

# "CLARE" UNCONVENTIONAL AUNT CH. 02

*twofourthree*

*Jay needs to show Clare the truth.*

Incest/Taboo

4.69

18k 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 naïve 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.

This is the second chapter. Jay has stepped over the line with Clare. He now struggles with his feelings for Clare. Jay learns Odell is not to be trifled with.

\*\*\*\*\*

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

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

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

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

"I understand." I replied.

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

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

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

"Did you?" Mom asked stunned.

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh. Oh dear!" Mom grew silent.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"My toe?" Clare looked at me.

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

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

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

"Jesse!" Mom warned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You are." I replied.

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

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

Neither did I.

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

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

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

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

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

"Odell did it?" I asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What if he leaves you?" I asked.

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

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

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

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

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

"No spice?" She asked smiling now.

"If you insist." I replied.

"What about Melody?" She asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Tomorrow after work? Ok?"

"Deal."

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

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

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

God smiled on me the next day. The sun was out and workers were roofing buildings. I was in meetings most of the day, but was able to make some more calls. Financing was still tight. The sub-contractors were getting nervous. They were spending money with no guarantee. I called Mike he said he was working on it. My funds were dwindling fast.

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

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

The more we played the more I learned. Soon I figure I knew as much as I could without tearing the car apart. The driver could control it but Nancy could override it. Albert called and said I needed to pick her up at the apartment. There would be a second stop and then to the house.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I opened the rear door.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She looked at Albert then Clare. "No."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You mean the Sultan?" Someone asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Limo!" I answered.

"Who is this?" A male asked.

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

"You're here?" He asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They pulled up beside me.

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

I left them stunned as I drove off.

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

"Jay come in." He offered.

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

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



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

"Sure." Nancy readily agreed.

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

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

"Jay what is going on?" Clare asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What fare?" He asked.

"That is private." I replied defiantly.

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

"You arresting me?" I asked.

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

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

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

"Picking up my fare." I replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Get it." This was a command.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Limo driver!" The head cop called out.

"Here!" I waved my hand.

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

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

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

I was put in a holding cell with the other two and several other guys I had never seen. Jerome, Dr. Nelson's lawyer was waiting for me. Getting my release was easy. Getting the car back intact was the hard part. They had cops and dogs go through the whole thing but came up empty. It was a mess but they allowed me to drive it out.

I went back to the shop and dropped off the car. Taking a shower I put yesterday's clothes on and headed to work! If I was being watched I dare not go get Clare yet.

The sun was just coming up. It looked like it would be a perfect day to make progress. I was not ready for the storm that was to follow. Word was out that I had been arrested and was part of some big drug bust. Nothing was further from the truth.

By ten I had talked to all the contractors and assured them I had not been arrested. I explained I was not part of the drug bust. The problem is little was getting done. They wanted assurances they were going to get paid. And if they did it was not drug money they were getting paid with! By noon even with the city managers assurance they were balking.

I was tired, cranky, and worst of all broke. Then the mayor wanted to see me. Her name is Rebecca Howe.

We had never met but I did vote for her!

The Mayor would like you to join her for lunch her assistant explained. She gave me a card with an address. Exhausted I drove to a quaint restaurant downtown. I explained who I was and why I was here. They led me to private room. The Mayor was alone.

"Jay I presume?" She stood.

"Mayor." I replied.

"Please Becky." She insisted. "I hear you had a busy night!"

"Well if I live through it, maybe I can tell my grandkids." I joked.

"I don't think you have to worry about that. He is not really all that connected. He just wants everyone to think he is. In fact the cartels are probably happy he is off the street. He is too high profile for them." She replied.

"Seems to have a lot of security for a guy that is not connected." I explained.

"They aren't security they are just morons. He pays them just so he looks like the man. A week ago he brought in a bit of a haul so he had more than normal." She informed me. "They are scattering like rats now that we have him."

"Jay I cannot tell you anything else but I want to thank you." She shook my hand. "The reason we are here has nothing to do with that. The chief will be in touch in a few days but we want to avoid exposing you." She still held my hand and gripped it firmly. "I hear the contractors are not happy."

"They think I am paying them with drug money. They are afraid they will be forced to give it back or get in trouble."

"The city cannot loan you money. But I have a friend that has offered to help." Letting my hand go she stood and opened the door. Nancy and Clare stepped in. "I think you know these two ladies."

"Jay!" Clare ran to me and hugged me kissing me quickly.

She held me tight for just a moment. Becky and Nancy seemed surprised by the outburst. When I wrapped my arms around her Nancy gave a knowing grin.

"I think I owe you an apology?" Nancy said. I let Clare go she moved to let Nancy kiss my cheek. Clare still held my hand.

"Are you ok?" I ignored her offer. She nodded. "Albert and Butch? The baby?"

Nancy was taken aback by the question. Becky looked at her as if she knew that I was not supposed to know about the baby.

"How...?" Nancy started to ask. "Albert!"

She and Becky both knew she was right.

"I'm sorry. Did we get together to talk about our personal lives or is there something more pressing that we should be talking about?" I asked. My crankiness started to come out.

"Jay is right." Becky indicated we should sit down. "Jay. Clare says you need \$100,000 to shore things up? Is that right?" I looked to Clare. She still held my hand.

"That would keep things moving on schedule." I agreed.

"Nancy has deposited that amount in security against a loan from the bank. You have that amount as a line of credit for your business account at the bank. She also has commitments for another \$250,000 if it is needed. All you need to agree on is the amount of interest." Becky explained.

"I think 10% is fair." Nancy offered.

"6% is the going rate."

"9%, you are a high risk borrower."

"7%, you are a high risk lender!"

"8%, and you still drive for me." Nancy grinned. "Oh and you bring Clare for dinner one night!"

"Deal." I said as Clare squeezed my hand. "Great! Now that we have that done let's eat I am famished."

That afternoon I met once again with all the contractors. I explained I had secured a loan from the bank. Within an hour they all called and verified that the bank itself was supplying the money. That afternoon work resumed at full speed. I did catch a nap but when I got home at seven it was all I could do to eat the dinner Clare cooked. I did not see Odell that night. Clare followed long after I fell asleep. I faintly remember her giving me a kiss.

Wednesday I called Mike and told him the turn of events. He congratulated me on following through with my dreams.

It was not until Thursday that Nancy asked me to drive. I picked her up at the apartment and drove her straight to the house. When we got there she invited me inside. Taking my hand she walked me through the massive house and started upstairs.

"Where are we going?" I tensed up stopping a step behind her.

"Trust me." She looked back down the step I was standing on. There was a different look in her eyes than I have ever seen. I pulled back slightly. "Please trust me." She repeated.

It was the way she said it as much as the way she looked. For the first time she seemed vulnerable. I moved to the step she was on and let her guide me up the stairs. We passed several rooms I could hear faint talking. At the end she opened the last door on the left.

"Jay!" Clare ran to me and hugged me before she kissed me. "Have you met Butch?"

I looked to a hospital type bed in front of a large window. The sun was just setting.

"I have. Hello Butch." She was setting up Albert was at her side a woman dressed as a nurse was setting on a chair in the corner.

"Hello, JB!" Butch smiled. Nancy walked over to her and gave her a luscious kiss.

"How are we doing today dear?" Nancy asked.

"Little bastard is kicking up a storm. I think he wants out as much as I want him out!" She joked.

"Patience luv. He will be here soon enough. We just need to keep you healthy." Nancy kissed her again.

"So JB can you tell me what is going on?" Butch asked. "I think I owe you an apology and a thank you."

Butch gripped Nancy's hand and gave her scolding look. Butch looked rather more feminine than I was expecting. Her large belly was obvious. Her tits which she always concealed below her former clothes were large and drooped noticeably. Her legs and hips were shapely indeed. If it weren't for her butch haircut and lack of makeup she could be quite stunning.

"Yes Jay tell me what happened?" Nancy motioned for the nurse to leave. We all took seats close to Butch. Clare sat on my lap instead of the empty chair. They all noticed.

"I recognized one of the girls from the police station. I figured she was an undercover cop of some sort." I explained. "I was afraid Nancy might serve her some wine and get busted."

"Is that all Jay?" Butch probed. There was no way I was telling her what else they may have been in the car for.

"Yep." I lied.

"Then as we were leaving..."

"It's ok Jay. She knows why I was bringing the girls home." Nancy announced.

"Well I don't?" Clare blurted out. Butch looked to Nancy and then back to Clare before she looked at me.

"Honey I will explain later." I said. I expected her to drop it.

"Why? I want to know now!" She really was clueless.

"Nancy was bringing them home for company." Butch started explaining. She tried to be subtle. Clare was still clueless. "Clare I can't satisfy Nancy's needs right now. So ..."

"So they came? Well if you knew it why is that so bad?" Clare asked. Butch looked at Nancy.

"Honey, they pay the girls for their time." I tried to explain.

"I was going to pay them for sex!" Nancy just came out and said it. Clare still looked confused.

"So? They get paid. Everybody wins." She looked at us all. We knew she was still in the dark.

"Clare, honey. In the eyes of the law that is prostitution. Nancy, or maybe even Butch and Albert could have been arrested along with the girls." I explained further.

The light finally went on. "If that happened, think how it would affect her reputation as a doctor. Her standing in the community?"

"Oh shit!" Clare exclaimed! "You mean Jay ..."

"Saved my career and likely my life. I was stupid!" Nancy agreed. Everyone looked at Clare as she started to understand what I had really done. Clare kissed me passionately.

"What about old Silky?" Butch asked. Changing the subject.

"Well the girls wanted to go someplace. They called him up and I took them there. I knew there was a plant among them. Let's just say I helped and keep it at that. The less you know..."

"The less you can answer!" Butch filled in. We winked at each other.

I told them some of the rest but not much. I am sure her lawyer Jerome filled in some of the blanks.

Butch was looking noticeably tired now. Clare and I walked over to say goodbye. She grabbed my hand and placed it over her stomach. I could feel the little person kicking inside. Excited I took Clare's hand and set it there too.

"That is so amazing" I said. We looked to Clare to see if she felt it. Her hand suddenly pulled back.

"Jay we need to go." She announced. I could see the pain. I had forgotten all about her loss.

"Thank you Butch." I leaned over and kissed her forehead. "See you soon."

"Thank you both for coming!" Nancy said. She hugged and kissed us both. I shook Albert's hand and we left.

On the way home Clare was very quiet. I thought it was about the baby. But she had that look as if she wanted to say something.

"What's bothering you?" I asked softly.

"Jay..."

"Yes?"

"Why did Nancy say she was going to pay them for sex? They were all girls. How does that work?" If I didn't know better I would have thought she was messing with me. But somehow I knew her world was still one of controlled innocence.

"Well there is getting spiced you know?" I said. That brought instant understanding. "Then there are other ways,"

"Other ways?" She was so clueless it was sweet.

I explained concepts avoiding details just to ease her into it. She listened without interruption and then asked questions. It was like seeing a deaf person hear for the first time. I could not love her more than I did at that moment.

There is so much to Clare I still did not know. Each day was another kernel of who she was, and what she could become.

Days passed. Odell was staying out later and drinking more. At home he was less abusive at least when I was home.

The weather was holding and progress was for once moving ahead of schedule. The police station was completed. The library was wrapping up and the city hall was moving along. I had even started getting the draws against work completed and money although still at a premium was at least flowing.

Mike and I talked. I told him school this fall was out of the question. I even forfeited my scholarship to play football so they could use it on another player. I felt good knowing someone that needed it was going to benefit.

My plate was still full but the situation with Clare was getting tenuous. I had read several books. I was understanding more but feeling less confident I would succeed in breaking her free from his grasp. I knew I had to try for her sake. I knew there was a risk she would reject me in the process. I was prepared to lose her if that was the case. I was now confident the reason I was doing it was for her.

When we were together she was a different person than if she spent time with Odell. Missing just one day with her was like starting all over. She still did his laundry, cleaned the house and even made his bed! In all ways but one she was still his devoted wife.

Even though we still sleep together. And that seemed to be a different world for her. Clare would fall under his influence. Maybe Odell was smarter than I was giving him credit? Maybe he figured he could wait me out. Let me find someone else. I would not underestimate him any longer.

I had some leads but no evidence. I needed help professional help. I knew where to start. I called in a favor, actually two. Tuesday night we met. When I arrived they were already there. I went in back Nancy introduced me.

Captain Henry was there and so was Susan. Not her real name, I am sure as she was still undercover.

"Jay before you tell us why we are here let me thank you for what you did for this community." The captain offered me his hand again. "We caught him red handed. Drugs, guns, contributing to minors, the whole ball nicely handed to us by the two of you!" He looked over to Susan and nodded.

"So are you going to tell me how we ended up there?" Susan looked at Nancy then me.

"I took you there remember?" I said coyly.

"You knew from the beginning. Why not just tell your boss I was undercover. If she would have passed me the drink..."

"Yeah. Sorry about that. She is a pretty special person when she is not out trolling!"

Nancy was shocked I would say it, but smiled knowing she deserved it.

"I knew even if she did her lawyer would probably get her off. Your cover would have been compromised and all the time and money the city invested in you coming here would have been wasted." I explained. "We need people like you. I figured if you went home without my boss at least you would be out the next day getting the really bad people."

"So you would not have told her even then?" Susan asked.

"About you personally? No. About you being in her car? Yes." I answered honestly.

"So how did you pick Silky?" She asked.

"I didn't. Someone in the car did. I warned you what you were getting into and told your pals there what I knew."

"Damn good job you did too!" The captain beamed. "Now how can I help you?"

"Do you know a man named Wrecker? Home Wrecker? Something like that?" I asked.

Susan looked at the captain. "We do, why?" She asked.

"My uncle is mixed up with him in some fashion. I want to meet him." I explained.

"Son that would not be a good idea!" The captain explained. "What do you want to see him about?"

"Well for now that is private. I have no proof just rumors. What can you tell me?" I said.

"He is a loan shark, a bookie, and well, let's just say he has a unique lifestyle." Susan offered. The captain gave her a not so happy look. It was clear she was trying to pay me back.

"Is he gay?" I asked.

"To just say yes would be an insult to the gay community. Think a little more leather and no lace." Susan answered.

"Thank you." I believe I have it now. "Do you know where I can find him?"

"I can't tell you that. Not that I won't but I can't." The captain explained.

"Thank you for helping me but we better get going. Nancy has an appointment to keep." I explained.

We were driving to the house. Nancy was setting beside me for the first time. She sat quietly for some time. She looked deep in thought.

"Did he do that to her?" She asked out of the blue.

"He did." I replied firmly.

"And you want to hurt him?" asked.



"I could have hurt him by now if I wanted to." I looked over she knew I was serious. "I want him out of her life."

"You love her! She is your aunt and you are in love with her!" Nancy was giddy over it. "Does she know you love her?"

"Look. I love her. I think she could love me. And no we have not fucked. Ok?" I was getting frustrated. "He abuses her. I just want her free of him. Then she can meet some real men. Normal men."

"So you are willing to give her up?" She asked. Nancy was serious.

"I want what is best for her. She is so brain washed by him she does not even know what real love is. She does not even feel she is worth loving." I confided to her.

"How could I have sat in the back of this car and not seen how special you are." Nancy replied. She sat quietly for a long time. When we reached the house she rested her hand on mine. "Jay when you get the call you must come. No matter when you must come. Make sure you use the cameras and record it."

Nancy kissed my cheek and instead of waiting for me got out of the car.

When I got home Odell was yelling at Clare calling her names. He had been drinking and was feeling no pain. It was all I could do not to deck him. She was on her knees cleaning up a drink he spilled from what I could see. She was sobbing and he was constantly belittling her.

I finally got him in his room without incident. But it was almost one before I could convince her to join me in bed to go to sleep. It was the first night she did not kiss me goodnight. I was losing her and she was right beside me. The rope could not have been slipperier.

The next day I came home early. Clare was moody.. I could tell she had something on her mind. Odell stayed home all night and found ways to get under her skin without being obvious. He was learning. He was treading the line between annoyance and abuse. A line he knew he dare not cross.

I hoped he would leave so I could help her but he found pleasure staying knowing I wanted him out. The only revenge I got was not allowing him to drink. That night she did not sleep with me. Nor did I get my kiss. She at least did not sleep with him. She slept in my bedroom.

Thursday I was a wreck. Thankfully I have a great crew and things were progressing. I was even in negotiations for additional jobs for the city, county, and other businesses. When I got home Clare was still in a sour mood. I asked her to go to mom's for the weekend just to get away. She refused telling me Rhonda hated Odell and she could not leave him. I was trying to soften her up and was making progress when my phone rang. It was the call.

"Clare I have to leave. Do you want to go with me?" She thought about it but said no just in case Odell came home early.

I met them at the agreed location. Albert slid from behind the wheel I gave him my keys. On the dash was a note. 'The white guy is the Wrecker, also known as the Home Wrecker, the Mouth Wrecker, the Ass Wrecker. Do not cross him. The flash drive is new and under the passenger seat. Call me before you remove it or it will erase. If this works out we are even, almost! Nancy'.

Driver take us for a long slow drive!" The speaker squawked. I pulled away, I knew the perfect place to go. Flat, smooth and with no stop signs. Just miles of endless streets. I took them to the park! I turned on the monitor and saw a tall slender white man setting in Nancy's spot. There were three other men two black one looked Latino. I switched angles and lo and behold Odell was one of the men. Music was playing softly, a sort of sexy jazz. They were drinking. Wrecker was joking. They started talking business. I was in the park now, speed limit was fifteen. The car just idled along.

"Oh he will make your balls quiver! Wrecker said. I pushed the record button. The Latino was well dressed sitting there stroking his cock over his suit.

"One thousand. I guarantee he will light up your world!" Wrecker said pushing for a decision. The man handed him cash and Wrecker looked at Odell and pointed. Without hesitation Odell removed his suit coat and tie, then his shirt. With only an undershirt he moved in front of the Latino. Unzipping him Odell lowered his mouth over the Latino's cock. The other black man moved to watch his fat head occasionally blocking the camera's view. I switched cameras but none were better. I could only hope he kept moving his head.

The audio was crap but I heard Wrecker encouraging Odell on. He kept reminding him what the man paid. The Latino was moaning throughout and speaking in Spanish. The other man was cheering on his buddy. Since there was nothing to see keeping on track was easy. It was fifteen minutes and counting. Then the Latino started to stiffen in his seat. He thrust up his hips and pushed down on Odell's head. He was cumming! The black guy sat back in the seat and I could see Odell making sure the Latino was completely drained. He pulled out what looked like a hanky and dried the man's soft cock off and then his lips. He had swallowed it all.

"Well partner you up for one?" He looked at the black man.

"I ain't got a grand." He said.

"Tell you what you give me eight hundred. I will give your buddy back a C note and you both get a deal!" Wrecker was a negotiator.

Eight hundred changed hands. One was given to the Latino and before long Odell was sucking another cock. Again the camera angle was crappy but at least this time I could see his head bobbing if not the black man's cock. I searched one more time and when I did I noticed Wreckers hand moving. Changing camera's I saw how he got his name.

He was a tall skinny man. Maybe six foot. Couldn't weigh 175 and twenty of it must be his cock. He stroked it slowly his long fingers did not reach around the girth. One hand did not cover half of it. It was long and fat and it didn't look completely hard. The moans became more desperate. I switched back to Odell just in time to see the black man and his sizable cock cum in his mouth also.

"You do that so well I swear you lose just so you can suck cock!" Wrecker said. "Now strip my little puppy!"

"Please sir not here!" Odell pleaded. Switching cameras I found the perfect angle. Wrecker was stroking his cock and Odell not two feet away looking in his eyes. Without a word Wrecker slipped his shoes and pants off, spreading his legs wide he released his cock. The flesh pipe fell hanging over the edge of the cushion. Odell was now focused on his master's cock just inches away. I looked up and made sure the road was straight and clear.

Looking back to the screen I could see Odell struggle to resist. A drop of pearl precum glistened on the tip. It was so small on the huge mushroom head. Like a magnet it drew Odell in. His lips covered just the tip the flare still exposed.

"Strip before you get desert!" Wrecker commanded. With renewed desire Odell stripped naked. His cock was pitiful in comparison. Not with Wreckers, that is unnatural, but by any average man. Odell was not blessed to say the least, and it was hard. I would bet my pinky could give it competition!

"Now you may please me puppy. He is a Black Lap breed." Wrecker joked. His guests laughed. I almost felt sorry for him for a moment. Almost.

Odell moved back to the object of his desire. The embarrassment behind him. Odell was free to do what we all knew what he wanted to do. Wrecker guided his cock to Odell's waiting mouth and fed it to him. Slowly he went deeper and deeper in his mouth. I could hear him gag Snot dripped from his nose. Spit ran over his chin. I was so hard myself it was all I could do not to whip my own cock out and stroke it.

I was constantly checking the road ahead. If I even hit a curb they might know I was watching. Deeper and deeper, inch by inch Wrecker's cock disappeared. Odell was pulling all the way out taking another breath and attacking it over and over again. Soon you could see the snake expanding his neck. There was no way he could take it all I thought. But he was not to be denied.

With one last intake of air he thrust her face over Wrecker's cock, just inches short. Using his lips he pulled his mouth taking it all in. Wrecker for the first time put his hands behind Odell's head and pulled. Odell looked up at him his eyes straining! He was turning a deeper shade of black. I almost stopped the car and then Wrecker pushed him off. I could hear the rush of fresh air fill his lungs and return his color.

Wrecker was not done he stroked his cock.

"On your back!" Wrecker laughed. "Now cum like a good puppy and maybe I will fuck your ass."

Odell laid back and within minutes he was cumming on his lower belly. A small white glob lay on his dark brown belly. There was so little he easily cleaned it up. Then Wrecker looked down at him.

"Good puppy now come get your treat!" With that he grabbed Odell's ear and forced his cock down his throat one more time. You could see the jism force its way past Odell's lips and his mouth and throat fill beyond capacity. He tried. He really did, you could see him gulping and then forcing his mouth deeper to clean the sticky fluid from dripping off Wreckers cock. He almost succeeded. Sadly, for him at least, he failed as two globs fell to the carpet.

I turned off the monitor. I knew I had enough although watching him get his ass fucked might have been fun. I continued on. Instead of getting his ass fucked it sounded like Odell sucked the others off again.

"Driver take us back!" The speaker squawked.

At the next exit I pulled off and returned them to the place I picked them up. Odell was dressed and slightly drunk. Still he noticed I was the driver when he exited. He said nothing and neither did I. Wrecker even tried to tip me.

I hoped I had what I wanted. Proof. Nancy was waiting with Albert back at the shop. I thanked her for her help. On the phone Butch explained how to get the thumb drives out so they would not get

erased.

"Jay you can't let Odell see the video, That could lead to serious charges for us both." Nancy explained.

"But I can show Clare? Right?" I asked just to be clear.

"You can but there is good chance she won't believe you!" Nancy remarked.

"I have to try it is getting worse each day!" I protested.

"Go then. But be gentle. This may be too much for her. Let her decide if she wants to see it."

"I understand!" I handed her one copy and took the other.

"Oh and Jay if you are thinking about blackmailing Wrecker with this, forget it! This would be just the kind of publicity he would enjoy!" Nancy explained.

"Then how?"

"He is a business man..." She hesitated. "What do business men want?"

"Money!" I shouted.

"Money and power. Power over others. That's what motivates Wrecker." She winked.

"Thanks Nancy!"

The whole way back to the house the only thing I could think of is how to convince Clare to watch the video. Then she could see he was unfaithful to her!

She was waiting up I was not sure if it was for Odell or for me. We talked for almost a half an hour. Slowly and gently I brought her back to the point she would consider leaving Odell if he had been unfaithful to her.

"There is no way. He can't have been unfaithful to me!" She finally said. She was still in denial.

"But if he was? What then?" I was so close. "Would you leave him?"

"I would need proof!" Clare was getting more agitated. I think she knew I had proof and she was conflicted about knowing about it.

"If I had proof now? So you could see it, would you?"

"NO!" She shouted.

"Ok." I am not going to force you.

"But if you ever want to see it I will show you." I replied gently.

"He did not cheat on me!" She screamed at me. Then Clare ran to Odell's room and slammed the door.

I waited for quite some time then went and took a shower. I was dressing and in the den starting to turn out the light. Clare peeked around the corner.

"I want to see it!" She nervously requested.

"Are you sure we could do it tomorrow?"

"I need to see it now!" She had made up her mind.

We sat at my desk together her to my side. I keyed up the video and started from the beginning. I skipped the parts that were not obvious but she got to see Odell serviced two men before the main event. When she saw Wreckers cock the first time she grabbed my wrist and gasped. She looked at me to see if it was real. I nodded. We sat in silence as she watched Odell service Wrecker. There was no sound just video.

Wrecker had him lie on his back and Odell started to stroke himself. Clare did something she had never done before. She reached over and grabbed my cock through my boxers. Stimulated from the video of course I was semi hard but my cock swelled in her hand. She looked at me then down to her hand. She looked at Odell and his poor excuse for a penis and then back to her hand.

I stopped her and slipped my boxers down. I guided her hand back to my cock. She looked at it then back to Odell. We never said a word. As she stroked me slowly I grew even bigger. It felt so good. I was going to cum if she keeps this up I thought. Then Odell came! Wrecker pulled him up and filled his mouth. The video ended at the point I turned it off.

Clare looked at me and then her hand. She released my throbbing cock like it was a searing bar of steel. I groaned in surprise.

"You made that!" She yelled. "You computerized that just to make Odell look bad!"

"Clare I swear. That is real! It is inside Nancy's limo. You have been in there yourself."

"You set this up! You tricked him into this!" I pulled my shorts up obviously not going to finish my pleasure now.

"No. I didn't. I don't even know these other men. I've never seen them before in my life!" I tried to remain calm.

"Well all he did was to get spiced!" She yelled filled with confusion. "If that is cheating then I did the same to him!"

"Clare honey he does not love you he is using you!" I was lost about what to say.

"How do I know you are not using me too? Oh what a fool I am!" With that she ran down the hall and locked herself in Odell's room.

I waited until Odell came home he was plastered as usual. Fortunately he passed out on the couch. I slept with my door open just in case.

Friday morning Clare was standing inside my door when I awoke. She looked weary. I started to get up but she motioned me to stay.

"Why did you show me that?" She whispered.

"I didn't want to, but you need to know." I stood wanting to hold her to ease the pain.

"Why do you care so much?" Her eyes turned glassy.

"I just do." I replied.

"But why?" She was making this difficult. This whole time I had avoided telling her and now here I was so close to losing her and it really didn't seem to matter.

"I think I am in love with you!" A single tear rolled over her cheek. I moved to comfort her.

"NO! Please don't come any closer!" She begged. "You can't love me like that I am your aunt."

"Still I think if you left him we would be free to find out if that is what I am feeling." I offered.

"I can't leave him! Not over a video." She repeated what she said last night. Oh how I wished she would have gone with me last night.

"What would he have to do walk in here and do it in front of you?" I replied statistically!

She stood silent I was not sure what she was thinking. But she seemed to come to understand the impossibility of that.

"I don't deserve you?" She said defeated.

"So you won't leave him?" I asked again. She stood mute unwilling or unable to answer.

"And he won't leave you! Maybe you should just call me if you need me!" My frustration was getting too me. "Maybe I should just leave you to each other!"

"Maybe you should!" She lashed out. "Who asked you to get involved in the first place?"

Turning she ran down the hall and slammed the bedroom door.

I wanted to break that door down and just carry her away but I knew unless Clare made the decision to leave him she would never really be free. It was like she was in quicksand and I had to slowly watch as she went under.

I was leaving for work Odell was in the kitchen. I looked in on him. His eyes lowered at once. I left without saying anything. I wanted so much to let him know about the video but knew that was not possible. Being in jail would only make it worse.

Friday night I came home early hoping to see Clare before Odell came home if he did. I waited until seven before I started to worry.

Odell came home looking for dinner.

"Have you talked to Clare?" I asked.

"What your little play thing wander off without permission?" He must have had a few drinks already. He was feeling bold.

"Odell do you know where your wife is?" I asked firmly.

"I know where the bitch is supposed to be! He yelled. "She is supposed to be here cooking my fucking dinner!"

"Have you talked to her?" I pressed.

"Why would I want to fucking 'talk' to her?" He spat. I moved in his direction. "Hell no!"

"I am worried!" I said, more to myself than him.

"Good you be worried I am going out!" He flipped me the bird and left.

I knew the bank was definitely closed and she would not have a reason to work late on a Friday. I called Nancy but she knew nothing. At that moment I realized I didn't know if she had a single friend who she would go to. Odell had such a grasp on her life I doubted it.

Desperate I called mom. I filled her in on the important details including the essence of the video. I told her of our conversation this morning. We talked for a few minutes. I laid out all my motives and feelings for Clare.

"Jay, you told her you loved her." Mom asked without judgment.

"I told her I 'thought' I was in love with her." The phone was silent.

"Jay...? Are you in love with Clare?" I could hear mom's voice quiver as she asked.

"Mom, I know you do not want to hear this. But I am in love with your sister Clare!" I could not make it any clearer.

There was another long pause. I was worried she might have fainted or something worse.

"Mom? Did you hear me? Are you still there?" I knew she was I could hear her weeping.

"Jay I am coming down!" She sniffled. "Jay when you find her. Be honest this time. Tell her I said the answer is no."

With nothing to do but wait I thought about what Clare would do. But more about how she would get around. I called all the limo companies. I called the taxi companies. I put out a reward to find her. I called the chief of police. I knew he could not do anything officially but he could put the word out.

I knew mom would not get here before midnight so I drove around a few spots looking myself. Then just before twelve I got a call. A limo driver had just picked up a fare and took her to a male strip club for women. She asked him to call me and was in the club looking for someone.

My mind went back to this morning. It was the first time we had ever fought. At first I thought that was a bad thing but now I was not so sure. It was the first time she had really shown this much emotion over the situation with Odell. Maybe mom was right. Maybe I need to tell her the truth. I never did answer her question.

Racing across town I hoping it was not too late to stop her. I knew the first shift got off at midnight and the second shift was now on stage. It was common for the dancers to escort women home or to a hotel for a price. Friday night was a busy night especially with bachelorette parties. It would be nothing for twenty women to fight over five or six well sculptured studs for the night. The losers would then have to wait until the next shift ended to get their shot.

I pulled up just as the driver was escorting several guys in the back. I ran to the car and looked in. I saw two women inside but Clare was not there.

"Still inside. Better hurry the guys just came out of the showers." I handed him a c note.

I went in the back door as another dancer and a slightly heavy black woman exited. I knew there would be few dancers left. This was an ugly scene for the remaining women. You see the guys had their pick of the litter so to speak. The scene could be ugly as the women vied to be the chosen few selected. Of course money talked. With peer pressure and an abundance of booze anything could happen, and usually did.

It was a busy night. Five dancers strolled through the crowd of prospects. Women whispered offers as they ran their hands over chiseled bodies. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Clare. She was still dressed in her business suit. A stark contrast to the party women. She was so out of her element but had drawn the attention of a dancer. I moved several feet behind her with a view of the stage to see what she was offering.

"I like the business look." The dancer said.

"How much for you?" She whispered.

"What are you looking for?" He rubbed up against her ignoring me.

"Sex!" She blurted out. He reacted instantly. He was startled with her brazen frankness. His instincts told him this was not normal. He moved on quickly. With his appearance the gaggle of women moved closer to Clare. There was always mocking at these cattle calls. Friends would degrade the other women to bolster their own standing it could get cruel. Everything was game, height, weight, chest size. Hell they even pointed out women with fake hair.

"Do you see her scar?" One woman said to another.

"Yes! He would have to put a bag over her head to fuck her!" Her friend laughed. "Scarface lives!"

"Maybe it is Frankenstein's wife?" Her friend teased cruelly. I knew if I heard her so did Clare.

She turned to run to the bathroom I think. When she turned she stood face to face with me. I could see her pain turn to surprise as she almost ran me over. I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her close.

Feeling rejected and humiliated she tried to pull away.

"Why did you come?" She struggled feebly. We both knew I was not going to let her go and deep down inside she didn't want me to. "How long have you been here?"

"Long enough to see and hear." I replied. I waited for her to look up at me.

"Then you heard what they said!" Clare cried out. The two girls heard her and looked at me. I brushed the hair from Clare's cheek and kissed her scar. They knew it was for their benefit.

"They are just drunk and desperate for someone to love them." I glared back. "You already have what they want."

I kissed her scar again letting her know, even in public I wanted to be seen with her. We started walking out when the dancer that approached her earlier stopped me. He grabbed my arm.

"Hey you can't just come in here and work these women this is our club." The room fell silent.

"Tell you what, you take your hand off me and I will not rearrange your face!" I said calmly. "I may spend a night in jail but you my friend will not work for a month."



He removed his hand. I knew he would. He was a lover not a fighter. Clare and I walked to my car. I looked at my watch and saw the time.

"I have a surprise for you at home." I said happily.

"Not another video I hope?" I thought she was joking but when I looked over she seemed scared.

"Nothing to do with Odell if that is what you are worried about." That seemed to relax her a bit. We rode in silence, for quite a while.

"Jay why did you come?" She whispered.

"I told you this morning to call me if you needed me." I teased just a bit.

"I didn't think you would come. Not after this morning." She replied.

"Clare I lied to you this morning when I said I think I am in love with you!" We pulled up to the house and into the drive. I put the car in park but left the engine running.

"I don't think I am in love you I know I am." I stopped and let her think about that. "Clare I would marry you if I could!"

"But why?" She was tearing up again. I loved that she was so emotional.

"So we can live together and have kids and make love!" I explained.

"But I can't have kids!" She wailed.

"Honey we can adopt then. As long as I am with you it won't make any difference to me!" I looked at her. "You will make a wonderful mother!"

"But we can't Rhonda won't allow it!" She sobbed.

"Well about that. I am supposed to tell you she said the answer is 'no'." Her eyes spread wide open.

"You are lying she would never allow that!" Clare shot back. I turned off the car.

"Well I guess you can just ask her yourself. Rhonda is inside!" I pointed to her car beside mine.

"She came here? But she never comes here! She hates Odell." Clare replied.

"But she loves you more. When you did not come home for dinner I called her. She insisted on coming. Let's go, she will be worried about you."

I opened the door and Rhonda ran to embrace Clare. She pulled her tight and kissed her cheek repeatedly.

"Oh Clare I have been such a fool!" Mom said holding her at arm's length. "I should have stopped this years ago. It took Jay falling in love with you to open my eyes."

"Rhonda he said you told him the answer is 'no'?" Clare for some reason needed to know the answer.

"The answer is no. Mike and I will not forbid Jay to be with you. In fact based on what you told me and what he has demonstrated we will encourage it. If that is what you want!"

This was a complete shock to me. She had already talked to mom about being with me? I mean of course they talked when we were home but for the future? I was more confused than before.

"But what about Odell?" Clare asked. I could see it. She was still struggling to let go. Mom saw it too. She looked at me and nodded. In my head I could hear the words Mike had always drilled into me. If you are going to do it do it right, follow through to the end.

I left them and made the phone calls I dreaded making but I knew there was no other way.

It was getting late so mom suggested we go to bed. Clare and mom slept in the master bedroom I slept alone. The only sign of hope was Clare did kiss me goodnight.

I woke Odell up from the couch for a phone call he received. He glared at me so I left him alone and walked in the kitchen.

"Hey fuck head where is Clare?" He asked.

"She went shopping with mom. Won't be back until late afternoon they said." I replied.

"What is she doing here anyway?" He asked pissed.

"Not sure. She came late last night to see Clare." I lied.

"Why aren't you at work?" He asked.

"I have been working all morning getting prepared for a meeting." I explained.

"Well aren't you the industrious one?" He smirked.

"I will be leaving soon. Someone is stopping by to collect some money. Then I will be out of here." I walked past him and into my den.

Odell was none too happy but held his tongue. He was in the master bedroom when my guest arrived. He was taller than I expected probably six three which made him look skinnier than he probably was.

A short goatee on a well weathered face belied his broad white smile. Dressed in a nice slacks and a polo shirt he looked comfortable. I didn't think I would like him but something told me we would hit it off. He was a reasonable man on the phone. I hoped he would stay that way today.

"So you're the young man that has been stirring the pot?" He asked.

"That wasn't my intention. I just want what is best for Clare." I explained.

"So let me get this right if he takes the money I get a grand. And if he doesn't I get twelve thousand?" He laughed.

"Only if you win the bet! I reminded him.

"Young man you make sure it is in C A S H!" He snickered. "What about the twelve grand he owes me?"

"That sir is between you and Odell!" I said clearly. "We agree on the conditions?"

"Are you set up?" He asked.

"Ready and waiting." I pointed to the equipment.

Well let's get this over. Time is money!" He grinned.

I went to the master bedroom and knocked on the door.

"What the fuck you want asshole?" Odell yelled.

"There is a man here to see you." I replied.

"To see me?" He spat. "No one knows I live here! Who is it?"

"Actually to see us." I answered. "Some guy named Wrecker!"

He almost turned white. Not literally white but a dark gray. He was stunned to say the least.

"Here? To see us? Now?" He was clearly rattled.

"In the living room right now." I explained. I turned and left him standing in shock.

"Bill what brings you here?" Odell asked as he came out. I stood by the video camera and recorded him walking in.

"Just some business with JB!" Wrecker said. "Please sit down right here Odell."

"Hey what are you doing with that camera?" Odell looked at me.

"Well let's just say I want to make sure there are no misunderstandings between us on the deal we are going to discuss. So I am recording this. You can have a copy if you want?" I offered.

"What deal?"

"The deal where you tell Clare you are leaving her!" I said.

"Fuck you! I'm not leaving her and you know it!" He laughed.

"You have not heard my offer." I replied.

"I said fuck you asshole! I am not leaving the bitch and that is final!" Odell cursed.

I didn't even look at Wrecker I wanted Odell focused on me not him, not now. Still I knew he was helping me make my case.

"Surely I can persuade you to let her go. You can find another woman to beat up!"

"Look shitwad, don't you tell me how to keep my woman in line! That dumb cunt is lucky I let her live here with me." He snarled.

"Is that why you cut her face? I bet she felt lucky that day?" I snapped back.

"If she wouldn't have gotten pregnant that would have never happen..." He looked at me and then at the camera. "That was an accident!"

"Gentleman as much as I would like to stay and watch the Jerry Springer show, let's get on with it!" Wrecker cut in. "Odell just listen to what he has to offer!"

Odell turned to me. "Ok asshole! What are you offering?" I knew he was just asking to please Wrecker.

"I will offer you twelve thousand dollars..."

"No fucking way!" He interrupted.

"I will offer you twelve thousand dollars." I started over. "AND you can have the house. Clare will give up claim to any equity..."

"You are not even close!" He replied with a smirk.

"AND the car." I finally finished. "From what I can tell that is about all of the real assets you have."

"Well sonny boy that may be but when you are finally out of my life she will still be my wife!" Odell basked in his triumph. I looked at Wrecker he was unzipping his pants.

"Odell I am going to ask you one last time. Just for the record. If you say no I will withdraw the offer!" I explained "Will you take the offer?"

"Fuck you JB. The answer is no!" Odell said defiantly.

"I am sorry to hear that my little puppy!" Wrecker cut in. "You just cost me twelve thousand dollars. If you had taken the money we would be even! Now that you defaulted you now owe me twenty four large!"

Wrecker had his pants off and was stroking his massive cock slowly. Even half hard it was hard not to look at. Odell was now completely stumped. Having just learned he was further in debt he was now distracted by Wreckers cock.

"Come here puppy, Big dog needs you!" Wrecker said as he stroked his cock.

"Please not here!" Odell whimpered. I could see Wrecker's cock grow fatter.

"Yes here. Now come show me what a good puppy you are!" His voice was low and soothing. There was just a hint of authority the rest was masterful confidence.

"But JB is watching!" Odell protested.

"Oh my puppy has sucked many cocks and had many spectators! Haven't you? That is why you are my favorite puppy!" A drop of pre-cum became visible on the end of Wrecker's cock.

"But he is recording this!" Odell whimpered again. I could tell he was almost ready to give in.

"Yes I know! I asked him to record your final submission to me!" Wrecker explained. "Now cum my puppy today you become a dog!"

There was a slight hesitation Odell looked at me for sympathy.

"Please don't make me do this. Please stop recording this!" Odell had lost all he had been clinging to just moments before.

"Come now puppy there is no use resisting. What you want is right here!" Wrecker wagged his cock at Odell.

Even as I watched it seemed like slow motion. Odell moved to Wrecker without the slightest hesitation his lips slipped over his cock. Wrecker was naked from the waist down and soon Odell would be the same. His big black lips wrapped around the massive white cock was even more erotic than on tape.

I thought this would just be a repeat of the limo but Wrecker had other ideas. Odell had worked most of his cock down his throat. He was gagging and moaning at the same time. He was lost in pleasuring Wrecker. His little prick was hard.

"On the couch puppy! Over the arm!" Wrecker demanded.

He pulled his cock out of Odell's oral orifice. After this long you forget how much is really inside. Odell shifted he laid on his back his ass hung over the arm. Wrecker pushed his legs up and slipped a couple of pillows under his ass and then spit at Odell's' asshole.

I couldn't believe my eyes. Wrecker was going to fuck his ass. From the camera's angle all we could see of Odell was his hands holding his legs up and his ass cheeks hanging over the arm of the couch. His head and torso was hidden by the back of the couch. Wrecker was in full view.

There was no way that cock was going to fit in that ass I thought. Then Wrecker started pushing!

"Here is the part you love puppy? You love a big dog cock up your ass don't you?"

"Ahhhh, yyyeessss!" Odell groaned. "Give it to me! Hurry!"

Unfucking believable! Odell was begging for it! This he has definitely done before. From this angle I watched as Wrecker steadily pushed in. If there was any resistance it was minimal. When he bottomed out Odell moaned then begged for more. I watched Wrecker fuck his ass for a few minutes before I heard them come in.

Clare and mom were in the basement watching on the TV I hooked up to my computer. I looked to Clare she was mesmerized by the scene in front of her. She grabbed my arm and pulled me close. Mom stood behind her arms wrapped around Clare's waist.

"You're supposed to be in the basement!" I whispered.

"I had to see it for my own eyes!" Clare whispered back.

"Oh my! He is big isn't he?" Mom said loudly. "Even bigger than Mike!" She whispered. Clare and I looked at her as she blushed not realizing she said it out loud.

Wrecker looked over. He never stopped pumping in Odell's ass.

"Ladies." He nodded.

"Who is that?" Odell squealed.

"Your ex-wife and ..."

"My sister!" Clare said clearly.

"And you're ex sister-in-law!" Wrecker explained. "Cum for them puppy! Let them see how much you love my cock and then you can have your reward."

"Please." Odell begged.

"Don't be shy now! I said cum! The girls moved closer I brought the camera and just as I rounded his thigh I saw his little cock spew a couple of strings of cum on his chest.

"That's a good puppy now here is your reward! Wrecker said. He pulled out of Odell's ass. I recorded his gaping hole. It was clean and red inside. He must have prepared for this in the morning I thought. I moved around and watched as Wrecker milked his cock so we could see the copious amount of cum fill Odell's mouth. With the last few spurts he coated his face. It was just like a porno. A perfect money shot! Unfortunately it would be my money.

I knew it would hurt but for me it was worth every dime.

I moved to the girls who were still in disbelief over what they just witnessed. Clare stood over Odell.

"I am filing for divorce you miserable excuse for a husband!" Even when she was this pissed she didn't swear. "I want you out of this house tonight!

"Ladies I think it best you go!" I walked them to the door and kissed them both on the cheek. Clare seemed miffed but I had my reasons. "I will call you tonight."

I watched as mom drove off with Clare. Mom and I talked about this. It was hard to see Clare leave but I agreed to give her some time alone.

I led Wrecker to my bathroom so he could get cleaned up. Odell found us in the kitchen drinking a beer. Beside us was another man. All signs of the camera were gone.

"This is Odell." I said to the man.

"Who are you?" Odell asked.

"I am the person that is serving you with this." He handed Odell an envelope.

"What is this?" Odell asked.

It is a personal restraining order for you sir. It says you cannot come within five hundred feet of this dwelling. Your wife or her place of work."

"But this is my house!" Odell protested.

"That may be sir but as long as your wife resides here you are barred from the property, including the house." The process server thanked me for my help and left.

"You! You did this!" Odell pointed to me.

"No actually you did it." I replied happily. "Now with you as my witness I need to pay off a bet I won!"

I handed Wrecker twelve thousand dollars and a copy of the video.

"Thank you Jay, and thank Nancy for me when you see her." Wrecker smiled.

"I will I said happily." I replied.

"But I thought you said you won a bet?" Odell asked me.

"He did you idiot!" Wrecker smiled at me. "He just won your wife!"

Odell just now realized what he lost.

"Get your bags packed puppy you owe me twenty five grand. You aren't leaving my sight until that is paid!"

I went to lunch and stopped by the job sight. I helped the crew until they left.

I went to visit Nancy, Albert, and Butch, and actually stayed for dinner. Butch still mostly bed ridden did sit and eat with us. She was ready to give birth any day now. We talked briefly about Odell. I felt it wasn't appropriate to get into details while we ate. The rest of the night we talked about the impending birth and how this was affecting their relationship in a positive way. Albert seemed especially happy that he would finally be a grandfather. Butch seemed tired so Nancy escorted her up stairs. I kissed them both goodnight.

Albert offered me coffee before I left. We sat in the kitchen and talked about nothing in particular. I asked him what he did for a living. Albert explained he was a commercial insurance agent for years. He became a consultant for the state police on building code violations. He then became an arson investigator for both government agencies and insurers.

When he lost his wife several years ago he retired and started driving limos just to stay active. Now in his late fifties he lives at the house and is the caretaker of sorts. He still oversees the limo business, the house, and now Butch.

We talked a bit about the roofing business. Albert was interested to know if that was now my future. When I left I thought about it. I really didn't see that as my future before now. But it seemed to be what I knew.

I called home Saturday night. Mike answered the phone looking forward to talking to me. We talked about work at first and how the business was progressing. I told him about my conversation with Albert. He knew why I was calling and let the conversation move that way.

Mom and he decided it would be best if Clare stayed for a few days. I asked to talk to her but he explained that it was best I wait until tomorrow night as she was sleeping. He did say mom wanted to talk to me.

"Jay!" Mom answered excitedly. "How are you holding up?"

"I am fine, how is Clare?" They left in such a hurry I really didn't have time to talk to her.

"She has been through so much these last few days honey. I just think she needs time to process it all." Mom said with some concern.

"She hasn't changed her mind about the divorce has she?" I almost was afraid to ask.

"No honey I think after today that is as good as done. You know her. Once she makes her mind up...well you know better than anyone." Mom explained.

"What about me? When can I see her?" There was a long hesitation on the phone.

"Jay, I know you want to see her but this may not be the right time." Mom hesitated again. "Soon honey. As soon as she is ready."

"Well whatever you say. I just want what is best for her." I replied my heart breaking as I said it.

"I know you do honey, I know you do." Her voice trailed off when she repeated it. "I love you Jay. I am so proud of you!"

"Goodnight mom I have to go!" my voice breaking up as I said it.

It was only eight thirty. I decided to start some laundry. Between loads I started cleaning my bedroom and then the den. Next I cleaned my bathroom. Clare was a neat freak probably because she was always alone with nothing to do. There was really not much to do. Motivated I walked in the master bedroom. It was all I could do not to burn the room down. Instead I went shopping. The big box store is open all night so loaded the back of my car as well as the trunk.

Back in the master bedroom I stripped the bed of all bedding and placed them in the trash bags I bought. I remade the bed with all new linens and a bedspread that closely matched the original. I opened every drawer. If it looked like Odell's I placed it neatly in the boxes I bought. If it was Clare's I threw it in a trash bag. She was not going to have one thing left he bought her if I had any say. I processed the closet the same way. I even went in the bathroom and packed his stuff in another box. I again threw hers away.

I was a man on a mission. Room to room I went packing and throwing away anything that would remind her of the past. It was midnight when I finally sat down in the kitchen for a late night snack. I looked out to the living room when it struck me, I wasn't done. Don't ask me how I did it but I drug the couch and the cushions out to the curb. Inspired I pulled the carpet and padding up as well. I was finally satisfied as stood there on the bare wood looking around. With the boxes stacked in the garage with the trash bags I made the bed in my bedroom with the sheets I just washed.

Taking a shower I was headed to the bedroom. Walking past the den I saw the futon still opened up and decide to sleep there instead.

It seemed like I just fell asleep when my phone rang. Looking at the number it was Mike's cell. I looked at the time it was two thirty.

"Mike?" I asked still groggy.

"Jay can you open the front door Clare doesn't have her key?"

"Mike you don't have a spare? It would take me over an hour to get there!" I replied wiping my eyes.

"Jay we are outside your front door!" Mike laughed.

"Here now?" I jumped up and slipped on a pair of sweats and a tee shirt. I went to the front door and turned on the lights. Mom, dad, Jesse and Clare were standing on the small porch. I opened the door. "Please come in."

"Thanks." Mike held the screen door open while I held the main door.

"Why are you here?" I asked confused.

Mom walked past me then Jesse both giving me a sly look but saying nothing. Clare stood on the porch looking at me as emotional as I had ever seen her. She was tearing up. Without further hesitation she move quickly in my direction. Instinct took over as I caught her as she jumped into



my arms. She didn't even kiss me she just wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me tight. I could feel her tears against my cheek and neck. I held onto her as I looked at Mike. He just grinned obviously happy about something.

I could feel Clare's body shudder as she kept crying. She kept pulling me tighter.

"I love you Jay!" She whispered in my ear. Her voice fighting through the tears.

"I love you too!" I whispered back. She pulled her face from me. Her big brown eyes pierced mine.

"I don't deserve you Jay Brown but I am in love with you!" She said so everyone could hear.

"Finally she tells him!" Jesse always the comedian joked.

"That!" Jesse looked at me. "Is why we are here!"

I was too busy kissing my new girlfriend to respond. It was a long sensuous kiss. Clare could not have responded any more passionately. Mike came in and stood with mom. Jesse was looking at the missing carpet and couch.

"Why did you come at two in the morning?" I finally asked as I sat Clare down. She refused to let me go latching onto my arm.

"Well. Clare woke up and said she needed to tell you something." Mom started to explain.

"She couldn't have called?" I asked.

"That is what I said!" Jesse quipped.

"She insisted she need to tell you in person." Mom continued. "And you know when she gets something in her mind..."

"Yeah she hasn't stopped talking about you since we left!" Jesse complained.

"Then why did 'you' come?" I asked Jesse.

"Are you kidding me? And miss that entrance? That kiss?" Jesse teased.

"Jay! Where is the couch?" Mom asked.

"Out at the curb with the carpeting!"

"There is no couch. Just the carpeting." Mike was looking out the door. Clare, mom and I all looked at each other knowing what had taken place there just hours ago. "Ladies we should get going it is a long ride back."

"Oh honey let's just get a hotel room and leave in the morning. You look tired." Mom said. "I packed a change of clothes for us just in case."

"Better yet just stay here." I offered. "I just went out and bought all new linens for the master bedroom. I cleaned the house and washed the sheets on my bed!"

Everyone looked at me as if I was some kind of alien.

"You did all of that tonight?" Clare asked. She looked at mom.

"Well I did a bit more than that. Not sure it will be up to your standards!" I said humbly.

"Let me get some stuff and you two can have the master bedroom." Clare said to mom and dad as she started walking to the hall. "Jesse you can sleep in Jay's room!"

"Clare!" I called to her.

"Just a minute Jay I will be right back." She called out.

"If I am sleeping in your room where are the two of you sleeping? Jesse asked. I held up my index finger indicating I would answer her in a moment.

"JAY!" Clare yelled from the bedroom.

"I may be sleeping in the dog house!" I joked. "And we don't have one."

Mom and Jesse looked at Clare as she came from the master bedroom staring me down. Clare glared at me. Then she looked at the bare floor. Next Clare looked out the window to the curb.

"Is everything ok?" Mom asked looking at me then Clare. I waited for her answer.

"Everything is just as I want it." Clare smiled at me. "I will see you in bed!" Clare turned and went to my bedroom to change.

Mike went to the car and brought in two bags handing one to Jesse and taking the other one to the master bedroom. Mom and I were alone.

"You better be sure about how you feel about her..." Mom started to get weepy. "Jay, I know you love her but that may not be enough. She still has issues."

"As long as you will support our decisions, I know the four of us can help her through them." Mom tilted her head surprised by my answer.

"You are wise beyond your years. I believe we can since you put it that way." She left me standing alone.

I was not naïve. I knew there would be times that Clare would need help I could not give her. As I walked to the den I could hear Jesse and Clare laughing in the bedroom. All the clothes they had bought when they went shopping were in that room. It was all the clothes Clare had for now.

She turned the main light off when she came in the room. I reached up and turned the desk lamp on. The soft glow added to the atmosphere. Clare was stunning in the same outfit she wore before. She set some items on the stand at the end of the futon. I admit I didn't know what they were, maybe a robe. I was too busy checking out her ass as she bent over. Turning to me she slipped in closest to the wall and pulled me in with her.

Her lips instantly were on mine. I pulled her on top so she could control the action. The lamp was still on, the light highlighted her rich dark skin. We kissed softly to at first then started to pick up the tempo. My hands drifted down and cupped her ass cheeks. She ground her pussy on my stomach. I wanted her to move lower but she started to move higher. It dawned on me what she wanted. I hooked my thumbs in the waist of her shorts and pulled them down to her knees. She did not want to give up kissing me but she was forced to decide. Her pussy was at my chest when she finally freed her legs.

She wanted me to turn over so she could lie back but I held her hips and forced her above my mouth. Her heady aroma brought back some of the best memories of my short life. The moment I lifted up and licked her slit she knew what I was trying to accomplish.

"Jay!" She murmured. I was going to stop and remind her Jesse was next door. I decided not to for two reasons. I liked Clare to express her pleasure and knew if Jesse was listening it would make it worth coming along tonight.

Clare's juices flowed freely. She been waiting for this so long and knew what she wanted this time. Clare now knew what the prize would be. She had orgasmed once not knowing what she was missing. This time she knew what was waiting on the other side of the curtain.

I gripped her hips and held her off several times just to prolong her pleasure. She groaned in frustration when I refused to lick her clit but moaned in pleasure when I rimmed her asshole. She had held off being too vocal but her desperate quest to cum was taking its toll. When I thrust my tongue deep in her pussy she could not stay silent any longer.

"Jay PLEASE!" She cried out loudly. Then as if to defy me she grabbed my hair and mashed her pussy hard against my mouth. Her clit found my nose. Clare rubbed her nubbin against it. I released her hips and let her bring herself off

"SPICE YOU!" Clare wailed. Her orgasm washed though her body slowly then hit like a tornado! She bucked against my mouth and nose. Drenching my face with her 'spice'. "I spiced you!" She giggled as her body quivered above me.

"Yes you did! Spiced me really good!" I cooed. From the light on the desk I could see her inner pink pussy still twitching above me. Clare moved down to kiss me. She was licking my face and enjoying her juices. Her leg brushed against my serious hard on. Maybe it was her orgasm that made her think of it. Maybe it was seeing Wrecker's eyes roll back in his head when he came in Odell's mouth. She stopped mid lick.

"JAY!" It was a sudden outburst.

"What honey?" I asked thinking something was wrong.

"Do guys like to spice too?" Clare asked seriously. It was all I could do not to laugh. Was she really that innocent? Then I thought about the absurdity of the question. With Odell as her only lover most likely the answer was yes.

"We love to spice also!" I replied with big grin. With a move that would impress most wrestlers she was pulling my boxers off and stroking my cock. She wiggled between my legs and with a big white toothy smile most of my manhood disappeared inside of her mouth. She gagged immediately. Obviously she had never done this before. She looked up to see if I was mad.

"Slowly for now." I whispered.

Clare smiled my cock still in heaven. I moved my hands to the side of her face gently guiding her. I knew she wanted to please me it was just a matter of experience. Now it had been many weeks since I had been with a woman. I am not against masturbation it is just not something that I do all that much. A guy has to do what a guy has to do. I guess women too. It had been almost a week since I had relieved my tensions. After eating Clare and my desire to be with her I knew this would

be short experience. I held off as long as I could. But even her awkward approach was effective enough to accomplish the desired effect today.

"Clare!" I tried to warn her. She was oblivious to the pending outcome. She was so erratic in her efforts it was hard to keep in time.

"Clare!" I am going to cum!" She looked up still not understanding common slang. She hit my stride as I bucked against her mouth.

"CLARE SPICE!" I groaned so loud I heard it fill the room.

I wanted to push her off and jerk my cock myself. She was completely out of rhythm but I clenched my fists and let her finish me off. The effects were less than perfect but watching her gobble all of my seed made up for any personal disappointment. I close my eyes as my cock deflated. It was the worst and in so many ways the best blowjob I had ever received. I felt her stir. I should have known! I mean she did the same when she spiced me!

Clare scrambled up as fast as she had moved down and pressed her lips on mine. How could I stop her now?

With no other choice I let her slip her tongue in my mouth. It was not gross. Knowing it was mine and how it was delivered made up for any internal embarrassment. Her passion was unbridled. I knew she felt me go through the same wonderful experience she had earlier. There was no way I could tell her now. I knew as long as she was my lover we would do this again. Accept it Jay. Get over it and move on. So I did. Clare licked my face cleaning the remnants of her pussy.

"You spice me!" She beamed. "You have so much spice! I almost couldn't swallow it all. It is a good thing you warned me!"

"That was so nice of you to do that!" I praised her.

"Can we do that again?" She asked. Clare was giddy! I was spent and tired. Any other night I would have been up for it. But this was not that night.

"Sure another time would be great!" I let her down gently I thought. "I am kind of tired now. If it is ok with you I would like to go to sleep."

"Promise?" She asked.

"Promise." I replied dead tired.

"Ok let me clean you up!" Clare sat up and reached for the supplies she brought. She wiped my face with a wet cloth then dried it with a fresh towel. She even gave me a mint. She did the same to herself. She then reached up and turned off the light. I rolled to face her my semi hard cock pushed against her bare ass. It was the first time we had been in the bed semi naked.

"I love you Jay. You make me happy!" She whispered.

"I love you Clare. Please don't ever leave me again!" I replied.

"I won't."

"Promise?" I asked. She turned to me and kissed me her minty breath mixed with mine.

"Promise." She turned and pulled my arm over her and pressed her ass back against me again. I fell asleep a very happy man.

To be continued...