

Every Day Will be Like a Holiday – Chapter 4

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Rick gets to know Patty's parents.

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Rick and I avoided any kind of drama we feared our kids might put us through if they knew we were seeing each other. In fact, Kellie, by way of Brandon, provided him with all kinds of information about me in order to pull off some unexpected surprises. He bought gold circle tickets to see Diana Krall. He sent me a basketful of candles that I lit all over my room whenever he came over for marathon sex sessions. He surprised me with homemade gnocchi and Marinara sauce, my favorite, and the best I ever had. Brandon dropped a few hints about his favorite beer, his favorite cigars, and told me to never ever interrupt him when he watched football. Brandon was wrong about football. "That's what DVR's are for," Rick said when I showed up naked with a six-pack of his favorite IPA and a Macanundo. However, the biggest hurdle to get over would be my parents. Since Brandon was going be away the week between Christmas and New Year's at his dad's cottage up north with Kellie, I planned to spend a couple of days over Christmas with my parents in Sarasota. Rick insisted on joining me. "Christmas? With my parents? Really?" I asked. "Are you really sure you want to do that? I'm only staying a few days." "I know," he said. "You've already met my folks and I'd like to meet yours. And since it's on the way to Jamaica where I thought we could spend a few more days and ring in the new year ..." I screamed. I jumped in his arms. He spun me around until we both almost fell on the floor. He booked a room at an all-inclusive resort that was just for couples. This was going to be fantastic as long as we could endure the time with my parents. They were great people except I was still their kid, and they were just as overinvolved, overprotective and meddlesome as they were when I was Brandon's age, and they insisted we stay with them ... in separate rooms. I would have the guest room and Rick would get the hide-away bed in the TV room. "We'll only be there four days," Rick said. "And how long have we gone without sex since the day after Thanksgiving?" I asked. "Seventy-six and a half hours, only because I was gone for two days to see a client in Atlanta," he said. And of course my parents insisted on picking us up from the airport. We couldn't escape to get away if we wanted to. Basically, we would be on lockdown under the watchful eyes of my parents. "Why waste money on a car?" Dad said with a misplaced sense of doing a good deed when he picked us up at the airport. "We'll be happy to take you anywhere you want to go." The first place I wanted to go after getting off the plane was to the liquor store. Of course Mom put up a fuss. "Dear,

there's no reason for you to get us anything," Mom said. "Remember, we stopped drinking after Dad retired. Too many of his friends started dropping dead after all the heavy drinking they did when they were young like you and Rick. And ever since we cut red meat and pork from our diets, we've never felt better." Even Rick's eyes rolled over that remark and gave my hand an extra tight knowing squeeze as we rode in the back seat of my parents' Buick. Luckily, Dad didn't heed Mom's directives and pulled into the liquor store just before turning into their "active mature adult" development. Dad whisked Rick away for a round of golf and Mom and I stayed back to make Christmas cookies. Of course she had a hundred and twenty questions about Rick and a hundred and twenty reasons to be fearful of me "going steady" after such a short time. She was afraid he'd take me for my money. (He did well as a small business attorney.) She was afraid that if we got married that he'd cheat on me every chance he got just like my ex did. (It was Rick's ex who did all the sleeping around before they divorced.) She made me promise that he'd get checked out before we decided to have sex. (We already covered that topic back in July.) By that point, I needed a vodka and lemonade – a double. Mom made a point of telling me that it was only three in the afternoon. Luckily, Mom and Dad turned in at nine o'clock. Rick and I headed for the TV room. Mom opened the door without knocking to wish us goodnight and left the door open when she left. Apparently, the "open door" rule from when Fred used to come over to hang out and watch TV when I was a teenager was still in effect. "So how was golf?" I asked Rick. "Golf?" he scoffed. "We went out for burgers and single malts at the club. Your old man practically drank me under the table and took me for 50 at poker. And he really loved the cigars I gave him." I nearly spit out my drink and gave him a high five. "You're such a bad influence," I said. "And you're such a bad girl," he leered. "Let's go out on the patio so you can have my cigar." I raced him out of the room to the kitchen before we headed outside. Rick spotted a bowl of leftover buttercream frosting in the fridge. He pulled me by the arm, dipped his finger in the bowl, coated my lips with the frosting. He took his time sucking and licking it off my lips, making me melt like the frosting did on his tongue. "Mmm, girl, you are one tasty gingerbread girl," he moaned. "Got some sprinkles?" I pulled away to grab the sprinkles and then back to the fridge to grab a jar of leftover Maraschino cherries. I waved them in front of his face. "If you're good, I'll let you pop my cherry," I said, wickedly. We cased the refrigerator and the cabinets to find whatever spreadable edibles we could find and snuck out on the patio. The night was pitch dark, making it easy to go unnoticed outside as long as we stayed quiet. Rick took more of the frosting, lifted up my T-shirt, and spread it on my areolas, leaving a curlycue at the tip of my nipple and dusting it with sprinkles. The staying quiet part wasn't going to be so easy if he insisted on devouring it. I figured I'd get my revenge by coating his earlobe with a dab of the frosting and whispering, "Eat me," as I licked it off. "Oh, baby, I want to, but here?" he asked. "That's why I left my skirt on and my panties off," I said shaking a can of whipped cream. Rick grabbed the can out of my hand, hoisted me onto the top of the patio table, lifted my skirt over my waist, and spritzed the cream down my slit. He spread my legs apart as he lightly licked the top layer of cream with the tip of his tongue, avoiding contact with my inner folds and my clit. "Lick me, please," I begged with an almost silent whisper. "I love it when you beg," he said, giving the can another squirt between my legs. His tongue went at it again, this time delving just a

little bit closer to my tender tissues. His lips, his tongue, his breath were just close enough to tease my tickling nerve endings mercilessly. They felt like thousands of tiny electrical sparks short circuiting. I placed a Maraschino cherry on the top of my clit and demanded, "Eat it, dammit!" His tongue quickly lapped up every trace of whipped cream like a spatula off my labia, but he made a point of working around my clit. My legs shook and quivered against the firm hold he had on the way he parted my legs. Without words, without a sound, I tried my best to lunge my pussy toward his face to make my point. I wanted him to suck that cherry and the rest of the whipped cream off my clit and make sure all of it was gone. Every last bit of it, and then some. He pulled his face away from between my legs, stood up, and gave me a devious look. He ripped my skirt off, pulled my shirt up over my armpits, and grabbed a squeeze bottle of chocolate syrup. He covered my mouth with one hand while he drizzled a sweet, sticky trail from my pubic bone up my belly to each of my breasts, making sure to leave a healthy dollop of liquid milky chocolate on each nipple. I had a very good idea of how thorough he would be as his tongue followed the chocolate trail. My legs were still propped up and prone with my heels pounding a steady rat-a-tat-tat on the top of the table as his warm tongue took its time liking my body clean. He took his time savoring each nipple, licking and sucking each one. The louder I tried to moan, the harder he pressed his hand over my mouth. I could feel the whipped cream on my clit melt and drip. Gagged and voiceless, I grabbed his free hand and motioned it toward my clit. He remained focused on my nipples, devouring and biting them as if he was trying to take first place in a sundae eating contest. Finally, he got around to sucking my clit clean, being very thorough with his tongue to lap up every last bit of cream, cherry juice, and my own love juices that poured copiously out of me. When he pulled away and I let out my last gasp, he gave me a devious smile and said, "My turn!" He shimmed his shorts down, took a seat in one of the chairs, and dripped a few drops of the chocolate syrup on the tip of his cock that was standing straight and tall. Of course I knew what he wanted, and I could play his game, too. I took my thumb and two fingers and toyed with his cock at the bottom of his shaft, just barely pulling it down and gently lifting it up. I cast my eyes up at him and just smiled at him while I took my time at a leisurely pace. "Dammit, woman, I know you want this," he said. I nodded and kept looking at him while I teased his shaft, building up my speed and power, and feeling it getting larger, harder and firmer with my touch. I finally opened my mouth and brought my head down only to let out a long, light and warm breath on his sac while wiggling his cock back and forth with my fingers. When he arched his back, threw his head back to grit his teeth, and gripped onto the arms of the chair as tightly as he could, I finally took pity on him and took the head of his cock in my mouth. As I was about to take my tongue to lick the syrup that dripped down his shaft, he started laughing. "I can't do this," he barely said through a muffled guffaw. I looked up at him, and asked, "What do you mean?" Rick didn't say a word. He couldn't say a word. He was doing everything he could to keep himself from busting a gut ... stomping his feet and covering his mouth to hold back an explosive laugh ... but I finally got my answer. Off in the distance from the side of the house, I could hear my dad muttering something off in the distance, and then a hand smack and short, sharp, high-pitched yelp. We both covered our mouths and started giggling like schoolkids. Then we heard another smack and a louder yelp, this time followed by a soothing, "Oooh, darling." We both started

laughing again until I said, "I can't listen to this!" I could never imagine my mother having sex, let alone getting spanked and liking it. Rick kept chuckling. "Hell, I think it's cool," he said, just about on the brink of laughing uncontrollably. "I hope I'll still be chasing tail and smacking ass when I'm their age." "Seriously, I can't listen to this," I said, grabbing everything I could in my arms to take back into the kitchen. "Come on. Help me clean up." Rick grabbed me by my waist with both hands, and said, "Oh, clean you up, I will. Last one in the shower is a rotten egg."