

## Chapter 25

“Dylan...”

I felt a wet nudge on my neck. Soft, warm lips.

Even in my grogginess, my first instinct was to find my way in between Ellie’s legs.

She clutched my wrist. “M-Mommy... Mommy’s almost home.”

“Really?” I groaned, opening my eyes, but it was still dark in the room. I could feel Heidi’s tits pressed up against my back, her hand slung over my hips.

My older sister was still sound asleep. I could feel her soft, rhythmic breath against my nape.

“Yeah,” Ellie said, still clutching my wrist while I jammed a few fingers inside her pussy.

What time was it? I didn’t want to get up to check.

I was in the best possible position, sandwiched in between the two loves of my life.

“Mommy just texted me,” my little sister gasped. “There will be home in...” She dug her face against my neck, groaning softly as I did whatever I wanted with her.

Ellie’s words weren’t really registering into my mind. I had just woken up and the first thing I wanted was her body.

“Dylan...” She jerked against me. Gasped. “Dylan!”

“Be a good little sister and get on top of me,” I grunted. “Wake me up properly.”

“Mommy’s coming home,” she repeated, her voice growing high-pitched and whiny, but I had already moved away from Heidi, laying flat on my back and hauling my little sister on top of me.

“You need to talk to her,” Ellie whimpered, but I knew she wanted this as much as I did.

She straddled my hips, left her hold on my wrist to grip my cock in the best way possible. As I moaned, Ellie lifted herself, positioning right above my upright cock.

I still couldn't see her well. It was pitch black in the room, but I could make out her shoulder blonde hair, the outlines of her pretty face, and most importantly, I could hear just how excited she was.

"That's it," I grunted as she lowered herself, my little sister moaning too as I began to stretch her apart.

I loved how Ellie rode me. It was different from Heidi.

My little sister was patient, swaying her hips back and forth, not rushing our orgasms, which was a big difference to our older sister, who preferred a hard, passionate fuck.

But Ellie knew my body better. She knew exactly how much it would take for me to cum.

I groaned. *Fuck*. Sometimes I wished she would rush sex like Heidi did because it was agonizing having her edging me like that.

As pleasure roared through me in short, excruciating waves, I grit my teeth and enjoyed the ride as best as I could.

My sister would usually climax first, but my composure slipped, and I was helpless to the pleasure, moaning through clenched teeth, releasing my load into Ellie.

I felt her shiver, once. Twice, and then she threw her head back, joining me in rapture.

When I finished up, my little sister dropped forward, heaving breaths against my chest.

"Mommy's...." She struggled for words. "Mommy's almost... home."

I blinked. Right. I was supposed to have a talk with Mother about the love pill and get some answers.

"What time is it?" I groaned.

“Four in the morning.”

Wow. Our mothers were apparently out together at some fancy gala. Usually they would be back much earlier on, so it must have been really eventful if they had spent the entire evening there.

We must have woken Heidi up because I felt her stirring.

Groaning, I pulled my cock out of Ellie, smiling as I felt her shudder. I was still rock hard and throbbing, eager for more, especially from the other sister laying naked right beside me.

Turning to Heidi, I ran a palm down her curves, ending the journey at her ass—probably my favorite part of her.

Objectively, she had a better physique than Ellie. Bigger, rounder tits, a larger ass, tanner skin, but I always would have a softer spot with Ellie. After all, I had lost my virginity to my own little sister.

“Hey,” I greeted Heidi, leaning in so I could smell her. Heidi always smelled like strawberries, reminding me of our Mother, who used a similar fresh perfume.

Heidi didn’t reply. My older sister was staring up at the ceiling, not responding to my touches, even as I squeezed her amazing ass.

She was probably annoyed that she had woken up to Ellie and me fucking. That was the problem with this three-way relationship. Jealousy would happen, and Heidi had already admitted she gets easily envious.

Ellie wasn’t immune to it, either. She hid her jealousy much better than Heidi did, but whenever I spend *too much* time fucking Heidi, she would suddenly become distant.

Should I give Heidi a good fuck to make up for it? It was tempting—to fuck one hot sister after the other.

But it didn’t seem like we had the time. Our mothers were arriving home and Ellie was already out of the bed and in the bathroom to clean up the mess I made on her.

“Sorry,” I said, breaking the silence and hugging Heidi closer. “I should have woken you up first and asked if you wanted to join us.”

Heidi kept her eyes on the ceiling. "Ellie said Mommy's home?"

"Coming home," I said, giving Heidi a kiss on the temple. "We should get ready."

"Yeah." Heidi shrugged me off. I watched her get out of bed and head towards the bathroom, too.

I sighed. Heidi really shouldn't give me this attitude. Just hours ago, we had gone behind Ellie's back and had a long fuck where my older sister put on Ellie's clothes and roleplayed as her, calling me 'big bro' and giving me one of the most depraved sex of my life.

I loved it. Heidi loved it. But I was sure Ellie wouldn't share that settlement.

Dealing with Heidi was still a puzzle I was eager to solve, but I was confident everything would end up perfect. If Father could work it out with someone like Mother, who was probably worse to deal with than Heidi, then I was sure I could figure it out too.

But for now...

I sat up, looked around the darkness for a bit, then got out of bed to join them in the shower.

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Ellie rushed to her Mother, giving her a long kiss on the cheek and an even longer hug.

Then Mother walked in.

Both my mothers were dressed to impress. Lucia was wearing a sleek green halter neck dress that really complemented her figure.

But Mother...

She wore a blood red cocktail dress that showed more skin than it covered.

My boner hadn't died down since Ellie had woken me up, and seeing Mother like that confirmed that I wasn't going to grow soft anytime soon.

I stayed behind as Heidi came forward and greeted our Mother the same way Ellie did. A tight hug and then a sweet kiss on the cheek.

They talked for a bit, but I couldn't hear them from where I was standing.

I just watched them, noticing just how love-struck Heidi was.

Mother was stroking Heidi, running a thumb along her cheek and neck. I could see Heidi shuddering, and I even spotted my sister squeezing her eyes shut, trying to hold back a moan.

Why hadn't I noticed it before? Heidi was always obsessed with Mother, but I never realized the extent of it until now.

Was my sister making it more obvious, or have I just never paid much attention, too focused on Mother myself?

They finally ended their talk. Mother kissed Heidi on the cheek, Heidi nodded, said a 'Yes, Mommy', then went ahead and caught up with Lucia and Ellie who were already at the staircase and heading upstairs.

They were going to clear the air with Lucia. I was going to do the same with Mother.

"Dylan."

I stiffened up.

"Come here." She motioned me forward, and I immediately felt an invisible pull towards her.

When I reached her, Mother touched me in the same way as Heidi. She took my chin, ran her thumb along my cheek and neck.

I leaned towards her touch, my breaths picking up, my heart rate skyrocketing. I was already under her spell, but I didn't care.

“What’s this all about?” Mother asked. Her blue eyes were so striking, almost hypnotic. God, Mother was beautiful. “Why did Ellie text us, asking for a meeting in the middle of the night?”

So she didn’t know. Yet.

I gulped and dug a hand into my right pocket, clutching the love pill in my hand.

What if Mother knew about the existence of the love pill all along?

It would mean that she was hiding it from us all these years. She had already concealed the truth about our father being her own brother, and that Lucia was her sister.

What else was she hiding from us?

Mother leaned in, whispering her suspicions into my ear.

“Is Ellie pregnant?”

“No.” I forced a chuckle and took an unsteady step backwards. Damn it. She was too close. I was too horny.

Mother raised a sexy eyebrow. Crossed her arms.

“Is this really important?” she asked. “I’m exhausted and I want to go to bed. If this isn’t urgent, we can talk later.”

I shook my head. “It’s important, Mommy.”

Ever since she had insisted I call her ‘Mommy’ instead of ‘Mother’, I have been obliging her request.

I could tell she liked the change.

‘Mother’ was always too formal. Distant.

For long, intense seconds, Mother said nothing. Didn’t even break eye contact. But she finally glanced at my hand in my pocket, her gaze lingering there for a while.

“Dylan.” She sighed. “It’s inappropriate to have a boner in front of your Mother.”

“Oh.” If Mother wanted me to blush, she had succeeded. “S-Sorry.”

“What do you have in your pants? Besides your cock?”

Mother never talked like that. Never.

“Umm...” I couldn’t hide my lust anymore. I was basically dripping with it, panting loudly.

She didn’t break eye contact. Didn’t stop stroking me. “Show me what you have in your pockets.”

There was a double meaning behind those words, and we both knew it. I would gladly take my cock out for her if she wanted to, but I took the safer option, pulling my hand out of my pocket.

“Open your hand.”

Gulping, I released my fist, showing her the pill.

Judging from Mother’s reaction—or lack of one—my suspicions were confirmed.

She knew about the love pill.

“Mommy...” I raised my hand so she could see the pill better. “I—”

She grabbed my hand.

“Come.”

I didn’t protest as she led me towards the staircase.

I felt like a little kid again. Mother was holding my hand and leading me to wherever.

I assumed we were going into her study. It was the most logical place to have a conversation with her, but when we passed her study, I grew curious.

Were we heading to...

No.

But we were. I couldn't remember the last time I had been in Mother's room. For good reasons, she was an extremely private person. With the exception of Heidi's Instagram party, nobody besides family was allowed in our estate.

Mother opened the door, and we went into her room.

Was this where it all happened with Heidi and Mother? All the depraved incest between Mother and daughter?

"Lock the door," Mother told me, letting go of my hand and heading towards the bar area. "Then come join me."

This felt like a scene directly plucked on from my fantasies.

We had just gone out on a date, returned home, and headed straight to her room for sex.

Obviously, that wasn't the case, but seeing Mother in that tight red dress, I could close my eyes and visualize the fantasy.

Gulping, I did as I was told, locking her room door and then heading to the bar area where Mother was pouring two glasses of red.

She handed me a glass.

"Sit."

I sat down on the high stool right beside her.

"How much do you know about the pill?" she asked, her voice silky smooth, her perfume divine as ever.

God, I wanted to fuck her so badly.

"Umm..." I rubbed my neck. "A lot, I guess. Father... he, umm, he explained everything to me."



Mother perked up at the mention of my father.

I cleared my throat.. “He made a video for me and gave me four pills. He... umm...” I cleared my throat again. “He apologized to me for being a bad father and told me I have to do better than him.”

Mother sniffed and suddenly glanced away. Damn it. She still wasn’t healed from Father’s death.

Of course she wasn’t. She had been madly in love with him, and I didn’t think any amount of time would make her move on.

The fact that Mother was tearing up had me shifting in my seat. I didn’t know what to do, especially since I rarely saw her emotional.

“Umm... Mommy?”

She sniffed. “Hmm?”

“Did you know about the love pill?”

“I do.”

My heart sank. “For... for how long?”

“About a year after I got married to your father.”

That was a long time ago. The year Heidi was born.

“How did you find out? Did Father tell you?”

“Dylan.” She glanced up at me then, and I could see her tears staining those gorgeous blue eyes.

I exhaled. “Yeah?”

“Do you still think I’m a bad Mother?”

"I never.... I never said you were," I stumbled on my words, not understanding why I was defending her. There was no denying it. She was a bad Mother. At least towards me. Years of neglect had caused me too much pain. "I said you could have done better."

She pursed her lips. "Like giving you more attention?"

"Yeah." I nodded, then gasped when Mother reached up, taking my cheek.

"I'm sorry," Mother whispered, a single tear finally rolling its way down her left eye. "I understand now that boys need attention from their mothers."

She started stroking me again, and I couldn't help it. I sighed, leaning into her touch. This felt unbelievably nice. Her hand was warm. Soothing. I never wanted her to stop touching me.

The plan melted away from my mind. I forgot about the love pill, more focused on enjoying the moment.

"I'll amend my mistakes," she told me. "You'll be spending a lot more time with me. Would you like that?"

"I..." I gulped. "I'd like that."

"Good." Mother's hand went lower, and I stiffened when I felt her thumb making the slow journey towards my lips.

I knew what Mother wanted, and I just let her in, parting my lips.

I closed my eyes. Moaned as I sucked on her finger.

Fuck.

"I'll be personally tutoring you, my love," Mother's voice went even lower. Huskier. "I'm going to guide you into becoming the man I dream of you to be."

"Mommy..." I moaned. I'd never allow Heidi or Ellie to put their finger there, but Mother?

This felt normal. Enjoyable, even.

But before I could really get into it, Mother withdrew her finger, and I opened my eyes.

“Come.” She stood up and took my hand again.

Excitement flushed through me as I thought of where she was taking me next.

Her bed? Were we finally going to fuck?

But no. Disappointment washed over me when we passed her bed, but excitement returned when I realized we were walking into her en suite.

Mother stopped at the entrance of the bathroom.

“Wait here,” she said. “I’ll get the tub ready.”

She headed inside and closed the door, leaving me in a rollercoaster of emotion.

There was no hiding it.

We were actually going to fuck.

Were we?

I heard running water inside.

“M-Mommy?”

“Yes, love?”

Should I say it?

Saying it would feel so wrong.

Fuck it.

“Are...” I cleared my throat. “Are we going to fuck?”

I had to know.

There was this awkward silence, but then I heard her footsteps paddling towards me, and a second later, the door opened.

I half-expected to see Mother naked, but she was still in her dress. At least she had let her hair down. With her pink waves down to her chest, Mother looked so young. People have mistaken her for an older sister multiple times.

"I need to know," I whispered. "You can't just touch me like that. Put your finger in my mouth. Talk to me like that, then do nothing about it. I... I know you fucked Heidi."

Her eyes widened.

"She told you about that? When?"

"Just today." I was clenching my fists so hard it started to hurt. "You... you give everything to her. Your love. Your attention. Everything. And then she gets to fuck you? It's so... fucking unfair!"

I couldn't believe I was actually saying those sentences to my own Mother. But I couldn't deny my feelings.

I wanted to fuck her like I wanted to breathe.

"Calm down," Mother whispered, her voice remaining unchanged, still in that low, husky tone.

I squeezed my eyes shut, tried to release some pressure off my fist. "I'm sorry. I'm just frustrated."

"I understand." Mother took a step back. "Come in."

Her marble flooring was so cold, but the chilly feeling under my feet did ease me a little.

Mother returned to the tub, dipped a finger in to test the temperature.

"How long have you fantasized about fucking me?"

Okay.

We were actually talking about it.

I didn't need to think. I knew exactly when I started lusting over her.

"Ever since I hit puberty," I told my mother.

"What does Heidi think about this? Or Ellie?" Her bathtub was large and circular, located in the middle of her ensuite. Made with some kind of fancy stone, it looked more like a mini hot spring than an actual tub.

She leaned in to adjust the temperature. "If I allow this to happen tonight, what would your sisters say?"

"They allow it," I said a little too quickly.

Mother glanced up.

"We talked about this just hours ago," I explained. "Heidi's okay with it as long as it's just sex and you don't..."

Mother waited for me to continue, and when I hesitated, she tilted her head.

"I don't...?"

"You don't..." I sighed. "You don't get in the way of our relationship. If it's just sex, then it's okay for her."

"And Ellie?"

"Well..." I thought of lying. I didn't want to ruin my chances of fucking the one woman who had dominated my sexual fantasies.

But Mother was looking straight at me, and I couldn't lie to her.

"She... she's not very fond of the idea, but she allows it."

Mother nodded, returning her focus to the tub and turning off the running water. "She has no choice."

“I guess.” I stared at Mother as she tested the temperature once more before narrowing her blue eyes on me.

My name melted off her lips like honey.

“Dylan.”

I shivered. God, I loved her voice.

“Yes, Mommy?”

“Turn around.”

I wanted to see her undress, but I didn’t dare to protest. I would do whatever she told me to, as long as I could fuck her.

Did Mother agree we could have sex tonight?

Mother was always so direct with her orders, but when it came to pulling answers out of her, it was mission impossible.

She had to be thinking about having sex with me. If she wouldn’t, then she wouldn’t have asked if my sisters were okay with it or not.

I exhaled, trying my best to compose myself. But my heart was like a battering ram against my chest and my cock was uncomfortably hard.

Fuck.

I turned away from her, my pants filling up the space, my erection more obvious than before.

I heard shuffling behind me, then a small splash as Mother dipped herself into the tub.

“You can look now.”

For some reason, I took my time to turn back around.

I exhaled. Inhaled. Blew out another long breath.

Then I saw her.

I will never forget the first time I saw Ellie naked. It was a memorable experience, only amplified by the fact that I lost my virginity to her soon after.

And Heidi? It wasn't even long ago that my older sister took off her clothes and willingly allowed me to have my way with her.

Both my sisters had insane bodies, and I should have been used to it by then, but this was different. This wasn't Ellie or Heidi.

This was *Mother*.

"Take off your clothes, darling," Mother purred, watching me as I gawked at her incredible body.

She was naked. She was *actually* fucking naked.

I have seen Mother in countless tight dresses, and I even saw her in skimpy bikinis multiple times.

I had to lean against the walls as my body grew weak. I took off my shirt in a rush, unable to keep my eyes off Mother and her *perfect* body.

Big, round motherly tits, large areolas, perky nipples, lean abs, the tiniest hip.

A body that was expected from a supermodel.

I discarded my clothes and Mother saw my cock for the very first time.

She raised a sexy brow, staring at my size. I hope she was impressed.

After all, she made me.

"Sit on the other end," she told me. "Get comfortable."

I sighed softly as I submerged myself. The water was the perfect temperature.

"I'll answer your questions now," Mother told me, grabbing some kind of bottle and then squirting a few drops into the water.

It must have been some kind of bath fragrant, because moments later, I could smell this amazing peach scent around us.

I blinked. "Questions?"

"About the pill," Mother said.

"Oh..." I stared at her tits, her face, back to those sex globes. "Right..."

All the questions that we had prepared seemed irrelevant now, especially when I was right across from my naked mother.

I felt like a creep, unable to take my eyes off her body. Her tits were slightly larger than Heidi's, and they looked incredible. How the hell does Mother maintain a body like that, especially when she was approaching forty?

The more I stared at her tits, the harder it was for me to remember why I was here in the first place.

Mother moved a hand up, touching her right tit.

"You used to love sucking on them," she told me. "Both you and Heidi. But especially you."

"I..." I blinked. "I did?"

Mother used to breastfeed me? She never mentioned it.

"Mmm hmm..." Her gorgeous blues locked on mine.

There was something different about her eyes. There was still that intensity in them, but it wasn't like before. They seemed... inviting.

I gulped. "Mommy?"

"Yes, dear?"



“Can I...” I paused. Took a deep breath. Looked at my gorgeous mother once more.  
“Can I... suck on them?”

“Don’t you think you are a little bit old for that?”

She sounded teasing. Flirty.

I exhaled. “I-I don’t know. Am I too old for that?”

“No,” she told me, then raised a finger and gestured me close, her next words dispelling all doubts that we were actually going to fuck.

“Come here. Let Mommy take care of you.”