My Mothers are MILFs!

Fifteen years ago...

The pounding at her door woke Maureen out of a sound sleep.

"What the hell?" Janice said muzzily from her spot beside her. She sat up, the blankets falling away from her bare chest. "What time is it?"

"Too damn," she said, turning on the lamp and squinting against the glare. She looked at her alarm clock and winced. The red digits read just after one in the morning.

"What?"

"Too damn early," she said shortly. "Or too damn late." She raised her voice in response to another spate of loud knocks. "All right, all right! I'm coming, damn it!" Annoyance made her voice sharp.

She pulled on her bathrobe, tightening the sash around her waist, and strode quickly through the small apartment she and Janice shared. "Fuck," she said, after a quick glance through the peephole. "It's a cop."

"Do you think he's come to arrest us for contributing to the moral depravity of the neighborhood?" Janice asked, peeking around a corner. "That's what the old bat next door keeps threatening to do."

"Doubt it." Maureen unlocked the deadbolt, but left the chain on. Cracking the door open, she looked out. "Yes?"

"My apologies, ma'am. Are you Maureen Lawrence?"

She nodded. "Yes?"

"Do you know a man by the name of Bryce Lawrence?"

A cold hand seemed to clutch her chest and she undid the chain, pulling the door open wide. "Yes. He's my brother. Has something happened to Bryce?"

The officer stood back. He was in a dress uniform, and very attractive in a clean-cut, all-American way. In fact, if she had met him at a bar when she and Janice went clubbing, she might have been more than a little tempted to take him home and find out what he looked like naked, and if the two of them could make a good boy bad for a night. Or even longer. "Ma'am. There's been an accident. And he had a card in his wallet listing you as his next of kin."

"Are they okay? Bryce and Kathleen and Brandon?" Her knees wobbled, and suddenly Janice was there, somehow dressed in a t-shirt and jeans, giving her a shoulder to lean on. God, Kathleen had been three months pregnant. They had just told them all the happy news at the Memorial Day picnic a few weeks ago! "What happened?"

"I really don't know, ma'am." But his eyes shifted away, towards Janice, and she knew he was lying. "Maybe your...roommate...can drive you to the hospital. Or I could take you."

Some perverse desire led her to snap. "She isn't my roommate. She's my girlfriend."

"Very good, ma'am." The officer's expression didn't change a whit, and she felt guilty for taunting him. Even here, in Chicago, there were lots of people who were uncomfortable with being confronted openly by her same-sex relationship with Janice, though her family had made their peace with it years ago. They didn't like it. But they accepted it.

She shook her head. This wasn't important. "Janice. Can you drive me? I have to..." Her throat closed. "I have to know."

"Of course." Her eyes shifted to the officer. "Where are they?"

"St. Mark's," he replied. "It's-"

"I know where it is," Janice said. She closed the door in his face, then headed for the bedroom. "Come on. Let's get you dressed. And don't forget your ID."

Yeah. Because they don't go looking the next of kin for just anything. She shivered. What happened?

"It was an accident," Dr. Young said. Heavyset, graying, with deep lines on his face, he guided Maureen and Janice into a private room, and waited until they found seats on the worn couch. "He wasn't

drunk and it wasn't anyone's fault, as far as we can tell. His brakes failed and he ran a red light at Austin and hit the driver's side of your brother's car. I'm very sorry, Miss Lawrence. Your brother didn't survive the impact. He was pronounced dead at the scene."

"Bryce...is dead?" No. He couldn't be! Not her big brother, who had always been there for her. Who had faced down their parents when she came out as bisexual in high school, telling them if they had a problem with Maureen, then they had a problem with him, too. Smart, handsome, headstrong Bryce, who had always been able to make her laugh, even when things had been at their worst, with her body giving her signals she couldn't interpret. Bryce, who had married his high-school sweetheart and made sure she danced with both him and Maureen at their wedding.

"I'm sorry."

"What about Kathleen?" Beautiful, vivacious Kathleen, who had given her boyfriend's tall, gawky sister advice about clothes and makeup and boys, never hinting that she might have better things to do. Who had helped her deal with her own conflicting urges until she grew into her body and found Janice.

"She's alive." But her hopes were dashed with the doctor's next words. "But she's in surgery right now, and if she survives..." he trailed off wearily, and Maureen wondered how many times he'd been forced to have conversations like this. "Her injuries are very traumatic, Miss Lawrence. I'll do you the courtesy of being honest. It's only a matter of time. Their car was thrown into a utility pole. Between the internal damage and the head trauma, it would take a miracle for her to ever regain consciousness."

"Brandon," she whispered, gripping Janice's hand tight. Would her nephew be taken from her as well?

But Dr. Young brightened a little, happy at last to impart some good news. "Ah. The little boy? Well, he was knocked about a bit. But he was strapped into his car seat nice and tight, and he was on the right side of the car. So he should be just fine. Would you like to see him?"

She stood up so quickly she knocked her chair over. "Yes. Where is he?"

Young led them down a hall, harshly lit with fluorescent lights and filled with the stale, antiseptic smell all hospitals seemed to share, to a small, private room. Obviously meant for children, it was carpeted, with bright pillows and old coloring books strewn about. Inside, a small, black-haired boy slept on a cot, a bandage on his forehead, just above his left eyebrow.

"We had to put a couple of stitches in," Young said, his voice soft. "He took a nasty knock when the car hit the pole. There were a few scratches from the glass, and he'll have an impressive collection of bruises. But otherwise he's fine. How old is he?"

"Three," she said, her voice choked. Tears dripping down her face, she pulled Brandon into her lap, hugging him close. He made a small, inarticulate noise of protest in his sleep, but then settled down, cuddling close to her body. Her tears fell onto his cheek, and she wiped them away with shaking fingers.

"Janice?"

"What do you need, honey?"

She laughed, short and bitter, blinking back the tears. "To wake up. But since this probably isn't a nightmare, can you call my folks? We need..." Sobs threatened to overcome her fragile self-control. "We need to tell my parents my brother is dead. And that Kathleen is hurt bad. I hope they know how to get hold of Kathleen's family. Because I sure don't."

"Another officer was sent to contact Mrs. Lawrence's family," Dr. Young said from his position near the door. "But we reached out to you first, since the card we found in your brother's...effects...listed you as next of kin for Brandon here."

Next of kin. It sounded so cold. But now the full weight hit her. When Bryce and Kathleen had asked her to be Brandon's guardian, in case anything happened to them, she had agreed without a second thought. Surely, nothing could happen to that bright, shining couple, so full of life and joy. Surely, it was merely a precautionary measure, the same way she took her birth-control pills every morning, even though she and Janice had been exclusive with each other for nearly two years, much to the silent displeasure of her parents.

Now...she felt a vast responsibility settle over her shoulders.

Good God.

I'm going to be his mother.

Present day.

"Happy Birthday, dear Brandooonnnn. Happy birthday, to yooooouuuu!!"

The old song trailed off in cheers and a smattering of applause from his parents, grandparents, and cousins, and Brandon blushed, pride mingling with embarrassment.

"Speech! Speech!"

He smirked at his cousin Hazel, three years younger than him and well on her way to being a heartbreaker. Holding up his hand, he struck an important pose, wordlessly asking for silence.

"My fellow Americans," he intoned, lifting his chin high, his eyes staring at a star-spangled future. "As your president, I would like to inform you that I have signed legislation outlawing the following states -- Nebraska, Oklahoma, West...wait. What?" He blinked in mock-confusion as his family laughed.

"Hazel. Take our picture!" Mom Janice leaned in on one side. Mom Maureen leaned in from the other. They caught each other's eyes, and placed synchronized kisses on each of his cheeks.

"Ack!" He pawed at his face, eliciting another round of laughter. "Get it off! Get it off! Cooties! Girls! Germs!"

"If you're done playing class clown, Brandon, maybe we can cut the cake before it melts," his grandmother Hanks said, her voice acid.

"Sure, Grandma." He got out of the way so Uncle Tom could cut the cake.

It was a glorious day in early October. It had rained the night before, but now the sky was a clean, robins-egg blue, and a brisk breeze pulled leaves down from the maple trees, swirling in red and yellow and orange as they fell to the ground. Behind the house he shared with his mothers, a tent was set up, the remains of a huge pot-luck dinner scattered on the long table he and Maureen had hauled out of the garage earlier in the day. Games were set up for the younger kids and the more active adults, all on his birth-mother's side of the family. A badminton net was stretched across one area, and three of his younger cousins were busily whacking croquet balls around, seemingly less concerned about where the balls were going than by how far they could hit them, if the shrieks coming from that corner of the yard were any indication.

"Come on, Dad," Hazel said, eying the ice cream cake and elbowing in beside him. Beside her, her sister Shelly nodded greedy agreement. "Put some muscle into it."

"You think you can do better," his uncle said, "you're welcome to try." Grunting with the effort, he managed to shove the carving knife

through the frozen treat, then put slices onto the paper plates people were holding out.

Brandon got out of the way and sat down, cutting off a small piece from his own modest slice. He closed his eyes in appreciation as the ice cream and cold, gooey fudge mingled in his mouth.

Eighteen. An adult. Even though most of my family still treats me like I'm six.

Shelly and Hazel sat across from him, cake on their own plates. "Happy birthday, Brandon," Shelly mumbled through a sticky mouthful.

"Thanks."

"You got a college picked out yet?" Hazel asked curiously. "It's all my mom ever talks about. That I need to get good grades so I can get into a good school." She made a face.

He smiled. "Still have to get accepted to the ones I want, yet. No use picking a school when no one wants me."

A pair of warm lips touched his cheek, and his girlfriend settled in beside him. "Are you still worrying about that?" Diane asked. "Everyone knows how good your grades are. You'll have your pick of schools and you know it."

"We'll see," he said noncommittally.

"Grandma says you got your daddy's looks and Aunt Kathleen's brains," Shelly said, her brown eyes guileless. "And that you're lucky it wasn't the other way around. And she also said she's glad you've got a girlfriend, cuz you were raised by a couple of dykes. Then Dad got real mad at her and told her that if he ever heard her say something like that again, she couldn't come visit anymore. What's a dyke?"

Hazel choked on her soda. Fuming, Brandon managed to keep a rein on his temper. He knew his grandmother Hanks didn't approve of the women who raised him. But he thought she was smart enough to keep her opinions to herself. Shelly was only eleven. Why was his grandmother spewing her bigoted views in front of a child?

"Hey," he leaned towards Hazel. "Can I tell you tell a secret?"

His cousin bent over the table. "Sure!" Shelly leaned close as well.

He lowered his voice. "Once, when you were real little, I took a dead bug off the windowsill and fed it to you. Sorry about that."

Shrieking, the girls jumped up, tearing around the table in an effort to get to him and beat him to a pulp. Brandon got up and let them chase him across the yard.

Diane watched her boyfriend fondly, as he dodged among the younger children. Seeing what was going on, other kids took up the

chase, until Brandon was trailing a tail of pumping legs like a dark-haired comet.

"What happened?" an amused voice asked. Diane looked up to see Brandon's mothers looking at the scene.

Diane made a face. "Shelly was repeating some gossip from Brandon's grandmother. Nasty stuff that would make my mom wash my mouth out with soap if she heard me say it. So he decided to distract them."

"Ah," Maureen said. The tall, willowy woman smiled crookedly. "Let me guess. We are risking hellfire and eternal damnation if we don't give up our godless ways, and return to a life of monogamous heterosexuality?"

It took a moment to drill through the vocabulary to detect the bitter sarcasm, but Diane nodded. "Yeah. Pretty much."

Maureen sat down in the spots recently vacated by Brandon's cousins, her wife joining her. "Well, I shouldn't be surprised," she said, pushing Shelly's slowly-melting ice-cream cake to one side. "She made it perfectly clear she didn't want me raising Brandon."

Diane nodded. She had heard the story a couple of times. The details varied depending on who was doing the telling, but the broad strokes remained clear. After his mother and father died in a terrible car crash, Maureen was given guardianship of little Brandon, who was then only three years old. Brandon's grandmother, the mother

of his birth-mother Kathleen, had been horrified by the idea of her grandson being raised by a woman who was bisexual and openly living in a relationship with another woman. She had tried for months to pry Brandon away from Kathleen and Janice, arguing that the woman wasn't a fit guardian for him.

Kathleen had defied them all. She had moved heaven and earth to keep Brandon with her, changing jobs so she could work from home and moving out of her apartment to a home in the suburbs, all to satisfy the state agencies who looked askance at a single woman raising her nephew. And when gay marriage became legal, she and Janice had married, giving Brandon a second parent, even if it was one that his grandmother vociferously disapproved of.

And despite it all, Brandon had grown up happy, healthy, intelligent, caring, and kind. She smiled across the yard at him, where he had picked up his cousin Jeremy and was holding him upside down, blowing raspberries into his belly while the little boy shrieked with laughter.

A good boyfriend and lover, too, Diane recalled with a smile, recalling the previous night with a dreamy smile. Brandon's mothers were refreshingly relaxed about sex, and didn't lay a lot of arbitrary rules on them. As long as they were both happy, the unspoken assertion went, Maureen and Janice weren't going to get involved.

Of course, it doesn't hurt when you are as good-looking as Maureen and Janice, she thought with a smile. When you looked at the two women, you wondered why Brandon's grandmother feared he would turn out gay. You'd have to be as flamingly homosexual as Randy Rainbow to not find them attractive. And if that was the case,

well, there was no hope for you anyway. Maureen was tall, with hair as black as coal and deep green eyes. Janice was a little shorter than her wife, slimly built with olive skin that betrayed her Hispanic blood and hair that varied from black to a deep, rich brown to dark red shot with mahogany highlights, depending on her whim.

"So how are you and Brandon getting along?" the smaller woman asked with a friendly smile.

"We're good," she answered. She poked at her cake, which was slowly melting, then looked up, biting her lip. "Hey. Can I ask you two a question?"

"Well. That sounds serious," Maureen said. "Sure, honey."

"Why does...why does Brandon call you both 'Mom?'" she asked in a rush. "I mean," she nodded at Maureen. "You're his aunt, right? And you're not related to him at all, really. I mean, biologically," she said to Janice, then realized how rude the question sounded. "Sorry," she said, cursing her fair skin which made her embarrassed blush obvious.

Janice smiled. "It's okay, Diane. I don't mind. I've been called worse." Diane's face flushed as she realized who Janice might be comparing her to. She glanced at Maureen, her lips quirked. "It was Brandon, wasn't it, Mo?"

The other woman nodded. "It had to be confusing for him. So many changes. When he was a little boy, and his parents were alive, he

called me Aunt Maureen, of course. Because I was. And Janice was 'Aunt Janice,' kind of by default.

"When gay marriage became legal, Janice and I jumped at the chance. And once that was done, we thought about whether we should go through with a legal adoption.

"But that confused Brandon. Understandable, of course. After the adoption, he was calling Janice 'Mom' but me 'Aunt Maureen.' He decided that didn't make any sense. If we were his adoptive mothers, and married, the logical conclusion, at least for him, was that he would call us both 'Mom,' even if biologically I was his aunt. She shrugged expressively, and Diane tried not to look too closely at the wave of motion in her impressive chest. "It's worked out so far. And hell, it's legally true now. And it pisses off his grandmother something fierce. Though that might just be an unintended bonus."

"Help, help!"

Diane looked over her shoulder. Brandon had been captured, it seemed, and was rapidly being buried under a heap of his cousins. His mother Kathleen had been the oldest of four, and the other three siblings had seemed determined to make up for their sister's death by providing their parents with as many grandchildren as possible. "Diane!" he cried piteously, as a tiny girl bounced up and down on his chest, cackling madly. "Help me, please! I'm under attack!"

"I guess I better help him," she said, standing up. "Later."

"Later, honey."

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"If you don't get your eyes off that girl's ass," Janice said to her wife in a low voice, "Cynthia is going to think every story about us is true."

"But it's such a nice ass," Maureen whispered back, faking a pout, as she watched Diane walk away. She didn't think the younger girl knew the effect she was having on her and her spouse. Most teenagers thought that no one above the age of thirty was interested in sex. But her rear, encased in a pair of hip-hugging jeans, combined with a white cashmere sweater which emphasized both her chest and her healthy young body, had drawn regretful sighs from them both. "I wish my figure was still like that."

"Really?" Janice drawled, her fingers stroking her arm. "It must have been someone else's face I was sitting on last night. Because her body looked just fine to me. Relax, babe. It's going to be a few years before you start to fall apart. You're only forty-one."

"Forty-one?" she replied, stung. "I'm thirty-seven, and you know it!" She caught the wicked gleam in Janice's eye and lowered her voice, even as curious eyes swung their way. "Bitch. I ought to spank you."

"Oooh. Promise?"

She shook her head. "You're impossible."

But, in truth, it had been Janice, high-spirited and a rebel to the core, who had led her out of her self-imposed shell. In high school, she had been buffeted by urges from her body that she didn't understand. At a time when everyone she knew had been contentedly straight, or, in a few quiet cases, gay, she didn't fit into either category. How could she explain to people that she found both men and women attractive, and wanted to go to bed with anyone she thought was good-looking, regardless of gender? The guys thought she was playing a game with them, and the few lesbian girls she knew thought she was too scared to commit to their side. It had left her feeling isolated, outcast, and very, very alone.

That had all changed during the fall of her junior year of college. At the urging of a girl she knew, she had gone out to a bar in downtown Chicago which discreetly catered to lesbian women.

"You're new," the dark-haired woman said, leaning towards her. She had her back to the bar and a drink in her hand. "First time?"

Maureen nodded, feeling incredibly uncomfortable. "Yeah."

"So, are you looking, browsing, or buying?" She was dressed in no-nonsense business attire -- navy-blue skirt, white blouse, dark jacket - as if she had come to the club straight from the office, but she wore it with an effortless grace that made her look sexier than someone who had spent hours primping in front of a mirror. Maureen guessed she might be two or three years older than she was.

"What?"

The woman wrapped her full, pouting lips around her straw, taking a sip from her drink, which seemed to consist of something pink and fruity. There was, Maureen observed, a frilly paper parasol sticking out the top. "Let me put it another way. Are you here looking to get laid?" Her eyes shifted to a woman a few yards away. The warm smile on her face was openly inviting. "That's buying. Are you here because you're straight and you thought going to a lesbian bar would be a cheap thrill, like those girls over there?" She nodded at a table where a group five or six girls, likely from a local sorority, sat and giggled. "That's looking.

"Or are you trying to meet someone? That's browsing."

"I...I don't know," she stammered. She looked down at her hands. "I don't really know what I am. Or what I'm doing. But I'm trying to find out."

"Oh." There was a world of understanding in those dark eyes. "One of those, huh?" A pair of women, faintly predatory looks on their faces, drifted by, but were warned away with a frown and a shake of her head. "What is it? Family? Your church? A boyfriend?"

"No, none of those." Something encouraged her to unburden herself to this woman, who seemed so confident. "I like...I like women. But I like men, too. And no one seems to believe me. I mean, bisexuality's a thing, right?" she finished in a rush. "So why does everyone I meet assume I'm lying when I say that I am?"

"Well, if you were my girlfriend, I would try to keep you for myself," the woman said bluntly. When she gaped, she held out a hand. "I'm Janice."

She shook it carefully. "Maureen."

"Well, like I was saying, Mo, most people are jealous. What they have, they don't like to share. With your hair and body and tits, Lord knows a lover would try to keep you out of anyone else's bed. Especially if it was a guy's." She smirked. "She wouldn't want you to get some cock and decide that her fingers and tongue weren't good enough."

Maureen choked on her own drink at Janice's blunt language, then giggled. "That almost makes sense."

"Almost?" Janice sounded outraged, though her lips curled. "It makes all sorts of sense!

"And anyway," she continued. "I can tell you for a fact that there are a few women who come here for a drink who are bi." She met her eye boldly. "Me, for instance."

"You are? You're not... not..." A cutting phrase a girl at school had used leapt to mind. "You're not just saying that because you're using men as a life-preserver?"

"Nope." A dark, sensual look passed over that strong-boned face, and Maureen felt a nervous flutter in her belly. "Only if you think getting

a good lay by a hot guy is a life-preserver. I like both sexes. I like sex with both sexes. I'm not confused. I'm not a girl who can't make up her mind. I made my peace with the way my body works a long time ago. It's not either-or. It's both please, and more, sir, more, please give me more."

She set her glass down on the bar with a faint click. "You want to go get a drink? Someplace quieter? Some place we can talk?"

Caution made her draw back a step. "Why?"

Janice leaned close, her breath warm on her cheek.

"Because I think you're the sexiest woman I have met in months.

"And you look like you need a friend."

Two nights later, they had their first date.

Three weeks later, they went to bed for the first time.

Four months later, more or less, they moved in together, though, at the time, they'd had to rent a two-bedroom apartment to hide the fact that they were a couple, and not 'just friends,' which was the mortifying lie they'd been forced to tell the rental agency. Her parents were shocked that she was in a committed relationship when she was still in school. But since a child seemed unlikely, they didn't

make too much of a fuss. After a few years, Janice became an accepted part of birthday parties and holiday gatherings.

And several years later, through more toil and tribulation and dashed hopes they had ever dreamed were possible, they'd been married. After the accident which had taken away her brother and his wife, and left her with a three-year-old to raise, Maureen had worked out of the home as an independent CPA. Luckily, her income, combined with Janice's job as a freelance corporate troubleshooter, meant they were more than comfortable, and also had plenty of time for Brandon, especially during the years when they were all trying to get used to their new, unplanned household.

She sighed and smiled, but it was more sigh than smile. She was happy, truly happy. Happy in a way which had seemed impossible to the scared young woman she had once been. But sometimes she wanted more.

"What's wrong, babe?"

"What? You're a mind-reader now?"

"No." Jan leaned back in her chair, crossing her legs in front of her. "But I've known you long enough to know the way you think. Something's bothering you."

"Not really. Well, maybe," she amended, in response to Janice's raised eyebrow. She fiddled with a stray thread on her blouse. "Do

you ever...I don't know. Do you ever wonder what things would be like if we weren't married?"

"How do you mean?" A corner of her mouth tucked up in an ironic smile. "What's the matter, Mo? Tired of me already? Getting the seven-year itch?"

"No, but..."

"No, but...what?"

"I haven't been with a man, Janice. Not in a long, long time."

"I know that." Her wife put her head to the side. "Neither have I. And I also know that we promised each other we wouldn't swear to be exclusive, either, since we both had desires we knew the other could never completely...satisfy."

And hadn't that caused a stir when they had read their vows to each other? Kathleen's family had finally come to grudgingly accept her and Janice as a couple, and had even attended their wedding, 'for Brandon's sake.' But several of them had been reduced to blank-faced incomprehension when their vows openly said that, while they loved each other, they couldn't promise to always be faithful. It had led Kathleen's mother to storm out of the ceremony in a fury, and it had taken some fast talking by her parents to get the older woman to even attend the reception.

"Yeah. But you know it's never worked out with a man, not since we got together. Not for either of us."

Janice conceded the point with a grim nod. There must be something wrong with most men, she thought wryly. Something in their tiny little testosterone-soaked brains that turned them into drooling idiots the instant the word 'bisexual' was spoken. Either they assumed that they were going to get dragged back to her place for a three-way with Maureen, or they thought that she had never been with a 'real man' and needed only a taste of their mighty, all-powerful man-meat to turn away from women forever.

Either way, it never turned out the way she hoped. While she wouldn't mind sharing a lover with Janice, she certainly wasn't going to let her wife in on the action until she had given the man a test-drive herself. And as far as the other was concerned, that was completely ridiculous. She wasn't going to dump her spouse for anyone. And certainly not some guy she had just met at a bar or on a dating app.

"The problem is that we've been doing things the wrong way around," Maureen observed thoughtfully. "We find a guy who we want to take to bed and then tell him that we're bi. What we need to do is find a guy who knows we're bi and see if he wants to go to bed with us. Or at least, one of us."

"Yeah? Like who?" Jan snorted. "Half of our male friends are gay. The other half are already married or in relationships. Name me one single guy that we know who you'd want to go to bed with.

"And I don't want some man our age, who's worried about his mortgage or his career or his hairline. I want someone...younger. Someone uncomplicated."

Her gaze went across the yard, and her breath caught.

Someone like Brandon.

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"You're insane," Maureen said later that evening. "Nuts. Cuckoo for cocoa puffs."

Christ. If Cynthia heard this conversation, she'd drive over here and drag Brandon out of the house kicking and screaming. It's bad enough having her grandson raised by bisexuals. But this!

"Tell me you're joking," she said, crossing her arms and staring at her wife. They were alone in their bedroom. Brandon and Diane were downstairs, grazing on leftovers and slowly cleaning up from the party.

"Tell me you don't think Brandon is hot as fuck," Janice retorted, staring at her challengingly.

"He's our son!"

She waved a hand dismissively. "Our adopted son. Who is hot as fuck," her dark-haired lover said with an evil smile.

Maureen sighed in exasperation, running her hands through her hair. It wasn't Janice's fault, not really. The simple truth was that, unlike Maureen, her wife was a complete outlaw when it came to sex. Most times she did a pretty good job of hiding it, content to pretend that, aside from her sexual orientation, she shared most of the ingrained prejudices of their society.

But she didn't. Not at all. Oh, she could fake it most of the time, but every once in a while, it all came bursting out. And when it did, it led to the sort of sexual experimentation that would make her parents blanch and Cynthia Hanks fall down in a dead faint. It had been her, after all, who had suggested the wording of their wedding vows. Maureen, for her part, would have been perfectly happy to promise to be faithful to Janice until the day she dropped dead. She had been so giddily happy to actually be allowed to marry the woman she loved that giving up men for the rest of her life had seemed like a reasonable sacrifice to make.

For all of her brave talk, Maureen had been raised in a conservative household. It had taken years to make her parents understand that her bisexuality wasn't a phase, or simple experimentation, but as much a part of her as her eyes or her height or her propensity to laze around in a bathrobe and read on cold winter afternoons. Janice, on the other hand, had introduced her to things that would make her parents' hair stand on end, if she ever dared to tell them about it.

"Let me make sure I have this straight," she finally said. "You're proposing that we have sex with our adopted son. That we commit

incest, which is a crime." When Janice didn't say anything, she pressed her. "Well?"

"It's a stupid law," her wife muttered.

"But it is a law. Isn't it." The words were not a question.

"Yes, yes." She waved her hand irritably. "Lots of things were against the law once. Women voting. Booze back in the twenties." She paused significantly. "Gay marriage."

"You fight dirty. And so what? You think that some woman is going to take a case to the Supreme Court and argue that a state's refusal to grant her and her son a marriage license is a violation of the Equal Protection Clause?"

"It's not a terrible idea. But she wouldn't win. Not these days," Janice snorted. "Not with that group of assholes who are up on the bench now. Thank God we got our case through when we did. Otherwise we'd still be begging for a chance to be treated like real people until we all died of old age."

She shook her head. "And you're trying to distract me. Why not Brandon?"

"Aside from every legal and ethical consideration?"

"Legal. Ethical." The words were a sneer. "Made-up bullshit meant to keep everyone else in line while the rich and powerful do whatever the fuck they want. Tell me the truth, Maureen. Strip out all the taboo crap. If Brandon was...I don't know...our next-door neighbor. Wouldn't you be perfectly willing to find out what he was like in bed?"

Her voice was small. But while she had not promised to be faithful to Janice, she had sworn to always tell her wife the truth. "Yes."

"Then why not? Imagine it, Maureen." Her arms came around her and she shivered. "That strong, athletic body. That wonderful cock, just as big as Bryce's, pumping into you, filling you up..."

She pulled away. "How do you know anything about my brother's..." She trailed off, unable to complete the sentence.

Janice smiled wickedly. "Oh, I asked Kathleen, back in the day. Just a little girl-talk," she added. "Kathy didn't mind, since you and me were already exclusive by then. But I was working on her. She was...curious. And if she gave in, well, it was only a matter of time until we brought Bryce in, too." She hugged herself, her nipples suddenly standing up tight under the thin blouse she was wearing. "God, all four of us? It would have been wonderful."

Maureen bit her lip, confused and surprised by the sudden spike of desire, deep in her belly. She had adored her older brother and his wife. Their deaths had left a hole in her life that had never really been filled, not even by Janice and Brandon. Was part of that hero-worship

of her brother desire, denied and buried under a decade and a half of grief?

"Brandon will never do it," she said at last. "He's too busy nailing that little blonde cheerleader to even look at the two of us."

"Be nice," Janice murmured, giving her a hug. "Diane isn't some stupid bimbo. She's smart. She's just...simple. Like most kids her age are. She cares for Brandon. A lot. Anyone can see it. And she gets along with the two of us well enough."

"And Brandon cares for her. You think that he's going to dump her to get into your pants, Mom?"

Janice shrugged, her breasts brushing against hers. Even now, she couldn't stop the sudden surge of longing, deep in her belly, every time their bodies touched. It had been that way since the night she met her. There was something about her that spoke to her. Her fearless personality took her further than she would have ever traveled alone.

"Who's saying anything about dumping? Can't we love more than one person? Tell me, babe. You love me, don't you?"

"Of course I do!"

"And you love Brandon, right?"

"Yes."

"And your family?"

"You know I do."

"So what's the big deal? If I'm right and I win, all we're doing is changing one very small thing. Well, not that small, I hope," she sniggered, and Maureen was pulled into an unwilling laugh. "Our love will be more physical. Much more physical. But it will still be love. You know I would never hurt him. Or you."

"He won't do it," she said, forcing certainty into her voice.

"He will."

"Won't."

"Will. Come on, Maureen. He's young, male, and straight. Why wouldn't he jump at a chance to get laid?"

"Because he's not as crazy as you are?" Her lips curled up, challenging. "Want to make a bet on it?"

Jan grinned. "You're on. What are the rules?"

She pulled away. "Well, first we need a time-frame. Or this could go on forever. Two weeks?"

"Not long enough. I want a month."

She grimaced. "Fine. But it has to be his idea. You just can't strip and jump into his bed one night." She held up her hand. "I mean it, Jan. He has to initiate things. No pulling down his pants one afternoon and blowing him. All that means is that you took advantage of him. And that isn't fair to him. You're the adult. You're the parent. Who has the balance of power in the relationship? You do. Do what you're thinking about doing, and you're treading a very dangerous line."

"Fine." Janice acceded gracefully, which always meant she had another idea percolating in her devious little mind. "But I want your help."

Her voice held a world of suspicion. "How?"

Janice smiled.

"You'll see."

*****

A few days later, Brandon returned home from school, looking forward to nothing more interesting than an evening spent catching up on his World History term paper, which he had fallen behind on

over the weekend. Between the birthday party with his family and private time with Diane the following day, he'd not been able to do as much work on it as he wanted. And now the due date of Friday was threateningly visible in the distance, and he still had three pages of a five-page paper which were still only in outline form. He'd have to bust his hump to get it finished, and Mr. Cole was not about to give him a break just because he'd turned eighteen the weekend before.

What he did not expect was to walk into the living room and be treated to the sight of Maureen and Janice making out on the couch, with an erotic movie playing on the television, the low thump of a bass beat almost, but not quite masking the sounds of skin gliding across skin. He stopped short, his feet rooted to the ground and his jaw hanging wide open.

Brandon had known, intellectually if not emotionally, that his mothers were attractive. Heck, he'd have to both blind and an idiot to not notice the way people reacted around them. Even the ones who sneered about them being bisexual behind their backs were more than happy to look at their fronts. If it wasn't the fact that half of his male classmates turned into grunting cavemen in their presence, it was also that Casey, his girlfriend before Diane, had been reduced to spiteful jealousy in their presence, constantly making snide, cutting little remarks. But what had worked in junior high and high school did not work on his parents. Mother Maureen had simply ignored it, while Mother Janice had occasionally taken the bait. She wasn't afraid to give as good as she got if the claws came out. A seemingly innocuous remark about a pair of shoes and how much Casey had paid for them had reduced her to tears, and they had broken up shortly after that.

Luckily, Diane wasn't like Casey. His girlfriend was confident enough in her own worth that she didn't have to make others feel small. She sailed through life with a smile on her lips for almost everyone, which was one of the things Brandon liked about her the most.

Though what Diane might have said when confronted with this scene, Brandon had no idea. His mothers were seated on the couch, their legs entwined. Mother Janice was wearing one of the short, clingy dresses she favored when she wasn't working. Tied with a belt at the waist, it was less a dress than a wrap, and a tug on the knot would leave it hanging wide open, almost like a bathrobe or a nightgown. And right now it was. Mother Maureen had already undone the belt, and it was open to the waist, leaving her hands to explore the dark skin of her chest and belly.

"There," Janice whispered. "Touch my tits, baby. God, I'm on fire right now." She took Maureen's hand and placed it on her breast. The brown nipple, several shades darker than the surrounding flesh, was high and erect, and Brandon thought he detected a sheen of sweat on her skin.

"How do you want it today?" Maureen asked. And her voice was completely unlike any Brandon had ever heard her use before, low and a little smoky. Slowly, she pushed her wife down on the couch, until Janice was prone. Her tan thighs came up, her dress falling away to pool at her waist, and Brandon swallowed as he realized she wasn't wearing underwear. At all. "Do you want me to eat that sweet little Latina pussy? Or we could go upstairs and I could put on the strap-on and fuck you real good."

"Mmmmmmm." A low purr emerged from Janice's hidden mouth. "A strap-on would be good. But what I wouldn't give for a real, live cock. Big and hard and hot. A young man's cock that could fill me up, over and over again, all night long."

"Sorry, sweetie." Maureen's hand moved down between her wife's thighs. Brandon swallowed his disappointment as her fingers covered the dark, pouting lips of her pussy, which he had guiltily glimpsed. "I'm not equipped for that." A long pause. "But maybe we can arrange something?" The sound of kisses and soft moans was her only reply. "Who was that guy on Brandon's soccer team you had your eye on? Mitch something, wasn't it?"

Brandon's hands clenched. Mitch? Mitch? He wanted to find his classmate, beat him to a pulp, then set the pulp on fire. And then bury what was left thirty feet deep. And then jump on top of the ground where it was buried, just for good measure.

"Oh, God, no," Janice scoffed. "Not Mitch. He's too skinny. I want a man with a good set of shoulders. I would break Mitch in half. He's all arms and legs. And his chest?" She snorted disdainfully. "If you gave me a set of drumsticks I could play a tune on his ribcage. I want someone with some muscle. And a really nice, thick cock. I bet Mitch has one of those skinny little peckers that can't do a damn thing for you."

"Well, you'll have to settle for this right now." A shift of her arm, a low, moaning keen, and Brandon knew that Maureen had slipped her fingers into her lover.

Let me out! his cock demanded. It was painfully erect, prisoned in a pair of jeans which were suddenly at least two sizes too small. I want to fuck them!

Which one?

Either one, you idiot! Jesus fucking Christ, just look at them! Janice's hands had slipped to the waistband of the baggy pair of shorts Maureen was wearing, and was slowly wiggling them down over her thighs. Her sculpted rear came into view, tanned and toned and exquisitely desirable. Just walk right up and stick me in!

Shut up. Just...shut up. He wanted to escape, to leave this scene before he saw more than could ever be forgiven when he was inevitably discovered. But what could he do, and where could he go? If he tried to leave now, Janice and Maureen would hear him and know he had been watching them like some sort of pervert. But slipping past them would be impossible. The stairs were on the other side of the room, and he would have to walk right past them to get there.

Biting his lip, he slid his hand under the waistband of his jeans, trying to relieve some of the terrible pressure. Maybe if he got his blood flowing again he would be able to think. But just as he eased his erection into a more comfortable position, his bookbag slid off his shoulder. He made a futile grab for it, but it hit the ground with a thunk that sounded like the crack of doom.

"Sorry! Sorry!" Maureen and Janice jerked up in surprise, their faces turning to him. He bent down, picked up the bag, and apologized

again. "I'm sorry! I didn't...I wasn't..." He trailed off, face burning, unable to string three words into a coherent sentence.

But instead of blistering his ears raw, Janice simply giggled. "Whoops." To his shock, she made no move to cover herself, though Maureen tugged her shorts back up and over her lovely rear. "Is it that late already? What time is it?"

"After four," he muttered.

"I'm sorry, honey." She smiled, a wicked dimple forming at the corner of her mouth. "I'm done with those bozos at BrawnCo and got home a little bit early. I'm unemployed and sucking at the government tit again. At least until I find another consulting gig. And your mom and I haven't had a lot of time to be...intimate lately. We put on a movie and things just kind of got out of control."

"It's all right." And why in the world was she the one who was apologizing to him?

"I hope you didn't see too much."

"Oh, I think he's still getting an eyeful, Jan." Maureen's voice was slightly acid. "Since you're showing him everything north of the Mason-Dixon Line."

"Oh, piffle. He's a grown man now, isn't he? I'm sure he can handle seeing a pair of boobs. Oh, no, don't turn it off!" she exclaimed as Maureen aimed the remote at the television. She pouted as the screen

went dark. "Spoilsport. They were just getting to the good part. You would not believe the things that woman can do with her toes."

Her toes?

"Dammit. I can't figure out why you wouldn't want to see that." Reluctance in every line of her body, Janice pulled her dress back up, covering her wonderful chest.

It's not that they're huge, he thought. But that they're so perfect for her. Just enough and not a bit more. Or less.

"And I can't figure out why a woman living in the twenty-first century is using words like piffle."

"Just naturally talented, I suppose." Janice got up and walked over to Brandon, leaning up to kiss him on the cheek. "I'm going to go upstairs and finish things off with your mom," she whispered. "But we'll be back down for supper in a little bit, okay?"

"Sure," he croaked.

"Coming, Mo? Oh, wait. You're not. Not yet, at least." Janice grinned as her wife blushed to the roots of her hair. "Come on. The quicker I get you off, the quicker I can get something to eat. Wait." She winked at Brandon. "Reverse that." She pushed her gently in the small of her back, guiding her towards the stairs. But before they disappeared from view, she looked at Brandon over her shoulder, flipping the

back of her dress back up over her waist with her hands and giving him a heart-stopping glimpse of her perky brown buttocks.

He sank to the couch, shaking his head. In the still air of the room, he could still dimly scent the aroma of their arousal.

What the fuck just happened?

*****

Janice giggled madly as she closed the door to their bedroom behind them, though she was careful to leave it open a crack. "That was fantastic! Did you see the size of that boner?"

"No," Maureen said, sitting on the bed. "Unlike some women I know, I was able to keep my eyes off my son's crotch."

Jan waved her hand. "Come on, Mo. He didn't notice me looking. Men never do, unless you just stand there and eye-fuck the shit out of them. I bet you could stare at his package all night long and he'd have no idea, because he'd be too busy drooling over us. God, that was hot. If he wasn't harder than Chinese algebra, I'll do the dishes for a month."

She sat down beside her wife, running her fingers through her hair. "Are you sure you didn't check him out? Just a little bit?"

Maureen looked down at her lap. "Maybe."

"Maybe?" she teased. Very carefully, she undid the snap of her wife's shorts. "Up," she whispered, and pulled them down. "Jesus, Mo. You're soaking," she said, running her fingers over her damp folds. "You haven't got this wet from just making out in years. Unless," she continued carefully, "it wasn't just from the making out.

"You can tell me, babe." Up and down, her fingers ran over her petals. "Did having Brandon see us turn you on? Just a little? Or just a lot?" she snickered.

"I...I...oh fuck yes, it did." Helplessly, Maureen sagged back onto the bed, her legs spreading. Jan followed her down, peeling off the rest of her clothes. Soon she was naked, and Jan kissed her chest, her fingers easing into her lover. Years of experience had taught her what Maureen liked best, and she began to strum her clit with her thumb, even as she kept her ear cocked.

Yes. There it was. A telltale creak in the floorboards, just a few feet outside their room. She turned, lifting her hair away from her face, and grinned as a shadow flinched back out of view.

"Come on, Mo," she said into her ear, soft enough that there was no way Brandon could overhear. "Work with me here. He's outside. Listening to the two of us. Don't you want him to hear you come?

"I bet you'd like a big fat dick in your pussy, wouldn't you Maureen?" she said, just loud enough to be heard by anyone who might be listening. "A strong man, a hard man, filling you up. Pumping you full of his dick, over and over again." She thrust into her lover as her

eyes closed, her fingers stroking her silky-wet sheath. God, she loved doing this. Maureen was usually so calm, so controlled, that when she was able to break that composed façade it was all worth it.

She moved her head over her chest, dropping kisses on her lovely breasts, her lips and tongue doing homage to her twin glories, teasing her gum-drop nipples into erect fullness. Over and over she went, switching back and forth. She never grew tired of her wife's tits, even if they weren't quite as firm as they had been when she met her, over fifteen years ago. She smiled, remembering that night at Shadows, and the timid woman who had crept in there, not realizing how every eye followed her slim body.

"Ohhh." It was a low, needy groan, a sign that Maureen was getting close. Halfway between a moan of delight and a symptom of a woman with a really bad belly-ache, Janice had learned to listen for that sound. "Faster. Fuck me with your fingers. Yeah. That's it. Oohhh, Jan, you fuck me so good."

"I love fucking you, sweetheart. Wait." She sharpened her voice. "Did you hear something?"

"What?" Mo sounded confused, and she clamped her hand over her wrist. "Don't stop!"

But Jan's keen ears had heard the sound of someone beating a hasty retreat back down the hallway, and she grinned, even as she bent to give Mo a long, tongue-deep kiss. "Don't worry," she said. "I scared him off."

"Why?" the taller woman demanded. She arched up, her body beginning to slide into the throes of her climax. "I thought..." she panted, "you were...trying to...seduce him."

"Ah." She kissed her again. "Always leave them wanting more, sweetie."

*****

Over the next few weeks, Brandon began to wonder if the whole world was going a little bit crazy, and he was the only one who was noticing.

His mothers had never been shy about their bodies, or evasive when it came to what people did together in the bedroom. Far from it. Mother Janice, for example, had always been refreshingly open and honest about sex. Almost too much so, he had thought on those occasions when she had asked his mortified girlfriends whether they had gone to bed together yet. And he couldn't help but remember the approving nod she had given Diane when the younger girl had lifted her chin and told her that it was none of her damn business. Janice liked her girls with a little bit of spunk.

Mother Maureen, on the other hand, had always been much more...restrained. Not disapproving, of course. She had been the one who had sat down with him one evening, shortly after he had brought home a note from school informing her that he would be starting sex-ed class, and watched a movie with him about sex and how babies were made. By the time it was over, his face had been flaming red and he hadn't been able to look her in the eye. But she

had simply asked if he had any questions, and when he had shaken his head, had quietly pointed out that she was sure that wasn't true, and that he shouldn't be embarrassed about coming to her or Janice if he ever did. To be honest, he had been quietly grateful that Janice hadn't been around that night, and when he thought about it years later, suspected Maureen's moderating hand at work. Janice was a wonderful person, but she had an evil sense of humor that would have been ill-suited to keeping quiet when a twelve-year-old boy was watching a PBS documentary on sexual reproduction. God only knew what sort of comments she might make.

But now...if he didn't know better, he would have suspected that his mothers had been kidnapped and replaced by a pair of oversexed alien duplicates. Every time he walked into a room, it seemed like they were kissing or doing even more, usually with their clothes (skimpy clothes too, a fact which his young male mind didn't mind in the least) in a state of disarray. Not that they had ever been shy about being affectionate around him. But at least they usually kept most of their clothes on. When he tried to casually bring the matter up to Janice, she simply shrugged and pointed out with characteristic bluntness that she and her wife were taking advantage of her time off work, and anyway, a woman's sex drive usually kicked up a notch or two around their age, and neither one of them was going to apologize for that.

And they were being more affectionate with him, as well. Especially Janice, who seemed willing to use anything as a pretext to give him a hug or a kiss on the cheek. Even when she wasn't touching him, she always seemed to be lurking in the corner of his eye, her body posed for maximum impact.

And one hell of an impact it made. Janice was, in one of his classmate's words, a classic MILF. Her dark brown eyes were usually alight with her wicked sense of humor, and her body was trim and toned from long walks or bike rides she took on summer evenings, usually with either him or Maureen in tow. When she was working on one of her corporate auditing gigs, she was careful to keep her clothes tastefully professional. But the moment she got home, she slipped into something comfortable -- usually shorts and light blouses in the summer, or jeans and sweatshirts during the colder months. Any man who couldn't see the way her high, proud breasts pressed against her tops needed to have an immediate eye examination, and her legs were frankly lovely, long and slim and dark, rising to a rear which was appealingly firm and perky.

For the last two weeks Brandon had been walking around with a constant semi-hard at home, cursing his inability to control his own body. He had taken to leaving the house whenever he could and spending more time over at Diane's place. His girlfriend had been pleasantly gratified by his sudden increased interest in her, unaware that he was using her to work off his sexual tension. Each night, driving home, he had been hit by a pervasive, if vague, sense of guilt. But how could he tell Diane that his mothers were driving him into a state of sexual frenzy and he was using her to siphon off his excess lust?

And here we go again, he thought, pulling into the driveway and parking his car. For a moment, he was tempted by the cowardly notion of simply pulling back out and driving somewhere, anywhere, that wasn't home.

Which was, of course, ridiculous. He knew how much Maureen had sacrificed when she had taken him in. His grandmother Hanks had

been more than ready to take him away from her, insisting that a woman barely a year out of college was in no position to raise a child. And if the hints he had occasionally heard at home were correct, Maureen could have made a lot more money by joining one of the big accounting firms downtown than she earned working from home, doing the books for small businesses and working sixty and seventy hour weeks during February and March, doing taxes for people who didn't trust either the accounting software they could buy on the internet or their ability to fill out the forms themselves.

This is stupid. He firmed his jaw and opened the door. Why in the world should he be nervous about going into his own home? It wasn't as if it were a lion's den. There wasn't a scary monster in there, waiting to bite his head off.

It's only Janice. What's the worst that could happen?

*****

Janice's heart quickened in excitement as she heard the door open.

She smiled secretly to herself. She loved Maureen more than breath, but part of her would always take joy in the thrill of the chase, the lure of the forbidden. Her lust for sex was bone-deep, and the darker the berry of desire, the sweeter the juice of conquest.

Part of her had laughed, that night at Shadows, when Maureen had crept through the door, timid and nervous despite her height and her eye-popping body. She had seen dozens of women like her, and had

seduced more than a few. The big city was a hunter's paradise for a woman like Janice. She could take a woman, insecure in her own sexuality, back to her apartment in Oak Park, spend a happy night with her in bed, teach her what she knew, and say goodbye to her the next morning.

What she had never, ever expected was to lose her heart to a shy, insecure young woman, with skin like Irish cream and hair like black silk. But she had. One date with Maureen had turned to two. Then to three. Maureen had been surprisingly reluctant to go to bed with her, and somehow, she had not pressed the issue. Even then, she had been smitten by the taller, younger woman. There was something about Maureen, something innocent, even when she had been trying to come to grips with the reality of her own sexuality. And when she finally put aside her fears and came to her bed, nearly a month after their first meeting, the sheets damn near caught on fire. Nothing had prepared her for the raw sensuality Maureen was capable of when she put her mind and body to the task.

But she wanted more. Deep in her secret heart, she always wanted more. It was a good thing for her that her jobs were always short-term, temporary, and transient, because there was no way she could deal with the temptation of working for a large company. At some point she would say (or do) something completely inappropriate, and that would be all she wrote. Instead, she could fantasize about women and men to her heart's content, and then come back to the one person in the world who truly understood her, who wouldn't give her grief for her roaming eyes and hands, as long as she always returned to her.

But Brandon! Her pussy-lips grew hot and slick as she thought about him. She had watched him grow up, from cute little boy to tall,

gawky teenager to handsome young man. Never, ever, would she have suggested what she had a few weeks ago if she hadn't suspected that Maureen harbored a few thoughts which were decidedly...unmotherly. Over the past two years, she and her wife had watched a steady stream of young women pass through their house and their son's bedroom. And not many of them had left looking unsatisfied. He was just the sort of man who could scratch the itch the two older women shared. Young, handsome, virile and malleable, who could be taught and molded. The fact that he was her adopted son (and Maureen's blood-nephew) only made the prospect even more delightfully kinky.

Brandon, however, had been irritatingly resistant to the ever-more-blatant hints she had been throwing his way. Lately, he had taken to hiding in his bedroom, as if he were avoiding her and Maureen. It was really aggravating, to be honest. She frowned into the mirror in her bedroom, artfully fanning her hair over her shoulders to give it that tousled, just-out-of-bed look, then turned, smiling.

"Hello?" The voice, clear and resonant, echoed through the house.

"Hey, honey!" She walked out of her bedroom and leaned over the bannister, making sure to give Brandon a good look at her breasts, which were barely restrained by the tight, scoop-neck top she was wearing. "How was school?"

Brandon shrugged as she walked down the stairs. "It was school," he said with a crooked smile. "What have you been up to today? Where's Mother Maureen?"

"She's meeting with a client," she replied. She made a face. "Potential client, at least. I think that after you leave for college, she's going to

try to get some larger customers. The people she has pays the bills, with a little left over," she commented, looking around at the large, comfortable house. "With some help from me. But there's no reason why she shouldn't try to expand a bit. She's damn smart, Brandon. I hope you appreciate what she's done for you."

"I do."

"I know you do." She wrapped her arms around him in a hug, savoring the strength of his warm male body, so different from her wife's. She looked up at him teasingly. "And you better not be one of those kids who never comes back home once they leave for college, unless they're out of clean clothes and need someone to do the laundry. I love Maureen, Brandon, but I'm not sure about the two of us kicking around here all by ourselves."

"You're only thirty-nine," he said, his breath ruffling her hair. "Maybe you two could adopt. Or...or one of those other things. In vitro, or whatever. I wouldn't mind a little brother. Or sister."

She snorted, and pulled away slightly. "I like the things which lead to getting children. But I'm not sure how good a mom I would be, kiddo."

He frowned down at her. "You did all right with me."

"Yeah. But you were three. Can you imagine me trying to potty-train a toddler? I don't have the patience. I'd go nuts."

He folded her back in with a low laugh, and she bit back a sigh of pleasure. It was only with the greatest difficulty that she kept herself from reaching down to fondle his cock. She could sense it, deep inside his jeans. Not hard, not yet. But close. It would take only a push to nudge him over the edge.

But how to get him there, damnit? She had worn this outfit solely for the purpose of getting him excited. Her top was low-cut and didn't even reach to her waist. An old shirt which she had kept through many years, it was thin enough that it was practically see-through. And her skirt barely reached the middle of her thighs.

Come on, Brandon. Make a move. I'm right here. Her body was hot and flushed, blood pounding at his nearness.

Her phone chirped, making them both jump. Brandon moved away, his face betraying a hint of guilt as she walked to the counter. "Well." She peered at the screen. "It looks like Maureen is going to be a while longer. The interview went well, and she's looking over the books now." She smiled as her eyes scanned the irate message. "But they seem to be in a hell of a mess. Mo says we shouldn't wait on her for dinner. She might not be home until later.

"So what do you want to eat?" she asked. She struck a pose. "The chef is ready to make anything your teenage heart desires."

He lifted his eyebrows at her. "You don't look much like a chef."

"Oh ye of little faith," she teased. "I made my own meals before I met your mother, you know."

"Maureen says the first time she looked in your freezer, the only things you had were pot pies and those horrible microwave meals."

"Maureen," she sniffed, "should keep her big mouth shut. And I'm older now. Many moons older. Now I can cook frozen pizza, too. And tater tots." She opened up the freezer and peered inside, bending over so her skirt hiked up high on her thighs. "What sounds best? Waffles? Or pop tarts?"

In the end, despite her half-serious threats, she was able to put together a meal that was more than edible, despite Brandon's teasing and her own limitations. Truth be told, she was never going to be the 50s version of little Nancy Homemaker, able to serve a five-course meal, dressed in pearls and a cocktail dress, at the drop of a hat. When she and Mo had first moved in together, her lack of domestic skills had been the despair of her girlfriend, who couldn't believe that a woman could be so utterly incapable of cleaning or cooking or simply keeping a tidy house. Her skills lay elsewhere -- in a finely-tuned bullshit detector which helped her root out corporate inefficiency, in her ability to put the most opaque and convoluted policies in clear, concise language, and in a personality which, when described, ranged the gamut from 'strong' to 'ball-busting bitch,' depending on whose opinion was being asked.

But eventually they sat down to a season-appropriate meal of potato soup, salad, and hot crescent rolls. Brandon teased her for making soup that came out of a package and salad from a bag, but she loftily ignored him, remarking only that he didn't seem to mind the taste

too much, and that if he didn't like it, he was more than welcome to start making his own meals.

"That reminds me," she continued, pointing her salad fork at him. "I'm going to get you a couple of cookbooks for when you go away to college. Eventually you're going to have to start learning to do things for yourself." She smirked. "Laundry. Cooking. Dishes. Dusting." She shuddered theatrically. "Windows."

"I can already do laundry," he said defensively.

"Yeah? What about that time you put your soccer uniform in with your underwear? Red uniform and tighty-whities? Everything came out pink. I though Mo was going to have a heart attack, she was laughing so hard."

"Oh, come on!" he retorted, his eyes flashing. "I was eleven. I'm smarter than that now. How hard can it be?" He counted off on his fingers. "Whites. Colors. Not-colors. Jeans. Four categories. I bet even the football players can handle that."

"And your delicates," she pointed out. "Like dress shirts. And your sheets. And blankets. And curtains. Don't forget about those. And eventually you're going to have to learn to do your girlfriend's things, too." She grinned at him. "You definitely don't want to put Diane's panties with your t-shirts, my boy."

He muttered something incomprehensible and looked down at the table, and she thought again about how strange it was that the tall

young man across from her had somehow wormed his way into her heart. Janice had never wanted a child. In fact, when she and Maureen had first started dating, she had mocked the very idea. She was more than happy with a lifetime of consequence-free sex, thank you very much. She certainly didn't want to curtail her freedom for something as messy and inconvenient as a baby.

But somehow, between the visits with Bryce and Kathleen and little Brandon, which Maureen seemed to need almost as much as she needed air and water, and the hammer-blow of their deaths, she had found herself becoming a parent, almost by default. No one, she swore, would let Brandon be taken away from Maureen. And, by the same measure, from herself. No one would be able to claim they were unfit to raise him, merely because of an accident of sexual orientation. So one day became two, became a week, a month, a year, and then one day she realized she would no more give Brandon up than she would shave her skull bald.

"What?" She blinked, coming back to herself.

"I was asking if you had any new job leads," Brandon repeated.

She let her lips curl up as she finished her soup. "What's the matter? Getting tired of having me around the house? Worried that we won't be able to afford a graduation present for you?"

Brandon stood abruptly. "Never mind," he said as he pushed back his chair. It scraped across the hardwood floor with a squeal. "Forget I asked. You make everything into a joke anyway." Picking up his

dishes, he stalked out of the room and into the kitchen. A few seconds later, she heard the slam of the dishwasher door.

Her jaw fell open as she stared after him. Abruptly, she got to her feet and stormed int the kitchen. "What the hell has gotten into you?" she demanded, hands on her hips.

"Nothing," he muttered. He turned his back on her, pouring leftover soup into a plastic container.

"It sure as hell doesn't seem like nothing to me," she shot back. Gripping his arm, she pulled him around. "What bug just crawled up your ass? And what makes you think you can use that tone with me?"

Brandon threw the spoon into the sink with a clatter. "What makes you think you can walk around the house dressed like a damn...like a damn hooker?" he snarled. "Do you know how it makes me feel when Diane comes over and you're wearing practically nothing?"

Janice's own temper flared, remembering hundreds of smirking, condescending men who insisted that the way women were treated were their own fault. "How I dress is none of your damn business." She leaned over and stabbed him in the chest with one rigid finger. "It's mine."

"It's my business when I live here," he snapped. Somehow his hands were on her waist, his grip strong. "Diane was making jokes about how she was worried you and Mo were going to catch pneumonia.

And this!" He glanced down at her chest. "Maybe you might want to think about putting a bra on," he said with heavy sarcasm.

"Listen, mister." Her voice went low and angry. "In my house, I will wear what I want, when I want. If I want to not wear a bra, or go commando, there's not a damn thing you can do about it. And no one, not even you, will tell me what is appropriate, and what is not. Furthermore..."

And then she felt it. Slight, hesitant, but undeniable.

Brandon's hands moved. Not hard, not angry, despite his tense, frustrated face.

Up.

Towards her breasts.

Fuck! He's actually trying to feel me up! In the middle of a damn argument! She didn't know whether to be pissed or amused by his daring.

Their eyes locked, blue meeting brown. She lifted her chin, forcing calm upon herself, despite the sudden spasm of hope that blazed through her mind.

His hands moved higher, his fingers burning her skin like a brand.

Careful. You have to be very careful.

When he was mere inches away from her breasts, she forced out the one word she did not want to say.

"Brandon," she said, looking down at his hands. "Stop."

Horror and guilt rushed through his face, and he jerked away like a child who had scalded himself on a stove. "Oh, God. Mom, I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry. Please, don't tell anyone, I'll never-"

She stopped his babble with a finger across his lips. Smiling, she unbuttoned her thin blouse, spreading it wide. Brandon's eyes nearly popped out of his head as he took in her breasts, freed from their cloth prison. She smiled as she glanced down at them. They had always been her best feature. Her face was too strong to be conventionally attractive. But her legs were nice, her waist narrow, and her tits were spectacular -- large and firm with puffy brown nipples.

"There," she said cheerfully. "That's better."

She took his hand and placed it firmly on her left breast. Instinctively, his fingers curled around it, and she closed her eyes with a whimper of pleasure. Did he realize what he was doing? More importantly, did she care if he knew? The opportunity was there, a perfect moment, golden and glistening. If she didn't take advantage it might be lost forever.

"Mom..." It was almost a groan.

"No. Janice," she said. "My name is Janice. Not Mom. Not tonight."

And she pushed him against the wall and pulled his head down and kissed him with all the pent-up passion of the past three weeks. Brandon's mouth opened. And whether it was in astonishment or desire, she didn't care, as she let her tongue dart out and taste him for the first time. His lips were soft and sweet, but he gave a hungry little growl as she nipped his lips that reverberated in her chest, making her body burn.

God, yes. He's a man.

Their kiss went on, their tongues twining, first in his mouth, then in hers. As they did, she explored his body with her hands, her fingers feeling his impressive chest and strong arms, then curling around to squeeze the tight, taut muscles of his ass.

When she finally pulled away from him, she was almost panting with the force of her lust. It had been years since she had been so turned on, and she smiled as she traced the swollen outline of Brandon's cock through his jeans. Even through the denim, she thought she could sense the pounding pulse of his heartbeat.

"Jesus Christ, you make me wet," she groaned. Taking his hand, she placed it at her center, watching his eyes widen as he realized she wasn't wearing panties. "Feel it?"

He nodded, face stunned. Slowly, in response to her encouraging moans, he began to trace the outlines of her lips. The feel of his strong fingers on her petals made her knees weak and her pussy flood with moisture.

"I've wanted you for a long time, baby," she murmured. "But I finally got brave enough. Because I love you. But I want more. This isn't enough. I want you inside me.

"Will you come upstairs with me? Will you make love with me?"

She watched his face, hoping beyond hope she would see an answering desire there. When it came, her heart sang inside her chest.

"Yes, Janice," Brandon said. His eyes were deep and fathomless, filled with an emotion she could not name.

"I will."

She peeled her clothes off in the bedroom, her fingers flying as she flung the old blouse into the hamper and shoved her skirt down her legs. Looking up, she saw that Brandon's face was disappointed. "What?"

He made an aborted gesture at her body. "I was hoping..."

"To what?"

"To undress you myself."

She cocked her head. "Why?"

Her son shrugged. "I don't know. I just like undressing women, I guess." His lips quirked up in their familiar smile. "It's like opening up the world's sexiest Christmas present."

"Well, Christmas isn't for a few months yet. And your birthday was weeks ago. But next time, I promise." She tugged his shirt out of his jeans. "Arms up," she commanded as she lifted it up and over his head. Her breath caught as she eyed the hard, clean planes of his chest. Not bulky, like a weight-lifter, but sculpted, like an athlete.

"Damn." She ran her fingertips across his hot skin. He didn't have much hair, which was just the way she liked it. Just a pair of haloes around his pink, nubbly nipples, and a thick trail leading from his navel to his groin. "I didn't know soccer players looked so good," she teased.

"Coach makes us lift," he said, closing his eyes. She watched, fascinated, as gooseflesh broke out on his arms. "Says it will help us in long games."

"Well, I approve. Very much." She leaned forward, laving kisses on his skin, letting her hands fall to his belt. A few tugs, and his jeans were wide open, and she could reach in and fish out the throbbing hardness of his cock. "Oh, that's nice," she said. Her heart beat faster

in anticipation. In seconds, she had his jeans and boxers pushed down so she could see it in all of its steely, tumescent glory. Large, thick, and straight, she could only imagine the way it would feel inside her. "You have a gorgeous penis, baby."

To her amusement, her son blushed. And then blushed harder as his voice cracked. "Really?" He stammered. "I mean, Diane says so. But, you know..."

"You thought she might just be trying to make you feel good? No way." She curled her fingers around it, giving him an experimental pump. "You're thicker than some and longer than most. Which is just the way I like it."

Just the way her wife liked it, too, but she very carefully kept her lips closed on that observation. Let Maureen tell Brandon herself, if she decided to screw up her courage and take Brandon to bed.

In the meantime, however...she licked the underside of Brandon's phallus, smiling as he jumped. A pearly bead of pre-cum formed at the top of his slit, and she lapped it off, closing her eyes as his taste exploded across her tastebuds.

Too long. It's been too long since I've been with a man. She was naked, Brandon nearly so. With a sigh of regret, she let his manhood slip out of her mouth and backed up onto the bed. She held out her hand for Brandon. For a moment, he hesitated, and she hid a smile. He looked so cute, with his jeans around his ankles and his cock pointing up in the air. But she couldn't risk having him think she was

laughing at him. Men were so...sensitive...in the bedroom. In more ways than one.

After a moment's hesitation, he joined her. "What do you..." His throat bobbed as he swallowed. "What do you want?"

"You, of course." She trailed a hand from his shoulder to his waist.

Brandon flushed. "You know what I mean." He gestured. "What do you like to do? In bed?"

She grinned. "Everything."

He snorted. "Be serious."

"I am serious." She leaned back on her nest of pillows, her hand never leaving his skin. "I like pretty much everything one person can do with another in bed. Or anything one person can do with two other people," she added as Brandon's eyes widened. "I like giving oral to a woman and I love getting it. I like giving blow jobs and I love it when I can make a guy shoot inside my mouth. When I'm with a guy, I don't care what position I'm in. Missionary or doggie or cowgirl or spooning or anything else. And regardless of who I'm with, I love to touch them and have them play with my breasts and my butt and my legs.

"It's all about feeling good, Brandon. That's what sex really is, when you strip it down to the floorboards. No matter how much glitter you

put on it, in the end it's really all about making the other person feel good."

"Hmmm." He leaned close, sweeping his hand up and down the flat curve of her belly. "What about love then?" His breath stirred the hair near her ear.

"Love just makes it better. So much better." Janice turned onto her side, so she could pull him close. His rod was a jittering bar of heat against her thigh, and she pressed it against him, smiling as his breath hitched. "Sex is kind of like ice cream, baby. Even when it's plain vanilla, it's pretty damn good. But when you add love, well, then it's like a double-decker ice-cream sundae with whip cream and maraschino cherries and gooey fudge dripping down the sides. It takes what's already one of the best things in the world and makes it fucking fantastic.

"I love Maureen. Sex with her is great. And I love you. And I know that sex with you is going to be awesome.

"So how about we quit talking about it and start doing it?"

She pushed at Brandon's shoulder, rolling him onto his back. Before he could do more than utter a muffled protest, she was on top of him, kissing him urgently. One hand busied itself with his cute little nipples, while the other grasped his dick, pumping him slowly. Without looking down, she spread his pre-cum over the head of his prick, savoring the sweet moan she brought from him.

Meanwhile, Brandon began to prove that the sounds she had heard coming from his bedroom when Diane was visiting weren't caused by her imagination. He cupped her breasts, his hands and fingers hefting them experimentally, then stroking them, seemingly bent on mapping them from touch alone.

It had been a long, long while since anyone had ever brought this combination of desire and fascination to her bed. The last one...she smiled as she kissed Brandon again, her lips sliding over his sensuously, her chest rubbing on his, her rear canted high into the air, avoiding the stiff rod that hung poised between them. The last one, honestly, had been Maureen. Her wife had been no innocent when they became lovers, thank God. But there had still been that almost childlike sense of wonder when she had finally thrown off the last pieces of her hesitancy and had screwed her for the first time. Which was a good thing, because the thought of getting the tall, black-haired woman in her bed had been driving her absolutely crazy.

Now, the child of that same woman's brother lifted his head, his tongue flicking out to dart over her nipples. First one, back and forth, until her nips were drawn up into throbbing nubs and shining wetly. Growling deep in her throat, she caught the back of his head in one hand, holding him fast.

"Suck on them," she ordered. He responded with a long pull that drew bolts of delight from her breasts straight down to her pussy. Her nipple tightened even further, until it felt hard enough to etch glass. And every rasp of his tongue against her aereola brought another steaming surge of wetness to her groin, until she felt her juices were about to escape and start running down her shaking thighs.

She couldn't take it. She had to feel his cock. She shifted, straddling his hips with her thighs. Down she sank. Down, down, until his burning rod touched the flushed, quivering lips of her pussy.

"Oh, fuck." It wasn't a gasp, more like a prayer. Slowly, she let her full weight fall on his groin, until penis was trapped against his stomach and the shaft was wedged between the soaking folds of her cleft.

Brandon stared up at her. "Damn. That feels...incredible."

She leaned down and gave him another kiss, wriggling her bottom until he shook in helpless reaction. "What? Didn't Diane ever do this for you?"

He shook his head, then snickered. "Give her a break, Janice. You probably have like ten times the amount of experience she does. Maybe she needs more time to learn."

"Young people," she declared, "lack ambition." She began to move on him, caressing his length with her slit, coating him with her dew. Brandon began to run his hands up and down her back, and she bit her lip in pleasure. "You should tell her what you like."

"No one ever did this for me before. So it's not like I knew."

She filed that thought away for later. What else had he not experienced? If she had her way, his life was going to become much

more exciting. Vistas of vast, unexplored territory seemed to stretch out in her imagination, and her body throbbed with excitement.

Meanwhile, Brandon was busy exploring her. His hands and fingers stroked her sides, her thighs, and returned again and again to her breasts, with a dedication which was more than a little flattering. Or, at least, it would have been, if she didn't know just how tit-obsessed most teenage males were. Still, his touches were firm rather than rough, and when she pulled away from him, he didn't force the action.

"You're good," she said, smiling. Raising up, she let his cock slide against her petals. "Real good. Can you feel how wet I am for you, Brandon?" She set her hands on his strong young shoulders, looking deep into his eyes. "Do you want to be inside me?"

Wordlessly, he nodded. "Good. Because I want you inside me, too."

A shift of weight, and now the spongy head of his shaft was poised at her entrance. Brandon closed his eyes and groaned as she sank down on him, filling herself with his rod. She shut her lips on a whimper as he stretched her. It had been years since she had been with a man. In the early years of her marriage, she had dallied once or twice. But she soon got out of the habit. Despite her reputation, no one had made her feel as good as Maureen did. None had been worthy of risking her marriage. And none of those men had been as...gifted...as Brandon was. His thickness pushed her inner walls wide, making her feel stuffed and replete.

"Fuuucccckkk." It was a low, guttural moan, dragged from the bottommost depths of her belly. Brandon's curly pubic hair tickled her nether-lips, and she lifted up, bowing her head so she could kiss him. "That...is fucking awesome."

He swallowed, but returned her kiss ardently. "You feel great, too, Mom."

She tangled her hands in his hair as she kissed him feverishly, her hips rising, then falling again. She loved this. Loved this feeling, too long gone, of a man's shaft filling her, her breasts rubbing against hard muscle rather than another woman's breasts. Her insides felt hot and liquid, and she snuck a hand down between their bodies, her fingers finding her slick, throbbing clit, pressing down, then easing up, each push of her fingers making her passion-slick pussy pulse.

Perhaps wanting to help, Brandon reached for her, but she batted his hand away. "Later," she panted. "Someday...soon...I'll teach you. But not...not now."

Tension was gathering in her belly, deep inside, and she welcomed it, knowing its meaning. With a shift of her hips, she began to draw out her strokes on Brandon's cock, making them longer, slower, but also deeper, his wonderful shaft rubbing the walls of her vagina. He was pushing up at her, his hips rising off the bed in time with her. But somehow he must have sensed her desire, her need. He didn't force his pleasure on her, cutting her climax short before it began. Instead he matched her, joined her, and she fell into an unconscious rhythm she had never encountered with another man before.

"Oh, shit," she gasped. "Oh, baby. Getting close. Getting close." Unable to hold herself back, she fell across Brandon's chest, her groin slapping down on him frenziedly. "Fill me with it," she hissed, as she felt a twitch inside her. "Fill me up with your cum!"

And Brandon did. He pushed up against her, his control breaking as his hips lifted up off the bed. He wrapped his arms around her, holding her close, and as she felt his cock lurch inside her, her climax came, and she clamped her thighs around him, writhing in sensual ecstasy as she felt the hot spurt of her son's seed fill her channel.

Janice heard her first. Her orgasm had left her limp, lying across Brandon's chest as they slowly caught their breath. For a while she had been simply content to revel in the moment, combing his hair with her fingers as their bodies came down from the natural high of sex. The sun had gone down as they made love, and a fall twilight seeped in through the closed curtains, providing the only light in the dim room.

A noise downstairs made her lift her head slightly from where it had rested, pillowed on Brandon's shoulder. Her lips curled in a smile, but she kept her body calm. Nothing could keep what had happened a secret. And besides, why would she want to? She and Brandon were lovers now. Even if Maureen tried to separate them, which she did not believe for a minute would happen, there was no way she would give him up.

His cock shifted inside her, and she squeezed it with her sheath. His sigh of pleasure almost, but not quite, hid the creaking sound of Maureen climbing the stairs.

"What?" He lifted himself up on his elbows, his eyes wide and panicked.

"Shhhh," she soothed him, rolling off as the door opened. Maureen stood framed in the light of the hallway.

"Oh." She snorted, her lips quirked in an expression Janice had seen many times before. Half exasperation, half loving amusement. "So this is where the two of you are."

"Hi, Mo," she laughed. "I won!"

*****

Maureen closed her eyes as the blood drained out of Brandon's face, leaving it pale and sick.

It was just like her wife, she sighed. She loved Janice to death, but the older woman was like a hyperactive kid sometimes. She couldn't hold still for more than five minutes at a time and she couldn't keep her mouth shut at all.

And now...

"Won?" Brandon looked back and forth between his mothers, his voice sharp. "Won what?"

"It's not important-" she began, but she was cut off.

"It was a bet," Jan said blithely. "I bet Mo I could get you in the sack." She reached down towards his groin, leering cheerfully. "And I did!"

Brandon pushed her hand away, and Maureen bit her lip, sensing the explosion to come. "So this was what it was all about?" he demanded. "A stupid fucking bet? That's just..." His mouth twisted. "That's just sick."

Too late, Jan seemed to realize her mistake. "No, no, Brandon. Not like that!" She looked helplessly at Maureen, hoping for support. "I just...we just..."

Maureen jumped in. "Brandon, slow down. I'm not angry. Just..." Her fists clenched as he got out of bed, his face thunderous. "For the love of God, will you just talk to us?"

He snatched his discarded clothes off the floor, his movements stiff and jerky. Almost against her will, her eyes were drawn to his healthy male body, then to his groin. Even limp, he was more than a bit impressive. But this, of all places, was not the right time and place to comment on how attractive he was. One unwelcome word might push him right over the edge and make him say or do something that could never be brought back.

Brandon stood, pulling his boxers up. The rest of his clothes were in an untidy bundle against his chest. "Mom," he grated. "Get out of my way, please."

Shrugging, she stood aside, watching him storm out of the room. A few seconds later, they heard a door slam shut.

"Well," she said to the huddled figure on the bed.

"Was it worth it?"

*****

Brandon didn't know what to do.

Good, his brain taunted him. The last time you thought you knew what to do, you ended up having sex with your mother. Pervert.

Adopted mother, he protested feebly. Janice isn't really...I mean, biologically...

But even he knew that all his rationalizations were bullshit. The truth was that he had wanted to screw Janice. Had wanted to for weeks, ever since she had started being more affectionate with him. It was obvious, in hindsight. She had been trying to seduce him. And he had fallen for it, with no more self-control than a sophomore trying to get into a girl's pants for the first time.

He took a deep breath, then let it out. His breath clouded in the chilly fall air, hanging for a moment before the slight breeze swept it away.

Behind him, a door opened, then closed.

"Go away, Maureen," he said, not turning around.

"The last time you took that tone with me," Mother Maureen said, sitting down in a chair on the other side of the patio table, "you were eleven years old. The Bears were getting their butts kicked on Monday Night Football, and you were having a nasty little hissy fit because I wouldn't let you stay up to watch the rest of the game.

"I paddled your behind for it then," she added calmly. "Don't think I'm not willing to do again tonight."

He shrugged sullenly, keeping his mouth shut.

"You could have handled that better, you know."

"Which part?" he asked sarcastically, startled out of his surly mood. "The part where I fucked my own mother? Or the part where she admitted she did it just to win a bet?"

"Say that word one more time, and I wash your mouth out with soap."

"I'm not a kid anymore."

"Then stop acting like one!" she snapped. Even in the darkness, he could see the angry glitter of her eyes.

He shook his head, disbelieving. "What are you talking about? Are you...are you on her side?"

Maureen huffed in exasperation and folded her arms across her chest. The leather of her old jacket creaked with the motion. "I'm not on anyone's side. Seems to me there was plenty of foolishness between the both of you. Jan should have been honest about what she wanted and given you the chance to make your choice, rather than luring you in like a bee to honey. And you," she pointed at him, "could have acted like an adult, rather than using what she said as an excuse to salve your own guilty conscience."

"My what?" He sat up straight.

"You heard me." Maureen cocked her head at him, her eyes narrow, as if she was examining an exotic but unappealing dish at a restaurant. French-fried crickets, maybe. "You saw me come into the bedroom, and the first thing you wanted to do was make clear that what had happened between the two of you was not your fault." She flipped a hand dismissively. "Really, Brandon. If I thought Jan and I had taught you one thing, it was the need to take responsibility for your own actions."

"I was lured." Even in his own ears, it felt childish.

"Oh? Is your dick in charge of your brain? Granted, you're eighteen. But I thought that even teenage males had some self-control."

"God, Mom!" He ran frustrated hands over his face. "I don't get you! You caught me in bed with your wife. And you're not even acting angry about it. Instead, you're just being...snide and sarcastic. Can't you just, I don't know, punch me in the face or something?"

She shrugged. "I could, I guess. Would it make you feel better?"

"No. Yes. I don't know." He put his head in his hands. "Nothing makes sense right now."

In the dark, he heard Maureen get up and walk over to him, then felt an arm fall around his shoulders and pull him in for a hug. How many times had she comforted him? How many times had he leaned on her for support?

"Let me guess. You expected me to completely lose my shit when I caught you in bed with Jan, right? And now, since I obviously haven't lost my shit, you don't know what to do?"

He nodded numbly.

"Well, you can start by apologizing to Jan, when she gets back."

"Gets back?" He sat up, suddenly worried. "What happened? Where did she go?"

"Well, after you stormed off, she cried for a bit. Then we talked. And then she went for a walk. She didn't want to run into you before I'd had a chance to ream you out a bit, since that's what you seemed to want. But I'm sure she'll be back before too long."

"Mom. Maureen." He took a deep breath. "Why aren't you punching me in the face?"

In the dark, her smile glimmered. "Let me ask you a question," she countered. "Are you sorry you made love to Jan? Or are you sorry you got caught?"

He started to answer, but stopped when she raised a finger. "And be real careful about what you say," she warned him. "I want the truth. Not what you think will get me to take it easy on you."

He clenched his jaw and looked away, unwilling to meet her eyes.

"Hah." Strangely, her voice seemed...sympathetic. "That's what I thought." She sighed. "Not that I can blame you much, Brandon. Janice has a very...compelling personality. When she sets her mind on something...well, it would take a stronger person than you are to tell her no. Hell, I couldn't. And I was older than you when I met her for the first time. And she is, after all, one hell of a sexy woman."

"Maureen? I don't..." He stuttered to a halt. Why couldn't she give him a straight answer? "Why aren't you mad?"

"Do you want me to be?"

"I want to understand!" he flared. "If Diane had caught me screwing, I don't know, her older sister, or her best friend, or something, she sure as hell wouldn't be sitting out on the deck talking about it with me. She'd be kicking my ass so hard I'd be tasting shoe leather!"

Maureen leaned back. "Well, maybe it is our fault, a little bit. How can you understand when you don't really know how things are between the two of us? We've been together for so long we aren't used to explaining things to anyone else.

"Janice is a wonderful person." In the darkness, he had to strain to catch her voice. "But she's not like me, Brandon. She never fought who she was. I did. She's impulsive, headstrong. I'm not."

"Opposites attract?" he suggested.

"Something like," she agreed. "But really, Brandon, when I think about what the odds were against us staying together when we first met, I have to laugh. Jan is not suited for monogamy.

"Which is why I don't ask her to be faithful."

He blinked in confusion. "Huh?"

"Think it through. I did, back when I first moved in with her. I'd already seen the way she looked at other men and women. It didn't

take a genius to see that some day she would get tripped up and fall on her back with her legs wide open. And if I was the sort of selfish, jealous bitch who couldn't handle a little competition, all I would do is make us both miserable. And then drive her away.

"So I gave her freedom. Freedom to stray. And freedom to come back, without a bunch of high-school drama. And that freedom," she added, "binds her closer to me than any promise we could make. I give her what no one else will."

"The right to choose," he said, suddenly understanding.

Maureen nodded. "Exactly. She chooses to be faithful. Mostly." Her lips turned up in her seldom-seen grin. "And when she doesn't, well, it usually gives us something hot to talk about in bed."

"She's not faithful? And you are? That doesn't seem fair to you."

She reached out and took his hand. "Fair? Who cares about fair? This isn't a soccer match, Brandon. Or a game show. These are our lives we're talking about. I love Janice. If I tried to make her play by my rules, I'd lose her. So I don't." She shrugged. "Seems like a fair trade to me."

She stood and stretched, her hands reaching towards the cloudy night sky. "Enough talking. Hopefully I've given you enough to chew on for a while.

"And two more things to think about, before I let you off the hook for the night.

"First, you're going to apologize to her tomorrow morning."

"All right," he sighed. "Though I don't really know whether it's for going to bed with her, or for the way I acted, after."

"I think you do know that."

He ignored the gibe. "And second?"

Maureen leaned close. "Everything that happened tonight? Janice suggested it. Which means I knew about it, even if I bet her that you wouldn't go to bed with her. And I could have stopped it, if I wanted to. I've told her 'no' once or twice before and made it stick.

"And if I was all right with her going to bed with you, what do you think that really means, Brandon?"

She turned around and walked back into the house as he stared after her. And he didn't think it was his imagination that was giving her long, slender legs a saucy twist.

*****

Brandon would rather have faced a herd of rabid wolverines than go downstairs for breakfast the next morning.

Do wolverines have herds?

Oh, shut up.

Half of him wanted to sneak down the stairs and out the back door, hop over the fence, and avoid everyone until he felt up to facing Janice. He figured he would be able to screw up his courage sometime in the next ten or twelve years.

Don't be an idiot. He rinsed off his razor and dried his face. The longer you put this off, the worse it's going to be. Just rip off the fucking band-aid. Yeah, you might bleed a little. But the pain will stop eventually.

To add to the fun, it was Saturday morning. So it wasn't as if he could make a hurried apology, toast a bagel, and then escape out the door with the excuse that he had to rush to school. And by the way the rain was pelting down outside, the soccer game which had been scheduled for that afternoon was most likely going to be cancelled.

You got three choices, he thought, as he pulled up his jeans. Spend the day up here like a chump, bail like a coward, or actually face the music.

He sighed. His sleep last night, what little there had been of it, had been uneasy, interrupted by soft, sensual images. Of Janice and what

they had done together. And even more disturbingly, of erotic dreams where Janice's sweet face and curvy body had transmuted into Maureen's.

Maureen. Her face, her body, haunted him, as much as her words the night before. What had her hints the previous night meant? Was she really okay with what he and Janice had done?

More frighteningly, was it possible that she was willing to be more than an observer in the dance Janice and he were sharing, and might be willing - fuck, eager - to be an active participant?

It was all too much, he decided, pulling on a sweatshirt and heading downstairs. He could work out his complicated feelings for Maureen later. The primary order of the day was to make things right with Janice.

He walked downstairs, his feet leaden. In the living room, the television was on, the sound turned low the way Maureen liked it -- enough to fill the silence with background noise, but not enough to truly distract her. He paused in the doorway that connected the dining room with the kitchen. His mothers were talking quietly in the breakfast nook, their half-finished breakfasts in front of them. Janice must have just made a joke, because Maureen laughed, her face breaking into one of her infrequent grins. Janice responded by stroking her cheek with the back of her knuckles as her wife leaned into the caress.

He cleared his throat, and they looked over at him. Suddenly he felt incredibly awkward, as if he had just stumbled, pantsless, into the middle of Broadway production.

"Mom." He cleared his throat again. "Moms."

Mother Maureen leaned back in her chair. Mother Janice leaned forward, her chin in one cupped hand, her brows raised in polite interest. She'd had the exact same expression on her face, he recalled, when he had to explain to her how he had managed to get into a rear-ender while he was taking his driver's-ed lessons.

"Um...I want to apologize. To both of you. But especially to you, Janice." He dropped his head, rubbing his brows with one hand. "I...I...oh, fuck this." He raised his eyes. "I wanted to go to bed with you, Janice. I wanted it so bad I was going half-crazy. You were so sexy and hot and always looking good. But I couldn't figure out why you were acting so...so..."

"Horny?" Mother Maureen suggested helpfully.

"Yeah. Horny. I couldn't figure out why you were acting that way around me."

"Because you're a lovely young man, Brandon," Janice said softly.

He nodded his thanks and plowed on. "So I was going quietly bugfuck, because you were coming on to me and I wasn't sure whether it was real or I was imagining things."

"Oh, it was real, all right."

"So then it happened. And it was awesome. And then Maureen came home and I was sure she was going to go postal on me for going to bed with you and the first thing I thought about was saving my own ass. So I want to say I'm sorry. Not sorry that we screwed," he said. Damn the consequences. Damn them straight to hell. "But sorry that I acted like a selfish asshole when Maureen found us. You deserved better. And so did she. If I was going to fuck one of the sexiest women in Chicago, then the least I could do was brag about it, instead of pretending it was some sort of super-secret plot and I was the victim.

"I'm sorry."

Janice stared at him for a long, slow moment. "Did you hear that?" she asked, seemingly of thin air. "The boy used 'awesome' and 'going postal' in the same apology. Someone," she stated, "is letting him watch way too many stoner movies."

He let out a huge breath of relief as Maureen laughed. "It's not my fault!"

"Oh? And who likes to get stoned and watch stupid comedies from the eighties?"

"Pot's legal in Illinois now, butthead."

"Which doesn't mean you should be corrupting Brandon with your godless ways."

He heaved a huge sigh of relief as they bickered. Somehow, it seemed, he was not going to be destroyed. Janice, he knew from sad experience, had a tongue like a flensing knife. And Maureen could strip the chrome off a Cadillac when she was pissed enough.

Trying not to draw attention, he sidled away, towards the fridge and pantry, but was brought up short by Janice. "Brandon?"

Warily, he looked over his shoulder. "Huh?"

"Don't grunt. That's a privilege reserved for your betters. Or, at least, your olders."

"Elders, dear," Maureen corrected.

"Whatever." She pointed her fork at him. "You know, you missed the big thing last night."

He blinked. "I missed the what?"

Janice smirked. "You know."

He shook his head. "I really don't." When she scowled at him, he spread his hands. "Honest. I don't even know what you're talking about!"

She huffed in exasperation, and Maureen put a hand on her arm. "Carefully, babe. How old is he, again?"

"Eighteen." She growled the word as if it were a curse. "God save me from barely-legal men. They think with their cocks and their glands."

"You didn't have a problem with that last night," he shot back, stung. "And can you tell me what you're talking about? I don't speak female."

Mother Maureen looked back and forth between the two of them, and apparently decided to play umpire. "You know, Brandon. A woman occasionally does like to feel...appreciated."

"Huh?" Then the light of realization hit. "Oh! Oh, shit." He spun a package of frozen waffles in one hand, a bottle of syrup in another. "It was..." he glanced at Maureen, afraid of the fallout if he praised her wife too highly, but she only raised her eyes and made a rolling motion with her hand. "It was really, really good," he said earnestly. "Fantastic."

Somehow, that did not seem to be enough, and it seemed that Janice agreed. "Better than Diane?" she asked sweetly.

He opened his mouth, but Maureen cut him off before he could say anything. "Jan, you know that's not fair. What's he supposed to do? Say that his girlfriend is better than you, and risk having to deal with you in a pissy mood for the next couple of weeks? Or tell you that you're better than his girlfriend, and deal with the guilt? It's not a

contest, you know. What would you do if I asked him if I was better than you in bed?"

The waffles, which he had been holding in one hand, fell to the floor with a thud.

"You haven't gone to bed with him, so that's kind of a useless question, wouldn't you say? And besides," Janice said virtuously, "I was only asking for the sake of getting some data. Who knows? Maybe I don't ride a dick as well as I used to."

"Did you?" Maureen put her head on one side. "Ride his dick?"

Janice nodded slowly. "Yeah, pretty much."

"Was it any good?"

Brandon flushed scarlet. He couldn't believe they were just sitting there, discussing him like he was a piece of meat! But, he considered, as his shaking fingers slotted the waffles into the toaster, it wasn't all that different from the way some of the guys talked about their girlfriends in the locker room before gym class or after his soccer games.

He turned just in time to see Janice's lips to curl in a slow, lazy smile. "Oh, Maureen. You have no idea. I'd forgotten how much fun riding a nice fat prick could be. I mean," she said quickly, setting her hand on her wife's arm. "Your fingers are good. And your tongue is awesome. But you'll never have a really hard, thick penis."

"Well, no," Maureen admitted. "But I thought that was a good thing."

"Oh, it is." She stroked her lover's arm. "Trust me on that, babe. I love you from tits to toes and everything in between. But," she shot a hot, hungry gaze at Brandon's groin, and he was struck by a sudden desire to cover it with his hands, "you know how much I like it when you strap on," a pause, "the strap-on. Think about how it feels when it's real. And spectacular."

"Can you guys stop?" he protested. "I'm not..."

"Attractive?" said Maureen.

"Scrumptious?" said Janice.

"Hot?"

"Delectable?"

"Tantalizing?"

"Alluring?"

"Fuckable?"

Janice blinked. "You did not just say that."

She shrugged, her bountiful chest bouncing. "He is, though, right?"

"Well, yeah. But you're not supposed to just say it."

Maureen finished her toast, licking the last stray blobs of jam from her fingers. "Why not?"

"Because his head will get all swelled up and he'll think we're helpless before the onslaught of his virile masculine aura."

The toaster spat out the waffles, and Brandon slathered butter on the tops, then doused them with a hearty squeeze of syrup, listening to them spar.

"You stole that from a romance novel!" Maureen was giggling, pointing her fork at Janice. "Didn't you? Didn't you!"

"Maybe I did, and maybe I didn't," Janice said primly, as if she and Brandon hadn't been screwing like crazed monkeys barely twelve hours before. "You're just jealous."

He sat down as silence engulfed the room, and cut off a slice of waffle. "All right," Maureen admitted. "Maybe I am, a little."

He looked up, startled, as maple syrup dripped down his chin. "Maureen..."

She leaned back in her chair. The motion, perhaps deliberate, perhaps not, only served to emphasize the curves of her chest, and her tall, willowy body. If Janice was a panther, then his other mother was a leopard. "What's the matter, Brandon?" Her gaze was challenging. "Am I too much of an old lady for you?"

Janice snorted softly, then closed her mouth as her wife turned a white-hot glare on her.

Brandon decided not to point out that Maureen was actually younger than her wife. He had no need at all to walk down that road. "Of course not!" he said, instead.

"Then why haven't you done anything?"

He swallowed. "Like...what?"

"Like...tell me that you think I'm attractive!" she shot back.

He shook his head. "Maureen...I didn't even tell Janice that, last night. It all...just sort of happened."

Maureen looked at Janice, who nodded. "It's true," the dark-haired woman said. "One minute we were eating. Then we were fighting. Then we were fucking."

"Oh." She blinked. "So subtlety would be kind of wasted, wouldn't it?"

Janice smirked. "Do you remember being eighteen? Were you subtle? Or any of the boys you knew?"

"Fuck no," she grimaced. "They were like a bunch of bulls in heat.

"So I guess I better be un-subtle about things." Swallowing the last of her juice, she stood up, then sat down on Brandon's lap, the bottom of her bathrobe riding up high on her thighs.

"You taste good," she whispered, licking his bottom lip. "Sweet."

Brandon knew his eyes must have been bugging out of his head. Helplessly, he looked across the table at Janice, who was watching with every evidence of amusement.

"It's no good, you know," she said conversationally, dragging her fork through the remains of what appeared to be a ham omelet. "What I have, she has to have, too. Though she would never admit it. The minute she found you in bed with me," she added, as Maureen slid her hands under his t-shirt, a cute little growl escaping from her throat, "she was probably trying to figure out how to wiggle her way in, too."

"And then you ruined it," his other mother said, sounding very put out, "by having your little temper tantrum last night. God," she went on, lifting his shirt up and over his head. "Seeing the two of you together made me so fucking wet. I was about ten seconds away from stripping down and jumping in. And then you had to go and piss it all away." Incredibly, her voice sounded petulant, as if he had committed some deep, unforgiveable sin by not screwing her.

"Oh, Jesus." Her voice was thick, and she bent to kiss his chest. "I've wanted this. Warm skin and solid muscle and-" her voice hitched as she reached under the waistband of his jeans, fondling his penis, "-a really big stiff prick."

Under her touch, he grew, filling her palm with his hardness. He looked at Janice for rescue, but she lounged back in her chair, her smile growing wider by the second.

"What?" she asked.

"Can't you...do something?" Maureen was licking his neck, and he didn't know whether to moan with pleasure or push her off.

"Maybe. Probably. If I wanted to. Which I don't. God, you two are beautiful together." Her eyes gleamed, and she blinked rapidly. "The two people I love most in the world, making love together." Her voice grew husky, suppressed with emotion. "How did I get so lucky?"

"Some of us get what we deserve, Jan," Maureen said lifting her face from his neck. She kissed his mouth firmly, licking his lips. "And some of us are fortunate, and get more.

"Brandon," she continued, her voice slightly impatient. "You're a gorgeous man and I could sit here for a while. But is it asking too much for you to do something with your hands? A woman has needs, you know."

He looked at her. Truly looked, for maybe the first time in his life. Seeing her as he saw Janice last night. Not as a woman he had to share a house with. Not as his aunt. Not as his adoptive mother.. Not even, he thought wryly, as a bisexual woman, with all the potential pitfalls that entailed.

But as a sexy woman, warm and loving, daring and passionate, who was looking at him with a combination of desire and fear. Would he turn away from her, she was wondering. Would he spurn her for Janice, leaving her alone?

With shaking hands, he undid the knot that held her bathrobe closed. Carefully, she let it fall free, then spread the garment wide, until it hung from her shoulders, displaying her body in all of its mature glory.

He had to swallow twice before he could speak. "God, Mom." His voice was raspy. "You're so goddamn gorgeous." He set his hands at her waist, his thumbs stroking the firm skin of her belly. Still taut and firm, unblemished by fat or age. Sliding his hands around her back, he caressed the line of her spine, noting how she closed her eyes and

shivered at his touch. "No wonder Janice can't keep her hands off you."

That, it appeared, was exactly the right thing to say. Her face lit up, her mouth curving into that lovely, heart-stopping smile that had captured her wife's heart. "Oh, baby," she whispered. "Do you mean it?"

"Mean it?" He laughed. "Don't you know how beautiful you are?"

"A woman can never hear that often enough, Brandon." Janice was leaning back in her chair, her shirt unbuttoned to the waist. As he watched hungrily, she cupped the firm mound of her breast, her fingers toying with her nipple. "Remember it. No woman ever gets tired of being told how attractive she is."

"But maybe here isn't the best place to screw?" Mother Maureen suggested. Her hand was still down the front of his pants, and he was glad he'd worn a loose pair today. Anything tighter would have probably cut off the blood flow to his raging cock. By the feel of it, pre-cum was flowing from his cock-head like a leaky faucet, and every stroke of her hand was wetter and slicker. She pulled her hand out of his jeans, making him groan from the sense of loss, and licked the tips of her gleaming fingers. "Yummy," she said to his wild-eyed look. "Like a man."

"Better get used to it, Brandon. In some ways, she's the kinky one."

"I just have to keep up with you."

And I'll be trying to keep up with them both. God help me.

"Where?" he croaked. "Your bedroom? Mine?"

As Maureen opened her mouth, Janice cut in. "Why bother with a bedroom? There's plenty of pillows down here. It's nice and warm. You two can screw on the floor. Or on the couch. Or both. Or you could bend her over the armchair, Brandon, and take her from behind."

"And," she added, as his cock gave a frenzied lurch. "I could watch."

He blinked, his world swimming in and out of focus as if he had just taken a shovel to the head. "What?"

"I want to watch you fuck," she said bluntly. "Of course," she added regretfully, "if you want to be alone your first time, I guess that's okay."

"What?" He looked at Maureen, who had a strange, fond smile on her face.

"Get used to it, baby," she said, kissing him. For the first time, his lips opened under her touch, and he felt her tongue lovingly lick his. The chair underneath them creaked as she rocked on top of him, her body pressing close. "I have my kinks, and she has hers."

"I like to watch people I love fuck almost as much as I like fucking people that I love," Janice added cheerfully. "And it has been a long, long time since I've been able to do that."

Ignoring her own disheveled state, she hopped out of her chair and bolted for the living room. Brandon could just see her through the archway. A warm blanket, most often used when watching movies on chilly nights, that usually called the back of the sofa home was spread on the thick white carpet in front of the television. Throw pillows were...um...thrown...onto the floor. And Janice herself plopped down in an easy chair, pulling up her skirt and pulling down her panties. Her bald brown mound gleamed in the gray morning light that lit the room in a pale, directionless manner.

"Come on, you two," she grinned. She rubbed her mons suggestively. "I'm not going to get off by watching Brandon eat a plate of waffles. I'm not that perverted."

"Could have fooled me," he muttered, and Maureen laughed, low in her throat.

"You do know you can say no, right, baby?" she said. "I want you. More than words. But I won't force you. If you..." Her voice caught. "If you want Janice, and not me, that's okay. I understand."

He shook his head. "That's not it."

"And if you want to go upstairs to be alone, that's fine, too." Her lips twitched. "Janice can watch porn if she needs to get off. She's done it before."

"No. I'm...I'm good. It's just..." He took a deep breath. "It's a hell of a change, you know? And I'm still trying to wrap my head around it."

"Trust me, baby. I understand." She took his hand and put it on the warm, ripe mound of her breast, moaning softly as his fingers slowly kneaded her flesh. "When Janice and I first met, it was the same way. The woman...entranced me. I could not believe the things she would say. And do.

"But she gave me the courage to do them. If not for her..." She shook her head. "I would probably have married some safe, boring guy to keep my parents happy. It might even have been love. But I wouldn't have Janice.

"And I wouldn't have you."

She kissed him again, and this time it was with a fierce urgency. Her arms wrapped around him, and he found himself responding, her own desire blowing the banked embers of his passion into full, roaring flame. His hands tightened on her hips, then slid under her, cupping the tanned skin of her buttocks. He shifted in the chair, got one leg braced, then surged to his feet, lifting her with him. Maureen laughed, deep in her throat, and her legs wrapped around him with the speed of a striking snake, her mons rubbing against the hot aching bar of his cock through the well-worn denim of his jeans.

"Finally," Janice commented, as he staggered into the living room. With an effort, he gently lowered Maureen to the blanket, coming to rest with his chest on top of hers. The feel of her breasts against his skin was driving him wild, and he kissed her, rocking slowly.

"You're not doing it right." When he looked up, Janice continued. "You see, Brandon," she said from a few feet away, one eyebrow cocked sardonically, "when two people love each other very much, the man puts his penis inside the woman, and then-"

He glared up at her, though Maureen was shaking with helpless giggles. "What's your point?"

She got up, finishing the job of unbuttoning her blouse. "That you'll have a very difficult time fucking Maureen with your jeans on. Not that I don't appreciate a man who's willing to push the boundaries a little. But jeez, Brandon. You might want to think things over a bit."

Moving behind them, she reached down, tracing the outline of his cock through his jeans. "Oh, man, Maureen," she whispered. "He is so hard for you right now." She squeezed him, and he had to close his eyes. "He's going to make you so happy. Make both of us so happy."

Skillfully, she unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down past his rear and down his legs. "Raise up," she whispered into his ear, licking the lobe, and when he lifted off his knees, whipped them off entirely.

"Oh." Maureen said in a low voice.

"What?" He glanced down, confused by her tone.

"That." She pointed at his groin.

"I told you so," Jan said gleefully. Apparently not content to watch from the relative safety of the armchair, she ran a finger along the side of his shaft, smiling as it twitched in time to her touches. "Didn't I tell you he was big, Mo? Look at that wonderful cock! All for you. And me."

He felt himself coloring. "I'm not..."

Maureen seemed to understand. "Don't worry, baby." She curled a hand around it, displacing Janice, who sat back on her heels and pouted. "You're not a freak. You're just on the good side."

"All right." He shook his head. "What should I do first?"

"Eat her," Janice said immediately. "Eat her out and she'll cum all over your face. And then she'll be ready for a nice good fuck."

He sighed. "Am I supposed to make love to her for the first time with you giving me step-by-step instructions?"

"Janice," Mother Maureen added, her voice steely. "Butt out."

Janice blinked, but backed away. At least a foot or so.

"But she's right," Maureen said softly. She spread her tan thighs. "I want you to lick me. Down there. Will you, baby? Lick my pussy until I cum?"

Voiceless, he nodded. One last kiss on her lips, their tongues twining, and he made his way down her golden body. A kiss here, a nibble there, a long, sweeping caress that started at her breasts and ended at her belly, and then he was eye-to-lips with his mother's black-furred mound. He pressed his lips to the rise of her mons, feeling her silky hair tickle his nose, and looked up the long, beautiful length of her body, her thighs under his hands.

God. She's so fucking gorgeous. He hadn't forgotten about Diane. He still loved his girlfriend. But how could he deny his mother, hell, both of his mothers, what they so obviously wanted? Making love to them wasn't a betrayal of Diane. It was a confirmation of his love for Maureen and Janice, and what he owed them.

He kissed the inside of Maureen's thigh. He scent filled his nostrils, thick and pungent. The aroma of an aroused woman. Then he bent his head and took his first lick. Hot and salty, her taste burst onto his tongue, and he found himself lapping at her slit feverishly, his hands pushing her thighs high and wide, exposing her cleft to his ravenous mouth.

"Seems like our boy is hungry," Janice chuckled. She was kneeling at Maureen's side, a hand stroking her arm. "How is he, sweetie?"

"Ummm...kind of all over the place." A hand reached down, touched his cheek, guided him. "There, baby. And more slowly. You're not attacking it, you know. It's your friend. Say hello."

A flush mounted his body, but he obeyed her directions. Soon, as he licked her slick folds, he could feel her body relaxing into the blanket, becoming loose and boneless with pleasure.

"There we go." He looked up, but her eyes were closed. Her lips, however, were curled in a happy smile. "No wonder Diane always leaves his room with a big grin on her face." She rotated her hips in slow circles, rubbing her lips on his mouth. He licked deep, curling up to flick the button of her clit with the tip of his tongue, and her breath hitched. "Give me a nice thick cock and a brain that doesn't think eating pussy is for...well...pussies. We've raised us a good lover, Jan."

"God, that is so fucking hot." Janice's eyes were riveted on them, and her fingers were playing with her cleft. "My son. Eating out my wife." Her fingers began to strum back and forth. "Can I touch you, Mo? Just a little? This is driving me crazy."

Maureen's gaze locked with Brandon's. He couldn't speak, wasn't willing to lift his mouth from his mother's sopping slit for one second, but he managed a tiny nod.

His mother reached out a hand to Janice. "Honey, all you had to do was ask."

With a cry of joy, Janice bent down, taking off the last remnants of her clothing. Her dark-skinned body gleamed in the low light, and her hair fell around her face as she kissed her wife passionately. Brandon, watched, wide-eyed, as they moved as one person, lips sliding over lips in a dance which was over a decade old, but had lost none of its wonder.

"Fuck," Maureen gasped, when their mouths parted. Her mound humped up into Brandon's mouth, demanding more. "I thought nothing was ever going to be hotter than having you eat me. Guess I was wrong. Having you eat me and making out with my wife is number one."

"How about having him eat you and making out with your wife and then cumming and then having him fuck you?" Jan suggested, her hands kneading her large, firm breasts. She gave the erect nipples a naughty pinch. "Since I think our barely-legal stud here isn't going to be satisfied with just licking your pussy."

He gave a grunt of agreement as he tongued Maureen's clit. His cock was trapped between his body and the floor, and the pressure in his balls was nearly unbearable. He wanted to stick his shaft in something and hump it until he came, and at this point, he wasn't feeling real particular about what. Jan's mouth, Mo's mouth, Mo's pussy, Jan's ass...they all seemed perfect targets. He ground his cock down, hoping the scratchy blanket would distract him from his aching need.

Control. He shut his eyes as he licked at Maureen's dripping cleft, her juices smearing on his chin. I have to keep control. At least until she cums. Then...then something else will happen. Hopefully.

Very, very carefully he reached up with a hand, wetting his fingertips in her wetness, then slid a finger inside her. First one. Then two, slowly pumping into her, his strokes matched by suckles on her bud.

"Jesus!" It was a high-pitched gasp. Maureen pulled Jan's hands down to her breasts. "Grab them, baby! You know what I want!" She snaked her hand into her wife's hair, pulling her down so she could kiss her. Meanwhile, her legs had spread obscenely wide, her gushing pussy hot and slick as he fingered her. "Eat it!" she commanded. "Eat my pussy, Brandon!" Her hips ground her mound up into his face, her pubic hair rubbing against his lips and nose. Her body rippled and shuddered, and a flood of juice poured into his mouth, forcing him to swallow. Even as he lapped at Maureen's clit, trying to prolong her orgasm, his eyes widened at the incredible sight of the bisexual lovers making out passionately, their hands grabbing at their breasts, pinching their erect nipples. It was, without a doubt, the most erotic sight he had ever seen.

"Brandon." A weak whisper. "That was lovely, baby. But stop. Just for a second. Come up here, please?"

He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and crawled up until he and Maureen were face to face. Jan smiled proudly at him from over her lover's shoulder. She winked at him, but her face betrayed the same pride which was coursing through his veins.

I did it! I made her cum! If it hadn't been for Mother Maureen's hand, curled possessively around his throbbing penis, he might have run outside and danced. I did it!

"Well, sweetie," Jan said, her voice half-laughing. "I guess I don't have to ask if that was good for you." Idly, her hands swept down her body, teasing her thighs open. "You're like a fucking swamp down here. Hot and wet." Her eyebrows rose as she popped the finger into her mouth, licking it clean. "Swamps don't taste as good as you, though."

"God damn." It was a guttural groan. "We should have done this years ago."

"Brandon wouldn't have been old enough, dear."

"True." She gave Brandon's rod an experimental tug. "So I guess we're going to have to make up for wasted time." She leaned to one side, kissing him thoroughly, even as Jan's hands played with her incredible breasts. "Fuck me, baby?"

Confidently, he kissed her back, then rolled over on top of her, replacing Jan's hands with his own. "Mom, I thought you'd never ask." He gathered her tits in his hands, squeezing them in his fingers, then took the fat pink nipple in his mouth, suckling urgently. "God, you have great breasts."

"Maureen," she groaned, writhing beneath him. Her thigh rose, rubbing on the underside of his rock-hard staff. "When we're in bed, when we're fucking, call me Maureen."

"But 'Mom' sounds so much naughtier." Jan knelt up at his side, her hands rubbing up and down his back. "Call her Mom," she whispered in his ear. Her breath was hot and made him break out in goosebumps. "That's what she wants. Trust me."

He closed his eyes, fighting for control. Every touch of her satiny skin on his erection made him bite his lip, fighting against the urge to just let go and cum. He could see it now, jets of his white-hot seed painting her body.

No. Somehow he pushed back the threatened explosion. But he couldn't last forever. His balls felt huge, swaying between his thighs, full of cum. He had to fuck her. He had to. It was no longer a choice. It was a need.

"Mom."

Their eyes locked, and somehow she understood. Or maybe she shared his need as well, because she looped her arms around his neck, smiled up at him, and arched her back. Her legs rose, spread, and suddenly it was all there, all perfect. Achingly vulnerable and still a sexy, feminine mystery, she rubbed her hot wet cleft on the underside of his cock, then somehow rose higher, settling her opening right at his tip. Liquid heat burned through his veins as he understood the question she was asking. She wanted this. Wanted him. But at the end, the choice wasn't going to be hers alone. It would be shared among all three of them.

After this, there was no going back.

He didn't even pretend to think about it.

"I don't want to go back." With a slow, sustained shove, he pushed into Maureen. His aunt, his mother, his lover. And as her lips parted, and her sheath took him in, he was struck by the sudden rightness of it all. At that single moment, there was nothing he would rather be doing than screwing Maureen and Janice.

He bottomed out, his groin flush with her pussy-lips. For just a second he hung, poised between one life and another.

And then he began to move, his rock-hard prick pistoning in and out of Maureen, her large, firm breasts rippling as he stroked into her again and again and again and again. He kissed her, her mouth opening under his, little whimpers of pleasure escaping as their tongues writhed together. Maureen lifted a large, heavy breast to his mouth, the surface slick with sweat, and he licked it, the salt of her perspiration like wine on his tongue. The nipple was thick and fat, and he nibbled at it, pulling on it with his lips until it stretched the skin of her tit.

"Jesus." Jan's voice was slightly awestruck, and then she was there with them, her hands touching them both, sharing kisses with fever-bright eyes and hot lips. "Does he feel good for you, Mo? Because he felt awesome in me."

"Fuck, yes!" Maureen's eyes were wild, and her channel gripped his shaft, milking him. "Oh, Brandon, don't stop. Fuck me with that awesome cock! Fuck me until you cum! Until we both cum!"

"Mom, I love you! You're so fucking tight and hot and sexy!" He kissed her, feeling his balls swell. "I'm ready, Mom! Ready to cum in you!"

"Do it!" she ordered. She pulled him down, her teeth nipping at his lips. "Fill me up with your jizz! Shoot your hot load into Mommy's cunt!"

"Yes!" Jasmine's hand smacked his ass, stinging. "Fuck your mother, Brandon! Fuck her full of your cum!"

He was lost, drowning in passion. His body took over, bucking into his mother, almost violent in its mindless need. One thrust, two, ten, and then he felt it, a furious boiling rushing up his prick, and he slammed into Maureen, driving her across the blanket as he spent his load inside her steaming pussy. He shuddered, his arms wrapping around her tight, capturing her within his embrace. She wouldn't escape him, he swore. And no one would ever take her away. Her hips ground up towards him, crushing the mound of her pubis into his groin, and her fingers clutched his shoulders, nails raking as she shuddered with the force of her second climax of the morning.

Finally, his cock stopped twitching, and he relaxed, sinking down until he was almost prone. His head was pillowed on her shoulder, and she gave him a sleepy smile.

"Yes," she said, putting a finger to his lips. "I came again." She giggled, squeezing his softening member with her inner muscles. "Came all over that big old boner of yours."

"So, Mo." Janice lay down beside them, her head propped on one arm. "Was I right?"

"Yes, Jan." The younger woman rolled her eyes, and Brandon stifled a chuckle. "You were right. Fucking Brandon was a good idea. And no, he wasn't so messed-up in the head that he wouldn't want to screw a pair of hot, sexy women like us."

"Thank goodness," Jan added. "God damn. That was hotter than a real good plate of Tex-Mex." Her fingers traced the outlines of her pussy, and she sighed. "I came just from watching you. Twice."

A beeping interrupted Brandon's post-sex high, and he frowned, lifting up on his elbows. "Whose is that?"

"Yours." Janice sat up, lifted his phone from the coffee table where he had set it down the night before, and tossed it to him. "Not the first time I've heard it this morning, either."

He swiped the screen. "Just some text messages,' he said, scrolling through. "The soccer game got cancelled."

"Surprise, surprise," Jan said, looking out the patio windows. The rain was hammering down, turning the day into something dank and miserable. "Thank God we won't have to sit through that shit. We'd all come home with pneumonia. And that would definitely cut into our snuggle-time." She squeezed Brandon's butt-cheek for emphasis.

Brandon chuckled. "Snuggle-time?" He erased the message, then went to the next. "Holy shit!"

"What?" Jan asked lazily as he jerked to his knees.

Underneath him, Maureen made an unhappy sound, and he realized that his cock was no longer inside her. "Diane." He held the phone out as if it were poisonous. "She says she heard the game was cancelled, and wants to know what I'm doing today." He looked around the room, scattered with their clothes and absolutely reeking of sex.

"What are we going to do?"

Maureen smiled up at her wife, who grinned back, not needing any words to agree on the next step.

"Invite her over."