

CRAZY 38

Chapter 38 Aunt Sophia Series 6

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I brought a date home." I explained.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sophia bolted from in front of me. I was going to go after her but decided to let her have some space. It

was then it dawned on me Odell was left handed. He did that to her! In my heart I knew it.

The next day I called mom and told her some of what I knew. I did not throw Odell under the bus for now but he was standing in the street. Mom knew most of it I think, but getting a second opinion was helpful. She asked if I would bring Sophia up to spend the weekend soon.

I told her I would ask.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was in the car. It was raining softly but steadily outside, I was under the car port. There was a knock on

the window. It was the doctor. I rolled the window down slightly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I stopped and washed up then headed down the hall. Albert was waiting in the kitchen. He sat with me as we snacked on fruit and cookies. We talked, he was very nice. He was not that old, maybe in his early sixties. He was quiet and attentive, refusing to let me carry my plate to the sink. He escorted me to the study. I studied for a couple of hours and then laid my head down and took nap.

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

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

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

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