

CRAZY 36

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 36 Aunt Sophia Series 4

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

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

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

Randy taught me early on to never date a stripper while I was a driver. From experience he knew that if you did it was for money, usually for college. Worse yet many are girlfriends of motorcycle gangs, pressed into prostitution to support their old man. If you did pay they would black mail you, if you didn't you would get the shit beat out of you. I saw many young ladies I wanted to take home. I had offers to do so. Randy's stories and those of others persuaded me to stay clear.

I had started dating again but nothing serious.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"YES!" She whispered.

When she was all but spent she released her grip. I tried to kiss her but she would have none of that until I was properly cleaned. I let her use the bathroom first. I followed when she was through. I washed

my face and brushed my teeth. She allowed me to kiss her but with her panties now back on told me fucking was off limits. I find it interesting how women can get a point across sometimes without a word. I was a bit disappointed but only slightly. She did stay the night which meant there would be another night together in the future.

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

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

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

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

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

"You're welcome **." Sophia replied. "Nice to meet you Melody. Come back anytime."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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