

## Chapter 28

-One Year Later-

“So...” She peered up at me through her long lashes and giggled. “Do you want my number?”

Not again.

Usually, I had an out for this type of situation. Excuse myself to go ‘look’ for my sisters. Or better yet, If Ellie was with me, she would put on a smile and try to phrase her words nicely, but essentially, my little sister would tell the girl to fuck off.

Heidi wouldn’t be as nice.

But my sisters were thousands of miles away. I glanced to the side, my eyes searching for pink hair, but Mother was nowhere to be seen too.

Fuck.

“Dylan?” she said, forcing my attention back forward. “I’m available tomorrow evening if you like to take me out.”

Rachel wasn’t unattractive by any means. She had a great smile and an even better figure. Any man would kill to have a night with her.

But I was in a unique scenario. Publicly, I was single. But in reality, I had two wives.

The insane thought had me smiling.

“I’m sorry.” I rubbed my neck. “I’m busy tomorrow evening.”

“Saturday then?”

“I’m afraid I have to attend more events with my Mother,” I sighed, hoping I sound convincing. “We’re on a pretty tight schedule. By Sunday morning, we have to fly back home.”

“Oh...” She stuck her bottom lip out and swayed on her heels. “Will I see you again?”

“I’m sure we will.” I chuckled, hating the awkward tension. “You just signed with my Mother, right? I’m sure we’ll bump into each other during shoots and stuff.”

“Well... okay.” She glanced to the side. “I guess I’ll see you then.”

I finally spotted Mother in a conversation with another woman. Excusing myself, I zig-zagged my way through suits and dresses until I was close enough to smell her perfume.

“Ah!” The woman talking to Mother smiled and raised a hand to me. “You must be Dylan! I heard so much about you. I’m Sabrina.”

“Dylan.” Mother gestured to Sabrina. “Sabrina is a scout in MGC. I have to say, she has the best pair of eyes for talent.”

They have a light laugh over that. I went along, smiling too.

I really hated these social events, but Mother wanted me here with her. So I had to board a plane and fly all the way to Singapore just for this weekend event.

I didn’t know how Heidi thrived in these engagements. I was more like my little sister, preferring to be at home and cuddled up in bed.

“You have been making a storm, young man,” Sabrina told me. “That shoot you did for GC?” She gave me the ‘OK’ gesture. “Marvelous. Your mother must be so proud of you.”

“I am,” Mother confirmed, and her affirmation had my heart racing. “Dylan has been doing a good job, but...”

She raised her hand to reach for me, running her thumb along my jawline. To Sabrina, it must have looked like an innocent gesture of affection, but she had no idea about the truth.

Mother knew exactly what she was doing. She saw me stiffening my groan. She even sneaked a quick glance down to see how fucking hard she had made me in the span of seconds.

“But?” Sabrina said when Mother didn’t continue.

“But I prefer him in management. I want to keep him close.”

“Ava!” Sabrina gasped, as if Mother had said something foul. “No! Get him to work. You said it yourself, I have an eye for talent. Didn’t I say your daughter would be a hit? Your son has that *it* factor too!”

The conversation went on for five more minutes. Then it was onto more people and more chit chat. I stayed by Mother’s side as the hours dwindled by until Mother decided that it was finally time to retire for the night.

“Call Reed,” Mother said. “Tell him to park at the front.”

Nodding, I dialed her head of security and left Mother to chat with the hundredth person of the night, strolling out of the hall and into the cool evening air.

All I wanted to do was crawl back into bed, pass out, then wake up to prepare for tomorrow, which was practically going to be the same cycle.

Sighing, I scrolled through my phone, clicked on Ellie’s name, and glanced down at our last conversation we had.

**Me: Dreading tonight. Really wish I was with you and Heidi instead.**

**Ellie: Work is work. You’ll be with us soon enough. How’s Mom? I overheard Mommy saying she’s under some stress rn.**

**Me: She looks good to me. Hbu?**

**Ellie: Still thinking about the baby’s name. Heidi says ‘Arianna’ is way too long. So I thought about more names. But what if we get a boy?**

A boy.

I still remember just weeks ago when Ellie came up to me to break the news. And then Heidi did the same just days after that.

I was going to be a dad. And the scariest part about it wasn’t the responsibilities. It was the uncertainty. What if I become just like my father? I wouldn’t wish that childhood upon anyone.

But one thing was for certain. Ellie would be an awesome Mother. Heidi, too.

It was just me I was concerned about.

“Tired?” A familiar voice behind me had me straightening up.

“Yeah.” I sighed and leaned into Mother as she came up behind me and wrapped her arms around my hips.

“Too tired for me?” she asked.

She said it *way* too casually, and I had to take a moment to glance around us to make sure the coast was clear.

It was, and I gulped as I felt the butterflies in my stomach.

“N-No.” I cleared my throat and shook my head. “No.”

“Good.” Letting go of me, she nodded for us to get in the Rolls.

“Ma’am,” Reed greeted us in his usual style. Curt and simple. “Where to?”

“Hotel.”

When I closed the door, Mother slid the partition up, separating us from the front, making me grow more and more nervous.

“You did good tonight, my love,” Mother whispered, reaching for me, stroking my face.

“Thank you, Mommy.” I exhaled, tensing up as I allowed her to do whatever she wanted.

“Relax.” Her voice dipped down to a soft, sexy purr.

But I didn’t loosen up. I couldn’t.

“How many models tried to get your number tonight?”

I blinked. “I don’t know. They are all interested because they know I’m your son and they want to get ahead in the industry.” I paused. “Right?”

“Maybe.” Mother dropped her hand. I watched her with bated breaths as she reached for her barely concealed chest, then tugged on her dress, freeing her right tit. “Now you know how Heidi and I feel whenever we go out to events like this.”

“It... it’s much easier for you or Heidi, though. Rejecting guys is one thing, but saying no to a model who probably never heard that word before is very different.”

That had Mother laughing, making her teardrops bounce.

“I know you want to,” Mother whispered, as I stared, entranced, at her tits. “Don’t be shy.”

Although I had blitzed past the line of morality long ago, doing anything sexual with Mother still felt so wrong.

Marrying my own sisters and impregnating them both should already be the list of the worst sins a brother could do.

But this was on a whole new level of fucked up.

Mother had used the love pill on us to ensure that we would love her.

My sisters might think she had done us a favor, but I still wasn’t so sure.

Because of the pill, my childhood had been loveless. She knew that. And she was well aware of the void she had left inside me. The never ending yearning for a mother figure.

A craving that eventually developed into sexual lust.

Lust she used to control me.

Panting, I pushed myself up, capturing her hard nipple.

“Good boy.” Mother dipped her head down to offer kisses on the top of my head. She wasn’t even touching my cock, and I was throbbing hard, edging closer and closer as she continued whispering dark words. “Very good boy.”

“Mommy...” I moaned, savoring her erect nipples, in utter ecstasy as Mother gasped and arched off the leather seats. “I... I want to...”

“Yes, baby?” She was on my ears now, nibbling gently, her tongue offering light licks. “What do you want from Mommy?”

“I want to fuck you,” I gasped, releasing her right tit to devour her left one. It was amazing how well Mother took care of her health. Aside from the size, there was no difference between her tits and Heidi’s. They felt the same. Soft. Plump. Not a hint of sag to them.

Mother had aged amazingly.

“Soon.” Mother must have been *really* turned on. She gripped a fistful of my hair instead and ushered me downwards. “Soon, my love.”

On a gasp, I released her tits, allowing myself to be forced in between her thighs.

I went straight for gold, dipping under my dress and latching my lips onto her swollen clit, feeling her throb, hearing Mother gasp and shriek, enjoying the madness of it all as she bundled my hair into a tight fist.

“Dylan,” she gasped, rubbing her cunt against my face, seeking friction. “Make me cum, my love. Make Mommy cum.”

I knew that wouldn’t be easy, but I nodded nevertheless.

But as I sucked and dipped my tongue inside of her, tasting my own Mother in ways a son should never do, she came undone in record time.

“Yesssss...” There was a gasp at first. One so loud, there was no way Reed wouldn’t hear it. For a moment, I wondered what Mom’s bodyguard would think of all this depravity, but then Mother started writhing and shrieking. “Dylan! YES! Don’t stop! DON’T STOP!”

She wouldn’t let go of me, even as a flood of wetness came bursting out of her pussy. Mother was drowning me in her sweetness. I heaved and gasped against my restraints, feeling her shudder violently before going still.

“Mommy.” It was my turn to be all over her. Straddling her again, I claimed her lips, crashing our mouth together, tasting Mother for everything she was worth.

I half-expected Mother to push me off and reprimand me. Tell me to control myself.

But Mother responded beautifully, kissing me back and holding me tighter.

“Mommy,” I rasped, as if that was the only word I knew. My cock was throbbing under my pants, desperate to know rapture.

“What...” She kept her lips on mine. “What is it?”

Mother was a much more experienced lover than my sisters. She alternated between sparring with my tongue and sucking on my lips. She even nibbled and licked me, keeping me entranced in the drugging kiss.

I wanted to fuck her so badly. When was the last time we fucked?

Three weeks ago? I could still remember the moment when Mother returned from work, saw me on the couch with my sisters, then signaled me to follow after her.

Mother had me working overtime that evening. When she had sent me back to my sisters hours later, my cock was sore, my balls were drained, and my lips were bruised.

I wanted to feel like that again.

Cursing under my breath, I broke free from her lips and hauled myself up, undoing my belt.

“No.” Mother touched my arm, and somehow the light tap stopped me. “We fuck in the hotel. On my bed.”

No. I wanted to fuck her now.

A sexy smile crossed her full lips, disintegrating my frustrations.

“I have a surprise for you.”

I breathed. “A... surprise?”

“Mmm hmm...” Mother beckoned me close, banding her hands over my shoulder and dissolving me in kisses. “It’s your birthday next week.”

She...

She remembered?

That was a first.

“You’ll be nineteen soon.” The Rolls smoothed to a stop, but Mother didn’t seem to be in a rush. She never let me go, holding me as close as could, offering light licks with her tongue. “My big boy is all grown up.”

How long have we been making out? It felt like forever.

“Go back to your room and take a nice warm shower,” she told me, finally peeling back. “Call your wives. Freshen up. I want you at your best tonight. Understood?”

I could only nod.

“Say ‘Yes, Mommy’.” Mother reached down under my pants, and before I knew it, she grabbed my cock. Squeezed.

God.

“Say it.” She dipped her hand lower and gave my balls the same courtesy, forcing a moan out of me. “I want you to say it.”

Was... she okay?

I have never seen her like this.

“Yes’ Mommy,” I groaned.

“Good boy.” When she released me, she took my hands and guided me back to her tits, inviting me to squeeze them.

When I did, she sighed.

“Harder.”



I applied more pressure and the little moan that leaked out from her lips almost had me cumming.

“Good boy.”

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“Mommy’s acting a little off today.”

“Off?” I could almost imagine my sister’s frown. “Like... how off?”

I told her about the incident in the car. Heidi was silent throughout, even after I detailed everything to her.

“Heidi?” I looked at my phone screen to check if she was still there. She was. “Are you still there?”

“Yes.” I could hear her then. Soft breathing on the line. “I’m...” A soft gasp. “I’m here, babe.”

“Are you touching yourself?”

The sigh she gave me confirmed it all. “Maybe.”

“You’re really into Mommy, huh?”

“Would you get jealous if I tell you I love her more than you? My own husband?”

I felt the little prickle of envy, but I swallowed it down. “No.”

“But, seriously.” I found a towel and stared at my reflection in the vanity mirror. “Why is Mommy acting like that? She never acts like that.”

“Who knows? Maybe she wants you to reward you. Maybe she just hasn’t had cock for a while.” She breathed out a wishful exhale. “I want to be there with Mommy and you.”

“How are things at home?”

“Boring. Mom has this conference event going on and Ellie’s obsessed with baby names. Did you know she ordered ten grand worth of baby stuff for the nursery?”

“Hmm.” I wasn’t surprised. “How about you?”

“Bored, like I said. It’s worse now since I can’t drink anymore.”

We talked for five more minutes before I killed the call.

Just over a year ago, my relationship with Heidi had been terrible. We could barely talk to each other before one of us would storm out of the conversation pissed off.

Maybe Mother was right. Maybe drugging us was a good idea after all. I couldn’t imagine myself with any other women aside from my sisters.

Whistling a tune, I walked into the dresser, wondering what the hell I should wear for tonight.

In the end, I settled for just a simple shirt and shorts. I was going to Mother’s room for sex. Clothes weren’t necessary.

Mother had rented out the top floor penthouse for herself, so I exited my room and took the lift up.

When the metal doors peeled open, I half-expected Mother to be lounging on the sofa, in sexy lingerie or, better yet—naked.

But aside from a pop song playing in the background and the crystal chandeliers giving the room a warm glow, the place was silent as a grave.

And it didn’t help that it was an open floor plan, with floor to ceiling windows all around us, making the space look more enormous than it already was.

“Mommy?” I stepped inside, hearing my footsteps echo around the penthouse, feeling my adrenaline kicking in.

No response.

I started to call for her again, but a flash of light caught my attention. A transparent glass cube laid on top of one of the coffee tables.

“Do you know what that is?” A voice behind me had me turning around.

Mother. She was naked.

Fuck.

Mother breezed past me. She must have just taken a shower too because she smelled amazing.

I watched as she lifted the cube and took the object that was held inside. It was pink and circular, with diamonds adorned all around it.

“Your collar?” I said, wondering why she was even asking me this.

“Yes, but do you know what it signifies? Do you know why I don’t wear it anymore?”

I could only guess.

When Mother saw my blank expression, she nodded towards the sofa. “Take off your clothes.”

When I did, Mother led me to the sofa which was weirdly designed. It was shaped like a huge clam. She sat me down and then lowered herself onto my lap.

“Your wives...” Mother leaned in, and I thought she was going in for a kiss, but she planted her lips on my neck. “Do they submit to you in the bedroom?”

I heaved. “They do.”

“Good.” Mother gave me a playful bite. “Since your sisters were young, I have drilled into them that they need to be dependent on a man. I truly believe a family performs their best when a man leads and his women follows.”

That made sense. Both Heidi and Ellie never minded me taking the lead. In fact, they preferred it.

In the bedroom, they wanted me to dictate the pace and positions. When we went out, they wanted me to pick their dresses and order their meals for them.

“Have your sisters been amazing wives?”

“Yes.”

Mother gave me another bite, and she must have felt my cock jerking up because she giggled. Actually giggled.

That confirmed it. Mother wasn't herself tonight.

“I have trained them well,” Mother whispered, moving her lips up to meet mine. She started off the kiss slowly, just sucking my lips lightly, alternating between the top and the bottom lip. “As a Mother, it's my job to nurture my children well. Your wives have grown up to be amazing women, but...”

I tensed up. Was she going to say that I didn't turn out great?

That couldn't be the case. Over the months, I have listened to everything she said. For a year straight, I have followed the schedule she had outlined for me to the tee. I haven't disappointed her once.

“But...” Mother continued. “Your training isn't finished.”

“Is this what this is all about?” I rasped, my voice strained, my heart a drum in my chest. “Is fucking you part of my training?”

“Yes.” Mother pulled back and smiled at me. “Although I would be lying if I said I didn't enjoy having sex with my son.”

Reaching down, she took my cock in her hand, holding me in a tight grip. When I jerked up, she started stroking, edging me dangerously close to no man's land.

“Don't cum,” Mother warned, watching me closely as I struggled against the pleasure she was force feeding me. “Save your cum for when you're deep inside me.”

Hearing her say all those sinful words wasn't helping one bit. *Fuck*. I gritted my teeth. Heaved a breath when she continued stroking me.

“I need you to lead the family, Dylan,” Mother said, reaching up with her free hand to hold my face. “You’re going to be a father soon. I need you to become capable, confident, strong.” She gave my cock another light squeeze. “Do you understand?”

I nodded, feeling like I was going to unload all over her tits at any moment. But I used what evaporating willpower I had, desperate not to disappoint her.

“You’ve been doing a good job so far. You listen to me. You have done everything I expect you to do. You’ve been a very...” Mother leaned down again, capturing my lips. “... a very good boy.”

*“Mommy...”*

“Shhh...” Her mouth was so sweet. So fucking delicious. “You’re Mommy’s good boy. You will do anything I say, yes?”

I gasped. “Yes, Mommy.”

“That’s my good boy.” She never stopped stroking me, her soft fingers gliding along my length, and she even paid attention to my balls. Whenever Mother stroked down, she would take the second to squeeze my balls too. “My very good boy.”

“Fuck!” My cock jerked up, and I was about to erupt when Mother suddenly pulled back, letting go of my cock and leaving my lips.

What the fuck? Was she edging me?

If she was, then she did an amazing job. The veins on my cock were thick and visible and I was throbbing constantly, most of the blood inside me all directed down south.

“Your father...” Mother sighed and stood up. Turning around, she waltzed over to the coffee table. I stared at her all the way, my eyes locked onto her swaying hips. “He gave this collar to me to symbolize his ownership over me.”

I held my raging hard on, keeping myself as hard as possible.

“When he passed...” Mother choked on her words and turned away. “I... I felt lost. My husband, my brother, and most importantly my Master was gone.”

I considered my next words. Mother looked fragile, and I didn't want to say the wrong thing and kill the mood.

"You were..." What should I say? "I remember you were very obedient to him."

"We had a 24/7 Master-Slave relationship," Mother told me. "It was beautiful."

I should be surprised, but I wasn't. Mother was a completely different person around father. With him, she was like a kitten, and I always envied Father for having that absolute control over her.

"We..." I cleared my throat. "Sometimes Heidi and Ellie roleplay as my sex slaves. They seem to enjoy it."

Mother nodded. "After he... passed, you were too young and too inexperienced to step up. So naturally, I have to head the family."

"You've done an amazing job at it."

"No." Mother shook her head and sniffed. "I hate the pressure, Dylan. I'm not built for this. It's a man's job, and that's why I've been so hard on you recently. I realize too late that I need you to step up and lead us."

"Do you think I can do it?"

I looked into her eyes, searching for signs of... something. Did she think I could do it? To me, that was all that mattered.

"With my guidance, yes." Mother strode back over to me and handed me her pink collar. "I think you'll do an amazing job. But it's hard, and you have to be strong."

I stared into her eyes, trying my best to show Mother my willingness for the role.

"I'll do my best. I won't let you down."

"Good." Mother stroked me, running the pad of her thumb down my cheek. "Don't worry. You still have months to work on your training, and you'll be more than ready once I step down."

"And..." I gulped, staring down at the collar. "What's the training for tonight?"

“I want you to be your father.” Mother told me. “I want you to put the collar on me and fuck me like you own me.”

I swear Mother could make me cum with just her words.

Mother brought her thumb to my lips, and automatically, I opened up for her. “For the next few months, I’m going to give you all of me so you can cultivate the part of you which makes you a man. Your dominance, your confidence. How firm you are when you make your decisions. Everything.”

Then she slipped two fingers past my lips, smiling when I moaned and sucked.

“When all is said and done...” Mother sighed, and the first drop of tear sprung from her right eye, rolling down her flushed cheek. “You’ll be just like him.”