

Chapter 2 Melinda's Preparation

Watching Melinda pack for her adventure, Janet was sure she had no clue about being truly treated as an adult. Janet knew I was not going to be treating her as a child and wondered how she was going to deal with it when Mel came back to her... if she came back to her.

She had already faced the reality that Mel may choose to leave the nest. She was so young, but Janet knew if she chose to spend the time with me that it would be nothing but good for her. Mel hasn't really had a male influence in her life, at least one that she would call positive, her father being pretty much useless as a human being.

She knew the possibility existed that Mel was ready, but she'd cross that bridge when she came to it.

In many respects she was still a child. But in many more, thanks in part to Hailey, she was very grown up, mature beyond her years and ready to explore being a woman. If that exploration was to include Hailey and now Bobby, it was so much the better for Mel. It's unfortunate that in most girls' lives, that exploration isn't truly at their own pace.

Some pimply-faced sperm donor manipulates the young lady into a position where she not only can't, but also really doesn't want to extract herself. She ends up submitting, being incredibly disappointed, hurt, and for some dumb reason will profess her love for the guy until he drops her for a new prospective conquest. That's the way it is in Mel's age group.

Melinda, though busily choosing clothes, looked over at her mother sitting on her bed and could tell right away that Janet's mind was somewhere else.

"Penny for your thoughts, Mom," she said softly.

Janet looked up at her, deep love in her eyes and replied, "Oh, Nothing really, Sweetie. I was just drifting along thinking about what I'm going to do

with you gone for almost 2 weeks." Then added, "this time."

"I'll have Melanie around a lot of the time, but she's getting older and more independent too," Janet lamented.

Then as if an afterthought, "You'll actually be gone with Bobby for most of the summer, Honey."

Changing to a more serious tone, "You better be good to him Melinda, he's a very good man."

"Wow, Mom. That's the first time in... like forever... you've said anything nice about a man," she quipped with surprise.

"Bobby's very special, Honey. There's something about him that I just can't put my finger on, but it's there."

"I think it may have to do with all of those scars he has," she finished thoughtfully.

"Mel, those are not the kind wounds you would get playing basketball in the park. He's never said anything about it and if someone asks he always manages to change the subject. I just don't know what it is, but I know that I feel you will be very safe with him."

Then after another short pause, "He's not like other men that I've known Mel. A man with his attitude and caring towards others, especially women is a rare find. You are a very lucky girl," she said without thinking.

"Huh? What do you mean I'm a lucky girl?" she quizzically muttered.

Realizing her error, Janet had to back pedal a bit and come up with something quickly.

"Uhh, just that he's a wonderful person and you're lucky you get to spend so much time with him this summer and I hope you'll learn a lot. Bobby's a very smart and wise man you know."

"Yeah, I do. I've called him a bunch of times to talk

about 'stuff'. He never tells me what to do, how to think, or how to live my life, but he listens to what I have to say. Sometimes he gives me suggestions and alternatives to deal with what I'm thinking."

Then with a more serious look she continued, "Honestly Mom, he's saved both of us a lot of grief by giving me sensible alternatives to what I was thinking at the time. He makes me think more like a grown-up and he treats me that way too. He's really an awesome dude."

"Grief? Like what honey?" wondering what kind of grief he'd saved them from.

"Mommm," in that typical teen warble, "I can't tell you that. Why do you think I called him? It was stuff that I couldn't talk to you about."

Janet nodded, then smiled, understanding her daughter's plight. Some day Mel would realize that she could have talked to her mother about anything.

"Honey, pack the nightclothes that we bought for you last month. You know the ones I mean?"

"Huh? Why those? I've got my shirts and shorts."

"You never know sweetie, you might just feel really sexy after dinner one evening, and if you're feeling sexy, why not look sexy?"

Janet almost laughed out loud when the light bulb finally turned on. Unlike many sixteen-year-old girls, with Mel when the light bulb lit up, there was generally someone home!

Melinda looked at her mother and noticed that her eyes were sparkling, warm and mischievous.

"Mom?" she whispered. "Am I going to be sleeping with Uncle Bobby?"

"Only if you want to, Sweetie," pausing to let that compute.

Mel began to turn red with blush when she understood the implications of what her mother had just said to her.

"Mom, I..."

Janet interrupted, "Never let anyone force you to do something that you don't want to do or that you know is not right, Melinda. And he's NOT your Uncle."

"I know, but I like calling him that and he doesn't mind. He's always been so good to me, I love him so much."

Melinda started to get that itchy little tingle, you know... down there.

Janet noticed.

"Honey, you know how I feel about men."

That got Melinda's attention. She looked at her mother with a knowing look and nodded her head.

"Don't **ever** let my feelings discourage you from loving a man."

Melinda was listening attentively to Janet now, but knew that it wasn't time to say anything.

"I know you, and how much you love Bobby. I also know that he loves you very very much. When two people who love each other a lot spend extended time together... sometimes things can happen."

"Things?" she muttered, "Mom, are you saying I should..."

"No," Janet interrupted emphatically. "I'm not saying you should anything, Melinda. I'm a woman. You are a woman too... I know about those 'things' that go on down in your belly," she noted with a smile. "Believe it or not, I get them too."

"Mel, I know it's really none of my business and you can tell me so, but I have to ask. Are you still a virgin?"

Blushing a little, Melinda sheepishly gave her mother a small nod of her head, looking into her eyes.

"Honey, if you decide that Bobby's going to be your first, please be sure to tell him. Okay?"

Mel nodded her head and blushing brightly, said slowly but quietly, "I've wanted Uncle Bobby to be my first for over 6 years mom."

That brought a look of surprise to Janet's face, but Mel continued, "I wanted him to do it with me when I was 10, at that beach party, but I didn't know what to do or how to let him know."

"Don't you think that 10 is a bit young for that Mel?"

"Oh, I know that now, Mom, but when I was 10 all I wanted was him. I've wanted to be with him for what seems like forever. Mom, even if nothing physical happens, I'm just going to love being with him for 11 days."

"Do you want the physical to happen, Sweetie?" Janet asked softly.

Melinda just looked into her mother's eyes and nodded her head slowly saying, "I've wanted it since that beach party and I'm hoping that I can make Bobby see how much I love him so that he'll want to make love to me. I hope he'll love me too."

"He loves you a lot Mel. More than he could ever express to you without the physical. If you truly want to have sex with him, just let him know. Be certain it's what you want though, and be persistent. He'll try to talk you out of it, but it won't be because he doesn't want to. He wants to, but he is going to want to be absolutely sure that it's what **you** want!"

Even more seriously Janet said, "Just always remember it's serious, Melinda. It's nothing to be flippant about. It's not a game when you are dealing with someone's desires or their emotions. If it is, then it's happening for the wrong reasons."

Janet could still see the conflict in her daughter. It was easy for her to say what she wanted, but mom could tell that there was still some indecision. Mel was going to have to work through that part by herself.

Melinda began to cry and ran over to get a hug from her mother.

Janet held her daughter tightly, fully understanding the turmoil causing the tears and trying to think of a way to let her know that it was all right.

Through her sobs Mel solved the problem for her, "Oh, Mom, what am I..."

"... Going to do?" finishing Melinda's question.

Mel looked in her mother's eyes for an answer, but Janet quietly said to her, "You are going to do whatever you feel is right Melinda. You are going to do it knowing that your mother approves, but only if it's what you want to do, and it feels right to you."

With a heavy sigh, "Mel, I can't make those decisions for you. You're a 'big girl' and you're going to stub your toes on occasion. You know the consequences of dumb choices. Christ, you've seen enough of them in your own mother. Just know that whatever you choose to do, even if it's the wrong choice, your mother is behind you one hundred percent. I've got your back, Baby, and please don't ever forget that."

Melinda was sobbing openly and loudly now, because what her mother had just said to her was said as an adult, to an adult. She truly understood the full meaning of what she had just heard and knew she had a difficult decision to make. In her mind though, she knew what she really wanted, but didn't know quite how to go about getting it.

Through the tears and mixed emotions that damned itch continued.

Janet was starting to cry now, knowing her baby understood exactly what she had said. Mom was "cutting her loose" to make adult choices, understanding that there are always consequences surrounding those choices. That's a reality in the adult world that a person spends their entire childhood learning.

"Oh Mom, I love you so much", sobbed Melinda.

"I know you do, and I love you too, Honey," Janet whispered tenderly. "Now let's finish getting you packed up and delivered. We don't want to keep Uncle Bobby waiting now, do we?"

Melinda looked at Janet lovingly and said softly, "No, we don't."

With that, Melinda thought to herself, "Somehow, I think this is going to be the best summer vacation of my life."

She moved over to her dresser and packed the 5 sets of "slinky" lingerie that she and her mother had bought together at Victoria's Secret.

She nervously hoped she would have the chance to use all 5 sets, not knowing yet that Uncle Bobby would spring for many sets for her as well as her two friends - but that's jumping ahead, so we'll just try to stay in the moment.

Finally, she was completely packed up and ready for her mom to run her over to the Marriott, so she could begin her grand adventure.

She asked about inviting friends, knowing that Bobby had already talked to Jessica and was "madly in lust" with Hailey.

Janet looked at her with a huge smile, and replied, "Honey, most girls don't like competition around when they're with a man. If you are comfortable with Jessie and Hailey being around and he tells you it's okay, then why would I object? Just be very careful, Honey. Don't let anyone get hurt."

"Thanks, Mom, I appreciate that."

Then very thoughtfully, "I have thought about it. A lot!"

"I know Uncle Bobby loves me, and I love him, but I also know he has the big time hots for Hailey, so it might be fun," she said with a huge evil grin on her face.

Janet just shook her head in disbelief, but knew that Melinda and her friends, especially Hailey, shared pretty much everything, so I guess a man was open for sharing as well.

Bobby isn't the only one with the hots for Hailey!

"Just don't hurt anyone honey. Not yourself, not Bobby, not Jessie, or Hailey. Make sure everything is out on the table, talked about, and that there are no misunderstanding. Remember what I said, it's not a game. Sex is fun, but it's not a game unless all persons involved agree to it being a game at that time. What you are talking about is serious business Mel, and I can't impress that on you enough."

Mel nodded her understanding again.

"Don't do anything behind Bobby's back, Honey. He is a very up front, honest man and the three of you should all respect that." She continued, "He's not going to try to feed you a line of bullshit just to get into your pants," then with a huge grin, "He won't need to, you'll probably already have your panties around your ankles."

"Mommm," in that typical teen warble.

"Oh, and Mel, before you go, do yourself and Bobby a favor. Shave." Then with a hearty laugh and a sparkle in her eyes, "Men love naked pussies so take your razor with you. Stubble isn't much of a turn-on. If you decide to invite Hail and Jess make sure you tell them about being naked too."

"Mommm," once again in the warble only a teenage girl is capable of making. Mel was a very bright shade of red by this point.

Janet chuckled but continued, "I'm sure he will do pretty much anything any of you ask, but I know he's going to want to make damned sure that it's what **YOU** want to do and in the case of Jessie or Hailey, not something being done on a dare, or because of some outside influence." Janet made sure Melinda was listening and understanding.

She was.

She's already acting like an adult, Janet observed to herself, but continued with her "lecture", "Those kinds of physical feelings and emotional attachments are nothing to be fucked with Melinda," she offered forcefully, "please, never forget that."

Mel nodded.

"He will treat you all like equals Mel. Not like little girls, but like young women because that's the way he views you. If you act like little girls, you will be treated like little girls, and I think that will be a huge disappointment to everyone, including you! He knows how old you are and believe me he knows the consequences of his trust. Don't ever violate that trust Melinda. Ever!"

Once again, Melinda acknowledged that she understands what her mother is telling her.

"It's up to you to make sure Jessie and Hailey understand all of that Mel. It's not a funny game at that level. It's for real, it can be very serious, and I don't want anybody getting hurt!" she repeated once again. "Not you, not Hailey, not Jessie, and not Bobby, so be very careful with the flirting and the "games" you play. Teasing can get you in big trouble."

"You'll be able to tell from Bobby's reactions if you're pushing things too far. Trust him Mel and don't push beyond the limits you sense he's setting. He may tell you what the limits are, but more likely he'll let you wing it to see how "grown up" you really are. He will be very fair and a whole lot more open and permissive than I am. You can bet money on that!"

She paused for a few moments to catch her breath, but also to ensure that Melinda was understanding and had time to ask any questions she may have.

"Mel, just be absolutely sure that the outcome is what **YOU** want, and I can pretty much assure you that Bobby will help make it a decision you will never regret."

She was nearly finished packing and was just taking stock of what she had packed to make sure she didn't forget anything.

Her laptop, phone, iPod and the like would be in her backpack. The suitcases had the day-to-day clothes, though she wouldn't need many because unbeknownst to her, Bobby would be providing her with all the work clothes for the show.

She had her formals, her sexy underwear, all of her toiletries. The mental checklist seemed to have a

check mark for everything she could think of, but it's not like she was going to be 1000 miles away. Anything forgotten could be retrieved in 15 or 20 minutes.

Mel looked at her mother watching her and noted the far away smile on Janet's face.

Janet knew Mel was growing up and she had to face letting go sooner or later and couldn't think of anyone better to take care of her during this transition than Bob. She had to admit to herself, as difficult as that was, he was a very special man.

There was just something calming in his presence. He never raised his voice, never showed any kind of consternation in any situation she'd ever seen him in. He was always kind, gentle, and understanding with the kids, hell, everyone for that matter.

He was never judgmental about their wacky plans, most times not even laughing when what they had just said warranted heavy laughter. He always reminded them that there were always consequences for what they did. Janet was sure that just that alone convinced the kids that what they were planning probably wasn't all that good an idea. He always put others first.

Deep in her own thoughts Janet didn't notice that Mel had left the room. She didn't really "return" until she heard the shower turn on, then looked around to make sure nobody caught her in her "space-case act".

Mel, in the shower, was nervously lathering up to shave those precious pubic hairs. She can remember that it was only a couple years ago she was trying to will those hairs to grow, feeling that was the sign she was a woman now. By now she knew better, but it felt strange shaving off that hair she had treasured such a short time ago.

She carefully dragged the razor over her mound making sure to be careful not to nick herself. In no time at all she was as naked as she had been 5 years ago, but if this was something that Bobby would like, then it was not too much for her to do.

Truth be told, she would do nearly anything for him. She was fondly thinking about all the memories she had of their times together, knowing that these next 11

days were going to trump anything they had ever done before.

While deep in thought, her fingers moved to massage the little button that had poked itself out during this whole ordeal. She was going to scratch that itch as best she could before leaving. She held on to the rail in the shower as she massaged her wanting clit trying to keep her knees from buckling.

As her orgasm began to wrap around her body, her fingers were flying and she was moaning fairly loudly. She did have to admit to noticing the difference fingering her naked pussy and made a mental note that it felt really good.

After about 20 minutes the shower turned cold and Mel decided it was time to get on with her adventure. Getting out of the shower and grabbing a towel she dried off and moved over so that she could look at herself in the full length mirror that was on the back of the door.

She nearly laughed out loud when she saw her nakedness and thought to herself, now I look like a little girl again. As that thought passed through, a realization hit on the edge of her brain. Remembering what her mother had said, she came to the conclusion that men liked little girls. Otherwise why would they like shaved pussies?

These thoughts were running through her head while she dried her hair and got dressed and ready to go.

Taking one last look, Mel opened the bathroom door to find her mother still sitting on the bed where she'd been 30 minutes ago.

Janet looked up with a huge knowing grin. "Everything okay honey?" she asked in a facetious tone.

Giving her mother a strange look, Mel replied, "Yeah, it's great and I think I'm ready to go."

"So how does it look?" she asked with a chuckle.

"Nice. It's actually much better than I thought it would be. It was weird doing it, I mean, it took so damned long to grow it, but I like it. I may just keep

it this way."

"Feels good too doesn't it?" Janet asked with a smirk.

Mel looked at her mother, started to blush, and just shyly nodded her head.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of Mel, it's part of being a woman. I'd be concerned if you didn't. Men do it too, though most won't admit it to you. Not macho you know."

Mel was bright red by now knowing her mom had heard her orgasm. She hadn't even thought about the noise she was making.

"I already put your things in the car sweetie, so whenever you're ready we can go."

Mel chuckled, "You're that anxious to get rid of me?"

"No, but we do need to get you to the hotel. I'll miss you, Baby, but I'll know you're in good hands, and having a very good time, even at work."

Melinda looked over at her mom, tears welling up in her eyes again while moving over to hug her.

Both women held each other tightly, and as they looked into each other's eyes, Melinda turned her face up and kissed her mother. A real kiss, not a typical mother daughter kiss. Mel knew it was the kind of kiss that her mother would understand.

This was the kiss of two lovers, and having had some experience with that, Janet understood that the relationship with her eldest child had just changed forever. She smiled to herself because in her mind, it was NOT a bad change.

The kiss broke apart but neither woman released their hugging grip.

This time Janet leaned down to put her lips on those of her daughter, with feeling, with emotion, with the ultimate in love.