

The Blush of Rose

by Adam Sifre

Rose was the easiest lay in the Fletcher Memorial Home For The Aged. She had been a looker back in the day, with a bit of a football fetish, which meant she liked the lads to wear their jerseys when they played on her field. These days, she was all cheap makeup, bluish hair and Varicose veins. But the good Lord balanced this out somewhat by giving her a stellar rack and a selection of men with poor vision.

Not that the current crop of partners were a bunch of Clooneys. Despite her reputation, "lay" was a bit of an overstatement. Most of the men were limp biscuits and the other woman were dryer than August in Australia. Rose wasn't other women, however. Where most grandmothers and forgotten crones kept apples and sugar packets, Rose's nightstand was filled with lubricant and various sexual aids. True, some were old enough to run on petrol instead of batteries, but they got the job done in a pinch.

Fortunately, there were always a few old codgers looking for a good time. Enough that Rose had taken to just leaving her dentures on the bathroom sink most days. Not today, unfortunately.

Today she was trying to eat Jelly. It was cherry and her favorite. It was on her restricted list because of her diabetes, but that didn't stop her.

"Where there's a Rose, there's a lay," she was fond of saying.

Right now, Stan Marlowe was the way. He was thin, healthy, old as knock knock jokes and had the stupidest grin. At least at the moment he did, thanks to Rose's busy hand. Stan was one of the select group of men who wasn't back in Nappys and could get the pecker up and about with a little encouragement. And he was willing to trade his cherry Jelly to do it.

The problem, for Rose, was that she had to eat the jelly quick. The cafeteria was busy, but eventually one of the smarter orderlies would notice her ill gotten gains, and then it would be wham, bam thank you ma'am.

"Faster," Suave Stan moaned.

Rose started tugging furiously. At the same time, she tried raising a spoon full of jelly to her mouth. The jelly quivered and shook from the under-the-table jerking. Even her dentures rattled a bit! For the third time in as many tries, the jelly jumped off her spoon before reaching Rose's talented mouth.

"Faster!"

Rose complied and the flatware started to sing. Plastic spoons and forks rattled almost in tune with her dentures.

"Almost. There. Faster..."

Rose ignored her prize for the moment and focused on Stan's. She went into pro mode and pumped him as hard as her little hand could. Rose may have looked frail, but she had the wrists of a pinball wizard.

"Almost...."

Now the table was practically bouncing, like a seance gone right. The jelly jumped in it's bowl, a fork fell to the ground.

Rose caught movement from the corner of her eye. One of the orderlies was making their way to her. A big, black man that would ordinarily have made her mouth water. But she knew he wasn't coming to help himself to her mouth (sometimes the younger ones

did, but always late at night when no one was looking).

Desperate, she leaned into Stan and kissed his cheek.

"Did I ever tell you about the time I went down on Greta Garbo?," she asked.

Bang, zoom, paint the room. That was all it took.

Rose quickly scooped the jello into her hungry mouth and wiped her hand on Stan's jammies.

By the time Mandongo made it to the table, both jelly and cream were gone.

She looked up at the orderly and smiled.

"Can I have a Tylenol," she asked? "I seem to have a bit of tennis elbow."

