

Chapter 1. The decision

Knowing I'd need help for the upcoming craft shows I'd scheduled to attend in her region, I asked a family friend if maybe her daughter, Melinda, might be available to do some work for me. I'd pay her a good wage for doing the 5 shows I'd be attending in the local area. It was early in the summer vacation schedule so I knew Melinda would be just bumming around, probably getting into whatever trouble a sixteen year old drop dead gorgeous young woman could get into.

Yeah, Melinda is a doll! About 5'6", weighs maybe 110 pounds soaking wet. She's got perfectly proportioned breasts, maybe even as big as C-cups, and an ass to die for. Her hair color seems to change with whatever is "popular" at the moment, but in my humble opinion, she looks absolutely stunning with Gothic jet-black hair. Her bright light hazel-white eyes, in combination with that jet-black hair, could melt titanium with very little effort. The big problem is she knows how to use that fact to her distinct advantage, especially with me. I'm wrapped, but that's getting ahead of the story!

My close friend Sara, Melinda's aunt, checked it out with her sister Janet and it sounded okay, but with some reservations.

Janet knows me, but not quite as well as Sara does. Sara let her know that I'm a pretty decent guy, which she had really observed at parties in the past. She knows I would make sure that Melinda was well protected while in my "custody". Sara didn't know my complete background, nobody did, but she knew that there was no way anything or anybody would mess with Mel without facing me.

For the most part I was viewed as "fearless". I knew fear very intimately, but had learned to deal with it for what it is.

Everyone had seen the extensive scars on my body at the beach parties, but Mel was the only one to ask any questions about their origins. Leave it to the curiosity of a child.

The prospect of Mel earning a hundred dollars a day for working meant that she'd have about \$900 per show to spend on "school accoutrements" that Janet wouldn't have to cover, or as I would suggest, better she put most of it in the bank and save it for a college rainy day!

But there were still reservations on Janet's part.

I am, after all, a man!

Melinda's mother, Janet, is a bi-sexual woman with two beautiful daughters. She has really bad vibes for men in general. It's because of the way she's been treated by the men in her life, which, in the minds of friends and family alike pointed directly to her lack of good choices when it came to men.

I'm not that judgmental. Sara already knows that and it's something Janet will learn and come to grips with. I just don't feel it's my place to tell someone how to live their life. I'll listen, observe, but rarely ever provide an absolute path. Not my job!

After a failed marriage to what most would call an abusive total loser, she and the girls were on their own so mom turned to girls; she just didn't want to deal with men and the bullshit that came along with them.

From my perspective, I can't say that I really blame her. I like Janet a lot, and feel badly for her, but as with most things in life, her situation is mostly self-induced, but no person deserves to be treated the way her men have treated her.

Let's face it though, for the most part, men are pigs. We are, it's in our genes, and it's the way we're wired.

Being a man, and knowing how most men are, letting the little head win out over common sensibilities, it's not all that surprising.

We all know the little head really has no brain or conscience, so when "he" takes over, there's not much thought process going on with "his" single-minded drive.

It's really not all that surprising that she feels the way she does. What's really surprising to me is that more women aren't bi-sexual for the very same reason.

Driving south from home I arrived in L.A. early on Wednesday morning hoping to have a chance to talk to both Janet and Melinda. The show was starting on Saturday and running for a week. Actually nine days in total.

I generally arrive in town at least a couple days early so that I could get acquainted with the show place and its surroundings. This time, realizing that Janet was still a bit worried about leaving her daughter with me each day, I really wanted an opportunity to set her mind somewhat at ease, or at least as much as I was able.

Be that as it may, because of her chosen sexuality, Janet was still a little hesitant. She knew that what Sara had told her about me was accurate; Sara was too straight up to be any other way. With her own observations over the years, she also knew that I would take excellent care of Melinda.

Mel, for all intents and purpose, seemed totally "normal" in a sexual sense in that she actively chased after boys. I suppose it would be more accurate to say, she allowed boys to catch her, but left them all wanting. She had a singular mind, and there was only one male in her sights.

Janet also knows that I'll be a very good overall influence on Melinda, but she wanted to find a way to talk to me without Melinda being there. One thing that Janet can't give to Mel is a "male" influence in her growing up process. Her father is worthless and Mel doesn't even like visiting since she's matured physically.

That tells me a little about dad.

Yeah, I'd mess him up if he touched Mel inappropriately, and I know Mel would tell me! He knows too, and he also knows who I am, so I don't think he'll do anything that Mel would object to. He's a completely useless asshole, but he's not totally stupid.

The opportunity to talk came about a lot more easily than she thought. I figured I'd take them both out for a pizza lunch so we could casually kick the summer around, and when we had finished with our pizza Melinda asked if she could take off for a while to call and text with some of her friends.

Easy stuff! Private time made to order.

"Just don't wander too far," Janet told her.

In Venice Beach, though, I figured she'd be pretty safe. I've always found, that anywhere that many whacked out people hang out, is relatively safe even for kids. Whacked out maybe, but they are still known to take care of those in attendance, and most don't take to people messing with kids - especially girls. Personally, I love Venice Beach!

The Lee's lived in the local area so when Janet told me that if it was okay, Melinda could stay with me for the whole show it came as quite a shock. It would sure make transportation issues much easier and with the room I'd reserved there is plenty of space. It might cramp my style a little, but it will be worth it to have Mel around. She is a really fun person to hang with. Still a teenage girl she has a maturity not found in many twice her age.

I guess from the look on my face, Janet could tell I was a bit surprised at her statement, especially after having previously expressed reservations to both Sara and me.

She let out a heavy sigh and looking me right in the eyes started, "Bobby, Melinda has become a real handful. To be honest, I can use the break, but if she gets too rambunctious don't hesitate to send her home. I don't expect there will be any issues because she's really looking forward to spending the time with you and working the shows. She doesn't know about staying with you because I wanted to pass it by you before

getting her all excited."

Looking at me seriously, "I also think you'll be an excellent influence on her." She chuckled. "Believe it or not, she loves you very much, and it seems to be much more than the usual 'schoolgirl' crush," Janet lamented quietly. "She's always looked up to you and most of all she trusts you."

"After a lot of soul searching on my part, I do too and I'm sure you know how difficult that is for me to say."

I nodded my head seriously, but didn't say anything. I may be a guy, but I'm far from stupid! She wasn't finished yet.

"I'm also sure that she's been working up to sexual activity, if she hasn't done it already. I just don't want her hurt by some lame-ass, pimple faced boy, whose only goal is to pop her, shoot his load, pull up his pants, and of course leave her high and dry, then going out to tell 500 of his closest friends," she choked almost tearfully.

"The fucking phone wouldn't stop ringing with potential suitors looking for a quick and easy piece of ass. Mel seems to be the kind of girl that once she tastes that forbidden fruit, she's going to want to eat it by the bushel. That worries me, but I totally understand how that is," she said with a knowing smirk.

I returned the grin, but continued to keep my mouth shut.

"By the same token, she seems to have a handle on that exact situation and though she'll date, I'm afraid she's turning into a tease, and that's not a good thing either. Sooner or later one of the older guys will just rape her."

Looking into her eyes, I took a deep breath because I knew I was treading on tender territory, "Janet, I know how you feel about men, Sara has explained it to me and I've made my own observations. In fact, because of my background, Sara and I talked about it at great length. I need to tell you that I both understand and can, for the most part, agree with your feelings. A lot of men are pigs."

To the shocked look, "Hey, It's more than the way we're raised! It's in our genetics. It's the way we're wired, and I believe science has now proven that the male brain and the female brain are significantly different."

She nodded with a big smile but after a few moments of contemplation, her smile was replaced with a very serious look, "Bobby, what would you do if Melinda came on to you? She's sixteen now, and I mean really seriously came on to you with all her raging hormones?"

Now, keep in mind that Melinda is only sixteen so she's technically underage in most states, the proverbial "jail bait". Any "sexual" activities with her could land me in jail for a long time getting my asshole stretched by Bubba and his friends. The law makes no allowances for the true maturity level of a person. It's an arbitrary age, and that's just the way it is, right or wrong.

Unlike the pimply faced teenaged guys she was used to hanging out with, I wouldn't be kissing and telling - not even mom. Janet understood that as well though she had no doubt that she'd find out from Melinda. They had that kind of relationship and in my opinion, that's a good thing all the way around. Mel and I had many telephone conversations over the years.

Was I attracted to Melinda? Fuckin' "A" straight. Remember. I'm a guy; she's a knockout, what the hell do **you** think?

Would I fuck her?

That's a difficult question to answer, but probably. Well, with her it would be "making love" as it were, there is no way that I could just fuck Melinda.

Mel is a knock-'em-dead, certifiable fox. I'm sure that every testosterone-laden boy within "sniffing distance" is pulling his crank regularly with thoughts of Melinda running through his heads.

Truth be told, I'd have to admit to that one myself, and I'm not a testosterone-laden pimply-faced teenaged boy! I'd also be willing to bet money that there are some teachers at school that are pulling that same

action!

Part of her problem is that she knows she's a fox and like Janet said earlier, she knows how to use her sexuality to tease and get pretty much what she wants. I don't believe she's a prick teaser, but she does have that capacity. Young guys really don't have the ability to differentiate between an all out tease and a mild flirt. It's all the same to the little guy, and of course in a sixteen-year-old boy we all know that's who's ruling the roost and pointing the way.

Well, I remember teasers in high school and what they ended up getting. Usually it was either ignored or gang fucked. It really depended on the girl, but I can tell you that in my time, Melinda would be in the "gang fucked" category.

I know Janet wouldn't want that for her daughter, but I can't relate that to her in a reasonable way. I'm sure there were similar happenings when Janet was in high school as well, so vigilante sex with teasers probably isn't unknown to her.

With the question on the table, it almost seemed as though she was setting me up for something, trying to drag out of me, my true stripes. My personal policy is total honesty - especially with parents!

So to diplomatically answer her original question about Melinda coming on to me, I answered with a question.

"What would **you** want me to do Janet? How would you want me to deal with it? How would you feel if I gave in?"

I paused for a moment to let the concept sink in.

Then added, "How would she react if I didn't cave in? Would she take it as a personal affront? Would it add to any psychological insecurity? You say she loves me very much. What is the reality of that love? What will be the results if I reject that love?"

Pausing again for some comprehension exercise, I then continued, "There are a lot of situational variables, Sweetheart. You know her a lot better than I, so I have to leave it up to you to let me know how you

would want me to handle that eventuality."

Then I added, "In my mind she is an adult and as you have seen, that's the way I treat her. As long as she acts like an adult... I know she's your baby, Sweetie, and always will be a baby in your mind, but her maturity level in my observation, is what I have to consider quite adult. She certainly doesn't act like a little girl to me. Not anymore."

I paused another moment to again let what I was saying sink in a little, and then continued once more. "Based on your decision, I can determine whether I'm willing to 'play'. Just by your asking makes me believe you think she's going to at least try to play a game of seduction. In your thoughts, consider how I should react to an out-and-out tease."

Then with a smile, "Because you know she's going to pull the tease, Janet. She's been doing it to me for years. Did you see her a few minutes ago?"

She laughed and nodded, putting one of her hands on mine across the table before we scootched together in the booth.

"Now," I continued again. "What it'll come down to is, 'okay just how serious are you'? Bluff called. If it's a bluff, but I need you to let me know what you expect if it's not a bluff."

I could see the anguish in her eyes as she responded, "I don't know Bobby, that's my problem. I just don't know."

She took a deep breath and tried to collect her thoughts, "I don't know if she will or not, but it just wouldn't be a real big surprise if she does. I know you're right about the tease." Then with a smile added, "And she is an expert at that, I've seen her work it."

We both laughed breaking the nervous tension that had been building.

Looking at me seriously, she said softly almost at a whisper, "I know she cares very deeply for you. I would have to call it love, and Bobby it's more than 'puppy love'. I think that's what scares me the most.

My little girl has grown up. A lot."

And then, in a very loving, soft tone, "I just want her treated with respect and love instead of teenage hormonal lust. I want her first time, if it hasn't happened already..." Then taking a deep breath, "I don't believe it has, but I want it to be the kind of special memory that every girl wants it to be in her deepest fantasies, but so seldom gets."

Then with a thoughtful frown, "God knows, mine sure sucked."

Then with serious trepidation deep in her eyes, "So on the one hand, I know that she would be in good hands with you, but Bobby, she's still my little girl."

I nodded my head to acknowledge her feelings and what she had said, but remained silent. It was her stage.

Janet was in great emotional turmoil and I didn't want to add anything to the machinations. She was going to have to make a decision and let me know what it was.

She was searching my eyes looking for some kind of answer, but she was only finding tenderness, love and understanding, but no answers!

Both Janet and I continued our eye contact in silence as she worked through her feelings. I reached out to her and put my hands on hers acknowledging I somewhat understood her dilemma.

I have a special understanding and feelings when it came to family.

I could see that she just wasn't sure what she was feeling. She truly understands that Melinda wants sex; she can "smell it". It's one of those Mom things. She also knows and understands that it's going to happen probably sooner rather than later, if it hasn't already. It's just how, when, and with whom. She knows the guys Melinda hangs around with and none would be an acceptable choice to her, but remember, she's "mom".

Tears began to roll down Janet's cheeks as she worked through all the emotions contained in the answer she needed to give to me.

Tenderly, I leaned over, kissed the tears from her cheeks, and gave her a knowing smile. She put her arms around my neck, buried her face in my shoulder, and continued to cry quietly.

"Janet, I don't have a daughter, so I really can't relate to what you are going through."

I couldn't tell her that I have two sisters that I love more intensely than I'd ever be able to relate to anyone. Well, not completely. There is one other person I know that could relate.

"I'm not a woman either, Janet. I can't relate your life to hers, but remember her life is not yours. By the same token your life is not hers."

Then pausing for a few moments, and taking a deep breath, "What Melinda wants or gets in the way of physical love is not really in Janet's control. She's going to do what she's going to do."

I felt her head nod in agreement, but she kept her head firmly planted in my shoulder.

"I suppose you could lock her in a closet," I said with mock seriousness.

Janet's head popped up with wide eyes, a huge grin and chuckled. She returned her head to my shoulder, but was still smiling when she did.

"Janet, what's really at issue here is what you want or expect me to do if Melinda seriously makes it very plain that she wants me to have sex with her."

Janet moved her head from my shoulder, nodded her head and looked deeply into my eyes. "I know", she whispered.

I let out a heavy sigh, looked into her beautiful blue eyes, and started again using a slightly different tack. She was still mulling over the previous offering I'd made.

"Okay Janet, let's go through the scenario logically from as many angles as we can."

She nodded her head and with a pained expression,

waited for me to continue.

"First question. Would Bobby like to make love with Melinda?"

I looked seriously into her eyes, but she started to get a knowing grin on her face.

"Of course he would. He's a guy. She's a knockout. She's like fresh fruit hanging from the tree, ripe and ready to eat."

Janet slapped at my arm playfully and started to laugh heartily, releasing some of the tension that had been once again building. She knows I'm being very serious and honest. Typical of me however, I'm going to say whatever it is I'm going to say, but say it with some level of humor. It's just my style.

I continued, both with a smile but a serious tone, "Janet, you have to know that there is **no way...** absolutely no fucking way, that I would ever intentionally hurt Mel, either physically or emotionally. I love her dearly as I love all my friends. Because she's at the age she is, she is also doubly special to me. It's a beautiful, wondrous time in a girl's life."

"Now, I know your sexual experiences have been anything but pleasant as far as men are concerned, and I honestly feel terrible about that for you."

Janet's eyes widened with surprise.

"How do I know?"

She nodded her head still looking into my eyes.

"You told me. Whether you know it or not it came from you."

Again, I let it sink in for a few moments while keeping my eyes locked with hers.

"Janet, I would be honored, at some point, to show you how I believe a woman should be treated in the bedroom."

I'd never seen Janet with such a shocked look on her

face, "Bobby, I... "

"No!" I interrupted immediately. "Don't worry about it. Don't even think about it at the moment. Just know that not all men are the same, and that I find you to be a very attractive woman. Yes, sexy enough to desire making love with you. If you don't desire intercourse, I'm good with that."

She didn't quite know how to take the comments or respond, but after a few moments whispered to me, "I think I might like that Bobby. I think I might like that very much, but it's Melinda I'm thinking about at the moment."

I'd never seen Janet with such a tender look in her eyes. Lust? Desire? Fear? All of the above? I don't know, but it was certainly there and inviting.

I smiled and nodded my head, acknowledging both comments and continued, "I would hope that Melinda's experiences will be good ones. We both have to keep in mind that for the most part, young guys don't have a clue how to please a woman."

"Not ... clue ... one. And I say young, but some guys never learn."

Then with a huge grin, I continued, "Nature 'tells' us, get it up, stick it in, and wiggle around until you've sown your seed, then you're done! Roll over and go to sleep."

Janet just laughed out loud at that description nodding her head vigorously in total agreement, "Gawd, isn't that the truth?"

"Hell Janet, I started having sex when I was fourteen, a bit younger than Melinda's age, and I have to say I really didn't do it right more than a few times until I was twenty. A young lady whom I loved very much said 2 magic words to me... 'slow down'. The light bulb went on, and quite honestly I still feel guilty to this day about those years before where I left those poor girls wanting and wondering, 'Is this all there is'?"

"Shit. I didn't know. There's no fucking manual." I chuckled to myself when I said that realizing the

double meaning.

Janet continued to laugh out loud, nodding her head, totally understanding and agreeing with what I was saying.

I paused for a second to catch up with my own thoughts, "A big problem with that entire scenario is that girls don't have a clue either. Loving physically is a learning experience, and I think a girl learning from other girls at sleepovers is probably the best and safest way to find out what floats her boat. Guys don't have that option."

"I hate to say it, but it's really up to you ladies to teach us guys how to do it right. You know what turns your crank, and you need to let your man know. If he balks or won't do it, find another guy!"

The look turned back to serious at this point, it's apparent that I had hit a nerve, and Janet had taken it for exactly what I'd meant it to be.

"Bobby", she said so softly I almost didn't hear her. "I want you to do whatever Melinda wants as long as you're comfortable with it."

I gulped, and nodded my head understanding the magnitude of what she had just said.

"I know you'll be gentle and caring and tender..." she was starting to gently cry again as the pressure was finally released.

"Janet, you know..."

"No, Bobby," she immediately interrupted. "I don't know anything. I trust you, and that's very hard for me to say to a man. I've seen you with her and how devoted you are, how you treat her, and I trust you."

After a brief pause, she let out a heavy sigh and continued, "I know you won't do anything to force or coerce her into doing something she's not comfortable with. Knowing you the way I do now, you'll try to discourage her all along the way, but you have my permission to make love to my daughter if that's what she wants."

She buried her face in my shoulder again, holding on with an intense grip as I lightly caressed her back and held her tenderly.

"Hey mom, what's wrong?" came in from behind us.

"Bobby, how come mom's crying? What the hell were you guys talking about?"

I looked up into Melinda's eyes and said quietly, "I think your mom is crying because she's happy, Kitten. We were talking about all kinds of things, but the last part was about you and the show."

I only partially lied, but it was a white lie and I knew mom would appreciate the slight evasion.

Janet looked up into her daughter's eyes, and with a weak smile said, "Honey, I'm just very happy. I had to make a very difficult, but very important decision and I am very happy with what it is... And before you ask, it's none of your damned business."

Sitting down in the booth across from us, Mel giggled and said, "Gosh mom, you'd think you'd have decided to sleep with a man again." She was looking directly at me as she said it, but got no satisfaction. My face was still in poker mode.

Janet looked at her and with a wry grin whispered, "Maybe I have, Honey. Maybe I have."

Now that the ground rules regarding some of the hired help had been set, it was time to get on with what needed to be done. Namely get to the show site, check in and start setting up.

I always liked being early so I could get set up without having to rush to get ready for the opening. I hate being rushed!

Melinda was really looking forward to working the show. Looking forward to the money that I was going to pay her for the time, but in reality the money was secondary in her mind.

She had no idea yet that I was going to give her a bonus based on our sales. Historically it wouldn't amount to that much, but if sales were brisk, it could amount to a few hundred dollars. I was offering about 1% of sales.

Having her around to have fun with was well worth that. Mel was a kick in the pants to be around. She was funny, intelligent, and witty. She had an extremely quick mind and if she wanted what her mother thought she wanted, so much the better in my mind. But that was totally in her ballpark. My bat and ball are ready, but it'll be up to her to bring the glove.

Melinda was really looking forward to spending the next 10 or 11 days with me. She didn't know that she was going to be with me 24/7 and that her mother had let me know that "anything goes", so to speak.

Janet looked up at me and asked, "When do you want Mel to start Bobby? Since she's going to be with you for the entire fair, we'll need to pack some things for her to bring."

I just shrugged and with a "non-committal" look said, "No time like the present. She can show me around this part of the world, we can hang out and catch up on 'life'. If she's got a couple of formal or semi-formal dresses, bring 'em. We might just go out to a nice place after work one evening. I always pack a couple suits just in case."

I got a wry look from Janet with that, and a small grin.

"Just in case?" She said chuckling.

"Just in case," I responded keeping a totally straight face. "Sometimes I even bring a tux or two."

"I also get a very nice, very large room with all the amenities," I added with a barb.

Janet just shook her head and laughed.

Then looking at Mel, "Only the best for my daughter."

I just nodded my head and smiled, "That's just a very

positive unexpected addition to my original plans."

Melinda looked at Janet a little apprehensively thinking "there's no way Mom's going to let me stay with him that long." Mel just figured she'd have to be home every evening right after the show finished for the day. If she were lucky she'd get to spend an evening or two with Uncle Bobby on the way home.

The apprehensive look turned to shock when Janet said, "Okay. I would like to see her after the show for a day or two, before she goes up to help prepare for the next one, so if you can drop her off at the house when she's finished working this one it would be great. Maybe I'll bring her up north myself and take you up on your offer," she said with an evil grin.

I nodded my acknowledgment and watched for Mel's reaction. It was priceless, if her jaw had dropped any more quickly it would have been badly bruised by the table.

"What hotel have you booked? Where do I need to drop her off for you?"

"I'm at the Marriott. About half a block from the show, so it'll be easy to go back and forth." Then looking right into Melinda's eyes, "We won't have to get up really early to make sure we can get through traffic. It'll save some time and give us more time to party after we close up for the day."

Janet looked at me with a wry smile; she had been watching Mel's body language as well. She was having a hard time not breaking out into full out laughter though that probably would have made Mel even more suspicious of what was going on.

"Okay. Have you checked in yet?" Judy asked.

"Yup. Suite 2206."

Then looking again at Melinda, "Give your bags to the bellboy at the curb," then handing Melinda a few \$20 bills added, "Give one to the bellhop and tell him the room number."

Then with a chuckle, "If you pack like a 'normal' woman, give him at least two of the \$20's!"

Janet gave me a twisted up nose, but laughed knowing I was right.

I continued for Mel, "Then go to the front desk and tell them who you are and ask for a key to room 2206. I'll arrange for them to give you a key, but bring your ID because they may ask."

"Go ahead and let yourself in, it's your room too." Once again, the look on Mel's face was priceless. Excitement. Disbelief. Apprehension. Fear. All were there, and as usual, I could read her like a book. I seemed to have that knack.

After a short pause I continued, "If I'm not in the main area and I'm actually there, I'll probably be in the shower. I really need one!"

Melinda grabbed her nose and laughing said, "Whew, I'm glad you noticed and I didn't have to mention it to you!"

With a mock punch to my arm, Melinda and Janet stood up and headed for the door. I followed closely behind and made no attempt at trying to hide the fact I was watching Melinda's ass in those fantastically short shorts.

When they reached the door I got caught looking, and with an evil grin, Melinda whispered in my ear, "Like what you see, Uncle Bobby?"

Janet heard it as well, but in keeping with her decision kept walking like she hadn't but also heard my reply, "Yes I do, Mel. Both of you. I like it very much."

Janet blushed a bit, but got a small smile of appreciation on her face and now had no doubt that if her daughter was still a virgin today, she wouldn't be when she returned home in ten or eleven days.

Melinda was in heat.

But she also knew that Mel would have been treated like a veritable queen, and probably had more orgasms in those ten days than she'd had with a man in her entire life. She also knew that I would have

instructed Mel on how to demand that from her man!

She was a bit envious, but she also knew there was an offer on the table for her to receive the same treatment. Her mind was already scheming on how she was going to get together with me, but she also knew that the length of that get together would be determined by her "debriefing" of Melinda. She was fairly certain it would not be a "one night stand."

She also resolved to start trimming up since she figured her daughter would be spending most of the summer with me. She was also quite pleased that she'd made the decision to start Melinda on birth control earlier in the year - the 6-month injection under the skin so there wasn't going to be any "Oh damn, I forgot" with pills.

She was pleased, satisfied, and quite comfortable with her decision. Mel may only be sixteen, though almost seventeen, she usually acted much older and more mature than those years would portend, especially when she was around Hailey, her best friend. Those two schemers could pass themselves off as mid twenties if they put their minds to it, and had done so on a few occasions much to the chagrin of both sets of parents.

That said, it didn't appear that Hailey's parents much cared what she did and were more concerned with themselves than their children, so Hailey tended to "run free" though for eighteen took it in stride and it seemed like it made her more "adult" than would be expected.

Janet shook her head as she thought, "Such a shame. She had been robbed of her childhood much before her time." It did turn out, however, that she was a very good influence on Melinda.

"Now. Get Melinda packed and prepared." Janet thought.

Janet shot me a quick glance as we prepared to part ways for a while. She was smiling so that was a good thing. I think she was looking forward to the time sans Melinda.

I let them know, "It's just a little after noon and I expect I'll be checked in at the show site and parked fairly quickly. Mel and I can start the serious

unpacking tomorrow, so there's really not going to be any "work" to be done today. I should be at the room by one thirty or two at the latest. There's no rush, so take your time and make it up to the room when you're ready."

With that we went our separate ways. I headed to my truck and trailer rig, Janet and Mel to the house to pack Mel's things. Both Janet and I understood that this was a momentous occasion for Mel.

She was being "cut loose" as an adult.

It was going to be an interesting show.

Little did I know!