

A woman with curly brown hair, wearing a white off-the-shoulder shirt, is leaning over and kissing a man on the cheek. The man is shirtless and has his eyes closed. The woman's hands are resting on the man's face and chest. The background is a softly blurred indoor setting with a vase of white flowers visible.

LAURA LOVECRAFT

MY FRIEND'S
HOT MOM

SWEET REWARD

My Friend's Hot Mom: Sweet Reward

By Laura Lovecraft

Artwork by Moira Nelligar

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~~ All characters in this book are over 18. ~~

Chapter One

“Psst!”

Bret jerked up in his chair at not just the sudden hiss but something striking his foot. He glanced over to see Cynthia mouthing the words “Wake up”

She nudged his foot with hers once again, then went back to watching Professor Higgins continue his lecture on turbo machinery. Bret nodded in thanks, then forced himself not to go back to nodding off.

It wasn't easy, he'd been burning the candle at both ends as his mother said in reference to working as a bartender, while in the third, and most difficult year, in pursuit of his engineering degree.

But there was a third end to his candle, one that was just as exhausting, but far more fun and exciting. But his mother didn't know about that end, well, she did, and she didn't. His mother knew he was seeing someone, just not who.

Neither did anyone else, and for good reasons. In general, Bret considered himself mature beyond his years, and capable of handling whatever life through at him, including the death of his father two years ago.

School full time, working close to forty hours a week, helping his mom keep up the house, and paying for it with money she tried to insist she didn't need, but knew she did. He'd promised his father, a man who always seemed to be able to do the right thing, that he would do the same, and had always felt that he'd done so.

But lately, he wasn't so sure about that anymore.

Honesty was the right thing, keeping secrets not so much, and outright lying, which he'd been doing to two of the most important people in his life, his mother and his best friend Josh, was the opposite of the right thing one could do.

But another person in his life, one that he was beginning to feel was growing more important as time went on, was the reason for that secret. Which brought him back to drama and how he'd always been able to handle it, at least until now.

Yet even as the word drama, and his recently questionable violation of his moral code, ran through his mind, another thought overwhelmed them.

Had they arrived yet? What would she think? Was it too much? Had he gone too far, would he look stupid? Make her feel awkward? Why did he do it? Why wouldn't he?

He blinked to get himself out of his internal conflict and back to paying attention. Finals were two weeks away and he needed to ace them in order to get his GPA back up to the 3.8 he'd maintained his first two years. Last semesters 3.4 was more than respectable in the hardest year, but his mother had still pointed to work for the slight dip.

Reality was, the job was simply a job, and he was young enough to power through a long school and work schedule with little sleep, it was his personal life, once dull to the point mom pushed him to get out and have some fun, was now a major distraction.

Not the physical activity, as God bless youth and enthusiasm, but the sneaking around, dreading getting caught and the rising question of where exactly this was leading.

What started out as a torrid affair and hot fling seemed, at least to him, to be turning into something more serious. But was that feeling there for the other half of his clandestine relationship, or was he experiencing a case of wishful thinking?

Would what he'd done today provide the answer to that question?

"Focus, Bret," he whispered to himself as the professor turned to the board and began writing down several questions he casually mentioned 'could' be very important come the finals.

While several students used their phones to take a picture of the board, Bret, who always had his off for class, jotted them down in his notebook. He'd been itching to turn it on and check it all morning, and this would have been an excuse to do it, but he'd been distracted enough lately outside of class, he could wait a little longer.

Bret felt a sense of relief when he was done, and looking them over, saw they were topics he'd recently spent extra time on but only because he'd fallen behind on them when they were brought up earlier this semester, but since he'd pushed to catch up, they were now fresh in his mind.

When the professor dismissed them, he turned to Cynthia.

"Hey, thanks for that. Guess I was dozing."

"You were damn near snoring," she laughed as she tucked her books into her backpack. "Someone keeping you up at night?"

"No, just working a lot."

"Still at that bar? Gregs?"

"Gabe's," He corrected her.

"Right, kind of skeezy there, no?"

"Nah, Gabe's an old biker so some of his buds hang out there, but it's a cool crowd. Not many people our age though."

"So, its not a girl wearing you out?" Cynthia flashed a sly smile.

"No," Lying again, and he'd be damned if it wasn't getting easier to do, and he really had no reason in this case. "Work and school."

"Well," she paused as two students passed between them on their way to the exit. "My friend's parents are away this weekend, so her and her brother are throwing a little party. Want to come hang out with me?"

Bret hesitated long enough to make as if he were considering it rather than just blurting out no, and as he did, took a closer look at Cynthia. The word adorable came to mind.

Shoulder length black hair currently highlighted with streaks of pink, wide hazel eyes, a cute patch of freckles around her nose, and a huge smile, the kind that made it hard not to smile back.

Neck down, she was on the slender side, a bit small on top with slim hips, and long legs, currently displayed in a pair of tight white shorts, and a cute little heart shaped ass. Bret had always liked girl next door cute over the flat out hot girls that tended to be bitchy.

If this had been a few months ago, he could see himself saying yes to both the party, and maybe a bit more with her. Cynthia was the kind of girl he'd dated until recently.

But that was the thing, she was a girl, and Bret had spent the last few months with not just a woman, but a hell of a woman.

"I appreciate it, but I have to work." He pointed to the board. "And get on that. Cool of Higgins to give us a heads up."

"Right," she smiled again, but this time it seemed forced. "I understand."

Those two words were said in a tone that told him she didn't, as did the way she stalked off towards the front of the class where two of her friends were waiting. Knowing how it usually worked, they probably knew Cynthia was going to ask him out and waiting to see what happened.

Bret felt bad, she really seemed like a nice girl, and he didn't want to piss her off, but better if she was. He'd rather not lead her on. She wouldn't have been if he'd simply acknowledged there was someone. If he had, he doubted she would have extended the invitation. Good job, Bret, he thought while exiting the classroom.

He walked quickly down the corridor, nodding to a few of his friends and classmates, then left the building. Once he was outside, walking through the lot, his mind turned away from school.

Had she gotten them? Was there a text from her? Would she be happy, or be thinking, oh, this isn't good?'. Bret was close to finding out and had to force himself not to walk even faster.

Not that every kid around him wasn't already yapping on theirs, but he could wait another couple of minutes. Bret's heart raced as he approached his car, the his father's Impala he'd been driving since his passing, his hand already straying to his back pocket where he kept his phone.

Once inside, he started it, then removed his phone and taking a breath turned it on.

"Please be happy and not mad," he whispered.

So far, other than the sneaking, this had been a dream come true, or maybe more accurately, a sexual fantasy made reality. The type of fantasy many young men fantasized about, but he was living.

Had he just thrown it away being an idiot, or did he just make it even better by making someone he cared about happy and that was all there was too it?

"Here we go," he breathed when he saw a text from 'Jess'

Otherwise known as Lori Matthews, his neighbor across the street, his best friend Josh's mom, and for the last six months his milf with benefits. Those benefits were mind blowing sex, the stuff porn was made of, but the downside was...

Being afraid to even have her name in his phone in case she ever called or texted when his phone was out and his mother or Josh could see who it was. The chance of it happening was slim and none, but the potential for serious trouble wasn't worth that chance.

He tapped to see the text.

"I know you're in class with your phone off, but oh, honey! Thank you so much! They're beautiful!"

"Oh, honey," Bret smiled while staring at those two words.

She attached a picture of the dozen peach roses he'd had delivered to her at work, and he was glad to see they were as gorgeous as she said and the biggest he'd ever seen because he'd paid over a hundred dollars for them.

"Something beautiful for someone beautiful!" Her next text repeated the admittedly corny line he'd had put on the card. *"I love it!"*

Brett's smile grew wider and the anxiety he'd felt since he'd set up the delivery yesterday gave way to not just relief, but a wave of happiness that he'd made her happy. He hadn't signed the card, he couldn't, but her joyful reaction pushed aside any concerning thoughts.

"Please call me as soon as you get out, so I can say thank you."

Brett needed to get home to take a power nap and work on his turbo engineering project before heading off to Gabe's for a seven to midnight shift, but he remained in the lot preferring to call Lori from the car.

His mother worked the seven to seven shift at Kent hospital and would be sleeping when he first got home, but he'd see her when she got up around five and they'd have dinner together before they each had to leave.

But occasionally she'd sleep on the couch after watching some TV when she came home or up earlier for whatever reason so he rarely spoke with Lori from home and would only text her from his room so his mother didn't ask who he was going back and forth with.

Lori answered on the first ring.

"Brett! Oh my god, thank you for the flowers!"

Lori always sounded happy to hear from him, but this time she sounded downright giddy, and Brett congratulated himself for sending them to her. It was the right thing to do even if the situation wouldn't seem right to a lot of people.

"You're welcome." Brett replied. "You deserve them."

"Whatever did I do to deserve them?" she giggled, a sound that seemed too young for her age, but she did it a lot around him, and he loved it. "Is it the way I do you?"

"I couldn't afford that many flowers."

"Honey, you are smooth, you know that?"

"I speak only truth," he couldn't stop from laughing himself at this point.

"You working tonight, baby?"

Baby, silly as it was, Bret always felt a thrill when she called him that.

"Yeah, got to be there for seven."

"You home yet?"

"No, called you as soon as I got out."

"Good, because I want you to meet me at Brenda's place."

"Aren't you working until five?"

"It's Friday, a lot of people leave early. This time I'm one of them."

"Oh, well, I have to..."

"Unit B, I'll try not to start without you, but don't take too long, because Bret, getting those flowers has me not just happy, but needing you sooo bad."

"You're there?" He asked, his cock twitching from the sultry purr her last few words had been spoken in.

"Baby, when I got those flowers there was no way I was waiting until tomorrow night to see you. I know you can't stay long, but you can stay long enough for me to say thank you."

Bret knew he needed to rest and study, but...

"Okay," she spoke into his silence. "If you can't, I understand. You have a lot going on, and you worry about your mother wondering where you are these days."

She was giving him the out, and for all the reasons he knew he should take it.

"We'll see each other tomorrow night." He could hear the disappointment in her voice, even though she knew she was doing the right thing. A feeling he'd been experiencing more and more of late.

"Well, I..."

"It's okay, I didn't mean to be selfish and needy." Lori cut him off. "I just got excited. We can..."

"See you in twenty minutes." This time he interrupted her.

"No, you don't have to, Bret, I shouldn't have put you on the spot like this."

"I don't have to see you." He told her his cock swelling at not just idea this amazing woman had blown off work to pretty much blow him off, but how badly she wanted to do it. "I need to."

He ended the call before she could keep protesting.

Chapter Two

Bret pulled up to the large two family house owned by one of Lori's clients. The house, which was located on the street that led to Oaklawn Beach had been converted from a massive one family home into a six unit Air BNB they rented for anywhere from a couple of nights to weeks at a time.

The couple had retired to Florida four years ago and hired Lori's property management company to maintain the upkeep for a flat monthly rate, but also handle the bookings for a percentage of the fees, leaving them with most of the profit for none of the headaches.

But with the peak time still a couple of months away, there were generally units open at any given time, and Lori had been using them as a place for her and Bret to spend time together.

The first few times they'd hooked up were at Lori's when Josh was at work, spending time with his girl, Jennifer, or staying with his father for the weekend. The fact Lori lived across the street seemed perfect. He could walk over unnoticed at night and while his mother was at work.

But he couldn't spend the night, which wasn't that big of a deal, at least back then, but about a month into their fling, Bret had just left his house to cross the street when Josh pulled into the driveway.

Bret veered off to his right as if he'd been heading for his car and gave Josh a casual wave. Josh ended up walking over to ask him if he wanted to hang out because work was slow, and they'd sent him home.

He made up an excuse he needed to run an errand, then once he got into the car, texted Lori who's reply of "Oh fuck," said it all. Another few minutes and Josh would have caught them in the act, because it wasn't like Bret went over there to have a cup of tea and shoot the shit, he went over there to fuck his best friend's mother.

Bret was more shaken than Lori, but she admitted they were playing with fire if they continued to meet at her house. That was the first time Bret questioned whether or not they should either come clean to Josh and his mother, or maybe even stop seeing each other.

Lori disagreed on both points. She claimed since they were having fun and this wasn't anything beyond that there was no reason to get others upset, and when she asked him if he really wanted to stop being with her, his answer was a heartfelt no.

Or maybe cockfelt, because it was all about the sex at that point. Lori was everything a milf was reputed to be in movies and porn. She was experienced, had no hang ups with positions, giving head, talking dirty and on the nights they spent together, draining him to the point his balls ached and he had to tell her he couldn't do it again.

He was smart enough to know this wasn't all about him, but her spending years with one man, and one who had spent the last two years of their marriage putting her down, making her feel unattractive and cheating on her.

She was still in revenge mode as well as making up for lost time when it came to good sex, and the fact it was Bret who exposed her husband's affairs, and she knew

he'd been crushing on her since he was a kid, made him an easy outlet for her reawakened sexuality.

Bret was fine with taking all that for the team, but where was the team going to play? They couldn't use his house. Not that Josh would just wander in, but he'd wonder where his mother was at night, or Bret's mom could come home early from work, and if the neighbors saw Lori going into his house with his mother not home, the gossip would start whereas at her house people would just think he was going to see Josh.

At first, Lori rented cheap motels for a night. Bret did enjoy it, they could take their time and spend the night together. He was surprised at how much he enjoyed sleeping with Lori curled up close to him.

Her waking him up in fun ways was an added bonus, as was the "Goodbye for now" morning fuck they'd partake in, and often in the motel shower. But Bret felt bad because she kept paying for them, as money was tighter for her since the divorce, and he didn't have a lot to add.

Lori didn't care much about the money, but understood he didn't think it was fair and because he tried to do the right thing kept insisting on paying for half once their motel excursions became a weekly thing.

That was when Lori told him to meet her at this address three months ago. He thought she was paying for it, but she explained she was simply using an unrented room for their 'play dates'.

When Bret asked if she had the couple's permission to use the rooms for herself, Lori told him that there were times his obsession with right and wrong was a bit much at times. She told him he was having a sneaky affair with an older woman who couldn't get enough of him, so how about he just embraced doing the 'wrong thing' and see it as a sleazy turn on?

She then said if he was that upset about it, then maybe it was time for him to think about whether or not they should continue their mutually beneficial sexual relationship. Bret decided it wasn't really that wrong, it wasn't like she was taking money from her client, the room was empty so why not make use of it?

He knew he was justifying, but there was no way he could go without being with his long time crush turned secret addiction, and defaulted back to Lori's words about lying about who caught Tom with another woman, and not doing what was right, but right for him.

For the last few months they spent at least one night together, either Friday or Saturday, whichever night Bret could get off. It hurt a bit financially as he could pick up a weeknight with Gabe to make up for it, but weekends were busier with better tips.

The other times would be like today, the two of them able to secure a couple of hours to have a fun romp before Lori headed home and he went home or to work. The issue with the increased frequency of the aforementioned play dates was Josh and his mother were getting more over who they were seeing.

They both had the same basic story, they met someone they were having fun with, but it wasn't serious, which is why they hadn't brought them home. Both Josh and Bret's mom weren't happy and kept asking about the mystery lovers, and Bret worried that if the two ever spoke to each other it would seem like a big coincidence.

Lori assured him he was getting too paranoid. There was no way Josh would ever bring up her sex life to Bret's mom or ask her about his. He was sure she was right, but at the same time knew his concern wasn't as much about getting caught as it was...

Doing the wrong thing, and as good as it felt, the way they were going about it this long into it was wrong. But as Bret pulled into the driveway that ended in a small lot behind the house where the first two units were, he thought of the old saying:

"If this being wrong feels this good, then let me never be right."

He entered through the door that led to the small foyer between unit A and B and as was always the case, any concerns he had regarding their going behind people's backs was pushed to the back of his mind, replaced by the lust and excitement of knowing he was minutes away from having Lori in his arms, and ultimately being between her legs.

He knocked, and when she called, "It's open." Entered the small apartment.

"Hmm, there you are!" Lori, who must have been right next to the door, exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him hard.

He hadn't even really got a look at her and was still pushing the door closed behind him, awkwardly thumbing the lock on the door, and her tongue was already in his mouth.

He eagerly returned the kiss, inhaling the scent of her perfume, his hands going to her hips, before sliding around her waist and crushing her to him.

"Hmm," she purred into his mouth. "I missed you, baby."

"Missed you too,"

She eased back and he released her. As soon as he did, she stepped back and pointed at the coffee table.

"Aren't they beautiful?"

"You brought them with you?" Bret asked as he took in the massive bouquet.

"Think I'm leaving them in work for the weekend? How can I enjoy them if I can't see them?"

"Josh is going to ask about them if you bring them home."

"Josh can ask anything he wants." Lori sighed. "Please lighten up, honey. You're here, I'm here, and I bet we can come up with something more fun to do than worry."

Bret was inclined to agree. Damn she looked good. Since the divorce Lori had been dressing less plain than she had before, and although not inappropriate, certainly younger and more playful.

Her short sleeved back dress hugged both her impressive breasts and the swell of her hips and he imagined it flattered her sweet curvy ass as well. The neckline of the dress plunged just enough to show off a hint of cleavage, but not enough to look trashy.

The dress wasn't that short, but did end several inches above her knee to show more of her legs than she had in the past. His eyes wandered down to see she'd ditched her heels and her black and silver tipped toes matched her fingers.

Lori now wore her hair down far more often, and because she did, her wild mass of sandy brown curls was under control as they framed her face and flowed down her back.

She still wore her make up light, but enough to enhance her warm wide brown eyes, cheek bones, and her sensual lips. God, she looked incredible!

"I love how you look at me," she responded to his appreciative gaze.

"I love how you look."

"Then how about we go into the bedroom, and you prove it to me?" Lori asked while plucking one of the roses from the vase.

"Lead the way," Bret gestured to the doorway. "Ladies first."

"You just want to watch my ass," Lori released that endearing giggle and sauntered past him, an exaggerated swing to her hips.

His suspicions of the good things the dress would do for her rear end were confirmed, and he couldn't resist giving her left cheek a playful smack.

"Bad boy!" she emitted the giggle he'd grown to find equally cute and arousing.

She stopped in front of the bed and turned to face him, but when he reached for her, she put her hand on her chest.

"Easy sweetie," she told him. "Ever hear of taking time to smell the roses?"

She brought the flower to her face, inhaling it, then held it under his nose.

He sniffed and nodded. "Smells great."

"Here," she pushed the stem into his hand and gave him a shove, forcing him to take a step back from her. He didn't know what she was up to, but did as she asked, plucking the stem from her fingers and taking a step back leaned against the tall armoire behind him.

"Like the dress? It's new. Figured I'd give you a thrill when you perv on me when I came home." She gave him a huge smile. "Like you did for years, except now I wear nicer things for you, don't I?"

"And I know what's under them," he grinned while using his feet to push off his sneakers.

"Do you?" She asked, "Maybe I bought more than just a dress."

Lori reached down, and gathering the hem of the dress tugged it up over her hips, then over her head, stripping it off and tossing it on the floor. Bret felt like his jaw beat it there as he took in the black lace bra beneath it.

The cups were transparent lace with a small red embroidered rose covering her nipples in the space between her breasts. The thong matched with a red rose at the top of the thin patch of lace covering the triangle between her thighs. Other than the patch it consisted of black two black strings on either side, that slipped over the swell of her hips.

Lori did a quick turn, showing off her ass which was bare other than the minimal strip of material between her curvy cheeks.

"You wore that to work?" He lifted one leg at a time, peeling his socks off while his eyes drank in her voluptuous body.

"I did," she cupped her breasts. "You made me feel sexy again, honey, and I love it and want to feel that way all the time." She ran her hands down her tummy and over her lush upper thighs.

"You did not wear that to work," he cut her off with a laugh. "You're not that bold."

"I wasn't that bold you mean," she corrected him. "I'm there now, and a lot of women wear fun things to work. Never know when we might get lucky after work."

Her fingers went between her breasts, and it dawned on him it was a clasp.

"You feeling lucky, Bret?"

"Luckier by the second," he breathed his cock throbbing in anticipation.

"Good answer," Lori snapped her fingers and the cups fell away exposing her breasts.

Bret had once read a story where a woman described her breasts as 'things of wonder' he'd thought it was a lame line, but goddamn if Lori didn't give truth to it. Her tits were nothing short of incredible.

The biggest he'd ever laid eyes on in person, well rounded and tipped with rose tinted nipples with a slight, and adorable, upturn to them, giving him the feeling they were returning his stare.

Despite their size, and her age, Lori's tits were still doing a damned good job of defying gravity, only dropping slightly when freed from the bra which she now shrugged off, letting it fall to the floor by her dress.

"Have I said how lucky I am?"

"But wait there's more?" Lori put her arms over her head, taking her flowing curls up with them, and after giving him a shake which sent her tits bouncing, turned and wiggled her ass at him.

She stepped back into him, and he put his arms around her, moaning as she ground hard into his aching cock.

"Hmm, feeling lucky myself," she purred leaning back into him and turning her head, her lips parted.

Bret didn't leave her hanging and they released identical sighs of pleasure as they kissed. Her soft lips, her soft hair on the side of his face, and the warm soft flesh of her tummy beneath his hands had his flesh so hard it was getting uncomfortable.

She kissed him softly and sensually, her lips caressing his and her tongue lightly flicking over them while she slowly worked her hips, grinding her ass into his excited dick.

"Ohh, that's nice," she moaned when his lips left hers and fastened to her neck. "You make me feel as beautiful as those flowers."

"Because you are," he whispered into her neck.

"Flowers and sweet talk," she slipped her hands down to her hips. "You're a real panty dropper, mister bartender."

She stepped away from his loose grips and Bret released a long breath as he watched Lori shimmy the thong down over her hips and ass. He noticed how it briefly stuck between her thighs needing her to tug harder on it to get it to peel from what he had no doubt was her slick flesh.

His breath picked up when she bent over to shove the thong down to her ankles, showing off the rosy flesh of the full lips of her succulent pussy framed between those inviting thighs.

Lori straightened, kicking the thong off, and turning, plucked the rose from his fingers.

"What was I saying about smelling the roses?" she placed the stem between her teeth and placing her hands on the foot of the bed, slowly drew each of her knees up so she was on all fours.

Bret unsnapped his jeans and tugged his zipper down to alleviate some of the pressure on his cock while watching her slowly crawl up the bed, shaking her ass enticingly as she did.

Lori rolled over onto her back and stretching her long legs out, took the rose from her mouth and slowly teased the head of it over her right nipple.

"Why are you dressed?" she asked in a breathy voice while tracing the soft flower in a circle over her swollen flesh.

Bret stripped his shirt off and shoved his jeans and boxers down, keeping his eyes on Lori who was now running the rose around her left breast before sliding it back and forth over that nipple.

His cock sprang free and he loved the way Lori's deep brown eyes locked onto it while she sucked on her lower lip. He stepped out of his jeans and up to the bed, putting one knee on it while she now ran the rose down her stomach.

Bret followed her movements as she slid it along the inner thigh of her right leg, then the left. He got onto the bed and slid up between her knees his eyes locked onto the rose.

Lori worked it between her legs, easing it up and down, using the soft petals of the rose to tease the fleshy petals of her own flower. She sighed softly as she lingered on her swollen clit, moving the rose side to side.

Bret placed his hands on her soft thighs his cock jerking while he watched her turn a flower into an erotic show. Lori teased the length of her pussy several more times, then held the rose out to him.

He took it, his fingers trembling in excitement, and brought it to his nose. He inhaled deeply, another surge going through his throbbing shaft as he caught the sweet scene of the rose mixed with the spicier scent of his lover's pussy.

"Look at that cock," Lori breathed, her normally light voice lowering to the smoky rasp she exhibited during sex. "You need to bring up here," she tapped her lips.

Like always, Bret forced himself to take his time. Lori was twice his age and he never wanted to seem like a grabby excited kid to her, even though even after months of being with her, she always made him feel that way.

He slid up higher and caused her to whimper when he placed the rose back between her thighs rolling it between his fingers to stroke her clit. He leaned over, gripping the headboard with his free hand and slowly traced her right nipple with his tongue before sucking it between his lips.

Lori's hands went to his shoulders, her nails teasing over them and his back as he switched to licking and sucking her other nipple while still teasing her with the rose. He ran his lips up her chest then her soft throat as she let her head fall back.

He took his time, kissing and sucking gently on each side of her neck. He brought the rose up between them and placed it to her nose. Lori inhaled and sighed as she took in the mixed scent of flower and desire.

He put the rose to the side and kissed her while swinging his legs over her hips so he was straddling her. He eased further up while sitting back on his knees and groaned when Lori wrapped her soft tits around his cock.

He thrust his hips, slowly fucking her flesh as she pressed them more firmly around him. She lifted her head, parting her lips and Bret moaned when the head of his cock slipped between her lips. She sucked hard and he felt his pre cum squirt into her mouth.

Lori's eyes met his as she moved her head, slowly bobbing it on the part of his cock exposed protruding from between her tits. She stopped moving and taking his cue, he moved up higher and worked his hips.

She moaned softly around him as he now fucked both her tits and mouth. Lori let her head fall back on the pillow and Bret now grabbed the top of the bed with both hands, angling forward so he was now plunging his cock deeper.

Lori released her tits and gripped his hips, pulling and pushing gently on them, guiding him as he fucked her mouth. Goddamn it felt amazing, and he had to struggle not to go faster, but he'd been so excited it wouldn't take a lot for him to lose control and end up coming.

Not that Lori had a problem with blowing him and swallowing all that he could give her, but he felt her squirming beneath him and knew she needed to come. That and they didn't have a lot of time, and no matter how good she was at giving head he wasn't passing up a chance to fuck her.

But he wasn't quite ready to stop enjoying her mouth just yet and could tell by the way she moaned and sighed around his cock that she didn't mind. Her eyes remained on his and her wide and bright with lust, and not for the first time over the last few months, Bret experienced a feeling of the surreal.

Was he really naked in bed with his best friend's mother? Let alone feeding her his cock after watching her masturbate with a rose he'd bought for her? If he needed any more confirmation other than the incredible sensation of sinking his cock into Lori's mouth where it was caressed by her soft, swirling tongue, he found it when he glanced to his left and saw them reflected in the mirror over the long dresser.

Him kneeling over her, sliding his cock between her lips, her long legs splayed out behind him while she gripped his hips. He felt like a damn porn star, one of those lucky young male stars who got to have sex with insanely hot mature milf porn stars.

Except this was real, and Lori his real life milf who'd made all his sexual fantasies and even better reality, and he was beginning to believe there was more than just sex that had him coming back for more of her forbidden fruit.

Bret eased his cock from her mouth and slid down her body, his mouth retracing his steps as he lingered on each of her nipples as his now slick cock rested on her warm thigh.

"Inside," she put her hands on his shoulders. "I need it, baby."

"But what about smelling the roses?" he winked and quickly sliding down the bed, his tongue pressed to her flesh, leaving a wet trail down her stomach, he settled between those glorious thighs.

"Oh, honey," she cooed when he teased his tongue through the warm slick folds of her pussy. "I'm supposed to be thanking you."

"Trust me," he flicked his tongue over her swollen pink pearl. "Getting to do this is a thank you."

"Bret, I am going to keep doing any dirty thing you can think of for you," she moaned when swirled his tongue in a slow circle over her clit. "You my boy, are a keeper."

Bret responded by turning the giggle she'd emitted into a high pitched squeal when he plunged his tongue inside her. He wiggled it side to side, his mouth filling with her sticky sweet juice as he slid his hands up her stomach and fondled her breasts.

Lori put her hands over his, pressing them harder into her breasts, then gasped when he slurped hard and his mouth filled with more of her nectar. God, she was so wet, and for him!

That thought inspired him to slide his tongue from inside her and eagerly fasten his lips to her clit. He gently sucked it as Lori sighed and her hips wiggled, pushing her clit more firmly between his lips.

She slid her right foot along his leg and back before placing it on his shoulder while hooking her left leg over his waist, her foot resting on his ass. Bret captured her nipples between his fingers, rolling them as he switched from sucking to fluttering his tongue rapidly over her clit.

"Yeah, look at you taking care of your girl," Lori breathed her fingers curling around his hands, gripping them while he pleasured her nipples. "You make me feel so fucking sexy."

"*Your girl*," his cock jumped at the way she said it, and he felt a thrill of another kind as well, and could only hope she meant it, and she wasn't just caught up in the heat of the moment.

The moment was getting hotter and closer as Lori's hips rocked harder into his tongue and her toes curled into his shoulder, her heel pushing into him. She gripped his hands harder, and he turned his eyes upward to see her head back, her eyes closed, lips parted, as she whimpered and moaned.

He wasn't just blowing smoke on that card he'd sent with the roses. Lori wasn't just a sexy, she was truly beautiful, and for the last few months all his, and he'd keep doing anything he could to keep it that way.

"Yes, yes," she groaned, her legs trembling around him. "Right there! Don't stop, baby! Squeeze my nipples harder!" he did as she asked and when her hips jerked took a chance and gave them a sharp pinch.

Lori released a yelp that turned into a long guttural growl just before her body exploded. Her hips bucked as she writhed on the bed, releasing that sexy as fuck deep primal growl in her throat mixed in with several shuddering moans and whimpers.

Her legs straightened around him and he felt her feet drumming on the bed as he gave her nipples another pinch while keeping his tongue moving on her clit. Lori's hips lifted from the bed while squeezing his hands even tighter before she released a long whimper and her body went limp.

"Fuck," she breathed. "I should buy you pretty flowers."

"You are my pretty flower," he released her breasts, and sliding up entered her in one long thrust.

"Lucky you have a big enough cock to get away with those bad lines," Lori smiled, then gasped when he sat back on his knees and gripping her behind her knees bent her legs back and fucked her with long hard strokes.

"Better use it then," he told her as he placed her feet on his hard flat stomach.

He placed his hands on her knees as he continued to fuck her, his eyes moving between watching his now glistening cock slid in and out of her sopping and still quivering pussy and the way her huge tits bounced from the force of his fucking her.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she yipped as he gave up on trying to be slow and patient and gave it to her hard and fast. "You always know what I need and how I need it!"

She reached back, gripping the head board, as Bret tore into her like he hadn't since....Sunday when they'd been in the unit across the hall. This was how it was every time they were together.

The foreplay might be slow and teasing, but once they got to it, the sex was like this, just hard, raw, unadulterated fucking. Bret lifted Lori's legs until her feet were on his shoulder and leaned over her.

"Fuck!" she howled when he grabbed the headboard over her hands, leaning over so her ass came off the bed and now drilling even deeper into her overheated pussy. "You love showing me I'm yours, don't you?"

"Mine," he whispered in between grunts of pleasure and effort, repeating her as much as a hope as he was feeding into her dirty talk.

"Your woman, your dirty girl," she squealed as he pounded her even harder, causing the headboard to slam against the wall like a jackhammer. "Your dirty secret," she added.

Lori stopped talking as her eyes rolled back and she was reduced to high pitched yips as he continued his assault on her helpless pussy. Bret could already feel himself getting close and began to slow down, trying to regain control and not come so quickly.

"You know what I like," she sensed what he was doing. "I know what you like too. How about I roll over so you can see my ass in the air?"

She was right, as much as he loved to look at her, Lori Matthews on her knees taking it doggy was what he'd jacked off to the most before he'd been with her, and what he loved to do most since he had the real thing.

He slipped from inside her, sitting back and grateful for the chance to slow himself down while he watched her roll over. Lori lowered her head to the pillow while sliding her knees beneath her and pointing her deliciously round curvy ass at him.

"Go ahead, Bret," she turned her head to be able to see him. "Claim that cunt."

He'd never use that word, but anytime she did it excited him. Lori truly gave zero fucks while fucking, and as the saying went Bret was here for it. He gripped her soft hips and slammed into her hard enough to make her rock forward.

"Deep, oh so fucking deep!" she squealed as he resumed fucking her like he was auditioning for the porn he used to be jealous of, but now knew actually existed.

"Yeah!" she egged him on. "Face down, ass up, that's how you like me!"

"Hell yeah," he exclaimed and gave her ass a sharp slap for emphasis.

"Fucking this boring uptight prig like the closet slut she is," Lori spoke in between her yelps as he gave her several smacks in the ass, loving the way it jiggled for him.

"Wouldn't people love to know, Bret? Know what a nasty girl I am? How this middle aged dud loves to suck cock and get fucked down by a stud half my age?"

"Yes," he breathed his thrusts going from long and smooth to shorter and more erratic as his having her in his favorite position, giving her a spanking and listening to her dirty talk had him right back to getting to the point of no return.

"This is why I got flowers, isn't it? Not for being pretty or a good woman, but for being your bad woman, your cum hungry cougar?"

"Oh, fuck," her dirty talking never ceased to amaze, and inspire him.

"Like that?" she moaned over the sound of flesh striking flesh as his hips met her ass while he plundered her mature pussy....no, cunt. The word grown ups used was cunt. Pussy was for girls his age.

"It's true, Bret! I'm your personal milf slut who can't get enough of your big cock in my mouth, in my cunt," she paused. "And even in my ass."

Her reference to the night two weekends ago when she'd brought a bottle of tequilla with her, gotten completely drunk and let him take her in the ass, the only time he'd ever done that, and something she said she hadn't done since college, but wanted to try again and give him the 'honor' sent him into a frenzy of short savage pumps that had her squealing.

"Shit," he moaned as his balls tightened and his cock twitched each time he thrust deep.

"Squealed like a stuck pig, didn't I?" she knew she had him at the point of no return by talking about it. "It hurt, but it was a good pain, and you shot that hot cum deep up my..."

"Oh," he gasped.

"Stop!" she pulled forward. "Sit back!"

Bret groaned as he was so close he had to grip the base of his cock, as he sat back on his knees. He'd been so close holding it back was uncomfortable, but in an instant, Lori made it worth it, and she sat up, and spun around to face him.

"I do have to say thank you, after all." She lowered her head into his lap and engulfed him in her mouth.

Bret released his cock, gasping at how hard he came. Lori gurgled as he exploded in her mouth, sending several spurts down her throat. She moaned in pleasure, her ass wiggling as she bobbed her head, noisily and greedily slurping up everything he could give her as she enthusiastically drained his swollen balls.

"Oh, damn," he placed his hand in her mass of curls when he had nothing left, but she continued to gobble up his cock like she couldn't get enough of it. "Stop," he tugged gently on her hair. "Please."

Lori sat up and opened her mouth, showing him the white puddle surrounding her tongue, then made a show of gulping and opened wide to expose her now empty mouth.

"Thank you!" she giggled and gave him a big sticky smile.

"You're welcome," he answered, and she laughed when he fell onto his back on the bed.

"Good thing I only bought a dozen," he joked as she reached over and picking up a bottle of water from the nightstand, offered it to him.

He forced himself to sit up long enough to take several long swallows, then handed it to her. He flopped back on the bed, his head landing on the soft pillow while he admired Lori's tits as she chugged down the rest of the water.

She put the empty on the nightstand, then stretched out next to him on her stomach, her arms folded under her chin as she faced him.

"You hungry, baby? I can order from Iggy's, its right down the street. Clam cakes and chowder sound good?"

"I...don't know, right now a nap sounds better," he had to stifle a yawn. Between work last night, some studying then up early for a day or classes, and an epic romp, he'd about reached the end of his stamina.

"Both things can be true," she smiled. "We can nap for an hour, get some food and you can get home to change for work, no?"

"Yeah, I just..." he paused, then sighed. "My mother wanted me to come home and rest and being I didn't think I'd see you today, I told her I would."

His mother, Jesus, he sounded like a damn kid, which considering Lori had a son his age, she probably saw him as sometimes, but he didn't need to remind her of it.

"Oh," Lori nodded. "Okay, if you need to go, I understand."

Lori bent her legs, crossing her feet at the ankles and slowly kicked them back and forth. He loved that look, especially with her amazing ass on display, her long curly hair down her back...

"Not fair," he told her.

"I don't know what you mean," she tried to fight off the smile playing about her lips.

"You do," he ran his hand through her hair, and down her back until he rested it on the curve of her ass. "Lori, you have no idea how hot you are."

"That's why you have to keep showing me." She wiggled her ass into his hand. "You really like some junk in the trunk, don't you?"

"I do."

"Liked your junk in my trunk," she gave him a mock scowl. "I was sore for two days."

"Your idea."

"It was, wasn't it." She grinned. "It was worth it to make you happy."

"Just me?" He raised his eyebrows. "Pretty sure you came from playing with yourself while..."

"Don't know what you're talking about." She shook her head causing her curls to bounce around her face. "Nope."

"Right," he covered his mouth as he yawned. "Sorry."

"I'll take it as a job well done." She watched him for a moment. "Can I ask you something, Bret?"

"Anything."

"Do I make you happy?"

"You just made me very happy."

"No, I mean, like the way I look."

"Are you kidding? You can't tell how into you I am?" He laughed. "Literally."

"I know, but I started going to the gym two weeks ago just to start feeling better in general, and it wouldn't hurt to lose a little of this," she shook her ass again. "My hips too and..."

"Whoa!" Bret cut her off. "Where the hell is this coming from?"

"I just want to keep you happy," she said quietly.

Bret frowned. Lori was always the definition of confidence around him, but right now she seemed nervous and...vulnerable would be the way to describe it. What was going on?

"Lori, there is no way you can't think I'm not happy with this," he gave her ass a light pat, "And everything else. I just told you how hot you are."

"I know, but I don't know, maybe you just..."

"Just what?"

"Like it now, but down the line you might think differently."

"Hey," Bret stretched his arm out along the bed. "Come up here."

Lori nodded but still had that nervous look as she slid higher up on the bed and cuddled into him, her head resting on his chest, as he put his arm around her shoulders, and pulled her close.

"Lori, you know what I always loved about you? Why I had a crush on you before this?"

"You said you liked real women."

"Damn straight. I like real and I like women not afraid to be real. All those shitty things Tom said about you? Getting a little thicker, a few grays, the way you dressed? I think all those things are the sign of a real woman, a strong one who says like it or leave it, what you see is what you get."

"Not these fakes with the hair dye and Ozempic and botox and trying to dress like they're forty five going on twenty five."

"You mean that?" she placed a soft kiss on his chest, then turned her brown eyes up to him. "You happy with me as is?"

"I'd be upset if you decided to change, especially because you think I want you too."

"Okay," she sighed. "Guess I'll cancel that appointment; I was going to color my hair."

"Don't you dare," Bret insisted. "I mean, well, look, if you want to do that for you, or lose weight or whatever else? If it's for you, fine. If it's for me? Hell no, you my sexy milf slut are absolutely perfect."

"I'm not living that one down," she snickered, then placed her hand on his cheek. "Thank you, Bret. I don't think you understand how you being happy with me as I am means the world to me."

"Tom was wrong, Lori." He said softly, giving her shoulder a squeeze. "Please never forget that. He wanted you to feel bad, like you should be grateful to have him, or make an excuse for why he was with those young girls."

"Have I told you that you're wise beyond your years?"

"That or I'm in bartender mode," he winked at her and then winched when she slapped his chest.

"Jerk," she said, but with a smile.

"What about me?" he made a show of thinking. "Color my hair? Maybe work out? Take some ED pills?"

"I love your hair, and your beard," she ran a nail down his cheek, and those pretty blue eyes. As for blue pills? Honey, you'd kill me."

"I think the same about you. If we ever spent a weekend together you might wear it out."

"We should do that."

"Huh?"

"Let's get away for a weekend."

"But..."

"It would be so much fun!" Lori sat up next to him. "Think about it, we go where no one knows us. We can go out to dinner, have a few drinks. Dancing!" she clapped her hands. "I haven't gone dancing in forever!"

"It would be nice."

"Get a room at a nice hotel with a pool. We could go swimming and..." she smiled down at him. "We could really be together and not worry about anything."

"Except me going away the exact weekend you go away, coming back the same time." He also sat up. "Could it be any more obvious?"

She looked put off and didn't respond.

"I know you think I worry too much, but that would really be pushing it."

"You're right," she whispered.

"But maybe the summer when I'm out of school we could figure it out." He felt bad at how upset she seemed.

"We'll see," she shrugged, sending her tits jiggling. Despite the not so stellar conversation he'd give anything to just be able to stay here with her and make her happy again. "But I do want something from you, and no argument."

"I..." when he saw how serious she was, he nodded. "Okay."

"We already plan on spending the night together tomorrow, right?"

"Yeah, this room or we going to be across the hall?"

"Neither."

"If you want a motel, I want to chip in."

"Josh is going to Boston with Jennifer tomorrow for her sister's birthday party and they're going to spend the night up there."

"I know, he was telling me the other day."

"I want you to come over and spend the night at my place."

"Lori, we talked about this."

"I want you in my bed." She took both his hands in hers. "It would mean a lot to me, Bret."

"But its nice here and we don't have to worry about anything."

"I know you do understand more than most guys your age, but you don't know everything about women, honey."

"That doesn't sound good." He grimaced.

"Having a man come over and spend the night in your bed is a very intimate thing."

"Intimate," he repeated the word. Was this going where he thought, no, where he hoped, it could be?

"Motels, using a place like this? That's what people who are having affairs do. Its what fuck buddies do."

"I know we're not cheating on anyone," Bret chose his words carefully. "But this all hot sex and fun is what you said after the first few times."

"It was, I mean it is, but..." Lori appeared to be treading lightly as well. "Would you send roses to someone who's just a fuck buddy?"

Bret looked down at their hands, unsure of what to say.

"Those roses could just be a nice gesture from someone who I know has affection for me." She spoke quietly while sliding her thumbs over the top of his hand. "Affection can be between family, good friends, or people who mean more."

"If it's the last thing, flowers are more than a nice gesture. They're an intimate gift. They say things like something beautiful for someone beautiful."

"Yeah," his heart was pounding, and his stomach had tightened.

It was right there. The moment he'd felt he'd been drawn closer and closer to the last few weeks but wondered if the sentiment would be shared. This was the time to say something, to be a man, to not let her try to walk him into it.

Time to do the right thing by saying the right thing.

"Unless," she continued when he couldn't pull the trigger and speak up. "That was just a smooth line from a smooth bartender looking to put a smile on a friend's face."

"I like to make you smile," he said, but still couldn't meet her gaze.

"I'm putting you in a corner," Lori squeezed his hands then released them. "Maybe doing it to myself to." She slid off the bed, and leaning over, found the dress and slipped it over her head without bothering to put anything on under it.

"Lori, don't be mad," he slid off the bed and gently took her hand again.

"I'm not mad, Bret." She lifted their joined hands and kissed the back of his. "But you do need to get home, and as for this? Maybe its not the right time for this conversation."

He tried not to let the relief show on his face, both that she didn't seem angry, but letting him off the hook for an answer.

"Good, and I...I think you're right."

"You're so mature I forget that in the end, you're still a kid and I don't mean that in a bad way, just that there's a huge difference between us in life experience." She frowned. "And a lot of other things."

"I know what's going on," he forced himself to look her in the eye. "I do. It's just..."

"Bret," she placed her hand on his cheek. "Let's stop for now."

"I just don't want you to walk away upset. I wanted to make you happy today."

"You did, baby," this time her smile seemed genuine. "In many ways, and one of them is something I've been thinking about lately."

"You have? Are we talking about the same thing?"

"Down to neither of us want to come out and say it? Could be." She kissed him before he could speak again.

"Now, here's how we're going to leave this. I want you to come over tomorrow night. I know your mom's going to be home so instead of coming home after you get off at Gabe's, get dropped off on the next street and come in through the back gate."

"Sounds like what people who are cheating on someone do." He muttered.

"Ouch," Lori winced. "But you have to hear the rest of it."

"But wait, there's more," he tried to joke, but could hear it fall flat.

"I'll make a nice dinner, we'll keep things light, we'll have some fun and you will spend the night in my bed, and we see where it takes us." She swallowed hard and this time it was her that lowered her eyes.

"But, if you decide you don't want to do that, let me know and we'll meet here like we planned and we'll have some fun."

"What's the difference?" he asked, confused. "Same thing, no?"

"If you think it's the same, then I guess this is where we'll meet." She pointed to the floor. "You need to get dressed, baby. You have to get home, and I have to lock up."

"Right," he scooped up his boxers and sitting on the end of the bed, slipped them on, then took his jeans from Lori who had picked them up. "Thanks."

"My turn to say I don't want you to be upset," Lori told him. "I love the flowers, we had amazing sex, and then we left our happy little world and had a reality check, but it could be a good thing."

"You think" he asked while standing and tugging up his jeans.

"We were going to get there sooner or later." Lori watched him put on his shirt, then slip into his sneakers. "But one way or another, Bret, things will be fine between us."

"I hope so, but how do you know that?"

"It's the point of tomorrow, my baby," she answered. "Like the saying goes, when you know, you know."

She turned to leave the bedroom but stopped when he blurted out.

"I'm working noon to seven, I'll be at your place by seven thirty."

Lori didn't turn around, but when she replied he thought he heard a tremor in her voice,

"Then maybe we already know."

Chapter Three

Bret entered the house, planning on rushing upstairs for a quick shower, and hitting the books for an hour. The hour and a half he'd spent with Lori had forced him to choose between a nap or studying, and he couldn't afford to lose any time on the latter with finals looking.

He'd say the loss of the nap was worth it, that had been one hell of a romp, even by their standards, that game with the flower? Damn, Lori never ceased to surprise him when it came to her sexual prowess and dirty mind.

The after drama however, he could have done without, but maybe she was right and the awkward subject of where this was all going, if anywhere other than the bedroom, needed to be addressed. Bret felt better that he'd told her he'd go to her house, rather than make her wait for him to decide.

That had been the right thing to do to spare her feelings. But where were her feelings? Everything pointed to her thinking exactly what he was, and if that were the case he'd be ecstatic.

But then what? There were so many problems that it could cause, and again, what if he were reading into things? What if she saw what was coming from him and just wondering how to let him down?

Intimate, she'd used that word. Like she said, would you be intimate with someone who wasn't...

"Where the hell were you?"

Bret froze when his mother, who must have been lying on the couch, sat up, her head peering over the back of it.

"Oh, hey, mom. You're up kind of early for work."

"Don't hey mom me, you promised to come home right after school. That's why I slept down here, so I could see you when you got here."

"Oh, well, I..."

"Really?" Mom rose from the couch, and he saw she was already in her blue scrubs, her long blonde hair gathered in a loose ponytail.

"Really what? I didn't say where I was."

"You don't have to." Mom folded her arms over her chest. "I know."

"You do?" Jesus, had she followed him? No, she'd have confronted him on the spot. But maybe someone saw him leave the house with Lori and called her and...

"I do, but go ahead and tell me," She lifted her chin, challenging him. "Let's see if you still do the right things, like tell the truth."

The remark stung, and his shoulders slumping he said.

"I stopped by someone's house and..."

"Someone?" she raised her eyebrows. "Or a secret someone?"

"Fine," Bret waved his hand at her, his frustration with playing these games getting to him. "I saw Jess."

"Jess." Mom repeated the name in a way he didn't like. "Bret, I want you to sit down." She pointed at the couch.

"Mom, I really have to take a shower and study before I go to work."

"Studying is what you were supposed to be doing two hours ago, that or getting some rest because you're running ragged."

"I'm fine."

"You look exhausted, and you've been a nervous wreck lately." She pointed again. "Sit, now."

"I'm not a little kid," he told her indignantly.

"Nor are you the grown ass man you think you are, and even if you were? I'm still your damn mother and you will do as I say."

She locked her eyes, the same deep blue as his, onto him and he saw how angry she was, and couldn't blame her. He'd been lying to her, working more than she wanted him to, slipping out with his 'secret someone' more and more while his grades had slipped slightly in the last semester.

Bret sighed and dropped onto the couch. Mom sat down on the next cushion, turning so she could face him.

"I'm going to ask you again, Bret, who is this girl?"

"Her name's Jess."

"I know what her damn name is!" Mom snapped, making him flinch. "That's all I know, and I want to know why you're keeping her from me."

"Look, I told you, she's not even really a girlfriend, we're just um, you know, messing around."

"Six months is a long time to be just messing around, Bret." Mom seemed to be making an effort not to yell. "And if that was all it was, you wouldn't be cutting your best shift, spending nights with her, and slipping off every time you have a couple of hours after school that you should be spending studying."

"You spent a year griping I wasn't having fun, now you're pissed I am."

"Why can't I meet her?"

"Because she's just..."

"Six months." Mom repeated. "That long I should get to meet her. I don't care if she's a friend with benefits, a mother wants to know who's leading her son by his dick."

"Wow," Bret was genuinely taken aback. "That's crude."

"Get over it." She grunted. "Who is she, and I swear if all I get is the name again, I'll smack you."

"I met her at Gabe's."

"Well, now I know everything." Mom rolled her eyes. "Bret, when a man or woman is seeing someone for that long and no one has seen them? That means there's something wrong with them."

"Like what?"

"You tell me." Mom gestured. "She married?"

"No."

"Boyfriend?"

"No."

"She on drugs? She sell drugs?"

"God no," he was at least able to answer honestly.

"Is it a guy?"

"Oh my god!" Bret slapped his forehead. "I can't believe you said that."

"Then what the hell is the big secret?"

"Its just not worth..."

"Josh doesn't know either."

"You...asked Josh?" He felt his stomach twist.

"I did. He's your best friend; I figured he'd know. I know you kids have the bro code and all, but I hoped I'd be able to put him on the spot, see if he was lying."

"He's not, he's never met her." Now he was lying.

"Is there anyone that has?" Mom then dropped another bomb on him. "Rob from Gabe's doesn't know who she is either."

"You went to my job and asked Rob?" He asked his eyes wide.

"I did. I went there last Friday night, the night you worked for close to a year before you started skipping it, or Saturdays, to play with Jess the invisible girl."

"You're unbelievable!" His voice rose. "Jesus Christ, Ma! I'm twenty one!"

"I told him who I was and asked if he'd seen any women hanging around you when you work. I mean, I figure if my boyfriend was a bartender, I'd be hanging out to get free drinks and keep an eye on him to make sure he wasn't flirting all the time."

Bret took a breath, Lori had only come by once, the night it all started a few months ago. Would Rob have mentioned it? He rolled the dice.

"Bet he said he hasn't seen anyone."

"You're right, and neither has your boss."

"You talked to Gabe," he rubbed his temples in response to the headache he was getting.

"Nicer than he looks," Mom told him. "Well, up until he told me I had a nice ass even in the scrubs and asked if I wanted to go riding with him next weekend."

"Yup, you met Gabe," Bret shook his head.

"He says a few women there have shown interest in his pretty boy bartender, but you don't bite, just chat a bit to work a tip. Says you seem to smart for that kind of drama seeing most of them are married and on the make."

"You going to go talk to my professor next?" Bret asked, feeling better that she was striking out. Except for Josh, what if he put two and two together because he was trying to figure out what, and who, his mother had been doing lately.

"Either your friends are all great liars, or no one has met her." Mom frowned. "Bret, is there really a her? Because at this point if there's not, I'd have to worry you're into something a lot worse than some slut."

"Why would she be a slut?"

"No woman carries on that long with one man if its just sex. They'd get bored and move on." She smirked. "I had a lot of boys in high school and college, but not a lot of boyfriends."

"Ugh."

"Right, fine for guys with the find them feel them fuck them and forget them, but not women."

"Holy shit, what's with you?" Bret grimaced. "That's awful."

"It's a Judas Priest song. Eighties metal at its classiest. But fitting."

"Mom, why is this such a big thing?" he asked. "No one is hurting me, I'm not hurting anyone and..."

"You're hurting me," she said quietly. "You're lying to me, Bret. You've never done that, so for you to start I have to think you're into something or someone you shouldn't be."

"Mom, I..."

"It hurts, Bret," Mom said softly. "It hurts and scares me. Please tell me what's going on. I'm your mother, whatever it is I'll try to understand, and we can talk about it."

Bret looked away then closed his eyes when she delivered the dagger.

"We sat here on this couch and talked about your father dying, we talked for hours after he died. If we can talk about that, if you can have those conversations with me, what is going on that you don't trust me with?"

Bret put his elbows on his knees and rested his head in his hands. Like earlier with Lori, he was at another crossroads. His mother was asking for the truth, and she deserved it.

He wanted to tell her. Doing the wrong thing wasn't who he was. He wasn't a liar, he wasn't sneaky, he wasn't someone who betrayed the trust of anyone, let alone people he loved.

He should just say it, get it over with. No matter how upset she got it would be better than continuing to hurt and be unfair to the woman who'd raised him and only wanted the best for him, who worked her ass off to keep the house he was raised in and make sure he finished school.

"It's there." Mom gripped his wrist and gently eased his hand from his face. "I see it, honey. You want to tell me. I'll listen, and I promise not to get mad no matter what it is, it's the lying that hurts, Bret."

"I..." Tomorrow night. Lori seemed to think tomorrow was going to be when they figured out exactly who and what they were to each other, and if it turned out to be nothing but sex, was it worth the ensuing trouble? Hell, at this point if it was just about getting laid maybe it was time he got over his obsession and just went back to seeing girls he didn't have to hide or be hidden by.

"Bret?"

"I...I need a little time."

"For what?"

"You're right, I haven't been fair to you, Ma. You just want to make sure I'm okay. Trust me, I am."

"I'd believe that a few months ago." She told him her lips turning down in a scowl. "Not at this point."

"You're off Sunday, right?"

"I'm going in at night, but I'm off tomorrow night so I'll be up a good part of the day, why?"

"We'll talk then. I promise."

"What the hell difference does another couple of nights make?"

"It does, and," Was he really going to put himself in this big of a corner for what could turn out to be nothing except "No more Jess". Yes, because if it went the other way, they'd have to come out, he couldn't do this much longer.

"And what?"

"I'll bring her by."

"What's wrong with tomorrow? I'm off all day and night?"

"She works all day," God, he was making things worse even as he was lining himself up to finally tell the truth. "And I'm at Gabe's noon to seven."

"Then tomorrow night, pick her up when you get out and bring her over." Mom spread her hands out. "You're twenty one Bret, I've told you before if you ever wanted to have a girl spend the night here, I'd be okay with it," she grunted. "I mean providing I've met her."

"I'm not coming home tomorrow night."

"Let me get this straight." Mom's eyes flashed again, her 'understand' now out the window. "You're telling me you'll bring miss mystery over here Sunday, but can't tomorrow night, but you're spending tomorrow night with her?"

"Its complicated."

Mom looked as if she were going to pop, and he braced himself, but after a moment of silence, she released a long breath.

"Okay, this is the first time you've told me I can meet her, so I am going to trust you, Bret."

"Thank you." He tried to keep the relief, temporary as it was, out of his reply. "I promise you'll get the whole story then." Which story? That remained to be seen.

"Just know that if I don't?" Mom raised a finger in warning. "I will tell Gabe you quit, take your keys and phone away, drive you to and from school and ground your ass like your twelve until you tell her to come here, or she comes looking for you."

Her eyes dared him to challenge her, and he meekly nodded.

"Sunday," he said trying to sound confident.

"I can't wait." Mom told him. He began to get up, but she caught his arm. "I'm sorry, Bret, I'm just worried."

"I get it," he told her. "I appreciate it."

"Hug?" she put her arms out and Bret gratefully embraced her, then kissed her cheek. Mom pushed him away, a disgusted look on her face.

"What's wrong?"

"Well, at least I know she's real."

"Huh, how?"

"Because" Mom scrunched her face up. "You still have her all over your goddamn face."

Chapter Four

"Here you go, Erin," Bret handed the tall blonde her drink, and began to turn away when she said.

"Hey, Bret, I asked for a C&C, this is a Jack and Coke."

"Shit, sorry," he took the drink from her and putting it behind the bar, quickly poured some coke into a glass, then gave it a double splash of Jack to make up for the mistake.

"No worries," she slid a ten across the bar. "Keep the change."

"Thanks," he smiled, but when he turned to put the ten in the register and take out the two dollars for the tip, swore under his breath. That was the third wrong drink he'd made, and it was only nine thirty.

Just before he left, he'd felt so tired and anxious, he almost called Rob to see if he wanted to step in. But he needed the money seeing he had swapped tomorrow night, the best shift of the week for the noon to seven mid shift which he'd be lucky to see half the tips.

That and if he stayed home all his mind would do was spin. He'd taken a shower right after the embarrassing incident with his mother, then while in his room, heard a car door and looked out to see Lori's van in her driveway and her walking up to the front door.

He eyed her in the snug fitting dress, knowing there was nothing on beneath it, and wondered if she was wondering if he were looking. His eyes shifted to the vase of flowers which contained one that smelled like her.

He received his answer to whether or not she knew he still enjoyed watching her come home when he received a text a moment after she walked into the house.

"Hello, my little stalker! You think about me being naked under my new dress?"

He replied, *"I think about you naked all the time."* To which she replied with an eggplant emoji followed by a face with its mouth wide open.

Bret quickly deleted the messages as he did to all the ones 'Jess' sent him and was glad he did. His mother had gone so far as to go around asking people about who he was seeing, so her trying to get into his phone was a very real concern.

Not as concerning as the idea of what the hell was he going to do on Sunday? Tell her, nah, don't worry, it was never serious, or show up with Lori and say "Hey, ma, meet my personal milf slut!"

"Yo, kid," Bret turned to see Gabe had come out of his office behind the bar, his leather jacket on and his keys in his hand. "Heading out, you and Tammy got this, right?"

"Yeah, we're good."

"Okay, Jake's in the kitchen and said yell if you need him," he sighed. "I think he hopes he gets a chance to bounce someone." He snapped his fingers. "And don't let that ditz cash out, she needs her fingers toes and whatever cock she's going to suck later to get to twenty one."

"Classy." Bret sighed.

"You okay, kid?" Gabe's faded blue eyes peered out from under his bushy gray eyebrows. "You look like you're dead on your feet, getting sick?"

"I'm good, just work and school, finals are coming."

"Right," Gabe grunted as he scratched at his scraggly beard. "You still tagging that woman?"

"What woman?"

"The one who showed up here and sucked you off in the parking lot." Gabe told him. "Pretty sure that's the one that creep lawyer came in here a couple months before and said you wanted to fuck was married to."

"You remember that?"

"I'm not that fried," Gabe laughed, but it turned into a smoker's hack, that had Bret stepping back to not get spit on. "But yeah, doesn't take a genius to figure out who she was." He smirked. "Tommy Neal told me he caught you in the lot, said your load was dripping down her chin, and she looked like she wanted more."

"Yeah, well that was just that time."

"Don't bullshit a bullshitter kid. Woman like that, older, stuck with some dud suit for a long time, he cheats, she's mad and decides he's not the only one that can fuck the young ones."

"That was that time," Bret insisted.

"You been taking time off since then, always tired, my money is on her being the reason why."

"Thank you for not telling my mother you think I'm doing that."

"Bikers code, kid, we never tell other people's stories, and it's not think, I know you are." He grinned. "Your mom's pretty hot. Think she's up for slumming with an old dog like me?"

"Never change, Gabe," Bret laughed and after clapping him on the shoulder, Gabe slipped out from behind the bar and made his way towards the door, waving and calling out to his friends.

Bret leaned against the bar, waiting for someone to order, then felt his heart skip a beat.

Josh had just walked in.

Not that his friend didn't pop in once in awhile to shoot the shit, and even before he'd turned twenty one, Gabe would let Bret slip him a drink or two, but he hadn't seen him here in close to a month, or much at all the last couple of weeks.

"Hey, bro," Josh slid onto a stool. "How's it going?"

"Going," Bret nodded. "Jim Beam and Coke?"

"Sounds good," Josh nodded while pulling out his phone and looking at it.

Josh made him the drink and handed it to him.

"On the house."

"Thanks," Josh frowned at his phone and put it on the bar. "My old man texted me like three times when I was with Jen, and twice in the time it took me to drive here."

"Maybe you should call him back, could be important."

"He's not leaving a message." Josh shrugged. "I'll call when I leave. So, what's new?"

"Not much, school, work, more school, more work."

"Little more than that," Josh said. "Your mom says you're screwing around with someone, but she doesn't know who. Told her I didn't know either."

"Its mama drama," Bret shrugged. "Wanted me to have fun, now I am, and she's pissed at that too."

"How come you never talk about her?"

"My mother?"

"The girl, jack ass."

"It's kind of a weird set up, just screwing her, that's about it."

"Yeah?" Josh's eyes, which were the same shade as Lori's, as was his short wavy hair, peered into his. "Funny because Cynthia said you told her you don't have a girlfriend."

"She told you she asked me to a party?"

"I told her to ask you to that party." Josh sipped at his drink, letting his words sink in, while not taking his eyes off Bret's face. Third year of law school and already like his father, Bret thought.

"Why would you do that?"

"After your mom played twenty questions with me, I figured I'd have Cynthia test the waters for me, see what you'd say. You told her nobody but told me you got some bed buddy action happening."

"I just didn't want her to know my business, but I guess I should have, sounded better than just blowing her off."

"Don't worry about that, she's not into you, she has a girlfriend." Josh smiled at the look on his face. "You didn't know that? Man, you should see her girl, Haley, she gets better women than we do."

"Pictures or it didn't happen," Bret joked. "What about you?"

"Same, school, got the part time gig at my dad's firm, doing stupid shit like getting coffee and digging through files, but its not bad. Going out with Jen."

"You guys been together awhile, no?"

"Three years, she's a great girl." Josh told him, then drained his drink. "Sent her flowers last week."

"That's nice,"

"She's worth it. Guess my mom is too."

"What about your mom?" Bret swore his blood had just turned to ice.

"She came home with these big ass peach roses."

"I didn't know she had a boyfriend. You meet him?" He's met him, all right, could this night get anymore fucked up?

"No, she says its nothing serious, some guy she met at one of her properties. Those roses looked pretty serious though."

"I bet."

"Something beautiful for someone beautiful the card said."

"Cheesy as fuck," Bret shook his head. "No name?"

"Nope. Not like I don't know there's someone. All that time my father bitched about her dressing like an old lady and all of a sudden, she's wearing nicer clothes, has her hair down a lot more, spending the night god knows where."

"You worried about it?" Bret fished while trying to act like he would if he weren't the mystery man. Or like an actual friend and not a lying prick.

"It's my mom, if someone's sleeping with her, I'd like to know who, but she's happier than I've seen her in a long time. Smiles all the time, buys herself things to look good for him more than her, I think, but if she's happy, then I guess I should be happy for her."

"Sure, if she's happy, its not so bad."

"I'm sure you're happy she's happy."

"Why would you say that?"

"You've been gawking at her for years, I'm sure you like seeing her in the new clothes, actually looks like she has a body in them."

"Oh," Bret tried for a rueful grin. "Got me there, the black dress today was something."

"I didn't see it, she was in oversized Celtic jersey mode and slippers when I got home. But hey, if her secret admirer approves, it must have been nice."

Bret wasn't sure if Josh was busting his balls or testing him out. He knew Bret had crushed on Lori when he was younger and still caught him looking at her when he was over, but it had a different meaning now.

"It has stalker seal of approval." Bret played into it as if it were just breaking balls, and got a chuckle out of Josh.

"You're pathetic. Better hope whoever you're slipping it to behind everyone's back isn't the jealous type."

"Your mom's no threat, she'd either laugh at me if I ever said anything or slap me." Bret should be smacking himself; how could he joke about this?

"You might like her slapping you." Josh pointed out. "You should let me meet this girl, bro. We've been friends since eighth grade. I won't say anything to your mother."

"I don't know, maybe."

"I know why you won't bring her around."

"You do?" Bret held his breath.

"She's probably fat," Josh nodded, trying to stay serious. "Really fat and probably ugly too, and" he fished for something else. "Buck teeth, got a black and decker pecker wrecker."

"Yeah, okay."

"But she's desperate so probably does whatever you want because she's so happy to have a pretty boy like you bouncing on her."

"Jen's skinny, you don't see me making fun of her." Bret began to relax as the two teased each other as they had for years.

"Slender," Josh corrected him. "She's not skinny, she's slender, or slim, athletic even."

"You will make a good lawyer."

"Maybe my mother's boyfriend is ugly too," Josh circled back.

"Or she went for a sugar daddy and at her age that means he's got to be like seventy." Bret countered, that's it, just fall right in to doing the wrong thing, its just so much easier. No wonder most people did it.

"Maybe I'll follow her someday." Josh grunted. "Taking criminal investigation, PI's take that one, learn all the tricks to professionally stalk people."

"What if you find out she is going to an old age home?"

"I'm serious, I might do it seeing she doesn't want to say anything. I just want a look at the guy, see what he's like."

Tall, blond hair, beard, blue eyes, kind of pretty, just a little bit younger than her...

"I'm sure she'll bring him around." Bret assured him. "Or maybe she has a reason and means something to her for some reason."

"Maybe its because she thinks I'll run to my dad and tell him about it."

"What would he care? I'm sure he's having fun with the girls too young to drink here."

"I don't ask, I don't need to know," Josh made a face. "TMI and all that. Honestly, I hang out with him more to pick his brain for school than anything else, and get a foot in at the ground floor of his firm. He shit all over my mother."

"I heard." Bret hesitated. "He ever say anything about her or the divorce?"

"Not for a while. In the beginning he tried to tell me she was the one tagging someone, and she used his bullshit as an excuse to be with that guy all the time."

"You don't buy that?"

"No, my mother's too goody goody for that. I'm surprised she is seeing someone now. My old man does ask, and I just tell him I've never seen her with anyone, which I guess I haven't but even if I did, I don't need drama. It's her life now."

"Yeah."

"Man, speaking of..." Josh looked at his phone which began to ring. "What the hell is the damn emergency?"

"Answer it, maybe something is wrong." Josh said then walked over to the end of the bar where two guys wanted bottles of Corona.

"What's up, Dad?" He heard Josh behind him as he pulled the bottles from the cooler and popped open the caps. "No, I'm not home, why?"

Bret handed the guys the beers, thanked them for the dollar apiece tip and wandered back to Josh.

"Now? Why, what's so important? Seriously?" Josh rolled his eyes while looking at Bret. "I'll come by in the morning before I pick Jen up for Boston, how's that?" He listened for a minute, said 'Okay I'll be there around 8.'

"What's going on?"

"I don't know, he said he needed to show me something, and it was really important, but I've been up since five, and I'm ready to call it a night. I'll go see what whacked shit he's got going on tomorrow."

He slid off the stool.

"Going to hit the road, just figured since I was going by this way I'd pop in and say hi." He extended his hand, and Bret shook it thinking this was the same hand he used to spank Josh's mother's ass, fondle her tits...God, he was such an asshole. How could this ever work? Josh would want to kill him.

"Later bro," Josh waved over his shoulder as he walked away, and Bret leaned back against the bar feeling completely drained.

Not that the last few months had been easy on him, but within a span of hours he'd had a conversation with Lori that had the potential to lead to a far more serious one tomorrow night, a confrontation with his mother where he'd promised her the truth two days from now, and now Josh randomly popping in and talking about the damn flowers.

"Hey, Bret, can I get a seven and seven?" A guy called out, and as Bret pushed away from the bar to make the drink, all he could think was he hoped to hell, Josh hadn't sniffed the roses.

Chapter Five

Bret sat in the back seat of the Black Honda SUV, staring down at his phone. He didn't have anything up, or planned on texting or making a call, but the first few minutes of the ride the driver wouldn't stop making small talk.

The weather, the shitty start the Sox were off to, what an asshole the mayor was. Bret gave minimal replies, but when the guy kept going, he stopped answering and just stared at his phone.

The guy took the hint and stopped trying. Bret felt bad, the guy was just trying to be polite and pass the time, but he was only a few minutes away from what he felt was the biggest night of his young life and needed to try to get his head together.

Not that he knew how to at this point. He knew he and Lori had reached a crossroads, and the flowers had been the catalyst for it. He wasn't sure she should have taken them that seriously, but he had to think about his motivation for sending them and the response he wanted.

Her being happy with them was the easy response on the surface, but would she see a deeper meaning to them, had he wanted her too? The answer was yes, Lori meant more to him than just being a good time in bed.

Her offer to go away so they could be together in public had gone over his head in the moment, but as his head raced while he was trying to fall asleep last night, the importance of it hit him.

She wanted to be able to go out with him and not worry about being seen, go on a real date, have fun...be a couple. Would she care if this was still nothing more than sex? Maybe she was tired of the games too.

Except her answer was to slip away, and what he wanted was to rip the band aid off, say, "Hey, here we are," and get the bullshit sure to come out of the way and be able to be that couple right here and all the time.

If he wanted to be that couple it was because he had feelings for her that went beyond lust and desire, but emotionally as well. He hadn't sent her flowers because she was good in bed, he sent them to her because...

They were something beautiful for someone beautiful.

His crush on Lori was about looks alone, although she'd always been very sweet to him when he was younger, and nice in general as he grew older. Her revelation to him the first night they'd had sex that she'd always known he looked and liked it, was an eye opener.

But over the months they'd spent time together, especially the nights at the motel or her clients place, he began to see her for more than sex. Lori was a good woman, a good mom, a good wife to a man that ended up cheating on her.

She was educated, professional, and even though she'd relaxed a little, still dressed and acted respectable unless it was in the bedroom where she became not just an insatiable wildcat, but fun and playful.

Lori was genuinely sweet, caring, loyal-even to someone who wasn't to her-and all around everything you could want in someone. Bret hoped he had many of those same qualities, so on paper, they were a great couple.

Except for her being 45 and him 21. Except for her being the mom of his best friend, except them starting out as him being her revenge fuck and her being his sweet reward for doing the right thing.

Granted, she hadn't touched him until after the divorce was final, but it still started out as good sex for bad reasons. Bret felt they had moved on from that to something much more emotional with a much deeper connection in every way.

And he knew that when he sent the flowers. He had taken the first step, but yesterday he could have come out and said it but had locked up. Lori seemed to be doing the same thing, looking as if she wanted to say more, but holding back, and they'd both gotten upset at different points.

But if they both felt it, why couldn't either of them say it?

Bret felt he knew the answer and it was what would happen next? People would be upset, but even beyond that, could they work? The age difference had been a sexual taboo all this time, and a hot one, but dating? Everyday life? How serious was serious?

Living together? His next gift a ring instead of flowers? He knew in a lot of ways he was more mature than a lot of people his age, but as she proved yesterday, he was still his age, and there was a huge difference between them in experience and where they were in life.

He hadn't even...

"We're here, sir." The driver broke the hamster of his mind out of its wheel.

He glanced up to see they were at the house directly behind Lori's. The moment of truth was approaching, and he felt no more ready for it than he had yesterday, or during the weeks he'd acknowledged he was...

Falling for Lori.

Even that affirmation had to be pushed out of his mind, how the hell was he going to say it? Maybe she'd go first? He sent a text to her, telling her he'd be there in a minute.

"Sir?"

"Sorry," Bret opened the door, getting out.

The driver, an older man with thinning gray hair smiled

"You look like you have some heavy things going on in there." He tapped his temple. "You're young, my friend, life is good, you just have to let it happen, not make what you want happen."

"Okay, thanks, I think," he said awkwardly, then plucked a ten from the pocket of his gray button down shirt. "Here you go."

"Thank you, I've seen you working where I picked you up," his smile widened. "You drive for a living, you get to be like a bartender, we hear all the problems, and we try to give solutions." He held up the ten. "And work tips."

He laughed and Bret couldn't help laughing with him.

"That's a good one," he shut the door and tapped the car as the driver pulled away. His phone pinged and he saw she'd replied the back door was unlocked.

He slipped alongside the house behind Lori's hoping he wasn't going to get yelled at by the older couple that lived there like he and Josh had all the time when they were kids playing manhunt with their friends and running in and out of yards.

He made it through to the back and to Lori's fence which featured a metal gate between the yards. Bret crossed her yard, peering into the driveway first to make sure Josh was gone, then went up the stairs and let himself in through the back door.

He tried to take deep breaths as he walked through the laundry room to the door leading into the kitchen. Not wanting to just walk in, he knocked.

"Just come in," Lori called out.

"Oh, boy," he leaned his forehead against the door for a moment before opening it.

"I'm in the living room!"

Bret went through the kitchen and didn't smell anything, nor was the table set when he passed through the dining room. He thought she'd mentioned making dinner, but it didn't really matter, food was the last thing on his mind.

And even if he had been thinking about it, the sight of Lori standing in the living room, in which she'd dimmed the lights to a warm glow, would have just made him hungry for something much better than food.

"Wow," he whistled when she rose from the couch to greet him. "Lori, you look....wow." He repeated.

Lori wore a white blouse that left her right shoulder bare and featured a plunging V neckline that showed off not just the top portion of her breasts, but the inner half as well.

The blouse was tight enough to not just push her already perfect breasts higher but showed off the fact she wasn't wearing a bra. His eyes lingered on her nipples displayed by the thin material, before making their way lower.

The lower portion of the blouse was cut at an angle leaving a triangular section of her stomach exposed opposite her exposed shoulder. The skirt itself was as tight as the blouse, hugging the sweet swell of her hips and adhering to her thighs before stopping midway down them.

His eyes roamed down her long legs taking in her white open toe stiletto heels which strapped around her ankles. He swung his appreciative gaze back upwards noting the white choker around her neck, the clasp of which formed a silver heart.

Lori's hair was down, but she'd taken some of the curl out of it, straightening it to make it even longer, but still left the curls framing her face. As always her make up was light, but flawless, especially the deep plum coating her lips.

She rarely wore jewelry, especially when they were meeting to fool around, but tonight she had donned silver pendant earrings, and a matching bracelet. Matching silver bands decorated her index fingers, and the overall affect was...

"My god, you look...: he tried to find the word. "Stunning."

"You mean this old thing?" she tugged on the long left sleeve of the blouse.

"That looks new to me."

"I meant me."

"Lori you are not old, you look better than any girl I go to school with."

"Hmm, flattery," she sauntered up to him, swinging her full hips. "You know where it will get you, right?"

She stopped in front of him and slipped her arms around his neck. Looking up at him, her dark eyes framed by her delicate lashes, her skin glowing in the dim light and those perfect lips curved into a soft smile.

"Beautiful," he whispered. "Just beautiful."

"I do love how you look at me," she said softly as she pressed closer to him.

"I do love how you look," he completed the exchange which had become a type of ritual between them.

"Good thing, because I..." she trailed off.

"You?" he prodded.

Instead of finishing her sentence, Lori gave him a quick kiss, then stepped back.

"I'm sorry I didn't make dinner. I figure we can order something if you want. You worked, you must be hungry."

"I had a couple burgers there for lunch, I'm fine," he watched her turn and walk over to the bar that Tom had left there. Not only did her ass look incredible, but the heels did great things for her legs, and he noticed the dress plunged in back as well, exposing a lot of smooth skin showing beneath her hair. "And you look damned fine."

"Bet you say that to all the milfs," she said while removing a bottle from beneath the bar and plucking a glass from the rack over it. "I bought red wine, would you like some?"

"I'm good."

Lori poured a glass and walked back over, sipping from the glass.

"You know I wasn't sure if I should dress up, after all, you did say you like real."

"Real women can dress sexy," Bret joked, but didn't like the way she sounded.

After the kiss, everything she said, even joking, had an odd tone to it, as if she were annoyed or distracted.

"I bought this outfit last week. All of it, the blouse, skirt, the choker, heels. Even the earrings are new."

"You look incredible." He told her as she sat on the arm of the couch rather than the couch itself, leaving him wondering if he should sit or not.

"Feel kind of silly dressing like this just to stay home and take it off when we end up in the bedroom." This time she didn't sip, the wine, but took several long swallows.

"Lori, is everything okay?"

He felt odd just standing there and sat down in the armchair next to him.

"It's all good," she said while staring down at her glass. "Or maybe not."

That sent his stomach fluttering. Was she going to call it off between them? No, why would she dress like that just to tell him it was over.

"What's wrong?"

"It's nothing." She gave him a smile he could tell wasn't real. "Guess a woman is never too old to be a drama queen."

"I think I'm missing the drama?"

"I bought this, and a couple of other things to be able to dress up for you when we went away."

"Oh." His revelation the weekend away conversation had been more important than he'd thought had been right, it had just taken him way too long to pick up on it. Because she was an adult, and he was a damn kid. "Well, like I said maybe..."

"No, you were right. Little too conspicuous to both be away at the same time." She sighed. "So, I could either return it or wear it tonight, so you at least get to unwrap it."

"I'm glad you kept it," he clasped his hands between his knees so she wouldn't see his fingers trembling due to nerves. The night didn't have a good feel to it so far. "You deserve to dress up and show off."

"There's only one person I want to show off too, and for." Lori downed the rest of the wine and looked at the glass as if she were upset it was now empty.

"For?"

"When a woman goes out with her man, of course, she wants to look good for him. But part of the thrill is to look good for everyone. For other men, or even women, say, wow, look at her, what a lucky guy."

"I get it."

"It sounds arrogant, and more than a little vain and shallow, but it's real and any woman who tells you it isn't true, is full of shit."

"I can tell you from my job most people are," Bret tried to keep it light, which is what he swore she'd said tonight would be, 'dinner and keep it light.' So far no food, and Lori was getting heavy.

"Used to do it for Tom, especially back when he was still junior partner and pushing to be promoted. Dinner with clients who brought their wives. I'd dress up, maybe not as risqué as this, but I'd show enough to get some attention. Get his clients thinking that dumb wow, 'he's the man', frat boy crap."

"I go to school with those idiots."

"Right, you're still in school," she muttered, and he tried not to wince. The negatives of their 'relationship' were rearing their head in just the few minutes she'd been speaking. "But sometimes I did understand why it was exciting for him, and I admit it was for me. Nothing wrong with being looked at."

"I love to look at you."

"You always have, and I told you when my marriage was over, knowing there was a nice looking young man who stared at me and liked what he saw helped keep me from really falling into letting him make me think I was that boring old lady."

"Lori you..."

"I was becoming that." She cut him off, pushing herself off the couch and went back to pour another glass of wine. "I did dress older than I am, never did anything with my hair, got a little thicker and softer."

"We talked about that yesterday," he told her. "Don't start putting yourself down again. Lori, if you did go out looking like that? You would not be going home alone, you have to know that."

"You're very sweet," Lori came back to the couch. "I know you mean it, and I guess I need to confess something."

"Confess?"

"Yesterday, I was fishing a little with you. I have started going to the gym, but like I said, just to build on you already making me feel good, but when I played it up and mentioned my hair, I was looking to see what you'd say."

"You were testing me?" He asked. "That's not cool, Lori."

"It's not. I just...I think I needed to be sure."

"About what?"

"That you like me the way I am. That it wasn't just talk to keep getting sex, cheap lines, but if I said, Hey, I think I should work on myself and color my hair, and you said, that's great, I'd wonder."

"How can you wonder? I can't get enough of you." Bret pointed out. "You keep saying you love how I look at you, you think that's an act?"

"No, but...honey, you have to understand what Tom did to my self-esteem."

"I am not him," Bret surprised himself with the edge in his reply. "He was an asshole married to a hell of a woman, a good woman, a beautiful sexy woman, a great mother, smart, sweet, everything anyone could want and he wanted more."

He nodded as he basically voiced what he'd been thinking regarding his feelings towards her and why.

"No, he wanted his cake and eat theirs too. Trying to act like the rest of those creeps, sleeping with girls who were only with them because they were buying them things or just flat out buying them. He," Bret pointed to her. "Did not deserve you, and I," he tapped his chest. "Am nothing like him and I appreciate everything about you, and every minute we get to be together I feel like the luckiest guy out there."

"I...I'm sorry," she said quietly. "I didn't mean to say you were. He just...things like that cut deep, and its not easy to forget it. I can tell you want me and want to be with me."

"I let him put me down for way too long, didn't even see it completely until I saw how much you wanted me and how good you are to me. I swore I would never let it happen again, and I just...need to be sure."

"If you're taking about us, then be sure. I am thrilled to have you as my trophy milf." He ended his own 'heavy' rant with the joke and gave her an exaggerated wink. "Which is a lot nicer than what you call yourself sometimes."

"But what good is a trophy if you can't show it off?" She chugged some of the wine. "Not so sure I'm a good mother these days either. Carrying on with his best friend."

"Lori, what do you want from me," he put his hand up before she could reply to what he realized sounded nastier than he meant it. "What do you want for us?"

She rapidly drained the glass, and leaning over, placed it on the table by the couch.

"We don't always get what we want, Bret." She began. "And what I want, might not be right for you. We're at such different places in life."

"You seem fine when we're in each other's places."

"Got me there," she gave him a small smile. "But when its just that? Its easy to see it for just that."

"And I don't think you dressed up that fine for this to be some kind of break up."

"I think you'd have to be an actual couple to break up."

"Okay, you didn't dress up that hot to not get messed up," he switched gears. "You wanted me to see you looking even better than I've ever seen you, and it wasn't to mope and come up with reasons this is wrong."

"You're right," she stood and walked over to him. "Honey, you're my son's age, and because of that? I think I need to be the one who has all the answers here, but sometimes there just aren't answers, or at least not always the right ones."

"I used to always do the right thing," Brett rose and put his hands on her shoulders. "Obsessed with it, no matter what, I did the right thing."

"We're not the right thing." She lowered her head, but not before he saw her eyes were wet, and a single tear sliding down her cheek. "Not in anyway, and not for the people we love."

"Hey," he squeezed her shoulders. "Let me finish."

She kept her head down but nodded.

"When Tom talked to me at the bar after I saw him with his sugar baby, he said something to me, and when I talked to you, you said the same exact thing."

"I'd hate to think I agree with anything that dog said over that." He heard the tremble in her voice, and drew her into his embrace, cradling her head against his shoulder.

"Easy," he stroked her hair, and could feel her shoulders shaking, she was crying, and he felt all his doubts drop away because she'd only be this emotional if she thought it had to be over for them.

Or, he was at least willing to embrace that idea enough to put it all on the line, because one of them had to.

"I mentioned doing the right thing to Tom and he said there's what's right and what's right for you. When I came to you with the pictures you told me to lie and say they didn't come from me, you said there was the right thing and what was right for me, remember?"

She nodded into his shoulder, her hands pressed to his chest, and he could feel them shaking.

"Well, you're right. What we're doing isn't the right thing. Lying and sneaking isn't right, maybe our age difference isn't right, how we started for you to get some payback wasn't right, neither was me letting myself let you do that because you're what I always wanted.

"Y...you're going to say its over," she moaned into his chest. "I...its my fault, I shouldn't have..."

"You should let me finish," he chided her, resting his hand on the back of her head.

"But maybe, no, fuck maybe," he said firmly as much to himself as to her. "This is that time that it's not about what's right for other people, but what's right for us, because being happy doesn't always mean making other people happy."

He gently took her by her shoulders and eased her back so he could see her.

"Lori, look at me."

She lifted her head, and he saw the tears spilling down both her cheeks and her lower lip trembling. This mature woman reduced to tears and partly because he hadn't been able to say the right thing, the right thing for both of them.

"You look amazing."

"I'm a hot mess," she wiped at her eyes. "How can you..."

"Say what we always say," he prodded. "You say you love how..."

"I love how you look me." Her eyes widened and he felt she knew what he was about to say.

"And I love how you look," he said softly, then took the biggest leap of his life. "Because..."

"I love you." Bret's jaw dropped when Lori spoke the words in unison with him.

"Oh my god," she wiped at her eyes again, but began to smile. "I...I can't believe we said it!"

"Said what?" he asked. "I love you?"

"Say it again!" she implored. "Please say it again!"

"Lori Matthews," he put his arms around her. "I love you."

"I love you too!" This time she threw her arms around his neck. "I was so afraid to say it! I thought you were going to call it quits when I started talking about the things we can't do."

"I thought that's where you were going." He swallowed hard, and she exclaimed. "You're getting misty eyed!"

"I hate to see a woman cry," he told her. "Especially if she's someone I love."

"Those flowers," she pointed, and he looked over, he hadn't even noticed them on mantle. "They started this! I'd been feeling it, but didn't think you....Hmmm."

He stopped her with a kiss. To him it was their first as a real couple and he was going to make it a good one. Bret pressed his lips to hers. Softly at first, then much harder as he crushed her against him.

Lori didn't seem to mind as she returned the kiss with equal vigor, her arms around his neck, and her right hand, running through his hair. He opened as their lips worked over the others, and her tongue slipped into his mouth.

He met it with his, and they both sighed as their lips sought to devour one another's and their tongues waged war between them. He felt her nipples poking into his chest and she was moving her hips, grinding into his rapidly swelling cock.

If this was their first kiss as a couple then that meant this would be the first time they were intimate, and again, he vowed to make it memorable. Keeping one arm around her shoulders, Bret ducked down and swung his other arm behind her knees and swept her off her feet.

"Oh!" she gasped as he turned and walked out of the room, easily carrying her towards her room. "Now this is what I got dressed up for!"

Cradled in his arms, she began unbuttoning his shirt before they'd reached her room, and as he turned sideways to get them through the doorway, he lowered his head and kissed her once more.

Their lips remained in contact as he lowered her so she was sitting on the edge of the bed. Still kissing, she finished unbuttoning his shirt and sliding her hands inside of it, pushed it back over his shoulders.

Bret quickly undid the buttons at his wrists as Lori kissed his chest and sent a shiver through him when she tongued his right nipple. He dropped the shirt and gripped the bottom of her blouse.

Lori raised her arms over her head, and he slipped her blouse off, exposing her gorgeous breasts. She lifted her head, her lips parted, and he was happy to resume kissing her.

Their hands roamed, his through her long hair and over her back, hers over his chest and stomach before unbuckling his belt, then unbuttoning his black slacks and unzipping them.

She pulled them as well as his boxers down and he moaned when she gripped his cock as soon as it popped free. Lori broke the kiss, and lowering her head, went to take him into her mouth.

"Hmm-mm." he caught her shoulders and pulled her to her feet.

"But I..."

"Not this time," he whispered just before kissing her once more.

This time when they embraced each other, her bare breasts were pressed pleasantly to his chest and his cock nestled along her soft tummy. Bret slid his lips from hers and nuzzled into her neck.

"Oh, yeah," Lori purred, letting her head fall back to give him better access to the delicate curve and soft skin of her throat and neck.

Bret kissed and sucked his way down her neck, over her throat where he lingered for a moment, then down the other side her neck, continuing over her shoulder. Lori's nails

lightly ran over his back and ass while she wiggled into him, caressing his cock with her stomach which was not getting wet and sticky from his oozing tip.

His hands ran through her long lustrous hair, down her back and finding the hook, undid her skirt. He slowly unzipped it, then tugged it over her hips. Lori giggled as she did a sexy little shimmy to help him get the smug skirt down far enough for it to fall the rest of the way to the floor.

Bret surprised her with a shove, sending her falling onto the bed, but she quickly turned and pushed herself up until her head was on the pillow. Now clad in just the choker, heels and a white lace thong, he smiled as he leaned over to get his shoes and socks off.

"I do love the way you look."

"Then you need to come down here and love me."

Lori hooked her thumbs into the sides of the thong, and lifting her ass from the bed, worked it down. Bret licked his lips as he got his pants and boxers off while taking in the smooth neatly trimmed triangle of brown hair on her mound before she exposed the rosy lips of her pussy.

She lifted her legs in the air, sliding the thong up past her knees, then bending her legs playfully until the thong was hanging from her right foot and kicked it at him. He caught it, brought it to his face and sighed at the sweet and spicy scent of his...

Girlfriend. Lori was no longer a fuck buddy, a MILF with benefits, she was his. His girl, his lover.... his everything. He tossed the thong to the side, smiling from ear to ear as Lori, her eyes on his ready cock and a look of absolute hunger on her face, beckoned to him.

He crawled onto the bed, stopping when she raised one heeled foot and placed it on his best. Taking his cue, he unbuckled the strap and slid the shoe off. Lori giggled when he kissed the top of her foot, then moaned when he briefly sucked on her toes.

She offered him the other heel and it was his turn to moan as while he removed it she slid her other foot along his swollen shaft, caressing it with the soft sole of her foot, then slipping it between his legs and wiggling her toes into his balls.

He tossed the shoe to the side and climbed up between her legs until he was directly over her. Lori put her arms around his neck, her eyes on his, her plum coated lips smiling in anticipation.

"Going to be good to your girl, this time?" she whispered while sliding her bare feet along his lower legs.

"I think she'd like that." He lowered himself to the bed, slipping his arms beneath her.

"No, baby," she purred in his ear. "I'd love it."

Bret slowly entered her, loving the long sigh she breathed in his ear as they felt every inch of his hard flesh easing into her and spreading her tight wet walls around him.

He moved his hips, giving her long slow strokes, a sharp contrast to how he'd been giving it to her, the last few months, which was always how she wanted it. But not this time, this time Lori wasn't his 'personal milf slut' this time she was his lover, and his love.

Bret found a good easy rhythm, and groaned deep in his throat when Lori matched it, thrusting her hips up into his descending strokes. Lori wrapped her long legs over his

hips, crossing her ankles and locking him into her, causing him to penetrate even deeper into her warm welcoming heat.

Her lips found his and he moaned into her mouth as her hands caressed his shoulders and back. Bret couldn't remember going this slow and easy with anyone. It wasn't always raunchy and wild, but he'd rarely if ever had an encounter that he'd say was 'making love'

That was until now. It wasn't just the slow sensual pace of their movements, or their close intimate embrace, but the feeling behind it. They'd confessed their feelings, found they felt the same way, and for the first time were engaged in an encounter that was as emotional as it was physical.

"Ohh," Lori whimpered. "You feel so good, baby," she gripped his shoulders, her nails digging hard into them. "Just like that, nice and easy."

Her legs tightened around him and her hips didn't move faster but were driving harder into his. Lori's head fell back onto the pillow as she whimpered and moaned. If he'd thought she'd looked beautiful before, she was sheer perfection in this moment.

Her gorgeous hair fanned out on the pillow, framing her face. Eyes closed, lips parted, a look of pure bliss on her face as their bodies moved as one. He squeezed her against him, enjoying the feeling of her breasts pressing between them, but her erect nipples two firm spots amid her soft flesh.

He felt the first twinges in his shaft that told he him he was getting close, but didn't move any faster, it felt too good to ruin by going from loving to fucking. Beneath him, Lori's body tensed, her back arching up into him, and he felt her thighs trembling around him.

"Oh," she breathed. "I'm right there, don't stop baby, please don't stop. Keep going, keep loving me."

Her words sent a rush through him that not even her dirtiest talk ever had, and felt his balls tighten and he was unable to stop his hips from moving faster.

"Ohh," Lori's nails gouged deeper into his shoulders as her entire body tightened beneath him. "Yessss," she hissed above him and a moment later she jerked beneath him as her pussy contracted around his thrusting cock.

Lori released a long whimper before it slid down in pitch to her trademark growl deep in her throat. Her hips bucked harder and faster, and between that and the way her pussy tightened then released, sending a warm gush around his shaft, sent him over the edge.

Over the months they had engaged in insanely hot sex, and he'd always finished either on her ass, tits, or in her mouth, because she loved the feeling and dirtiness of his cum all over her.

This was the first time he'd come inside her, and he moaned into her neck at how good it felt. Her pussy continued to tighten and release in the throes of her orgasm, milking his erupting cock and helping him squirt deeper inside her.

Lori whimpered and sighed as her body relaxed, but he continued to thrust and this time it was the walls of her pussy, not her body, he was painting.

"Damn," his body relaxed as he gave her the last of what he had, and he lay on top of her, his body trembling, and his heart pounding from how hard he'd come for her.

"That's it, baby, just melt into me."

He felt as if he did just that, going limp in her embrace as his body relaxed on top of her. Lori gently stroked his hair as they lay in silence, his cock softening inside of her.

"Honey, I think that said I love you, more than anything you say could." He told him.

"That was intense," he pushed on the bed, extricating his arms from beneath her as she let her legs drop from around him.

"Um, you know if you did want to say it with words, I'd let you." Lori smiled at him. "I'll start, I love you, Bret."

"Love you too," he kissed her forehead, then rolled over onto his back next to her. "My personal milf slut."

"Notice you got off me before you said that." She rolled onto her side, and he yelped when she slapped his chest. "Don't ruin this, smart ass."

"Yes, ma'am." He laughed and she joined him.

What she said wasn't really funny, but they continued to laugh long and loud, and as he did, Bret knew it was all the tension leaving them.

"Baby, I was worried about tonight, but it couldn't have gone better."

"Had me worried when you talked about the dress and other things." He put his arm out so she could cuddle with him, but instead she sat up.

"I was really torn. I knew how I felt, what I wanted, thought you wanted it too, but..."

"No buts, we're together for real now." Brett grinned. "Made an honest woman out of you."

"We are officially we now," she placed her hand on his cheek. "But there's a lot to unpack with that."

"I know, but can we unpack tomorrow? Live in the moment?"

"We can." She smiled. "What would you like to do in this moment? Hmmm?"

"Well, I am kind of hungry now." He told her, sliding up to lean against the headboard.

"An hour as a couple and you're already the typical man," Lori sighed.

"I need my strength, it's not easy keeping up with a trophy milf." He quickly added. "That I'm in love with."

"Good save." She grunted. "But I'm not cooking."

"One hour and a typical woman." Bret laughed as she scowled at him, but it quickly turned into a smile. "Touche"

"How about Islander?" Bret asked. "They have killer lo mein."

"Sure, she slipped off the bed and grabbed a black robe hanging from the doorknob of the closet door. "We can talk while we eat."

"So much for the moment."

"You decided eating was more important than the moment."

"I did," he swung his legs over the bed and leaning over grabbed his pants "And I guess we do need to talk."

"Not even sure where to start."

Brett stood to pull up his pants, carefully tucking his cock into so he wouldn't catch it in the zipper.

"You know where we have to start." He turned to face her as she tied her robe. "We have to tell Josh and my mother."

"Your mother is going to want to claw my eyes out." Lori curled her fingers into a claw.

"My mom likes you. You were really there for her when my dad passed."

"Bret, you have no idea how protective mothers are. Or how she'll see this."

"Speaking of protective, Josh is going to want to beat my ass."

"Probably." Lori nodded.

"Thanks."

"It'll work out, it has to." Lori came over and took his hand. "Like you said, we're doing what's right for us."

"But you agree, we have to talk to them?"

"Yes."

"Good," Bret kissed her cheek. "Because I told my mom I'm bringing my girlfriend over to meet her tomorrow."

Chapter Six

Bret opened his eyes and wondered what time it was. He and Lori had talked until after ten, and the conversation, although about things that weren't going to be easy for them, was a good one in that it, like them expressing their feelings for one another, relieved a lot of tension.

Lori wasn't thrilled with being pressured to do it so quickly, but after telling her how he'd promised his mother, she agreed to come over to his house and they would tell her together.

Josh, on the other hand, Lori felt it would be best for her to tell him alone, because odds are he would be angry and Bret being there would make it worse. She wanted Josh to be pissed off at her first, get a lot of his anger out at her, then when he settled down some, Bret would come over and the three of them would speak.

Bret didn't like her doing it alone, he felt he was as responsible for Josh's impending explosion, as she was and it wasn't fair she had to take the brunt of it. Her reply was simply, she was his mother, she was against saying anything all this time, and she was the one who should have known better.

He didn't like the answer because her 'knowing better' reinforced the idea she didn't see him as an equal. The fact in some ways he may not be further ticked him off, but as Lori had agreed to meet his mother when he wanted, he wasn't going to push her.

When the conversation had wound down, Lori had decided to shift back into slut milf mode, and sliding the tie from her robe, had him use it to tie her hands behind her back, 'force' her to suck his cock on her knees, then take her while bent over the dining room table, and have him finish by 'making' her suck him off and swallow every drop.

Her wide eyes, desperate pleas for him to stop and her shrill whimpering and pleading were hot as fuck, and again he found himself blown away by how inventive she could be. The idea she had rape fantasies showed she wasn't just kinky, but depraved might be the word, but as long as he was making out in the deal, who cared?

They showered together, washing each other's bodies and hair, lingering and touching, teasing and genuinely enjoying each other. By the time they went to bed, Bret was ready for another round, as she was, but this time, after he'd gone down on her and made her cum, it was another slow much sweeter encounter, but this time with her on top, wrapped in his arms while she slowly worked her hips.

He couldn't move much with her on top, and it teased the hell out of him as she took her time, but when he came, shooting deep up inside her, it was harder than he'd come from the previous and much raunchier encounter downstairs.

Bret turned his head and saw it was five past one, and turning back to stare at the ceiling released a contented sigh. The room smelled of the berry scented candle Lori had lit, and a much sexier scent could be picked up from his mustache when he took a deep breath.

He'd fallen asleep with Lori curled up next to him, her arm over his waist and her leg draped over his, and damn it felt good. Her warm body against his, her breasts pressed into him, and the heat of her pussy on his leg.

He didn't feel her now, but could hear her slow steady breathing, and looking over saw she'd rolled over and was now on her stomach. She'd put her hair up to sleep, and he admired the smooth skin of her bare back revealed in the flickering candlelight.

The sheet was pulled up to her waist, but her right leg had slipped out, and his gaze ran along the length of it from the tips of her toes to her thigh and up to her hip. She was facing him, and he smiled at the way her lips were pushed into a precious pout as she slept.

He felt his cock stirring but thought about closing his eyes and drifting off. Considering three rounds tonight and how exhausted he'd been this week; he was amazed he'd woken up at all.

Hell, they didn't have to get up early, and who said he had a limit to how much milf he could have? Bret rolled onto his side and lightly ran his fingers down her back. Lori made an adorable whimpering sound, but her eyes remained closed, her breathing slow and heavy.

Bret leaned over and placed a soft kiss on her shoulder, then another on the back of her neck.

"Hmm, that's sweet," she mumbled her eyes cracking open and her voice thick with sleep.

Bret rolled over, swinging his leg over her hips and planted a series of kisses across her shoulders. Lori purred like a cat in the son as his lips slid over her flesh and once he'd returned to the middle of her back he began to kiss his way down.

"Someone wants more," she said, but remained still as he eased the sheet down to expose her ass.

"Can't help it, someone in this room is sexy as fuck."

"Tell you what, baby, if I don't have to move, you can have it."

"That's romantic," he muttered, but continued to kiss his way down her back, then across her hips.

He pushed the covers back as he moved, stretching out between her legs as he took his time kissing and licking his way along the swell of each of her cheeks. He then spread them and she squealed when he shoved his tongue in her ass,

"You're so bad," she groaned, but her hips rocked as he pushed his tongue into her pink rosebud. "You want back in there, you're going to need to get me drunk again."

"I am a bartender," he sucked on her left ass cheek hard enough to make her say "Ow, no hickeys!"

"If anyone sees that, then you have some explaining to do," he gave her ass a swat, then spreading her ass wider, shoved his tongue into her pussy.

Lori moaned and kicking her feet, got them out from under the sheet and bending her knees, spread her legs wider for him. Bret moved his head, tongue fucking her several times, before moving lower and sucking on her swollen clit.

She whimpered and squirmed in his face as he swirled his tongue over her excited flesh while gripping her ankles and pushing her legs further open. He went at her clit like it was the best thing he'd ever tasted, which in reality, it was and not even close.

His tongue blurred over her placing soft fluttering licks in every direction as he put his hands on her ass and worked one finger into her pussy and plunged another boldly into her ass.

"Fuck!" Lori yipped but thrust back into his fingers. "Say I love you and you just shove your fingers wherever you want?"

"Shh," he hissed into her pussy. "Don't make me tie you up again."

"You can do that when I let you have my ass again. You can make me scream no while you sodomize me."

Her hips moved faster, as did his tongue as what he'd begun as a tease now looked like he could get her off. He wiggled his fingers in her holes while mixing in hard sucks with his rapid licks.

"My god," she groaned. "I...I'm going to come again!"

She sounded surprised and he smiled into her warm sticky flesh before sucking it rhythmically while working his fingers deeper into her holes. Lori bucked her hips back and forth, helping his fingers fuck her, and he had to move his head forward and back to keep his mouth on her clit.

He managed to and within minutes, Lori cried out and her legs kicked up and down along side him as she squirmed, and her holes squeezed his thrusting fingers.

"Oh oh oh!" she yipped as she ground her pussy into his face. "You better fuck me after this!"

That wasn't going to be a problem, and a few seconds later when she released a long groan before going as limp as a rag doll, Brett slid up the bed, braced his hands on the backs of her shoulders.

"Hmm, that's deep," Lori moaned as he lifted and dropped his hips, plunging his cock into her prone pussy.

He fucked her harder and began shoving her down onto the bed as he did. He quickly timed it so each time he forced her down she'd bounce back up into his cock.

"Fuck!" Lori gasped. "That's it, Bret! Take it, take that cunt, show me who it belongs to!"

Bret hammered into her, pounding her mercilessly into the bed as she yipped and squealed in between egging him on to fuck her even harder and show her who she belonged to.

Between her getting him hot with her dirty talk and the sheer speed and force his fucking, her felt his balls constrict and his cock already twitching at the end of each stroke.

He gave her more savage thrusts that had her gripping the rungs of the headboard and howling into the pillow, then with a low groan he buried himself balls deep between her delightfully jiggling cheeks and shot his load deep inside her.

"Fuck me, that's the way to wake a girl up." Lori sighed even as she wiggled her ass into him, helping to milk the last few drops from his now completely drained balls.

"Maybe you can return the favor in the morning." He rolled off her.

"Okay, I'll shove a finger in your ass."

"Um, on second thought."

"Shit," Lori rolled onto her back.

"What's the matter?"

"Baby would you grab the bottle of water I left on the bathroom sink? I'm really thirsty."

"Least I could do." Bret really didn't want to move after that, but how the hell did you tell a woman who'd put out four times in the last few hours no?"

He got off the bed, and slipping on his boxers headed for the door.

"Why are you putting something on?" Lori spoke with her eyes closed and her voice already thick, he wondered if they'd just lay there if she would have fallen back to sleep.

"I don't know, habit I guess. Remember, I live with my mother."

"You walk around in your underwear in front of her?"

"She's usually not home, but..." he waved her off. "Maybe I feel weird walking around a house naked."

"Bet you wouldn't care if I did," she giggled.

Bret opened the door, not bothering to close it and went down the hall to the bathroom. He stopped and cocked his head when he thought he heard something and was just turning around when a light flashed behind his eyes and a sharp pain went through the side of his head.

"You fucking piece of shit!" Josh shouted as Bret staggered back a few steps struggling to stay on his feet.

"He was right! You're fucking my mother!" Josh came in swinging, and Bret got an arm up in time to stop from getting hit with his right hand, but couldn't stop the short left jab Josh followed up with.

He moved his head and grunted in pain when the punch hit the side of the neck. Josh threw himself into him and Bret went down, his arms crossed in front of him as his long time best friend sat across his hips, swinging wildly at him.

"Fucking asshole! You lied to me! Lied to my face!"

"Josh, please!" Bret needed to defend himself, and managed to snap his right hand between Josh's arms and catch him in the face, causing him to rock back.

Bret bent his legs and wrenched his hips to the side, throwing Josh off him.

"Don't give me please!" Josh, his nose now bleeding, lunged at him again. "You low life fucking scumbag! How could you fucking do this?"

"Josh!" Lori screamed, as she came out of the bedroom, trying to run and tie her robe at the same time. "Stop it! Get off him!"

"You mean like you just got off him?" Josh spun away from Bret to yell at her. "Jesus, I could hear you screaming from downstairs!"

"Josh," Lori put her hands up as Bret slowly got up behind Josh, rubbing the side of his head. "...I know this is bad, but..."

"Bad? Bad?" Josh threw his hands into the air. "Bad doesn't come close! Jesus Christ, Mom, you're fucking my best friend!"

After he yelled, he turned and Bret winced when Josh punched the wall, smashing a hole through it.

"I don't know which one of you is more disgusting!" Josh spun back to him and Bret took a step back, but had his hands up, ready to defend himself.

"I don't want to fight you," he told him.

"Tough shit, I'm going to beat your sleazy ass bloody, you fucking cocksucker."

"Josh, watch your mouth!" Lori had come up behind and grabbed his arm

"Oh, right!" Josh turned back to her, jerking his arm from her grip. "Guess you're the cocksucker and he's watching your...Ow!"

Bret winced when Lori slapped Josh in the face hard enough to make him turn his head.

"You listen to me," Lori pointed to him. "I'm wrong, Josh. You have a right to be mad

about this, mad at Bret, mad at me, but I'm your mother and you don't ever talk to me like that."

"My mother wouldn't be doing this." Josh replied, rubbing his cheek, but the slap seemed to have snapped him out of his blind rage. "My mother was a good woman with self-respect, not some desperate middle aged woman acting like a trashy whore with a kid her son's age."

"Don't talk to her like that," Bret warned.

"I'll handle it, Bret." Lori put her hand up.

"How long you been handling Bret, Mom?" Josh asked. "Few months I'll bet. Maybe even before the divorce."

"That is not true." Lori told him. "Unlike your dog of a father, I didn't do anything until the divorce was final."

"Nice of you." Josh laughed harshly. "You have this backstabbing prick over the next day?"

"I did." Lori said and Bret whispered. "Oh, fuck."

"Been with him for six months now."

"You...you're admitting it."

"You just caught him walking out of my bedroom in his underwear. May as well know the truth now."

"You remember what the truth is?" Josh turned so he could look at each of them in turn. "Either of you? I don't know who's a bigger piece of work, you," he pointed to Bret, "Sticking it to your best friend's mother because your pathetic ass has been crushing on her since we were kids." He swung his other hand towards Lori.

"Or you, a middle aged mother acting like a porn star for him. You feel so bad about yourself you need to go after a kid my age who'd stick his dick in a hole to get off?"

Josh grunted in pain when Bret hit him solidly in the jaw, sending him into the wall.

"Oh my god!" Lori yelled and quickly got in between them, pushing Bret in the chest. "Stop it, please!"

"I don't care who he is or how wrong we are. No one is going to say that about you." Bret pointed over her shoulder at Josh, who stood there his hand on his cheek. "You sound like your asshole father saying shit like that. If she felt bad about herself, who did it?"

"Poor Lori, and here comes white knight Bret to make it all better. You tell my mom she's hot? That you're happy to throw her a few fucks to make her feel better."

"Shut up!" Bret hissed.

"Josh, stop talking," Lori turned, but stayed between them.

"Something beautiful for someone beautiful." Josh sneered. "Bet she put her ass in the air for that one, didn't she?"

"Lori," Bret said, his voice shaking. "Move."

"You really are your father's son, aren't you?" Lori asked quietly. "Talking to me like I'm some slut at one of those punk ass frat parties you go to."

"Nah, those girls are hot and have options, they don't settle for the first guy who'll smack their ass and..." He trailed off when Lori burst into tears.

"How can you say those things to me?" she demanded in a sob, that caused Bret to be caught between wanting to take her in his arms and wanting to put Josh's head through the wall.

"I love you," Lori continued, her voice breaking. "I'm sorry I hurt you! I know you won't believe it, but I was the one who told Bret to keep it quiet. I was the one who had him lying because I was afraid of losing you."

Josh looked away from her.

"Neither did Bret. He's your best friend and he's felt awful all these months, but I'm the one who kept him from telling you."

"Because you know it's wrong," Josh said, but sounded like he was calming down. "You should be ashamed of yourself, and you know it. Dad was wrong for what he did to you. I'm still mad at him and every time he disses you, I stick up for you, and then he calls me last night and tells me a friend of his saw you two at that air bnb by the beach."

"Shit." Bret sighed.

"Tells me you two have been going at it, and to come by here tonight if I don't believe him. I had to go to Boston for that party, but I left Jen there and came home thinking there's no way, just no way."

"I heard you," he pointed to Lori, "Yelping and squealing like a stuck pig, and I'm like it has to be someone else. I came up here and just stood around. Not like I wanted to bust into your room, then I see this asshole coming out?"

He shook his head.

"Old man was right. Now I wonder what else he was right about." He leaned to the side, and gestured to Bret. "Seeing I caught you balls deep in my mother, maybe you won't keep lying. Were you the one who told her my father was cheating?"

"Bret, just..."

He cut Lori off.

"Yeah, it was. I saw him at the Capital Grill with his jailbait hooker of the week. He saw me and tried to bribe me to keep it quiet, told me your mother was a boring fuck, an old lady and he deserved better. I got pictures and showed them to your mom, and she told me to just stay quiet so you wouldn't hate me."

Bret's shoulders slumped. "Guess I just put that off a few months."

"He was right again." Josh sounded as disgusted as he looked. "I stuck up for you, said Bret never lies, he always does what he should no matter what." He glanced back at Lori who had her head down as the two of them went back and forth.

"Stuck up for you too when dad said you had someone lined right up and," he threw his thumb in Bret's direction. "It was him, that Bret ratted him out to be able to fuck my mother like you'd always wanted to."

"Honey," Lori began.

"Don't honey me," Josh muttered irritably.

"Josh, I know that's how it looks, and know what? In the beginning? Bret was my revenge. But where your dad cheated on me, I wasn't cheating, I was a free woman getting what your father hadn't given me for a long time, attention, affection and self esteem."

"Yeah? Being on your knees all the time makes you feel better?"

"I won't be spoken to like that again." Lori raised her head. "I let your father put me down for too long, I will not let you do it."

"When you came by last night you said your mother's happier than she's been in years." Bret said quietly. "But because I'm the one making her happy, it's a bad thing?"

"Yes, and the lying." Josh snapped his fingers. "Christ, you were making jokes about your secret girlfriend, and I was playing right along and its my mother you were talking about!"

"I was wrong," Bret admitted. "But I care about Lori, Josh. I...I love her."

"You...love....her." Josh said each word slowly. "I can't fucking believe this bullshit. Let me guess," he indicated Lori. "You love him too?"

"I do." Lori told him. "I know it's a lot for you, but I want you to be okay with it."

"How the fuck could I be okay with this? Shit, if you came to me on day one and said you were going to get together, I'd have asked what the fuck, but you lie for this long and you want me to be okay with it?"

"You're not wrong to be mad." Lori nodded. "But we can all step back and calm down and talk tomorrow or another day when you can be an adult and not swinging like a punk and talking to me like I'm a trashy whore for being with who I want as a single and very free woman."

"You're wrong, mom." Josh put his hand on her shoulder. "You say Dad put you down, made you feel bad about yourself, and you took to too long?"

"That's not just what I said, it's the truth."

"Okay, but now you say Bret has you feeling all great and thinking your beautiful and sexy, but he's no different than dad. He set dad up, and got what he wanted, and he's been getting you ever since. You didn't give anyone else a chance."

"Because..."

"Bret scooped you right up, gave you a thrill and now you go around buying new dresses, doing your hair, and fucking him senseless to keep him. You want him happy because if he isn't? Maybe you find out a guy your age wouldn't want you, and he only does because he's a kid my age and just hung up on a needy milf who'll do anything for him just to be told she's pretty," he scowled. "And the I love you is just another part of the game."

He nodded towards Bret. "He's used you since day one. What happens once everyone knows, Bret? You graduate and move in here? Let your sugar mama pay the bills? She takes care of you as long as you spank her ass and call her beautiful?"

"You're wrong," Bret said, but damn, Josh was already in lawyer mode, laying down a closing argument for how this could be seen by not just him, but maybe others.

"Your mom's single," Josh continued.

"Watch it," Bret warned

"Been lonely since your dad, she's kind of hot too. Maybe I should head on over there one day and give her some dick."

"Fuck off, Josh!" Bret snapped.

"See? But I'm supposed to think you banging my mother is cool?" Josh clucked his tongue. "But don't worry, Bret. I'm not like the two of you. I'm a decent person and I'd never go near your mother even if she wanted it, because I'm not a scumbag taking advantage of..."

"This conversation is over for now." Lori interrupted. "Its going nowhere but down."

"Kind of like you?" Josh raised his eyebrows mockingly.

"You...you've had me in tears already and you still keep hurting me?" Lori's shoulders slumped. "I'd never hurt you, Josh."

"You just did." He closed his eyes and took a breath. "But yeah, this shit show needs to end for now."

He pointed to Bret. "You get the hell out of here."

He turned to walk down the hall.

"Mom you go back to bed and we'll talk in the morning."

"Excuse me?" Lori caught up with him and grabbed his arm. "I'm the damned parent here, you don't tell me to get in my room or who I can have in this house."

"You'd be right if you were acting like a mother and not a sex crazed midlife crisis joke like you say dad is."

"Get out." Lori pointed down the hall.

"What?"

"You heard me. Go stay at your father's or a friends because you will not stay here after how you just spoke to me."

"I'm going to leave?" he nodded past her. "He's going too."

"I'll go." Bret didn't want this to get any worse.

"No, you'll stay," Lori said without looking at him. "Because unlike my son, you respect me and know how to treat me. You, I want here." She again pointed. "You, need to leave and come back when you can act like a man, not a child."

"Guess you didn't get enough," Josh grunted.

"Josh, one more shitty remark like that and you can go live with your father. Understand?"

"Oh, yeah, I understand." Josh resumed stalking down the hall. "Care more about getting dick downed than you own son."

Lori didn't respond and Josh kept going until he turned into the living room.

"This isn't over for us, Bret!" he shouted and they both winced when they heard the door slam.

"Holy shit," Bret hurried down the hall and as Lori turned to him, put his hands on her shoulders. "Are you okay?"

"No," Lori wiped at her moist eyes. "Jesus, this night went from shit to sugar to shit again."

"Lori, I'm sorry, this whole thing is on me. I..."

"Its on us," she put her hands over his. "We're an us now Bret, and talk about timing, had this happened two months ago, maybe we wouldn't want to keep going after something like that."

"I'm glad you said that." He breathed a sigh of relief.

"And I'm the one that insisted tonight be here."

"No, you heard him, his dad had us. If we weren't here, Josh would have went to the bnb where his friend saw us."

"Maybe," she removed his hands from her shoulders, but stepped into him and hugged him. "I meant what I said, you're not leaving. I need you, baby."

"I'm here," he gratefully embraced her. "I'm sorry I took that shot at Josh, he just...no one should talk to anyone like that, let alone their mom."

"I do wish you hadn't hit him, but he was hellbent on kicking your ass so," she sighed in his ear. "Boys will be boys, especially over women."

"Yeah, I guess." Bret nodded and when she slid from his arms, rubbed his neck. "Man, this is a crappy place to get punched."

"Want me to get you some ice?"

"No, I'm okay, not sure I'm going back to sleep after that."

"We'll try," Lori walked back to the room. "But hey, if we can't, you heard him, maybe I haven't had enough dick yet."

"I can't believe some of the things he said."

"He's angry and hurt," Lori entered the room and still in the robe, fell onto the bed. "You know a lot of couples say they never forget the night they first said I love to each other," she slid over so he could lay next to her. "Pretty sure we never will."

Chapter Seven

"Hmm," Bret sighed as he was coaxed awake by Lori fondling his cock through his boxers.

He opened his eyes and watched her hand sliding up and down his already fully erect cock. They were both on their backs and he turned his head to see her watching him.

"Didn't mean to wake you up," she gave him a playful smile. "Okay, that's a lie, I've been laying here wet waiting for you to wake up."

"Can't believe we fell asleep after all that bullshit."

"Can't believe you're not taking these," she squeezed his cock through his underwear. "Off, so we can play."

"Yes ma'am!" he lifted his hips and pushed his boxers down over them.

His cock sprang free, and he moaned when she gripped it and slowly pumped it. He admired her long coral colored nails stroking his shaft. All the sex they'd had last night, all the drama and the woman woke him up playing with his cock because she'd woke up horny.

Bret turned onto his side, finding her lips, and she sighed as they kissed. He slid his hand down, finding the tie to her robe and pulling it open. Brett's lips switched to her neck, watching as he pushed the edges of the robe to the side to expose her breasts.

"That's my baby," she breathed as he ran his lips down her chest before fastening them to her right nipples. "No thinking about anything but us right now."

Bret sucked on her hard swollen flesh while sliding his hand down her tummy, over her mound and pushed his fingers through the folds of her pussy. Lori groaned, spreading her legs wider as his fingers found her clit.

She continued to stroke him, but slowly and barely gripping him, just lightly teasing her fingers and soft hand along his hard shaft. Bret did the same, working her clit in gentle circles.

"Up here," she whispered, and he lifted his head to be met with another kiss.

They both released a soft sound of pleasure as they kissed, their tongues playfully darting between their lips as they fondled each other.

The way they were doing it, no rush, no sense of urgency, just nice and easy, touching and teasing with the ease and comfort of lovers who'd grown past it needing to be hard and heavy all the time.

The familiarity of a couple.

Still kissing him, Lori put her hand on his chest and rolled onto her side, pushing him on his back. Her lips left his and trailed over his chest and down his stomach. She curled across him, putting her back to him and he moaned when she took him into her mouth.

He put one hand in her hair and with the other, pulled the robe up over her back, and fondled her ass before slipping two fingers inside her. She whimpered around his cock when he put his thumb to her clit.

He worked her excited flesh in slow circles as Lori teased him with her mouth, barely moving her and gently massaging his swollen balls.

"You're young and life is good." He heard the words of the uber driver in his mind, along with not fighting what life has planned for you, because right now, he was loving life.

That life was going to get even better when Lori sat up on her knees and slipped the robe off, she swung her leg over his hips, while reaching back to grab his cock and guide it inside her as she eased down on top of him.

"Good morning to you too," he moaned as she sat straight up and worked her hips, sliding back and forth and keeping his cock buried inside her tight wet heat. He reached for her breasts, cupping them and stroking her nipples with his thumbs.

Lori side and closed her eyes, her lips parted as she now worked her hips in slow circles. She reached up, and pulled her hair from the loose bun she'd tied it into and shook her head, sending her hair flowing down her back and shoulders.

Her make up was a mess from last night, her lipstick smeared, and she still wore the white choker, the only on her otherwise naked body, and expression loving life came around again, she couldn't be any sexier, and this day couldn't have started any...

His phone rang on the nightstand next to him.

"Fuck it," He squeezed her breasts when her eyes opened. "Whoever it is can wait."

Lori leaned over, her hands gripping the headboard and he gasped when she went from moving slowly to now bouncing rapidly on his cock, her hips driving up and down. The phone stopped, then immediately rang again, and Lori's turned and leaned to be able to see it.

"It's your mother."

"She can wait," Bret told her, and not giving her a chance to argue, she gripped her hips, wrenched his to the side and rolled them over, reversing their positions.

"Oh!" Lori gasped, first from being spun around, then again when seeing she had ditched going slow to go for a wild ride, he fucked her with long hard strokes.

She gripped his shoulders, draping her legs over his hips as they'd gone from playful to flat out fucking. She yipped and squealed beneath him, her breasts bouncing wildly, her brown eyes bright and cheeks flushed with passion.

Her hands went back, gripping the headboard, and using it to help her thrust her hips off the bed and into his plunging cock. The phone rang again, but Bret ignored it as his balls tightened and he could feel the first tingle telling him he wasn't far from exploding.

"Give it to me!" Lori could tell by how his strokes had gotten shorter and harder that he was close. "I want you to whip it out and come all over me! You can come inside when you're loving me, but when you're fucking me? I want to feel that hot come all over me!"

Bret gave her what she wanted, when after several more pumps, he pulled out, and stroked his cock. Lori moaned and squirmed as he leaned over and sprayed his load all over her tummy, come it dripping down into her pubic hair and some splattering on her thighs.

Lori leaned up and gripping his cock, lifted her hips and shoved him back inside. Bret moaned as she pumped her hips while stroking his base, jerking the last of his load inside her.

"Fuck," he grabbed her wrist when he had nothing left and eased his still twitching cock from inside her.

"Changed my mind, wanted a little of both." She sighed and flopped back on the bed. "Hmm, that cum is warm and sticky." She giggled. "I feel like a glazed donut."

"There's a hole joke in there somewhere, but I won't be crude." He sat back on his knees trying to catch his breath.

"Don't, I am a lady after all." She stretched her arms over her head and he admired not just the way she pushed her breasts out, but the his cum all over her belly and thighs.

"Jesus," he glanced at the clock next to the phone and was surprised to see it was after ten, they really had gone out after the shit show with Josh.

"Get it, it's the third time she's called."

"Okay," he laughed when Lori grabbed her robe and used it to wipe his cum from her. "Very ladylike."

He picked the phone up, just as it stopped and paused before he called back. He knew what she wanted. When was he coming home with 'Jess.' Good thing they'd started the morning off on a high note, because more drama was just around the corner when he walked into his house with Lori.

He thumbed call.

"Bret." Mom answered and he immediately could hear the tension even in that one word.

"Mom, what's wrong?"

"Get your ass home, now."

"I'm going to come home in a couple of hours."

"You are going to come home now, right now."

"Okay, but uh..." Lori had to take him to Gabe's to get his car so it looked like he was coming from...somewhere. "I'll see around..."

"Five minutes."

"What?"

"That's how long it takes to get dressed and walk across the street."

Bret's mouth went dry.

"And make sure you leave Jess where she is. You and I need to talk before I deal with her."

She ended the call, and dropped the phone onto the bed as if he'd been burned.

"Oh fuck me," he whispered.

"What's wrong? Is she okay?" Lori sat up behind him and put her arm around him.

"She knows I'm here, and wants me to get my ass over there."

"Shit," Lori took a deep breath. "Okay, we were going to do this anyway, but she already knows some how. Let's go get this over with."

"Just me."

"No, I won't let you deal with this alone."

"She told me just me," he turned to look at her. "She said she'll deal with you later."

"What do you want me to do, Bret? You want me by your side, that's where I'll be. You want to go on your own for now? Then I'll let her come to me. Your call."

Bret thought about it. His mother was going to be rip shit and maybe having Lori there with keep her calmer, or Lori might be able to reason better with her than he could.

But after what happened last night with Josh, Lori had endured enough nasty remarks and accusations. He couldn't see his mother being that nasty, but did she need more bullshit?

"I'll..." his phone pinged and he picked it up to see a text from his mother.

"Four minutes. I don't see you, I come over there."

"I'll go alone."

"I'd rather come, but I respect what you decide." Lori took his hand and kissed his cheek. "Bret, even if I'm not there, you're not alone. Like we said last night, we're an us now. We share the fun, and we'll share the shit."

"Thanks," he gave her a quick hug. "Just seems like the last two times we had fun we stepped into the shit."

"If you think that will stop me from wanting more fun, you're out of your mind." Lori smirked. "Besides, look at it this way. Josh knows, now she does. No one else really matters so this is going to be over soon."

"I guess, but..." his phone pinged again.

"Three minutes."

Chapter Eight

Bret ran down the front steps of Lori's house and across the street. He wasn't in a hurry to face his mother, but afraid if she walked out of the house to cross the street, she might be so pissed at that point she'd keep going to Lori's.

He gripped the top of the fence, vaulting it rather than unlatching and opening the gate and was two steps from the porch when he heard a horn blare. He looked over his shoulder and saw Josh driving past the house, he gave Bret an evil smirk, flipped him off and sped down the street.

His phone went off and he pulled it out to see Josh's text.

"Told you I wasn't done with you."

Josh had told his mother.

"Coming in or do I have to grab you by your ear and pull you in like you're a child?"

Mom stood in the doorway, and the look on her face made him feel like a child, a scared one.

"Oh, boy," he mumbled and quickly went up the porch stairs.

Mom put her back to him and walked into the house. Bret entered as she sat down on the couch.

"Sit your ass down." She snapped.

He went to sit with her, but she pointed to Dad's old armchair.

"Over there. If you're next to me, I might hit you."

Bret dropped into the chair.

"Look, Mom, I'm..."

"Shut up!" She shouted and at that moment Bret was thankful he hadn't sat next to her. He couldn't remember the last time she looked that pissed, maybe because he'd never pissed her off to this degree before.

"Lori Matthews." Mom shook her head. "Lori Matthews, our neighbor, your best friend's mother, someone I consider a good friend, is Jess."

"Yeah," the word came out so faintly he cleared his throat and said it again. "Yes."

"You've been fucking a forty five year old woman with a son your age that not only you, but her, should know how fucking wrong it is to be doing it."

"I know not telling you or Josh is wrong. I know..."

"Not tell me? You did more than not tell me, you lied! I kept asking who this woman was and you wouldn't tell me. That's not choosing not to say anything that is fucking lying!"

"Mom..."

"Don't!" Mom shouted. "Do you know how horrible it was to have Josh at the door this morning telling me he had to talk to me? My god, the first thing I thought was maybe you were with him, and you got hurt!"

"Sorry."

"That word can never have enough meaning to me for this, Bret. Then Josh comes in and tells me you're fucking his mother, and you've been doing it since the day her divorce became final!"

"Six months! Six months you've been screwing around with this slut and lying to me and anyone else who asks, and she lies to her son and everyone else she deals with. I don't know which of the two of you are worse."

"Lori's not a slut, Mom." Bret told her.

"Wow," Mom brushed her blonde hair, which from the looks of it, she hadn't brushed. Between that and the pair of flannel pajama pants and an old t-shirt she had on told him Josh had woken her up. "I just tell you I was scared for you, then how you lied to me, and all you say is something to defend that bitch?"

"She's not..." Bret stopped. "I know you're mad. You should be mad. I...I knew I shouldn't lie. I know it's wrong, but if I told you right from the start you'd have tried to tell me not to see her."

"You shouldn't be seeing her, and you know it!" Mom wasn't getting any calmer. "Remember what your father always said to you? About lying?"

"That if you think you have to lie, its because you know its wrong."

"You've been living a lie for months because you knew its wrong. You knew if you told me I'd put a stop to it, and if you told Josh, or she did, he'd want to disown both of you. Now, here we are after months of this, and know what? I'm madder than I'd have been if you came out when it happened."

"I don't think I have ever been more angry and more disappointed in you, Bret. Imagine what your father would think of this?"

"That's low, Mom."

"This is pretty goddamn low!" Mom exclaimed. "I have to be honest, I feel betrayed, but I think you betrayed Josh even more. I mean, how the hell would you feel if this was reversed? You come home and catch Josh fucking me?"

"He says oh, sorry but I've been slipping it to your mom for six months, figured it would be cool. How would you feel?"

"Mad."

"And hurt," Mom added for him. "Let me tell you, when Josh first started talking to me, he was so pissed off the kid's hands were shaking, but by the end? He looked like he wanted to cry."

"His father hurt his mother, and they divorced, and he talks to him, but hasn't forgiven him. You seemed like you were there for him, then he finds out while you're," Mom cleared her throat, "Supporting him, you're banging his mother! She's acting all hurt, but you're taking good care of her, she's lying to him...my god, Bret, that poor kid just had the three most important people in his life shit all over him!"

Bret put his head in his hands.

"I...I...didn't see all of that."

"No, all you saw was Lori's epic tits in your face!" Mom laughed harshly. "Sitting here in my house telling me about her husband's midlife bullshit, sleeping with coeds and jailbait, and she's doing the same damn thing! You're her son's age, Bret! Think about that! Why is she better than Tom?"

"Tom did it while they were married. She waited until the divorce. She didn't cheat, and I wasn't with a married woman."

"That's all you think matters here? Adultery?" Mom briefly put her hand to his forehead. "Bret, if that woman came after you on the day she was legally free, she was planning it."

"I guess."

"And Josh told me you were the one that caught Tom, another lie you told me."

"He threatened you!" Bret spoke up. "Said he knew people on Kent's board and could cost you your overtime. I went to Lori anyway, and she told me to stay quiet and she'd say she had him followed, she told me to do that for you, and he also said he'd make Josh hate me! She wanted to protect me and everyone around me."

"Did she?" Mom sighed. "Bret, until recently you were always a good kid and when someone is always the good one, they have no idea how manipulative people can be, and women especially, older women? Honey, you are no match for a woman my age in pretty much any way."

"Thanks. I'm not naïve, Mom."

"Neither am I. Why did you go to Lori about Tom?"

"He was cheating on her. She's always been good to me, Josh was good to me, and it was wrong. She needed to know. I haven't been doing the right thing, but I did it then."

"That's it? See, I know you had a thing for Lori. I saw how you looked at her and damn straight your dad knew. When you were thirteen it was a crush, when you were twenty and still waiting by the window to see her come home, its more than that, more like obsession."

"I've had girlfriends' mom; I wasn't hanging around waiting for someone who had no interest in me and was married. Sure, I liked how she looked, but I wasn't holding up my life for her."

"She knew though." Mom nodded.

"You don't know..." Bret stopped.

"Know what?"

"Okay," Bret pointed to her. "I was going to lie again. Guess its habit forming, and doing the wrong thing is easier than the right thing. But no more of that. Yes, Lori told me she knew I looked, and she liked it because Tom put her down and seeing a young guy had a thing for her made her feel it wasn't her."

"We're getting somewhere. Want to say anything else?"

"It was wrong when it first happened. Lori came right out and said I was her revenge, even if Tom never knew, and she was my reward for doing the right thing, we both got something we wanted."

"Hmm-mm." Mom nodded. "Was it meant to be a onetime thing?"

"No, she...she didn't want to date or be serious, she just wanted to have some fun for a while with someone she could trust and who would be good to her."

"And did you ever say that you should tell me or Josh? Did she?"

"I mentioned it, and she said since we were just having a good time, we shouldn't stir up drama, but if we got serious we would come out."

"Then the two of you are still just fuck friends?"

"No, we're more than that."

"But you still hadn't told us."

"Because we...we weren't sure." Bret slumped back in the chair. "You won't get it."

"Try me." Mom took a breath. "I don't want to be angry with you, Bret. I have reasons to be, but what you say now, can decide how angry, and how long I'm angry is."

"Well, we...I mean I felt like we were getting to be more. I wasn't just thinking about sex, I was thinking about her but wasn't sure if she felt that way. She is older, and more

experienced with everything and I didn't want to look like an idiot saying it if she didn't feel like that.

"Couple of days ago, I decided to take a chance and send her flowers with a nice card. She was so happy, and she said she was tired of sneaking around and wanted me to spend the night at her house, said its very intimate for a woman to have a man in her bed, not some place to get together to mess around."

"She's right."

"I saw that to mean she had feelings, and I went there last night, and we talked and she said she wants us to be able to be in public and not hiding and sneaking, and we..."

Mom waited as he paused.

"We said I love you."

"I love you." Mom repeated. "You're in love with Lori?"

"I am," he straightened in the chair. "She loves me too, and I knew we were going to decide last night what was going to happen and that's why I promised you'd meet my girlfriend today. If you hadn't called, we were coming over around noon to talk."

"You were going to bring Lori here and say hey, mom, look who I've been banging?"

"Its more than that! It started out as sex, but its more!"

"For you." Mom said quietly.

"No, she feels that way too!"

"Bret, you made a real mess here. You lied and hurt me, you just lost your best friend, you've been working less, which I'm fine with by the way, I want you to have a life. Your grades slipped a little, you sneak around, have to lie every time you do, and none of this is good."

"I know that, but we were..."

"So even if that happened and you sat down with me, then the two of you went to Josh, that makes six months of betrayal okay?"

"We knew you'd both be upset and it wouldn't be easy, but..."

"You think we'd accept it and be "Oh, okay?" Have you wondered about where this could go?"

"Like maybe move in with her?"

"You're in love, she's in love, let's go all the way." Mom scowled. "You want to be Josh's stepdad?"

"What?"

"If the two of you decided to stay together and marry? You'd be the same age as your stepson, how cool is that?"

Bret frowned as he thought about it.

"Speaking of kids, wouldn't you want to have one, Bret? A son, a daughter? Both? Lori told me she had a lot of trouble carrying Josh and complications when he was born, she closed up the shop so to speak. You okay with never having kids of your own?"

"Hadn't thought about it."

"You wouldn't now, but maybe in five years you would."

"I don't know, maybe I don't want kids, or we could adopt, or...like I said, its nothing to worry about now."

"Here's something else. She's 45 your 21. She's still attractive and I'm sure she is taking care of you in bed. But what about when she's 55 to your 31?"

"Age is a number, and it shouldn't be why you love someone, neither should looks, right?"

"70 to 46, she's a senior citizen you're middle aged, she starts getting health issues, needs to be taken care of, five more years you're not a husband, you're a care taker. You good with that? Throwing away a chance at kids, widowed at fifty?"

"Jesus Christ, Mom, that's way the hell off."

"I'm just saying that it won't always be about banging the sexy milf."

"It's not about that!"

"Yes, it is!" Mom raised her voice. "It is about sex; all relationships are to different degrees. I loved your father, he loved me, but back when we met, you don't think we went hot and heavy and continued as much as we could as life went on? When you're the same age, that works, over two decades apart? Not as much."

"People have different needs at different ages and times in their lives, Bret. Lori has gone to college, had fun there, married, had a son, she started her own business, she's been there done that stage, you're a year away from a degree. She's lived an entire lifetime and you haven't really lived at all yet."

"There are people who are older and younger couples, mom. We're not a damn unicorn."

"But all the things I brought up? They're worries on your end. She has none. She has a son, she had her fun, she's been married, she is not going to worry about what happens when she's older because for her it's a progression of life, it's not natural for someone to be half that age and deal with it, and sacrifice things like children of their own, time to have more fun and grow as a person."

"I get it doesn't sound right to you, but its right for us."

"Us." Mom said. "My god, Bret, I'd be less concerned if this was just you two screwing, but this I love you, and right for us? This is way more of a problem."

"You'd rather me just be fucking someone than caring about them?"

"Depends on the them. Bret, this isn't real."

"How can you say that?"

"You don't even know what that kind of love is, she's just escalating your infatuation to go to the next level so she can keep you around."

"You don't know that, and you don't know her." Bret was feeling less scared and guilty and more defensive and getting pissed off. "Josh said nasty things about her, things no kid should ever say to their mom, and now you're calling her a slut and..."

"Lori is a manipulative bitch who is using my son," Mom cut him off. "First for sex, and now toying with your feelings to make sure you stay under her spell."

"Spell?"

"Bret, you see hot sex and now some type of fucked up future, but you don't see the way you're being played."

"You see your son with someone you don't approve of and want to talk me out of it."

"Bret, its time for a little TMI."

"Great."

"Your dad's been gone almost two years, and for the last few months was sick so not much was going on in the bedroom."

"Really?"

"Really, I have to live with knowing you're tapping a woman twice your age, you can listen to this. First few months, I couldn't imagine being with another man, but at about the year mark. I'm a healthy woman, consider myself fairly attractive, and I have needs."

"You have a lot to offer, Mom. You shouldn't be alone."

"I want to be alone for now, as far as dating, but there's been a few nights I had what you generation would call hit it and quit it. Went out, found someone interested in what I had to offer and had a good time."

"Okay, I get it."

"One of those times was a guy around your age. I had a hell of a time."

Bret looked away awkwardly.

"And he really had a good time, because I was pretty much the wildest ride he'd ever had. I blew his mind among other things and had him until he begged me to stop."

"Do I need to know this?" Bret rolled his eyes.

"He wanted my number in the worst way, wanted to see me again, but I said no, it was one and done. Know why? Because it was one thing to go out and sleep with someone his age once, there was not one thought to make it a regular thing.

"No way in hell should a woman my age be with someone your age because it would be taking advantage of him and ruining his chances to be happy with someone his own age. But for a night?" Mom whistled. "Goddamn was it worth it."

"Whatever."

"Now, see, you don't like hearing me talk about something like that, but Josh is going to be okay with what you're doing? What his mom is doing? Tell me what you'd say if I showed up with a kid your age and said I'm in love with him?"

"If it was right for you, fine."

"Bullshit, you'd be pissed and you would have a right to be. Bret, the problem with the right for me line is it can be true to a point but if everyone around you says wrong, then maybe you're deluding yourself."

"This is going in circles." Bret told her. "Mom, I love you. I appreciate everything you do and have done for me. My heart hurts that you lost dad and you're alone, and I hope you want to not be some day. You are the most important person in my life.

"I'm sorry I lied, I shouldn't have, but I was confused, maybe I still am, but I never wanted to hurt you or Josh, don't want Lori to be hurt and shamed by you two or anyone else. I wish I could go back and do it differently, but I was afraid of this, and I just made it worse.

"But after all of that? I am in love with Lori, she feels the same, and I really hope you can try to understand, but if you can't, you can't. But I'm not going to be told who I can see and who I can love."

"Josh told me he's going to live with his father until he and Jennifer can afford a small place together."

"Oh." Bret lowered his head.

"You really think last night would just blow over?" Mom grunted. "So, now, what about you, Bret? You going to leave me to go live with her because I don't approve of it?"

"I wasn't thinking about that, at least not yet, but..." he tried to choose his words. "If you are going to try to tell me I can't see Lori, or give me a hard time if I do, or go over and there and threaten her, then you'd be making me choose, and I...I'd choose her,

you're my mom, but sooner or later kids have to grow up and get out on their own, you'd just be making me choose to do it sooner."

Mom sat in silence, and he could all but hear her mind racing. He didn't try to say anything else, there wasn't really anything else to say.

"Call Lori and tell her to come over."

"Are you going to talk to her, or just trash her?"

"I'm going to tell her how I feel and what I think this is. I am going to admit I hope something I say changes her mind about the two of you, that she sees how wrong all this is and why.

"But if nothing changes, then at least I'll have said my piece."

"Then what?"

"That will be your choice, Bret. Now, why don't you call her?"

Chapter Nine

Bret's heart pounded as he went to the door when the bell rang. His mother remained seated, but the remark of "Honey, Jess is here!" didn't bode well. He opened the door to see Lori dressed in a pair of jeans and a pink t-shirt, her hair pulled back in a messy ponytail.

"Hey," she said softly, but made no effort to kiss him, which he had to agree was a smart move.

"Come on in," he stood to the side so she could walk past him and as he closed the door, Mom started.

"Look who it is, Miss Robinson herself. Or should I call you Jess?"

"Good to see you too, Melissa." Lori walked into the living room and looked around. "Where would you like me to sit?"

"Anywhere but my son's lap where you've been sitting."

"Mom, come on," Bret began. "This..."

"Let her go," Lori interrupted. "She deserves to say it and I deserve to hear it."

"You should hope you never get what you deserve for his." Mom gestured towards the loveseat across from her.

"I'm sorry, Melissa. I'm sorry about all of this," Lori sat down, and Bret was going to go back to the recliner, but then heard her in his head saying "We're an us now" and sat next to her.

The look his mother gave him told him she didn't like the move, but the whole point of this was he was with Lori, and that wasn't going to change.

"But," Lori continued. "We've always been friends. First because our boys were, but then from spending time together. I'd like to think I was there for you when David passed away, and I know you were there for me when I found out about Tom's affairs."

"All the more reason that what you're doing, and lying about it is wrong." Mom countered. "Friends don't fuck each other's kids."

"If you've been talking to Bret, I'll assume he's told you just about everything, so I'll try not to repeat him. You know how this started?"

"Bret catching Tom."

"Yes, and I told him to not out himself because I was worried about him and he was worried about you, and we both cared about how Josh would see it."

"Josh who sat where you are and told me, because neither of you were going to."

"We were going to, you today and Josh another time, but Josh came home last night."

"Tipped off by Tom, who it sucks to admit had a lot right about you that we didn't think was true."

"No, he's a liar. I was never with anyone when we were married, and I didn't go to Bret until everything was final."

"You mean go seduce my son and wrap him around your finger by wrapping your legs and lips around him."

"Mom, I warned you about..."

"You don't warn me about anything." Mom's blue eyes were hard as she stared daggers into him. "I told you, I am going to have my say."

"Then say it," Lori told her. "I'm right here."

"Now you are. After being a sleazy sneak for the last few months. Popping by for a cup of tea here and there, chit chatting with me, paying me lip service as a friend then giving my son lip service."

"Please, stop," Bret tried the nicer approach.

"Said you to Jess never." Mom retorted.

"Lori, I am mad as hell at Bret. I did not raise my son, David did not raise his son, to be a liar, a sneak, and someone who would not only do the wrong thing, but hurt people while doing it. But in the end? This is a lot more your fault than his."

"No," Bret said. "Its both of us."

"No, Bret," Mom shook her head. "Its hers. She's older, she has a kid your age, and she knows better. So much better that she took advantage of you while making you think of her as a victim."

Lori snickered next to him.

"You think this is funny?" Mom leaned forward. "Are you that twisted?"

"Not funny ha-ha, more like funny faux pas. The irony of listening to Josh tell Bret how he took advantage of me and is playing on my lack of self esteem and being desperate to turn me into his plaything who'll do anything to keep him, and now you're going the other way with it."

"Two things can be true as the saying goes."

"Two things can be wrong." Lori replied. "Melissa, the first time was all on me. I showed up at his bar already drunk and dressed up to get dicked down. I took him out in the parking lot and gave him a thank you blow job."

"Oh my god!" Mom grimaced. "Why would you tell me that?"

"It wasn't my finest moment. I was ashamed of myself the next day, but not because of what I did and who it was with, but how. I made myself look cheap and trashy."

"Still doing it."

Lori ignored her and kept going.

"I asked him over to talk the next day. I apologized..."

"Sorry for blowing you, Bret, want me to do it again?" Mom mocked her, and at this point Bret had to credit Lori for not getting up and smacking her, but she went on calmly.

"I told him I knew he was fixated on me as a kid and still was. He was single, I was single, he wanted me, I wanted revenge, and how would he like to be that revenge and me his reward?"

"That was how I saw it for the first few months, getting what I wanted, getting hot sex with a good looking young man who looked at me in a way that made me feel adored, sexy, beautiful, all the things I needed to feel and hadn't in a long time."

"You're making my point!" Mom threw her hands in the air. "Don't you hear yourself?"

"Then I'll stop, and you just tell me how I feel and what I'm doing," Lori's voice had an edge to it for the first time. "Seeing you know all about me, let's hear from you."

"Playback what you said. He has a crush on you, you know it, get a little thrill out of it. He comes to tell you about Tom, and I think he should have, I'm proud of him for it, now that I know."

"You're devastated, rightly so, and after all the things Tom said about your appearance and how you act, dress, don't act like a porn star, all the typical reasons dogs go dogging, I understand that was a really crushing blow as a wife, and as a woman.

"You have no idea," Lori said softly. "You had a great husband, and I'm glad you know that."

"Now you're hurt, you're pissed, you need validation that someone does find you desirable, and I get all that. I needed it myself after David was gone for some time, and I found it, with someone I'd just met a one night stand that made me feel like a woman again, but no harm done.

"You took Bret, someone you knew, your son's friend, and your friend's son, and you decided to make him that revenge and get you back in the saddle. One time would have been bad enough, but you made it a relationship, your cub with benefits.

"You used a young man's desire for you. You knew you were his fantasy and made it come true and as soon as you did? He was hooked and you have been leading him by his dick ever since."

"That's not true, Melissa, and he was twenty at the time. He wasn't child. He worked full time, school full time, he was mature, responsible and most of all, he was willing. I may have made a move, but a seduction means there's some resistance, and there was none.

"Because he can't say no to you," Mom pointed out. "Lori, no kid his age, unless he has a girlfriend, he's loyal to, can turn a woman like us down. Milf is one of the biggest things going in porn and even regular movies have a lot of it.

"We're a dream come true to a young man. Attractive, sexually experienced, high sex drive, no hang ups. We can do these boys like they've never been done before and its like a drug, they get that first rush, they want more."

"Speaking from experience?"

"Yes, I just made Bret hear that story, but one time, Lori. When the kid started acting like a puppy who wanted to follow me home, I said no. But you? Its what you wanted. You played it safe by going after someone already enamored with you, did him right, and now he's stuck on you, and all you have to do to keep it that way is flash him some ass, your tits, or flick your tongue at him and he's all yours."

"I know that's how it looks, but I...I do love him, Melissa. It didn't start that way, but that's where we are now."

"But he doesn't know what love is! He's in lust with you, and you keep him that way. For fuck's sake, Lori, the two of you have never even been on a date, you just tell him where to meet you and have sex."

"I wanted to go away with him, somewhere we could be in public and have fun, and as soon as I thought that I knew it was a lot more than sex, and that we needed to say how we felt and then come out to you and Josh."

"So, how does Josh think he uses you?"

"About the same, he wanted me, I was mad and horny and went for him, and he should have said no because he knew I wasn't myself. Knows I had poor feelings about myself so he played on that and made me want to do anything for him to keep him coming back for more."

"Not true," Bret shook his head. "I'd never do that to you, or anyone."

"You never lied before either." Mom countered. "Not until she showed you the difference between a girl your age and a woman when it comes to sex, and you already wanted her."

"Melissa, we can do this all day," Lori said. "No one is going to win here. You'll think I'm leading your son astray and using him. I tell you I'm not. You say we can't love each other, and we both know we do. Josh thinks he uses me, and I know he's not, so what do we do from here? You sling accusations and we defend ourselves?"

Mom once again seemed deep in thought and Lori spoke again.

"You going to forbid him to see me? Threaten me? Going to toss him out?"

"If I do, I know where he'll end up." Mom groused.

"You think? Not if Josh stays living with me. It's one thing to say I won't be told who to see, but I won't flaunt it in his face and have Bret there all the time, but anytime he's not home? Well, it's my house."

"No remorse?" Mom asked. "You'll just let me talk and just say come on over and hop on, baby?"

"I regret telling Bret to lie about us from the start, and I was the one who saw him feeling bad about it but kept him from saying anything. We decide we're going to and that's when it all comes out anyway."

"You're right that it is more my fault, but wrong that either of us is using one another. We started for the wrong reasons but stayed together for the right ones. I think I speak for Bret when I saw we would love for you and Josh to accept it, but if you don't? I am not giving up what I have for my son, you, or anyone else."

Mom stared at her, a frustrated look on her face, but didn't say anything.

"In fact, the next time Bret and I get together it will be over dinner out in the open, and I'll come by the bar while he's working and have a drink and flirt with him, and there's a great place with live music where we can dance."

"I will no longer be ashamed of who I am, what I'm doing, and who I'm doing it with." Lori reached over and took Bret's hand. "I'm in love with your son, Melissa, and I want to be as good to him as he is to me."

Bret felt his throat tightening and his eyes misting up and looked away, but he caught the way Mom looked at him and knew she'd seen it.

"So, what happens from here is more up to you and Josh than us." Lori released a long sigh. "I would love us to still be friends, Melissa."

"Or me to be your mother in law?" Mom scoffed, "And Bret can be Josh's stepdad."

"We're a long way from that, but I'd be open to whatever Bret and I decide as time goes by."

"You know how bad you'll look to everyone who knows any of us, and it's a small state."

"Let them talk," Lori declared. "Talk's cheap, but my feelings for Bret aren't."

"What are we doing, Mom?" Bret asked. "Should I be packing?"

"I've already lost my husband," Mom's voice trembled. "I won't lose my son. I don't approve of this, I don't know if I ever will, but I won't stop you. All I'll say is you need to study more and finish school, and I'd like you to stay here while you do. You graduate it's up to you."

Her lips moved for a moment as if she were struggling to say the next words.

"But that's what I want. If you choose to live with Lori, that's your choice, you will always be welcome here and I'll always love you and be here for you."

"Thank you," Bret rose and going over to the couch leaned over and hugged her.

Mom returned the embrace but then eased him back.

"Don't get too happy."

"Shit," Bret backed over to the love seat.

"You," she pointed to Lori. "Caused this, are the one that should know better, I am not convinced you haven't fucked your way into his heart, and you admitted you're why he didn't tell me. You put his lust for you ahead of what he should have done and proved my point that you're manipulating him."

"I said I won't try to get in the way of what you two think you have, and I won't. But you, Lori are no longer my friend, and when you leave are not welcome back in this house."

"Mom, that's...harsh." Bret said. "We..."

"Stop," Lori squeezed his arm. "It's fine."

"The hell it is." Bret told her. "She's..."

"Speaking like a mother who is worried her son is making a mistake and being used and misled." Lori explained. "As a mom I understand, and I can't fault her. Best I can do, Melissa, is prove you wrong."

She rose from the loveseat.

"I'll leave now. I thank you for at least listening, and for not trying to make Bret choose between us."

Mom nodded, staring down at the floor.

"You keep saying Bret's father raised a good son, but so did you. I promise I will never hurt him."

Mom lifted her head. "You need to go."

"I'll see my way out," Lori turned, and Bret followed her to the door unsure of what to do.

Lori gave him a quick kiss on the cheek and whispered. "Stay here with her, coming with me will upset her."

"But what about you?"

"I'll be okay. She's your mom, Bret. You only have one, so you go back in there and talk if she wants to, or say nothing if she wants to be left alone, but be here. I'll call you later."

"Okay."

"By the way, I meant what I said. Your next night off we're going to dinner."

"I'd love that." He smiled.

"And I love you," she glanced over her shoulder to make sure his mother had stayed in the other room. "And you are going to love the dress I have and what I'll have underneath it."

"Cool dinner and dessert." Bret grinned and held the door open for her, and with a wink said. "Bye Jess."

Chapter Ten

"Shit," Bret had glanced out of the living room window when he heard a car door slam and saw Josh in the driveway across the street.

There was a stack of boxes beside him, and his girlfriend Jennifer was behind the car shoving bags into the back seat.

"That's bad," he muttered. "Really bad."

"What's the matter?" Mom asked from the couch where she'd been watching TV.

"Josh is across the street and he's packing up his car."

"He said he was moving out," Mom reminded him.

"Yeah, but its been a few days and I was hoping he might cool off and come back."

"It's a big deal, Bret, and I know you'll say I'm being a bitch, but I don't blame him. Lori brought this on herself."

"I get it," he stepped back from the window. "And I know you don't care, but like she said to me, you only have one mom, and it just makes me hurt to think about how hard it must be for her to lose him, even if it's just for a while because maybe he gets over it."

Mom didn't respond and when he looked over, he caught her wiping at her eyes.

"You're a good boy, Bret." She gave him a small smile, when she repeated the running joke they had. "I know, man, you're a good man."

"I used to make fun of that expression life's too short, but now I get it. What if I did something to dad, and then he passed away and I lost him like that. When people are still here, we should try to do our best with them."

"You really should get out of engineering and write Hallmark cards," Mom told him.

"I'm just practicing my bartending philosopher crap." He tried to joke, but he longed to go over there and be with Lori but knew he couldn't until Josh left.

The bell rang, and he walked over to the door. When he opened it, Josh was standing there.

"You have a minute?"

"Um, yeah." He looked back to see his mother with a concerned look on her face but stepped outside and closed the door.

"Listen," Josh began. "I'm mad as fuck at you."

"You should be." Bret said and over Josh's shoulder he saw Jennifer leaning against his car, twirling her long red hair nervously, and Lori was on the stoop of the side door, also watching.

"But we been through some shit together, and I...I'm sorry I hit you, and I told my mom I'm sorry for the awful things I said to her. Just because someone screws you over, doesn't mean you need to go down to that level."

"Ouch. Where are you going?"

"Jen's uncle owns a house with a small in-law in the basement, he said Jen and I can move in if we want, said its cool, since I have her a ring."

"You're engaged?"

"I bought the ring few months ago, didn't tell anyone, even you, in case I changed my mind. But what just happened, it made me kind of think when you have a good one, you better lock them up."

"True."

"Because there's a lot of sleazy shit out there, and now I've seen it from both my parents. I don't want someone like that. Jen's a great girl, and I'm not giving her any chances to think I'm letting her get away."

"Congrats, but, Josh, you're being hard on your mom, man. We can..."

"Bret, you were always slinging that do the right thing shit. I busted your balls for it, but it stuck. Jen? She's the right thing. Saying I'm sorry for shit talking my mother and trying to beat your ass? I feel like that's right to do."

"But there is no way in hell, I can forgive you for what you did, and are still doing, and no way I can forgive her. I can't live here knowing every time she goes out all dressed up it's to be with you. She chose you over me last week when we argued. That says it all."

"Josh,"

"I'm done here." He nodded. "And we're done. There's no coming back from this, Bret. That's the other thing I needed to say after I apologized for being a dick. You can't say you're sorry to me because you don't mean it."

Josh turned away from him and when he got back across the street, Jen put her arm around him and spoke to him before hugging him and pointing at the passenger seat. Josh walked around the car, and didn't even look in Lori's direction as he got into the car.

Jennifer didn't either as she got in and backed the car out of the driveway, then pulled into the street. Bret watched Lori sink slowly down, sitting on the stoop, her head in her hands.

"Jesus."

"Go to her."

He jumped when Mom spoke directly behind him.

"Go, she needs you."

"I'm why this happened."

"She's a grown woman and made her choice, you both did. Now, you kept saying it's not all about fun, and you love her? This is one of those times, you need to show that love."

"Yeah, you're right."

He quickly walked across the street and came up to Lori who didn't look up. Her shoulders were shaking, and he could hear her muffled sobs.

"Hey," he crouched down in front of her and put his arms around her. "It's going to be okay, he'll come around."

"He hates me," she pressed her face to his chest. "He's not coming back and he...he might never talk to me again."

"You don't know what." He ran his hand along her back, trying to comfort her. "Might just take some time. How about you get up, and we'll go inside?"

"Go back, home, Bret. I don't want your mother to be pissed you're here."

"His mother's right here."

Bret turned to see Mom standing a couple of feet away. Here we go, he thought.

"I came over because I was wondering if you'd like to come over for a cup of tea, maybe talk?"

Lori lifted her head from Bret's chest and wiped her eyes.

"No, it...its okay, you're just trying to be..."

She was cut off when Mom slipped by Bret and hugged Lori tightly.

"I mean it, come over, you could use someone to talk to." Mom kissed her forehead and stepping back, extended her hand. "Let's go, moping here isn't going to do you any good."

"Why?" Lori asked, her eyes widening when Mom got tired of waiting and grabbed her hand.

"Because life is too short," Mom said, giving Bret a sidelong wink. "And we need to be good to the people in our lives,"

"You really want me in your life after this?"

"If Bret does, then so do I." Mom assured her, then turning slid her arm around her shoulders. "Seriously, its not good for you to be in this house alone right now."

"Thank you so much, Melissa," Lori walked down the driveway with her as Bret reached into the house and closed the door, before following them. "This means the world to me."

"That kid back behind us means the world to me," Mom replied. "But I suppose I could share him with someone who's going to be good to him."

"Always," Lori kissed Mom on the cheek. "Promise."

Bret slipped up on the other side of Lori and put his arm over his mother's squeezing her shoulder.

"You know, if you don't want to go back to the house tonight, I've told Bret its okay to have a woman over, as long as I know her."

"You mean that?" Bret was shocked.

"Not like I don't know my friend." Mom leaned her head back and smiled at him as they crossed the street.

"I'd like that, if you're really okay with it," Lori said. "It's a big deal."

"One condition." Mom saw as they approached the porch.

"What's that?"

"Just keep it quiet," she laughed. "Okay, Jess?"

Chapter Eleven

Bret lay on his bed, naked beneath the covers and his cock hard in anticipation of Lori coming back to the room. No, not the room, his room.' His mother had been serious about saying Lori could stay.

The third time he'd asked her, she'd told him if he asked again Lori would sleep in her room and he could sleep alone. When he's told that to Lori, she'd given him a sly smile and said she'd be willing to find out if his mother was a real blonde.

He couldn't believe how things had turned out after last weeks drama with his mother, and today's upsetting encounter Lori had with Josh. Not just Lori, Bret had officially lost his best friend, and he knew it would haunt him, but today his concern was Lori.

Now, his mind was still on her, but how she was going to be in his room, in his bed and his cock twitched when he finally heard the one floorboard in the hallway that creaked, let him know she was on her way in.

The door opened, and Lori appeared, wearing his Metallica t-shirt which on her was long enough to go past her ass to work as a nightshirt. She'd just gotten out of the shower and her long damp hair hung down her back and he could smell the apricot body wash his mother used, and knew after tonight he'd probably feel weird smelling on his mother.

"Took you long enough." Brett teased as he lay there with his arms behind his head, knowing the tent he was pitching was easily visible.

"Guys take five minute showers, women take their time. Got a lot of hair to wash, and," she sauntered over to the bed and sat down on the edge of it. "Maybe I wanted to have a little me time in there."

"Why? We're about ready to have some we time, no?"

"I don't know," Lori shrugged and despite how baggy the shirt was he could see her epic tits bounce. "Your mother's down the hall, it does feel weird."

"Really?" He frowned. "You don't want to?"

"I always want to, but maybe we behave tonight. Wouldn't want to make too much noise."

"We could just you know, get each other?"

"You want your milf slut to suck your cock with mommy in the house?" Lori teased.

"I could live with that."

"It is kind of strange." Lori remained sitting, and Bret reached out and lightly ran his hand along her thigh, sliding under the shirt.

"I left the bathroom and she's coming out of her room and says goodnight, but she have me this odd look, kind of uncomfortable."

"I guess it is awkward."

"I know she invited me because she feels bad about Josh, but this is really for you. This is the ultimate way of saying its okay."

"I guess so."

"You know, men will always talk about how tough it is to have daughters. They start to date, and they know what the boys want, and that their little girls are going to do all the dirty nasty things they want their girlfriends and wives to do."

"But it's the same for women. We have sons, they reach that age and we know what they want, and there are girls giving it to them. But for us, it's not so much about sex, it's about the fact some day one of those girls is going to take our baby away from us."

"That's what you're going to do?" Bret slid his hand down, so he was fondling her soft inner thigh. "Take me away?"

"At some point," she pushed his hip. "Slide over."

He moved until his shoulder was almost touching the wall.

"Is this even a double?" Lori complained as she got into bed and drew her legs up before sliding them under the blanket. The move gave him a flash of her leg up to her hip, confirming she had nothing under it.

"Yeah, and you look adorable in that shirt."

"Really?" she was still sitting up. "I was just going to take it off, but if you..."

"That rag?" He made a disgusted face. "Take it off."

"Yeah, you want to see my tits in your bed, baby?"

"I can't believe you're in my bed!" He laughed. "Seriously, I feel like a young kid, 'Lori Matthews is in my room and in my bed!'"

"You're so cute," she peeled the shirt off, dropping it beside the bed. "Now I'm naked in your bed."

She slid down so she was lying next to him, but didn't pull the blanket up, leaving her amazing breasts exposed in the dim light thrown by the candle he'd lit on the nightstand.

Lori put her arms over her head, mimicking him, but in her case, it shifted her tits to an even saucier angle.

"I was thinking."

"Me too."

"Stop being a perv for a minute." She sighed. "Little boys and their toys."

"That's catty."

"Because I want to be serious for a minute, Bret. Trust me, these tits will be in your mouth soon, and anytime you want them for as long as you want them."

"I'm listening," he said with such a mock serious expression, she giggled.

"Remember when I made a comment about you wearing a tie and you said it was the first time since your dad's funeral?"

"I do; you said sad endings can lead to happy beginnings?"

"Today was sad for me, but for whatever reason what happened with us and Josh triggered him to move in with Jennifer. It's a tough ending for me, but a happy one for the two of them, she's a total sweetheart and I'm happy they're starting their life together before they're even done with school."

"Yeah, um, you know he gave her a ring?"

"I saw it, but he barely said two words to me, so I didn't say anything. And this? Your mom basically told me I was dead to her, and now here I am in your bed with her blessing," she chuckled. "Maybe a little uneasy with it, but what happened made her want to bring me back into her life, and not just as a friend, but the woman her son loves."

"I do love you, especially that look."

"I love you looking, now," She rolled onto her side and sliding her hand under the sheet found his cock. "Damn, you're dripping, you've been hard a long time."

"You take long showers."

"Tell me something," she squeezed his cock, and he moaned when he felt the precum oozing from it. "You think about me a lot lying in this bed?"

"All the time," he breathed as she stroked him faster.

"Hmm," she rested her head on his shoulder and slipped her long soft leg over his her breasts pressing into his side as she jerked him off. "You jerk off to me?"

"All the time," he told her. "The first time I ever jerked off was to you."

"I like that," she purred and lowered her head, tongued his nipple, sending a shiver through him. "What was I doing?"

"Everything. I think first few times was just thinking about you naked, then after I'd seen some porn, picturing you blowing me, riding me, being on your hands and knees."

"More," she whispered, and rolling on top of him, pushed herself down between his legs.

"I...oh," he moaned when she sucked him into her mouth and bobbed her head in a slow steady rhythm. "Your tits, fucking them, coming all over them. You begging me to fuck you," he sighed as she sucked him harder while kicking the blanket off of them.

"Shit, one time I thought bout fucking your feet after I was over the house, and you were walking around the grass barefoot. I thought, man, she even as sexy feet."

"You can fuck them sometime if you want," she spoke while sliding his slick wet cock along her cheek while bending her knees up and showing off the soles of her feet.

"I just want to fuck you."

"It's a dream come true, isn't it? Fucking me in your own bed?"

"Lori, you're my dream come true in every way."

"Really?" she kissed the head of his cock, then sliding back up the bed, smiled down at him.

"Really."

"You know," Lori rolled onto her back and slowly opened her legs and put her arms out. "I love how you look at me."

"That's good," he rolled on top of her and they both moaned softly as he entered her. "Because I love how you look."

"And I love you," they said together, then kissed as he slowly moved within her.

"Even though we're so much more now," Lori wrapped her arms and legs around him. "What I said when we started is still true."

"What's true?" he slid his arms under her so their bodies were pressed tightly together as she moved her hips in time with his.

"You were my revenge, and now, my baby?" she smiled, her dark eyes glowing in the candlelight. "We're each other's sweet reward."

The End