.

I purchased a few of my own. Well actually Jesse did it for me. There was one I did myself. Clare had a few days off before Christmas. We had a little party at work the morning of Christmas Eve. I handed out bonuses. Clare gave them each a large basket of fruits and nuts. By noon they were headed home. Clare and I stayed to finish some paper work. Around three we headed home. Walking in the house Clare was getting excited.

"Can we open some presents tonight?" She pleaded as she kissed me.

"Honey Christmas is not until tomorrow!" I teased her.

"But I have one present I want to give you tonight!" She batted her big brown eyes and smiled.

"Ok! But just one!" I relented happy to do so. Clare latched onto me.

Knowing we would eat big the next day, supper was light and basic. Clare headed to take a shower around seven. I was in the office when she popped in and asked me if I was taking a shower before we started. I took the hint and told her I would in a few minutes. She opened her robe exposing her naked body then wrapped it up explaining I should hurry or she would start without me. I needed no further prodding.

When I emerged from my shower I expected to see Clare on the bed. She wasn't there slipping on some boxers I went in search. All of the lights in the house were out. There was a glow from the lights on the Christmas tree. Laying sideways under the tree on a thick blanket was my lovely partner. She was wearing a neon pink sheer ensemble. Her white teeth and glow in the dark lingerie contrasted against her dark skin under the festive lights.

"Merry Christmas Jay!" She said sexily.

Maybe I should have rushed over and kissed her at that moment. Instead I stood gazing over her from head to toe.

Clare seemed nervous now. My hesitation wasn't anticipated. Taking her all in, she was stunning. It had been a long journey for us both and I wanted to savor this moment. I wanted to burn it into my memory so it would never leave. Clare held her pose laying on her side, her elbow and hand supporting her head. She started to get restless.

"Oh my God are you beautiful!" I finally said. Her white teeth showed her appreciation.

"I have a present for you!" She said moving to a sitting position. Clare wiggled her butt to get comfortable.

She held up a box that looked like in may be a bottle of wine. I moved to her picking out a package I left under the tree as well. I kissed her. She melted in my arms.

"Open your present!" Clare commanded. I could see she was excited in anticipation. I handed her the one I held.

"Together?" I suggested.

"Ok!" She squealed in delight.

A flurry of paper and I was holding a large pump bottle of I.D. personal lubricant. The significance temporarily diffused as Clare squealed once again.

"A vibrator!" Clare lunged at me and kissed me firmly. Her lips were hungry. Her hands went to my groin. "It's just what I wanted!" She kissed me again.

I looked at the long slender pink toy she held. It came highly recommended. I was thrilled she was so excited.

"I have the other part of your present right here!" Clare giggled. She turned and getting on all fours she dipped her head and presented her ass. Through the sheer panties I could see what looked like a large crystal butt plug. "Merry Christmas JB!"

I was stunned to say the least. Had she thought this out? I gathered her up in my arms kissing her before I held her at arm's length.

"Why?" I asked, not sure I knew the answer.

"I need to know!" Her words were pleading with me to understand.

"Know what?" I wanted to make sure I was clear on her thoughts.

"Everything JB! I want us to do it all. I am so clueless about sex! Please teach me. I want to start here." Clare explained as she wiggled her ass. "I even read how to prepare so it won't be gross."

"Are you sure? This could hurt?" I asked. Don't get me wrong I wanted to do this as much as she did, maybe more. But I could not stand the thought of hurting her. She flung herself at me and mashed her lips on mine kissing me with pent up passion.

"It might be uncomfortable, but I know you would never hurt me." She whispered in my ear. "Besides if it feels like this thing does in my ass now it will be worth it!"

"I love you Clare!" I whispered back.

"Then stop stalling and fuck my ass with that big hot cock!" Clare demanded.

Not wanting to wait any longer we kissed and headed to the bedroom while stripping each other. Clare happily greased my cock with the lube she bought. She moaned slightly as I removed the plug from her ass. I greased her ass then lined up my cock to the ever decreasing hole from the plug.

"OOHHHHh...!" Clare exhaled as I started to push.

"Should I stop?" I asked concerned.

"Jay nnoooo..." Clare pushed back threatening to break my cock. "...AAAAHHH!"

She hissed through clenched teeth as the head of my cock spread her sphincter. I held steady she stopped pushing but the pressure at this point was bending my cock. I reached down and spread back her ass cheeks. My light brown cock was on the edge of serious discomfort. Then I felt it slip deeper inside.

"I can feel that!" Clare hissed. My cock was now almost straight but she leaned back further. Just as the comfort level started to rise, her ass accepted the head of my cock. "YES!"

Clare yelped happy to have me finally inside. She stopped pushing I could feel her tight muscles threatening to snip the end of my cock off. I pressed forward a bit, this was a glorious feel.

"Take it! Take your bitch's ass!" Clare's response dripped with desire. I felt obligated to press forward.

Clare murmured encouragement as each magnificent inch of my pecker went deeper. Stopping short of the maximum depth I let her adjust.

"JB it feels so...so different. Your cock is so warm! Not cold like the plug. I can feel the blood in your cock pulse inside my ass. I feel stuffed and then some. I can't explain it." Clare was giving me a play by play. "How does it feel to you?" Her desire dripped from her words.

I never talk much during sex, a moan, a groan here or there but rarely words. But I have never had a lover like Clare before. She was always passionate and unfiltered.

"Warm and tight, like you don't want to let go." I tried to explain the explainable. "Clare it is so unlike anything I have ...it's incredible!"

"I know! Now fuck me you bastard! You have me right where you want me! Deep in my ass." Clare moaned as I started to pull back. "JB that feels so naughty!"

I fucked her slow and steady. I added lube a couple of times to keep her greased up. Before long she was eager for me to pick up the pace. Rocking back and forth on her knees she started to respond with even more vocal encouragement. I felt her reach under and rub her pussy. I spanked her ass cheek firmly.

"No cheating bitch!" I teased her.

"Then fuck me like the bitch I am! I need to cum Jay! Please hurry!" She begged.

Given permission and now that her ass was adjusted and feeling looser I started to ram a bit deeper and harder. By the time my groin was slapping her ass Clare was starting to show signs of cumming.

"Do it! Deeper bastard! Harder! Oh God Jay this is so nasty! I am going to cum with you in my ass! I am going to do it, going to do it...DO IT...FFFUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKK!" Clare screamed as a nuclear explosion sent waves of pleasure radiating from the epicenter of her asshole.

"Don't stop!" Clare commanded. "Fuck your bitch! Oh Jay this is fantastic! Cum in me I need to feel you cum!"

Clare as overwhelmed with desire. She recovered then slammed back hard over my cock. I needed to cum soon but had an idea. I reached over and picked up the vibrator I just gave her as a gift. With one hand supporting my upper body I moved the other one. With the vibrator in hand I turned it on and touched her pussy.

"Jay!" Clare squealed loudly.

I was fucking her ass and trying to stimulate her clit with the vibrator. I wasn't doing either one very well. Clare whimpered with each brush of the toy on her clit. Her hand reached up and took the vibrator from me. Able to straighten up I drilled her ass hard. I could feel the vibrations emanate from her pussy as she pleased herself. She started bucking and groaning.

"CLARE!" I warned her. She clenched tight on my cock milking the first of her reward.

"JB it is so hot... I'm ...going ... to... CUM!" Clare started down the familiar path just as I emptied the last of my load deep in her ass.

She fucked my wilting cock through her orgasm. I clutched her tit and moaned my pleasure. We were both exhausted laying in the bed facing each other.

"Can we do that again?" Clare looked at me sheepishly. Reaching down she stroked my limp cock. It started reviving in her hand. "I think you liked your present."

"That was the best present ever!" I kissed her swelling my cock even more. "Are you sure..."

"YES!" Clare lunged at me pushing me on my back. She smothered me with kisses. "Your bitch loved it and so did you. This time I want to face you!"

Clair lubed up my cock and then impaled herself over it. Holding her hands she leaned back slowly until her ass was on my groin.

"It feels even bigger this time!" Clare whimpered.

We took it slow at times she closed her eyes and described what she was feeling. The veins along my cock. The way her sphincter gripped the mushroom head. The warmth moving in her. She even pulled off and let her ass close then plunged down again so she could feel it enter again all over. She was getting tired. I could tell she wanted to cum. I looked over at the vibrator. Clare grinned as she picked it up. She turned the end and the toy came to life. She sat on me her legs splayed her dark pussy lips glistened. I could see the pink behind the folds. She touched the vibrator to her clit and groaned.

Long and slender the pink vibrator danced over her pussy. Her eyes were closed her breathing jagged. Still the toy found hidden pleasure spots. Clare ground her ass hard over my cock. She rocked forward slightly to pull it mostly out. That move pressed the vibrator between my groin and her pussy. She rocked for a few minutes like this building up her pleasure. She leaned back her pussy gaped open I could see her pink clit starting to protrude from the safety of its hood. The vibrator grazed over it sending spasms in her body.

"JAY!" Clare yelled. "I need to cum!" She gasped.

I pulled her to me I rolled her over on her back. Lifting her legs, I pinned them to her chest and drilled her ass.

"Cum bitch give me my present!" I grunted.

"If you want your present, cum in my ass you bastard!" Clare was becoming more demanding, I liked it.

"You selfish bitch I will show you!" I slammed hard in her ass. She squealed as I bottomed out.

"Cum!" She demanded. "Cum or you get no present!"

I picked up the pace my cock pistoned in rapid succession. Her ass was stretched now. Her white teeth grinned back at me challenging me to give it my all. I could tell she was starting to respond as well. It was a race to see who could hold out longer. Clare's eyes drifted close. Her chest raised and lowered. Her lips parted drawing in air. Just when I thought she was ready to cum she opened her eyes and gazed at me.

"Merry Christmas darling. I love you Jay! Please cum so I can give you my present!" The way she said it broke my concentration. My cock swelled and pumped the first injection of cum in her ass. "Oh you fucking bastard, you're going to make me cum!" She teased.

"Oh baby I love you!" I murmured as I continued to inject her ass full of my love. I pulled out and flopped on my back. My orgasm consuming my entire body. Quick as light she was on top of me rubbing her pussy on my stomach her orgasm shuddering through her body. She kissed me the best we could as we were both out of breath. I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her tight.

"I love you so much JB. I have never felt so alive in my life as when I am with you!" Clare rested her head on my chest. "Hold me Jay and never let go!"

I pulled her tighter her body pressed tight to mine.

"I have you Clare, and I will never let go." I assured her.

"Promise?" She asked.

"I promise." She wiggled on top of me, rubbing my cock with her thigh. She knew she was teasing me as she looked up smiling. "Bitch!" I teased

"Your bitch! You bastard!" She kissed me firmly.

"My bitch, and only my bitch." I said mocking her.

"My bastard and only my bastard?" She asked in return.

"Promise!" I reassured her.

Taking a shower together, she offered me her ass one more time but I suggested we should hold off. She knew I was right the next morning as we started to mom and dads.

"Comfortable?" I teased her as she constantly shifted in the seat.

"Your cock is too big!" She quipped. She hit me in my arm to make her point.

"Hey it was your present!" I acted hurt by rubbing my arm.

"You opened it!" She giggled.

"You closed it!" We were both laughing hard by now.

"Well you can open it again any time you want!" Clare move to kiss my cheek.

"I thought I was too big?" I challenged her.

"You are, and it feels so good!" She kissed me again. "I loved it Jay! You are a perfect lover."

Mike opened the door as Clare and I carried the presents in. Mom greeted us with open arms.

"Jesse and Evan will be here a bit later. They are at his parents' house." She motioned for us to sit down. It didn't pass my notice Clare picked the softest seat.

Mike and I talked extensively about the business and where it was headed. Clare and mom talked about the holidays and what we were doing to prepare for the baby. Late that afternoon Jesse and Evan arrived. Setting down for dinner it was nice to be with family. Always on the prowl for something to tease me Jesse was the first to notice Clare shifting in her seat. Jesse looked at me to see if I would offer an explanation. I offered no reaction, thereby giving her nothing to judge the situation. She has this knack of reading me however. My indifference was more of a signal than if I had reacted.

"You ok Clare?" Jesse asked keeping one eye on me as she spoke. Of course everyone looked over to Clare.

"I'm fine just sat on something last night." Clare said without further explanation. First I couldn't believe she just said that, second I knew Jesse wasn't going to let that dog sleep. Clare glanced at me and smiled. That sealed her fate.

"Must have been something pretty hard for you to still be sore?" Jesse was being coy. It was all I could do not to react. Clare was up for the challenge however. She decided to see how far Jesse would take this.

"It was at the time." Clare challenged Jesse to keep going.

"I think she just pulled a muscle or something." I said to hopefully end this before it got out of control. I glanced around the table. Mike was grinning. Mom was clueless. Evan was just confused.

"Is that what it is Clare a 'pulled' muscle?" Jesse asked chuckling. She wasn't going to let this go until she had a victory.

"Actually I think it is more of a stretched muscle." Clare shot back. Jesse was caught off guard not expecting Clare to be so bold. I couldn't believe she said that myself.

"Maybe you should do some exercises to keep it loose!" Jesse replied. I almost choked on my food. Jesse was bound and determined to see this through.

"Oh I plan to!" Clare looked at me and grinned.

Mike was holding in his laughter the best he could. I think Evan was finally coming around to understand what they were talking about. He seemed shocked this was being discussed at the dinner table. I am sure Mom could not even fathom they

could be talking about something like that at the dinner table. So she was still clueless.

"Ladies maybe you should talk about your fitness regiments after dinner." I suggested hoping not to embarrass Evan. At least mom seemed relieved to be moving on.

"I plan to." Jesse said as she glared at Clare. "I want all the details. It might be something I would enjoy doing?"

"Oh I guarantee you will!" Clare glowed as she said it. A cursory glance around the table suggested Evan may enjoy it too.

Mike saved us all from ourselves changing the topic to a more appropriate subject. I was proud of Clare. She was finding her voice in the world. At least around family and especially Jesse. Clare was an adult talking about adult subjects. Knowing Jesse this wasn't the end of it however. I knew she was going to make me pay in some small way. Little did I suspect it would not be small or come so soon.

After dinner we opened presents. Nothing special just something nice to stay in the spirit. After presents we had

desert. Clare and Jesse helped mom with the dishes. Mike took Evan and me downstairs and showed us his new big screen TV. Mike loved music and had the TV hooked into his awesome sound system. Evan and I were both impressed.

It was getting late when we came up from the basement. Jesse gave me a wicked grin. I knew the secret was out when mom gave me the evil eye. I am sure the thought of her son porking her sister in the ass wasn't a happy thought.

Clare snuggled up to me as we lay in the bed.

"Did you two really need to tell mom?" I asked a bit miffed.

"Did you know she has never done it?" Clare asked as she turned to face me.

"Clare they are my parents. I really don't ask about their sex life!" I protested.

"Well they haven't. Mike would but Rhonda thinks its taboo!" Clare kissed me. "It is a bit naughty wouldn't you agree?"

"She thinks I am a pervert!" I complained. "Did you really have to tell her we did it?"

"Jesse told her!" Clare defended herself. "I just told her how wicked it was. Oh, and how good it felt!"

"You didn't?" I was ready to pack up and slip away in the middle of the night.

"Well I figured since she asked what I did to prepare she wanted to know?" Clare giggled. "I think she is jealous I did it first."

"You're proud of yourself aren't you? That's why you didn't stop. You wanted her to know!" I said realizing the significance of it for Clare. "A little sibling rivalry?"

"Rhonda always had the perfect life even after your dad died. Mike has been so good to her." Clare started to tear up. "For once I wanted to show her I wanted that life, and with you I have it!"

"You can have it. You deserve it Clare." I started to move down her body. Gripping her panties I slipped them off. "Spice me love!"

Clare squealed when I reached her pussy. We were in this same room doing the same thing the first time we had any intimate contact. The significance wasn't lost on either of us. We had moved on to other positions but for Clare I think this is still her favorite. I pushed her legs up and bathed her tender asshole making her yelp loudly. For the next twenty minutes I teased her pussy, ass and clit. When she couldn't stand it anymore she gripped my head and forced it over her clit begging me to suck it.

"I need to cum you bastard!" Clare hissed through clenched teeth. "Please JB don't make me beg!"

She was teasing of course. Her hips pushed up forcing her cunt hard against me. The telltale tremors signaled her pending climax. Her legs gripped my head, her hands both pulled then pushed my mouth to and from her gushing pussy.

"YES!" She cried out. "KISS ME!"

Clare gripped my hair hard pulling me up to her face. Rolling me over she kissed and licked my mouth and face clean of her 'spice'. I could feel her heart still racing as she lie on top of me. I wrapped my arms around her holding her tight.

"Spice me JB." She whispered.

"Are you sure?" She never hesitated or complained but I knew this was her least favorite act. Mostly I think because it was the one thing Odell made her do.

"It is what bitches do for the man they love!" She teased.

"But I know..." She placed my finger over my lips.

"Odell is gone from my life. I love 'you' Jay! I want to do this." She kissed me when her finger moved off my lips. "Spice me love! I want you're cum in my belly where it belongs. I am your woman and always will be. Please spice me!"

I let her move along my body raking her tits over me as she did. Removing her top and my boxers she settled into giving me her patented blow jobs. With growing urgency I pulled her into a sixty nine. Clare was her usual enthusiastic self as she focused on making me cum. Tonight seemed to take on a significance all its own. She was driving deeper in her mouth than ever before. The warm feeling of her mouth and the gentle tug of her lips to pull me in wasn't lost me either.

Starting and stopping, giggling, pumping, squeezing, licking she even bit me gently. Clare was giving me her all. I licked her pussy and teased her asshole. In response she gripped my balls and treated them fondly. I moaned my warning but that just made her more determined. Driving down as my hips pushed up I filled her throat and then her mouth. Slurping and groaning she kept at it until my sensitive cock slipped from her lips.

She turned and straddled me her dripping pussy rested over my cock. Wiggling it inside her slit it started to grow. Flashing her white teeth at me she smiled in wanton desire.

"I need you in me!" Clare explained.

"Where?" I teased.

"Anywhere it will fit!" Clare chuckled.

I gripped her hips and picked her up slightly. I looked down at my hard cock and her dripping pussy. Clare knew what I wanted and guided it to her opening. She spanked her clit with

the head a couple of times then impaled her pussy along the length.

"Merry Christmas Jay!" Clare lay down on my body.

"Merry Christmas Clare." She was asleep before I closed my eyes.

I was up early. Heading to the bathroom I almost tripped on a familiar pair of steel toed boots. I took it for the joke it was and set them inside the room. Clare insisted on wearing them to breakfast. Untied and laces flopping around they were way too big for her feet. Everyone was at the table but Jesse. She entered the kitchen seeing the boots on Clare she burst out laughing. She leaned over Clare's shoulder from behind as she sat eating a muffin. Jesse kissed her on the cheek in front of everyone.

"I want those back!" She teased Clare.

"You have to earn them to get them back!" Clare was now Jesse's equal.

"Oh I will!" Jesse bragged. She looked over at Evan. "Have another bowl of Wheaties."

"The four of you need to stop this! This house is not a brothel!" Mom said not too happy with the breakfast conversation.

"Rhonda." Mike reached over and took her hand. "They are young and in love. Don't you remember those days?"

The room became deathly silent, Mike had spoken. We all looked at each other. Mom looked at him still frazzled.

"Yes I do! But I surely didn't discuss it in front of my parents. Hell they are getting ready to sell tickets!" Mom was exasperated.

We knew she was really upset now. She swore. I looked at Jesse and Clare scolding them with my eyes. Jesse knew I expected her to fix this.

"Rhonda, this is a different generation. Sex is not some dirty taboo thing you need to hide from." Mike tried to calm her.

Then he looked at Jesse and Clare. "I am sure they are not going to sell tickets. They have been behind closed doors. I am sure

they will stay there as well." He looked at Jesse hoping he was getting his point across.

"I'm sorry mom, we were just teasing each other." Jesse moved and hugged Rhonda from behind. "Besides I only have one ticket left and I saved it for you!"

"JESSE!" Mom yelled as her daughter kissed her cheek and moved beyond her reach. Even mom couldn't hide her laughter as Jesse blew her a kiss.

"You are giving me grey hair young lady!" Mom protested as she laughed.

"Maybe Clare and I could show you how to wax yourself?" Jesse moved even further from mom.

"Stop this right now young lady!" Mom was getting embarrassed. "I am too old for that!"

"Rhonda you are not too old!" Clare cut in. "You are a beautiful woman in the prime of her life! I know Mike sure thinks so! He can't take his eyes off of you."

Clare was right. Mike is in love with mom, and I know she is in love with him.

"Loosen up a bit sis. The kids are grown and doing fine. You have a nice life and your health." Clare was preaching a bit but I was proud of her speaking up. "Relax a bit. Try new things. Enjoy your success."

"Well I still say your private life should stay just that, private!" Mom blushed.

I love you!" Jesse jumped in her lap and gave her a hug. "How did I get so lucky to have you as a mom?"

Clare and I were packing up and heading for home. The last couple of days with family were special. Clare invited Jesse and Evan to the house the next time they had a spare weekend. Mike and I shook hands, I hugged mom.

"Jay she is so happy. I think this is the best Christmas she has had in a long time!" Mom whispered. "Come back soon."

"Love you mom and we will." I loaded the car as Clare and mom said goodbye. It was an extended discussion Clare filled me in half way home.

"She wants to try it." Clare could hold in no longer.

"Try what?" I asked merging into traffic.

"Rhonda wants to try butt sex!" Clare squealed. "I promised not to tell you."

"How did that work out" I teased.

"I have to tell you JB we have no secrets do we?" Clare thought for a moment then looked at me.

"Just how much I really love you." I kidded her. Clare seemed touched by the comment.

"Sometimes I think about ...before you." Clare whispered.
"What if you didn't save me?"

'Honey don't think about that. I did come, I just opened the door. Besides sooner or later you would have opened the door yourself!' I reassured her.

"But what if you were not on the other side of the door? What then?" Clare asked as her hand went to scar on her cheek.

It was an ugly reminder of her past. A past she was finding hard to forget. I had no answer for her. But I had several more gifts for her. The next few days would be special.

I think the truck had more presents than when we went to moms. Albert met us at the door. Clare dashed inside leaving me and Albert to carry the booty.

"How many kids does she think we have?" Albert asked.

"I know, really?" I replied looking at the boxes marked Alice.
"It makes her happy."

We found them in the den Clare holding Alice the room already filled with recent gifts. I greeted both Nancy and Butch with hugs and kisses.

We settled into a nice conversation before Clare could not contain herself.

"Can Alice open her gifts?" She bubbled over.

Nancy and Butch happily agreed. Soon the sight of wrapping paper and box lids scattered the room. Outfits of several sizes and colors laid on display. Toys, books and games covered the floor. Alice found the bows the most fun as she sat surrounded by us.

Nancy, Butch and Albert got Clare some expensive perfume, and me some sleek new sunglasses. Clare and I got the Nancy and Butch Pandora bracelets with charms. For Albert a special bottle of scotch. The last gift was an envelope given to Clare.

Clare opened the envelope and pulled out a slip of paper, a folded form and a key.

"The certificate is from Butch, Albert, Alice and Nancy. The key is from Jay. Clare read from the small piece of paper.

Opening the certificate she read then burst into tears. Nancy and Butch consoled her as she continued to weep.

"You can't do this for me!" Clare protested. "It's too much I could never repay you!"

She continued to bawl and clutch her friends.

"JB you knew?" She asked. I nodded my head. "But you said we had no secrets!"

"It is not a secret it is a gift. Besides it is not my secret to keep."

"But you knew? How could you let them do this?" Clare was still in disbelief.

"We love you Clare. Nancy knew of these people. We submitted your photo and they offered to help." I explained.

She looked around and realized what we had done. She was emotionally unable to comprehend it all. For years she has lived with her scar. Recently Clare took the bold step of letting the world see it. Now she is scheduled for plastic surgery to

correct what Odell did. Through a group of dedicated specialists, who donate their time helping victims of domestic violence, Clare has the opportunity to have hers corrected. Nancy and Butch made a sizable donation along with Albert. To help repair the emotional damage I have given her the key to our future.

It was almost thirty minutes before Clare finally asked about the key.

"What is this for?" She turned to me.

"Come and we will show you." I offered. We took their minivan so Alice could come with us. For all the effort we put into loading up I am sure Clare thought we were in for a journey. With a key in her hand and Butch driving we headed out the drive. Turning right we drove one block, then right again, another block and another right. A few houses down and Butch pulled into a driveway. She looked at Clare.

"You going to invite us in?"

"Jay what is she talking about?" Clare spoke slowly the situation becoming clear as she asked.

"I think she wants to see your new house!" I slipped out and opened her door.

"Jay? You're scaring me!" I took her in my arms. Nancy and Alice joined us Albert followed with Butch.

"Come on honey. Let's take them inside." I kissed her, Clare was shaking.

It is nothing special. An older home that stood tucked away in this area of affluence. It was the smallest house, still it was over two thousand square feet. The previous owners had maintained it but never updated it cosmetically. That was good because they didn't destroy the marvelous features of this old home. I knew the present owner through the business. He bought the house just it to flip it.

He had gone through it top to bottom saving the original wood work and fixtures where possible. It was more than I wanted to pay but with the business and a baby on the way I knew I couldn't do the work myself.

Clare let us in the first thing you notice is the wide solid oak trim throughout the house. There were unique touches everywhere, the old sinks, the tubs, even the push button switches looked original. The women marveled at how modern it was but still felt vintage.

The price was right for the market and best of all it was directly behind Nancy and Butch's home. Nancy, Butch and I talked long and hard before I put in the offer. It was important to me Nancy didn't feel we were moving in on her space. Nancy tried to brush it off but I knew we weren't in her league financially. Butch took a more practical approach. She told me she would buy it and move Clare in without me.

By the end of the tour Clare was emotionally ravaged. It isn't a perfect house but it is in a perfect place to start our life together. Albert took Alice out to the van. Butch and Nancy embraced Clare and followed suit.

"Did you buy this house for us?" Clare asked emotionally.

"I put an offer in on it. We reached an agreement." I replied

"So it's your house then?" Clare seemed a bit offended.

"No, we just agreed on the price." I explained.

"I don't understand?" Clare seemed confused now.

"If we are going to live together, raise a child together, make a home together, then we need to make decisions together." I replied moving in front of her. "If you chose to, this can be our home. If not we will look until we find the one you like."

Clare was moved that I would ask her to be part of decision making. She looked around again.

"It is beautiful Jay." Clare looked around the kitchen and dining area. "It is so big, four bedrooms? Do we need that much room?"

"That depends, how many kids do you want?" I smiled.

"Jay! No!" Clare turned to me her big brown eyes wide open. "This was an accident!"

"So the next ones won't be!" I suggested.

"Really? What about Rhonda?" Clare asked.

"Well I think she is a little old at this point. But Mike would love it! I teased. "Clare you don't have to decide now."

I pulled her into a loving kiss. We locked up the house and started to walk back to Nancy's. We were about half way I could see the wheels turning. Reading her like a book I had to ask.

"What?"

"Stop doing that!" She slapped me playfully. "How do you know?"

"I just do." I laughed at her. "Now what is it?"

"Can we afford to live here?" Clare stopped and looked at the house again from the back.

"Actually it will not cost much more than your house." I replied. "With Odell's terrible credit the interest rate we pay now is almost triple what we could get."

"Jay I would like us to buy it." She grabbed my hand and started for Nancy's once again.

I was going to ask if she was sure but I knew all too well once she made up her mind there was no turning back. We reached Nancy's, Albert was waiting for us by the door. He escorted us to the back room Butch was feeding Alice. She gave me a wicked grin.

"Butch how many kids are you going to have?" Clare asked bluntly.

Albert and Nancy looked at me. I shrugged my shoulders trying to explain I had no idea where this was going.

"I...I don't know?" Butch stuttered.

"Clare. This will probably be our only child." Nancy interrupted. "This pregnancy was hard for Butch I don't think

it would be wise for her to get pregnant again." Nancy explained politely.

"Are you going to have kids?" Clare asked Nancy directly.

The only sound in the room was Alice nursing on Butch's milk filled tit. Nancy looked at Albert. Her eyes filled with sadness. She looked at Butch I could see her struggle to answer.

"No Clare. I am not going to have kids." Nancy answered.

"Is it because Albert is your dad?" Clare asked without hesitation. "Alice is so beautiful!"

"Clare ..." I started to interrupt.

"No Jay, let me answer her." Nancy looked at Butch and then locked on Albert. "I would love to have his baby..." I could see his eyes start to dampen. Nancy's voice cracked. "...but there are certain risks. To be honest I am a bit old to have babies."

"So you will have just Alice?" Clare asked.

"Yes." Butch replied as Albert and Nancy still focused on each other.

"Jay and I are going to buy the house." Clare announced with a broad smile. "Three Jay. At least three."

"Three?" I asked. With all that just took place I was missing the question. "Three what honey?"

"Kids silly. We will have three." Clare announced. "Jasmine will be Alice's best friend. Then we will need two more so they can play with each other. Hopefully they will be twins!"

"There you have it!" Butch laughed. "Clare would you like to hold Alice?"

"I think I will get us something to drink!" Nancy offered.

"I will go with you." I added.

"JB! Alice left a little if you're thirsty!" Butch bounced her drained tit at me.

"Sorry not my type." I laughed.

"Once you go white you will never go back!" Butch teased as she covered her tit.

Everyone laughed but Clare, and of course Alice. Nancy and I walked into the kitchen.

"Are you ok? I am sorry about that." I asked. I hugged Nancy.

"She really has no filter does she?" Nancy grinned.

"I warned you." I laughed briefly.

"Don't try and change her Jay!" Nancy kissed my cheek. "She is a jewel just the way she is."

"Don't I know?" I replied.

Just then Albert came in. He looked at me I could see it in his eyes. Albert then looked at Nancy. Something was said earlier that my guess had never been said but needed to be. I had

suspected it but had no proof. Albert was seldom in the same room as Nancy when I was around. Maybe so I wouldn't see what Clare clearly at least suspected. I thought I knew before but now I knew for sure. Albert and Nancy were lovers. There was no doubt now how Butch got pregnant. It wasn't in a test tube, it was love.

"I will leave you two alone." I started to leave.

"Thank you JB." Albert replied. He didn't call me Jay. He purposely called me JB. I had just walked through the door.

"Are you ok Love" Albert asked loud enough for me to hear. I stopped but didn't look back.

"I am glad they know! I love you Albert!" Nancy said clearly also.

We didn't stay long after that; Clare and I packed up our gifts and kissed them all goodbye.

Nancy waited for me to close Clare's door then asked to have a word with me. I stepped just inside the back door. It was just the two of us. Nancy reached for my hand, I held hers firmly.

"I'm sorry we didn't tell you." Nancy said. "Are you disappointed in me?"

"That would be the pot calling the kettle black don't you think?"
I replied.

"You didn't answer my question." Nancy reminded me. I saw Albert and Butch at the doorway now. Nancy looked to see them standing there as well.

"No. I am happy for you. I am happy for you all." I said. I looked out the door. Clare was in the car waiting for me. "I will talk to her. Clare won't tell anyone. Thank you for everything."

"JB. We love you both!" Nancy said. "We are excite you will be moving here."

Nancy had never called me JB before. The reason why was clear.

Albert and Butch waved as I closed the door behind me. Nancy's kiss on my cheek was special.

In the car Clare gushed about the day. She told me she could not wait to sign the papers on the house. We talked about the gifts we gave and the gifts we received, none more than her surgery.

I wanted to talk to her about what she said to Nancy and Butch. I wanted to tell her what Nancy told Albert. What I told Nancy. I thought better of it because I knew she wanted to ask me something. By now she knew I was on to her. I waited and sure enough just as we pulled in the drive it came.

"Jay can I ask you something?" Clare asked as I opened the front door for her.

"Yes dear?" I replied laughing to myself.

"What did Butch mean when she said if you ever go white you won't go back?" Clare asked. "Are white women better lovers?"

We moved to the couch. I pulled her on my lap and wrapped my arms around her waist.

"Clare you do know she was joking right?" I asked. Her reaction showed me she didn't.

"Then how come most of your girlfriends were white? Were they better lovers than me?" Clare asked. She looked scared.

"There is a myth that all black men have really big penises..."

"You mean like Wrecker?" Clare squealed.

"Exactly! There was a popular saying many years ago that if white woman had sex with a black man she would always want a big penis," I explained. "If you ever go black you won't go back!"

"So Butch was teasing you with her big breasts?" Clare asked.

"Yeah, she got me pretty good." I laughed.

"Do you wish I had bigger breasts?" Clare asked seriously. I had to admit we both looked at her chest at the same time.

"Do you wish I had a bigger penis?" I teased.

Clare smiled starting to understand my meaning. She hugged me and then kissed me.

"Jay if Albert is Alice's father why doesn't he hold Butch like you hold me?" Clare leaned against me.

"Because Butch is a lesbian," I explained. We had talked about this briefly before but I am not sure how much Clare understands. "Butch is only attracted to women."

"So she and Nancy are lovers? Then how did she get pregnant?" Clare asked confused.

"I think she and Albert had sex just so she could get pregnant." I explained.

"Why would she do that if she is a lesbian?" Clare asked still confused.

"I think because Nancy wanted a baby. Since Albert is her dad and because she is older Butch offered." I replied.

Clare sat quietly thinking it over. She shifted looking at me expecting me to ask. I let her squirm for another moment.

"What?" I finally questioned.

"So Butch had sex with Albert to have a baby because she is in love with Nancy." Clare said more than asked. "So is Nancy in love with Butch or Albert?"

"Both," I replied. "Nancy is bi-sexual. She likes both men and women."

We sat in silence as she thought about it.

"If Albert and Nancy are in love why don't they show it?" Clare asked.

"It's her dad, it's considered a bad thing..."

"Like you being my nephew?" Clare asked. It was the first time she ever referred to me as her nephew that I can remember.

"But we don't look like we're related." I reminded her.

"Well you need to tell them we don't care about that! If they are in love they need to show it when we are there!" Clare said firmly.

"If you feel that way I think you should be the one to tell them!" I suggested.

"Ok I will!" She said defiantly. "Now take me to bed. I went black and I won't go back!" She teased.

"Clare?" I whispered.

"Yes JB?" She asked.

"I am more white than I am black!" I whispered.

"Oh! You're right!" She laughed. "Then I went white and I won't go back!"

I looked at her and she looked at me. Her eyes got real big and I knew she and I were thinking the same thing. "ODELL!" we said in unison. It would be unfair to judge him by his race or his penis so I won't. Odell was just a bad person. As far as I can remember it was the last time his name came up when I was with Clare. We laughed all the way to the bedroom.

I was waiting for her when she came out of the bathroom. Clare had just started putting on a few baby pounds. She looks sexy walking to me. I extend my hand and pull her on top of me. I can tell she wants to ask me something.

"What now?" I teased. I thought of waiting to ask but I was ready for sex.

"I hate you!" She squealed. "You always know!"

"Just ask, I want to get lucky." I kissed her.

Clare moved on top of me her naked body pressed firmly on top of me. We kissed for few seconds. She pulled up offering me her tits. I suckled each one. Clare arched her back and moaned in response.

"Are you going to ask?" I groped her ass cheeks.

"Make love to me. Please!" Clare asked emotionally.

Rolling her over I worked down her body to the familiar place between her legs. By now Clare was presenting me her wanton pussy. I started slowly teasing her this time. Clare was guiding me with her hands to her favorite places. I happily lapped her excitement. Her desire built steadily.

"Jay I need to cum!" Clare moaned.

I pulled from her thighs and turned over. Clare mounted my face. Desperate for release she mashed her face firmly back on my tongue. In total control she used me to get herself off. It was one of the most intense climaxes she ever had.

"I spiced you!" She squealed weakly as she rolled to the side of me.

Her fabulous smile showed me she had never been happier. Clare recovered and moved to kiss me and lick my face. She was laying at an angle like she did the first time she 'spiced' me.

"I love you Clare." I whispered.

She looked tired. I kissed her scared cheek one last time. I caressed her face she pushed firmly against my palm. I kissed her forehead.

"Good night my love." I whispered.

I pulled the covers over her and held her tight. I guess she forgot the question.

We did buy the house. Clare had her surgery. The doctors did a commendable job. The big ugly scar is now almost hard to detect. I refuse to kiss that cheek so as not to remind Clare of the past. Jasmine was born and all of moms objections melted the moment her granddaughter was placed in her arms.

Jesse and Evan are engaged. Albert is Alice's doting father now that Butch is back working. Clare did talk to Nancy and now the three of them express their love whenever we are around.

As for me? I found love and happiness in the most unlikely of places. I no longer think of her as my Aunt Clare, maybe I never did. She is the most unique woman I ever met. We still have our little talks and she still surprises me with questions I find humorous.

Dan asked me to share my story and I rejected the offer. Clare thought it should be told. I'll let you decide.

JB.