Motherly Ribbing

By C. Jade Wyton

Tiffany spends some quality time with her mothers; who don't hesitate to playfully tease their daughter when the opportunity arises.

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It was a quiet Saturday night in the Goldman house. The boys had settled down to sleep ten-or-so minutes ago, and since then the three adults of the household had been quietly sitting together in the lounge, watching old bootleg movies and drinking the bad kind of discounted soda.

Tiffany always enjoyed these visits to her childhood home. It felt good. And warm. And safe.

Everything here was always so familiar, no matter how new it was. From the faded leather couches to the strange art decor her mothers hung around.

It was strange to think she didn't live here anymore.

How long had it been since she had moved out? Seven or eight years?

She'd moved out when she was twenty, and her boys were now seven, so….

Closer to eight.

Tiffany let out a long sigh, and shifted in the old armchair so she could stare at her parents.

'Ma? Mum?' Tiffany started, waiting for her mothers to both look at her before she continued, 'I've been thinking, lately….'

'Did it hurt?' asked Ripley, a cheeky note to her voice.

Tiffany threw one of the chair cushions at her mother, though the other one caught it.

'Don't listen to her, baby,' Delilah comforted. 'You finish what you were saying.'

'Hm,' Tiffany gave a humoured snort before leaning dangerously over her chair. 'I was thinking that I wouldn't mind a third.'

'A third?'

'Third what, hon?'

'Third boy,' Tiffany clarified.

Delilah's eyes went wide. '*Oh?*'

'Yeah,' Tiffany's own sparkled. 'Can you imagine another?'

'Heh. Hon, come on,' Ripley gave a laugh. 'You gotta get yourself a partner before you can get another little'un!'

'No— I just gotta find a place that will let me have anonymous sex while *sober*.'

'Baby,' Delilah raised her brow. 'Be reasonable—'

'I *am* being rea—'

'It's been over seven years since you found anyone good enough to meet your sober standards. It's probably going to be another seven before you find someone you're interested in dating.'

'Heh! Yeah,' Ripley teased. 'I bet the boys are gonna be *teenagers* before you
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meet someone you like! And good luck then convincing them to put up with a stepfather!'

'I'm not interested in dating *anyone!*' Tiffany defended. 'And, F-Y-I, you don't have to *like* someone to sleep with them!'

'I'm just saying, baby. You're not who you used to be.'

'No,' Tiffany snorted. 'I'm better.'

Both of Tiffany's mothers chuckled, and cast each other humoured looks.

'You were perfect then,' Ripley said, reaching over to cup her daughters chin in a hand. 'And you're perfect now. No better or worse. Just changed.'

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