

Sully's Big Hockey Mom Affair

Back when I was a hockey instructor at the Hawthorne Summer Hockey School, I walks this knock-you-dead-blow-your-mind brunette. I mean she was smoking, burn your fingers while thinking of her in the bathroom hot. She sauntered into the locker room with this five year old boy, wearing a short tennis skirt, revealing her long athletic legs, golden from the sun. Her light brown hair bobbed on her shoulders. She smelled of suntan lotion, perfume, and slightly of sweat. She sat her kid on one of the cold metal benches, pulled his skates from his hockey bag, dangled them in the air, and said, "Can one of you instructors help me?"

She caused a stampede. Pete Muller replied, as he rushed to finish the kid's skates he was tying, "Absolutely." But before he could even stand up, Jason McCloud skirted by declaring, "That's okay – I got this one." I pushed McCloud onto the heels of his skates, and said, "No, I got it." Well, I'll be damned if Adam Sullivan, that little shit we called Sully, even if he wasn't so little, didn't cut right in front of me. I was floored because Sully was our youngest instructor. He wasn't even in college, wouldn't be until that fall. He was so proud of himself for having pulled that little stunt. You could tell because his face turned pink. That's when I saw it – we all saw it – how could you miss it – a three carat diamond on her finger. The thing was the size of a frigging grapefruit. The sight of it made Sully's face turn sour. It was classic. His eyes bulged, his lips pursed. He looked like a fish.

At that moment, the lady leaned over, so Sully couldn't help but see the tops of her tits. His face went from pink to crimson. He finished the kid's skates, but he wasn't

budging because of the teepee in his pants. Of course, McCloud and I are there shoulder-to-shoulder grinning. Finally, McCloud asked, "You going to bail him out?"

"Why?"

McCloud replied, "Because Sully's an idiot."

He was right. Sully was a moron. He was liable to do or say something stupid. If he did, Charlie McAllister, my boss, would chew me out. He'd probably fire me. No big deal. He did that about every other week. Still, I didn't feel like taking his crap, so I walked over to the lady and said, "Hello, my name is Piper Willoughby."

The lady straightened. Sully retreated for the bathroom. McCloud smirked. The mom said, "I'm Mrs. Sinclair."

"And what's your son's name?" I asked, feeling a little uncomfortable with her bosom so close to me.

"Colin," the boy answered. I helped him off the bench and handed him his hockey stick. He scrambled out the door as McCloud followed. I pivoted back to the mom. Her eyes were big, blue, and fixated on me. Touching my chest with her fingers, she said softly, "So I guess I'll be seeing a lot more of you."

"Y-y-yes m-m-ma'am," I stammered, suddenly empathizing with Sully's plight a few moments ago.

She let her fingers drag across my bicep. "I mean you being his coach."

I broke out in goose pimples and excused myself. As soon as I walked out of the locker room, I looked for McCloud. He was out on the ice, monitoring the kids. I told him what had happened. "Yeah, she seems kind of friendly," he chuckled.

"Friendly?" I said.

“And hot,” he added.

A moment later, Muller bursts out of the locker room looking like he'd been felt up by Santa Claus. He skated over to McCloud and me and, hemming and hawing, said, “I think that Colin kid's mom just came on to me.”

McCloud and I laughed, “Oh, really?”

Near the end of the day, one of our kids got hit with a puck. So I did my Florence Nightingale routine and took him to the coaches' room to administer first aid. Charlie McAllister and the other instructors were in there getting ready, so while the boy was in the bathroom I told them about Sinclair. They cracked up. “What's the deal?” I demanded.

Everyone looked at McAllister. “You're in for a treat,” he hooted.

“What does that mean?”

“You'll see.”

“You're so full of it?” I snapped, sure that McAllister was playing me.

Still smiling, McAllister replied, “Her older son was in our session last week. Trust me you are in for some fun.”

“F-- you McAllister.”

That got a rise out of him. McAllister is ten years older than me. He used to be my coach when I was knee high. Now that he has a family, he gets all sanctimonious at times. It's bullshit. McAllister's not exactly the poster child for maturity. We're talking about a guy who gives me a Christmas card every year in which he writes in big, bold, block, letters, “FUCK YOU.”

So as he's cursing me, the kid who was in the bathroom walks in. That got McAllister quiet in a heartbeat. I just smiled, grabbed the kid's hand and walked out. No sooner did I pop out of the coaches' room than what do I see but that idiot Sully taking slap shots. I watched him sprint half the length of the rink and let one go. The puck ricocheted off the net's crossbar with a *ca-chang*, so loud every frigging parent in the rink heard the damn thing. Meanwhile, McCloud and Muller were at the rink door shepherding boys and girls off the ice, if you could call it that. All the kids were pushing and shoving, jamming the door. Then it happened. One of the little tikes fell backwards, toppling the rest like dominos.

As I'm watching campers flopping all over; gloves and sticks everywhere, as if someone had tossed a bucket of live mackerel onto the ice, I decided to put my wounded camper in my arms and sprint. I didn't see the boy barreling the other way. I creamed him. "Damn it, Tommy," I yelled as his babysitter appears out of nowhere. I thought she was going to have a cow about my having bulldozed her kid, but then I realized she's all happy because I just stopped her runaway. I was going to capitalize and get her number when I heard the hollow thud of a puck hitting the boards. That moron Sully was still shooting pucks. I let the boy down and excused myself. Reaching the rink door, I hollered, "What's Sully doing out there?"

McCloud looked at me like I had three heads. "What does it look like?"

Lifting a camper up from the ice, Muller added, "He's been at it since you left."

"He's your boy, Muller, go straighten him out," I said. He stormed after Sully.

As Muller chased that idiot, McCloud asked, "What are we going to do about Sully?"

"Nothing," I replied.

“Nothing?”

“Look, his dad's some big-wig. McAllister told me to just deal with it. He said we better not pull anything on him.”

McCloud looked disappointed. Over the years, the two of us have had our fun. Now, I grant you things got a little out of hand last year when we put Crazy Glue in Jonesy's hockey gloves, but how were we supposed to know ... I mean it's not like he lost any fingers, just some skin. Anyway, McCloud said to me, “You're not really going to let him get away with that crap, are you?”

“Of course not,” I said, which seemed to make McCloud happy, but I'm thinking, how are we ever going to get Sully? That's when my mind started working.

Getting back to Mrs. Sinclair, she showed up for the next week, either wearing a short tennis skirt or a snug sundress. I don't know if it was the whole Mrs. Robinson thing or what, but she drove McCloud, Muller and me crazy. We would sit there in center ice babbling about her, stealing glances when we could. It was kind of weird though before and after practice when she'd come up and start talking to you. She'd get so close you could smell her. She had this way of saying things in a whisper so that you'd lean over to hear better. She'd then brush up against you, murmuring something about her kid in your ear. It made your whole body come alive and then you'd feel a little bit guilty because, let's face it, she was a mom.

That following Wednesday, she and her kid arrived late. The other guys were already on the ice. Except for thirty or so empty hockey bags, I was alone in that locker room. As soon as I finished tying her son's skates, she cornered me. She brushed her fingers across my arm and purred, “What are you doing Saturday night?”

I recoiled as if bitten by a snake. It was one thing to fantasize about her along with the other instructors; it was another to have her red finger nails drag across my bicep. The suddenness of my reaction surprised me. It had no affect on her. She simply moved into the space I had surrendered, trapping me against the wall. I stared at the top of her breasts and prayed that no one saw the lump in my pants.

“Um, Mrs. Sinclair,” I finally said with some effort as if frozen by the weight of her hand on my shoulder, “I, um, need to get to going.”

She pressed her lips closer. “Piper,” she said, “I’ve got another question for you. Would you like to have dinner on Saturday?”

I stopped breathing. I looked at her as if she was the devil herself. *Was she joking?* I was sure I’d misheard. *Dinner?* But as I was about to dismiss the notion, she repeated, “Is Saturday around six good for you?”

I nodded.

“Good. Please come by my house then. Here are the directions.” She placed a folded piece of paper in my hand. “I will look forward to seeing you,” she added as she left the locker room. I watched her leave then glanced at the directions. I brought the paper to my nose. It smelled of her.

I was freaking out that whole morning. Every time I looked up and saw her, I asked myself, “Is this really happening?”

Now, the coaches’ room at the Hawthorne Ice Rink is this shoebox filled with cheap plastic chairs. A dented gray locker marks the entranceway. Across from the locker, a clock similar to an electric meter on a house ticks away. Next to it is a beige box where the rink employees punch into work. The rink employees’ manila time cards

hang on that wall in a series of metal ribs one on top of the other in two rows. I walked into this shitty little room that day to see McCloud smearing Ben-Gay in the bathing suit of one of the instructors on the ice. "That should fix Bernie," he laughed, folding everything back as he had found it as Muller handed him a towel.

Seeing me, McCloud asked, "What's up with you, Willoughby?"

I wasn't sure where to start, so I blurted out, "Mrs. Sinclair asked me on a date."

McCloud laughed, "Let me guess, six o'clock this Saturday."

"Yeah, how did you know?"

"Because she asked me and Muller," McCloud explained.

"That right Muller?"

"Yeah," Muller said looking up from his skates. "I was flipping until McCloud said she had asked him as well."

"Weird," I said. They agreed.

"You think she asked Sully?" McCloud wondered.

"Probably," I said. Those little wheels in my head were now clicking. I grinned.

"But let's not tell Sully." McCloud and Muller beamed.

A second later, Sully strolled in humming. He waited until all eyes were upon him then announced, "Guess what?"

"You found out who your father is," Muller replied.

"F-- you, Muller. Mrs. Sinclair asked me on a date."

"You're kidding right?" McCloud said, flashing a smile at Muller and me.

Muller added, "Bullshit."

"No swear to God," Sully said, sticking his right hand in the air then, flapping his arms against his chest like a gorilla.

"You said no, right?" I smirked.

"Are you kidding me? If she wants a piece of this," Sully replied pointing to his crotch, "I'm willing to share."

"Share with whom, your left or right hand?" McCloud asked.

"F-- you McCloud," Sully shot back before he continued embellishing. "She rubbed her chest against me and asked me if I work out."

"Leave it alone," Muller snapped. "She's married."

"If she doesn't care, why should I?" Sully retorted, delighted to get a rise out of him. "You know I'm going to be hitting that."

Pulling off one of his skates, Muller snarled, "The only thing that's going to be getting hit around here is your face if you don't shut up."

"I wonder if she's a screamer," Sully mused with a grin.

I stopped untying my skates. "Damn it, Sully. Shut the door if you're going to shoot your mouth off. All I need is to have some parent hear you." I meant it too.

For next two days, Sully delighted in reminding us about his big date. He'd trumpet: "I'm going to get laid; I'm going to get laid."

"Sully," I said to him one day, "You never had sex with a woman, have you?"

"Sure, I have," he protested with too much zeal.

McCloud muttered, "You won't last five minutes with her."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing quick draw," McCloud laughed as he walked out of the room.

Seeing me grinning, Sully said, "What's so funny?"

"Nothing," I answered. Then pausing a moment, I added, "You have no idea what you're doing, do you?"

Sully face turned sour. "Of course, I do. I've been with plenty of girls."

"That's my point Sully. You've been with girls. Mrs. Sinclair's a woman."

Sully wrinkled his brow, trying to figure out if I was pulling his chain.

Cautiously, he asked, "What do you mean?"

I peeled the old tape from the blade of my hockey stick. Without looking up, I said, "Take your average high school girl, she's scared that, if she hooks up with a guy, everyone will think she's a slut. A woman on the other hand doesn't care. Sinclair, I bet her husband is twice her age. She probably gets it once a year. Man, the way she looks at you. You can tell that she wants you. You need to take charge, sweep her off her feet. She wants a man who knows what he wants, not a beat-around-the-bush school boy."

Sully was intrigued. "How would you handle her?"

I smiled. "I wouldn't, she's married."

"But let's just say she wasn't," Sully said, trying make it sound as if the question was academic. I scratched my chin then leaned back in my chair. "The first thing I'd do is impress her with a gift – like a dozen roses. Women go for that stuff."

"Roses?"

"Absolutely," I nodded, "The expensive ones with long stems."

Sully nodded. "I can see that."

I stood up and slid my toes into flip-flops. "Of course, once I gave her the roses, I would make a bold move. I'd give her a kiss like in the movies."

“Thanks, man,” Sully said.

I stopped in the doorway. “And, oh, yeah, and I’d make sure to have lots of condoms. The last thing you want to do is run out.”

McCloud, Muller and I drove to the Sinclair’s party together that Saturday. We arrived early. It turns out that we had all been invited to Mrs. Sinclair’s son’s birthday party. She escorted us out back where her husband was flipping burgers on a grill. He was a handsome guy, kind of reminded me of Carey Grant. You know that type: tall, dark, and bubbling with charm. You could tell he lived for his wife and kids. Anyway, Mrs. Sinclair’s boys wanted us to play street hockey with her boys. As we’re setting up the goals, Mrs. Sinclair leaned over and kissed Colin on his forehead. “There’s a birthday kiss for my special boy,” she told him.

“Mrs. Sinclair,” I exclaimed, “That’s so cool that Colin’s birthday is the same day as Sully’s.”

Her face brightened. “Is it really?”

“Yes ma’am,” I said. Muller and McCloud nodded, although none of us had a clue when his birthday really was.

“I wish I had known,” she said with a frown. “I’d have gotten him a present.”

“Why not give him a birthday kiss?” I suggested.

“Oh yes, Sully would like that,” McCloud and Muller chimed in.

Now, I can’t tell you what happened, since Mrs. Sinclair was the only one to answer the door. But when Sully emerged, he had condoms rings poking through his back jean pockets, a dozen roses in his arms and a handprint across his face.