

Bait and Switch

by Pan

Inspired, of course, by Downing Street's "Alternatives".

"Take it," the man urged, a mischievous smile on his face.

Brad squinted at the strange shopkeeper. He couldn't quite make out the man's accent, and his olive skin gave no hint as to his ancestry.

"I was looking for something more...romantic," he said.

"It's only \$9.95. Plus tax."

"Really," Brad said. "It's for my wife, and I don't think this is quite what..."

"Not for your wife," the man insisted. "For you."

Brad looked down at the strange pendant. It dangled from a leather cord; a small metal circle, or something close *to* a circle, with an arrow in the middle. As the pendant moved, the arrow swung around, pointing in random directions erratically.

He was strangely drawn to it, but that wasn't why he'd come to the store. He'd come to buy Rosie a Christmas gift.

"We close in five minutes," the man said. "No fee for credit cards."

"Fine," Brad said with a sigh. "Just the amulet."

"Enjoy," the old man behind the counter said, handing back Brad's card. "I hope it serves you well."

"Sure," Brad said, shifting uneasily on his feet. "Thanks."

He put the amulet around his neck, and left the strange store (with the even stranger shopkeeper). He'd have to find his new wife something else, another gift.

Two hours of shopping later, and Brad knew that he'd found something perfect.

If he'd had a sister, or if his mother was still alive, he was sure that they would have warned him that buying his wife lingerie wasn't truly a gift for *her*, but he knew that they'd be wrong. Rosie had been dropping hints for weeks that she was in the market for new pajamas, and Brad was sure that she'd be thrilled with the sexy teddy he'd found on sale.

It was a black, lacy one-piece. It highlighted (more than it covered) the top half, then had three strips of fabric connecting to a set of black semi-transparent panties. Brad knew exactly what it would look like on his wife, and he began to get hard as he imagined the sight of her wearing it.

The store was having a sale, so he also knocked off the rest of his Christmas shopping while he was there - a set of ties for his father-in-law, a pair of funny slippers for his mother-in-law, and a new set of towels to give to his wife as their 'public' gift.

He'd give her the teddy on Christmas night, after they got home from her parents' place.

Brad's parents had died five years earlier, when he'd been twenty. He'd met Rosie shortly afterwards, and Rosie's parents had welcomed him into the family as soon as they'd started dating. Stuart, his father-in-law, had even gotten him a job at the family firm; he was just manning the front desk for now, but he'd been promised great things if he stuck to it.

Deidre, Rosie's mother, had been similarly inviting, although there had been a slight awkwardness a few weeks earlier. During dinner at the in-law's house, Rosie and her mother had been wearing similar outfits - jeans and a floral top - and when Brad had found his wife doing dishes after the meal, he'd walked up behind her and jokingly honked her boobs.

Her shriek - and the surprising fullness of her breasts - immediately made him realize his mistake, and he'd turned to find his wife and her father staring at him from the kitchen doorway. A deep blush had spread over Brad's face as he'd stammered his way through an apology to

Deidre, whose generous bust he'd just inadvertently fondled.

He prayed that they would all laugh about it someday, but ever since the accidental gropage, things had been more than a little uncomfortable between him and the only parents he had left. Brad had deliberately picked out the most innocent gift he could for his mother-in-law, something he sincerely hoped would signal his desire for everything to return to normal.

As he caught the train back from the city, he grasped the pendant in his hand and closed his eyes. To his horror, he couldn't help but recall exactly how Deidre's breasts in his hands had felt, and his cock thickened slightly at the memory.

Rosie wasn't the first woman he'd slept with, but she'd been the bustiest, something Brad was very excited about. He was a boob man, and always had been - and so the first time he'd met Rosie's mother, he hadn't been able to avoid noticing that she was even bustier than her daughter.

That night in the kitchen hadn't been the first time he'd gotten the mother and daughter confused from behind - aside from her sizeable bust, and the twenty years Deidre carried on her face, the two of them looked almost identical.

Since then, he'd been *very* careful to make sure he was approaching the right woman whenever he went in to give his wife a kiss, and had made a simple 'no boob-honking' rule, just to be safe.

Christmas Day rolled around faster than he'd expected - it had felt like just a few days since he'd been handing candy to trick-or-treaters at the door - and as the gift-unwrapping began, Brad was starting to feel like the awkward patch had started. Stuart had given him a set of beer steins, and expressed interest in trying his next batch of homebrewed beer. Deidre had given him an electronic photoframe, and dropped her usual hints about seeing pictures of her grandchild in them soon.

"Mo-om!" Rosie had exclaimed, rolling her eyes with a laugh. Her mother had been not-so-secretly hoping she'd bring a baby into the world since almost the moment she and Brad had met.

Stuart had loved the tie - "Looking forward to wearing these around the office," he'd said, which was high praise from the usually stoic man. Rosie had feigned enthusiasm about the dish-towels, her eyebrows rising when he'd whispered to her that she'd be getting her real gift later.

And as Deidre had begun to unwrap her gift, Brad was confident that all would be mended between them by the time they finished Christmas dinner.

"You're going to love this," he said. "I know it'll really suit you."

Deidre opened the box, and her eyes widened. Brad beamed at his mother-in-law; the slippers, he knew, were her exact sense of humor.

"You don't have to wear them now," he said with a laugh. "But I hope I see you dressed up for me before too long!"

In response, he was met with a stony silence. Stuart, sitting beside his wife, was staring into the box, and - to Brad's surprise - beginning to turn a deep shade of purple.

"Don't tell me you're offended," Brad continued. He didn't do well with silences. "C'mon, Stu - isn't this exactly your wife's style? I mean, it's not exactly suitable for the office, but..."

His voice faltered as Stuart made eye-contact with his son-in-law, his stare powerful enough to turn milk. The color drained from Brad's face as Deidre held up the gift that Brad had made a big show of giving her.

It was the teddy.

The sexy, lacy teddy that he'd bought for his wife...he'd mislabeled the gifts, and given his

mother-in-law - who he'd inadvertently groped just one month earlier - lingerie, a deeply erotic, personal gift.

"Oh, shit. Stuart, I..."

"Get out," the older man said, his voice icy cold.

"Sir, I..."

"Get out. *Now*. I don't care where, just leave. My. House."

Brad turned to his wife for support, but she - ever the Daddy's girl - avoided his gaze.

"Rosie," he pleaded. "Honey..."

She licked her lips nervously.

"You'd better go," she said, and Brad wondered if he could detect a hint of disappointment in her voice. She couldn't think...surely she...

Brad flashed back to the moment in the kitchen when she'd caught him touching her mother, his hands on the 45-year old woman's enormous breasts. They'd never talked about it, but the next time they'd made love, Rosie had refused to let him touch her chest. She'd once confessed to him that one of her boyfriends had made an off-hand comment about her mother's chest, and the feelings of inadequacy she'd felt ever since.

God, did she think this had been deliberate? That he'd *wanted* to grope her mother? That the gift...that in the kitchen...

"Brad," Deidre said. "You should leave."

Unlike her husband and daughter, Deidre's voice had a hint of warmth in it, a note of sympathy. That was what got to Brad, that was what made him stand and leave. She'd known it was an accident, he was sure of it. His mother-in-law was an intelligent woman - she must have known that he wasn't stupid enough to buy her a sexy outfit in front of her family.

In front of *his* family.

She'd defend him in his absence. Deidre would make sure they understood.

Brad shot her a grateful glance as he left the room, even as Stuart glared at him and Rosie steadfastly looked at the floor. Deidre gave him the slightest nod in return, and as he walked through his in-law's enormous house, Brad was confident that everything would be cleared up by dinnertime.

It was snowing outside, and Brad pulled his coat around him. He walked for hours - Rosie had the car keys, and he didn't much feel like returning to ask for them. He checked his phone every few minutes, waiting for his wife to reach out to him, to let him know it was safe to return, but was only met with the photo on his wallpaper - a picture of he and Rosie at the beach, smiling at the camera.

He smiled back, hoping - *knowing* - that all would be normal again soon.

Brad passed bars, restaurants, the few places which are open on Christmas Day, but he didn't stop in. He just walked aimlessly, wondering how he could have been so stupid, imagining worst-case scenarios. What if Rosie didn't ever forgive him? What if Deidre wasn't on his side?

What if Stuart fired him?

After several hours of walking, he collapsed onto a bench, trying to decide what to do next. He couldn't go back, not yet. If he had any chance of waiting this out, he could only go back when he was invited. He'd just have to wait for them to make the next move.

"You can take control of the situation."

Brad jumped. "Who— what? Who said that?" He looked around for the speaker, but there was no one nearby. Across the park, a plump woman was walking her dog - it was rugged up for the winter, dressed as a tiny Santa.

“You don’t have to wait for them to reach out to you.”

“Who is this?”

“Someone who can offer you choices. Alternatives. Other ways that things could go.”

The voice was soft. Feminine. It didn’t sound at all familiar, yet - at the same time - sounded like it could have been a voice that Brad had heard his whole life.

“What? What are you talking about?” The hairs on the back of Brad’s neck were standing, as he listened to the bizarre offer of a disembodied voice. “Who *is* this?”

“Names do not matter,” the voice said smoothly. It had the cadence of a news announcer, or a professional podcaster. Despite the unusual situation, Brad couldn’t help but feel calmed by the voice’s offer. “You are holding my amulet.”

Brad stared at the \$9.95 (plus tax) purchase of a few weeks ago. “You’re inside the amulet? Like...like a genie?”

“No,” the voice sighed, as though it’d had to explain this before. “Think of it like a telephone. It reaches between my realm and yours, and allows us to communicate.”

The arrow was spinning wildly, pointing in random directions as he watched. He had definitely passed by those bars, right? He hadn’t gone in, had a few Christmas drinks, and collapsed onto a bench and started hallucinating...

“You are not drunk, Bradley,” the voice said. It was calm, as though everything that was happening was completely reasonable. As though Brad *wasn’t* going mad. “Nor are you going mad.”

“How can you read my thoughts?”

“The amulet, Bradley. It allows me to do more than just read your thoughts, however.”

“Like what?”

“I can change things, Bradley. This is only one potential path your future holds. I can offer you others. More. Alternative timelines.”

“How?”

“The specific mechinations do not matter, Bradley. All that matters is what you choose.”

Brad narrowed his eyes.

“Show me,” he challenged. He didn’t feel drunk, or high, or mad. He felt - impossible though it seemed - as though the voice was telling the truth, that it was truly from another realm.

That it could show him different futures. Different lives.

“Very well,” the voice said, and Brad could tell that it was pleased. “If you wish to leave the alternative, all you need do is bite your thumb.”

Stepping out of the bathroom, Brad could hear the sound of his wife humming as she did the dishes. Her parents had cooked a magnificent meal - roast chicken, brussels sprouts, and a delicious bread pudding for dessert - Rosie must have offered to clean up afterwards as a thanks.

He made his way into the kitchen; she was wearing a floral shirt, and a pair of loose jeans that still didn’t manage to hide her derriere. She was wearing a pair of comfortable black flats, as she always did when they visited her parent’s house.

A combination of lust and mischief hit Brad at the sight of Rosie’s ample buttocks, and he stepped forward, playfully reaching around and squeezing his wife’s tits.

Brad’s eyes widened as his hands closed, and he realized.

They weren’t his wife’s tits.

This wasn’t his wife.

This wasn’t even his reality.

All of a sudden, it all came flooding back - Christmas day, the presents, the amulet.

The voice.

Frozen with fear, Brad was surprised to find his mother-in-law's hands reach up and meet his, and her ample rear press into his erection.

"Naughty naughty," she purred. "If my daughter were to learn how much her hubby likes mama's tits..."

Deidre turned around, and her face fell. Brad followed her gaze to see what she was looking at - standing in the doorway was his wife and her father, staring as she allowed him to fondle her breasts and pressed her body against his.

"Brad!" Rosie said, disappointed. This was so much worse than the first time - Deidre had shrieked, made it clear that this was an accident. This way, it looked...it looked like an affair.

"Rosie," he said, but it was too late - she had run from the room, leaving Stuart staring at him sadly.

"Really?" he said, sounding more disappointed than angry. "In front of my daughter?"

He shook his head, and followed the sound of crying upstairs.

Brad stared after them, unable to process everything that had just happened. He'd... they'd...

He looked down - Deidre was still pressed against him, a saucy smile on her face.

"Well, now that we're alone..." she began, but he cut her off with a groan.

"No!" he whimpered, putting his thumb into his mouth and biting down, hard.

"See what I mean?" said the voice.

Brad looked around. It was as though no time had passed at all - the plump woman was bending down to clean up after her dog, but there was otherwise still no one in the park.

"What happened?"

"Exactly as I said it would," the voice intoned. "I showed you another timeline. Another you. Another way things could have gone."

"But...Deidre..."

"The matron? This was a version of reality where she was more relaxed. Perhaps this is what you want."

"I just want my wife back," Brad insisted. "Not...*that*. I just want my wife, and my family, and for no one to be mad."

"Are you quite sure?" the voice asked conversationally. "You can have anything, after all."

"Yes."

"Your kind is never certain of what they want," the voice said, as though Brad had said nothing at all. "At least, not until they are shown exactly what could be. How about this?"

Brad could hear his wife humming in the kitchen. As she did the dishes, she was wiggling slightly, almost as though she had too much energy, like she couldn't help but dance. Brad's heart leapt - he loved her so much. And watching her tush bounce back and forth was a treat for the eyes.

She was wearing a pair of skin-tight jeans and a low-cut floral shirt, just like her mother. They loved it when they accidentally wore similar clothes - after seeing Rosie's high heels, Deidre had even run upstairs to fetch a pair of her own. It was a little formal for a family dinner at home, but it was impossible to deny how nicely it framed the women's legs.

He stepped forward, and reached around to honk her boobs. As soon as his hands made contact, it all came back - the voice, the teddy.

Christmas Day.

"Mmmm," she moaned, rubbing her ass against the front of his pants. To his horror, Brad

realized he was hard - looking at his mother-in-law had gotten him hard.

He pulled his hands off Deidre's tits, but before he could get his thumb to his mouth, before he could go back and tell the voice that he didn't want *any* of this, his mother-in-law had turned around and grabbed his hands.

"Brad..." she said, staring at him lustfully. "You're so *naughty*."

In heels, she didn't even need to stand on her toes to move her mouth to his. Brad was shocked to find himself kissing his mother-in-law, kissing Deidre; his tongue exploring her mouth, his hands instinctively reaching down and grabbing her ass.

"No," he moaned, dizzy from the kiss. He frantically glanced to his right - sure enough, there they were; Rosie and Stuart, watching Brad kiss a woman almost twice his age.

To his surprise, they weren't mad.

"We'll leave you to it," Stuart said, and Rosie threw him a wink. As they left, Brad noticed his father-in-law's hand move casually onto Rosie's rear.

"Now it's just you and me," Deidre said, smiling up at her son-in-law. "Now, where were we?"

Before Brad had time to react, her mouth was on his again, and he was trapped in another long, deep, intoxicating kiss. Kissing Deidre was completely unlike kissing her daughter - she made a long, deep moaning sound as they kissed, and wasn't shy about caressing his tongue with hers.

"You're *such* a naughty boy," she said breathily, her hand making its way down to his pants. "What have you got for mama..."

It wasn't long before Deidre's talented hand had pulled his cock out, and she was staring at it, a shocked look on her face.

"Oh honey, you're soooo big. So hard...does this feel good?"

Brad's mother-in-law was running the tips of her fingers along his erection, and he couldn't help but moan his approval.

"Yesss...god, that feels so good..."

Deidre began stroking faster, using her whole hand. "So nice," she muttered. "So big and hard and nice nice nice..."

The look of lust on Deidre's face, the fact that his wife knew - and was apparently okay with - what was happening, and the feeling of her soft skin against his hardness...it wasn't long before Brad was bucking his hips with lust.

"Come on mama's chest," Deidre pleaded. "Be a good boy, and coat mama's chest with your yummy yummy seed..."

Practically tearing her shirt open, Deidre exposed some of the white, creamy cleavage that Brad had just had his hands on. She looked up at him pleadingly, and he couldn't resist, thrusting his seed onto her chest, onto her face.

"Yesss..." Deidre sighed, a look of utter contentment on her face. From upstairs, Brad thought he could hear the sound of bedsprings squeaking. No, he must have been imagining himself. Rosie couldn't...she *wouldn't*...

His eyes widened, as he heard the faint cry of 'Daddy!' from the other room.

"No..." he cried, moving his hand to his mouth, and biting down on his thumb.

"There is no point in denying it," the voice said placidly. "Your mother-in-law gives you the hots."

Brad looked around. The plump woman and her dog had their backs to him as they left. The chill of the Christmas winter hit his face, which he realized was warm from exertion, warm from

what Deidre had done to him.

No! That wasn't Deidre.

That wasn't Rosie.

"And yet it was," the voice replied. "There are more timelines than there are grains of sand in the ocean; what makes your original timeline more special than the others? I just chose one where your mother-in-law lusts for you as much as you for her..."

"I don't lust for her," Brad replied through gritted teeth.

"I don't know why you humans fight this so," the voice said with a sigh. "I can see into your heart, Bradley. I can see what you want, and it is she."

"That wasn't her," Brad insisted. "You changed her. You changed *Rosie*."

"No," the voice repeated. "There are more timelines than all the humans in all the timelines could ever *imagine*. Of course there is one where your daughter has a different relationship with her father. How could there not be?"

"That wasn't Rosie."

"It was a version of her, as real as the one you've known. Just as that was a completely real version of her mother."

Brad closed his eyes.

"This isn't real."

"It's real," the voice said, started to sound bored. "That Deidre is completely real. And you can have her. However you like - as a lover, a mother, a slave..."

"No," Brad pleaded. "Please. I just want my wife. I...I don't want..."

"You are fighting no one but yourself, Bradley. Why don't we try this one more time?"

Brad smiled at the sight of his wife sexy-dancing as she did the dishes. Her and her mother had coordinated their outfits, as they always did, wearing a floral front knot top, , and a black skirt that ended just above the knees, with black stockings to go with it, topped off with a pair of three-inch heels.

She was so fucking hot. If her parents hadn't been in the next room, he would have fucked her right there over the sink.

Stepping forward, Brad slowly moved his hand onto his wife's exposed midriff, then shifted it up until he was grasping both of her breasts. She hissed lustfully at the feeling of his touch, pushing backwards so that her rump was pressed firmly against his erection, and tilting her head to kiss him.

Brad's eyes widened as he realized - this wasn't his wife. This was Deidre, his mother-in-law. This wasn't his reality; the amulet...the voice had...-

"God I want you," Deidre said, pulling back from the kiss. "Please, Brad...take me."

Looking at the doorway, Brad was horrified (but unsurprised) to see his wife and father-in-law standing there, watching. "Go on," Rosie said encouragingly. "Do it."

Stuart nodded. "I'll be in my study," he said dryly. "Would someone please let me know when they leave, so I can say goodbye?"

"Okay honey," Deidre said, before pulling Brad's mouth back to hers.

His mother-in-law's hands were on his face, in his hair, like she couldn't get enough of him, so it took Brad a minute to realize who had unzipped his fly and pulled his erection out.

"Do you want him first, mama?" Rosie asked, a cheeky grin on her face.

"Only if you don't mind," Deidre responded.

"No, Mom. I get him all the time."

"Mmmm," Deidre responded, dropping to her knees. "Thanks, honey..."

Rosie watched as though entranced as her mother took Brad's long member into her mouth. "Look at how *big* you are," she whispered into her husband's ear. "Such a nice cock. Such a nice cock for Mama."

"Rosie," Brad croaked, but she held one finger to his lip. He recognized the taste - she'd been playing with herself. Brad glanced down; inches away from beside his mother-in-law's bobbing head, Rosie's other hand was between her legs, slowly stroking up and down the front of her panties.

One of Deidre's hands was on his cock - the other was between her legs, as though mirroring her daughter's actions.

"Mama likes your cock," Rosie whispered, before bringing his mouth to hers. The contrast between the two women's kisses was stark, although Brad was unable to say which was better.

"Mama *does* like your cock," Deidre echoed, pulling Brad's member out of her mouth.

"Th-thanks," he responded, not sure what else to say.

"I gotta have you," she cooed. "You gotta fuck mama..."

"Please, honey," Rosie said, her face contorted with lust. "Please...I want you to fuck my mom. Please?"

"O-okay..." Brad gulped, and the two women simultaneously squealed with excitement.

"Where do you want to do this, hon?"

"Against the sink," Brad said, his throat dry. The voice had been right - he'd been imagining this for weeks. He hadn't been able to admit it to himself, but every time he'd fucked his wife, he'd been picturing her mother. No wonder she'd been suspicious of his accidental gift. No wonder he'd been jealous.

"Like this?"

Brad shook his head.

"Like...like you're doing the dishes."

Deidre nodded excitedly, slipping off her heels and getting into position. Rosie undid her mother's knot-top (neither of them were wearing bras) and lifted her mother's skirt, lining her husband's cock up with her entrance. He reached forward and grabbed his mother-in-law's bare breasts, groaning with pleasure as he finally got the hand on the object of his long-buried fantasies.

"Do it," the 45-year old woman moaned. "Fuck your mommy..."

"Fuck her," Rosie pleaded. "Fuck mama. For me, baby. For me..."

Brad nodded, and pushed forward, slowly sinking his cock into his mother-in-law's warm cunt for the first time. Rosie kissed him passionately, trembling with excitement, before dropping to her stockinged knees and watching her husband slowly enter the hole she'd emerged from over twenty years earlier.

"You're doing it," she moaned. "God, baby, you're doing it..."

"It feels so good," Brad moaned. He'd always loved sex with his wife, but Deidre was something else. She was shaking with pleasure, and he could tell that she was going to cum at any moment.

"Cum for me," he hissed. "Cum for me...mama."

"Oh, god!" she moaned. "So big. So hard. So niiiiiiice..."

Deidre's entire body began to spasm as she came, and Brad could hear a splashing sound on the kitchen's tiled floor.

"She's squirting," Rosie gasped. "Oh, fuck! Brad. You made my mama squirt. You made my mama squirt by fucking herrr..."

Rosie trailed off, and began emitting the small squeaks that Brad knew signified his wife's own orgasm.

"Oh, god..." he groaned, as he felt his pubic hair meeting his mother-in-law's. "Oh, Deidre..."

"Fuck me, Brad," she replied with a gasp. "Please. Fuck your busty, wanton mother-in-law..."

"Yesss..."

Brad obliged immediately, pulling out of his mother-in-law's warm, hot pussy, and slamming his cock back in as quickly as it had left. He could feel her hard nipples under his palm; looking down, he could see the look of pure lust on his wife's face as she watched her husband fuck her mother. Every time his cock fully entered Deidre, she let out a loud gasp; she was wetter than he could remember his wife ever being, and just as tight.

It wasn't long before Brad felt his orgasm oncoming. Just as he was about to cum, he heard his wife begin to cry out.

"Gonna cum, gonna cum, gonna cum..."

He could see his wife's hand up her skirt, moving so fast that it was a blur.

"Gonna cum, gonna cum, gonna cum..."

Deidre had joined in with her daughter's chanting. She had a tight grip on the sink; the floor was slippery now, and her stockings feet weren't giving her much traction. Brad had a firm grasp on her tits as he pistoned in and out of his mother-in-law, and before long his cock was pulsing, pumping his cum into his mother-in-law's pussy.

She didn't squirt with her second orgasm, but her pussy tightened around his erection, and she moaned loudly at the feeling of his hot seed entering her. Rosie came just a few moments later, squeaking with excitement as she watched her husband unload inside her mother, spasming wildly on the floor as she came.

"Fuck..." Deidre moaned, before slumping over the sink. "Oh, fuck..."

The three of them didn't move for several minutes, each of them panting with exertion.

"God," Brad finally said. "That was...that was incredible."

"That was *incredible*," his wife repeated, her eyes bright with excitement.

Deidre didn't have words; she just nodded, and pressed her mouth against his once more, languidly exploring his mouth with her tongue.

"Thank you," he said, and the two women nodded...though it wasn't him that he was talking to. He wrapped one hand around the amulet he was wearing, and repeated the sentiment.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome," the voice said.

Brad blinked twice. He was back in the park, all alone.

"Ready to decide now?"

Glancing down at the amulet in his hand, Brad saw that the arrow had stopped flitting around. He'd made his choice, and the arrow pointed straight to it.

"I'm ready," he replied.

The sun was setting by the time Brad arrived back at his in-law's house. He'd walked further than he'd thought.

He checked his phone once more, rereading the message he'd gotten almost an hour ago. It was two simple words:

"Come home."

He tried the door. It was unlocked. He stepped inside, and was met by two voices.

“Merry Christmas,” they trilled in harmony. He smiled at the sight of his wife and mother-in-law, arms linked.

“Where’s Stuart?”

“He’s in his study,” Rosie said, a twinkle in her eye. “He didn’t want to interrupt.

“And you guys aren’t mad?”

“Of course not,” Deidre smiled. “Stuart just lost his temper. You know he sometimes gets jealous.”

“Jealous of what?” Brad asked, returning his mother-in-law’s smile.

“Of you,” the older woman replied, before kissing him long and hard. “He knows I belong to you.”

“We both do,” Rosie said with a happy sigh.

As he hugged the two women, Brad let his hands run down their backs. They were each wearing the matching teddies he’d bought them, six-inch heels...and nothing else.

“I missed you,” Rosie said, reaching down to squeeze the front of Brad’s pants.

“We both did,” Deidre purred. “Now let’s go celebrate Christmas properly...”

Each of the girls took one of his hands and led him to the master bedroom.

Far away, in a realm that no human will ever visit, a disembodied voice began to laugh.