

CRAZY 33

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 33 Aunt Sophia Series 1

I met a young man Samuel 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. Samuel 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 Samuel 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.

Samuel insisted I talk to one person before any others. That person was **.

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

In the beginning ** confronts his uncle Odell.

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

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

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

"I know you're just a sophomore but I need you to play like a pro." He was yelling at me to pump me up. "Now look at the clock. They don't have much time left. But damn if that quarterback makes one more run like that they're going to be in field goal range."

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

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

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

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

"Yes sir!" I yelled through my helmet.

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

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

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

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

"Fuck you bench warmer!" He yelled.

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

"OOOOMMMPPHH!"

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

I stood over him briefly. His eyes still locked on mine he was no longer so smug. With a startling twitch he curled up desperately gasping for a second breath of air. His teammates pushed me away. The medical staff was on him as I walked back to our huddle. They led him off and punted. We held onto the lead and closed out the game. I remember that game for several reasons, first, it was the first time I was actually in a game that counted. Second, I became a real member of the team. I had made the plays. I had proven I belonged. Lastly it was the start of series of events that altered the rest of my life. A life

that changed in a way I could have never imagined.

My name is Jake Brown. ** to my friends. I am a sophomore in a medium size college. I play football, my position is safety. I am five eleven and weigh just over two hundred pounds. My dad was white. He died shortly after my younger sister Jessica was born. My grandfather on my mom's side is white and my grandmother is black. My mom is one of their children. After my dad died Mom married a black man, Mike. I call him dad. This story is not about race but it plays a part to some extent. I am one fourth African American but to look at me you would think I am white. My skin is fair, I just look lightly tanned. No blond hair but you get the picture! My mom, Rhonda looks black, but her skin is really more caramel colored. My step dad is 100% African American and much darker. He is by far the best man I know. He has been everything a father should be and more. We are close and have been since the beginning.

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

My aunt Sophia is mom's younger sister by twelve years. Where mom is average in height and weight, Sophia is tall and slender. Mom has big full breasts, and a bit of a rump. Sophia's tits are small and delicate. She has a small tight ass, not that I noticed. Mom is medium skinned. Sophia is dark skinned with big brown doe eyes. Mom is outgoing, enthusiastic and sassy. Sophia is quiet, reserved and timid. As I stated earlier mom is married to a great guy. She loves him and he loves her. My aunt is married to a man I have never trusted. His name is Odell. He is six years older than Sophia, and yes he is black too.

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

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

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

They tell everyone that it was a car accident. Maybe it was. I doubt it. Regardless Sophia has a scar that starts from her upper lip on her right side across her cheek and ends at her ear. The lower tip of her ear is missing. Not much but noticeable the few times I have seen it. She wears her hair long and pulls it

across her face to hide the scar. It's a shame because she is so beautiful with or without it.

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

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

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