

## Chapter 9

### Never too old for loving

Layers of blankets and comforters were strewn around the floor as pillows lined the edge, allowing us to face the TV when we laid down. He started to put the video's on and I had to speak up and be honest, "Home movies are fantastic but they are not something that makes me want to suck whip cream off of your balls!"

He laughed and went for soft Jazz music instead. I was organizing the pillows when he came up behind me. As I turned around I was face level with a pair of sunglasses dancing to the music while balancing on his cock.

I cannot get over how this sexy man continues to astonish me. We are going to have the most incredible lives. I picked up the whip cream and then decided that I wanted a cherry for the top of my creation.

"Stay right here," I quickly ran back towards the kitchen for a fresh one from the refrigerator. I could hear low voices even before I made it to the tile floor.

I am not a voyeur, not that I know of anyway, but the sights before me stunned me and I was unable to move. Mom was bent over the kitchen table and a man was fucking her from behind. Her arms were stretched out to the sides and holding on tight as he pounded away at her. I could see his fingertips digging into her hips as he told her that she was being punished for forgetting that it was his day with her and no one should be at her house.

Part of me wanted to run back and get Dave, another part wanted to go and hide, yet my feet let me do neither. I watched as Mom had an orgasm leaning over the same table we had sat and talked at, laughed at, oh dear God, ate at. The handsome man came inside of her and before he was done he dropped to his knees and began licking her leaking pussy, his long cock still spurting onto the floor.

I had never heard or seen anything like that before, he was making Mom orgasm once again as he enjoyed their juices that were mixed together. She was encouraging him to suck harder as she reached her hand between her legs and pulled his hair in closer to her.

He suddenly pulled back away from her and his eyes locked with mine. I saw him start to speak when Mom dropped to her knees and began kissing him.

I made my escape and ran back to Dave.

I found him propped up on pillows and ready for me and the cherry I was to be bringing back.

"We need to talk," I snapped far more aggressively than I would have liked as I lowered myself onto the pillows but so I could look at his face.

The look on his face must have been a reflection of what mine held, and it was not pretty. "Honey, do you know that your mother has a boyfriend?" I asked while holding his hand.

I felt a tightness take over in his fingers as he said, "No she doesn't, she is well into her fifties honey."

I felt such sadness at shocking him but had he gone for the cherry there is no telling what would have happened when he saw the aggressive yet very erotic scene that I did.

"What did she tell you?" Dave asked as his index finger rubbed my hand as it tried to escape my grip.

"I saw them, and before you say that I misunderstood, there was no way to misinterpret that honey. They are intimate, I can assure you of that," I tried not to make as big of a deal out of it as it really was. The things that I saw, now that I wanted to be honest with myself, turned me on. Not because it was them, for that I am scarred for life, but the actions, the need; that is what was so very mesmerizing.

Dave lay in his comfortable pillows that appeared to be made of spikes judging by his flinching. We heard the screen door shut even though it was done quietly. Dave jumped up, grabbed his shorts and then my hand before we practically flew down the hallway.

He stopped us just before rounding the kitchen corner where the tile would make our presence known. He peeked in and pulled me forward. I spotted his mother in the garden at the same time that he saw the same man I had seen with his cock on the floor, over by the barbeque area.

Mom was right; someday I will know the many faces of my man, but at that moment I really was not sure what side of him I was about to discover.

Dave turned to me and took my shirt off, kissed me and put it the right way and back on my body. We both burst into laughter at the thought of the rainbow's duty as we were about to encounter his mother's lover.

We sat on the swing watching his mother pick fresh vegetables for a salad to go with the shrimp kabobs that we saw on the table. I did do a double take before we left the kitchen and the table had been freshly washed down. Lunch fixings were organized with paper plates and wrapped silverware in red checkered picnic table cloth pattern napkins.

Mom looked up at the porch as she finished collecting all the supplies and waved. Dave waved back to her with the arm ending in our hands joined together. She walked to the grilling station and was talking to her "friend" or whatever they would call each other.

They began a slow stroll towards the porch, not touching but him carrying the basket for her. As Mom got closer she shouted out, "Kids I would like you both to meet my good friend, Jimmy. This I my oldest son Dave and this little one is his bride to be."

Fear filled my heart when Dave jumped off of the swing and I fell over to his side of the bench. He bolted to the door as I winced and he held the screen door for them. "It is nice to meet you, Jimmy. Here, let me give you a hand with that

basket,” he took the basket in his left hand and put the other out to shake the hand of the man who was replacing his father in the bedroom.

Dave put the basket on the table near the door and surprised us all when he said, “Jimmy, looks like Mom forgot to grab some ears of corn. How about you and I take a walk?” Dave did not really finish that question; it just kind of hung in the air.

Jimmy kissed Mom on the cheek, grabbed another basket off of the shelf and held the door for Dave. I watched as they slowly made their way to the garden. What I wouldn’t give to be a ladybug on a sunflower right at that moment!

Mom called me to help clean vegetables and prepare the salad. I think that was her way of distracting me since Dave said she doesn’t let anyone help her. Once we saw them headed back she seemed to be a little quieter, I figured out that a chatty Mom is a nervous Mom.

We walked on the porch both wiping hands on our aprons. Dave started laughing at my apron, probably due to being allowed in the sacred kitchen for food preparation and knowing what it meant. I realized she was not distracting me; she was in need of me distracting her.

“Mom, Jim and I are going to go grill up the kabobs while you ladies ready everything else,” then he slapped Jimmy on the shoulder and gripped before he shook, “After lunch he has asked me to take him downstairs and show him the dungeon. But don’t worry, I remember the TALK, word for word!”

What should have been a horrifying comment; was hysterical to all four of us as we moved about getting lunch ready. What a family I have found myself in, I can’t imagine anything more incredible, someday I should write my memoirs of how it all began.