

## Chapter 3 - Melinda's Adventure Begins

Janet shook her head chuckling at her daughter's "whole trip."

She had packed 2 very large suitcases, a medium suitcase, a closet-hanging bag with all 4 "formal" dresses she owned, and a small hand/cosmetic case. With all of that she still had the backpack that she kept in her possession instead of putting it on the pile with the other luggage.

She packed like she was going to be gone for months. Janet looking at it realistically knew that for all intents and purpose, Mel was going to be gone until mid September only returning for good on the day before school started. Maybe.

The car door closed gently behind her as Melinda moved around and gave her mom a very tender kiss goodbye.

It was with very mixed emotions Janet put the car in drive and pulled away from the curb. She looked in the rear-view mirror noting that Melinda handed the bellhop two of the \$20 bills that Bobby had given her to tip to the man for his service.

Janet also noticed that Mel then looked up and waved to the retreating auto. She then turned to enter the hotel and what essentially was going to be her new life.

Janet figured that if Melinda had anything to say about it, she would no longer be a virgin in the morning, but she also knew that Bobby would make it extra special. Perhaps they'd go out for one of those "formal dinners" tonight knowing that their "new" relationship was going to begin.

She also wondered when or if Melinda would bring the other two girls into the picture. Janet loved Jessica and Hailey. They were really very good girls like Melinda, but like Mel, both had the raging hormones going on. Shit. They were all nearly the same age for the most part. Hailey was about twenty months older than Jessie and Mel, but they were birds of a feather.

Lustfully, she let out a heavy sigh, because truth be told, as a gay woman she would take any of the three of them to her bedroom. Now she was pretty convinced that at least Melinda would probably join her very willingly.

That would open a whole different can of worms.

Bobby was going to have a fun time if it didn't kill him, she laughed to herself. I'd love to be a fly on the wall when all 3 of them want to work him over.

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While Janet, absorbed in her own thoughts, wound her way through traffic towards home, back at the Marriott hotel Mel had found the front desk on her way to the upcoming adventure.

"May I help you young lady," asked the man behind the master desk?

"Yes sir. I'm Melinda Lee and I believe that you have a key to room 2206 for me?"

Going through the motions of looking for the key, the man was heard whispering to himself, "Yes. I have it here somewhere. I remember the man ... ah, here it is."

Picking it up and with a big smile handed it to Melinda with flair. "Enjoy your stay with us, Madam and please, if you need anything don't hesitate to ask. Your luggage should be in your room by the time you arrive." Pointing towards a group of columns he advised, "The elevators are there to the left, and numbers 7 and 8 will take you directly to the 22nd floor."

Melinda gave him a genuine smile. "Thank you sir, I appreciate your assistance," acknowledging the man's kind service.

Janet would have been both very proud and surprised. Somehow it always seemed like Melinda didn't get the "manners" lessons throughout childhood, but it was quite apparent to the gentleman at the desk that she had learned them very well.

She turned and walked to the elevators and took number 7 all the way to the top.

Floor 22.

She didn't know what to think at this juncture. The fluttering in her lower belly had not gone away and if anything it was beginning to turn into that damned itch. She was beginning to feel the dampness in her panties as well.

Shit, she thought. The only thing that has scratched that itch is the handle on her long hairbrush and I don't know if I packed it.

Then chuckling silently thought, Well, I hope I don't need it. I hope to get something else to scratch that itch, maybe even tonight. It's still early and Bobby may not be an easy nut to crack.

She unlocked the door to a new adventure and nervously walked through the doorway to start a "new life".

Little did she know ...

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Closing the door behind her, Mel immediately noted that her luggage had been delivered and was placed at one of the large closets available. Then she looked around the room in awe.

Ohmigod, this must be costing Bobby a fortune, she thought. Near the large glass windows was a huge round bed. She'd never seen a round bed before so she walked over to it and leaned down to feel the comforter. It was satin, with a cotton back.

It was beautiful. With a growing grin, she looked at it and thought this is the bed I'll give up my virginity on. She shuddered at the thought, and that itch, quite noticeably, got a little more intense.

Moving around a little more she noticed there was a Jacuzzi/Hot Tub in the corner near the bed that also had a view through the windows. The Marriot was the tallest building in the area so any nudity wouldn't be noticed outside the room, unless of course you were a voyeur in a helicopter.

Then from behind, she heard softly, "Hiya, Baby Doll. How ya doin'?"

Melinda jumped with surprise and turned to look at where the voice had come from, seeing me, wrapped in a towel, about 5 feet away. I'd quietly "snuck" up behind her while she was checking the place out.

She looked at me while I stood there almost naked and took in the first view of my marvelously scarred up body. Well it's the first time for this trip. She'd seen me before at the beach, so she knew I had all the scars and that I was "tight".

I could see the hunger in her eyes, and I'm sure she could see the tender desire in mine, as she nervously came over to me, and like she'd done it a million times, reached her hands up and put her arms around my neck. Looking lovingly into my eyes, she pulled my face slowly to hers, and for the first time in her life, kissed a man like a lover.

I was surprised at the passion in her kiss. This lady was hot to go, and there was no stopping the inevitable, all I could realistically do is slow the train just a little. There was no mistaking or misinterpreting the desire.

When the kiss broke, I looked at her with a wry smile and whispered to her, "I love you so much, Kitten. I've been dreaming of holding you in my arms and kissing you like that for a very long time. Thank you!"

Her breathing was already becoming a bit accelerated. She gave me a nervous smile and whispered back, "I love you too Bobby, and I've been dreaming of this day, or night, since I was 10. When we were at that beach party and we sat with each other all evening, into the night. I knew I wanted you so badly that night, but I was still a "little girl" and didn't know how to let you know."

"You're not a little girl anymore, Mel. I'm really looking forward to having you around to help out, and having you around in the evenings is a bonus that I never could have dreamed of."

Then with a very serious look, "I hope you understand

and appreciate the trust your mom has put in both of us."

Melinda nodded her head, and looking intensely into my searching eyes answered, "Mom told me that even though she still thought of me as a little girl, I wasn't anymore. She said that you saw me as an adult and you were going to treat me like one. I have a lot of responsibility now that I didn't realize goes along with being an adult, but I think I'm ready."

I nodded my head telling her that as far as I was concerned she was an adult. I also told her that one of the responsibilities she has is to think like an adult. With a chuckle I told her that being an adult isn't all that it's cracked up to be when you're a kid.

"You'll be 50 and you'll still be your mother's little girl, Sweetie," I chuckled.

Then Mel continued, "And she also said that she approved of any decision I made as an adult, as long as it was my decision and it wasn't forced, or coerced, whatever that means."

I had to laugh, and as I laughed I kissed her on the nose, and then softly on both eyes.

"No, Honey. You will not be coerced. At least not by me! Just keep in mind that as an adult, there are always adult consequences for your decisions and sometimes being an adult isn't as cool as it may look."

She nodded her acknowledgment, "I know Bobby, I usually won't get grounded for my adult decisions, and it can be a lot worse than that!"

I nodded then changing the subject, "Why don't you unpack your things? The dresser over there on the right is empty." Then with a chuckle, "and looking at the luggage you brought, it won't be empty for long."

She stuck out her tongue at me bantering, "You're going to love some of the things I packed, so you just keep quiet, Mister."

"Careful young lady," in mock admonishment. "I'll give you something to do with that," alluding to her tongue, and she blushed knowing exactly what I was

referring to.

"And you think I'll find that objectionable?" she shot right back.

I just shook my head as she walked away chuckling to begin unpacking her bags.

As Mel put away her things, she wanted to make sure that the "slinky" stuff was going to be a nice surprise, and she had already picked a specific set for later that evening if it got that far. There wasn't really any work tomorrow, so if we stayed up late it wouldn't have any dire negative consequences.

"Hey Sugar, while you unpack, pick out one of the formal dresses that you were supposed to bring. I made reservations for dinner and I'll be wearing a suit, so once you pick out your dress please show it to me so I can choose a shirt and tie to compliment."

She beamed at my suggestion. She realized that what I was doing was the beginning of making this first night together very special for her. She smiled inside at the prospect for the evening, and had her things put away in short order. Looking around she found the hanging bag the bellhop had hung in the closet for her.

She opened it to look at her dresses and picked out the black one. It was full length, silk, fit her like a glove and showed off enough but not too much. She set it aside, knowing that she also had a black set of slinky undergarments that she could wear with it, or not.

"Bobby," she called out turning to find me watching her, "I'm going to wear this black dress tonight. I have a whole outfit for that - well I have a full outfit for all of them, but since this will be our second date, I want to look exceptionally good for you." There was a lusty glimmer in her eyes as she told me a little about the outfit.

"Second date?" I asked quizzically.

"Yup. The day on the beach was the first date in my mind. You spent all day with me, you danced with me, you held me, you held my hand, and you kissed me on the lips. Oh Bobby, I wish you could have known how

badly I wanted you that day. I was really too young to know what it was I really thought I wanted or what it really meant," then with a lewd smile, "I'm older now."

"You sure are, Kitten. You sure are!"

We quietly looked at each other for a few seconds, when I smiled and carefully said, "Well, I'm going to finally get in the shower and get cleaned up. I already shaved and the like, so it's just some soap and water for the bod."

She chuckled and acknowledged my comment, turning up her nose and scrunching her face like there was something offensive in the air.

I laughed out loud, but then I dropped my bombshell on her. Well at least to her it was an explosive device.

"Would you like to join me, Mel?"

She about fell over when she heard that question. I could see her legs get weak and she actually had to hold on to the chair at the desk. It was really funny to watch, but it was not the place to laugh, as it would undoubtedly be interpreted incorrectly.

She looked at me, not quite believing what she'd heard. "What?" she choked out. Looking for clarification?

"Would you like to join me in the shower, Kitten?" I repeated softly, looking directly into her eyes.

"Uh... I... uh... umm... You... umm... want to... shower with me?" she eventually managed to stutter out.

I chuckled at her sudden lack of bravado, but I had expected the reaction. This was to be the first icebreaker beginning to set the tone for the rest of the evening that I had planned for my young friend. It was part of making this evening the most special she may ever have in her life. Slowly, gently, one small step at a time.

I walked over to her and when I put my arms around her body I could feel her trembling.

"Yes Melinda, I'd like that very much, but only if you

want to."

Grinning, I wryly added, "Besides, I need someone to wash my stinky back!"

She looked up to see me smiling at that and because of my smile her tension melted slightly.

"Okay, I think I'd like that too," she nervously looked into my eyes for support.

Holding out my hand for her, she grasped it and followed me towards the shower area.

The shower was practically a room all to itself. The toilet had a room to itself. The sinks and "dressing" facilities had their own space as well.

When we got to the shower room, I stepped forward and turned on the water so I could adjust the temperature.

Without turning and looking at her I asked, "Hot? Warm? How do you like your shower, Pumpkin?"

Melinda stood like a statue, frozen, not really knowing what to do, though knowing she needed to remove her clothing.

"It'll be okay however you want it Uncle Bobby," she squeaked.

Her mind was racing. I'll be naked in front of a man? She had never been nude in the company of a man before, and she wasn't sure it was such a great idea this time either. What would I think? Would I still like her? Will I laugh at her?

Her hands came up to the top button of her shirt and started manipulating the button to disconnect it from its assigned hole. Her hands were shaking so badly she couldn't grip the button to unfasten it and in frustration she cried out.

I turned to look at her, and saw the fear and uncertainty in her eyes. I also saw the shaking of her hands trying to undo the top button on her shirt.

She was so frightened that I didn't dare make a funny comment at her expense, not that in this situation I



would do anything resembling that. She started to sob in frustration, dropping her hands to her sides while she started shaking uncontrollably.

While all of this was happening, still with the towel around my waist, I had slowly moved to a spot just in front of her.

Using two fingers of one hand I put them under her chin and with a little pressure raised her head up. My eyes were expressing so much understanding, caring and love for this young woman that she literally melted.

I leaned down, put my lips to hers, and kissed her slowly and softly until she had regained some of her composure and lifted her arms to drape them around my neck.

As I finally broke the kiss, I looked at her lovingly with an understanding smile and said to her in a soft tender voice, "You've never been without clothes in front of a guy have you?"

She tried to lower her head as she shook it side to side, but my hand would not let her look anywhere but into my eyes. I wanted her to see the understanding, and the love that I was feeling for her.

"You are a beautiful young woman Melinda. I hope you are proud of your body and what it means to be a woman. I don't want you to feel that you have to take your clothes off in front of me. I only want to see you naked if you want me to see you."

I paused for a minute so she could digest what I'd said so far. She was learning that emotionally the transition from "little girl" to young woman wasn't as easily cut and dried as she may have originally thought.

She had to overcome a lifetime of societal taboo bullshit that is packed into girls, and boys for that matter, from the time they are able to understand the language.

It's really quite sad when you really think about it. The false puritanical neo-Christian bullshit we spout takes a beautifully open mind and packs it with so much crap that it closes.

But in Melinda's mind, when it came right down to it, the man she loved was going to see her naked anyway. She really wanted me to see her naked, and she knew that seeing each other naked would cause a deeper desire in each of us.

But, since it was an unknown to her, it was somewhat frightening.

I said softly and lovingly so she would hopefully not misinterpret, "You said earlier that you loved me." She nodded. "Was it true? Or were you just saying it because I did?"

"No. Oh **NO**, Bobby. I meant it. Oh god, I love you so much."

Very tenderly I quietly said, "Well. Then I would think you would be anxious to show me your body, but I also know that it's not something that's as natural as it should be." Then with a grin on my face, "I kind of get this feeling that you have the intention of offering me your body later this evening."

She blushed brightly, put her arms around my neck again, and slowly, almost imperceptibly, nodded her head and looking up, whispered to me, "Oh Uncle Bobby, I so much want to give you my gift tonight. I want you to have the one gift that I can give only once. I've wanted to give it to you since that night on the beach."

Then with tears welling up again, added, "I am frightened to death."

Very softly I replied, "Honey, I can appreciate your fear and apprehension, and I will gratefully accept your gift, but only when you are ready and giving it willingly. If you're afraid, you can't honestly give it willingly because it means you still have doubt. That's okay, Kitten, it is a big leap in your life, and you need to be absolutely sure that it's what **YOU** want to do. You'll know when it's the right time."

I paused to allow the gears to turn on that first bit, and then tenderly continued, "Being nervous is understandable, but if you feel fear, then you really aren't sure that what you are doing is right for you,

and that's totally okay."

Pausing again for a moment to allow her to think about what I was saying, I continued, "I am NOT willing to do anything with you that you do not feel 100% sure of. I am willing to wait for your gift until you are truly ready to give it... if you decide to give it to me."

She looked up at my loving eyes and gave me a nervous smile. Her hands pulled away from my neck and deftly unbuttoned the first button, then the second, then the third, on down to the bottom of her shirt.

As badly as I wanted to look at those gorgeous small breasts, I continued to maintain eye contact with her. There was plenty of time to relish her magnificence.

She stepped back a step and shrugged the shirt off her shoulders on to the floor.

As it was falling, her hands moved up to undo the hooks between her two mounds allowing that to also hit the floor on top of the shirt she had removed only moments before.

She stood apprehensively looking at me, I guess expecting me to not only look but to take hold of her breasts and begin groping, but my eyes remained fixed on hers, my hands on her waist as they had been since our kiss.

I was in no rush. We had all night and I wanted her to feel totally comfortable with everything we would do. If it isn't tonight, that's totally okay.

She was offering me her virginity. What an honor to be given by a young woman. Like I had told her mother, it would be the most special experience of her life. Something she'd never forget and would always look back on with warmth and love.

I could see that the nervousness was increasing a bit as she reached down to the snaps and zipper of her shorts, but determined, unsnapped and unzipped the skimpy shorts and let them fall to the floor next to the shirt and bra.

She slid one foot up and the other kicked the shorts

away. Then she took a very deep breath and let out a heavy sigh. "Look at me Bobby. I want you to see me."

I lowered my eyes to her mounds and gasped. In my peripheral vision I noticed that she had been wearing no panties, so she was standing in front of me in the same clothes that she was born into this world.

She looked so nervous at this point, I almost had to laugh, but once again, I know that wasn't the response she needed at the moment.

I looked her up and down noting that she had shaved her pubic hair and was truly standing before me as she was born. My eyes got larger, and my appreciation of this beautiful girl increased immeasurably, as my hands came up to her shoulders, and started to turn her around. She took the "hint" and slowly spun herself around so that I could view her entirely.

As she turned to face me again, she noted the towel around my waist had an increasingly large bulge in the front, but didn't say anything to me.

She did start to smile.

Noting the smile, I sat down on the stool behind me, looked Melinda straight in the eyes. I could see the questioning nervous look and just shook my head looking at the floor.

She was near tears when I looked back up with a big smile on my face and taking her hands in mine, whispered to her, "Melinda, you are the most beautiful woman I have ever put my eyes on. Your body is perfect in every way, and I so much look forward to later when I can feel, kiss, lick and play with that body."

The look of relief on Melinda's face was priceless, she had been so worried that I wouldn't like her body or what she looked like naked that she was beside herself.

She began to tear up, and throwing herself at me started to hold on to me like a vice.

"Oh Bobby, I was so afraid that you wouldn't like me, or that there was something wrong with me, or that I was just too young, or that you'd laugh at me..."

"Honey, trust me. There is NOTHING wrong with you. You are a perfect young woman. Any normal man would kill for the view I have right this minute. Why would you think I'd laugh at you?"

She looked lovingly into my eyes, pressed her body against me, and kissed me like she'd never kissed anyone before. I could feel the passion and love coming through that kiss, and the feel of her young body pressed against mine was absolutely heavenly.

Suddenly she broke the kiss and looking at my lap with an evil grin, asked, "Is that for me?"

Now, daring to laugh I replied, "You bet your ass it's for you, Kitten. That's the little head trying to take over the thinking, which we all know is impossible because the little guy has no brains. We'll save the little guy for later."

She took a deep breath knowing what I was referring to, but said, "Well it's not fair. You are still covered with the towel and I'm naked," throwing out her bottom lip in a mock pout.

She had all the moves!

Locking my eyes into hers, I asked, "Would you like to do the honors, or would you prefer me to do it?"

She took a deep breath, and put her lips on my chest kissing gently, and licking lightly as her hands moved down and took the edge of the towel that was wedged in holding it up and gently pulled it up releasing the towel, letting it fall to the floor to join the clothing she had removed earlier.

She continued to kiss my chest and moved her head back and forth taking one of my nipples then the other into her mouth and slipping her tongue across them.

"Mmmmmm ... I didn't know a man's nipples would get hard like mine do."

"Melinda", pausing to let her look up at me, "Over the next few days you are going to discover many things you weren't aware of. Even in your own body, so just keep experimenting and experiencing. You can do

anything with me you want unless it causes pain.  
That's the only limit!"

I felt her hand move down to grasp my stiff cock, and as she surrounded it she gasped, "It's so hard, but so soft at the same time. Can I look?"

Now I laughed, causing her to look at me with that nervousness trying to return, "Holy shit, Melinda. You have it in your hand, of course you can look!"

She began to laugh along with me, and pressed her lips lightly on mine, whispering, "I love you, Bobby."

Then her eyes traveled down to view that "thing" she had her hand wrapped around, and while doing so dropped to her knees putting my rigid cock directly in her face.

She moved it up, she moved it down, she moved it right, she moved it left, she moved it around in a circle like a you would a joystick (oh yes, pun intended!).

The curious look on her face was priceless as she discovered a man's penis for the first time. She gently took my balls in her hands, and with an extremely gentle touch rolled them around and moved them from side to side studying them like she would anything new.

I watched the whole show, but I about fainted when she stopped and looked at the stiff penis in her hand then moved her face forward slightly while her tongue darted out and licked the tip where a small amount of lubricating fluid had already flowed out.

Again, the look on Melinda's face was priceless as she, tasted man juice for the first time.

She looked up at me with a questioning look, so I just answered the question before she asked, "It's 'pre seminal fluid', Sweetie. Colloquially referred to as precum. My body makes it to help lubricate for penetration. When you touch your pussy it gets very wet doesn't it?"

She blushed but slowly nodded her head that it did.

"And you've put your fingers through the wetness haven't you??"

Again, the blush getting a bit darker, nodded her head.

"That's your body producing the same kind of lubricant that my body produces to assist in penetration. Without it intercourse could be quite painful for both of us, but especially you."

She nodded her head acknowledging what I was telling her. "Have you ever tasted yourself?" I queried quietly.

"Ewwwww, god no. That's totally gross Uncle Bobby." Her body shuddered with disgust at the thought of tasting that same pussy juice I was hopefully going to be drinking soon.

I gave a short chuckle and looking at her again, said the obvious. "You just stuck your tongue out and tasted me. Why would 'tasting you' be any different or so gross?"

Her gears were turning.

I squatted down so that my face was at the same level as hers, then I placed one hand high on one of her inner thighs very close to that extremely damp cleft that she kept hidden between her legs.

I let her get used to the feel of my hand, then tenderly asked, "May I?"

It took her a moment to digest and process what I had just said, and her brain was rebelling on one side, and questioning on the other, but fairly quickly she nodded her head, closed her eyes and prepared for what she knew was coming.

She had never been touched "there" by anyone except her, Hailey, and that pervert doctor at the free clinic her mother had taken her to for the first birth control injection. She knew what it felt like when she or Hailey touched her there.

She felt my hand move slowly and held her breath.

My fingers gently made contact with her vulva and as

they did the breath she'd been holding in came blasting out with a gasp.

I never took my eyes off of hers. This girl was a woman. If there was any doubt it was all removed when I touched her pussy.

"Oh Bobby, that feels so good... God, don't stop."

"Kitten, this is only our first exploration. We still have a shower and a dinner to attend to before 'playtime'."

I softly said that to her, then dipped my fingers gently into the narrow trough that held the wet essence of her sex.

She moaned and tried to sink lower, pushing my fingers, putting more pressure against those sensitive nerve endings. After scooping up what I was there for, I removed my hand and keeping my eyes locked on hers, now wide open showing disappointment, moved my hand up to my mouth and licked my fingers.

On her face you could see there was definitely a "yuck factor", but when I said, "Mmmmmm, god Melinda, you are delicious. I can't wait to eat your pussy later."

"Whaaatttt?" she expressed.

"Remember honey, this is but our first foray into our experimentation with each other. I want to kiss and taste every square inch of you. I hope you'll want you to do the same."

As I was saying this to her, one of her hands was starting to work that sensitive little nubbin at the top of her slit as she looked at me with glazing eyes.

"May I??" I whispered moving my hand to replace hers. She didn't resist as I began to tweak her clit slowly, but firmly until Melinda literally exploded in my arms, her eyes closing and her groans becoming much louder. Her body quivered uncontrollably then stiffened. In the squatting position it was hard to be comfortable so I slowly let her down so that we were both lying on the floor next to each other.

I held her close while continuing the gentle stroking



of her love button allowing her to gently come down from the first orgasm in her life that was induced by someone other than herself or Hailey.

When her breathing started to return to normal, her eyes flickered open and she saw my face, smiled, put her arms around my neck and pulled herself into an intense kiss.

As she broke the smooch, she put her head next to mine, and after giving my ear a little tongue, whispered, "That was the best that's ever happened to me Bobby. Not even Hailey has done me like that. It was incredible."

I held her tight, and whispered back, "That's just the beginning kitten. You have not yet begun to come. It only gets better from here."

She almost jerked her head out and looked at me with saucer eyes, and just mouthed, "Oh my god."

Smiling widely, I gently pulled her up to her feet, pecked her on the nose, slapped her tenderly on the ass, and said, "We need to get in the shower honey. We have a dinner to attend, and I don't know about you, but I'm starved!"

Scrunching up her face a little and uttering, "Oww", she began to laugh, dancing towards the shower saying, "Yeah. I'm pretty hungry myself, and if that was any indication of later, I need to build up my strength."

Giggling she added, "You better plan on a couple dozen oysters' mister. You're in deep doo-doo!"

Somehow, I think the fear is gone.