

Family Ties

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The girl with the ring through her eyebrow hadn't yet put back on her clothes and was standing naked in the kitchen, her head tilted back as she took a long swig of the bottled water she had found in the fridge. Maxine, wearing only a bath robe open at the front, stood by the kitchen door and smiled. She wandered over to the girl, so slim and sensuous, her body still a little clammy after their early morning sex, and placed an arm over each shoulder, lowered the girl's head and kissed her on the forehead. The girl took the cue, set down the bottle and expectantly raised her lips up to Maxine's mouth: slightly open and her breath a touch short. Maxine plunged her tongue deep into the girl's mouth, skimmed her teeth over the sharp incisors and encircled the tongue around and around her own, the drool of shared saliva bubbling up and spilling out of the corner of their conjoined mouths.

Maxine gently pushed her face off the girl's. Christ! Her jaw ached, but then kissing wasn't the only amorous activity she and this girl had been practising through the long morning and into the (yes! It was!) the early afternoon. Her jaw was as totally fucked as the rest of her.

She idly ran her fingers down the girl's chest and squeezed the erect button-like nipple in her fingers and twiddled it, her other arm still around the girl's neck.

"So, what did you say your name was?" she asked.

Maxine didn't get to hear because suddenly she heard the phone ring. Fuck! Who could that be? She was contemplating leaving the phone be, but she thought better of it. Saturday night was on the way, and there might be plans to make, friends to meet, more women to fuck. She slithered out of the girl's arms, her bathrobe slipping down one shoulder and the whole of a rounded, aroused breast on show,

glided across the kitchen tiles and picked up the cordless phone.

“Yes. Who is it?”

“Is Misty there? It’s her mother.”

“Misty’s Mum?”

“Yes, is she there?”

Maxine sighed. Misty wouldn’t be well pleased. She could hear her gasps of coital pleasure coming from the other bedroom where she was with the bloke she’d picked up, while Maxine had, as usual, got the girl. What was the bloke’s name? Mike? Mark? Fuck knows. She didn’t even know the name of the really gorgeous, if rather short, girl she’d been getting to know in the most intimate way possible all night long.

“She’s here, but she’s busy!”

“She can’t be that busy not to talk to her mother. I’d really like to talk to her *now* if I can.”

Maxine had never met Misty’s Mum, but she’d spoken to her often enough on the phone to know that she wasn’t a woman who could be easily fobbed off. She also knew that there was some kind of messy divorce going on with Misty’s father, whom her best friend had never been that close to, and that Misty would probably be quite annoyed not to have got the call.

“Okay, Mrs Milton. I’ll take you to Misty.”

Maxine pushed open the door to Misty’s room, the one the two girls often shared during the week, and felt that usual pang of disgust and slight jealousy when she saw that Misty was being fucked. She was naked and perpendicular to the bed

and, also naked, Mike's (or Mark's) recumbent body lying on his back, his penis erect and firmly sheathed within Misty's wide-open and gushing vagina. Misty was pumping steadily up and down, like a sensuous piston-engine, the shininess of her vaginal juices and all the semen sparkling in the early afternoon sun as it shone through the curtained window. She was grunting softly, but paused in her thrusts when she saw Maxine proffer her the phone.

"Who is it?" she hissed. "You can see I'm busy!"

"It's your Mum!" said Maxine, handing over the phone hastily and standing by the door, unsure whether to stay for the handset or to leave and return to unfinished business with the girl in the kitchen.

Misty put a finger to her lips to tell the man beneath her not to make a sound and still moving slowly up and down, up and down, on the erect penis, she placed the phone under her dyed blonde shoulder-length hair and supported her other hand on her upper thigh.

"Yeah Mum?"

Misty frowned.

"You what? You can't be serious? When?"

Her eyebrows raised up her unfurrowed brow, while she adjusted the penis still inside her and grunted assent to what was being said. "Yeah ... Hmm ... Yes ... Are you sure? ... Yeah. OK! ... I guess you'll have to ... Tomorrow? Bit soon, isn't it? ... Hmm! Yes. OK! Bye Mum! ..."

It looked like Misty was about to return the phone to Maxine, so her friend leaned over the bed for it, an elbow indenting the sheet near a masculine thigh she was

glad Misty was getting to know rather than her.

“Yeah! Yeah! Bye Mum!”

She clicked the button on the phone and handed it back to Maxine.

“It’s only my fucking Mum! She’s coming down to stay with us. Apparently, there’s too much shit for her to stay at home. My Dad’s being a right fucking bastard about the settlement. The cunt! I hate him.”

Maxine took the phone and stood back off the bed while Misty eased her bosom down onto the man’s black-haired chest, his pubic hairs tangling amongst the trim and tidy hairs of Misty’s crotch, while the couple returned again to the rhythm of their thrusts with a more passionate, insistent tempo.

“When’s she coming? Not too soon?”

“Yes! Yes!” gasped Misty, partly to Maxine and partly to Mike (or Mark). “Wednesday, I think. Maybe, yes! Maybe, *uhh!* Yes! Thursday perhaps. *Yes!* Fuck me! Fuck *me!*”

Maxine could see that Misty had got a little excited from the kinkiness of chatting with her mother whilst being fucked at the same time. That was almost the thing she liked most about her best friend and her most frequent lover, that there was just no event she couldn’t twist to its best erotic advantage. If it hadn’t meant clambering past a body jerking and thrusting under Misty’s own vigorous reciprocal thrusts, she’d have leaned over and kissed Misty out of sheer love. And probably would have done so had Misty only brought home a woman instead of a man.

Maxine eased close the door and carried the phone back to the kitchen. At least, Maxine’s Mum wasn’t the sort to spend too long chatting on the phone. With

any luck, the girl with the little silver ring above her eye would still be in the kitchen and still naked. Maxine felt like having a little more fun before the day got properly under way.

Misty's mother was a tall, thin woman in her forties, who dressed smartly and bore some considerable resemblance to her daughter. Maxine could see the similarities in the slightly pointed nose, the arched eyebrows, the long serpentine neck, and, most of all, in the angular sharpness of her knees, which she kept stockinged but clearly visible below the hem of her Nichole Farrhi business skirt. Maxine agreed to spend every night in Misty's bedroom for the duration of her mother's stay, something which wasn't too much problem most nights, but might be a problem if Misty brought back a male lover. She didn't want a repetition of the time with that ghastly man with the fat cock who thought that just because he was in bed with two women, he had two vaginas he could penetrate.

"You sure you don't mind sharing with my daughter?" wondered Mrs Milton.

Maxine shook her head. "I don't mind at all. I just hope you find my bed comfortable."

"I'm sure I will. And it will be strange indeed to be sleeping in a bedroom surrounded by so many pictures of naked women."

Maxine blushed. It was obvious to her that Misty's mother had either already known or had just astutely guessed what her main interests were. "As long as you're comfortable," she repeated. "That's the main thing."

"And that you don't get bored, Mum," Misty commented, leaning against the kitchen sink, a cigarette in one hand and wearing the quite severe business suit which

she'd worn in the office all day. So much smarter than Maxine herself, but then there was no need to dress stylishly in the software consultancy where she worked. "It's going to be *bloody* boring being here all day."

"There's plenty to do in the city, dear. And it's a bloody relief just to get away from all that shit with your bloody father. He drives me spare! And, if you don't mind, you couldn't offer me a cigarette would you?"

Misty opened the cigarette packet that was sticking out of her Prada handbag and handed it to her mother. "I didn't know you smoked, Mum."

"I don't. Well, I haven't since you were a little girl. But my nerves! They're bloody torn to pieces!"

It wasn't that easy for Maxine to accommodate her life around Misty's mother. Maxine's evenings were now compromised by having to watch television programs that appealed to such an older woman. Maxine didn't know before that there were so many drama programmes on the set. And she was more than a little bored by the soap operas which featured people she'd never heard of before and the permutations of their complex lives of which she rather wished she'd remained ignorant.

Thankfully, Misty's mother didn't take up smoking with quite her daughter's enthusiasm; otherwise life would have become truly unbearable. But it was a relief at the end of the day when Mrs Milton finally returned to her bedroom. Then, Maxine and Misty could themselves retreat to Misty's bed, in a room rather cluttered now that all Maxine's clothes and possessions were crammed together with Misty's own. Maxine was somewhat shy now of going into her own bedroom whilst there was the risk of meeting Mrs Milton.

She wasn't sure why she was so shy. After all, it *was* her room. The two girls had only chosen to share Misty's bedroom because it was the larger of the two. But she somehow didn't want such an older woman, and her best friend's mother at that, seeing her undressed or naked. And she was quite shy about making love with only the thickness of the walls between the woman who was the object of her passion and the mother of that woman. Not that this is in any way inhibited Misty, who was exactly the same as ever in how vocal she was in her lovemaking, unrestrained in the thrashing of her limbs and adventurous in the extent to which she would push the limits of their mutual sexual gratification.

"So, what do you think of my Mum?" asked Misty after a few days.

Maxine sighed. "I'll be pleased when she's gone and we can return to normal life again. And I can have my own room to myself."

"Don't you like sharing with me?" teased Misty, squeezing her lover's clitoris between her fingers.

"It's not that. Not that at all," Maxine sighed, surrendering herself once again to pleasure.

"But what do you think of my Mum?" insisted Misty. "As a person?"

Maxine thought she was almost an older version of her daughter. And it wasn't just the family resemblance. They were both women who knew what they wanted and knew how to get it. And she was sure that Misty's mother, when she was at work, which she used to do in the business she had once co-owned with Misty's father, was just as aggressive in a business suit as she knew Misty to be. But she loved Misty all the same despite, and perhaps because of, her self-assuredness and self-confidence.

Perhaps if she loved Misty she should also love her mother.

“She’s okay. Very nice. What about you? Do you still think as highly of your mother now you’re seeing so much more of her?”

This was partly intended to remind Misty of her past eulogising on her mother, who over the distance of a few miles had taken on some kind of mythical quality.

“In fact I like her more, I think,” Misty replied with a nod. “She’s pretty clued up. On the ball. Age hasn’t blunted her at all. And, you know, she’s not bad looking either for a woman who must be, let’s think, not too many years off fifty. Her tits haven’t sagged and she’s got a pretty cute bum.”

Maxine was slightly startled. She would never dream of saying anything like that about her mother. Not that her mother wasn’t an attractive woman, she was sure, but she just never thought of her as anything other than as a mother. But she clearly didn’t cut quite the figure as did Mrs Milton. Her clothes weren’t nearly as expensive and her face had a slightly tired and sometimes timid expression. Not the hard determined look on Mrs Milton’s face. Or on her daughter’s.

“I think we can take her out with us this Friday night. She’ll be okay, don’t you think.”

“Friday night? How would someone as old as her get on with the clubs and bars? She’d just complain about the noise and the booze and the drugs and everything. And what if we pick someone up? What’d happen then?”

“Oh. Don’t fuss so, Max. You don’t think she didn’t have much the same kind of time when she was our age? Well, before she married that bastard of a cunt of a husband as my fucking father, that is.”

Maxine sighed. But she knew that if Misty had decided on a course of action then that's exactly what would happen.

And indeed it did. Misty's mother seemed absolutely delighted to be invited out and took the opportunity of the invitation to reveal a stash of coke she'd somehow got ages ago. And not bad stuff either, as Maxine could soon testify. And if she was worried about hanging around with young people, all young enough to be her own children, she didn't hint at it. But she made no effort to dress any differently to how a woman of her age might dress for a luncheon party or a sorority ball. Nor did Misty dress any different to how she did normally. Expensive, sexy and revealing. As Misty often commented, only those who could most afford expensive clothes could afford to show the most flesh. Maxine was slightly less provocative, rather less back and thigh showing, but obvious to everyone that she was a girl out for a good time, and who bloody well knew how to get it.

The bars and clubs that evening were as confusing as ever: a confusion exacerbated by a few choice lines and some vodka. There were Misty's and Maxine's weekend friends, loads of them, filling the bar they usually went to on a Friday or Saturday night, the lights glaring and flashing from all directions, smoke drifting over their heads, and the music booming out loud and steady from the huge speakers hoisted up on the walls. Maxine wondered what Mrs Milton would make of all this. She couldn't imagine her back in her suburban home listening to hard house or drum and bass. And she worried what she'd make of people like Georgina, whose nipple was already sticking out of that slim top, even though her breasts were actually quite small if anything. And what about the language? Maxine's own mother would have

been rather upset by that. Especially when Julia started going on about tribadism, flat-fucking and fisting.

But Maxine became aware that Misty's mother was one who quite enjoyed swearing herself. She relaxed when she heard Mrs Milton comment that she'd sometimes felt like 'fucking Jane Horrocks' herself if the girl would let her. And she relaxed even more when she referred to Condoleeza Rice as a 'cunt' and Gordon Brown as a 'fuck-faced shit'.

The evening drifted onwards, from one bar to another, just as loud and twice as shitfaced, and finally, with the witching hour approaching, onto the clubs, which were just about heaving and ready to roll. Of course, they couldn't get anywhere really decent without queuing for hours, but even for a modest club they still had to stand for more than a quarter of an hour in the chilly night air, in woefully thin clothes, as the queue slowly wound its way in through the door and past the massive bouncers, one black and one white, that guarded the premises and occasionally frisked the odd suspicious looking punter.

As Maxine shivered next to Misty and her mother, she could see that the two of them were pretty thick in conversation: giggling and cackling and sometimes exploding into gales of hooting laughter. She was pleased to a certain extent, because it meant she could concentrate her attention on Sarah, a Scottish girl she'd not met before and who had ever such a pretty face. However, it didn't stop her regarding mother and daughter with envy. Maxine had never been as close as that to her mother. In fact, since she'd come out about her preference for women rather than men, her mother had become even more distant from her. And she wasn't sure that Misty

mightn't actually be closer to her mother than she was to even Maxine herself. But Maxine reminded herself that it was good to see mother and daughter so close. It must be a comfort to Mrs Milton with all that divorce shit going on. And, of course, the thing about the business she'd built up with Misty's father having to be divided between them as well.

Once inside the club, things were going very well indeed for her with Sarah. What a darling accent she had! These Scots! Especially the ones from Edinburgh. Such precise, distinct vowels. Those thrilling trilling 'r's. It wasn't long until Maxine surrendered to her passion, recognising that the little glint in Sarah's eyes wasn't brought on by E or blow or crystals or even alcopops. Her lips collided with Sarah's, the mouth opened just a little bit, and their tongues slid together, twirled around each other and their jaws ached as their mouths locked in place. It was all Maxine could do to keep her hands off Sarah's sweet, but rather large bosom. And she was sure that if she could just get a hand inside those tight little shorts, she'd find a vagina as messily liquid and gushing as her own.

Maxine could hardly hear the music, even though it was inescapable. It was the usual stuff, of course, pounding and grinding and pumping, just as she would be later with Sarah. But where would that be? Not at home with Misty's mother around. She detached her lips from Sarah's and looked about her. Where were Misty and her mother?

"Anything wrong?" asked Sarah with jealous alarm.

"Nothing. Just looking for Misty. You know. My mate."

"The one with her mum in tow?"

“Yeah! That’s right!”

“That’s them dancing over there!”

“Fuck!” swore Maxine. “You’re right. Christ! She’s game for such an old bint, isn’t she? You’d never thought she’d get down to stuff like this.”

“It’s kicking stuff though!” Sarah laughed. “This DJ really knows how to cane them!”

“I guess so,” remarked Maxine, who preferred to listen to rather more tranquil music at home.

As the night progressed, and things continued to go pretty well with Sarah, Maxine often caught glimpses of Misty and her mother together. It was always just the two of them. The rest of their crowd was just elsewhere, mingled and absorbed in the bigger mass of dancers and drinkers, though Maxine thought that Misty might have tried going after a boy or a girl or something. Wouldn’t it just cramp her style being with her mum like that? Fuck it! She was gonna have her fun, even if Misty wasn’t going to.

“Hey! Misty sweetest!” Maxine yelled in Misty’s ear, an arm still round Sarah’s waist, so bare and warm.

“Yeah! Wassat?”

“I’m just leaving with Sarah here. We’re off to stay at her place. She only lives a five mile cab ride away.”

Misty’s mother was sitting very close to her daughter. In fact, Maxine could see that her arm was right round her daughter’s shoulder and that Misty had her arm around her mother’s waist. Maxine quite envied Misty for her easy tactile intimacy

with her mother, though she was sure that alcohol made the family ties seem stronger.

“Sarah inviting you back for coffee?” Misty’s mother asked with a slight slur.

Misty smiled at her mother indulgently. “Shit, Mum! You know it’s not a coffee that Max’s going back for. Is it, Max dear?”

Maxine blushed slightly, even though it was fairly obvious that her intimacy with Sarah wasn’t of the most innocent kind. “Errmm...”

Misty laughed. “Max’s going back for a fuck, aren’t you? Isn’t that right, Sarah sweetheart? That’s what you and Max are gonna do?”

“I should fucking hope so!” laughed Sarah, pressing her tongue and mouth to Maxine’s, to her slight embarrassment in front of Misty’s mother, who, however, would have had to have been both deaf and blind never to have suspected that her daughter enjoyed intimate relations with Maxine.

“Well! Good luck, dear!” smiled Mrs Milton. “I hope you enjoy yourselves!”

“And give Sarah a good fuck for me!” laughed Misty, pressing her lips on Maxine’s cheek.

Sarah was just as good as Maxine expected, although the passion sort of ran out after only an hour or so, and the two were slumped naked on Sarah’s bed, with the sound of a train rumbling through the distance. Maxine regarded her lover more dispassionately. Her face was as sweet as ever, but she did have a furry birthmark on her thigh that was a little off-putting. And her ears were a funny shrivelled shape. And she was ever so short. Just like the girl with the ring in her eyebrow. And although not plump exactly, nowhere near as slim as darling Misty.

As so often happened when Maxine had made love with another woman she

compared her recent conquest with Misty. Invariably, it was Misty who came out best from the comparison. Maxine truly loved Misty. She knew that. And at the moment, her heart was yearning for her best friend. She could imagine her sleeping alone in her bed. Only a vibrator or two to keep her company. She was so selfless letting Maxine go off and have fun with another woman while she stayed at home alone with only the company of her mother and perhaps some more blow.

And then Maxine resolved to return home early. Although she'd normally have spent many more hours with Sarah, who was, after all, quite a pretty girl, she thought she'd leave in good time, to get home before Misty was out of bed. And then she would make up to Misty for spending time apart from her that evening. And the two of them would make that mad passionate love they enjoyed so much. And she would tell Misty how much she loved her. And how she really didn't mind sharing the same bedroom with her, as long as they could also share the bed together.

Sarah was a little distraught when Maxine left. "Please tell me you'll see me again," she pleaded at the door, while letting Maxine out into the Saturday morning street. "You've got my number, haven't you? Please call."

"I will!" promised Maxine firmly, intending to do no such thing, and then striding off, following Sarah's direction, to the nearest underground station. She blew Sarah a kiss as she rounded the street corner, preserving in her memory what she was sure would be her last sight of the girl she'd just been making love to, seeming somehow small in her bathrobe at the door of the extremely ordinary city house.

The leisurely crawl of a weekend morning followed her home, still wearing her evening outfit, hidden as best she could under her jacket and ignoring the lascivious

stares of the men on the train. Although she quite enjoyed attracting their attention, she was terrified that they might think she had any interest, of any kind whatsoever, in *them*. And soon along more familiar streets, counting off the houses, as she came at last in sight of the house that contained the flat she shared with Misty.

She cautiously pushed open the door to the flat. She didn't want to wake up Misty's mother. Indeed, she didn't really want to arouse Misty. What she wanted to do was surprise her. To jump on the bed, pull off her clothes, say "Surprise!" in a seductive voice and for the two of them to then start making love together. Wouldn't that thrill Misty? And what better surprise could there be for a lover who had spent the night alone?

Maxine might have heard a kind of groaning, gasping noise before she pushed open the door to Misty's bedroom. If she had, she'd probably have dismissed it as sounds somehow leaking in from a neighbouring flat. She hadn't expected, however, to find two bodies on the bed she shared with Misty. Two naked female bodies at that. Entwined in a tangle of limbs and grinding groins. Clearly and unambiguously making love.

At first, Maxine thought it might have been a woman that Misty had met at the club. She was famous for her fast work. Maxine remembered that girl Misty had picked up at the bus stop that evening. One moment, she was just another stranger waiting for a bus. The next, Misty and she were pressed against each other in a wild passion that rather frightened Maxine at the time. But no! It wasn't someone Misty had just met. And her breasts were not the firm ones of a young girl, but those of an older woman. One old enough to be Misty's mother.

“Misty!” Maxine shouted in alarm. “It’s your mother you’re fucking with! You’re fucking with your mother!”

Misty and her mother stopped abruptly, a dampness clinging to their chest where they’d perspired against each other and a different dampness around the crotch and at the top of the inside thighs.

“Max! What the fuck?” Misty cried.

“You’re fucking your Mum!” sobbed Maxine, already slightly regretting the hysteria that had crept into her voice.

“So?”

“It’s your Mum?”

“I know. And I’ve been enjoying every moment of it. Haven’t we, Mum?”

“Yes, we have, dear,” said Mrs Milton with an indulgent smile, her arms around her daughter and her free hand stroking sensuously about the part of the crotch Maxine was sure no mother should touch so intimately.

“In fact, we should have done this earlier, shouldn’t we, Mum?”

“Well, not when you were young, sweetest. That would have just been plain wrong!” laughed her mother.

Maxine stood there in front of Misty and her mother, feeling more like an intruder into her lover’s privacy than she’d ever felt before.

“What about me?” she couldn’t help asking, her voice feeling weak and a cloud of disappointment engulfing her.

“Well, you’ve said you wanted to have your own room back, Max,” remarked Misty. “There’s nothing stopping you from having it back now!”

