Every Day Will be Like a Holiday – Chapter 3

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Published on Lush Stories on 26 Dec 2012

A couple tries to keep their relationship secret from their kids

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/novels/every-day-will-be-like-a-holiday--1.aspx

I was laughing all the way into the next afternoon. I couldn't remember a time I've had so much fun with a man, not just in bed, but as a person. In fact, I think I had forgotten how to have fun, at least on the level that I did as a kid and a teenager. But unlike teenagers, the fun was much more exciting, and so was the sex.

While I was in my office, I could hear Brandon and Kellie talking in the family room while they were watching a football game on TV just outside my door."

"I think your mom was right about my dad having a hot date last night," Kellie said.

"Yeah?" Brandon said.

"He was washing his sheets this morning and he was smiling," Kellie said. "My dad never smiles when he does laundry. And it was the second day in a row I saw him washing his sheets."

I immediately got on my phone and started texting their conversation to Rick. He typed back a bunch of LOL's and LMAO's and begged for the full play-by-play.

"I think my mom has a boyfriend, too," Brandon said. "She got roses yesterday."

"Really?" Kellie said. "Who is he?"

"I have no idea," Brandon said. "She didn't say. Wouldn't it be funny if it was you're dad?"

Kellie busted out laughing.

"Yeah, right," she said. "I chewed him out and made him apologize for being a jerkwad to your mom on Thanksgiving."

“I noticed, but she said they talked after we left,” Brandon said. “She said he was pretty nice.”

“Good,” Kellie said, “It would be nice to see them act like grownups.”

The reply from Rick read: “I never want to act like a grownup with you. How about if I take you out for pizza and neck in the back seat somewhere tonight?”

I typed back: “Pizzeria Uno at 7?”

Rick: “I’ll be there at 6:55.”

I showered again and primped myself. I toned down my makeup for a casual evening out and decided on a big, fluffy purple cowl neck sweater and a pair of jeans in case he was serious about necking in the back seat of his Lincoln Navigator. It wasn’t the sexiest outfit in the world, but it would keep me warm and give him easy access for getting at least to second base. At least I could surprise him with a matching purple lace bra and panties.

I checked myself out in the mirror in my underpinnings. I imagined how it would feel to have his tongue distracting me while his hands sneaked up my sweater and find the surprise of something fancy and lacy underneath. Would he dare grope the fullness of my breasts that poured out over of the top of my bra, or would he be brave enough to pull the fabric of my bra down and rub my nipples enough to cream my panties.

I imagined his hands fumbling to unbutton and unzip my jeans and climbing over me on the back leather bench. Would he keep my jeans on to make sure I was warm and decent enough in case someone walked or drove by in the lot? Would he play coy by toying with the top of my panties before inching his fingers down to rub them over the soft and tender skin of my labia? How long would it take him to slip them through my slit to massage the milky creaminess from within? Would he lodge his finger deep inside or force it out of me in spurts?

I had the top of my back leaning against the bathroom wall, imagining that it was his hand invading the inside of my panties and pinching my nipples with the other. I was wishing it was his hand that was impatient to bring me to orgasm by rubbing on my clit furiously. My body stretched and tightened, trying to hold itself together until I just couldn’t hold back anymore.

“Please, please, please! Let me come, let me come, let me come!” I cried to myself while rubbing and prodding myself every which way possible.

It was almost futile until I imagined the way he looked at me with that persuasive smile, the way he touched me just enough to make me give in to anything that he wanted, and then, “Pow!” I nearly collapsed to the ground and held onto the towel bar to collect myself and catch my breath.

I looked at my watch and saw that I barely had time to finish my hair and makeup and get myself out of the house in time. I threw some cash on the dining room table and ordered a pizza for the kids. I told them that I was going out for the night and that I’d be out late. I saw them look at each other and share a secret giggle before I left out the door.

Over pizza, I couldn’t help but ask Rick the last time he necked in a car.

“I only had one serious girlfriend in high school,” he said. “Her name was Jackie. She had a big smile, dimpled cheeks, jumbo tits, and she giggled all the time. I spent the first half of my senior year just trying to get her to go out with me, and the other half of the year trying to get her to get all the way. I almost did. We were at the drive-in theater and I was just about to make the move on her. I managed to unclasp her bra to feel her up. Hell, I didn’t know what I was doing at the time. I was just happy to touch boobs. I didn’t know what to do with them.

“Then a bunch of her friends walked by and saw my car. They decided to stay and watch the movie. Jackie said she couldn’t be rude to them or tell them she was just about to have sex. A couple of days after, she decided that we should break up since we were going to different colleges. ”

“So you spent an entire year chasing tail?” I asked.

“No,” he said. “I was crazy about her. I was heartbroken until I went up to school. I saw her at my class reunion this summer. She married a minister and she’s involved with her church’s teenage abstinence mission.”

I laughed so hard my belly hurt.

“OK, what’s your story?”

“Almost the same story,” I said. “Fred was my steady boyfriend from about March of my junior year up until the summer between graduation and college. He worked at a pizzeria on Friday nights and Saturday nights were our date nights. If we didn’t have someplace to go like a party with our friends, we’d go to the drive-in.”

“No way!” Rick said.

“Way,” I said. “We’d mess around a bit, but we never got past second or third base. He said he didn’t feel right about going all the way in his car. He said he wanted to do it right.”

“What a gent,” he said. “So, did he?”

“Almost,” I said. “It was after graduation and he asked me to come over one morning when his mom was at work. We started making out on the couch in the family room and we left our clothes there. We walked over to his bedroom. It was the first time we saw each other fully naked in the daylight, so we were taking our time touching each other and checking out our bodies. Actually, I was stalling. I was scared. As soon as I got the nerve, we heard the side door open and heard his mom call his name. She was sent home from work early. We freaked. She was at his door and wanted to come in to talk to him, and he was trying to hide me in the closet. He faked her out by saying he was taking a nap and wasn’t dressed. He waited until his mom went down to the basement to do some laundry until he ran out to get my clothes. He practically pushed me out of the house and had me scrunch under the dashboard until we were a half way down the street just in case his mom looked out the window and saw me in the car with him.”

We couldn’t stop laughing. Maybe we were a little too loud, but didn’t care.

“Well, it sounds like we never got too far doing the back seat thing, and I’m with your friend, Fred,” he said. “I’m adventurous, but I’d like to do this right. Let me see if I can find out what the kids are up to.”

He called Kellie. She told him that she and Brandon were on their way out to glow bowl.

“Let’s go back to my house, I have a surprise for you,” he said. “Give me ten minutes to get things ready.”

Rick’s front door was open just a crack and I let myself in. There was a freshly-poured glass of champagne, a towel and a thick terry cloth robe folded on the table in the foyer. A trail of rose petals led to the doorwall in the family room. Outside, Rick was waiting in the hot tub. I could hear Miles Davis playing on the outdoor sound system.

I stood inside of the doorwall, crossed my arms and rubbed them my hands, signaling it was too cold for me to go outside. He gave me a devilish grin and motioned with his index finger to join him outside.

I cocked my head and gave him a coy look as I unzipped my ski jacket slowly. He leaned back in the tub with a wicked closed-mouth grin.

I slithered the jacket off my shoulders, slid each sleeve off one at a time, and tossed it to the side. My hips swayed into a slow figure-8 motion as I pulled my sweater over my belly, my rib cage, and stalled over my breasts. His hands motioned up, signaling me to show him what was underneath. I turned around to pull the sweater over my head. I turned around to look at him over my shoulder. He motioned his hands to cup his breasts. Another item of clothing flung off to the side before I turned around to run my hands up my torso to cup my purple lace covered breasts for a moment before they trailed back down to the waistband of my jeans. I could see him mouth the word, “Nice.”

I kicked off my shoes and pulled off my socks as quickly as I could before I unbuttoned and unzipped my jeans. He took a sip of champagne and gave me one nod of his head before I turned around to shimmy my behind as I pulled my skinny jeans slowly past my hips and down my legs, leaving them lie a puddle on the floor. Before I turned around I peeked behind myself and smacked myself on the ass. I saw a hand move down between his legs.

I spun myself around, spread my legs spread shoulder width apart, unhitched the front clasp of my bra, and threw it behind me. I toyed with my nipples as I slipped a hand underneath the waistband of my panties.

Then I heard car doors open in the driveway. I picked up the robe, threw it on, and mouthed, “Oh, shit! Someone’s here!”

Rick leapt out of the tub, through the doorwall with his towel and robe dragging behind him, and said, “Quick! In the closet, in my room! You know the routine!”

With barely a nanosecond to spare, I shut Rick’s bedroom door behind me before I heard the front door open and Brandon and Kellie’s voices spill inside the house. They stopped talking in a very awkward way when I heard Rick ask if they wouldn’t mind to give him some privacy for the evening. He offered them some money to go to a movie or wherever they wanted. Thank goodness my son had the manners to say, “No thank you. I have it covered.”

I let out a deep sigh when I heard the front door shut followed by the roar of Rick’s laugh.

“You can come out my closet coquette,” he called.

We keeled over laughing until I realized that my car was parked in the driveway.

Our faces fell for a moment and then we started laughing again.

“So much for defending your honor,” he said as he scooped me up, threw me over his shoulder, and

carried me out and into the tub.

“It could have been worse,” he said as he placed me on his lap, face to face. “They could have seen us like this …”

His lips plunged into mine for a deep, long kiss. He held onto my back with one hand to keep me from floating away as he grabbed onto on one of my breasts and softly kneaded. My nipple turned hard against the slow motion of his palm massaging against it, which led to a chain reaction of his erection springing back to life against my mound that immediately started filling with fullness and desire. My fingers wove into his gorgeous chestnut brown hair I wanted to weave them through so badly four months earlier. The fingers of my other hand clawed their way down his back to the meaty flesh of his ass. Our embrace locked tighter and tighter until he anchored his cock inside of me, giving us a buoyancy in the bubbles of the water that surrounded us.

I wasn’t sure if it was us or the steam rising up from the water or us that made the fat and fluffy snowflakes melt before they touched our skin. I was quite sure that neither was why my chest and my face feel flush and hot or drove me to match his churning motions in the depths of the tub. I felt a burning deep inside myself as I crashed into him orgasm after orgasm until we both hit the absolute peak of passion with a force of a tidal wave.

I collapsed limp into his lap, letting only the water to keep me weightless in his arms. Slowly, I became aware of Miles Davis’ trumpet wailing from the speakers until I heard Rick say, “Yes, it could have been worse.”

The giggles popped up again like the bubbles of the second round of champagne that Rick poured in our glasses.

“I suppose we’ll have some ‘spraining’ to do once the kids get home,” I said with a smile.

“Uh-huh,” he said.

“So what’s our story?” I asked.

“The truth,” he said, sealing it with a kiss.

When Brandon came home later that evening, he looked like he wanted to say something to me. Instead of putting him through the embarrassment of having to ask about my car being in Rick’s driveway, I blurted, “Yes, I had a nice time with Rick tonight.”

He let out a sigh of relief, and then said, “If I had known, we wouldn’t have …”

“Not to worry, dear,” I said. “I didn’t know either until I got there.”

“Isn’t that kind moving kind of fast, Mom?” Brandon asked. “I mean the two of you two were practically at each other’s throats on Thanksgiving.”

“We weren’t at each other’s throats; it was a misunderstanding,” I said. “We dated before. Things got unintentionally mixed up, and I didn’t know he was Kellie’s dad.”

Brandon was right. Things were moving fast. I had always been the responsible and cautious one. I always spent too much time evaluating a man before I let my guard down. I always waited to see what kind of character and values a man had. I always held out to see if a man was truly kind to and respectful of me. But did that really work? After all, my ex and I split after twelve years … four years of dating and eight years of marriage. Then again, we never had the kind of sparks that Rick and I had, and I never quite felt this kind of intensity with any other man I’ve been with. Ever.

For the second time in my life I decided to go for it. It was too bad I regretted the first time.