

"CLARE" UNCONVENTIONAL AUNT CH. 01

twofourthree

JB just wanted to help.

Incest/Taboo

4.66

19.9k words

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.

In the beginning JB confronts his uncle Odell.

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 pleeaassee, 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.

"It's 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 tit's 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 misled 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 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 desert 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 tits 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.

"Sssshhh 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 is 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!"

To be continued...