

HOT FLASH HOUSE

By Chrono Eclipse

Chapter 17: Spacey Lacey

David peaked his head around the doorway to see 38-year-old Hope. She was now the mom to a newborn for the second time in nearly 20 years (or the second time in 24 hours from David's perspective). Her hair was greasy and dull brown hair strewn messily around her exhausted face as she snored in the chair looking like she hadn't slept properly for at least a week.

She clearly still had a bit of the baby weight that needed to be shed. Her body looked puffy if not a little pudgy as her belly rolls peaked out from beneath her sweatshirt. She wasn't wearing make-up. She had big bags under her eyes and deep lines across her forehead in addition to deeper crow's feet. A slight double chin was forming below her jawline. Baggy sweatpants were hiding what the pregnancy had done to her ass and thighs but he could see her swollen feet were in bad need of a pedicure and her calves were currently cankles.

She snorted awake.

"Huh? Where's the baby!?" She called out startled.

"Right here mom. I got her, don't worry." Lacey said as the baby gurgled in her arms.

"Oh Lacey, that's great. That's so awesome. Thanks baby." Hope said sounding groggy.

"Yeah no sweat. You just relax." Lacey told her mother.

"Heh having a sister that's 20-years-older than her is going to feel like having a second mom..." David pointed out.

"Hey having two moms worked out for me!" Hope pointed out referring to Tabitha and Jayne.

“Yeah and I basically had 5 moms if you could Ms. Adalynn and Ariana next door!” Luna said as she walked into the room eating a hot pocket.

David did a double-take as he almost didn’t recognize Jayne’s daughter who was now a lanky blonde 5th grader.

“Yeah Little baby Danielle is going to have so many people looking out for her – isn’t that right? Isn’t that right?” Lacey said talking in a babyish voice to the infant.

“Oh David – since you’re here... Would you be a sweetheart and give me a little foot rub?” Hope asked also in a bit of a babyish voice.

“Mooooom!” Lacey warned sternly.

“What? It’s just a foot massage. It’s a totally innocent thing for a new mother to ask of a handsome young guy that’s practically her son-in-law... i’m not asking him to do anything dirty...” She insisted. “... unless you want to make it dirty...” She added with a flirtatious wink.

Lacey sighed and rolled her eyes at her mother.

“Soon enough you’ll learn how embarrassingly thirsty our mommy is...” Lacey said to the baby.

“Nah it’s cool. I’m down for it. I mean – i’ve been giving women in this family foot rubs since Jennifer so...” David said with a grin and a shrug.

“Ewww!” Lacey and Luna both exclaimed in unison.

“You rubbed nana Jennifer’s old gross feet!?” Luna asked giggling.

“Uh yeah but-” He began to explain that it wasn’t gross. Because at the time Jennifer had been not much older than Hope was now.

“When did you even do that? When she was up from the home during the summer when we were in high school?” Lacey asked, looking puzzled.

“No uh it was- you know...” He said giving Lacey a knowing look.

She shook her head confused, obviously no longer knowing what he was talking about. David sat down on the corner of the footstool and took Hope's elephant feet in his hands. He began to gently massage her soles and arches as he looked back up at Lacey.

"It was before the *time bubble* stuff..." He whispered loudly to the pretty brunette coed.

"What's a time bubble?" Luna asked as she played around on her tablet.

"Ooooooh your hands are magic...." Hope moaned closing her eyes.

"Time bubble...AHHH! What am I doing downstairs? Whose baby is this!? Oh my god is this my baby!?" Lacey screamed holding Danielle out like the baby was a time bomb.

The infant began to cry loudly.

"Shh calm down. It's not your baby. She's your sister." David assured her quickly.

Hope looked horrified for a moment and then disgruntled as she quickly pulled her feet away from David and stood up from the couch with a groan.

She marched over to Lacey and quickly but gently took the baby away from her older daughter.

"Of course she's not your baby! Are you insane?" She yelled at Lacey.

"No mom I-" Lacey began to try to explain but didn't know how without sounding crazy.

The baby continued to wail in Hope's arms as she attempted to soothe her by

"Are you on drugs?" Hope asked her pointedly.

"No!" Lacey snapped defensively.

Hope came closer to examine if her daughters eyes were bloodshot or dilated.

“Well what’s gotten into you then?” She demanded scowling at her adult daughter.

“I-” Lacey struggled for an explanation.

“She’s just under a lot of stress – with her college finals!” David offered quickly.

“I’m in college!? I mean, yeah! Sorry I freaked out i’m just so stressed out!” Lacey explained.

“Well maybe you should go lay down then. You really freaked me out!” Hope said in a no-nonsense tone.

“Yeah maybe i’ll go get some water or something – David, baby would you help me?” She asked motioning for him to follow her.

“Uh sure yeah!” David said jumping to his feet and following her.

On her way she did a double-take at Luna who was sitting at the table in the corner.

“Luna?” She asked surprised to see the girl at 11-years-old.

“Yeah? Are you going to spazz out again because that was super funny!” The tween giggled.

“You’re just... taller.” Lacey said shaking her head and heading into the kitchen.

“Really? Cool!” Luna said standing up to go see for herself.

Lacey led David into the kitchen and once they were out of sight of everyone she took a deep breath and exhaled.

“Well that was horrible!” She said heading over to the sink to splash water on her face and get herself something to drink.

“I know! I’m sorry! I didn’t- I didn’t think you’d like react like that.” He told her.

“How was I supposed to react? One minute we’re up in my room and the next minute i’m downstairs holding a baby!” She exclaimed.

“Yeah that’s kind of how it feels for me too. It’s weird right?” He said.

“So weird! How old am I? Because I feel like the girls are definitely bigger.” Lacey said.

“Yeah I know, Luna is shooting up like a weed!” David marveled.

“No I meant the girls, like-” Lacey hefted her boobs and jiggled the DDs at him.

“Oh yeah!” He said with a laugh.

“So what year is it anyway?” She asked.

“Still 2024.” David told her.

“Oh yeah duh, no I mean like how old am I?” She said slapping her forehead.

“Yeah so you’re 20 now.” David told her.

“Oh wow! So we’re the same age!?” She exclaimed happily.

He nodded and she ran up to him, wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling him into a kiss. She brought her leg up around his and stroked the back of his calf with her foot as she began to make-out with him.

“Mmmm it feels good to be in my 20s...” She purred.

He pulled away for a moment remembering something.

“Oh! Hey whenever you want to know how old everyone is now you just have to look at this calendar.” He said pointing to the big birthday calendar under the clock.

Lacey was very familiar with the calendar. It having hung in this kitchen her entire life but she was surprised to see that all the birthdays written on it had updated to be older than they were last time she remembered glancing at it. “Okay so I turned 20 earlier this year.” She said pointing at her birthday in May.

“Right and i’m turning 21 in a little over a month so... I guess we’re not the same age.” He said with a sly grin.

“No fair!” She pouted.

“Sorry kiddo.” He said hugging her and kissing her on the top of her head.

“But wait! I’m going to get way older before we reach your 21st birthday so in a sense I’M the older one...” She said remembering how this all works.

“Heh yeah you have a point. Who knows, by the time we get to November 2nd enough time may have passed for all of you that Danielle’s granddaughters will be grossed out to learn that I’ve given foot rubs to old nana Lacey.” He said with a snort.

Lacey bit her lip and slapped him on the chest.

“Shut up!” She said with a giggle.

“What? It’s totally possible! You don’t know the day i’ve been having!” David said with a smirk.

“Okay so i’m 20, and you’re 20!” She said giving him a playful nudge before turning her attention back to the calendar.

“Luna turned 11 this summer! Wow she was a 3rd grader last I checked.” Lacey said in astonishment.

“Yeah I think she was 5 the last time I saw her.” David said nodding.

“She’ll be a teenager in no time.” Lacey pointed out.

“Yikes. That’s crazy to think about.” David said said honestly.

“Why because she’s your ex’s daughter or because you knew her as a baby?” Lacey asked.

“I knew you as a baby! Hell I knew your MOM as a baby!” He pointed out.

“Speaking of... Mom is now 38... Cht cht cht she’s getting closer to 40. She wouldn’t like that if she knew what we know...” Lacey said giggling.

“Yeah she probably doesn’t like it regardless...” David pointed out.

“Fair! And there’s my new ‘baby sister’ Danielle. She must have just come home from the hospital last month. I still can’t believe she had another baby!” Lacey said shaking her head.

“Yeah I wonder if it was with that older guy she was dating.” David pondered.

“Oh yeah! So wait... does that mean that Charlie is getting older now too? Was he young before? Like was he a young kid like us and now he’s an old 50-something year old fat-ass guy?” Lacey asked.

“I don’t know! It’s not like I invented this stuff! I don’t know who Charlie is. He’s not someone who went to school with me, Jayne and Tabby I don’t think so he’s probably just some random actually old dude that your mother just remembers dating in college.” David explains.

“Right – because in reality mom went to college like this morning.” Lacey said trying to wrap her head around it.

“Basically.” David agreed.

“Brrrr I didn’t like the idea of my mo having to climb in bed with some limp-dicked beer-gutted old dude with a comb-over before when I thought she was an over-the-hill lady in her 30s! Now that I think about how she was

young like us and he's some skeevy old guy I like it even less! I hope he doesn't come around the house!" Lacey ranted.

"Trust me, if I know anything about your mom it's that she's not going to want some guy that's not me popping in and out of the house all the time - even if it is her baby-daddy." David assured his girlfriend.

"Well let's hope so. Now Ariana is 25! Oh wow I wonder how long it would take me to catch up to her..." Lacey wondered.

"It doesn't work like that. I'm the only one you get to be both younger and older than." David reminded her.

"Oh right... It would be really cool though, to be the older woman to Ariana for once? She used to boss me around so much when we were kids just because she was 5 years older than me. And when I first started bringing boyfriends home she started parading around her curves in front of them and teasing me for just having mosquito bites..." Lacey recalled.

"Yeah well - you can get the last laugh on the back end when her big titties start to sag and droop and you're still kind young because she's got 5 years on you..." David said with a laugh.

"Oh! Yes! And she's definitely gonna be a grandma before me! Her daughter Nina's already 4!" Lacey said pointing at Nina's birthday.

"Yep. I hope when Ariana's 44-years-old like her mom Adalynn is now she's not as large..." David said pointing at Adalynn's birthday.

"Do you think she'll lose that weight when 'little Ada' gets older?" Lacey asked with a giggle.

"God I hope so." David said shaking his head.

"Aw you just want to tap that again don't you!" Lacey teased.

"Wh- No! Wait how did you know I..?" David sputtered.

"I didn't. You just confirmed it though." Lacey said with a twinkle in her eyes.

“C’mon you were-” David started to argue.

“It’s okay baby. I don’t mind... besides I know whose wrinkly butt you REALLY want to tap... your little ex-girlfriend aunty Jayne who’s... wow 56-years-old now.” Lacey said reading the summer birthday.

“Yeah...” He said with a smirk.

“And grandma is 57 now. Is that weird for you? They’re like 40-years-older than they’re supposed to be.” Lacey pointed out.

“Yep. Pretty weird... good thing I have a thing for older women...” David said with a grin.

“Hey!” Lacey said laughing.

She turned back to the calendar. “Speaking of older women - your *real* girlfriend Jennifer is... 87-year-old! ... You still want to pull off her depends and hit that granny-booty?” Lacey teased.

“C’mon! No fair! She’s like senile now!” David said laughing.

“You want to massage her liver-spotted feet? I hear you like that. Maybe suck on her gnarled arthritic toes...” Lacey egged him on.

“I’ll suck on *your* toes...” He said back with a knowing look.

“Oh good! Because I’m starting to feel some bunyuns forming up on them since i’m gettin’ so old now and ACH my aching back. Maybe you can give me a full body massage young man...” Lacey joked as she began to act like an old lady and wiggled her young toes at the boy.

Back in the living room Tabitha and Jayne had come downstairs. Tabitha was watching TV on the couch while Hope breast fed in the recliner and Luna and Jayne played a board game at the table.

An episode of Schitt’s Creek was on TV as Tabitha got comfortable and began watching it while letting her flabby stomach peek out from between her shirt

and sweat pants. Hope glanced up at the screen while the infant on her arms hungrily sucked at her teet.

“What show is this?” Hope asked not recognizing it.

“It’s a new show. With the funny guy and the lady from that movie about the dog show?” Tabitha said, not able to remember what anything was called.

“I don’t know what movie you’re talking about. What’s the name of *this* show called?” Hope asked impatiently.

“Oh I don’t know. Give me a minute...” Tabitha said fumbling for the remote.

The graying 57-year-old reached over to grab her glasses and put them on. She held the remote up close to her and squinted at the buttons. She found the one that said guide and held the remote toward the TV, taking the index finger of the other hand and using it to press the guide button. The display of information popped up on the screen.

“It’s called Schitt’s Creek... hey that’s kind of funny!” Tabitha said with a chuckle.

“I know ma! I can read!” Hope said rolling her eyes.

“Hey! Hey language!” Jayne snapped from the table, reaching over to cover her daughters ears.

11-year-old Luna pushed her mothers hands from off her head and rolled her eyes in exasperation.

“It’s the name of the show mom!... and it’s not new Aunty. It’s had like a kajillion seasons!” Luna said with a good dose of tween angst.

“Huh, i’d never heard of it.” Tabitha said with a shrug.

“That’s because you don’t keep up with anything that came out after like 1985!” Hope said with a smirk.

“Hey! You hadn’t heard of it either little miss sassy pants!... Hey do you know what was a good show? Happy Days!” Tabitha said reminiscing.

“Thank you for proving my point...” Hope mumbled.

“Jayne, remember Happy Days? We used to watch that show every day when we came home from high school! Aw that Scott Baio was sooooo cute!” Tabitha said pressing her hands to his heart.

Jayne turned around in her chair and looked at Tabitha frowning.

“I don’t know, i’ve been reading the news and his politics are a little...” She gives the so-so sign with her hand.

“Really? Aw that’s too bad. The boy could really fill a pair of jeans.” Tabitha said licking her pruned lips.

“Yeah keep reminiscing about the stars of your oldies shows grandma. The rest of us will enjoy the FAR superior That 70s show with the TRULY dreamy Ashton Kutcher.” Hope said grinning.

“Ewww you like Ashton Kutcher? He’s so old!” Luna said sticking out her tongue as if grossed out.

She gained a few inches in height as she sat in her chair. The baby in Hope’s lap also suddenly grew into a toddler and hopped down from her mother’s lap to go play with some blocks.

“BAAHAHAHA! A taste of your own medicine!” Tabitha cackled pointing at her daughter who was clearly embarrassed to be called out by a 12-year-old.

The loud cackle woke Jayne up who had nodded off in her chair holding her game cards.

“Oh my god mom! Did you just fall asleep!?” Luna asked in disbelief.

“I was just resting my eyes baby. Your old mom’s had a long day. Okay now what am I doing here again?” Jayne asks.

The middle-schooler let out an exasperated sigh and handed her mother a pair of dice.

“You roll the dice and whatever number that comes up those are the resources you draw.” The girl explains to her mother.

Jayne frowned her jowly face and scratched her gray head.

“And these are the resources over here? The sheep and rocks and whatever?” Jayne asks making sure she’s getting it right.

“Yeeees!” Luna says impatiently.

“Okay here I go...” Jayne rolls the dice and gets snake-eyes.

“...Okay now collect your resources...” Luna prompted.

Jayne looked down at the board.

“There aren’t any 2s on the board.” She said.

“Yes there are! Here and here!” Luna said sounding annoyed as she pointed out the tiles.

Jayne reached down and picked up one of the tokens with her fake nails that she had to cover her yellowing fingernails. She held it up close and examined it with her reading glasses on.

“Wow they really make these numbers teeny-tiny! I can hardly read this.” The older woman said shaking her head.

“Mooom you just need better glasses.” Luna chided.

“My eyesight is fine!... This game is pretty complicated. Are you sure you don’t want to play something fun like Monopoly or Scrabble?” Jayne asked hopefully.

“Those games are sooooo booooooring!” Luna whined.

“Okay... but maybe then be a bit more patient with me when I need you to remind me how to play this.” Jayne insisted.

“Finnnnnnneeee.” Her daughter said exasperated.

“Well i’m going to get myself a snack from the kitchen.” Tabitha declared from the couch.

The now 58-year-old woman struggled to stand up from the couch and braced her back with a series of grunts as she stood up.

“Need help there?” Hope asked with a smirk.

“I’m fine, i’ve got it. But oof! I’m getting brittle! You should get me and Jayne matching walkers to get around with this Christmas. We’ll need them sooner or later.” Tabitha said smiling and shaking her head.

There was silence for a moment.

“Huh. Jayne I expected you to tell me to speak for myself! Did you hear what I said about Hope getting us matching walkers for Christmas?” Tabitha asked looking over at her friend.

The gray haired former blond was slumped over in her chair and let out a loud snore.

“She fell asleep again.” Luna pointed out sounding annoyed.

“Woof okay. I can’t spend the evening sitting here doing nothing with a bunch of old ladies. I’m going to go upstairs and see what David and Lacey are up to!” Lacey declared standing up and rubbing her swollen knees before stretching her middle-aged body.

“Pleeeeeease take me with you!” Her sixth grade cousin pleaded.

“Sorry squirt. Maybe after you turn 18... But I will pay you to babysit Danielle for me!” Hope offered.

“Ugh fine!” Luna said folding her arms and pouting.

Upstairs a few minutes earlier David had Lacey naked on the bed with her legs up in the air. He had his arms wrapped around the college girls thicc thighs and was sucking on her red painted big toe as he railed her in the bed.

“Oh my god this feels even better in my 20s!” Lacey squealed as she bit her lip and gripped the bed sheet with each of David’s thrusts.

David popped her foot out of his mouth and grinned down at the busty goddess.

“Hey maybe it’ll keep getting better the older you get!” He suggested.

“That would be nice...” She cooed as she squeezed her bouncing breasts. “Then you’re going to definitely have to fuck me in my 80s... i’ll probably cum the minute you stick it in my loose gray hole!” She added jokingly.

David gave her a grossed-out face but smiled and proceeded to fuck her.

“That’s probably for the best because you’ll probably start shitting yourself during sex long before then...” He added with a smirk.

“Nuh uh! Shut up! I’m never going to do that!” She said horrified but also fascinated that that was possible.

They continued to have rough, energetic sex on the bed. David slowed down for a few moments to catch his breath and stared at the beauty mark on Lacey’s stomach between her belly button and hip bone.

Lacey caressed her own chest and neck enjoying the slow rhythmic thrusts from David.

“I’m just enjoying how womanly I feel now. There’s something really sexy about being older...” She purred admiring herself.

“Uh huh. I mean, you’re only like 2 years older than you thought you were.” David pointed out.

“Oh I know but it still feels really awesome... hey why do you keep staring at my belly? I’m not getting fat am I?” She asked with a smile.

He shook his head.

“No not at all I just like... you have a beauty mark here.” He said touching it with his finger.

“Oh yeah i’ve had freckles and beauty marks all over the place...” She said and caught her breath in pleasure from another of David’s thrusts.

“Yeah I just like watching them slowly raise up into moles over time.” He said tickling it again.

“Wait seriously!? They’re going to turn into moles? Like hairy brown moles on my body?” She asked in shock.

“I mean – not all of them will necessarily be hairy...” He assured her.

“But they’ll all be moles!?” She looked concerned.

“Yeah like this one–” He said pressing his index finger into the one on her stomach again. “This I see rising up and becoming one of those big craggy brown moles that like of look like the top of a loaf of burnt bread.” He said with a chuckle.

“Oh ewwww.” She said with a giggle.

“And here on your thigh I could see you getting a nice cluster of skin tags...” He said running his hand along the soft inside of the girls thigh.

She moaned slightly at his touch but smirked and shook her head at the mental image.

“And this mark right here on your collar bone... this is going to protrude out and becoming a fat hairy brown mole with long thick black hairs that flops about when I do THIS!” He says as he thrusts into her firmly.

The girl tosses her head back and cries in ecstasy as David quickly rails her some more.

“I can’t-” She begins to gasp.

“You can’t what?” He asks her.

“I- I- I- can’t-” She cried in the throws of sexual pleasure.

“You can’t believe i’m so good at this?” David teases as he blows his load in side of her.

“I can’t believe you made me cum while picturing my body cover in hairy moles!” She cries as her body begins to convulse from orgasm.

He leans down and kisses her as her body shutters and cums.

“You love it.” He teases again.

“Love what?” She asks him smiling.

He eyes her noticing slight changes in her body - her breasts a bit bigger, her facial features every so slightly more mature...

“Me.” He says rolling his eyes.

“I do!” She agrees emphatically grabbing his face with both hands and kissing him again.

He pulls out of her and the couple wipes themselves off.

“I’m meeting up with Katie and Desiree in a few minutes to go out to the club. I wish you could come but... I told you to get a fake ID!” She said pointing as she began to redress.

“There it is.” He said meaning proof that she’s mentally and physically 21-years-old now.

“I’m sorry babe. I don’t mean to be a broken record but it just sucks that you can’t come with us because you’re ONE whole year younger.” She said shaking her head.

“Hey its cool. I don’t mind.” He said with a smile and a shrug.

“Awww you’re the best. We won’t be out too late. We want to come back and make some new vids for our tiktok followers...” She said to him kissing him on the cheek.

“Fantastic. I’d love to see Katie and Desiree again.” He said.

“You just saw them last weekend.” She said confused.

“Yeah but they were like high school freshmen back then...” He said under his breath.

“Anyway it’ll be totally cool. You can hang out here with my fam if you want or just meet back here later...” She suggested.

“Oh i’ll hang out with the ‘fam’ for sure...” He said with a grin following her out of the room.

Coming up the stairs was Hope who was huffing and puffing a bit as she climbed them.

“Hey mom! I’m going out with some friends for a bit! I’ll be back later tonight!” Lacey said kissing her mother on the cheek.

“Oh okay baby. Do you need to drive you somewhere or...?” Hope asked kind of hoping she would get invited along.

“No it’s cool. I called a lyft on my phone.” Lacey pointed out.

“Ah well... you kids have fun doing... whatever you’re off to.” Hope said sounding disappointed.

“Oh no it’s just me heading out. Davy’s staying here.” Lacey pointed out as she ran down the steps.

Hope looked up at David pleasantly surprised.

“Huh so I guess we should think of some fun things to do...” Hope said to him with a twinkle in her eye.

“What oh uh yeah...” David said suddenly realizing his girlfriends mom was staring at him hungrily.

He took a step forward and she brushed some of the hair out of her face and tried to give him a come hither stare. She pushed her chest together, it was extra big and sloppy since her recent breast feeding period. David couldn't help admiring what a cougar Hope was now that she was pushing 40.

He took another step closer and her arms were immediately reaching up to wrap around his neck and pull him down into a kiss.

“It's been a little while since i've had the pleasure of spending some time with a YOUNG man. I'm stuck half the time of the old idiot that knocked me up with Danielle...” She said with a smile.

“Oh yeah? Charlie right? Are you and he uh...?” David asked hearing Lacey go out the door downstairs.

“Eh forget about him. Come on let's go to my room for a bit. It's the granny brigade downstairs... and Luna.” Hope said sardonically.

“She'll be a granny too soon enough.” David said with an uncomfortable chuckle.

Hope stared at him confused for a minute thinking it was a strange thing to say about a middle school girl. But then laughed loudly and playfully batted David on the arm with her pasty hand.

“Oh Davy you're too funny!” She said as she led him into her bedroom.

Hope's bedroom was messy and decorated haphazardly with a mix of band posters and inspirational phrases that looked like they were bought from the 'home' section of a cheap department store. Much like Hope's personality her room reflected a clash of mindsets between 90s teenager and modern middle-aged suburban mom.

But as David sat down in the wicker chair in the corner of her room he struggled to see the teenage girl, 90s or otherwise, that he had experienced only about a day ago. Hope was all middle-aged mom now, in appearance anyway.

Her skin was much drier, red from burst capillaries along her face and arms. Her once slender toned arms were flabby with bingo wings and slumping shoulders. Hope's big beautiful chest was drooping halfway down her chest. Her nipples weren't pointing toward the floor yet like her mother's threatened to but they weren't anywhere close to perky anymore.

David was anxious to see what her recent round of breastfeeding had done to her once gorgeous tits. He looked at her walk with a big of a waddle toward her dresser. The nearly 40-year-old took a cigarette out of a pack laying there and stuck in between her thinning lips.

"I gotta tell ya, it's hard having a pretty daughter that's legally old enough to drink! I'm lucky she has a nice guy like you David or i'd be going prematurely gray worrying about becoming a grandma before I turned 40!" She lamented out of the corner of her mouth with the cigarette hanging on the other end.

She looked at her tired face in the mirror and the big bags under her eyes and decided against lighting the cigarette. She took it out and popped it back into the carton.

"You know when I was her age my mom always told people we were sisters and it drove me nuts." She said turning around and leaning her back against her vanity.

"I know! I remember!" David said smiling.

Hope looked over at him curiously since the time she was talking about was before he was born.

"Uh I mean I remember you telling me about that." He added quickly.

"Oh sure. Right. Well i'm not doing that to Lacey even though I was practically a baby when I had her. The least she could do is treat me a bit more like a

contemporary instead of some lame mom that's going to cramp her style!" Hope pouted.

"Yeah I think saying things like 'cramp her style' is probably the kind of thing she's embarrassed by." David pointed out.

"You know, when I was a teenager I was the hottest chick in school!" She said either not hearing David or ignoring his last comment.

"Uh huh." David said agreeing that she had been quite gorgeous as a teenager. Even if at the time he was distracted by the mixed feelings of Tabitha having a daughter his own age.

"Like guys would constantly profess their love to me or tell me that I was the most beautiful girl they had ever seen." She told him.

"I... can imagine." David responded.

"There was this one time... this was just after graduation, before I got pregnant with Lacey..." She began to say, smiling as she remembered those days.

"Go on." David prompted.

He hadn't heard this story before and wondered if this was something that actually happened or like a 'new memory' since she went through high school like basically in the time it took for him to walk around the house and fuck Jayne once.

"Oh well it was this big end of high school house party we all went to as a kind of 'last hurrah' before we all went off to college or to whatever we had in store for the next chapter of our lives - getting knocked up and becoming a mom in my case..." She said with a shrug.

"Like exchange e-mails, make sure to friend me on facebook - that sort of thing?" He offered.

Hope laughed and reached over to pinch his face affectionately.

“You’re so sweet baby! This was way before facebook, and e-mail was just kind of starting to be a big thing. I had to teach mom and aunt Jayne how to instal AOL from the disc like a dozen times!” Hope smirked shaking her head.

“What’s AOL?” David asked scratching his head.

“It was before your time. You can probably find it in a museum! Anyway back to my story. So i’ll a cute little fresh-faced 18-year-old girl in my prettiest dress and I had just broken up with my high school boyfriend who had turned out to be a total loser dirtbag.” She explained.

“Good for you!” David encouraged the older woman.

“Thank you! So i’m single for the first time in my high school career and like EVERY guy at this party is hitting on me. Like even the Swedish foreign exchange student that didn’t speak any english is telling me he wants to motorboat my tits.” She says with exasperation.

“Damn.” David said thinking about it.

He remembered how often Tabitha would get hit on by guys at their high school and how desperate they would be to get into her pants. He wondered what they would think about her now that her she had a granddaughter older than them and her daughter was a frumpy middle-aged mom reminiscing about her ‘glory days’.

“So I find this note right? Some kid had written out all of his feelings and thoughts about me – how I was his dream girl and he had fallen for me the moment he laid eyes on me yadda yadda yadda.” She said chuckling and shaking her head.

“Did you know who wrote the note?” He asked intrigued.

“Not at the time – in fact the poor guy worked up the courage to tell me that he loved me in person and I blew up at him and told him to get a life! I was so sick of getting hit on and told how sexy I was at that party that I just assumed he was another jerk wanting to find out what color panties I was wearing!” She told David.

“Yikes...” David said cringing.

“I know! It wasn’t until his friend pointed out to me who he was and how he had written that note that I found him the next day about to board a train and we spent an hour making out in the train station.” She said grinning at the memory of it.

“Wow. So... you wish that you had stayed together with that guy? Or like you want me to help you track him down?” David asked.

He wondered if the guy in her story had aged too or if he was a regular middle-aged person like his mom who just happened to have gone to high school in the 90s or if he was a kid David’s age that would have no idea that this MILF was recollecting making out with him some summer back in ‘98. Or if the guy was even real.

“Noooo! No my point is that I just ONCE would love to go back to being the object of attention of every guy in a room. I want to be young mens dream girl again! I would LOOOOOOVE to walk through a party and have a bunch of horny teenagers sloppily hit on me!” She exclaimed.

“Oh damn.” David said laughing at this cougar with a muffin top oozing over her yoga pants was begging to be objectified by guys his age again.

To be continued...