

# Every Day Will be Like a Holiday - Chapter 1

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*A woman discovers a past one-night stand was her son's girlfriend's father.*

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Even though my son Brandon was nineteen and in his second year of college, he still liked to alternate the years he spent holidays with me and his dad. This year was my year for Thanksgiving, and since my parents were in Sarasota for the winter, Brandon and I were left to fend for ourselves. Or so I thought. "Hey, Mom," Brandon said to me when he came in for the holidays. "I know we have plans for Turkey Day this year, but Kellie invited me to her dad's house, and ..." I knew this day would eventually come. Brandon and Kellie had been seeing each other since they met in a sociology class last winter term. She was a cute girl with a bubbly personality, and Brandon was totally smitten with her. Since both of her parents lived nearby, they saw a lot of each other over the summer break. In fact, I liked having Kellie around as often as she was here. She was a sweet girl. Cute and bubbly, too. She and Brandon weren't just boyfriend and girlfriend, they were best friends. I couldn't have picked out a nicer girl for him myself. "... anyway, Kellie's dad said it would be all right if you came, too," Brandon continued. "It's just going to be him, her grandparents, and her aunts, uncles and cousins. I told Kellie you make the best pumpkin pies. Could you bring some?" It sounded as if my plans were already made. Besides, how could I turn down a chance to be with my son on Thanksgiving? I drove by myself since Brandon said he and Kellie had plans to go out after dinner. At least I could duck out early, too. Hanging out with a family I didn't know on Thanksgiving would be awkward. I just didn't know how awkward it would be until the front door opened. "Uh ... Patty?" said a familiar man at the door. That familiar man was Kellie's father and Rick, a mistake of a date I had back in July. Rick and I met over an online personal ad site, and after a couple of emails and a phone call, we decided to meet for a drink and walk down to the town square for a fireworks show. It was the Fourth of July and neither of us had plans. I thought he was gorgeous, and from first sight he had this dazzling smile that didn't quit all night. I could tell by the way he walked, moved and the way his clothes fit that he worked out and had a body that was sculpted, right down to his fingers that reached out every once in a while to toy with my fingers. He had these waves in his dark chestnut hair I thought a time or two about wanting to run my fingers through. We talked for hours and found things that we were really into immediately – red wines from California, the same favorite players on our hometown baseball team, an equal talent for impromptu and hilarious color commentary over the people watching we did from

the sidewalk café. One drink turned into three, and as the drinks kept coming, his fingers went from just touching mine to wrapping themselves around them and entrapping them. My foot kept finding ways to rub against his ankles to running up and down the back of his calves. Between that smile and those eyes that never left my line of vision, all he had to do was to say, "Let's go back to your place." We were there in less than fifteen minutes. I was right about that body. Every muscle was defined and looked like poetry in motion when he whipped off my halter top, slid my skirt down, and threw me on the bed. He had the most beautifully rounded ass that I could just dig my nails into all night long if it hadn't been for the way he hadn't pinned them over my head while he bit on my nipples and finger fucked me. He went like a machine on an assembly line, pumping out copious spurts of cum all over his fingers and hands. He spread my slick juices over my belly and around my hips until he lifted them to plunge away at me with his cock of steel. I clamped my feet over his shoulders to brace myself against the non-stop orgasmic temblors that he sent through my body. He ordered me to tell him how I liked it, and to tell him as loudly as I could. The louder I was, the harder and deeper he drove into me. When he wasn't focused on the fascination of his cum-shined shaft sliding in and out of me, his eyes were on me. We had totally forgotten about wanting to see the fireworks. We never heard them was we were making them on our own. I sent him a text the next morning telling him about how I woke up with a wonderful smile I woke up with on my face, thinking I'd hear back from him for a request for Round 2. I kept checking my phone expecting to get a text or a voice mail. My mood sullened throughout the day as I never got a response back. By the end of the night, I felt like a whore that got cheated out of not only my dignity, but the appreciation of my best fuck ever. That episode cooled my jets for a while. I went on a few dates here and there, but nothing that went beyond a dinner or a show with a couple of nice men I couldn't see wasting my time with or theirs. Even if I had the opportunity to get intimate with a man, I hadn't come across one that could have convinced me more than the way Rick did, and I hated him for it. So here he was at the door with an awkward silence separated me, him and four boxes of pumpkin pies. "Gosh, Dad, are you just gonna stand there and let Brandon's mom hold onto those pies or do I have to remind you to be a gentleman?" Kellie said as she came bounding to the door to see me. "Yes, Kellie, you do," I thought to myself as I tried to plaster a smile on my face the best way I knew how. Rick took the boxes off my hands and Kellie and Brandon took me around to introduce me to the rest of the family. Either Rick really enjoyed cooking or he found the kitchen to be a very convenient hideaway. It was fine with me. As long as he wasn't around, I was managing as well as I could spending Thanksgiving afternoon with my son, his girlfriend, and nineteen strangers who happened to be related to him. They all seemed to like me, especially Rick's parents, who went out of their way to tell me what a nice young man I had. My luck ran out at dinner. The only seat in the house was next to Rick. I tried to hide my wince every time Brandon and Rick would say something funny that one of them did between each other in the eleven months they knew each other. Brandon had told me often how cool Kellie's dad was, but seeing how these two bonded made me feel incredibly uncomfortable, so uncomfortable that all I could manage to do was push my food around my plate with my fork. What was I supposed to do? Tell Brandon that I didn't want to see Kellie anymore? With him being nineteen, it wasn't my place.

Besides, I really liked Kellie. She was a good girl and good for my son. "Patty, I have to tell you that you have quite the son," Rick said as if he were being unfamiliarly polite with me. "If it were up to me, I couldn't have picked a better young man to date my daughter." "Thank you," I said tersely without looking at him. Under better terms I would have told him that I thought the exact same way about Kellie. Instead, I tried my best to start a conversation with anyone else at the table. I seemed to have charmed the pants off Rick's parents who seemed more than impressed that I was a curator at the historical museum. I took a special kind of delight to see Rick squirm when he heard his dad say that he would make a point of making a very special donation to our new exhibit before the end of the year. As soon as dinner was done, I saw my opportunity to get the hell out as soon as Brandon and Kellie say they were going out for the night, except Rick stopped me right outside of the front door. He looked at me with sheepish, apologetic eyes, and said, "I owe you an apology for being a jerk." I wanted to say, "When? Today or back in July?" I kept my mouth shut. I could tell he had more to say, even if it wasn't coming immediately out of his mouth. "I really want to make this right for the kids," he said. "Kellie already went off on me like white on rice for being rude to you. "I wanted to make things comfortable for the kids, too, but I didn't want to go too easy on Rick. "Tell me this," I said, "Is the reason why you never called back was because you thought I was some kind of loose slut? The kind of woman you couldn't have around your daughter? The kind of woman you couldn't bring around to meet your parents? Because if those were your assumptions, I blew them right out of the water." He looked humble, and said, "You proved yourself before you came into my house. Your son is an awesome kid. If I had my way, I wouldn't want another gentleman around my daughter. I don't see that continuing until I start treating his mother like a lady." For the first time since July I saw that bewitching smile come across his face. He lifted my chin up to make sure I could see it. I really wanted to fall for it like I did the last time. I just stood there not knowing what to say until he said, "And I also have a weakness for sexy women who are confident. Confident enough to handle a situation like today with class." He kissed me open-mouthed on the front porch just long enough to make the first winter chill in the air feel like that balmy Fourth of July evening when he melted my inhibitions away. Then he pulled away, put that smile back on his face, winked, and said, "Good night. Drive home safely." I didn't remember how I got home. My mind was in a blur over everything that transpired over those past few hours ... The awkwardness of finding out my son's girlfriend's father was a one-night stand ... Surviving the most awkward Thanksgiving Day ever with a family I didn't know except for my son and his girlfriend ... Getting the most gentlemanly and sincere apology from a man that came with one of the sexiest seductions ever. I didn't quite know how to process it all. I had a glass of wine that put me right to sleep.