

Three senior women feed their older husbands sex-laced cupcakes

The House Of Cupcakes

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by A.R. Alan

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ISBN-10 1-60145-076-1

ISBN-13 978-1-60145-076-0

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Warning: Sex enhancement drugs may be dangerous and in some cases LETHAL. DO NOT grind them up, cook them, bake them, or feed them to anyone in any manner or form. These pills must be prescribed by a physician after the intended recipient's medical condition is taken into consideration.

CHAPTER ONE

“WELL, I’M OFF to work,” Jerry said, bending down and kissing Lila’s cheek.

Lila jumped; she hadn’t heard Jerry walk in. She looked up from her breakfast to the aristocratically handsome man and smiled, then blinked her unusual, dark-green eyes and did a double take as she looked him over. Jerry, her silver-haired, seventy-year-old husband, was dressed in a starched white shirt and tie, a business suit jacket, knee-high black socks and black shoes, and his favorite green-plaid boxer shorts. But he had neglected to put on his trousers.

“Morning, darling,” she finally got out.

“No time to talk. I have the Simmons’ case coming before me today. I can’t be in court late,” he said, picking his attaché up off the floor and turning to leave.

Lila grabbed his arm. “Honey, today’s Sunday. You don’t have to go to work,” she told him with a tender smile, knowing that it was really Wednesday, and that Jerry had stopped working as a judge more than ten years before. “Why don’t you go inside and put on the jogging suit I left on the chair for you. Today’s the day I take you to the club, sweetheart.”

“Oh! I forgot,” he said, his face registering surprise, “I could have sworn it was Monday.” He was still frowning when he turned

and started to leave the kitchen, snatching a chocolate-frosted cupcake off the cooling rack like a mischievous little boy, and then quickly heading out of the room, biting into it.

Lila was going to tell him not to take the cupcake, but didn't have the heart. Instead, she shook her head and frowned as she watched him leave, her eyes filling with tears at the sadness of it all. What a waste of a brilliant mind, she thought. Jerry was her second husband, and they had had twelve wonderful, love-filled years of marriage, but now her once-prominent husband was suffering the early stages of Alzheimer's, and Lila knew she was helpless to stop the disease. She adored the soft-spoken man, but she had been told by his doctors that all she could do was keep her husband's mind occupied, and keep him out of harm's way when he changed from his mature self into a little lost boy.

The telephone rang and Lila picked it up. "Hello..."

"It's me," Sheila said.

"What's happening? Are you going with Greta and me to the drama class this morning?"

"Sure. Soon as I get my lump of a husband's breakfast dishes in the dishwasher and pick up his clothes and straighten the bed. I swear, that man is an absolute slob, and he gets worse every day."

"Great. I'll meet you in the clubhouse as soon as Greta and I drop Jerry off at the Alzheimer Center. It shouldn't take us long, and then we'll have the whole day to do what we want."

"Greta's going with you?"

"Yes, but it won't take long."

"Wait for me. I'll come with you."

"Terrific. I really appreciate you guys coming along with me, because lately I'm afraid to drive alone with Jerry. The last time I drove alone with him to the Center, I stopped at a red light, and Jerry opened the door and started to get out in the middle of traffic."

"Wait for me," Sheila said. "I'll make it fast."

"Greta will be here in a couple of minutes. We'll wait for you here."

Lila got off the phone and called out, "Jerry! Please get dressed, honey! We're leaving in fifteen minutes!" There was no response, but

The House of Cupcakes

Lila didn't expect one. Sometimes, it seemed as though Jerry forgot how to talk, and when he remembered, he was either a little boy speaking to her as though she was his mother, or he'd discuss one of the cases coming before him in court that day, and how he would rule on it. It amazed Lila how her husband could still cite the law, and back it up with statutes based upon court cases that had set legal precedents.

As Lila was putting the breakfast dishes in the dishwasher, the front door opened and Greta let herself in. "Lila! I'm here!" she called out.

"I'm in the kitchen! Coffee's ready!"

Greta sauntered into the kitchen, and poured herself a hot cup of coffee from the still-plugged-in coffee maker. "Wasn't the meeting in the clubhouse a bitch last night?" she groaned. "All of those old farts with canes and walkers! I counted four nurses escorting them into the meeting."

"We're living in a retirement community," Lila answered, glancing up at her. "What did you expect?"

"Retirement, schmi-a-ment. It's goddamned depressing living here. Before you know it, we'll have to buy a private ambulance to have around, just like the other communities," Greta said, sitting down at the table. "I don't know why you're always so upbeat and smiling, Lila. This development is nothing more than a rest stop, before you get shoved off to a decrepit old-age home! And if that isn't bad enough, I'm sick and tired of getting all those calls from telemarketers pitching me their pre-arranged funeral plans, so I'll be ready when 'the time comes.'"

"I know," Lila smiled, joining her friend at the table with a steaming cup of herbal tea. "Sometimes I get so annoyed by their calls, that I take their information down, and promise I'll call them the moment I'm ready to croak," she laughed. "But I do have to admit that sometimes I give them my ex-husband's name and telephone number, and suggest they call him."

Greta laughed, almost choking on her coffee. "I didn't know you did that. Why didn't you let me know? I would have passed some of my calls on to him as well, or made a few of my own."

“Sheila’s coming with us to drop Jerry off at the Center,” Lila said, quickly changing the subject, sorry that she’d even mentioned her ex-husband to begin with. “She should be here any minute now.”

“Lila, no kidding. How can you stand living in this place? You’re only fifty-five years old, and the rest of these people are so old that they’re either falling apart or they look like shriveled-up old prunes,” Greta said, a look of disgust on her face. “Why the heck *do* those women sit and bake in the sun by the pool all day, *everyday*? Don’t they realize the sun dries out their skin and makes them look years older?”

“They probably stopped looking in the mirror years ago,” Lila responded softly. “But then again, who am I to judge them, hon? They all seem to be happy enough doing their thing here. I’m just thankful that you and Sheila are as young as I am, and that I met you at the drama class when I did. Having close friends who share my interests saved my sanity, I tell you.” Lila took a quick sip of tea, and continued, “I tried playing cards and going to the ceramics class, but I was losing my mind listening to all of those women talking about their aches and pains, or the problems they were having with their miserable daughters-in-law and their swinging grandchildren. If it wasn’t for you guys, I’m sure I would have talked Jerry into moving out of here long ago,” she said, with a deep sigh.

“Hello! I’m here!” Sheila called out, as she walked into the condo.

“We’re in the kitchen!” Lila called back.

Sheila, a tall, stunning brunette with a fabulous figure, walked into the kitchen, wearing a to-die-for cream-colored shorts outfit. “Can’t wait to sing my solo today,” she said cheerfully. “Like my new outfit?” She turned from side to side, letting them look her over.

Before Lila or Greta could respond, Jerry walked into the kitchen wearing a navy-blue jogging suit, “Hello,” he said, his smiling lips covered in chocolate frosting. The women turned to him, and then choked back their laughter. Jerry’s pants were sticking straight out at his crotch, showing an enormous hard-on.

The House of Cupcakes

“Honey, you have to go inside and wash your face. You have chocolate on it,” Lila told him, trying not to laugh. Jerry nodded his head and left to do what his wife told him.

“Lila! Was that a hard-on?” Sheila giggled.

“You don’t remember?” Lila asked sweetly.

“My ‘Italian Stallion’ hasn’t had one of those for ages now. What the hell did you do to Jerry?” she giggled, sitting down with them at the table.

“Can you keep a secret?” Lila asked, with an ear-to-ear grin. “It’s the cupcake Jerry just ate.”

“The cupcake?” Greta laughed. “What the hell kind of cupcake did you feed him? I want to give one to Herman.”

“Don’t you *dare* tell anyone,” Lila warned. “Jerry hasn’t been able to do anything for a while now, so I ground up his sex pills, and put it into the chocolate frosting on top of the cupcake.”

“You what?!” Sheila and Greta both screeched.

“Jerry wasn’t supposed to eat the cupcake now, but he got to it before I could stop him.”

“You mean to tell me that you’ve been feeding him sex-cupcakes?” Greta chirped, totally amazed.

“For a month now,” Lila admitted, still grinning. “And things have never been better in bed. In fact, it also seems to help Jerry get back to himself, and he talks normally for a while after we’ve made love.”

“I want some of those cupcakes,” Greta said, all excited. “Herman is so busy on his computer, night and day, he never has any time for me, let alone sex.”

“Me, too!” Sheila squealed, her eyes lit with excitement. “Tony’s got enough energy for his tennis and golf every day, but the minute his head hits the pillow at night, he’s out cold until he’s off to play something the next morning. Sometimes I think he’s knocking himself out during the day, so he doesn’t have to make love at night.”

“I don’t know,” Lila pondered. “Both of your husbands are over seventy. It could be dangerous. Jerry had to go through some tests before the doctor would give him the prescription. I mean, your husbands could have a heart attack or something, and I would be to

blame. I don't think... Besides, why don't you have Herman and Tony get some pills from their doctors? At least that way you'll know it's safe for them to take."

"Tony admit he needs pills? He'd never go to the doctor and ask for them, babe. It's just divorced guys who want to start getting it on with younger chicks who go for those things."

"Lila, honey, Herman never goes to the doctor. I have to drag him to one when he's really sick and nearly ready for a hospital, so forget it. We've been married for 37 years, and that man will outlive me by years, so I'm willing to give it a try. I can't remember when I last got laid, and I'm so horny, I'm ready to jump one of the old geezers down at the pool if he even glances at me."

Lila started to laugh. "An old geezer?" she sputtered. "Greta, I didn't realize you were that far gone."

"I've been married for 35 years," Sheila interrupted, "and I'm sure Tony's healthy. If that big ape's got enough strength to play tennis and golf for hours on end, he sure as hell has to be healthy. Come on, Lila, let us try some cupcakes. Pleease."

Lila smiled at the two of them. "Only if you both promise to keep it a secret and never tell anyone, including your husbands," she warned. The women quickly nodded, their faces lit with beaming smiles. "I'll bake some tonight, and have them ready for you tomorrow," she promised.

"I'm ready," Jerry said, entering the kitchen with his face washed, but his pants still tented out in front of him.

"Tomorrow, girls. I promise." Lila said with a wink. "Jerry," she said, getting up from her chair and taking her husband's hand. "Come inside with me for a few minutes, honey. I have to fix something on you, before we can leave for the Center." She turned back to her friends and said, "I'll just be a couple of minutes, so why don't the two of you wait for me downstairs at my car."

"Don't you dare forget!" Sheila laughingly called after her as she rose from the chair. "We'd better get Jerry to the Center before another problem arises," she said to Greta, who was still laughing, and eyeing the batch of cupcakes.

The House of Cupcakes

“God! I can’t wait to begin,” Greta giggled. “Sex-a-la-chocolate. Mmmm, and it tastes good, too!”

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