

An Un Natural Affair

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I was about seven years old since I was last at home, living with my mother and sister. Since then, I have been living my life in four foster homes that were not the ideal place to start one's life, most of the time. I was about fifteen years of age, when I was released to my Uncles care, after being discharged from the hospital after a basketball accident in which I had broken my nose..

My Uncle had dropped me off at my mother's home, with just the clothes on my back, to a home of desperation, and disorganization.

Of course, the home address was different after seven years, but the living conditions remarkably were exactly the same, a reflection of yesteryears. Holes in the walls and doors, including the bathroom door, which offered little or no privacy depending on your gender, filth and clutter throughout,

with a near empty and filthy fridge and food pantry, with roach droppings filling the empty spaces. I was removed from a home mirroring this fifteen years ago, and it sure felt like, *déjà vu*.

Foster homes may have their bad points, which are many, but as a rule are clean and have a variety of food that's edible.

What was more surprising, the home, as I knew it to be, was for my mother, her boyfriend, and my two teenage sisters, with only two bedrooms. Where was I to sleep? The answer turned out to be the only logical one for my mother, on the floor of my sister's bedroom, using a very old quilt that had yearned to be washed for many months. It was a Monday afternoon when I arrived at my mother's home. When arriving, I knocked on the door, and was greeted by my mother and sisters. Such a celebration, we hugged each other, and they went about their business, as if I spent a week at summer camp. It was surreal; a reflection of what my

immediate future was to be, if not remedied. I was tired after the trip, went to the living room, cleared off the sofa, and went to sleep.

The next morning didn't disappoint. My mother asked me to go to the Deli and ask (beg) for two large containers of coffee with milk and sugar and four buttered rolls, and she would pay when she received her check. Déjà vu again, this was one of the reasons, among many others, my sister and I became Wards of the State, and removed from my parents home seven years ago, no food and reported begging for breakfast.

I was given the coffee and rolls from the Deli, and told to remind my mother that she owed him from last month. When leaving I swore to myself that I've got to get of that situation. I didn't know how, but I had to. The coming weekend would present an opportunity for me to leave this situation, and amazingly, without my planning.

On Saturday, we were all awakened by the smell of foreign substances. It was the odor of bacon, eggs, and hot freshly brewed coffee, which I didn't have to beg for, and was being supplied by my mother's boyfriend. We all chowed down, like there would be no tomorrow. That's the first time I met Tom, and it was an enjoyable meeting, on my end. Don't know how he may have felt about another mouth to feed, no less a teenage male. If he wanting me to disappear from this situation, it would have probably been at the top of his latest wish list, as it had been on mine. The day would soon avail itself to me, or should I say, night.

Tom had a night job, Mondays thru Friday and on weekends remained at home, as we all had done, watching TV. On the following Monday night when every one had gone to sleep, my sisters in their room, my mother in hers, Tom at work, and me lying on the couch, soft knocks were coming repeatedly from the hallway door, which thankfully

only alerted me. I left the couch and answered the door, asking in a whisper, "Who's there?" As I slowly and quietly, opened the squeaking door, that had seemed had hungered for a little sprits of oil for years, not to awaken the household. A women's silhouette stood in front of the hall light that barely had fulfilled its duty by not presenting me with an ample view. She replied as she stepped in, removed her coat, handing it to me saying, "You must be Junior, Margie's son, I'm Cookie, I stay here often, had no one mentioned me?" "No", I replied, as I looked her up and down with much interest, feasting on this treasure. She sat directly across from the couch on a kitchen chair, and as she crossed her legs said." My boyfriend had just dropped me off tonight, I'm so happy I didn't stay over his house tonight." "I am to," I was thinking to myself, and almost said aloud. I tossed her coat on the coach and sat directly in front of her. I didn't want to miss anything myself,

as I kept staring at her breasts, bulging from front of her button down front, clinging cotton dress, she was wearing, that seemed to be opened down to her waist. Crying out to me “Open me now, and receive your prize.” A dream come true, I thought, and a treat, a woman in front of me, a Cookie for desert!

She must have noticed me salivating, as I kept staring at her breasts, and then down to her legs, and repeating again and again.

Surprising to me she asked, “Do you like them?” And she held her hands against her dress, in a suggestive pose.

I was a little embarrassed and surprised, looking away, and hardly in a whisper answered, “Yes, I like all of it.”

She then asked, “Would you like to touch them?” she whispered suggestively, as she opened a few more buttons on her dress, down to her belly button. It was like dieing and going to heaven. Next stop those golden gates, please let me in!

I didn't need much coaxing after that, as I leaped to my feet and ran to her chair ready to explore her offer. As I reached her chair, and started to grapple, with her breast squeezing one then moving to the other like a kid in a candy store, and she seemed as excited as I was, in her offering, crying "Wait, wait, wait, Junior let me take off my bra, and make it easier, and less painful for both of us." We both continued struggling on the chair, almost impossible keeping down the noise. Grabbing my head from her breasts, using both her hands, and she asked, "Where do you sleep Junior?"

"In my sisters room, on the floor,"

"Tom, may be home soon, lets go to your sister's bedroom and you can do something special for me,"

Cookie opened my sister's bedroom door quietly and I pointed to the quilt I slept on.

"Lets lay down here," she whispered, "And we can slide under the bed, out of sight, but be very, very quiet. We lay down together

and we slid under the bed, which surprisingly was quite roomy. Junior she instructed, "Go to the bottom of my dress and work your way up, and do what you want, surprise me, and take your time, we have all night, my breasts are your prize, but no noise."

She started unbuttoned her dress, and my adventure had begun, if it had not officially had begun already. Following her scent with every movement of my head, lips and nose. All my senses were on board, for this trip, as I removed her panties and had begun. "We both controlled our moaning of ecstasy as best we could. My adventure took me up the hills, of my new discoveries, and down the many deep valleys, till I reached my prize that was offered me. Thus rewarded as I slept in the bosom of lust. We were embraced under the bed when Tom arrived home from work; I was alone when I awoke that Sunday morning.

Not a word was mentioned to me about my escapades, that Saturday evening.

Monday after that lustful weekend, I was told I had to live with my Uncle, who was responsible for me, since I was released in his care.

FYI:

I never saw Cookie again.

It was seventy-seven years before I was informed that Cookie was my Aunt.

Cookie married her then boyfriend and they presented me four cousins.

Cookie and her husband are now deceased.